



The
Collected Sermons
and Writings of
Aimee Semple McPherson

Volume 4



AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON

*The Collected Sermons and Writings
of Aimee Semple McPherson*



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Volume 4

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

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2 Samuel 12:23	Caught Up Together With Them
Acts 2:16	This is That
Galatians 4:6,7	Born Rich
James 4:13-17	What is Your Life?
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The Holy Spirit



*Sunday Evening
January 29, 1924*

I will not leave, you comfortless;
I will send you another Comforter, even the Holy Ghost.

JOHN 14



WE FEEL THAT we are on the border of a wonderful promised land—to the attention of the public, by such strong and influential means—the Holy Spirit. I don't see how anyone can ever speak flippantly or mockingly of the Holy Spirit. Oh, it is a word that means so much—the Holy Spirit! It brings a reverence into our hearts, it brings an awe and hush upon our souls that we feel like Moses when he stood before the burning bush, as though we should almost take the shoes from off our feet and our hearts be made pure through the precious blood of our Lord as we study together this theme, the Holy Spirit.

Today there is a great hunger going over the whole world, a great hunger in the hearts of thinking, spiritual Christian people. They are longing for something. We feel that there is something needed. There is something needed in our pulpits, there is something needed in our pews, there is something lacking when it comes to winning souls, there is something lacking and an empty, hollow place when it comes to giving an altar call, there is something flat in a testimony meeting so often. What is this need? What is it that the church of Jesus Christ needs today? Is it perhaps a community house next door to the church? Is it a good kitchen in the basement to have chicken dinners

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to get the people out to prayer meetings? Is it a gymnasium? Is it a basketball field to get the young folks? What in the world is it we need? I think every minister and every layman admits that we need something. I am speaking now generally of the world that is spread out before us, I am not thinking of any one special denomination. I am thinking of the church of Jesus Christ—the Bride, many members but one body, each one of us a little tiny part of it.

What is it we need? Ah, there can be but one answer, there is but one answer: that what we need most is the Holy Spirit in old-time power! How comparatively few sermons we hear on the subject of the Holy Spirit. And one thing that has depressed me oft-times is that many people who speak upon the Holy Spirit and address audiences upon this theme speak in a negative rather than in a positive method. They tell people how the Holy Spirit should not be received and they make fun of the manner of receiving the Holy Spirit, and say this should not be this way and that should not be the other way, we should not do this and we should not do the other. That we need is, not so much negative, but a little bit of positive teaching: who He is, how He may be received, how to go about it to be filled with the Holy Spirit, and we need not only to talk but to get down and be filled with the Spirit and go out and preach this blessed message.

I read just a few months ago an article which impressed me very much, written by Bishop Berry, whom I know in the Eastern Conference of the Methodist Church, and his great theme, in the *Christian Advocate*, was the need of the Holy Spirit. He spoke of empty pews, deserted alters; he said: "What is the answer? The Holy Spirit." Amen! So say we all.

Lord Jesus, open our hearts this week as we study it and hear the stately stepplings of Thy feet upon the mountains. Oh, may each one of us be lifted up out of the valley and caught up to the summit of God's glory! May we be lifted above the valley and be put upon the mountain summits that are dropping with fatness and with dew and with honey. May many of our water pots that have been filled with the water of salvation at the command of our Lord be changed to a wine experience that we may give to drink of this wedding feast of

The Holy Spirit

our Lord, for indeed we are nearing His precious coming. None know the hour, none know the year, but we know the seasons.

My thought is not so much this week to teach about the Holy Spirit, but that we may be filled with the Spirit; not that we may know all about Him, (though also we want to study the Bible about this doctrine), but that every step may lead us toward that glorious opening of the heart and the welcoming of this Divine Guest, the Comforter.

First, may we say we believe in the Godhead: the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. This, I believe, is accepted universally among Christians. There are three in the Godhead: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Likewise, there have been three periods or dispensations of times. First, the dispensation of the Father, secondly, the dispensation of the Son, thirdly, that of the Holy Spirit.

We hold in our hands tonight the Bible. We find in the Old Testament from Genesis straight through to the last chapter of Malachi recorded the dispensation of God the Father. We read there of His dealings. Of course, the Holy Spirit was the Executor of God, even through the Old Testament. Through the four Gospels and up to the end of the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, we have the dispensation of the Son, or, in other words, the time when our blessed Redeemer walked the shores of Galilee and dwelt among us. Beginning with the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, we come to this third division, the beginning of the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. The dispensation of the Holy Spirit began on the Day of Pentecost. It continued on through the balance of this New Testament history, on down to the dark ages, through the dark ages, on to our own present day, we are still living in the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, thank God, and will continue to live in this blessed dispensation until the Lord Jesus Christ bursts through the starry floors of Heaven and comes to claim His church and catch her to the Father's Throne.

So there are these three in the Godhead, and these three are one: the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit—three in one, yet ever having a separate and distinct office work and ministry, one not conflicting

The Holy Spirit

with the other, yet all gloriously combined in the work of redemption, even as were the three stories of the ark in Noah's time, one and the same ark, yet three distinct stories in the ark. Even so, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit have joined forces and hands and heart and interests to make for us a glorious plan of redemption, or an ark of safety to lift us above the waters of sin and judgment and catch us safely up to the Father's Throne above. Oh, I am so glad that He ever sent the Holy Spirit! Aren't you?

During the Old Testament, who was rejected? The Father. He was rejected. His love was spurned. Jehovah-jireh dealt with His people, He spoke to them. He gave to them the Commandments. He gave to them law. He dealt with them most earnestly and sweetly. Yet the Father was rejected.

Then came the Son. When Jesus Christ was upon earth, who was rejected? Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Lord Jesus. He was beaten. He was nailed to the tree. He was reviled. He was spat upon. Bless Him! But He answered not a word. Who was rejected then? The Son of God. The Father rejected in the dispensation of the Father, the Son rejected in the dispensation of the Son.

Now, who is being rejected in the dispensation of the Holy Spirit? The Holy Spirit. Oh, in how many instances He is almost denied! We say, "Oh Lord, send the power just now!" But if He ever accidentally took us at our word and sent the fire and the power down in the old-fashioned way upon many of our fashionable audiences, they would be so scandalized. If He ever sent the Holy Ghost upon, the feathery floors of worldliness and gems and jewelry and tobacco and playing cards, whatever would they do? Who is rejected today? Alas! Alas! It is the Holy Spirit. And if He is finally rejected, His rejection will include the Father and the Son, for "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "No man calleth Jesus Lord except by the power of the Holy Ghost."

We want to take next in the opening of our study, the names and the characters of the Holy Spirit that we may recognize as we go through the Book. He is spoken of first as "the Spirit of God." In Genesis 1:2 we read: "The Spirit of God moved upon the surface of the

The Holy Spirit

waters and God said, Let there be light, and there was light.” This is our first introduction, for it was “Elohim,” God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit who were way back there. “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.” And the Spirit of God was there, moving upon the waters.

Oh! I believe tonight He is still moving upon the waters. Water is such a beautiful type of humanity, and even as this literal water was dark and storm driven, today storms of unbelief and trouble have settled down upon the hearts of humanity, but there is a moving of the Holy Spirit in the world today, moving over the sea of humanity, just as in the beginning He moved over the waters. And He is still saying, “Let there be light! Let there be light! Let there be light!” Oh! Where can we get the light? “The entrance of Thy Word giveth light.” And the Holy Spirit has come and taken the things of the Lord and makes them real unto us and makes the Holy Spirit a living, shining, bright reality.

As “the Spirit of God” it was, then, that he was spoken of all through the Old Testament. Even in the New Testament at the baptism of our Lord... “He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon him.” So first He is spoken of as “The Spirit of God.”

Secondly, the Holy Ghost is spoken of as “My Spirit,” Genesis 6:3, “My Spirit shall not always strive with men.” In Joel, where the Lord says, “I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh.”

Thirdly, the Holy Ghost is spoken of as the Spirit of the Father. You will find in Matthew 10:26 the Spirit of the Father. “I will send unto you the Spirit of my Father.” O, Lord, send Him upon us tonight until every heart is full to overflowing!

He is spoken, of as the Spirit of Christ, Romans 8:9, Peter 1:11.

He is next spoken of as the Comforter, John 14:16, 26; John 15:26; John 16:17.

O, Lord, let us see the Holy Ghost in His attributes tonight!

The Spirit of God, My Spirit, the Spirit of the Father, the Spirit of Christ; and now, sweeping over His people, the Comforter.

He is the Spirit of Truth. The Lord says He is the Spirit of Truth

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and “shall guide you into all Truth.” We read that in John 14:17, John 15:26, John 18:13.

He spoken of as the Spirit of Holiness, Romans 1:13, and the Spirit of Grace, Hebrews 10:29; and He is spoken of as Wisdom, Might and Counsel, Isaiah 11:12.

He Is spoken of as the Spirit of Promise, in Ephesians 1:13, and as the Good Spirit in Psalms 14:3.

I would that He would come tonight, dropping down like rain on every dry heart, that we may all be filled.

“When He is come, He will lead you into all Truth.”

“When He is come, He will take the things of mine and reveal them unto you.”

“When He is come He will glorify me.”

Always the Lord spoke of the Holy Spirit as “He”.

“Sister, do you really believe in the personality of the Holy Spirit? Don’t you think the Holy Spirit is an influence? What does it matter, anyway, whether it is just an influence or whether it is a person?”

It makes a great deal of difference because if the Holy Spirit is only an influence, like water or air, you receive a little now, a little then; we never quite know whether we have been filled with the Holy Spirit or not; whereas, if we understand the Holy Spirit as a personality, the Third Person of the blessed Godhead, then instantly we realize His definite ministry in our lives and the possibility of being filled with the Spirit and having Him come to abide within these hearts and these lives of ours.

Many things prove the personality of the Spirit. At the baptism of Christ in Matthew 3:16, His personality is told. The Lord stood in the Water, the Holy Spirit came down in bodily form as of a dove, while the Father spoke from Heaven in a voice of tenderness and glory: “This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.”

Then we believe in this personality because of water baptism, the commandment which is given, the Lord said, “Go unto all nations, teaching them and baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.”

If, as some contend, the Holy Spirit is merely the influence of the

The Holy Spirit

Father and the Son, and there is no such thing as the definite infilling; they receive just the influence of the Father. No. He is a personality; else His name would never have been included in the baptismal commandment. The message would have been: “baptizing them in the name of the Father and the Son.” But very clearly it says “and in the name of the Holy Ghost.”

The Holy Spirit should be mentioned because “No man cometh to the Father except the Spirit brought him.” The Holy Spirit leads us to the Cross, applies the blood, “beareth witness with our Spirit that we are the children of God,” comes in to seal us in redemption, and at last catches us up to meet the Lord.

We believe in the personality of the Holy Spirit because He is mentioned in the Apostolic benediction in 2 Cor. 13:14.

We know of the personality of the Holy Spirit because we read that He feels love: Romans 15:13. Because He feels grief: “Grieve not the Holy Spirit” Eph. 4:30. If we can grieve Him, then He is more than an influence.

We believe in His personality because He permits certain things and forbids certain things: Acts 13: 2,9. The Holy Ghost permitted Paul to go out as a missionary, but he forbade him to go into Asia (Acts 16:6). We know He is a blessed personality because He is the abiding Comforter (John 14:16). Also, in the same verse, because He teaches. He isn’t an influence, for He comes to teach us. Because He appoints us to do work, He appoints elders, He appoints bishops, He appoints evangelists, He appoints ministers. No use for a teacher to strive to be an evangelist—they should be appointed by the Holy Ghost (Acts 13:2, 14:26).

We believe in His personality because He is able to intercede, able to pray, interceding for us with groans that cannot be uttered (Romans 8:26).

There is no doubt about it, the Holy Ghost is the Third Person of the ever blessed Trinity. Oh, may we receive Him and make room for Him in our hearts!

Just for a moment in passing, let us take up a study of the symbols of the Holy Ghost. He is spoken of as the wind, as fire, as water, as

The Holy Spirit

rain, as dew, as a dove, as oil, as wine.

We read the wind bloweth, we know not where it listeth, we don't see it, but we do feel it. So is the Holy Spirit. He is like the wind that comes sweeping from Heaven, heavenly breezes blowing, coming down from that Glory Land above, coming down from the mountain spires and peaks of God's blessed presence, sweeping over audiences and over communities. You can't explain the wind, but you know where it is blowing. There is nothing much more powerful than the wind—the blessed Holy Spirit.

We hear Him referred to as the wind or breath of God.

In the midst of your enemies there comes the message: Tarry until—get down on your knees, pray through, until the Holy Spirit, like wind, comes from heaven, and then the Lord shall fight for you.

This is the need of the church today, this is the need of the clergy today, this is the need of the laity today. These are the days when the church has foes without and foes within, and there is only one hope for us that will bring us victory, and that is to get us down and pray for the wind, the Holy Spirit, to stir the tops of the mulberry trees of praise and worship and glad surrender; then, knowing His power, there is nothing that will hurt us. He sends us forth to conquer in His glory.

The Holy Spirit is spoken of as wind or the breath of God in the story of Ezekiel of the Valley of Dry Bones. The thing that we need to revive us is the very thing that was needed then, the wind, the Holy Spirit, the breath of God.

The Holy Spirit is referred to as wind also in Acts 2:3: "When the Day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place, when suddenly there came a sound from Heaven—the first introduction of the Holy Ghost as a sound. You can't keep Him quiet. I don't mind the sound, but I do like it to come from Heaven. You can tell it in a moment when it comes from Heaven because it is like a harp of a thousand strings, each string being swept by the Holy Ghost.

"A sound from Heaven, like as of a rushing, mighty wind, and filled the whole house."

Do you know what makes the wind come? It is a vacuum that

The Holy Spirit

causes the wind. There must be an empty place and into that rushes the wind. When we are full the Holy Spirit cannot fill us, but when we are empty, when we feel our need, when the vacuum has been created in our heart by our need and desire of Him, nothing can stop the wind from rushing in and filling us full. You must first realize your littleness, your emptiness, your helplessness and your desire to know his power.

*Empty, that He might fill me,
As forth to His service I go.
Broken, but so unhindered,
His life through me might flow.*

He is spoken of not only as wind but as fire, in Acts 2:3, Matthew 3:11, and in many other instances.

Let us take Matthew 3:11 for a moment. It is the word of John the Baptist, who announces the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. He said, "I, indeed baptize with water unto repentance, but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Fire is what we need to melt the ice, to melt the snow, to melt our stiffness, to make us humble. Fire. Instead of having so many icebergs floating along the streams of life, we would have a great, full river.

In the upper room, as they sat there with one accord, the rushing wind filled the house where they were sitting, then there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire.

These are symbols—the water, the fire, the wind, the dove, the oil, the wine—these are symbols of the Spirit. Take the words of the Bible as they are given and don't make something out of them that they do not say. It doesn't say the fire, the dove, the winds, actually came—these were symbols.

We need to be set ablaze with the glorious love of God that we may go out to preach the Message in the power of the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Spirit is spoken of as water: John 7:38, Isa.44:53.

"Out of your innermost being shall flow rivers of living water. This

The Holy Spirit

spake he of the Spirit.”

Would you like the water to flow? Would you like the rivers to flow? O, minister, Sunday School teacher, layman, if you want the living rivers you need the Holy Ghost! Flowing means ease—not pumping and jerking and priming and trying to work something up. Flowing rivers, flowing streams—that is the Lord’s ideal for His church. It is a flowing of the Gospel; it is a flowing of the Message the Lord has in mind.

You need to read the Word, for that is the very source of the waters.

Flowing rivers not only means ease, but it means abundance. Rain. The grass will spring up, the flowers will bloom, we will see green pasture lands.

He comes as dew upon the ground.

He comes not only as water, as rain, as dew, as a river, as living water springing up, but, praise the Lord! He comes to us as a dove. “In bodily form as a dove.” Has He changed His attributes? No, He is still a dove.

“But, Sister, He is a tornado that can carry away unbelief and a citadel of darkness, He is a fire that can burn, and melt and break down barriers.”

Yes.

Why is He still a dove? How do you reconcile the two?”

Very, very simply. The Holy Spirit is indeed a dove, easily moved, easily grieved. He loves to work in every church. He loves to work in every community. He loves to work in every life. He is seeking to move and work. He is a dove. All you have to do is pass a few slighting, slurring remarks about the Holy Ghost and His manifestations, and He is grieved.

Say: “Holy Spirit, have Thine own way. Lord, I am honest in my heart. I don’t want fanaticism, I don’t want wild fire, I don’t want hysteria, I don’t want to get unbalanced, but, O Lord, I do want the power of the Holy Ghost.” There will be a melting, a humbling, there will be a rejoicing and a praising for the precious Blood, there will be an honoring of the Holy Ghost, there will be a seeking for God, there

The Holy Spirit

will be a love of prayer, there will be an overwhelming desire to win souls.

He is not only a dove because He can be moved and grieved, but a dove because of the gentleness that He brings to the people that receive Him. The Holy Spirit is a power when it comes to fighting against sin, but He is a dove--there is a mellowness, there is a gentleness. He can cut deeply, but He holds us tenderly and lovingly while he is cutting.

He is the oil on troubled waters. He brings glorious peace to the heart that is troubled. He is not only the oil of peace, but He is the oil in our vessels to get us ready for the coming of the Lord. While the virgins waited they were to have oil in their lamps; while we wait, we are to have the Holy Spirit. Our lives are our lamps. O, Lord, make us wise virgins!

Go to Him that has to sell and He will give you all you need. You say: "Sell? Sister, you, don't have to pay for it, do you?"

Yes, it will cost you all you have, your body, your soul, your spirit, your life, your love, your service—all that you have and hope to have. All that I am and all that I hope to be.

When the foolish virgins went to buy, I think they haggled over the price. You have got to pay all. But while they were bargaining, the Bridegroom came.

The Holy Spirit is spoken of as wine in Ephesians 5:6, and the day when the Lord turned the water into wine. If any of us has a water experience tonight, He will turn the water into wine. Fill your jars with the water of salvation, fill it to the brim, and He will turn that into a rich wine experience.

The Torch that Lights the World



February 1924

O send out Thy Light and Thy Truth, and let them lead me.

PSALM 43:3

Thy Word is a Lamp unto my feet,
and a Light unto my path.

PSALM 119:105

The entrance of Thy Word giveth light.

PSALM 119:136

FLAMING, FLASHING, GLOWING in the night—the Word of God is the Torch that Lights the World!

True, immutable, steadfast, unchangeable as its Author—the Lord God Jehovah—it is a Beacon Light that gleams o'er land and sea!

No heart so dark—no night so black but its penetrating rays can bring the light of day!

No heathen land so shrouded in the pall of paganism and idolatry but the Power and Glory of the Word can rend the clouds and shower both hill and valley with radiant, golden noon!

IT is the Light Eternal—the Light that cannot be extinguished!

Howling tempests shriek and roar and threaten past it and are gone into the vastness of space, but the Word of God stands on.

Angry billows rage and hurl themselves upon it ceaselessly only to

The Torch that Lights the World

be broken into snowy spray and fall back exhausted, muttering and sobbing out their own futility.

The inspired Word of the living God cannot be overthrown! Cannonaded since time immemorial by the dreadnaughts of unbelief; constantly buffeted and pummeled by skeptic and infidel; set upon by the scorching fires of the higher critic—no weapon formed against it has ever prospered.

It survived both friend and foe; survived the sophistries of Julius, the eloquence of Gibbon, the blasphemy of Paine, the mockeries of Voltaire, the criticism of German commentators.

Beholding its light, the wretched prisoner of the dungeon of despair lifts up his arms and prays to God—the doors fall open! He is free!

Seeing its glory, the captive long held in the chains of sin lifts petitioning heart and voice to heaven and his fetters drop from him as darkness drops from day.

Stumbling, groping, sinking to the sands in despair, the pilgrim who has lost his way in the desert places of skepticism and unbelief lifts his eyes to the steady, guiding light of the Word to locate himself and with new courage press on to God and Home.

He who has been lost upon the mountain of trespasses and sin, wandering through the tortuous labyrinths and chasms of despair, catches in its light a signal that beckons to pardon and to peace.

At sea the weary, storm-tossed mariner catches its gleam, rouses from despair and pulls for the shore, with the light of a new-born hope reflected in his eyes.

The all-penetrating radiance of this Torch That Lights The World knows no petty limitations of distance; its Christ revealing glory penetrates palace and hovel, throne and dungeon: the Chinese camps and wigwam of the Red man; the mosques of Turkey and the Kloofs of Kaffir land; the schools of Fiji and the darkness of Africa.

Its glorious rays have streamed upon rich and poor; old and young; princes and captains; poets and statesmen; emperors and sages; kings and herdsmen; philosophers and fishermen. It reaches both the pinnacle of triumph and the valley of despair.

The Torch that Lights the World

It is a lighted lamp to guide the feet of a lost world from the depths of sin and sorrow to the heights of righteousness and glory. An unclouded reflection that reveals the face of a crucified Saviour; a bright two-edged sword to convict of sin and evil doing; a balm of Gilead inbreathed by the Holy Spirit, that banishes the prowling beasts of despair, hopelessness and unbelief; the search-light that sweeps the sky and traces out the signs of the second coming of the Lord; the beckoning finger of a loving God; the solemn warning that casts its light upon the approaching storm of wrath and retribution that shall o’ertake the unheeding; a signpost that points to heaven; a danger signal that warns from hell; the divine, supreme. and eternal tribunal by whose light all men, nations, creeds and motives shall be tried.

Flaming, flashing, glowing in the night—the Word of God is the Torch that Lights the World!

The God of Battles



*Sunday Evening
February 10, 1924*



HIS AFTERNOON WE are studying from the Word of God, the God of battles. This may seem a strange title for our Lord to one who has not thought a moment upon the subject. We think of our Lord as the Rose of Sharon, as the Lily of the Valley, as the Fairest among Ten Thousand; We think of Him as a Father pitying his children, of having greater love than a mother, for a mother may forget her own offspring, yet He will never forget His children; we think of Him as an Elder Brother; we think of Him as a Shepherd. But this afternoon I want you to think of Him for a few moments as the God of Battles, the Captain of the King's Hosts, yes, the Lord God of Hosts.

“Who is this King of Glory? The Lord., strong and mighty; the Lord, mighty in battle; He is the King of Glory.” (Psalm 24)

The God of Battles. Some people perhaps have thought that Christians were carried to Heaven on flowery beds of ease, but this is really not the case. Christians do not simply drift on languorous breezes along the road to Glory; neither do they constantly sail under favorable winds. Some people perhaps have not realized that ours is not a series of uncontested victories; have not perhaps realized that every step of the road that leads to Glory is bitterly contested by the enemy. Our God is a God of battles. His people are soldiers who are learning to fight the good fight of faith.

In Ephesians 6:10 we read: “Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil, for we

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wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore, take unto you the whole armor of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day and having done all, to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace: above all taking the shield of faith wherewith you may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and taking the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God: praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints and for me that utterance may be given unto me that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel.”

We see, then, that the road that leads to Heaven is not wholly an easy or a flower-strewn road. Our road to conquest, to evangelism, to soul winning, and to mighty victories, is not an uncontested road: it is a road of battles but, thank God, the God of Battles is with us and if He is with us who can be against us!

The Christians are the soldiers in the battle that I am to speak to you of this afternoon. Christ is the captain; Satan is our self-declared foe. He says he is our foe and we know he is our foe and the Lord tells us so, and thank God we are out to do him battle in the name of the Lord. The citadels of unbelief are the citadels to which, by God’s grace, we will lay siege. Those whom the devil has taken and bound and made prisoners, by God’s grace will be the trophies that we will bear back to our Captain when the day of battle is over. Our marching orders, the Word of God: “Fight the good fight of faith.” “Lay hold upon eternal life.” “We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places”—places you would little expect to find them, in high places.

In this blessed army of which we wish to speak this afternoon, there is no such thing as conscription: it is entirely free-will enlistment. The Lord will not make any of us serve Him. He will not force any of us to be a soldier, but, thank God, He has some soldiers of

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the Cross this afternoon who have come by free will and voluntarily are serving the Lord Jesus Christ.

The enemy against which we fight is a strong enemy, but, praise God! we have a stronger Captain with us. The God of Battles! I wish to encourage those this afternoon who are discouraged to strengthen those that are faint, to make strong those that are feeble, to lift up the hands that hang down, to say unto those that are weak: "Be strong and of good courage, for the Lord God of Battles will do great things."

You say: "Sister, I am so glad if you are going to say something about that because this last week I have had such a battle, I have had such a test, and I was so nearly overthrown and discouraged. It seems to me that I am working in the most difficult place in the whole city to be a Christian in. Sister, I don't think I can run as swiftly as you, perhaps, in this road. I am afraid I am not as strong as some Christians."

Listen, Ecclesiastes 9:11: "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong." You who are battling temptation and resisting the devil and seeking the victory of the Lord, Oh! I have such good news for you, and that is that the Lord God of Battles is on your side and He can make you more than conqueror if you will but trust in Him.

I would like to speak to you first, before entering into the subject of the God of Battles, about some of the laws of battle. You will find them in the 20th chapter of Deuteronomy: "When thou goest out to battle against thine enemies, and seest horses, and chariots, and a people more than thou, be not afraid of them: for the LORD thy God is with thee." He is more than all that can be against thee.

Some people say, "Well, I know, but if I heard so and so say such and such a thing. If I saw the enemy rise up like a flood, I think I would be nervous."

Not at all. If the Lord God is with you, who can be against you?

"But Sister McPherson, you are a preacher and you don't get any temptations. The enemy never gets after you, does he?"

Why, yes. Praise the Lord! the more you surge to the front in this battle, the more you are a target for the enemy. You can be a compromiser and backslider and cut corners, and the devil never

would bother you. But anybody that dares preach the Foursquare Gospel, comes right out straight and above board with it, is bound to make a good target for the enemy once in a while. But we can be confident that when we go out to battle and see the people more than we are, we need not be afraid for the Lord, our God is with us and He is more than all that can be against us: "even he that brought you up out of the land of Egypt." Oh, I remember when He brought me out of the land of Egypt of sin and unbelief!

"When you are come nigh unto the battle, the priest shall approach and speak unto the people, and shall say unto them, Hear, O Israel, ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies: let not your hearts faint, fear not, and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them; for the Lord your God is he that goeth with you, to fight for you against your enemies, to save you.

"And the officers shall speak unto the people, saying, What man is there that hath built a new house, and hath not dedicated it? Let him go and return to his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man dedicate it. And what man is he that hath planted a vineyard, and hath not yet eaten of it? Let him also go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man eat of it. And what man is there that hath betrothed a wife, and hath not taken her? Let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man take her. And the officers shall speak further unto the people, and they shall say, What man is there that is fearful and faint-hearted? Let him go and return unto his house, lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart."

If anybody is afraid, drop out of the battle for fear you make somebody else afraid too. Thank God, we can conquer our fear by love! Perfect love casteth out fear."

"When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it. And it shall be, if it make thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be, that all the people that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee."

Lord, grant that we shall take some citadel today; grant that a whole family will be converted today; grant that mothers and sons

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may come side by side today, that husbands and wives and children shall this day be taken as hostages for our Lord, for we are indeed proclaiming peace through the blood of the Cross.

The God of Battles! The moment I speak it I can seem by fancy to see Him coming, clad in his armor from head to foot; I can see the waving plumes, the shining, gleaming helmet. I can seem to see Him coming over the battlements of Glory, down over the mountain peaks and across the hills of righteousness and of mercy! I can seem to see Him coming, the Lord God of Battles. I hear the ring of the steel, metal against metal; I can seem to see His long and mighty strides across the desert, and across the plain.

Oh, beloved! if He is for us, we are bound to conquer in His Name. We talk about the men that used to wear the seven league boots. Our Lord wears bigger shoes than that. When He walks, thank God! He can step right from Glory down to earth and be at your side in a moment and make you more than conqueror. He is calling, He is sending forth a clear clarion bugle note, and He is calling for recruits. He is calling for men and women to enlist in the cause of right against the wrong. Yes, He might have the angels to fight the battle for Him. He would need but speak the word and legions of angels would come to do his blessed will; but no, He is calling men and women, boys and girls, young and old. He is calling us to be the soldiers of the Cross.

Hallelujah! Soldiers are coming! They are not coming for pay, they aren't coming for honor, they are not coming for earthly glory, they are coming for sheer love of Christ. I can seem to see them coming this afternoon, thousands upon thousands of them. Can you not hear the ringing tread of their feet, "Left, right, left, right!"? These soldiers are coming to enlist under the bloodstained banner of King Immanuel, who is going to lead His people to sure and certain victory. These people are coming under many captains.

I can seem to see this afternoon, as I look in the Word of God and hear in fancy the tread of the feet of people coming from many denominations. There are soldiers in the Methodist Church, soldiers of Christ in the Baptist Church, soldiers of Christ in the Presbyterian Church, soldiers in the Episcopal Church, yes, and thank God, in the

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dear old Salvation Army. There are soldiers in the missions, there are soldiers here, there and yonder. We may be perhaps under a different under-captain, but thank God, we are all under the great Captain and all under the same General. And I want in this great revival in Angelus Temple that when we enter these doors we may just for a few moments forget our little corporal companies and we may fix our eyes upon the one great Leader, the God of Battles, and that we may go out to love one another more, to understand one another more, and to fight shoulder to shoulder, not wounding another soldier, but fighting sin.

We are the soldiers of the Lord. We are here to fight sin and unbelief and worldliness and the old devil, and get a lot of people delivered from his clutches, out under the blood-stained banner of His Cross. But we are not here to fight brother against brother. That is one thing the devil does like to get folks to doing, get soldier fighting soldier. That is what the Lord did in the day of Gideon and in the day of Joshua. He made one man fight another. Especially in Gideon's time, that battle was won while Gideon shouted and his people with him, and the Lord turned every man's hand against his brother. May that never be done in Christian work. May we attend strictly to our own business and preach the Word of God. Brother versus brother? No!

Take, for instance, Samson's plea. When Samson was playing on top of the rock yonder his brothers came to him and said, "Ah! the enemy is all pitched against you and we are going to bind you now and deliver you over to them." But Samson's plea seems to be rather a plaintive, pathetic plea, even though he was such a mighty man "Will you promise that you won't fall on me and smite me? I don't mind your binding me, I don't mind your giving me over to the enemy, but promise me that you won't fall on me and kill me. I can't fight you because you are my brothers."

"All right, we won't fall on you. But we won't have anything to do with you either. We will bind you and throw you over to the enemy."

But, thank God! when Samson got among the enemy he could fight all right. He couldn't fight against his brothers, but he certainly

could fight in the other crowd.

Lord God of Battles, give us victory today, not brother versus brother, but brother versus the foe, that we may slay heaps upon heaps and the slain of the Lord may be many around these altars this afternoon of men and women who have given their hearts to Christ!

Brother versus brother, no! There were David and Saul. You remember Saul was David's enemy. Yes, but David wasn't Saul's enemy. All the animosity and all the enmity was on Saul's side. Why didn't he like David? Because David had the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and Saul once had it but had lost it and the people were coming back and saying, "Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands," and that was too much for Saul and immediately he went after David. Oh, but he hated little David! What he would do to him! But David would not hate him back. David wouldn't ever smite him back.

Saul was camping on the trail. He was out with a tomahawk for David's scalp. David just kept right on praising the Lord, playing on his harp, and the Lord gave him victory. One time he cut the tail of Saul's skirt off to let him know he was there, but he didn't do him any hurt whatever. One time David was playing to Saul, on the harp and Saul threw a javelin. David was perfectly oblivious. He was rocking away, playing his harp, playing and singing "Oh Beulah Land!" I think David bowed his head and said "Praise the Lord, O My Soul" when the javelin went over his head and stuck in the wall. It pays to be humble, doesn't it? Brother versus brother? No! But every one of us versus the devil, versus Satan and unbelief and sin.

Shoulder to shoulder we stand!

God, look down

From Thy throne in Heaven

And crown the conquering band.

The God of battles! There is Moses, where they held up Moses' hands. There is Joshua and Jericho; Gideon and the camp of the Midianites; Jehoshaphat, mustn't leave that one out; David and

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Goliath; the battle of Jesus against Satan in the wilderness; the battle at Calvary, the battle round about the tomb. Oh, He was the God of Battles! There are the Disciples when they were battling with persecution and there is the church battling with the world today. There are so many, I must but touch upon each of these which in themselves would be a whole hour's message.

First perhaps, we might consider Jehoshaphat. That is one of the marvelous victories. In 2 Chronicles the 20th chapter, we get a marvelous glimpse of the God of Battles. There came word to Jehoshaphat: "There cometh a great multitude against thee from beyond the sea."

Jehoshaphat feared, but when he feared he didn't run away; this is what he did: "he feared and set himself to seek the Lord." He put a watch tower on, I guess, and had everybody pray. He set himself to seek the Lord.

My brother, my sister, did you ever get in a battle? Are you ever tested? Are you ever driven? Are you ever in perplexity? Have your enemies that have come against you been greater in number than you? Then even though you fear, never mind that: just set yourself to seek the Lord.

Oh, Lord, utter thy voice before thine armies, let us hear the rolling of thy voice, let bend your mighty arm in our midst, and we are more than conquerors!

You know, I think the secret of evangelism, the secret of altar calls, the secret of a Christian's success is a real conscious knowledge that the God of Battles is with us. It depends a good deal on your conception of God. Some folks think God is such a little God. They think he is just about four inches high and feel that we have got to fight for Him.

"Oh, poor little God! The devil's going to get him now. My! What the devil is going to do! He is going to overthrow the Word, he is going to overthrow the church, he is going to upset everybody's faith, he is going to be down on the work. Poor little God! What are we going to do to fight for him? The devil is doing a lot of harm. Poor little God; how are we going to fight for him?"

You can never go out and fight the devil by saying, “Oh, Mr. Devil, you are so big! What am I going to do?”

This God is not little, He is big. He is so high the Heavens cannot contain Him. He is deeper than the sea, as broad as the east is from the west, and moreover He is the God of Battles. Not only that, but He is the God that never lost a battle. Praise the Lord! He is yet to lose the first battle.

“I know, but Satan is mighty.”

Of course, he is, but God is all-mighty. He is Almighty and He is more than conqueror.

We read that “Jehoshaphat feared, and set himself to seek the Lord.” And he decided to put on some chicken suppers, put some moving pictures in to get the people out Sunday nights, and he decided to build on a smoker at the left-hand side of the church for the men to smoke between services, and he decided to build on a place for a basketball team because that would certainly hold his army together? NO! “He set himself to seek the Lord” and he proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah and they gathered themselves together and asked help of the Lord. Then Jehoshaphat stood in the midst of the congregation and he said:

“Oh Lord, God of our fathers, art not thou God in heaven and rulest not thou over all the kingdoms of the heathen and in thine hand is there not power and might so that none is able to withstand thee? Art not thou our God who did drive out the inhabitants of this land before thy people Israel and gavest it to the seed of Abraham, thy friend, forever? Now, O God, our enemies are camped against us, they are greater than we be. Suddenly there came the voice of the Lord. A Prophet rose up in the midst of the congregation and said, Hearken, ye all Judah, and be not afraid or dismayed by reason of this great multitude: for the battle is not yours but God’s.”

That is another thing to learn if we are going to be victorious: the battle is not yours. All you have got to do is take your marching orders and carry them out to the letter. The battle is not yours, but God’s.

“Tomorrow go you down against them. And you shall not need to fight in this battle...” There is another wonderful thing to learn about

it... “you shall not need to fight in this battle: set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord...Fear not nor be dismayed; tomorrow go out against them, for the LORD WILL BE WITH YOU.”

Some say, “O, Sister McPherson, I just wish I could get that assurance in my heart. You know yesterday I went out to a place” (someone told me a few weeks ago) “out to a place in Hollywood to some moving picture people I used to know. I sat down, had a chat with them, and I almost lost the victory. I thought I could do them some good, I thought I could talk to this one or that one.”

But instead of getting a real victory this one became discouraged in his own heart. I knew someone who got the victory who said, “I am going back to a certain dance hall, I am going to talk to the people I used to know there and win them to the Lord.” But instead she lost the real joy out of her heart. I knew someone else who was going to get the victory. She went back to the people who were interested in worldly things. She came back worse than she was before.

We must be sure, if we are going to get the victory, that the Lord is with us. Be sure you are in the will of God, in the center of His blessed presence, and then there is nothing but victory all along the line.

“Jehoshaphat bowed his head with his face to the ground: and all Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem fell before the Lord, worshipping the Lord.”

The next day as they stood in battle, the word came to him: “Believe in the Lord your God, so shall you be established.” Then he marched against the people. He did it in the most peculiar way. The first thing he did was to appoint singers unto the Lord.

If you are tempted, if you are in trouble, lift up your voice and sing a song of thanksgiving to the Lord. I know nothing that will drive away the gloom and bring the sunshine more than singing praises to Immanuel.

Praise the Lord: for His mercy endureth forever.

“And when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments.” All the people did was sing and praise the Lord, but

the Lord did the fighting. Jehoshaphat never pulled a trigger, Jehoshaphat never unsheathed his sword, he didn't strike one blow. He just started the singers singing and praising the Lord, and while he kept sweet and while he praised the Lord, the Lord set ambushments against the enemy, and when Jehoshaphat looked every one of his enemies was dead; they just dropped dead here and there and yonder, and they were gone.

I wonder what your enemy is. Is it the enemy of temptation? Is it the enemy of unbelief? Is it the enemy of pride and worldliness? Is it the enemy of selfishness? Is it the thinking only of your business life and the rush of the Twentieth Century? What is it that is keeping you away from God, from victory? What is it that seems sometimes as though it would overthrow you? Is it temptation in the place you work? Is it a test in your home? God knows what it is and if you will just begin to pray and to praise the Lord, He will make every one of your enemies just drop before you. He will make you more than conqueror.

We read of Jehoshaphat that his people came and they went in among the slain and the fallen and they carried away an abundance of precious jewels, gold and silver and riches and jewels, so much that it took them three days to carry it all away. You know, that is one of the wonderful things about being victor in the name of the Lord: you not only conquer, but you take away precious jewels. In other words:

Yield not to temptation...

Each victory will help you some other to win.

When we slay one of the giants or the enemies that march against us, we not only get the victory, but we take their sword and their buckler and hang it up as a trophy on our walls.

How many victories have you won this week, Sister? How many victories have you won this week, Brother? I heard one brother say that this week he had won a victory over his temper—something he had not been able to do before. When there came a trying place, he just kept sweet and praised the Lord. He is a victor and has hung up

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the sword of the enemy on his walls.

The God of Battles! One thing we need to learn is that even the earthly leaders, though they may be strong, though they may be courageous, they need their hands held up. It seems to me Angelus Temple congregations have learned that in a most marvelous way.

We read that one day the Lord had called Moses into battle and with his people they had marched against the enemy, and the Lord said, "Moses, as long as you lift up your hands and lift up the Lord, there will be victory to your people: but when your hands go down they are going to lose the victory."

Now, it was God that was giving them the victory, but He used this poor little humble human instrument to lift up his hands, and while he did, they had the victory and prospered. But we read at last that Moses' hands were heavy. I wonder if there ever was a minister or evangelist in the world whose hands never grew weary, whose heart was never lonely and needed someone to hold up his hands.

We read that two of his soldiers came and held up his hands and Jehovah discomfited the people and a mighty victory was won.

Are you helping hold up my hands? Will you hold them up by prayer and by love, and as the battle goes on stand by me? Will you, help me and pray for me?

One way to hold up my hands is not only to pray but to say "Amen!" once in a while. I don't know anything that lifts up a preacher's hands more than to say "Amen!" Praise the Lord! Oh, yes, not only hold up my hands, but this great audience here this afternoon, coming from every church perhaps around the city, some of you driving in from many, many miles. Oh! Hold up your own minister's hands too. Hold up the hands of every minister and child of God, because this brings down the victory in the name of the Lord.

The God of Battles! I want you to consider for a moment His marvelous victory in the day of Jericho and how this battle was won. A man named Joshua, in the 6th chapter of Joshua, was to lay siege to Jericho. Jericho had been shut up, there was no way to win it.

Have you a citadel you want to take for the Lord? Some of you nod your heads. It is your own home you want to take; you have an

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unsaved wife, you have unsaved children, you have an unconverted mother, and you are longing to win them for the Lord. It is your particular Jericho. Some of you have a church that you are longing to bring a revival in. Some of you are longing to take your whole town for God. How could you get a revival there? It is your Jericho. It seems shut up, there is no way seemingly to get inside of it, no way to get a revival. Thank God! the God of Battles is with you.

This was the victory in Joshua's day: The Lord told him to take the seven priests with the Ark and seven trumpets, and they were to march around the city once a day for seven days, and the seventh day they were to go around seven times and the walls would fall flat. So that day they caught up the Ark (don't ever forget to take the Ark with you: a beautiful type of the Holy Spirit and the Word of God. Don't forget to take the power along with you when you go.) They marched around the city for seven days. As they marched, the enemy were ridiculing: "Oh, you have marched around here so quietly! You expect us to drop dead. You expect the walls to be overthrown. Never, never!"

Just keep on believing. It may seem that your prayers are unanswered. Never mind, keep on marching, keep on believing, keep on praying, for the God of Battles is with you.

The next time they marched around seven times on the same day, then they all blew upon their trumpets.

Lord, give everybody in Angelus Temple a trumpet. Give us all a testimony, give us all a real word of thanksgiving and praise and power, because something has got to move if we all begin to testify and bear witness for the Lord.

As they all sounded upon their trumpets, the walls fell flat and there came the cry: "Shout, for the Lord hath given us the city!"

The victory in Gideon's day is the symbol of the victory that we may win today. It may be that all that we will take with us is empty pitchers and lighted lamps. The empty pitcher will be a yielded, and contrite spirit, an empty, yielded life, to do the will of God. The lamp will be the light, the lamp of the Holy Spirit. But remember before the Midianites were overthrown, the pitchers had to be broken. So we

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must have a broken and a contrite spirit, that the life within may shine forth.

In David's day, when he marched against the giant, Goliath, his was the God of Battles. For you know "The battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift." It doesn't matter, little new convert who was just saved last night or who gave your heart to Christ this afternoon or this morning, kneeling at the altar. It doesn't matter how weak you are, it doesn't matter how strong the enemy may be, the one thing that matters is that God is with you.

In David's day the giant came out to meet him and stood against him. All the hosts of Saul were trembling, afraid of the foe; but David stepped forth in the name of the Lord. The God of Battles was with him and caused him to triumph, though his only weapons were five little stones from the brook and a shepherd's sling.

Give us, O Lord, the stones of Faith, Hope, Love, Prayer, and Praise, and give us the sling of a yielded life, and I believe every enemy shall fall if the God of Battles is with us. Amen!

Now speaking for a moment on the New Testament about the God of Battles: One of the great triumphs was wrought in the Wilderness during the temptation of our Lord.

You say, "Sister, did our Lord ever have a battle? I thought that He was the only one that was never tempted. I thought He was never tested."

Yes, indeed, He fought a battle. It was with the enemy, who met him there, and for forty days our Lord was tested. Bless His precious Name! How did He overcome? He overcome with the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. Have you this Word in your hand? Take unto yourself—whatever else you do not have—the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God.

Though Satan came again and again in his onslaughts, our Lord was more than conqueror.

There was a battle round about Calvary. There is that beautiful stained glass window of Calvary. I love it more dearly than almost any other of our windows. There a battle was fought. See the darkened sky, the shaft of lightning that is flashing and striking over the Cross.

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Ah, but the God of Battles was there! Satan was there too, with all his hosts, darkening the sky, saying "Crucify him! Crucify him!" But, Oh, Glory to God! though the stones cracked asunder, though the earth was rent, though the skies grew black and the lightning flashed and the veil of the Temple was rent, as that battle went on between the cause of right and wrong, our Lord was more than conqueror. Sometimes things don't look like a victory on the surface of it. There was never anything in the world that looked like a greater defeat than Calvary. And the devil must have rubbed his hands together and said, "You are defeated now. I have killed the Holy One of Israel." And they took His body down. The last cry of the Lord must have been ringing still through the air: "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It certainly looked as though the battle were lost.

Oh, if that battle had been lost, you and I would never be able to win the victory today! All our successes, all our victories, hinge upon that battle that was fought there upon the rugged Cross of Calvary. But, Glory to God! He was the Victor. They laid Him away in the tomb. The tomb was sealed, the Roman soldiers stood guard. But just as the third day was about to dawn, the battle was won: our Lord revived. He stood upon His feet. The Spirit raised Him from the dead and He came forth more than conqueror.

My brother, my sister, this afternoon we, too, can conquer in Him. Because He lives, we too shall live. Because of His victory, there is victory for every man and woman and child in this audience this afternoon and in our greater audience who are listening in over the Radio. The God of Battles is here. He is ready to help you. He is ready to make you more than conqueror. There has never been a defeat in the life of anyone who really trusted in the Lord. They are victor every time.

The early church was surrounded with persecution. The people were surrounded by the enemy, and they were torn limb from limb, they were devoured by wild beasts, they were burned at the stake; but, glory to God! they triumphed, and from the flame of the burning stake there went forth lighted torches that kindled a blaze the world around, in whose afterglow you and I are still living and rejoicing

today.

Today there is a battle on. It is a battle between the church of God—and I mean by that one with the old-time religion; I don't mean with higher criticism, I mean a church that believes the Bible, believes it from cover to cover, believes the inspiration of the Scripture, the Deity of Christ, and the precious Blood Atonement and the Resurrection—there is a battle between such a Holy Ghost Church and the world. On every side the camp of Satan is pitched. He has made his camps very attractive. He has decked them with blazing colors and with the sound and the glare and the bugle of the band he has pitched his camp all round about. But glory to God! the God of Battles still lives, and there is for everyone that trusts in Him a sure and certain victory.

The God of Battles is also the God of Revivals, and if He is with us I believe that every church in the land can have a revival; every mission, and every evangelist can have a revival if the God of Battles has right of way.

This afternoon, have you enlisted? Have you put upon you the whole armor? Are you steadily facing the foe? Remember, although we have a complete armor: the helmet of salvation for our mind, the breastplate of righteousness to cover the heart, the shield of faith—praise the Lord!—and the Sword of the Spirit; though there are sandals for our feet—the Gospel of peace—the Lord has left out one piece of armor. There is no armor for your back. If you turn your back you are going to be shot sure, and if you get wounded and shot it is going to be because you turned your back. But if you keep your face to the foe and march beneath the blood-stained banner of the Cross, there is sure and certain victory for the children of the Lord.

Sunday-School teacher, take courage; there is victory for you with your Sunday School class, to lead them all to Jesus Christ. Minister, take courage; there is a revival waiting for you in your church if you will simply take the old-time Gospel with all of its power and have the God of Battles surely at your side and have courage in Him. Evangelist, take heart, the God of Battles still lives and He is here to stretch forth His mighty hand and to help you with the winning of

souls.

But there is only one way to win this victory. That is first to be saved yourself, to be filled with the Spirit, have the Ark of the Covenant with you, have the empty pitcher, have the lighted lamp within it shining through the broken pitcher; to take the whole Word of God. Don't cut it in two, don't blue-pencil anything, take it just as it reads and believe it from cover to cover. Believe the fundamentals. The Virgin birth of our Lord, take that out and we are defeated already before we get to the battle. Take out the precious atoning blood of our Saviour, there is nothing left worth fighting over. Beloved, let us take the Book, let us take the whole Book. Let us get in line this afternoon. The Lord God of Battles is sending out the bugle call, "Forward, march!" Will you come?

"Well, what is the first thing I have to do?"

Do what our soldier boys did: say goodbye to your own land, goodbye to the land of worldliness, farewell to the land of sin. Next, leave off your civilian clothes and put on the uniform of King Immanuel, put on the whole uniform and be ready. The next thing to do is to drill. The day our soldier boys left their own home and entered training camp, they put on the uniform of our country. In Canada they put on the uniform of King George. And that day they did not march to the greatest battle, but they began in the training camp.

My little sister, if you will today enlist for King Jesus, the Lord will start you first in a training camp. Your training camp may be at the dish pan or at the sink, your training camp may be at the ironing board or washboard., your training camp may be sweeping and dusting and cleaning, your training camp may be in your kitchen or in your parlor; your training camp may be in the school room—and that is a pretty stiff training camp to keep the victory in. Your training camp, little stenographer, may be at your typewriter and in your office.

"Oh, Sister. McPherson, I wish I could preach, I wish I could do something worthwhile."

Bless your heart! Don't you know that you have enlisted, you have

volunteered, you have got on the uniform. Now, march! Left, right, left! Even if it is in the training camp, that is the place to get the victory. David had to be victor over the few sheep and protect them before he could go out and fight against Goliath of Gath. Get the victory at home, be conqueror over little things and He will make you victor over much. First, we must be able to be conqueror over our own tongue, our own temper, our own sluggish disobedience, before we can go out and take citadels for this glorious King under whom we fight.

My brother, your training camp may be in the shop, it may be in the factory or in the foundry; but whatever you do, enlist, be a volunteer for the King of Glory, a common volunteer.

(The following duet was then sung by Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy)

I'M JUST A COMMON VOLUNTEER

*I'm just a common volunteer
Enlisted for the fight;
The battle foe I do not fear,
I'm fighting for the right.
The bugle blasts and trumpets call,
Advancing colors fly,
The blood-stained flag waves over all,
I'm going to win or die.*

*I'm just a common volunteer,
A soldier of the Cross,
The alien hosts I do not fear,
I cannot suffer loss.
I'll wield my true Damascus blade
Nor heed the foemen's cry,
I'll forward go, nor be afraid;
I'm going to win or die.*

*I'm just a common volunteer,
My uniform is made to wear
And not for dress parade,
I'm satisfied with soldiers' fare,
I'll never be afraid.
The giants may be great and tall
And loudly vaunting cry,
Through Christ I'll slay them one and all,
I'm going to win or die.*

*And when the war is over here
We'll have a grand review,
When all the hosts of Heaven cheer
The warriors tried and true.
We'll lay our sword and bugle down
To reign with Christ on high,
To wear a golden, gem-set crown
And never, never die.*

Rip Van Winkle



Sunday Evening
February 24, 1924



OUR MESSAGE TONIGHT seems perhaps a peculiar subject, namely, “Rip Van Winkle.” I read that story years ago, when a child, but it had slipped my mind, so I asked my daughter to tell me the story. “Well, Mama, Rip Van Winkle lived near New York, in the Catskill Mountains. He had a wife and she could never get him to do anything for her. He would always work for other people’s wives, and for anybody else in the world but his wife. Children loved him because he was good to them. He mended their toys and did so many things for them—even for his own children. Everybody loved him, but his wife would get out of patience with him. She scolded him one day, so Rip Van Winkle took his dog Wolf and started out. ‘I will go away for a while.’ He went up the mountain and saw some little men with a barrel of ale. They said to him, ‘If you will carry this to the top of the hill, we will give you a cupful of ale.’ So he carried it to the top of the hill. These little gnomes began to have a bowling alley, and as they were running along the balls, people down below thought it was thundering. When they were thru they opened the barrel of ale, and Rip Van Winkle drank one, two, three, four, five cups of it and became sleepy. He went down the mountain until he found a shady spot, and went to sleep. He slept twenty years, and at the end of that time he woke up. (I don’t know what woke him—if it was a revival or what).

He went down to the village to look for his people. He didn’t realize he had slept so long. The tavern had become a hotel. The streets were different. He saw a strange picture—that of George

Washington. 'Who is that boy?' 'Don't call him a boy. He is our president.' 'We have no president. We have a king.' 'No. We are a free country now. Man, you have been asleep! Where have you been?' 'I just had a little nap. Where's the king?' 'Oh, he's all right, but we are free people now. This is our president.' 'I don't understand it. Everything is different—the streets, the buildings, the people. Tell me where my son, Rip Van Winkle, Jr. is.' They told him, but he didn't know his son and the son didn't know his father. Poor man, he had a hard time."

I used to tell my father stories like that, and he would say, "Strange, if true". Nevertheless, symbolically, it has a great deal of truth in it. I know some people who have slept longer than twenty years. Some fifty years, some seventy years. I met one dear old lady who was converted but had slept ninety-four years. "Sister McPherson, you don't mean it!" Yes, but I am not talking of physical sleep—I am speaking about spiritual sleep. There are two kinds of sleep—physical and spiritual. Your body is just a casket. Your soul shall live and return to God who gave it to you. There are many who are spiritually asleep.

We pray for many sick people during the year. I love them. I love to do anything I can for them. In praying for the sick, I have been privileged to pray for many boys who came back from the war who were afflicted with sleeping sickness. Physicians do not know much about it. I remember one young man for whom we did all we could. Wherever that man went, he went to sleep. If you left him alone, he would stand there with his foot lifted and could not put it down. If he lifted his arm, it would stay there until somebody would put it down for him. His eyes always looked in one way. What a peculiar sight. "Wake up, brother:" No response. We prayed for him and, thank God, the Lord gloriously touched him.

To those spiritually dead and asleep, I want to bring our text. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." – Eph. 5:14. "And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." – Romans 13:11. "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober." – 1 Thessalonians 5:6. "Awake

to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame.” – 1 Corinthians 15:34.

“Rip Van Winkle.” I wonder how many Rip Van Winkles there are here tonight? I wonder how many are fast asleep spiritually? Oh, the sleeping condition of the world today! It is the devil’s business to get people to sleep. Did you know the devil has a rocking chair of worldliness, sin, pleasure? I know some people who are in the devil’s rocking chair. They get a prick of conscience and feel that they should go to the altar, but the devil says, “Hush, my baby, lie still and slumber.” Yes, the devil has a rocking chair. I wonder if you are in it? “Don’t get worried. Don’t get alarmed. She has only one object in view—to get you to Jesus’ feet. Don’t worry about her. Enjoy the message and the music. But s-h-h! Rock-a-bye baby.

Not only has the devil a rocking chair, but he has some soothing syrup. It affects folks just like the ale did Rip Van Winkle. I think that the kind he uses most is the soothing syrup of procrastination—putting it off. “You know she is right, but there is lots of time. Put it off. Say, ‘Not tonight.’” Oh, doesn’t the devil chuckle when he gets you to say, “Not tonight.” You know when the altar call comes that you should lift your hand and say, “Pray for me.” You know, too, that you should get up and come to the altar. But, instead, you say, “Not tonight. I don’t feel like it now.” And the devil is saying, “Don’t hurry. Don’t start something you can’t finish. Besides you know some people who pretend to be Christians, but they don’t live it. Then there are those where you work. Say, ‘Not tonight.’” Soothing syrup! Is he giving it to you tonight? Oh, he can make your eyes so heavy!

Then, he not only uses soothing syrup, but sleeping powders. I know some folks who have an over-dose of sleeping powders. It is so hard to get any move out of them for God. Have you accepted Jesus Christ as your Saviour? “Not yet. I am all right.” said one brother. Are you all right, sister? “No. I wouldn’t lie to you. I know I am not.” Why don’t you come to Christ? “I don’t feel like it yet.” Why, I saw you two weeks ago and you were shaking under the power of conviction. How is it you say you don’t feel like it now? “I don’t know. I guess it will come back sometime.”

Rip Van Winkle

My poor man, my dear sister, the devil is giving you sleeping powders. If you haven't the feeling that you should come to Jesus, that is a sure sign that the devil has fixed you. Oh, get up! run down these aisles, and kneel at the altar whether you feel like it or not! You are in a dangerous place. How the devil loves to get Rip Van Winkles to sleep. Mere automatons—not awake to true conditions. The devil has them asleep. He has given some people the sleep of indifference. They can sit in this meeting, see over fifty-three hundred people packed in here, hear the singing, the preaching, see scores of people lift their hands and say, "Pray for me"; see them take the noble walk down the aisle and kneel at the Saviour's feet. And all they will say is, "That's interesting. That's nice. But I wish she would close for it is getting late and I have to go to work tomorrow." Indifferent! God help you. If you feel like that, you are asleep. God help me tonight to get hold of somebody's shoulders, shake him, and wake him up!

The devil makes people sleepier on Sundays than any other day. He comes along with the sand. He is the sandman. "All I need are my slippers, newspapers, and the Morris chair. I am going to have one day of rest." Rip Van Winkles! The devil is putting you to sleep. You loaf around all day long and when night comes you are more tired than you would have been if you had attended the three services at Angelus Temple.

I was thinking of some people in the Bible who were sleepers. There was Jacob who wandered away from the Lord and he became a sinner. He wandered thru the wilderness. Weary and tired, he lay his head upon a stone and slept. But, thank God, even to the sleeping there may come an awakening. I hope it may come to every sleeping Jacob here tonight. While Jacob slept, he had a dream. May it come to you as it did to him. He saw a vision. At his feet there was a ladder and the top of it reached clear to the Glory Land. He saw the Lord at the top. Up and down this blessed redemption ladder, angels were ascending and descending. They carried up to heaven the need of Jacob, "Lord, there is a Rip Van Winkle down there. He has wandered away from you." The angels must have brought back to Jacob hope for from that hour he began to follow God. There is a ladder at your

feet! Wake up in the name of the Lord and begin to climb the ladder of salvation.

Samson was a strong and mighty man. Nobody could make him weak. Bind him with shackles of iron and he broke them: He carried the gates of the city away. There was a man whom the devil got after. The first thing the devil did to put him to sleep was to make him fall in love with a woman who worshipped idols. Then this woman—Delilah—made Samson sleep on her lap. As soon as he was asleep, she called for a man to shave off his seven locks of hair. When this was done, she began to afflict him, and his strength was gone from him. Ah, he was a Rip Van Winkle!

You may be a Samson financially, politically, socially, but, my brother, if the devil can get you to sleep in his rocking chair, or the lap of the world, he will say, “Sleep, sleep, sleep.” In a moment your eyes will be heavy. He tries to make Rip Van Winkles out of Christians and the church. If he can get us to put our heads on the lap of the world, doesn’t he chuckle! If he can get out the Amen corner, the Hallelujah chorus, the altar calls, he says, “Sleep, sleep, sleep.” He doesn’t care how we fall asleep just so we sleep. However, in the midst of Samson’s sorrow there came a message of light and his hair grew again and he became a mighty Samson for God.

There was Samuel who was asleep but, thank God, the Lord came to him and said, “Samuel! Samuel!” “What is it, Lord!” At first, Samuel, in his sleep, did not recognize the voice of the Lord. Just as the Lord called the child Samuel, He is calling you and I. I remember when He called me—just a girl seventeen years of age. Aimee! Aimee! I answered, “Lord, here am I. Speak for thy servant heareth.” Thank God, He saved me and gave me a message for some poor heart. Just as He called Samuel, just as He called me, He is calling, “Helen,” “William,” “Mary,” “John”. The Master is calling you. Oh, awake! we have been asleep long enough.

Then there was Jonah! The devil certainly did make a Rip Van Winkle of him. The Lord had called Jonah to preach the Gospel, “Jonah, I want you to go to the city and preach the Gospel. Tell the people that unless they repent they will perish.” But Jonah fled. And

when he fled away from God, he began to go down. You should count all the times it says he went down. “Went down to Joppa”; “went down into the ship”; “Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship”; “Jonah was cast into the sea”; and “Jonah was in the fish.” And Jonah went to sleep. The devil’s rocking chair! The devil’s soothing syrup! The devil’s sleeping powders! Sleep, Jonah, sleep! You don’t need to preach the Gospel. Sleep! In the meantime, the Lord sent a storm. Then the shipmaster came to Jonah and said, “What meanest thou, O sleeper?”

Oh, my Lord, if there are any Jonahs here tonight, who have run away from Thee and are fast asleep, go down in the midst of them and say, “What meanest thou, O sleeper?” We read that Jonah woke up and rubbed his eyes. “What has happened since I have been asleep?” “Jonah, we are in trouble. There is a storm. We are going down. Is there something wrong with you?” And Jonah told them the truth, then said, “Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you.” So, after they prayed, they took Jonah up and cast him into the sea, and the storm ceased. And Jonah went down into the sea. Then there came a great fish, and Jonah kept going down! The fish kept going down until they were in the depths of the sea. Thank God, Jonah woke up in the midst of it and began to call on God.

“Sister McPherson, you are getting near my case. I guess I am a Jonah. I have been swallowed by a whale, and I have been going down.” What happened to Jonah? Why, when he became a praying preacher that was too much for the whale so he cast Jonah on the shore. “Sister McPherson do you believe a story like that.” Of course I do. It is in the Bible. “Do you believe that a whale swallowed Jonah?” It doesn’t say a whale swallowed Jonah, but a great fish. However, there are large enough whales today that can swallow rowboats. The miracle to me is that Jonah was not digested by the fish!

At the Transfiguration of our Lord (Luke 9:28-32) we read that the devil did his best to make Peter, James, and John Rip Van Winkles. “But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep.” Oh, my brother, my sister, the devil wants to make you heavy with sleep!

Jesus Christ wants to be transfigured before your eyes; He wants you to see things in the true light; to get a vision of Him crucified, but your eyes are heavy with sleep. “When they were awake, they saw His glory.” O God, wake these people up tonight that they may see the glory of the Lord!

In the Garden of Gethsemane, the devil did his best to put the disciples to sleep. “When He rose up from prayer, and was come to His disciples, He found them sleeping. And He said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.” Christians, the devil wants to make Rip Van Winkles of you! The Lord is saying, “Why sleep ye? rise and pray.” The Lord found the disciples asleep three times, and the third time He said, “Sleep on now, and take your rest.” Beloved, if we continue to sleep and reject Christ, some day He will say, “Sleep on now, and take your rest.” The blessing you might have had is fled.

In John 11 we read of another who slept—Lazarus. There may be many here tonight who are Lazaruses. If you are a Lazarus, the Lord is speeding over the mountain peaks tonight. “Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep.” O God, get hold of these people tonight and wake them up! Jesus said to Lazarus, “Come forth,” and Lazarus came forth bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin.” The Lord said, “Loose him, and let him go.” If the devil has given you almost the sleep of death, the Lord is saying, “I go that I may awake him out of sleep. Lazarus, come forth. Loose him, and let him go.”

In Acts 16:27 we read of somebody else who was asleep. “And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled.” Think of a keeper of the prison being awakened by a prayer meeting! Some of you are down in prison tonight. Don’t end it! Glory to God! He can send an earthquake of revival. It is a common saying back East that when you come to California you leave your religion behind. But I don’t believe that is true. I believe God is sending us a spiritual earthquake. It was a prayer meeting that started that earthquake in Bible days. If you can praise

God when everything is dark, that is when you are going to get people saved.

We read of the sower who fell asleep in Matthew 13:25. “But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.” Then, there are the ten virgins who had their lamps and went forth to meet the Bridegroom. But, while the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. I wonder if there are any churches that are sleeping today? The message is going out, “Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.” The sleeping virgins are wakened, trim their lamps, and are filled with the Holy Spirit (oil).

In Acts 20 we read, “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 down from the third loft, and was taken up dead.” That is what you get for falling to sleep when the preacher is preaching: Poor fellow! that is hard line—go to church and have something like that happen. Yes, but “Paul went down, and fell on him, and embracing him said, Trouble not yourselves for his life is in him.” To think the Lord had to break that Rip Van Winkle’s neck to wake him up! I believe the Lord would go almost any length to wake you up. I hope He doesn’t have to go as far as breaking your neck though! Oh, wake up!

Now, the devil has made Rip Van Winkles of the sinner and sometimes of a Christian; and even sometimes he has made a church into a Rip Van Winkle. They slumber and sleep and lose their first love. I wonder if we as a church will ever become a Rip Van Winkle? God forbid. Some churches say, “We are organized. We have our church paid for. We have the backing of our conference. Our minister is on a good salary. All we have to do is raise enough money to keep going. We have need of nothing.” O Lord, if there is anybody listening in who is asleep, wake them up!

Sometimes, when folks go to sleep they don’t like to be wakened. But God is going to wake some people up! Today, He is sending a latter day revival. We have only had droppings of what He wants to send. “It shall come to pass in the last days, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh.” The sleeping virgins; receive the cry to “Awake.” The

clear call of the chanticleer is ringing out! There is a stirring! There is a demand to get back to the old time religion! A cry to get away from infidelity, higher criticism, unbelief, and back to the Book, to the faith of our fathers, and the old time altar calls. Back to the Amen corner and the Hallelujah chorus! Back, back, where everyone is out and out for God! And so there is a movement! Everybody is beginning to seek and search. Glory to God! He works miracles.

Some people have gone to sleep, but they are beginning to awake. They hear the Amens and Hallelujahs. "What is this! I have been asleep! Who told you you could build a church and come here to preach? What is it?" Hallelujah! It is a revival! The glory and power of God is coming down! "I know, but I like things done quietly." God wake us all up! If it takes persecution—amen. "I don't like getting wakened up like this. For one thing, I don't like a woman preacher, or a big church, etc." Bless your heart! Never mind what you don't like. God takes strange things to wake people up. Balaam was riding on a donkey, and an angel appeared to warn him. But Balaam was asleep so God used the donkey. And, if God could use a donkey, He could use a woman or a child. It doesn't matter so much who He uses just so He wakes some people up. I believe some people are getting wakened from the way they growl. O Lord, Wake them tonight, we pray Thee!

The devil loves to put the Christian to sleep! They have no real desire for souls. They go to church, enjoy the service, and go home. It never enters their head to stay for a prayer meeting, "I am doing my best, thank you." Look out! Rip Van Winkle! The Lord wants us to be wide awake for soul-winning!

The Lord wants to wake up the sinner. You poor souls, you have been asleep and don't know what you have missed. The devil has you in his rocking chair,

***Rock-a-bye sinner on the tree top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come cradle, sinner, and all.***

Yes, “there is an awful fall ahead—an awful judgment. O Lord, wake us up tonight; shake us out of this torpor and make tonight the night of our salvation! O sleeping sinner, tonight the Saviour is here. Wake up! He is walking up and down in the aisles, going from heart to heart, knocking at the barred door, saying, “Child, let Me come in.” He has tried to wake you so many times! Maybe it was sickness, or an automobile wreck! Maybe He took the baby home! He is saying, “Wake up! there is someone in glory now.” You did feel bad and said you would, but you went to sleep again. You are sleeping away your day of grace.

One night in Ingersoll, Canada, mother and I stayed at a hotel because it was late and we lived five miles in the country. We were very weary from the long journey. In the middle of the night we heard a strange sound, a man was running up and down the streets yelling, “Fire! fire! fire!” Instantly, we both sat up. This was our home town! We jumped out of bed and ran to the window. The man went to the fire engine place and rang the bell. The firemen woke up and came from every direction. By that time, we had dressed and away we went to the fire. We had no special interest in the town now, but it was our home town! Beloved, there is a fire tonight—of judgment, wrath, and condemnation. Oh, that I could wake you up! “I don’t like to hear about it.” No? Well, maybe you don’t like the shriek of the fire siren either. Brother, will you give your heart to Christ? “My soul is my own. I have a right to live as I want to. It is my own business.” A brother said that to me one time, and I said, “Brother, look here! Do you see that building out there?” “Yes.” “Supposing that building was on fire—It is a wooden building—and you knew there was a little mother with a baby asleep in there. What would you do?” “I would do what any other man would do. I would go in the house and say, ‘Lady, wake up’. The house is on fire!” “Of course you would, and that is what I am doing to you. You are a Rip Van Winkle and I am thumping as hard as I can, ‘Wake up, before you perish.’” “I never thought of it that way before.” O God, wake us up tonight!

I heard of a man who was drunk, and on his way home he fell on a railroad track. He was a big man and the person who found him was

not big enough to move him. He tried to wake the drunken man up, "Wake up! The train is coming." "Huh? Don't wake me up, I want to sleep." "But the train is coming." "Ugh? Don't talk to me. I want to sleep." He would not wake up, but they got him off the track just as the train came. Maybe you say, "I don't want to wake up." But, in the name of God and in the name of Jesus Christ, wake up for the train is coming! Come now while the arms of the Saviour are open! Come!

"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." It is high time that we awake out of our sleep for now the day of salvation is nearer than we had supposed.

The Good Ship Zion



Sunday Afternoon
March 2, 1924

And the same day, when the even was come, he saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side. And when they had sent away the multitude, they took him even as he was in the ship. And there were also with him other little ships. And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow; and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.

And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.

MARK 4:35-39



ESUS SAID UNTO them, "Let us pass over unto the other side." Brothers and sisters, we are all bound for eternity, every man, woman, boy, and girl in the world. And there are only two destinations. We must necessarily go to the one or the other. One is the safe shore of the Saviour's harbor—the heavenly shore. The other runs through the rapids, over the falls into that horrible abyss called hell. I am not going to speak of the ship that goes down to destruction today as I am speaking almost exclusively to Christians. I pray that any sinner or backslider here will not leave the building without deciding for Jesus Christ. "Let us pass over unto the other shore." You are going over all right—either to heaven or that awful place of woe.

"Let us pass over unto the other shore"—that message came to me

The Good Ship Zion

some time ago concerning Australia. “Come over, Sister McPherson, and hold an evangelistic campaign for us.” I thought about it for two years, then I finally decided to go. Cablegrams came. Letters came, signed by many people. “Sister, come to Australia; we must have you for an evangelistic campaign.” We wrote back and said that we were too busy, and didn’t have time to leave America. They kept sending for us, so finally we said, “All right, we will come.” We set the time months in advance.

This afternoon you, too, have heard the call, “Let us pass over unto the other side.” Not to Australia, but to heaven. O Lord, get every man, woman, and child on board and get them ready, we pray Thee!

The Good Ship Zion! The Lord has given us an invitation and I believe many have accepted it, and that many others are going to accept it this afternoon.

The first thing to do is to make up your mind that you are going to accept it. How many here have made up your minds that you want to go to the destination “Heaven”? Hallelujah!

The next thing is—what route are you going to take? When going to Australia we had to decide whether we wanted to go up North where it was cold, or by the Southern route where it was sunny and warm. I think many are taking the Northern route and are so cold and ossified. Beloved, let’s go the Southern route—the sunny, warm-hearted evangelistic route! All right—that is decided.

The next thing we have to do is get our passports. If you mean to go abroad, you must get a passport. If you are just going to New York or Chicago, you don’t need it, but it is different when you decide to go to the other side. You must have a passport. “How can I get one?” You must apply to the government. Not the United States Government, but the Government above—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Be sure you get your passport! When you put in an application for your passport, very soon it comes to you. Then you must get your visa. That takes some little time. You must explain who you are, and why you are going. You have the British Consul to take into consideration. First of all, you are asked, “Are you a German? Have you any German blood in you? How long are you going to stay? Are you perfectly well?”

If you have small pox, leprosy, or chicken pox, they won't take you. You must get well first. Then, you must be a desirable citizen to the country to which you are going.

And it is so if you would get on board the Good Ship Zion and sail to heaven. Get your passport, be washed in the Blood of Jesus Christ, and be born again. Get rid of the leprosy of sin. He wants you to be a desirable citizen of the Beautiful Land Above.

The next thing is to get your ticket. "I have my passport. Here it is. I am clean, sound, wholesome, and a desirable citizen of that Land Above." A sinner cannot go to heaven because he is not clean. I think he would be so out of place in heaven. Just think of sinners in heaven who don't believe in revivals, altar calls, Amens, and Hallelujahs! Imagine how they would feel if somebody came up to them and said, "Hallelujah!" If, everywhere they went, there would be a prayer meeting! They would be walking along and come to a corner where there is a crowd gathered. "What's this?" And it is the Apostle Peter telling the story of the Saviour's love! "I am going to get out of this. I will take a walk in the park." The first thing the sinner meets is a crowd around Paul. "Brother Paul, tell us how you were saved" and Paul is explaining the Old, Old Story. The sinner would say, "This will never do! I'll go in another direction." And there he meets Jonah with a crowd gathered asking all about the time he was swallowed by the whale. He goes to another corner and there is the Throne. No, the sinner would not be happy in heaven.

First of all, we must be born again. Then we become desirable citizens of that Beautiful City of God. We have our passport in our hand—redemption thru the Blood of the Lamb. We have our visa—we must be sound and whole. Then we have our ticket—it is purchased by the Blood of the Lamb and reads "Straight through for mansions in the sky."

The next thing is to get your suitcase packed. Rolf is going out on a ranch for a few weeks where he can put on his old sweater and have a good time. His mother won't be saying, "Wash your hands. Don't do this or that." Oh, he is so excited about it! "Mamma, where is my suitcase?" "You want the little one?" "No, I want the big one!" "My

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dear, what are you going to put in it?" And he has his list all made out. It means so much to him. Beloved, if you are going on the Good Ship Zion, pack your suitcase.

What do you want to take? There is the Bible—we certainly want to put that in. Then our slippers—sandals of peace. The helmet of salvation—put that in a hat box. No, we had better wear it. Robes of righteousness—beloved, don't leave those out! Our dancing slippers—I wonder what we'll do with them? Rouge box and powder—I don't think we will want that. Jazz music—no! I think we had better take a hymn book. A whole stack of novels? No, we will take the Good Old Book—we don't need any other book if we have the precious Bible. Oh, pack your baggage! There are your cigars, pipe, cigarettes. I think I would leave them on the outside and go in with clean hands and a voice ready to sing praises to the Master if you really want to be at home on the Good Ship Zion. Be sure to take the love of God with you!

The next thing is to go down to the pier of decision. Farewell to the things of the world! Just before you, as you stand on the pier, you are going to see a gangplank—the gangplank of mercy and salvation. Just a few little steps across it and, glory to God, you are on the Good Ship Zion. I don't know how it will be with you, but every time I have gone to the wharf or station to go away, people say, "Don't go." Perhaps when you start, the enemy will try to hold you back. Many things will rise up and say, "Don't go." But, beloved, if you have decided to go over to the other side, don't let anything hold you back.

Oh, it gives you a thrill when you walk up that gangplank and are on board that ship! It is going to be a long sail. Maybe years! But, thank God, we know where we are bound for. Some people say, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." That is true of the sinner—he doesn't know where he is going. But, hallelujah! we are on the way and we know where we are going. We are sailing to the Land Above! "Goodbye sin, unbelief, worldly pleasures. I am on board the Good Ship Zion." O sinner, won't you come? Backslider, won't you come? Wife, husband, son, daughter, come. There comes the last call, "All aboard!" Passengers are left on the boat, but land-lovers are told

to get on terra firma. I am so glad I am on board that Ship! Once on board, the gangplank is lifted. But, I am so glad there is a way for you to get on board this Good Ship Zion. If you will come, we can let down a rope or a special pair of steps.

Now we are on deck. Here is the deck of salvation, grace, Gospel love. “Is it a deserted ship, with not many people on board?” No—there are lots of people on board. The happiest and most congenial people you have ever traveled with.

One thing I forgot—you must decide which cabin you are going to have. Are you going to travel first, second, third class, or steerage? Some people travel first class—I think that is the best way. You will get the best things on the Good Ship Zion. For instance, they believe the Bible from cover to cover to be the inspired Word of God. They believe in salvation and, thank God, they get it. They have wonderful joy in knowing Jesus Christ as the Great Physician and, the Baptizer with the blessed Holy Spirit. Yes, the Lord fills them to overflowing! Then, too, there is the glorious hope of His Second Coming! Oh, I want to travel first class, don’t you? “Does it cost more? Maybe I couldn’t afford to go first class.” Yes, you can! You can always tell the people who are traveling first class because they look so happy. They have a shine on their faces and a “know-so” experience. Other people don’t really know. They aren’t sure whether this or that is for today. “Hark, from the tomb a doleful sound.” Some people go steerage—meager fare. But, hallelujah! “Jesus paid it all.” Oh, are you on board the Good Ship Zion and, if so, are you getting all that the Lord has for you?

It is very important to pick out your stateroom, too. Coming home from Australia, we had one on the sunny side of the ship, and we had a splendid seat in the dining room. How good the meals were. But they are nothing to compare with the meals on board the Good Ship Zion! This is the menu card—the Bible. Everything you need is there for you—milk of the Word, meat of the Spirit, fruit of Canaan-land, bread of life, manna in the wilderness for those who will get up early to gather it, honey in the rock, water from the Throne of God. Yes, everything you need.

Don't be like the man who just ate crackers and cheese in his stateroom! There was a man one time who was going across to the other side. He was going over to get a better position where he had the chance to make better money. He took all the money he had to buy a ticket and started across seas. "I have spent practically all my money for passage, therefore I cannot afford to eat in the dining room. I will buy some crackers and cheese and eat in my stateroom." So he did accordingly. The first day the breeze was so exhilarating, and he was getting hungry. Pretty soon there came the "Bong—bong—bong" for dinner, and everybody made their way to the dining room. But this man shook his head and went to his stateroom. He sat on the edge of his bunk, opened the box of crackers, took a knife and cut off a piece of cheese, poured out a glass of water, then ate. Pretty hard fare. But, never mind, he would be there in a week. The next day his appetite was greater than ever. He walked round and round the deck. Soon came the "Bong-bong-bong" for dinner, and he watched the people go. Then he went to his stateroom, ate crackers and cheese, and washed it down with water. Lunch time—crackers and cheese. Dinner—crackers and cheese. Next morning—another day. "Bong-bong-bong," then the sound of feet going to the dining room. Crackers and cheese. Finally, the poor man could not bear it any longer. He said, "It is the last day. I must stand it three more meals." But the last time he ate crackers and cheese was too much for him. It was all he could do to swallow it. "I can't eat it any more. If it takes the last cent I have, I am going into the dining room before we land."

He went to the steward and asked, "Can you tell me what they would charge me for one good square meal?" "No, I don't know." "Please tell me. Just for one meal. What would it be?" "Really, I don't know. I have never figured it out." "What? You are in charge of the dining room and don't know what one meal costs? I would like to know, as I would like to have one good meal." "Look here, are you a stowaway?" "W-h-y, no." "Let me see your ticket!" "Here's my ticket." The steward looked at his ticket then asked, "Where have you been eating?" "In my stateroom." "Oh, you had your meals sent in? Sick?" "No--o. No. I didn't have my meals brought in." "What have you been

eating?” “C-r-a-c-k-e-r-s and c-h-e-e-s-e.” “Man, why crackers and cheese? Why didn’t you come to the dining room!” “W-e-l-l, I couldn’t afford it. I am a poor man and spent almost all my money to get my ticket. Oh, look at that tray—roast turkey, etc.! I couldn’t afford that.” “Let me see your ticket again. Do you see that line at the bottom, sir? What does it say?” The man saw it, “Meals included.” And he had starved all the way across.

Brother, sister, if we are on board the Good Ship Zion our meals are included. We don’t need to starve. Thank God, there is all you need for body, soul, and spirit. The Lord is ready to give it to you if you will sit down by faith at His table. Praise the Lord!

There may be rough seas, but the Lord is with us. Are you with the Master this afternoon? “Well, I tell you, Sister McPherson, I am not a Methodist, but a Presbyterian. Not a Presbyterian, but a Baptist.” It does seem as if we didn’t ride in the same ship, but we do. We read, “They took Him even as He was in the ship. And there were also with Him other little ships.” The main thing is to be with the Good Ship Zion. I do think that when we get in a real revival meeting, where the Spirit of God is felt, we forget the little ships. Yes, we are in one ship—that of His eternal love and great salvation.

As I said, there may be rough seas on the way. I wonder how many of you have experienced any? Perhaps death knocked at the door and a loved one was taken. But, never mind how rough the sea, if Jesus Christ is on board. “But, Sister McPherson, I don’t feel Him, and I am in such trouble.” Well, maybe He is asleep and is waiting for you to call Him. “There arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so it was now full. And He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow and they awake Him, and say unto Him, Master, carest thou not that we perish?” If you speak to Him, He will never, never, never fail you. Whether in shop, office, factory, home, or school—call Him. You don’t need to pray a long prayer. Just say, “Lord, help me,” and immediately He will speak. There was never a storm so great that His word could not still it. He will always pilot you safely to the harbor. This Lord Jesus—this Friend—is the Captain of the Good Ship Zion. And, praise the Lord, He never fails us!

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As we went to Australia, I could not sleep at night. I was thinking of building the Temple and writing my magazine. Night after night I would stand in the dark by the deck house. But there was always a light burning though everything else was dark. Every once in a while a big breaker would come against the ship, then drop. Or, there would be the flying fish. However, there would always be one light burning—in the pilot's house. He never, never slept. There was always a pilot there with his hand on the wheel—turn just a notch at a time. He didn't have to look out and say, "I wonder if we are right." He knew for he had a compass. I am so glad that on board the Good Ship Zion we have no doubt—we have a compass, a chart, and a Pilot. He is sailing steadfast and sure. Have you the blessed Holy Spirit? Has He come to guide you into all truth? Thank God, for the Engineer! I am so glad we have One in the blessed Spirit of God. The fuel we burn is not coal but oil. Hallelujah! Let's pour more on the furnace!

As we go, I am so glad there is something on the side of this Good Ship Zion. Life-boats! Every once in a while you here the cry, "Man overboard!" That means somebody has become a backslider. What do you do? Give him a kick, "I never did think he was any good"? No! Ring the bells, let down the life-boat, throw the rope to him. Beloved, we don't know when we will be overboard! I remember when I stepped aside and wanted to live selfishly. I didn't want to preach the Gospel all my life! I wanted to settle down and have a home for my babies. Yes, I went overboard. Oh, I am so glad the Lord ever brought me back! My! When that life-boat came to me, I got on board quick, drenched with my own tears. Thank God, I went down on my knees on the good old deck and said, "Lord, I am going to stay on board forever now. It is settled, Lord."

"Man overboard!" Is it you? Is there a backslider here this afternoon? If so, we are going to let down a life-boat. "Sister McPherson, I am afraid I was never on board. I am a sinner." All right! Run up white flag, send out your distress call, and we will come over and get you.

On board the ship, we usually have fire drills. O beloved, if there is any fire that gets on board this ship—judging, criticizing, backbiting,

unbelief—let's get a bucket of water and put it out.

Now, we are coming towards the end of our journey. It is a wonderful thing to take ocean trips. I have been around the world once and a half. At the first part of the journey, everybody is kind of excited, then they settle down peacefully. But, when you are getting near the end you say, "I wish we were there! I wonder when we will get there!" Everybody is figuring out about what day they will arrive. "Captain, have you any idea?" "It will be about so and so, but I am not sure." "Are you getting any wireless messages!" "Yes." There wasn't a day that we didn't get radio reports. And, thank God, I am getting radio reports from the harbor to which I am going. "Child, it is glorious: The streets are paved with gold! The Lamb is the light thereof!" O Captain, when can we get there? There is no fear of death, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

"Sister McPherson, do you mean that our bodies will never die!" No, I am not talking about the body. That is just a casket for the soul. I am speaking of the real you—your soul. "Captain, tell us when we will get there." "I think we ought to begin to see land soon." "Which way shall I look?" "Straight ahead!" "Captain, I believe your eye-glasses are stronger than mine. Lend me yours." "Look straight ahead. Do you see?" We get a glimpse of the distant shore. "Land ahoy!" "Oh, I see land! Look, mother, there is land ahead!" Ah, there is no sorrow in looking for the coming of Jesus Christ—for the day when we shall see Him face to face. I don't want to be on board the ship going the other way. I never heard a sinner ask, "Do you know when we'll get there? Do you know when we are going to die and lose our souls?" Oh, no, he doesn't want to see it. Praise the Lord! We are on the Good Ship Zion. "Land ahoy!" Yonder is the harbor. As you sail closer to the harbor, everything gets larger. There are the sea gulls and the land birds. It seems to me I almost hear the rushing of angels' wings when I stand by death-beds. It doesn't seem so very far to the harbor—just across the bar.

My brother, my sister, would you be ready if we should reach the harbor today? Always be sure that your Pilot is on board.

Then, comes the yellow flag! We are under quarantine, and an

inspector comes to see if we are fit to land. "Fit to land!" Suppose we weren't. Then they would send you back. "What do you mean by 'Fit to land'? So much riches?" No, thank God, it is not riches as man counts riches. You must be healthy in your soul and in your Spirit. Not spiritually weak, an anemic, full of sin and unbelief, but sound in praises of Jesus Christ and in doctrine.

When we landed, the doctor would make us do such funny things. Sometimes he would say, "Let me see your hands. You're all right." They were looking for some particular disease that would show on the hands. "Lift up your hands!" We didn't know whether we were going to be robbed or not. "Let me see your tongue!" I believe the Lord is going to look at our hands to see if they are clean. He is going to listen to our heart to see if it is fixed and stayed on God. And, He may say, "Let me see your tongues." Has it been used for backbiting, criticizing, foolish jesting? "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man." What have you been talking about? Is your tongue employed in singing the praises of the Saviour? Then comes the message, "All is clean. Go ahead." Have you seen the shore? It looked mighty good to us. The best part of the journey is when you get back to the shores of America.

We didn't let anybody know when we expected to reach America. When we did, we took a train for Los Angeles. And when we got here, there was easily two hundred people at the station! Away in the distance we saw handkerchiefs waving and heard voices across the water. "Surely those people are not waiting for us!" But, listen! Why, they are singing hymns. Nobody can sing like Christians. I would rather hear some little devoted soul sing, "My Jesus I love Thee," than hear the greatest singing without Jesus. "Oh, there is Doctor Sherman and Mrs. Sherman!" How good it was to get to ashore!

Beloved, the Good Ship Zion is sailing along. In the distance I believe many of us can see the lights of the eternal harbor. On that shore loved ones are standing—maybe your mother, your father, a sister or a brother? A precious wife? A devoted husband? A little child? They are waiting and looking for you. They will miss you if you don't

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come. Some day you are going to see them waving palms of victory. I believe the bands and orchestras of heaven are going to be on the wharf to meet us. O beloved, I want to go there, don't you?

The Power of Pentecost



Sunday Morning
March 9, 1924



WE ARE SPEAKING this morning on “The Power of Pentecost.” I realize that it is such a great subject, a mighty subject, and an important subject that one could not possibly cover it in one morning.

I don’t know whether I have a keen imagination or talent that, if I had developed, I might have been an artist, but there always comes to me a visualization of the thing I am speaking about. “The Power of Pentecost!” I seem to see the dynamic power which should be in the heart of the church—pulsing, throbbing, giving out an electric stream, even as this electric light. This light steadily shines, but I don’t think of the light without thinking of the dynamo behind it. Were there no dynamo there would be no electric light here this morning. Thank God for the dynamo of the Holy Ghost which we can have in our hearts and in the church! Dear Lord, speak to us and grip our hearts with the power of Pentecost!

Acts 1:8, “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 Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.” Our text, “Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.” You! You! You! “You shall”—thank God there is no doubt about it, “receive power”—that is what we need today, “after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.”

“Oh, I know I shall receive power after I have been ordained; after I get my degree; if I can digest that great library; if I get a lot of letters after my name; if I can go thru the academy, thru the seminary, I

know I shall receive power.” But, beloved, that is not the only thing we need. We need the power of the Holy Ghost. It is the crying need of the church and world today. Thousands of us speak about it. Some of us (I mean the ministry) speak of it theoretically, a few experimentally, but thank God, we can all speak scripturally.

We need the power of Pentecost this morning in every one of our hearts, whether we be of the ministry or of the laity. Thousands of us sing about it, “Pentecostal fire is falling.” Thousands pray for it, “O Lord, send the power just now.” But I wonder how many of us would be willing to receive it and stand for the persecution that would come if the power of Pentecost should fall on us.

Oh, I would love to see it happen this morning: If the Lord could fill one hundred and twenty with the power of the Holy Ghost, and with that one hundred and twenty convert three thousand people in one day. Those who are good mathematicians, take a pencil and figure out how many could be saved in one day if the power of the Holy Ghost fell on every one of us here (say 3800)? Then how many could be saved in three hundred and sixty-five days? Praise God, I believe we would scatter around the whole globe.

Oh, today there is a mighty keen interest in this subject, “The Power of Pentecost.” Churches of today, and in fact for some years, have been having a real awakening to the need of power. Go where you will, you will hear people speaking of the power of the Holy Ghost, pro or con. Why? Because people are getting hungry to hear about the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit honors meetings where He is spoken of. We may speak of other themes and have good meetings but the moment we speak of the Holy Spirit there is a little ripple over the audience. One can pray—pray for revivals and souls—but the moment you say “O Lord, send the Holy Ghost today” that moment there is something that goes over the people, “Amen, Lord, Amen.” The very mention of the Holy Spirit awakes the interest in our hearts.

General Booth of the Salvation Army traveled around the world and when he returned he stated that everywhere he went—Australia, New Zealand, India, China, Africa—the one cry was heard everywhere “Oh, for the Holy Spirit! Oh, for the power of Pentecost.” They said,

“General, we feel like soldiers who are sent out to battle but we haven’t any ammunition. We need the power back of us.” How many feel that is just what the whole world needs? Think of soldiers going into battle without ammunition, automobiles without gasoline, trains without power! We have paint, varnish, veneer, money—yes, but the thing we vitally need is the power of the Holy Ghost. Why do people spend hundreds of dollars, coming from New Zealand, Canada, and all over the United States, to come to Angelus Temple, and stay at hotels? What do they want? Why are they coming? Because down in their hearts is the hope that they are going to get the power of Pentecost. They have seen the sham and the helplessness that comes to us when we are not filled with the Holy Ghost. Thank God, we are saved and washed in the Blood of Jesus Christ—no discount on that; it is the greatest experience—but on our clean hearts we all need the power of Pentecost.

Someone perhaps says, “Sister McPherson, I don’t understand it.” Yes, but we are going to. I picked up the morning paper and read the subjects that various ministers are going to speak on. One, “The Baptism of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Rollers.” That is not the power of Pentecost! Another, “Is the Holy Ghost for Today?” Yes, He is. Another, “Can we know when we receive the Holy Spirit?” Yes, thank God, we may. If you could receive the Holy Ghost and never know it, you could lose Him and never miss Him. Another, “Is it necessary to receive the Holy Ghost according to Acts 2:4, or may we have a gentle, modern method of receiving the Spirit?” So, one way or another, the great theme is being spoken of. The only way is to get out the Word of God. If I wanted to hear something about the North Pole I would not ask somebody from the South Pole. So, if I want to know about the Holy Ghost, I would ask someone who really had the power of the Holy Ghost. My brother, my sister, have you received the power of the Holy Ghost? If not, open your heart this morning and say, “Lord, fill me.”

Everywhere people are beginning to ask, “Pastor, can you tell me about the Holy Spirit? I know I am saved. I am a normal church member, but there is something lacking. I pray for Helen, John, my

wife, my neighbors, and you, Pastor, but it does not seem I have struck the real artesian wells of prayer and faith. Do you know anything about the baptism of the Holy Ghost? How can I be filled?" Someone else says, "I feel the need in my Sunday School Class. There is a weakness. I have it in my head, but when it comes to getting it out, there is something lacking." "When I get up to testify, I know I am saved but it seems to me that the vital spring is not there. Tell me something about the Holy Spirit." "S-h-h! Don't get excited about the Holy Ghost. You received it when you were converted but didn't know it. Salvation is the baptism of the Holy Ghost. There are not three in the Godhead, but two—the Father and the Son." "But, sir, I read in the Bible, 'You shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.' And the Lord said to His children, 'Now are you clean thru the word which I have spoken unto you,' but 'Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high.' And, sir, I read that in Acts 8 Philip preached to the people and they were converted and there was great joy in the city. And not only that but they were baptized in water and continued in the apostles' doctrine. But there was something missing because I read in the next verse, 'Now 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: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus)'. So this proves forever that justification by faith does not necessarily include the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It says they were all believers, baptized in water, continued in the apostles' doctrine, but the Holy Ghost had not fallen upon any of them. O Lord, to every one of us here send the power of Pentecost:

"Sister McPherson, I want it. That is what I am interested in." Yes, tens of thousands are saying the same thing. "I want to be filled with the Spirit, but I want to be sure it is the Holy Spirit." That is the attitude to take. It seems to me that in any seed that can be scattered there are weeds too. I want the genuine power of the Holy Spirit. That is just the way I felt. My father was a farmer, as well as a bridge builder

and contractor. I loved to watch him sow the fields with grain. He used to bring the pan of seed into the house, take a magnifying glass, and go over it to find the weeds. Then he would sift it. But, try as he would, there would be a few weeds left. So it is in this blessed Gospel work. One might say, "I do want to be filled with the Spirit, but I have heard of so and so and they were erratic, and they did this and that." I know. There are always bound to be weeds. But, would we ever have been converted if we had stopped to look at the hypocrites and said, "I am not going to be a Christian because there are some hypocrites"? No. Yes—among the genuine there is bound to be some counterfeits. Among the sowing of good seed there is bound to be weeds. Among millions of dollars there is bound to be counterfeits. But seeing a counterfeit proves that there must be something genuine. They don't very often counterfeit pennies, nickels, dimes, but they do ten, fifty, and one hundred dollar bills. It must be pretty good before the devil tries to counterfeit it.

There is the hard, judging, boastful, lying spirit. But, oh, the genuine spirit is one that is humble, truthful, kind.

In the power of Pentecost, He has not given us the spirit of fear but of love, power, a sound mind, level-headed, cool, filled with the love for souls, keeping along the middle of the King's highway. Not someone who is over on one line and simply sees one little phase, but one who has been filled with the Holy Ghost—the greatest thing is their love for Christ and untiring desire to win souls. Not Holy Rollers. No! But it is someone who is in the middle of the King's highway, filled with the zeal and love of souls.

You remember when Peter was filled with the Holy Spirit? He stood up in the midst of the people and preached, "Ye men of Judaea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to 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 that is what we need today. These people, you remember, were disciples of the Lord. They had great expectation of reigning with Him on an earthly throne. But all their bubbles had been pricked

and their air castles fell when their Lord was taken and nailed to the cross of Calvary. Now He was dead! Their hope was gone! That is a picture of us defeated without the power of Pentecost. But, when Jesus Christ was raised from the dead, He called back to Himself the scattered flock. Truly, the Shepherd had been slain and the flock had scattered. But, hallelujah, He was alive again and called them to Himself. "You shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, you poor, little, weak, trembling sheep. When your Shepherd was smitten what did you do? You ran and hid behind barred doors. You went back to the fish net. You did not have the power of the Holy Ghost. Peter, you fell asleep in the garden when you should have prayed. Without the power of the Holy Ghost, you denied me before a little maid. Oh, what miserable failures you have all been without the power of Pentecost! You shall go into Jerusalem, Judaea, Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth, but I am not going to send you in your own strength. I am going to give you the power of the Holy Ghost."

Then the Lord commanded—not requested but commanded—them to tarry until they were endued with power from on high. The one hundred and twenty made their way to the Upper Room. The Lord had some five hundred disciples, but three hundred and eighty felt they were good enough and did not need the power of Pentecost. But, thank God, one hundred and twenty made their way to the Upper Room and spent ten days waiting before the Lord. "O Lord, send the power just now! Search my heart. Try me. Then, Lord, when I am empty and cleansed fill me with the Holy Spirit."

And, glory to God, when the day of Pentecost was fully come, the fire fell! It was not something they didn't know about either. "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."

O Lord, send the cloven tongues like as of fire upon each of us—fire that will melt all the icebergs! You know, ice can be changed into

steam. I am afraid some of us have been frozen together rather than welded. The fire of Pentecost! As it sat upon each of them, everyone was made a flaming fire-brand for God, and that is what the power of Pentecost does for us.

Way back of this radio station there is power being regenerated. Up yonder there is an operating room. I am perfectly sure that while I stand here up about one hundred and thirty feet Mr. Ormiston is sitting in the operating room listening to every word I speak. I am speaking very easily and yet every word is going out. Ah, yes, but there is power behind it. There is a motor. When we built this Temple we did not build the radio room. After the Temple was built then we put in the wonderful power house for the radio. That is the way I believe the Holy Ghost comes to us—as a second work in our hearts.

Yes, there is power back of this radio but there is no noise now. But you should have heard it when they were putting in the station—bang! bang! bang! What a noise! But now it is in, it runs so smoothly. When I speak loud, the operator turns the dial so it won't go out too loud. When I speak softly, he turns another dial so it will carry all right. He is following me around on little dials. When I raise my voice, "God—so—loved—the—world" the operator says, "Me! she is getting loud" and he tunes it down. There is no noise—you can't hear the motors running. And that is the way the Holy Ghost should run. When you get the baptism of the Holy Ghost there may be a little blasting and shouting in the camp, but once He has filled you I believe, just like the radio up there, it should be power under control—power that is mighty, but power that is directed in certain channels. Power running loose is dangerous. Some folks who claim to have the Holy Ghost have live wires exposed. Don't step on them or you will get a shock!

One thing I have noticed about the flesh and the Holy Spirit is that the Holy Spirit always attracts attention to Jesus Christ, whereas the flesh attracts attention to the people and brings down persecution. The genuine power of the Holy Ghost is going to do several things. First, the Lord will fill us as He did the people on the day of Pentecost. I do not believe He has a twentieth century method of filling us.

The Power of Pentecost

Secondly, when the Holy Ghost is come He will give us power from on high which will be directed in the right channels to upbuild the church and win souls. You may have a powerful automobile but it would not be wise, because you have power, to put your foot down and tear down Broadway.

The power of the Holy Ghost will teach you how to pray and win souls to Jesus Christ. You will be able to testify as never before. Your testimony will ring clear and will be filled with the love of Christ. The Holy Spirit is noted for the exaltation of the precious Blood of Jesus Christ. The power of Pentecost will put more fire in the pews and pulpit. Too many people are counting on the fire in the cook stove too much. We need less fire in the supper room and more fire in the Upper Room.

O Master, today let your Spirit fall upon every one of us!

Born Rich



Sunday Afternoon
March 9, 1924

And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, 'Abba, Father'. Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son: and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ.

GALATIANS 4:6,7



HEIRS OF THE KINGDOM! Heirs of salvation! Heirs of promise!
Heirs of God!

In the world and in the daily press, if anyone has suddenly fallen heir to millions of dollars there is much to-do made over it. If a rich brother or a rich uncle dies, oh, how the person is congratulated! It is a wonderful thing to have a legacy left you in this world. Perhaps some of you here today have had a relative suddenly pass away and leave you a fortune that you didn't expect. Usually, after that comes out in the newspaper you have lots of callers. People who didn't pay much attention to you before, tell you that they always did love you and knew that you would make good. You not only become rich, but get lots of friends. Earthly riches! But I want to speak of the heavenly riches in Christ Jesus. Did you ever pick up the newspaper and read about the billion-dollar baby? What a beautiful baby, yet just an ordinary child. A little fellow sucking his thumb, or curled up on the floor. The billion-dollar baby! Yes, but I want to tell you of people who are far richer than billions of dollars. I hope to show you that you are more than a billion-dollar heir, a trillion-dollar heir, a quadrillion-dollar heir, and all that comes after that. Your

wealth cannot be measured. “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.”

People who are rich on earth usually long to have an heir to possess their riches after them. A king longs to have a son who will reign in his stead. Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Gould are always anxious about their heir. They are anxious that someone of their own kith and kin shall possess their acres. How eager they are to have an heir!

But, beloved, we are heirs—joint heirs with Jesus Christ—because we are sons of God. Just as earthly people who are wealthy long to have an heir, so it is with our Father God and with His Son Jesus Christ. There is not much pleasure in getting rich unless you have children to share it after you. There is no heart in it. “I wonder who is going to get it after I am dead and gone?” But, if they have someone of their own to possess it, it is different.

Oh, our Father is rich. We don't know what wealth is. What we call money—billions, trillions, quadrillions of dollars—is just that dust that shakes out of the pan that God weighs His wealth in. He is so wealthy. Yet, He wants heirs to share it with Him. Anyone who will be a son of God may be His heir and a joint heir with Jesus Christ.

Born Rich! Born Rich! But I wonder if we all know how to use the riches and treasures that the Lord has provided.

One time I heard of a man who had become a tramp. His father and mother had died poorly. For some reason, thru their marriage the mother had been disowned by her people. The young man began to tour the country. By and by his mother's relatives died and left their great estate and vast fortune to the son. Attorneys advertised and searched for the boy and at last he was located. They told him the story of how his mother's people had disowned her, but that now they were dead and had left the great estate to him—mansion, servants, beautiful cars, money, everything to him. The boy had never lived in wealth. His parents had lived humbly and he had been tramping. They took him to the estate. He lifted up his eyes and saw the rolling meadows, the trees, stone wall, and caught a glimpse of the house.

There was the butler and maid, but here he was in rags. He saw the garage and said, "I will take the rooms above the garage. I would be far more comfortable in the chauffeur's quarters than in that mansion."

I think that many professing Christians have gotten as far as the garage. "Oh, those are wonderful things, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, Divine Healing, the gifts and fruit of the Spirit, but I don't know if I could possess all that or not. I will live out here in the 'hope-so,' 'get-along-as-best-I-can' experience." Beloved, come in and possess your inheritance.

In passing, let me say that even the sinner should realize that he has riches too when you find Jesus Christ as your Saviour. You are all naturally born rich. "Sister McPherson, did you say "naturally born rich"? Yes. In the natural we are born rich.

"Well, I am not. I haven't two cents to rub against each other."

Yes, you are. Everybody is born rich. First, think of the beautiful earth. It is ours because it is our Father's. Look over the hills, over the rolling billows of the sea. Born rich! The air that we breathe. The big things of life are things that do not cost us anything. Supposing that just now every bit of air should be cut off. Supposing an aeroplane should fly over California and drop those poisonous bombs. What would you give for the air that you are breathing now? Your money, your possessions, everything for one good breath of fresh air. Did you ever thank God for air? For the water? Have you ever been thirsty? Been in a desert with your lips swollen and cracked for water? If somebody came up and offered you a bag of gold, you would say, Away with your gold. I want water." Yet these are the things that cost so very little. Then there is the food that we eat. How wonderful it is that we have things God has provided for us! The raiment that we wear.

"But., Sister McPherson, I am not rich." Yes, you are. Could you value the air? No, it is worth billions of dollars! Your eye sight? Why, you are born rich! Supposing this afternoon that you were told you were going blind and unless you had a million dollars to pay the price, you would lose your sight. If you had a million dollars you would pay it. If not, you would borrow it. Then, there are your ears. To be able to

hear the music, the singing. Just think! You can hear your little girl say "Daddy, mother, I love you." That is worth more than silver or gold. Think of the arms that we have. The limbs we have. The feet we have to run for Jesus Christ and one another.

A young man came to me and said, "Sister McPherson, pray for me." Of course I will. What is wrong? "I have a disease that has afflicted my limb and earthly physicians say nothing can be done. I have come to be prayed for. I don't want to lose my limb." We prayed for the young man and the Lord touched him.

Oh, we are born rich. We are all rich in the treasures that the Lord has given us. Your mind and the mind of your children! "But, Sister, we are so poor." Think of your little boy or girl. Does he have his right mind? Does she have her right mind? I would rather have my little boy look up at me with clear eyes and, talk intelligently than to have all the money in the world.

Take the love that people have toward us! That is something that could not be bought with gold. People say to me, "Sister, you must take a rest! You are going to break down. You know you have been going one year and two months." "Well, it is the power of God that keeps me up." "It must be something more than that." "Yes, it is the prayers and love of the people." I believe there are thousands of people who really love me. It is their love, their appreciation, their smiles that make me strong. You could go thru a wall or thru a troop if you had people who really loved you. Yet, you could not buy that love with silver or gold.

Then, think of being in the United States of America: Why, a man is born rich who is under the glorious Stars and Stripes. We don't know how to appreciate it until we get out of it then come back.

Born rich! Our schools, libraries, modern improvements. Ah, we have everything! Yes, we are born rich naturally.

Now I would like to pile up the spiritual things. My brother, my sister, you may have all of these earthly things, but when you come to die and go into the other land, if you have not Jesus Christ, you are not a son of God. And, if you are not a son of God, then you are not an heir to the spiritual riches that I am going to tell you about. You may

have millions of dollars, but when you come to pass over you will be poor, blind, ragged, and broken. Oh, I hope you will become sons of God this afternoon that you may share in His riches!

It is a wonderful thing to have the Lord, to be an heir of the Kingdom, a child of the King. I have a bank book and I can draw any amount I want if I do it for His glory. "If you ask anything in my name, I will do it." He told me one day, "It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Cash your check at the bank of Heaven. You are born rich! When was I born rich? When you were born again.

Let us forget the natural things and think of the spiritual things. Are you born rich spiritually? "I don't know, Sister McPherson. I am not a Christian." Then you are not born rich. If you should die, you are a pauper. You have a beautiful car, a wonderful home, a fine education, refinement, and stand well socially, but my brother, my sister, unless you have been born into the kingdom of God, unless you are a joint heir with Jesus Christ, if you should die now you would be a pauper—poor, ragged, empty. But, on the other hand, you may be born here and live in the smallest shanty, but, if you should die now and you have Jesus Christ you are rich. You would go over to your mansion in the sky—to an inheritance that fadest not away. This is the way it works—I give Him all I have and He gives me all He has. And, hallelujah, it is a good bargain—for me.

All I can give Him is a half penny's worth of unworthy me, but He gives me millions, billions, trillions worth of dollars. I am rich up there, praise the Lord. "But, Sister, you are not very rich down here are you?" No, I am not rich as the world speaks of riches. For fifteen years I have preached the Gospel and, instead of putting away my earnings for myself or in oil wells, I put it in this Temple because I wanted a house of God where I could preach the Gospel without fear or favor. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Glory to God, I expect my riches over yonder!

This Temple does not belong to me—the Lord has given it to me just to preach His Gospel in. But, oh, it is up yonder that I want riches.

Don't you brother? Don't you sister? That is the only thing that matters and is really worthwhile.

Did you know that if we are born again that we naturally become rich spiritually? Here is a man who walks down the aisle and says, "Sister McPherson, I am a poor man. I know you have rich people here, but I am poor." "Yes, brother, kneel down here and give your heart to Jesus Christ." In that moment, say the Lord saved him, then he is born again and born a son of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. "Now, brother, let us begin to count your riches." Oh, you are rich! Some of you don't know it because you haven't read the will.

Somebody goes down the street and says, "See that lady over there! That is Mrs. Getrocks! See that man? That is Mr. Get-rich-quick." You talk about being rich—why it is the Christian who is born rich! "Sister, I don't see it yet." Wait a minute and you will.

First of all, I put on my big pile salvation. Next peace. The peace that passeth all understanding. It is mine. Hallelujah! He gave it to me. I inherited it when I became a child of the King. For that salvation I would not take any amount of money. You cannot buy that peace from me for it is not for sale. I have a lady friend who is rich, but she is selfish and tight. And, ah, she is such a miserable woman. She can't eat because she has dyspepsia. She is lonesome and has no real friends. Oh, I pity her. She has money, but no peace.

But, beloved, I have the peace! Why, my peace flows like a river! And it is so deep that no tide can disturb it. Why, even people say ridiculous things about you and all you do is laugh because you have the peace of God. I was talking the other day of how I loved horses and how one of the brothers and his wife told me to come out to their place and ride. And that I had a horse, or at least I called it mine, that I was very fond of. The next thing I heard was that somebody said that Sister McPherson owns a race horse and it is racing today. Oh, I am so glad that I have the peace that passeth all understanding! Have you that peace? If so, then you are born rich.

Then there is assurance. Add that to the heap of spiritual riches. Assurance! Assurance! Whether friends smile at me, or people frown at me, I have assurance. I know that my Redeemer liveth! I know that

I am His child! I know that He smiled into this unworthy heart of mine and made it worthy through His precious Blood. Oh, bless the Lord!

And happiness! Brother, did you know I am happy? “Well, maybe you have lots of things to make you happy.” May be. But I wonder if you just counted up everything outside of my work for Jesus Christ how much happiness I would have. My life is altogether different from the way I had planned it. I love a home, and to have someone to fight my battles for me. But, never mind, my happiness is in Him. When I look at natural things it would take all the smile away and bring heartache. But, glory to God, I have happiness in Him!

But happiness is not all—I have joy. Brother, I get my bucket full every morning, every afternoon, and every night. If I am discouraged, I can reach down and pull up another bucketful. Hallelujah, He has come to give me joy, and joy without alloy. “Joy unspeakable and full of glory!” It is not affected by time or tide. If everything goes wrong, that joy is there. Oh, I can’t describe this joy!

Next on my pile of riches—a good conscience. Have you that this afternoon—A good conscience void of offence? Lord, I know my sins are forgiven.

Next—a clean heart. Oh, but the Christian is born rich! It is not all in your heart either, but He gives the Christian wonderful clothes. Christians are the best dressed people in the world. Not literally now—I am speaking spiritually. He has given us fine raiment, clean, pure, and embroidered with fine needlework. Have you your wedding garment on? You might as well have it. There is one for you if you are a child of the King.

And He has given you food to eat. Those who are hungry can be satisfied. Born rich! Some people live on spinach, crackers and cheese. But beloved, I have the Bread of Life, the Water that flows from the Throne of God, the wine of the Kingdom and no prohibition law to take it away. But I am glad they have taken away the earthly wine. And prohibition has been a tremendous success. I saw more drunkenness in Australia than I have in America since America went dry. I never see a drunken man. Thank God for prohibition! It is a success and it is

going to be more and more of a success.

Born rich! He has even given us beauty for ashes. And, thank God, He has given me the Holy Spirit! It is such a big gift that I can hardly put it on the pile of riches. Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed? Born rich! When I received the Holy Ghost, He led me into the garden of His love, into the Land of Canaan flowing with milk and honey. He led me into the garden of God and said, "Child, they are all yours. Don't sit cooped up in one little experience—enjoy the fruit of the land of Canaan."

And then, because I am born rich, and thank God you are too, we have full barns. I have a barn and it is being filled with wheat. Every day I go out with my wagon and scythe and cut down more wheat. Some of these days, when the Lord comes, I hope my barn will be bursting with souls I have won for Jesus Christ.

Oh, I am so rich! I wish I could tell you. I have some fields on the left hand and on the right hand. Anywhere you look, the fields are white unto the harvest. All I need to do is go out and cut it down. I don't have to ask anybody. The Lord told me that they were my fields. And, glory to God, during the first year at Angelus Temple the Lord helped us to gather thousands of sheaves for Him. Don't forget—those whitened fields are for you too.

Born rich! I own several oil wells—still speaking spiritually. And these are connected with the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. I will never forget when I was drilling the first oil well. If you dig there, you will strike a gusher. Thank God, I began to dig. When the Lord told me I was born rich, I went down on my knees in prayer. I began to dig away all debris of sin, worldliness and unrighteousness. I will never forget when I had to dig thru rock, then I got down thru dirt. Getting nearer now—it will not be long before I strike a real gusher. Then I began to seek more earnestly than ever. It just took me one week. Wasn't that record time? I was so interested and so near the fullness! Saturday morning, I struck oil. Kneeling by a Morris chair with uplifted hands and saying, "Lord, fill me with Thy Holy Spirit," then suddenly, glory to God, the fullness of the Holy Spirit came overflowing. Thank God, spiritually I know my own oil well of the

Holy Spirit blessing has filled my life higher and higher. Brother, sister, you are born rich and there is oil on your land. Possess it in the name of the Lord!

Yes—and we have a gold mine. Dig deep for gold nuggets, pearls, rubies, diamonds, gifts and fruit of the Holy Spirit. And, ah, He has given me an aeroplane of faith that I can soar over my possessions and see what the Lord has given me. Sometimes I seem by faith to catch a glimpse of the City over yonder and He whispers “Child, you are born rich. Not in yourself—you are nothing. But you give me all you have and I will give you all I have.” Beloved, I expect to reap in thousands in glory land some of these days!

“Sister McPherson, I wish I was rich.”

You are.

“I don’t seem to feel it. I don’t know where to go.”

One time a young man was born rich and didn’t know it. He lived on a farm and did the best he could. After his parents died, he went to college and coming home after graduating he said, “What can I do with this farm? I think I will sell it and write to my uncle who has a coal mine and see if I can work for him.” So he sold the farm for two thousand dollars and went to work on his uncle’s coal mine. One day the man who bought the farm looked over the fields. He looked at the stream and it had a black scum over it. “That’s strange. What is it?” “Man, that is oil. You have oil and coal both.” So he had. And the last I heard he had gotten eight million dollars and the coal and oil is still being found. And the boy had sold it for a song!

Beloved, you are an heir to riches! Will you not take the check book out? It states across the top, “My God will supply all your needs according to His riches in glory thru Christ Jesus.” Will you not say today, “Lord, I want salvation. Lord, I want the baptism of the Holy Spirit.”

“My child, I am more willing to give than you are to receive.”

Don’t forget—health is on that pile too. Thank God, divine healing is in my bank account. And not only divine healing, but the Lord has given me, and I say it humbly, divine health that as your days are so shall your strength be.

Brother, write out a check, "Lord, save me.", "My child, I am your Saviour."

"Lord, fill me with the Holy Spirit."—Down comes your share of His blessing!

"Lord, heal this broken body of mine.", "I am the Lord that healeth thee."

"Lord, make me a winner of souls.", "Go, my child, and glean in the harvest fields of life."

"Lord, I would be a real winner of men.", "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."

"Lord, I want to go to the wedding but I have no dress.", "Ask Me and I will give you a snow white dress of my own righteousness."

Talk about "Who's Who"! Why, it's the Christian. Bank accounts! It is the Christian who is rich. If you have the Lord, glory to God, you are rich. If you want to count His riches as yours, you must give all to the Lord. You can't give the Lord a ten cent consecration and expect a thousand-dollar blessing. You must give all if you would receive all. Supposing, I said to my little daughter, "Roberta, I want you to take this basket of flowers to Mrs. Smith. She is very sick." And supposing Roberta just took one flower out, "Mother sent you a basket of flowers but I will give you one now and some later." The next time, "Here is a leaf." Another time, "Here is a little bit of heather." That is the way lots of people give themselves to God—a little bit now and a little bit later. Oh, no, no! You cannot get the riches of glory, of health, and strength unless you give all to God.

Is your all on the altar? I believe that as far as I know—oh, I am nothing—but as far as I know my all is on the altar. If the Lord should say to me, "Child, I want you to start off for China," I might cry a little bit because I had to leave you dear folks, but I would leave the Temple gladly. It is easier to go on the evangelistic field. "Go, child!" "Thank you, Lord. That is fine! I won't get gray haired as quick." I don't believe I am holding anything with a tight hand. But, oh, I wish I had a greater consecration! O Lord, take all selfishness out of our hearts until we can put ourselves one hundred per cent on the altar of God and say, "I don't seek the pleasure of men and women. I seek to do the

will of God.”

Beloved, we are born rich! We can call on God for what we want.

“Lord, send a revival.” “Thank you, Lord. It is coming.”

“Lord, send rain upon the dry and parched earth.”, “Coming down!” Praise the Lord, the answer comes right back.

“Lord, I would like to right this check. Please send me twenty-five thousand dollars in eight weeks as we would like to have a radio to preach the Gospel to those who cannot be here. I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ. Thank you, Lord.”—Coming down! Praise the Lord. Born rich!

“Dear Lord, we have been preaching the Gospel for fifteen years and would like a Temple. It is going to cost over a quarter of a million dollars. Please send me a Temple. Such a thing has never been known of before without organization, denomination, built by a woman (but not by me but by you, Lord). Please send the means, and have it all here in exactly twelve months. Thank you, Lord. This I ask in Jesus’ Name.” I send the check to the window of heaven’s bank. Coming down! Here it is.

My brother, you are born rich. Do you ask the Lord for what you need? “Sister, I think I do. But about these altar calls—how do you get the people up there?” I don’t do it. It is the Word of God. You must believe. Never say, “Is there one?” That is not the way to get your check cashed. Say, “Lord, I thank you. They are coming!” And have faith.

There were two young men who went fishing one day. They were from the city and had the best rods and reels they could buy. They fished and fished and fished, but caught nothing. A little fellow was there and he just had a bamboo pole with a string tied to it. He pulled in one fish after the other. They looked at him and said, “Look here, fellow, how is it you are getting all the fish and we are getting none?” The boy replied, “You are fishing for fun, but I am fishing for fish.” Beloved, I believe if we expect to get anything we must go after it with our whole heart and soul. Nothing matters but pleasing the Lord and winning souls for Him.

Up yonder is Heaven! I can’t tell you much about it, only that the

Born Rich

streets are of gold, the gates of pearl, the walls set with jasper, and there is a mansion for you. But here is the will—the Holy Bible. If you read it, it will tell you more about your possession. Have you been born again? Have you accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour? If not, brother, sister, you are spiritually poor. But, if you have, you are rich!

Head Downwards



Sunday Afternoon

March 16, 1924



PRESUME THIS will be a rather peculiar and unique sermon. I have never heard one like it before or preached on it. It is a part of the Gospel that is not touched upon very much. We hear a great deal about the Beautiful City—and justly so. “I’ve reached the land of corn and wine, and all its riches freely mine; Here shines undimmed one blissful day, for all my night has passed away.” But, somehow, we don’t touch very much on the trials by the roadside that lead there. We sing, “Peace, peace, sweet peace; wonderful gift of God’s love,” but we don’t touch the other side. We sing, “This is like heaven to me” and, thank God, it is. But this afternoon I am speaking on “Head Downwards” or “The Cost Of Being A Real Evangelist Or A Real Child Of God And Winner Of Souls, If We Would Get The Whole Gospel And Preach It According To The Leadings Of The Precious Holy Spirit.”

“Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia. Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ: Grace unto you, and peace, be multiplied. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ: Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.”—1 Peter 1:1-9.

“Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ’s sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified. But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evildoer, or as a busybody in other men’s matters. Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf. For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God; and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God? And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator.”—1 Peter 4:12-19.

Head Downwards! I remember when I was a little girl hearing them sing that wonderful song, “Shall I be carried up to heaven on flowery beds of ease?” I used to think about it—while others were paying the price, laying down their lives, their strength, their all for Jesus, would I be an exception and be carried to heaven on flowery praises, and beds of ease? I wondered if I would want the easy road to heaven. I would picture a real flowery bed that looked like one of our feather mattresses. I could see myself being lifted to heaven on flowery beds of ease. Everyone speaking well of you! Not a tear! Not a harsh word! No criticism! Oh, flowery beds of ease to carry me to the celestial mansions! I began to think about that. “Should I be carried to

heaven on flowery beds of ease—everybody praising me and flattering me—would I be at home when I got to heaven?

There would be Peter—he was crucified head downwards. Paul—he laid his head on a block. Stephen was stoned to death. Andrew was crucified. I began to think of Paul and Silas. How they had been whipped and scourged! I could hear the clang of the chains; I could see the salt put in their sores. I began to wonder if I did want to go to heaven on flowery beds of ease. Or if I would not stand for the Four Square Gospel, which would not make it a flowery bed of ease for me. As I thought it over, I came to the place where, very timidly and thoughtfully, I said, “I will pay the price whatever it may be. Lord, I will preach the Word—the whole Book as you reveal it to me. I am going through.” And, oh, I am so glad I have decided to go through. If ever there was a time when men and women were needed to stand for the book and the whole book it is today. In this time of infidelity, denial of the virgin birth of Christ, etc., men and women should stand four square for the authenticity of Jesus Christ as the only begotten Son of the Father.

Lots of folks say, “I would love to be an evangelist. I think it would be swell! Think of the crowds, the flowers, the money!” Yes—think of! A young lady said to me the other night, “I think it would be swell to be an evangelist. It must be great!” We talked awhile then she said, “I have to go to bed now. It is quarter after ten.” And away she went. Mother and I were up until two o’clock that morning planning for the coming meetings and the radio. We made our way upstairs heavily to our rooms. There I was met by many letters, tracts, and a hundred questions from some ignoramus. “Lord, is this what I get at the end of a busy day?” Oh, my, it is swell to be an evangelist and preach the whole Gospel as you see it in the Word of God!

“Sister McPherson, I should think you would get so puffed up and be like a balloon.” Oh, no, there is no danger of doing that! There is a danger of lots of other things, such as becoming discouraged and asking, “Lord, am I a failure?” But as for getting puffed up, I don’t think there is any danger of some of us getting puffed up. When you become well inflated, He sends a good puncture.

“Oh, I think it would be wonderful! All one needs is a good voice.” Oh, no, it is more than a voice. Personality? Oh, no, all the personality in the world would not make you a successful Holy Ghost evangelist. It must be a real “go through.” Lord, help us to have the real “go through.”

“I think it is the financial backing. These people have beautiful organs, windows, etc.” Oh, no, it is never the financial backing. I started out on faith. Everything I received was sent from heaven in answer to prayer. And I am nothing. To be even a small evangelist like myself needs more than voice, personality, money. It needs the genuine power of the Holy Ghost. Atop of that it needs a one hundred per cent consecration even though it may end head downwards.

Let us remember that the road that leads to heaven is not a frolic nor a picnic. But, praise God, it means going through and paying the price whatever it may be. Real consecration is needed. If we are going through with our Lord and reign with Him on the Throne over yonder, we are not to be jellyfish. We must have real backbone. And that is not enough. It needs keeping power and sustaining power, if we are going to be a soldier. It seems we are not real soldiers unless we have had a real baptism of suffering—fire from the enemy. The enemy does not train his guns on the soldiers who are unarmed. He says, “They can’t do us any harm. Let’s get after the folks with the guns.” If we are going out to fight the Lord’s battles, we must be prepared to stand and go through a little shot and fire. It may be in your office, shop, home. Are you willing to pay the price? It is beautiful to sing about it, but, thank God, I believe there are many who mean it.

In the Bible days, the saints, the disciples, the apostles made a one hundred per cent consecration. They said, “Amen” to the will of God. The Lord said to them, “He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.” I want to speak principally of the Apostle Peter who laid down his life for Jesus Christ.

First in order, however, comes John the Baptist. Can you think of him with his head downwards? The man, his message, what is accomplished, and the results? What a wonderful man he was! He was

a real evangelist. He didn't ask any backing, degrees, nor did he ask the people to invite him. He was sent by Almighty God; he was filled with the Spirit; and he came with a message. I would love to have heard him preach. He stood in the wilderness, lifted his hands to heaven, and with his face all aglow he began to preach the message, "Repent, repent, and be baptized." Oh, how he preached the Gospel of repentance! Then he said, "I am but the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." Then he added, "There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose."

As John preached the Gospel, told of the coming King, of righteousness and judgment, and preached repentance, thousands of people gathered about him. We read that all Judea, Jerusalem, and Samaria came to hear that mighty Gospel. He preached straight from the shoulder, the message that God had put burning red hot in his heart. As the people heard him they were convinced and thousands were baptized. So many were baptized that John had to move and take his disciples to another place where there was more water. As he preached the message straight from his heart (thank God for such a man), the people began to praise him. Some said, "You are Elijah, Elias, Jeremiah, Isaiah. You must be the Messiah. John, you are a wonderful man." But, oh, no! Head downwards! He humbled himself. He took no praise, no credit, no glory. Praise and blame were all the same to this one hundred per cent consecrated man, and he said, "I am but a voice. Don't praise me. Neither praise nor blame belong to me. I am but a voice crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

And when the Lord Jesus Christ came, John the Baptist baptized Him in the waters of the River Jordan. As our Lord came out of the water, He was filled with the Holy Spirit. Then He was led into the wilderness and tempted. We read that the disciples of Jesus baptized many people. It is wonderful to know that the Lord was present at water baptismal services. Word was sent to John, "Do you know that the Lord and His disciples are baptizing more than we and our disciples?" John answered back, "I must decrease; He must increase."

Is that the prayer of your heart? Oh, that it might be no more I, but Christ that lives in me! Oh, the humility and consecration of that man.

Now he was about to finish his ministry. John had preached and popularity had come to him, but the Scribes and Pharisees had stirred up feelings because John had one bad (good) fault—he insisted on preaching the truth. There was one man who had taken unto himself a wife which he had no right to take and John told him the truth about it. John was cast into prison, and now a wicked woman asked for his head. Great evangelist! Yes, thousands had heard his message but now he is in prison. Are you ready to pay the price?

As the wicked dancer danced before the king, he said, “What would you that I give you?” Her mother whispered, “The head of John the Baptist.” I believe the devil is after people like that. He thought he had John the Baptist’s head but, glory to God, when we get home to glory I think we are going to see him on the shore over yonder. Word was sent and a man with an axe went into the prison cell. There was the clang of chains and John was brought out, his head laid on a block, his body became still, and his head was placed on a platter. It was carried before the king. The way down is the way up. Those who are willing to lay down their life, their reputation, are going to be the people who will wear crowns in the City of Gold.

Head downwards! There was Jesus Christ. Oh, the man, the message, and what he accomplished! How He moved among men! I wish I could have been with Him. I don’t know whether I would rather have lived then or now when we are looking for His second coming. Can you not picture Him? A man with a dress of snowy white, opening ears that they might hear the birds and His voice which was sweeter than running water, forgiving the woman of her sin. Oh, what a Saviour! Calming the storm tossed sea. And yet even for Jesus it was head downwards. At last He bowed His head in Gethsemane and prayed. Before Pontius Pilate he was condemned, and on the cross He was nailed.

In John 19 we read, “He said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.” Brother, sister, what sort of Christians are we? Are we little painted up tin soldiers standing on a shelf, or do we know

what it is to have the enduring spirit of consecration? Ready to preach the Gospel without fear or favor? It is bound to bring revivals, converts, missionaries, but it is bound to bring in a good whipping too. Are we willing?

“Oh, Sister McPherson, I think you are mistaken. Why, I think the Gospel of Jesus Christ has become popular today.” Brother, the devil isn’t dead is he? Of course he is not! If you and I backslide—supposing we do. No more prayer meetings, no more tarrying for the Holy Spirit, no more praying for the sick—that is a hard road anyway so we will let down. We won’t bother sending out missionaries. Let’s have a good chicken dinner. Let’s bring in moving pictures, dance hall, tennis court. Let’s bring in lots of these things and don’t have any prayer meetings. Do you think the devil would bother us? He would say, “Oh, you are a fine fellow. I knew you were going to get some sense. Come, now, join the club.” Oh, no! Let’s lift up the Blood-stained banner of Jesus Christ, let’s stand for the inspiration of the Scriptures, the virgin birth, the atonement, the new birth, Jesus as the Great Physician, and the Soon-Coming King. As our Lord hung on the Cross, old Satan was saying, “Head downwards!” “He has bowed His head, and I have Him where I want Him.” Yes, our Lord was laid in a sepulcher but, glory to God, on the third day it was “Head Upwards” and He lives forevermore. He is in the midst today and that to bless.

Peter—head downwards! Once he didn’t believe in suffering. He wanted to go to heaven on a flowery bed of ease. The Lord said to him, “Look here, Peter, the road to heaven is not going to be all ease. There are going to be some lonely Gethsemanes.” Triumphant entries into Jerusalem? Certainly! But some Gethsemanes and Golgothas.

“Are you a fair weather Christian, or are you going to follow Me all the way?” “Lord, don’t talk to me like that. I love to hear you talk of the triumphal entries when all the flags will be waving, the bands playing, and children shouting, Hosanna. But, O Lord, don’t talk about persecution or about anybody misunderstanding us. Don’t, Lord!” The Lord said to Peter, “Get thee behind me Satan. If any man will follow me, let him take up his cross.”

Peter had been at first a fair-weather Christian. He fell asleep in the

garden of Gethsemane. He was a fair-weather Christian when Christ was on trial and denied his Lord thrice. But, glory to God, when the baptism of the Holy Ghost came to Peter it made him a Christian who was willing to endure though it meant head downwards. He brought three thousand souls to Christ in one day. There is a successful evangelist! Was he always successful after that? Always! Three thousand the first day and five thousand the next day. However, it led to prison.

Peter was cast into prison and a few hours later he was scourged. His back was bleeding and his flesh quivering, but he was rejoicing. We shall have all sorts of joy with persecutions. Oh, how beautiful to go through with God! Not a tin soldier but a real soldier on the battlefields of life. At last Peter had completed his ministry on earth. He never lived to tell the tale, but we read what became of him, having been nine months in prison Peter was brought out for execution and, after being scourged, he was crucified with head downwards. It is said that he chose this way himself because he did not think he was worthy to suffer in the same manner as the Lord. Yes, he was a man with a real message, preached the whole Gospel, but it meant head downwards.

Paul was beheaded. After all his preaching, meetings, thousands converted—head downwards! There was Thomas—that wonderful child of the King—he was beheaded. Matthew was slain with a sword. Philip and Andrew crucified. Oh, when I get to heaven I am going to see some real Christians! Not make-believes who had to be padded with cotton but, glory to God, people with a hero and martyr spirit. Dear Lord, give us more of that spirit.

Jude, the brother of James, was crucified. There was Mark. Oh, how we love to read the Gospel of St. Mark! What a wonderful man he was! Yet at the end it was “Head downwards!” He was dragged through the city streets, left in the prison to die, taken out and burned and his ashes scattered to the winds. Head Downwards!

Isn't it fine to be an evangelist? “But in this day, Sister McPherson!” “I think there could have been a way of avoiding death like that if they had been careful how they preached.” But, you cannot do that and

serve God.

There was John the Baptist—he came dressed in camel’s hair and ate milk and honey. He did not eat bread and wine and they said, “He is a devil.” Then came Jesus in that dress that was so beautiful that the men at Calvary did not want to tear it and because He ate with the people they said, “He is gluttonous.” The Lord said, “Who pleases you?” John the Baptist came and would not eat bread and wine and they said, “He is a devil.” Jesus ate and they said, “He is a friend of Publicans and sinners.”

Oh, it is a glorious thing to know we are on our way to heaven! And, if you and I got home without one wound, wouldn’t we feel uncomfortable? Not a battle fought or won! It is going to mean something—your whole life.

There came a soldier home from the war and he was hobbling on crutches. “You poor man. I think that is a shame for the Government to send men to war and when they come back there is a leg off.” But the soldier replied, “No so. When I volunteered I gave Uncle Sam my life, but all he took was one leg.”

We have given our lives to Jesus Christ, but how little we do suffer. Oh, to preach the Gospel, to be four square, to be on fire with the love of Him who gave His life for us!

Head downwards? Are you willing?

Have you heard the story of the bamboo tree? I think it is one of the sweetest stories I have heard. A man once—a great lover of trees—had a beautiful home and palatial gardens about his home. He used to take long walks over the desert lands in search of other trees. He came to an oasis in the wilderness. As he looked at the palm trees, he saw the bamboos beginning to shoot and then wither. The water was being choked up and turned some other way. Unless something was done very soon every tree would die. He looked at one tree. The man dropped on his knees before this tree, loosened the earth, slipped his hands under its roots and lifted the tree. He carried it back across the desert until he came to his own home and beautiful gardens. In a sheltered place he dug a hole for the bamboo and planted it. Then he carried pail after pail of water and the tree drank and grew strong.

The sun shone on it and the rain fell on it, so the bamboo sprang straight up in the air. It is said that when admirers came to look at the tree and said, "Oh, you beautiful tree! You are the finest tree," the tree would say, "Don't praise me, for what I am, I owe to my master. I was lost in the wilderness, but my master found me. I was dying for the water of life and he poured it upon my thirsty soul. I was about to die but he gave me life. Don't praise me. That I am I am by the grace of my master who saved me." And so the tree grew. It shone like polished bronze in the sunshine.

One day the master stood at the roots of the tree and said, "My tree, I have heard how you have always been careful to give me the praise, glory and honor. But, my tree, I want to know. Do you really love me for myself or for the water and the sunshine and care?" And the tree said, "I really love you." "My tree, do you love me enough to let me have my way with you even though you could not understand it? Maybe persecution, or being cut down and people not praising you anymore. Would you still say, 'Have your way?'" The tree said, "Master, have thy way with me." Then the master came out in a few moments and over his shoulder was an axe. The tree seemed to shutter, but it said, "Master, your will not mine be done."

The axe fell again, and again, and again. It reverberated through the garden. The tree was cut to the heart and gasping, bleeding, it fell to the earth. The master had not finished. He cut off its beautiful branches and its top. Then he began to dig the pulp out of the bamboo—took its heart out. He had taken away everything that would hinder the bamboo from being an empty channel. Then he stooped down, picked it up, went across the desert until he came to the oasis again. He did a peculiar thing—he laid down the empty channel, took a spade and began to dig around the spring. He dug a path to the other bamboos. He placed the empty yielded bamboo in the path. It was no more to see the light of day, to be praised and glorified of man, no more to have name lifted up and exalted. It was buried away in a lowly place and covered with the earth.

"He that loseth his life shall find it again." Mine not to see or know the future step; mine not to know the distant years, but just enough to

know that the Lord is leading. The bamboo discovered something—from the end pressed toward the spring there went a gurgle, gurgle. Through the other end clear water went flowing about the roots of the dying trees. The trees began to drink, took on new life, and began to flourish as the green bay tree. And travelers find shelter in the oasis because of that one tree that could say, “Head downwards.”

Oh, it is so easy to keep your head up! I would like to do that sometimes. I know lots of things I could lop off. I wouldn’t need to preach the baptism of the Holy Spirit, divine healing, inspiration of the Scriptures. But, then, there would be people dying. If we are willing to say, “Lord, have your way not mine,” I believe He will make us real channels that will bring water to the dry and thirsty land. If we would get all, we must be willing to give all.

“Here I am. Have your way with me.” The kernel of wheat falls into the ground—head downwards! “O Lord, what did you put me down here in this dark grave for?” “There, there, keep still. You are buried.” “O Lord, I can’t live like this. I need praises, cooperation.” “Kernel of wheat, are you any better than your master? Didn’t John the Baptist lay his head down? Wasn’t the Master crucified? Little kernel of wheat, if you are going to bear fruit, you must be willing to be buried head downwards.”

But watch! watch! “Oh, that man will never amount to anything.” Watch! Through tears, through the ground, suddenly two little green leaves come. They are growing higher. They are blossoming, and now from the ground there comes forth wheat—some thirty, some fifty, some a hundred fold. Head downwards!

O God, speak to every heart this afternoon! If we live godly we shall suffer persecution, and if we get to the place where we never suffer persecution, we are backsliding. If the world can pat us on the back and say, “Hail, fellow, well met” there is something wrong.

“But, Sister McPherson, I think we should do everything to get along. You speak of divine healing. That shouldn’t bring any trouble.” Yes, it will. Some people say, “Why do you pray for people in public? You should pray for them in private.” I did. Then others were saying, “See! She is praying for them in private. I wonder what she is doing.”

We must never try to cater to people. Let's preach the Four Square Gospel. Let's get the message in our heart then stick to it. "Will it ever get popular?" Never—until we are all backslidden or the devil is dead.

Head downwards! Lord, I am going through. The Christians march toward glory is a triumphal march. When John's head was taken off, the devil thought he had conquered. But, no, it was the Lord who conquered. When the Lord bowed His head, Satan said, "I have conquered now." But, no, it was the Lord who conquered and is alive forevermore. When Stephen was martyred, thousands of others became Christians. When Peter laid down his life, the Gospel spread throughout the land. When the Apostle Paul was "head downwards" they said, "Now we have made an end of that fellow." But, ah, no, he is loved today more than ever before. When Latimer was burned at the stake he said, "Cheer up! We shall kindle such a flame as shall never be put out." They built a hot fire around him but shut off the draft so that for almost an hour only his feet were burning. As he dropped his head downwards, they said, "Now we have made an end of fanatics. Oh, no! From that day the Bible has been an open and an unchained Book. The king made the people who condemned this man read the Bible from cover to cover without stopping.

John Wesley was "head downwards" but we revere his name. Martin Luther head downwards while he lived, but now he is a saint. General Booth—head downwards. You know, my mother was a Salvationist, having been converted in the Army at one of their open meetings. You are not considered a soldier in the Army until you have had one baptism of persecution, and they loved to take the new soldiers where they would get it. Now we say, "Blessed be their memory."

But what about us of today! It is so easy to heroize the people of yesterday. Will you take your stand under the blood-stained banner of the Cross? I am going to be a soldier. Some start out to be soldiers, but they say, "Oh, I am tired!" I have known soldiers who never got tired—they marched in their sleep. Though it may mean head downwards, your own reputation, your own joys, remember that through burying yourself in the will of God there will come out such

fruit-bearing as you have never known. During the next year we must see at least twenty missionaries on the field from Angelus Temple. We must see at least one hundred evangelists, fifty Sunday School teachers trained and equipped. Surely, during the balance of this year, we must see at least fifteen thousand people saved. "Sister, that is going to be fine." Yes; but it is going to be head downwards. Are you willing?

Living Epistles



Sunday Afternoon

March 23, 1924



WE ARE GOING to read this afternoon our text from the third chapter of 2 Corinthians, verses 2 and 3. In these two verses we read these remarkable words:

“Ye are living epistles known and read of all men, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not on tables of stone, but on the fleshly tables of the heart.”

This is a great statement. May I read it to you once more for those who are not so familiar with it:

“Ye are living epistles known and read of all men, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not on tables of stone, but on the fleshly tables of the heart.”

It's a great thing to be able to read people, isn't it? A lot of folks, you know, boast that they can read men. They say: “Oh, I am a reader of character! I am a reader of men! I can tell!” Different people have different ways of trying to read people. There is the phrenologist. I remember one came to our town when I was a little girl. A lot of people in our town gathered around and they thought it was a wonderful thing. I remember my father telling of a phrenologist way back in his time reading his head, telling him what all the bumps meant. That, I don't know very much about. There may be a great deal in it—in the reading of the head by the bumps that are on it.

Somebody else says that he reads character by palmistry. We walk along the street and we see a little sign up with a hand, and there are all the lines in the hand. They tell us, "Here is the life-line; it is good and straight and clear. There is not a break in it until we get down about half way." And they say, "Well, now you are going to have a sickness, pretty severe, right along there, but the life-line goes on and you are going to live to be very, very, old. Here is your heart line; and here is your fortune line." They tell us just how rich we are going to be and how we are going to live when those days come, and they tell them by the lines of our hands.

Others declare the only way to read the future and present is by the horoscope. They are going to read the stars and they will forecast for you your present and your future, who you are and what star you were born under, just what you are going to do and what is going to happen to you at the end of life.

Then some people tell fortunes by cards, and they will see some strange expression in the queen's face—at least, they say so. I can't see any change in it. I would often watch them on the boat as we would go out. They would say, "Now, there is—Jack of hearts," they would tell what he looked like, and all the different ones, and they would read your fortune from it. I don't hardly see how they could do that!

Then some folks believe in reading the fortune by the teacups. "I see such and such a thing, just for the fun of it, in the leaves." Well, I don't think you can read that way.

But there are lots of different ways of trying to read people's lives, their present and their future, but while man looks at the outward appearance and looks at the things above and around, God has a different way of reading men and women: He looks on the heart. And He tells us in His Word that we as Christians—for I am speaking to a great Christian audience this Sunday afternoon—should be living epistles—living epistles, known and read of all men. It is a wonderful thing to think the Lord has a way of reading us, but not only can the Lord read us, but men and women can read us from, that which is written on our hearts.

You know there was Cain. The Lord set His seal on Cain's

forehead. He put a mark there some way. Something had happened to Cain's heart. He had become a murderer. He was disobedient. Oh, the heart-breaking sins that had been Cain's! Now the Lord set a mark on his forehead. First the heart was affected, then it affected the countenance. I believe that if I were to do it, I could read some people right here this afternoon. Living epistles! The sinners are reading you. The world is reading you. Can the world see Jesus in you? Remember, not any two of us are alike—we don't even look alike. We can walk along the street and for ten years never meet two faces that are exactly alike. If ever they meet anyone that looks alike they call them somebody's double and there is much excitement and comment about it. But I am so glad we can all have the story of the Lord Jesus Christ written on our hearts.

I believe I could read some people right here by their faces this afternoon. Some are bright, upturned, happy, keen, alert faces, filled with the love of Jesus Christ, and you can just see the purity of heart shining out of their countenances. Some are sad, and want just kind of to see what there is in this. They don't believe there is much in Christianity, "These people down here imagine they are kind of happy, but they don't know." I think we could almost read some of them.

Some faces that show selfishness. Oh, how selfish, how self-centered! You can read some people that you can just guarantee have never had a family altar; have never really known what it was to pray.

You can read some people whom you know are grumblers. You say, "My, my! I would hate to have to wait on that person if I were a servant. I know she would be a hard woman to please."

You can just read people by their faces. You can read them by the eyes. The eyes are the windows of the soul looking right down into our hearts.

You can read people by the way they walk. Those that walk proudly and haughtily, with mincing step, the Bible tells us about; or those that walk softly and humbly with their God, an even, balanced life every day for Jesus.

You can read people who are living epistles by their lips. The

words they speak, “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” You can read them by their tongue—the words they speak. “The man that offends not in word, the same is a perfect man.”

Some people, I think we can almost read by their dress, don't you? Some way, the outside is going to reflect what is on the inside. And if we can read so much about these people, how much can God read?

In the ancient days, people were read. There was Moses. He was a living epistle if ever there was a living epistle. He was up one day talking with God on the mountain and he got the glory in his soul so that when he came down his face shown like the lightning and he was obliged to put a veil over it. The people said, “Why Moses, your face shines so, you are reflecting the light of God! Cover your face!”

I believe that Enoch's face reflected that he walked with God up to the day he was translated.

There were the Disciples, who had been with Jesus. One day they were preaching the Gospel, and they were indeed living epistles known and read of all men, and as they preached with such authority and such boldness, in the third chapter of Acts, the 13th verse, we read of them, “When they saw the boldness of Peter and John and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, the people marveled and took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.”

Living epistles! Living epistles! I am going to bring two or three living epistles on the platform in just a minute or two and I am going to read them and tell you some of the things that I can see in them, and then I believe that all of us can turn our eyes inward into our own hearts and ask the Lord to read us. Living epistles, known and read of all men!

We read people by their faces, by their eyes, by their lips, by their conversation, by their dress.

Here is Sister Hattie Jordan coming in a great, big envelope as big as she is.

You are living epistles.

“Well,” you say, “Sister, I always thought a letter was sort of a dead, inanimate thing.”

Ah, but I am talking about living epistles, and I want you to see

yourself as you really look to the Lord this afternoon and to the world. And before I read to you these three epistles that we have on the platform, I want to remind you that the tablet upon which we are writing is the tablet of the heart. The writing is not Christianity that is printed in creeds, but the mind of Christ made legible in our everyday lives. The writer is the Spirit of the living God, the pen human, everyday happenings and instruments in our lives. Paul was a pen that wrote a wonderfully legible hand and the readers that read these epistles are everyone. Everyone's life is an open letter.

These envelopes we have here this afternoon are not closed envelopes--they are open envelopes, an open letter, and they are challenging the world to read them. You will find in the fifth chapter of Matthew, the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, "You are the light of the world, a city set upon a hill whose light cannot be hid. Let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Living epistles!

I want to remind you of just two or three more things and then I am going to read these letters that I have here. First of all, a Christian is about the only religious book that a sinner ever reads. The ordinary sinner doesn't read religious books. The ordinary sinner doesn't care very much about sitting down and taking a religious magazine and reading all through it, but he is going to read the Christians. The ordinary worldly person doesn't bother very much reading the Word of God or judging the Word of God, but he is going to judge the church member. He reads that epistle. He may not read the epistle of Paul to the Philippians, but he is going to read the epistle of the Christian, and he can tell you whether they pay their debts and what sort of a life they live.

Oh, God, help us to be epistles that will really glorify thy Name!

Let us just look for a moment at these epistles we have. Here is a sister, Miss Harriet Jordan. This little sister is a daughter of a Presbyterian minister who for years preached in San Diego and is now gone home to be with the Lord Jesus Christ and now his daughter is following in his steps. This epistle is addressed. "Harriet Jordan, care of the Great Physician, addressed to the City Foursquare

from the Land of Hospitals and sin. She is on her way now in care of the Great Physician to the City Foursquare up Yonder.

Here is a sister from the land of sin. Her name is now Florence Glauser, Care of the Loving Saviour. She is bound to the Heavenly Home, I read on this letter. There is no return address she is going through.

Here's Johnnie Walker. His says from Hollywood. "Johnnie Walker, care of the Holy Spirit." He is on his way to Beulah Land.

This is Sister Jordan. I am going to read her letter this afternoon. A living epistle, known and read of all men, written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God, not on tablets of stone but the fleshly tablets of the heart.

Some years ago a little girl was born away over yonder in Hawaii, where her parents were missionaries and workers for the Presbyterian Church. They had preached the Gospel there, and to their home in the Hawaiian Islands there came a little baby that they loved very dearly and named Hattie. Hers was a clean, fresh page, just as white and as clean as it could be as children's hearts are, and on that page of the heart there was to be written a story. For sister, however, it was not a story of great happiness but a story of wickedness, and then of doubting and questioning and fears. Why had God permitted tests and trials, discouragements, fears and sickness to come into her life? That little girl was taken from hospital to hospital, and for ten long years was a series of operations—seven abdominal operations, one after the other. Fourteen hospitals, so no wonder she says on her envelope from the Land of Hospitals in care of the Great Physician to the City Foursquare," for I am sure Hattie believes in the Foursquare Gospel. And as she was taken from hospital to hospital, finally she came to Los Angeles. Here there was a nurse who took care of her, who is here, one of our deaconesses; almost every meeting she is with us, cared for this little sister in her bed for more than a year. Scarce ever able to get up except lifted by gentle hands and set for a moment in an automobile for the air, then taken back to bed. Shades were kept pulled down at the window, no one was allowed to come in for fear of hysteria, and nervousness would send the temperature soaring.

Again one day, the doctor stood at the bed, after the little body had been torn and suffering and pain-racked, time after time, and the voice was heard coming through the mist of sorrow: "Another operation—there must be another."

"Can you promise that I will be better?"

"No, I can give no promise that you will ever be well again, for there is no real hope of sure recovery for you."

And then one day that little sister received a letter from a lady in San Diego—the name would be familiar to you all if I should mention it, for one of the most prominent families of San Diego, who loved our little sister very dearly in the days way back yonder—sent her a letter and said:

"By all means get in touch with the evangelist who will preach to you, perhaps, the same gospel that has been preached here, that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever—the Foursquare Gospel, good for body, soul and spirit, and to prepare us for the coming of the Lord."

And so one day the nurse and sister's own sister who is a school teacher here in Los Angeles, picked sister up and put her carefully in the car, oh, so gently, over the bumps and along the street until finally they came to the little "house that God built." I was away that day, but my dear little mother was at home. When little Sister Jordan came in, the Lord was writing on her heart. She had never known, perhaps, what it was to have the joy and deliverance of a happy, born-again experience, to sing praises to the Lord, and be able to pray and testify. As they held her, someone eased her gently down into a chair. Mother said,

"Oh, wait until I go and make her a cup of tea!" for they thought she was going to die—Mother did, as she swooned back in her chair.

She decided to go to the very next meeting, which was soon to be opened in San Jose. She made her way there. I shall never forget how she came in in that chair that first afternoon and how prayer was made. I shall never forget how she sprang, from that chair and went bounding down the aisle, praising the Lord. She says that as she was prayed for suddenly it seemed that a shower of gold burst over her

head and streamed over her body, and she was well. Every adhesion (for it had been intestinal adhesions) had been loosened. She was well. She soon gained her strength, is now one of the dearest little Christian workers, one of our deaconesses, and I think everyone that knows her can say, "There is a living epistle, a living epistle." Just a little bit of a frail body, but is happy and well, sleeping like a top, running up and down these stairs, teaching the young ladies' Bible class, helping in the Sunday School, preaching—anything that comes along. Sister, a living epistle, known and read of all men.

Anyone who knows her life I know is able to say, "The Lord is writing, writing, writing on the table of that heart." There is no need of anyone coming up and saying, "Pardon me, Sister Jordan, are you a Christian?" No one would think of saying, "Excuse me, Sister, but do you love souls?" If you saw her at the altar, praying and helping souls, you would know it. She is a living epistle, known and read of all men.

Here is another living epistle. Sister Glauser comes from New Philadelphia, Ohio, and I would like to read a little bit of this epistle for you this afternoon. If I had time I could do nothing but read letters all afternoon of people a little bit of whose lives I have learned, who are sitting right here round about us. And then remember that the world is reading you. I may know your story, but the world and the Lord are looking down on your heart.

Dear Sister Glauser, once a little girl about four years of age, living in Ohio. Her mother and father were building a new house, and into the hands of Sister Glauser there was put a beautiful little kitten and she was to amuse herself with it. But it was a new house, the cellar steps had not yet been builded, the stairs were left out and the cellar door was open. In her hands was the little kitten. As she was playing with it she began to back up, talking to the kitten. No one noticed her and the next thing they knew she had stepped over and through the open door where the steps were not yet built, fell from that floor clear down to the basement, landing on a chair that was there, injuring her side and her spine.

She was picked up. The mother was there alone. She got a lady, carried that little quivering form upstairs, but she was never the same

again. As she grew older there came that disease of the spine which developed into serious conditions and finally ended in tuberculosis of the bones, which were decaying away.

Sister was not able to play like other little children, and yet for years she said, "I am going to have a good time." Sometimes seeming to feel a little better, but getting a little worse as the years went by, she said, "I am going on the stage," or "I am going to be a singer; I am going to learn to dance. I have a white sheet in my heart, the tablet. The pen that is going to write on my heart is going to tell of a giddy, gay, worldly time. There is no harm in it. I am going to have a gay, thoughtless time while I am able."

But some way it didn't make little sister Florence happy. She came home with aching back and aching feet and a body that was growing weaker. Then came a time that she must be taken out of school, unable to continue. That spine was developing worse trouble. Then it began to be a life of going to physician after physician. All was done that splendid earthly physicians could do.

Thank God for every hospital! Thank God for every doctor and physician and all the skill that they have! I never cease to thank God for alleviation of suffering that earthly physicians have been able to give. But when they fail, thank God, there is a Great Physician who is able to write another line on the tables of our hearts.

Little sister at last was taken from Youngstown, Ohio, and then to Cleveland, Ohio, and at last one day there came the message that nothing more could be done. Sister sat in her own home for ten months without going to bed. She sat, leaning forward on the table, or anything that could be gotten for her to lean on. She was unable to lie down any more. That spine couldn't touch the back of a chair, that head mustn't be put back, it mustn't go one side or the other, for now the bone was all decaying.

In the forehead, down through the nose and the cheek, here on either side of her head, were forming great sacs of pus, and when she would suffer so that she couldn't bear it longer—the physician as he came at 3 o'clock in the morning—that little white-faced figure would still be leaning forward, hoping for some relief. The doctor would

reach way back in the throat and rupture those gatherings. Oh, she felt if she only could die! But she didn't as yet know Jesus as her Saviour.

Some one or two Christian workers called on her. They said: "My dear, this is your cross; you must bear it with patience. Try to smile and forget about it. She said, "Forget? Forget? Oh, I wish. I could forget." The people who are well don't realize. Then one day a new page was to be written in her heart, for, thank God! we can have a new page written on the tablet of our heart. A lady's voice was heard out across the fence of the back yard calling. Mrs. Glauser, the mother of Florence, was out hanging up some clothes in the yard, and Mrs. Glauser's voice and the neighbors were heard talking together. The neighbor said, "There is a revival meeting being held in Canton, Ohio. I believe if you could just go down there and be prayed for, the Lord would bless her soul and body and write a new page in her life."

The mother said, "I will. Do you think it really would do her any good?"

The neighbor said, "She would be saved anyway, a real, know-so experience. "And she told of a little boy who had gone down, and returned strong and well.

They went in an automobile, very, very slowly and carefully, not to jar that poor head and spine. The ride of thirty miles was a torment. Every jolt seemed as though it would be the last. The X-ray pictures were brought, showing the decay all through the bones, and as little sister sat in the meeting, the first thing she did was to get a new page written in her heart, a page of salvation. She gave her heart to Jesus Christ, saying, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner," and as she prayed, the sunshine came into her heart and she knew that she was born again.

Oh, beloved, from that time on we are to be living epistles, known and read of all men, written not with ink, but by the Spirit of the living God! Oh, how many blots we have had on the paper, haven't we? But now it is fresh.

Then came the day sister was prayed for. Hastily she was brought along the line because of her weakness, and as she was prayed for her knees went out from under her, in an agony of prayer and

supplication she looked up and said, "Oh, Lord, touch me! Take this poor life of mine, it is yours now, body, soul and spirit, all that I have or hope to have," and quick as a flash the Lord touched her. Suddenly she lifted her head and instantaneously and permanently was made every whit whole. Sister got up and went down running, praising the Lord to her mother, and she said;

"Oh! Mother, look, look at me! I can bend!"

"What are you going to do tonight, Florence?"

"Oh, Mother, I am going back to the hotel and I am going to bed, and I am going to sleep all night, and I am not going to wake up in the morning, but I'm going to sleep and sleep."

Nobody knows what that means until having to sit up ten months, leaning on the back of a chair or a table. Now, from that time on, a new page was written in this epistle.

Oh, if I could only write you all up or read you all as I know some of your beautiful, beautiful lives!

Sister Glauser became a beautiful Christian worker. She went back home to her own little home town, and the neighbors came in and said, "Oh, tell me, is it true, have you really been converted and made whole?"

"Yes, and filled with the Spirit."

"Well," they said, "Sister, tell us about it."

And so she began to tell them. Soon a few more neighbors gathered in and said, "Tell us about it."

There you are. "Known and read of all men."

"Why, she is different! Why, that epistle is different now!"

That neighbor brought in another neighbor until the little house was full and running over on the doorstep and into the door-yard.

"Sister, you must tell us some more about it!"

So a little hall was rented, just a little hall; a little store in the middle of the town, and soon that was filled. And now, through this one little epistle, hundreds of souls have been converted, scores filled with the Holy Spirit, and sister has left everything now, her loved ones there are putting her through the training school, she is now training in the Missionary & Evangelistic Training Institute, and in a few more

months expects to go out an ordained evangelistic preacher of the Gospel, living the rest of her life a living epistle, known and read of all men.

Now, one more letter I have time to read you this afternoon. Among those is this one, from Hollywood, Johnnie Walker, the actor, who used to be in the moving pictures constantly, taking various parts. The last one he was in was Scaramouche. Johnnie Walker, from Hollywood, now in care of the Holy Spirit and bound for Beulah Land. This is a story of interest to every one of you.

Some years ago, a little boy was born and came into the arms of a happy mother. This mother was oh so happy, but when the little boy was only a few years old—two and a half years old—he developed asthma, and from that time on became more or less an invalid from this asthma. During the years, earthly physicians were called in, and then finally the only remedy would be drugs. Johnnie got to the place that he must have more sleep. He couldn't lie on his back, it was impossible to lie on his side—he would strangle, and so he would lie on his hands and knees, trying to breathe. Finally, he said,

“Mother, I can't stand it! I've got to have some sleep.”

So the doctor came, and it was so simple to sleep—you just rolled up your sleeve, that was all, a needle was brought out and filled, inserted, and oh!—sleep, sleep. Only a young boy, but he had learned that he could sleep with it. Again and again the doctor was called, and again and again that blessed—which it seemed to be at that time—relief came. The years were passing by. Then came a day when this epistle which started out with a white sheet was going to have the ink bottle all tipped over on it and have a great black blot across the coming pages.

It began at a dance hall in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and there one night after a dance, Johnnie went out into the pool room and a boy said to him, “Say, you are a brother addict, aren't you?” (he was about 18 then) He said, “I'll tell you where you can get all you want.” And so Johnnie had learned the secret of getting it.

Now, health broken, changing from state to state and town to town, at last they came to California. When attacks would come he would

catch his breath and he would heave until you would hear him clear outside of the building, to catch his breath. Then came the time of his earning a living by pictures. He would do all sorts of things, because this thing seemed to give him more courage, perhaps, wherewith to do it. But the body was broken and the asthma was growing worse and settling down into other afflictions, until finally it got pretty bad.

A little mother's heart was breaking, for you know there is usually a mother's heart connected with these epistles somewhere. She said to me just the other day as I was talking to them, "Sister, many and many is the time that I thought the end had come. Johnnie would say, 'Mother, I haven't a moment without pain. There is not a day that I am free from it: and now I have gotten to drinking and using this dope. Mother, I am not going to leave you. If I die, without anybody perhaps to love you as I do and care for you, I am going to take you with me, and we are going to die now.'"

Poor boy! It was because of the dope that he would talk that way. And he would take the automobile and start down the street and aim for a telegraph post at the side of the road. The mother said she prayed and said, "Hold it straight, Lord, hold it firm!" and some way that car would get around the corner safely.

I said, "Mother Walker, were you able to be so plucky and brave, darling, and to stand it all the time?"

Oh! Talk about novels, talk about books! Say, I think if I had time I could write some books from true lives. These are true, living epistles, without camouflage or exaggeration at all, just as they are.

I said, "Were you able to stand it all the time, Dear?"

"Pretty near. But, Sister," she said, "one time I remember it seemed like I couldn't go on any more, and I started out one night, evidently delirious, and down the street I went, saying, 'Johnnie, Johnnie, where are you Johnnie, Johnnie? Mother's looking for you, Johnnie!'" She said: "I didn't know it, but I went out just in my night clothes as I was. I didn't realize it, I was blinded to everything else but I wanted my boy, and I had prayed for him through the years."

She hesitated a moment, kind of choked a little, then she said, "Some kind men found me and they led me back to my home, and

when I came to myself the neighbors were around my bed, but when I came to myself I said, “Johnnie, Johnnie, Mother is calling for you.”

Isn’t it great to have a Christian mother? Others may say there is no hope, you have gone too far, but your mother loves you, boy, your mother loves you, girl. If you think your mother has given you up, don’t you believe it. You are a living epistle and your mother loves you and she wants to have something to do with writing the next page on your book of life. She will be true to you when others have failed.

So Johnnie would come home, often brought home. But his mother would come and pray by him.

“Johnnie, how are you feeling?”

“Oh, Mother, I am feeling awful! Tie that cloth tighter round my head. Put a little more ice on it. Oh, Mother, I feel so bad!”

He couldn’t get along without the dope, couldn’t leave it alone, it was just like live serpents crawling up his arm, couldn’t get away from it. His mother would say:

“Johnnie, won’t you let me read the Bible to you just a little bit?”

“Oh, Mother, I don’t want to hear the Bible. Read the sports page.”

So she would start out reading the paper, but the next thing she would be reading again. “God so loved the world that He gave...”

“Mother, that isn’t the newspaper. Read me the newspaper.”

“All right, Johnnie.” Then: “Mr. Smith murdered Mrs. Brown and got away with \$5000.00, “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be...”

“Mother, that isn’t... Now, Mother, don’t read the Bible, I can’t stand it.”

“All right, Johnnie, I won’t. Just be quiet.”

Then some more newspaper, and then: “Jesus went about teaching in the synagogues, preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom and healing all manner of sickness and disease among the people.”

She would get her verses in in spite of everything. Finally, that began to tell a little bit on the heart. One day when it seemed as though the end was very near and her boy, more precious to her than anything in all the world, that mother love was watching over him—she said, “Johnnie, it doesn’t look to me as though you are going to

survive this. You haven't got the strength to do it. But there is a prayer meeting down there at the Temple and I am going down and have them pray for you.

So the mother stood up in the meeting. She was only one of the crowd that day, and she said, "Please do be so kind as to pray for a boy of mine who is lying home half dead with asthma and dope. Will you pray for him?"

And everybody said, "Why of course we will. And our deaconesses who were conducting the one o'clock meeting asked everybody to pray and prayer was made and the mother went out happy. When she got home her boy was up and kindling the fire. She said:

"Johnnie, you are better, aren't you?"

He said, "Why, yes, Mother, I do feel a little bit better."

I knew it; I had them pray for you."

"Oh, Mother, maybe it isn't that. Maybe I would be better anyway."

"Oh, Johnnie, don't say that! You are going to be prayed for Saturday night."

So Saturday night he came up. As he came he was praying, "Oh, Lord, I have made a miserable mess of my life! A living epistle, I am, a fine living epistle! Lord, I have tipped the whole bottle of ink over on the page and I have spoiled it, but, dear Lord, if you will just give me a clean page it will be written now by Thy hand. Oh, Lord, I am not much; I am just a poor, broken wreck, in body and soul, but if you will take me, if you will have me, I am yours!"

As near as I can remember Johnnie's own words: "If you will take me, I am yours for keeps."

And he gave himself to Christ. And as he came up and was prayed for, instantly the chains were broken. Johnnie had been converted a few hours before, settled it definitely as he came up, was now perfectly whole, able to draw a deep breath and the asthma gone—even in this rainy weather not one trace of it now. And not only that, but best of all, the dope was gone. That night he woke up in the middle of the night and, as customary, reached his handout to a drawer that was nearby to take out that needle. Then he awoke and said:

“What is this thing?” He said, “Mother! Mother! Mother! Mother!”

She said, “Johnnie, what in the world is it? What is the matter with you?”

“Mother, get down on your knees and go to praying!”

And she prayed and he prayed, and that needle went back and was never taken up again, and from that day to this there has never been another bit of desire for the thing. No having to kick it out—the Lord took it out. Praise the Lord. And now our living epistle, God bless him! has entered the training school to study to be an evangelist and a worker for the Lord Jesus Christ.

Remember that YOU, YOU are a living, a LIVING epistle, able to walk around, known and read of all men, and that you are having writing put on your heart.

“Oh!” you say, “Sister McPherson, the page is blotted, it is full of tears and it is full of blots!”

I know it.

“Well,” you say, “Sister, it was written with an indelible lead pencil. I can never get it off.”

No, of course you can’t, but the Lord will tear the page right off and He will give you a clean page and He will let you start over again.

I went to the Throne with a quivering heart:

The old, old year was done.

Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?

I have spoiled, quite spoiled, this one.

He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,

And gave me a new one, all unspotted,

And into my sad heart smiled, and said,

Do better now, my Child.

My brother, my sister, let the Lord give you a new page. Remember the world is reading the Christian and the professor. They are not reading the Bible; they are reading you. We open our book and find here: “The Gospel according to Saint Matthew.” What is your

Living Epistles

name? Now, supposing: “The Gospel according to Herbert.” “The Gospel according to Eleanor.” “The Gospel according to Jack.”—Or whoever you are. What kind of a gospel?

The Gospel According to You

*You are writing a gospel, a chapter each day,
By deeds that you do, by words that you say.
Men read what you write, whether faithless or true.
Say, what is the Gospel, according to you?*

Robert Semple, Evangelist



*A Tribute
April 1924*



WISH YOU could have been there when he came, that Evangelist with a heart of gold! Why he should have swung from the steps of the express train to the station platform of our small town, only God and His angels could have told. He was an Irish Evangelist. Big cities and larger spheres had been the scene of his activities, but here he was, treading the streets and gazing with the smile of his kindly Irish eyes upon the passers-by of our small town of Ingersoll, Ontario. He said that GOD had sent him.

I wish you could have seen him as he stood upon the platform of the little mission hall. Under his hand a vacant store had been decorated, spotlessly cleaned, and converted into a chapel small. Six-foot-tall, head erect, Bible under his arm, and ever that twinkle of an Irish smile sparkling in the blue heaven of his eyes, he opened the Book and began to speak. Sure 'twas God that had lighted the lamp within his soul and placed that calm, sweet dignity upon his face and brow.

I wish you could have heard him when he spoke. Words of liquid, fiery eloquence that pierced the soul and threw great flashes of light athwart the darkened sky, words of truth that stripped away pretense and falsehood, revealing sin exceeding sinful and the Lord exceeding fair. They flowed like a river, they searched like a light, they burned like a fire, piercing, convicting, wooing, drawing, rejoicing, encouraging, teaching, inspiring, edifying; on and on they flowed; words that brought poor me from darkness unto light and catching me up on the mighty bosom of that tide, swept me clear from a quiet

Canadian farm and whirled me into neighboring fields and then afar, then 'round the world and back again, so swift speeding in the Master's work that I am going yet—mighty words, soul-shaking words, we knew they were God-given.

I wish you could have known his daily life, day by day and hour by hour he lived and walked with God; patient, thoughtful, consistent, gentle as a child, praying always, in the home, on the mountain, by the sea, reading the Word, telling the Story, speaking the truth in love, a devoted husband, a faithful friend, a comrade to man and child, giving unselfishly, seeking not his own—we knew 'twas Christ within who lived that life.

I wish you could have kneeled there as he passed when the gates of Glory opened and one almost heard the music of the welcoming angel hosts. Oh, it tore one's heart to kneel there and bravely try to smile back an answer to his smile of confidence while one pressed one's hand tight over one's lips to keep back the cry that was wrung from the heart, to know one would be left without him on that mountain in China; that the heavenly call was so urgent he could not pause one month to wait the coming of the little daughter he would fain have welcomed.

But there, the Master called and said, "It is enough," and bade him come up higher and seeing the radiance of the smile that transfigured his dear face who among us could have murmured we knew the God who gave had taken him away and though we mourned the taking, we thanked God, Oh, we thanked Him for the giving!

My Star of Hope



April 1924

Everyone's Heart Holds a Secret Chamber.

*Its Door is Sealed to All Save God. In That Chamber We Store Our
Fondest Hopes, Our Tenderest Memories, Our Most Sacred Heartbeats. This
Story Opens the Door of One Secret Vault, Takes Out a Treasured Volume
Called My Star of Hope, and Lets You Read a Page From a Mother's Heart.*



MOTHER'S EYE looks back across the vista of the years. Along the Road of Memory she travels, past tender landmarks, sign-posts pointing the way to Happiness. Mouldering ruins of heart-aches, moss covered by time and beautified with the rambling rose hedge of God's kindness, she passes. Down the Lane of Remembrance, she journeys to Hong Kong, China. The City of the Orient she does not see. Her eyes behold only that Village of the Past enshrined in sacred heart throbs. That Mother am I, Aimee Semple McPherson. That City of Memory is my City.

Hong Kong, China, I shall never forget. It was there that Robert Semple, evangelist, my husband, and the one who led me to Christ and into the ministry, was called home to his Father's house four weeks before my Star of Hope rose over the peaks of sorrow. It was there my daughter, Roberta Star Semple, was born.

When she came into this world, a hurricane was shrieking its cry of loneliness over the storm-swept city as if in tune with the empty desolation in my own heart. The darkness of the night, the silence of mountain solitude, seemed in keeping with the shadows of sorrow within me. Then, at last, the day dawned. The storm of the elements like the voice of suffering in my own heart, was stilled. That sunrise

My Star of Hope

painted a picture in rainbow hues upon the black canvas of the night. The morning star rose over the Eastern hilltops whispering a message of cheer to the wakeful eyes that longed for the day to break.

Like the star of that sunrise, my child was born to me. My Star of Hope rose in the East, harbinger of a new day, messenger of joy and peace. I named her Roberta Star Semple—Roberta in memory of my husband; Star because it was as such she came to shine from out my darkened sky, bringing a new meaning to life and to a lonely heart something for which to hope.

Time moves on from dawn to sunset, and so did I. I took the priceless jewel the Lord I had given me—my daughter—and carrying her in a special, covered basket I sailed for America. In my book, *This Is That*, I have pictured my life during the next few years and so I shall not repeat here, for space will not permit. These paragraphs shall be but a page from that other volume, the one I keep locked in the secret chamber of my heart.

Thirteen years have passed since that, for me, epochal night in Hong Kong. During those years I, have guarded the flower God plucked from His garden and gave to me, I have nurtured it, and if Jesus tarry, I shall see it blossom into beautiful womanhood.

To what end?

Often as I sit alone with my thoughts, in the solitude of that sacred chamber of my heart, I think of the throngs who daily come to Angelus Temple to bow their heads in reverent devotion at the feet of their Lord.

At such times I thank Him that He has permitted me to act as His handmaiden to preach His word to His followers, unworthy though I be. At such times, too, I try to pierce the veil which shrouds the future and I wonder who shall be the shepherd of this flock when I have been called home. But I need no longer wonder.

As my own dear mother consecrated her child in infancy to the work of the Master, so I have consecrated the life of my little star, my daughter, to His service.

A few days ago, at the close of a big meeting in the Temple, Roberta and I stood in our room looking up at a portrait of her dear

father, Robert Semple. After a few moments of silence, she turned to me, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said: "Oh, Mother, darling! I hope the dear Lord chooses me to follow in your footsteps!"

Oh, my friends, all of you; every mother, father, every child of God who reads these lines, you must know the joy those words brought to my heart; you understand, I am sure, why a lump that ached came to my throat. I cannot tell you just how I felt at that moment, but the soul of me found utterance in a prayer to my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. My daughter, as dear to me as life itself, WANTS to work in the fields of the Master! Dear friends, I know you understand why I call these lines a page from a mother's heart.

Roberta already is building a solid foundation for her future work in the Lord's temple. With an eagerness almost unbelievable even to me, her Mother, she is training in the school of practical experience. She is now preaching at the Bungalow Church, in the Children's Church and in the Sunday School, thereby receiving a very thorough evangelistic education.

Although I am Roberta's Mother, it is not with boastful pride that I say that she displays a remarkable knowledge of the Bible. She will not enter high school until next year, but even at so tender an age, she calls on me but rarely for aid in preparing her children's sermons. Without undue praise, I would call them convincing and forceful, true to the scriptures and devoid the imaginative veneer of a child's usual fancy. She feels no hesitancy in leading in singing, and I believe would have the courage to address a Sunday audience of thousands of adults in Angelus Temple just as calmly as she once gathered the neighborhood children about her to preach the gospel to them.

Roberta watches my every gesture and hangs on my every word. Once or twice—for Roberta has a streak of her father's Irish wit and humor—she has dressed up in my white uniform and dark cape, piled her curls high upon her head "like Mother" and, to my embarrassment, has walked into church, the audience, for the moment, failing to recognize the impersonation.

Readers of these lines, what makes my heart glow with the warmth of happiness is the knowledge that my daughter, my Star of Hope,

My Star of Hope

loves, sincerely loves, the work she is doing for the Master. To feel that she will one day, God willing, stand in my place in Angelus Temple and the harvest fields of life, chosen by the Lord to garner in the grain and guard His flock, lifts my hopes to the high Heavens and makes my heart sing with joy.

And so, dear friends all over the world, you have read a page from a Mother's heart, a page from the book I call My Star of Hope—that volume which I keep locked in the secret chamber of my soul. I know you will understand, dear readers, why I keep it sealed in my treasure vault of fondest hopes and tenderest heartbeats.

A Trip Through the Temple of God



Friday Evening
April 4, 1924



WE ARE READING this evening a few verses from a well-known Psalm, Psalm 119. Let everyone take your Bible and please open to this chapter 119. There are 176 verses in the Psalm and every one of those 176 verses mention the Word of God. Perhaps not just in that so many words, but even in thy testimonies, thy laws, thy precepts or in some way 176 times and more.

The subject of the Word of God is mentioned in this Psalm. We will only read a few verses. "Blessed are the undefiled in the way who walk in the law of the Lord." Watch now and see if you can pick out which word in the verse refers to the Bible. "...In the law of the Lord. Blessed are they that keep his testimonies and that seek Him with the whole heart. They do no iniquity. They walk in His ways. Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently. O, that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes. Then shall I not be ashamed when I have respect unto thy commandments." Notice every verse. "I will praise them with the uprightness of heart when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments. I will keep thy statutes. O, forsake me not. Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way, by taking heed according to thy Word." Verse 10, "With my whole heart have I sought thee. O, let me not wander from thy commandments, thy Word have I hid in mine heart that I should not sin against thee. Blessed art thou, O Lord. Teach me thy statutes. With my lips have I declared thy judgments of thy mouth. I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches."

This evening, church of the air, I would estimate very hastily that

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there are something like 2,800 people, if not 3,000 in Angelus Temple. This building seats 5,300. The balconies are half full and a good part of the main auditorium, and I wonder how many Bibles we have here this evening, for lovers of the Bible love to carry the Bible. Hundreds of Bibles are here this evening. It is of this Word that I wish to speak to you about this evening.

A certain man that I was told about some time ago, lived in Philadelphia; grew up with a real reverence for the Bible, but had no real love for it. And he had a wonderful little insight into the Word of God that I believe we all need tonight, and I think it is our experience.

First, we all admired this Bible. I admired it before I was converted; admired it as a beautiful marble temple; a temple of truth; a temple composed of 39 blocks of granite, with a broad beautiful base called Genesis with 27 pillars of alabaster, supporting a great beautiful dome of master workmanship, the Revelation. It was a beautiful temple, but withal a cold temple. I thought at first a marble temple. The beautiful base was Genesis, with beautiful alabaster columns and glorious dome, but something like a temple that was not inhabited. A temple is sort of a lonely affair when the congregation is out, at least most are.

And one day you and I as we passed this temple of truth, the Word of God, we heard a voice speaking to us from Second Timothy the second chapter, 15th verse, and that voice was the voice of a king himself, who lives in the Temple, and he was speaking to us saying, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workmanship that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth."

Have you ever heard the command? I have. And upon hearing it, I think every one of us made up our mind we would take a tour through the temple. We would start through the door of the lobby and enter this temple, The Word of God (and such it is) and would look round about us. Most of us in starting to take a trip through this temple, enter the first portico, which is called Genesis, and as we come in through Genesis, we look round and about us and the first thing we see is an art gallery and a book of history back there, how the world was formed, how the sun and moon, the stars came into being.

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Marvelous pictures! And we are ushered almost immediately in the temple into the art gallery of Genesis. We lift our eyes up and look round about us and we pass from Genesis to the other books. Yonder hangs a great painting of Abraham. Over yonder in this art gallery of Genesis is a photograph of Isaac; yonder a glorious oil painting of Rebekah. Just a little over yonder in this same art gallery, which stand very near the entrance of the temple, which is the Word of God, there hangs a picture of Moses, the children of Israel being led through the Red Sea; a little farther on, such paintings as those of David and of Solomon.

If we grow a little weary of looking through the art gallery, we pass on and we came to the music room, and it is a beautiful room. The music room of Psalms. The moment you open the door and step into the music room of the Psalms, your ears are ravished by sweet music. Music of a harp played with skillful fingers. One cannot step for a moment into the music room, if you are a lover of music in the Temple of God, without being delighted at the sweet songs of Israel. O, what a wide range of voice and music he has. It ranges all the way from wailing notes of the 51st Psalm, clear up to the high exultant note of the 24th Psalm. How we learned to love the music room.

Now, I often go into the temple of the Word of God and I love to sit down and rest. Sometimes David sings to me about the good shepherd. He catches up his harp as I enter the music room of the Bible and he rocks and sways that harp softly to and fro. And as he sings "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," it seems to me that all the cares of the year are wiped away and all the tears are dried and the worried frown is replaced by a smile of bliss and contentment. I have learned to love the temple, the Word of God and its music room.

No matter how perplexed you may be, no matter how weary or sad, take a trip to the music room, to the Bible and you will find sweet rest.

Perhaps you don't feel just exactly like going to the music room. May be you would like to pass on very rapidly to the business office of the Proverbs that were written under the inspiration of the Spirit of God by the wisest man that ever lived. There in the office room of

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Proverbs, I will hear the quick sharp business-like orders that are being dispatched. I don't like business very much, but I love to take a trip through this business office once in a while. It makes us all feel sharpened for the necessities of the day and brightened in every respect.

"Well," you say, "Sister, what is the next room in this beautiful Temple?"

You have only to turn a page and I am sure you will come to another room that you will love. It is known as the chapel of the Ecclesiastes, a beautiful chapter where the sound of the voice of the creature is heard. As you step into Ecclesiastes, here is a little vaulted roof cloistered and set with jewels on every side. There are arches and pillars and porticos and windows that are all ablaze with gems and shining. And the voice of the preacher is speaking through the chapters of Ecclesiastes.

Perhaps, however, you feel like moving on to the conservatory. You have only to open another door and you are in the conservatory of song, which is known as the Song of Solomon. This conservatory of song is the most splendid that any man or woman can ever enter of its kind. It is fragrant with perfume. The Rose of Sharon is permeated with the beauty of the lily of the valley. I for one, often like to sit for a little while in this conservatory of song, and I have heard some of those songs sung over and over in my heart, until I think that I could repeat whole chapters because I love it so.

Take for instance, that beautiful chapter of the conservatory of song that we all love so dearly, where our Lord is depicted as the Rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley, the fairest of ten thousand to our hearts.

Maybe you feel like moving on, however. It is such a big temple and so much to see, I wish we would stay a little longer. We are living in a period of such a hustle and such a rush in this century, that we are like a tourist.

And at last we move from room to room, turning another page, we are entered immediately into the observatory of the prophets. Beginning with the major prophets, it shall run through to the last of

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the minor prophets, Malachi.

This is a great observatory. Maybe you have been to the Lincoln Observatory. Maybe you have been to the Lick Observatory. Maybe you have been up to Mt. Wilson and looked through the great telescope. If you are interested in things like that, take a trip to the Observatory of the prophets. You will find there all manner of telescopes, both small and long; close distance and reflected at the mirror, you will see the things that are to come. These telescopes in the Observatory of the prophets will show you many, many stars. They will point out the rise and the fall of the nations. They will picture to you, for instance, the Jewish race through their disaster, through the dispersion and bringing them back again, and though they show you many stars, the Observatory of the prophets will point out to you one main star of beauty, which is known as the Star of the Morning. O, I am so glad that I ever saw that star. Have you seen it? If not, will you please step into the observatory and look through the telescope and there you will have a wonderful glimpse of the bright and Morning Star. O, I am so glad that I have had a glimpse of Him, My Lord.

Leaving the Observatory of the major and minor prophets, you will open another door and you will find yourself entering the audience chamber of the King himself. In the audience chamber of the king you will be favored by four masterful views of the King, given you from the four quarters, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. It is indeed an audience chamber, for here you hear the voice of the King himself. And as the king speaks those marvelous beatitudes, your heart will melt and warm and glow within you, as you hear him reading or speaking to you, "Blessed, blessed, blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed are the peacemakers. Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness." I am glad that I have entered the audience chamber of the king.

One day he held his hands out to me as I stood in that audience chamber and he said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and I gave him my heart. One day as I stood in that audience chamber, he said to me, "Follow me and I will

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make you fishers of men,” and I followed him. One day as I stood in the audience chamber of the king of the four gospels, viewing him in his beauty, he said to me, “Lift up your eyes and look. The fields are white unto the harvest. The laborers are few,” and I said to the king, “Thrust me forth. Let me be a laborer, Lord. I am nothing but a little woman, but I give you my heart; my life. At best I am only a broken empty little vessel, but if you can use me, Master, I am yours.”

The audience chamber of the king. O, the blessedness of it all. And once He said to me, “Lo, child, I am with you even unto the end of the world.” And once He said to me, “Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high and go out and preach my Gospel and I will work with you, confirming signs following.” The things the king has said to me as I stood in his audience chamber, they are too sweet for mortal understanding. Have you been in the audience chamber yet? If not, make your way there today.

Passing out to the next room rapidly, for it is such a big temple, we must not linger long at any one room. Next we come to what is known as the executive chamber of the books of the Acts of the Holy Spirit. Here things are being carried out. We have had a theory. We have been told how it ought to work, but the moment we enter the executive office, we are in the place where the typewriters are clicking and where people are running hither and yon and where there is action.

And it is such a big temple whichever way you want to go. If you want to be rested, go to the music room. If you want to be refreshed, make your way to the Psalms. If you want to study, make your way to the observatory. If you want business, make your way to the executive room.

Here it is bristling with work and quick orders are given, orders are carried out—Action.

In the second chapter of Acts, one man preached the message and 3,000 souls were born into the kingdom. From start to finish, it is indeed an executive chamber. Perhaps you would like to move over a little farther. You leave this temple of truth, which is the Word of God, and if you do, you will immediately be entered into the

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correspondence room. Here you will see many men writing. Among them you will see the apostle Peter and the Apostle Paul, and there you will see James and Jude all sitting at various desks and writing letters, the epistles. Did you ever get one of these letters? I am glad I have had several and they came to me and I applied them to my own heart and was greatly blessed by the correspondence room of the Bible.

Stepping over a little farther, you come to the throne room itself, which is known to many of our hearts. The throne room is all resplendent with the glories of Revelations. A hasty tour in and out through the arches and the columns and the pillars of the throne room, and we are left gasping with the beauty and the glory of it all and which fairly over awes us. One can only stay about so long in the throne room and then ones' heart is filled. It is like standing and looking at the noon-day sun. You can look for a little while. It is so dazzling, you are glad to look away at the green fields and valleys round about you. And so in the throne room in Revelation, we get a glimpse of the glory that is to be revealed in the coming day. There in the throne room, we see the gates of gold and pearl.

I will never forget when I was going round the world. We had gone around the Bay of Biscay, around the Rock of Gibraltar and seen the waves dashing against its iron sides. We had been told how underneath this rock, the caves had been dug and down there were fortresses.

We sailed through the Mediterranean, down through the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, and then we put into port. One of the parts we called at was known as Malta. When I realized where Paul was shipwrecked, was anxious to see this, for all this, you know, was sacred ground. We made our way to a church. I presume if any of you have visited in Malta you have seen it.

The guide pointed out various things of interest, but nothing like this throne room. As you enter the throne room, you lift up your eyes and look at the ceiling. Did you ever see work like that in your life? No, I hadn't. I have been through Westminster Abbey, Paul's cathedral, but never had seen anything like this ceiling. The painter

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went through the pains of the smallest details, though no one had ever been there to see it. He had done it as unto the Lord. The guide took me to an ante room. The gates of silver, the gates of gold and he told how Napoleon had had these at one time, and how to avoid having them stolen, he had painted them with black paint to hide the beauty, but in that church was nothing like this view as I enter the throne of the Bible.

First, I am met by the 12 massive gates, each composed of a solid pearl. I look at the streets of the City and they are agleam and glisten beneath the light that never fails. In the throne room. I listen and I catch the sparkling flowing of the fountain. It is the fountain that flows by the throne of God. I look and over yonder, I see a tree in the throne room, which is known as the tree of life, and in the throne room, I hear music more beautiful than any music the Angelus pipe organ is able to produce. It is rushing, lilting, glowing, mellow. And as I listen to the music, the music of the great organs of heaven, of harps, of the timbrel, the silver trumpets of prophecy are sounding through the throne room.

I listen, and I hear the voices of the angel choir singing. I listen, and through the throne room I hear the voice of the four and twenty elders as they fall before the throne. They are saying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord. Worthy, Worthy, Worthy, is the Lamb," and my head is bowed unto the solemnity, the dignity and the wonder of it all.

In the throne room, I look and I catch the glimpse of a little band of angels, cherubims and seraphims. I look and then my eyes grow soft for I see the bands of little children playing on the streets and singing by the Jasper sea, but in the throne room, the center piece is the throne of God. O, it is so bright you cannot look to see it all, because it dazzles you so. Glasses dark enough to really get a good look, it is so wonderful and dazzling and our minds so little, but I think perhaps that that throne room is laid out like the city of Washington, D. C. I think, I am not sure, but I wouldn't be surprised if it weren't just like it. The Capitol is in the middle of the City and all the streets run into a center point and every street views the Capitol. And the throne will be laid like that. So every one of us can live in our

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own mansion, but when we step out, we can all see the throne and the glory of Him who sits thereon.

I have gazed upon the king of England and of other Monarchs. I have looked down upon the crown jewels, have stood outside the gates of Buckingham Palace and have looked upon royalty, but they are nothing as compared to the glory that I see revealed in the face of my king, Immanuel.

As I gaze upon him who sits upon this throne of Revelation, His face is prettier than the morning sun, his voice is sweeter than the rushing of the waters; His hands are as tender as a mother's hands as she touches the bonnie brae upon her breast; as she strokes the hair of her sleeping baby. And yet His hands are so strong, He can pick up the world and weigh the mountains in the balance and the sea in the palm of His hand. And O within my heart there dawns a new a fresh desire to enter there some day, washed in the blood of the Lamb. May you, by his cleansing divine, put upon the robes of his righteousness that you may dwell with him forever in the city of our God.

This evening, we had such a long baptismal service, that I only left myself some twenty minutes, and I have only taken you through a very hasty trip through the temple, which is the Word of God, But I wonder whether you love it and whether you wouldn't like to go home and become thoroughly acquainted with its contents. As you walk through it, no matter how many years you study it, you will always comprehend some new beauty, some more glorious character of the builder of this temple, which is God.

The Axe Did Swim



*Thursday Evening
April 10, 1924*



OUR MESSAGE THIS evening is found in the 6th chapter of Second Kings. The Bible is indeed for us who believe, the Sword of the Spirit.

“And the sons of the prophets said unto Elijah, Behold now the place where we dwell with thee is too straight for us. Let us go, we pray thee, unto Jordan and take thence every man a beam, let us make a place there where we may dwell. And he answered, Go ye. And one said, Be content, I pray thee, and go with thy servants. And he answered, I will go.”

“So he went with them and when they came to Jordan they cut down wood, and as one was felling a beam, his axe-head fell into the water and he cried and said, Alas, Master, for it was borrowed! And the man of God said, Where fell it? And he showed him the place. Then the man of God cut down a stick and he cast the stick into the water and the iron did swim. Therefore said he, Take it up to thee. And he put out his hand and took it.”

One may say: “Why, Sister, I wonder why a story like that is put in the Bible? Why, I should think that space would be of such inestimable value in the Book that they couldn’t afford to put a little happening like the head of an axe falling off the handle and going down into the water, in the Good Book.”

But, beloved, this Book and every story and line in it is fraught with deepest significance and the glorious story of redemption.

In the story that we have just been reading there is the story of the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. The hunger and the need of Him

that was felt in the hearts of the people, the multitudes thronging Him and going out after Him, the activities and the work of the church, as building a great and a mighty temple unto the Lord; the wandering away of prodigal sons, the losing of experiences here and there in the waters of death and sin; the death of our Lord Jesus Christ, His coming into the waters of humanity, His touching poor, sin-benighted lives, His redeeming power, His lifting power, and, Glory to Jesus, the triumph of them who trust in Him. Also between the lines of this story I read of the second coming of Jesus Christ and the final reward of the faithful, so intricately and delicately can the Lord weave the story of redemption upon the shiny looms of His Word.

“The sons of the prophets said to Elijah “—Oh, and indeed so we would say to Jesus, “Let us go to a greater place, up to a place of breadth and height and service. We are straightened here, we are cramped here, there is no place for service or for building the house unto the Lord. Let us go forth to a larger sphere.” And he answered, “Go ye. But they said, Master, we cannot go without you. Go with us. And he answered, I will go.”

I am so glad that I ever moved out into the large, broad place of service. I think it must be a terrible thing to live always in the place that is too straight for us, to live in the place where we are cramped and straightened in ourselves, where we are selfish and self-centered, and can only see one little immediate chalk-line circle round about us. It is a wonderful thing to have become a follower of the Lord. Then He leads us out into the broad, wide, glorious places of life, and it is there, that we can serve Him, win souls and do our part to add to that spiritual building which is being erected without hands.

“I will go!” Has the Saviour gone with you? Does He walk by your side? Does He reign in your heart? Does He sit upon the citadel of the throne of your life? Does He sway His own dear scepter over your thoughts, your ambitions, and your activities? “I will go with you.” So he went with them, and when they came to Jordan they cut down wood. ‘Twas there they were going to build a place of worship unto the Lord, and a place of habitation. Oh, I am so glad the Lord has ever given us an axe where we, too, may cut down wood.

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I believe He has given me an axe, and I am sure He has given you one—an axe that is sharp, an axe of a personal experience. I know that the Lord Jesus Christ is my Saviour. I think it is a wonderful thing to have all the other additions, the saw-mills, and all the quick ways of cutting down wood and building for our Lord Jesus Christ! It is wonderful to have college training and seminaries and degrees and B.A.'s. and D.D's., and everything after our name; but, do you know, if I could not have both, I would rather have that little, sharp axe-head, a personal experience—really to know in whom I have believed, to have the assurance that He is mine and I am his—than to have all the rest of it in the world without that knowledge. Have you the assurance? Have you that axe with you that you may go out to win other souls for Jesus and build for Him, a house., a habitation? We read that as one man was felling a beam—oh, that was an active man; these were active lives! I can see out yonder the axe gleaming and glistening for a moment in the sunlight, falling upon the great trees blow upon blow.

Many is the time I have watched my father cut down our giant trees in the Canadian sugar bush and in our forests. Many is the time I have heard them crash down; and I have ridden on the lumber wagon with the logs and helped father drive the teams, and have taken them up to our sawmill and I have ridden the horse round and round to keep that sawmill going, as we sent the beautiful logs through, and brought them out into lumber and material that can be used for building.

Praise God! every now and then in the Christian life we are getting some trees cut down for Jesus Christ. Great, beautiful lives are now being laid at the Master's feet for service—lives that would have been useless, that would have just grown on, as this man, for instance, 104 years old, as he tells us, it was just last Sunday he knelt and gave his heart to Jesus Christ. What a pity to grow like that! I would rather be cut down, laid at his feet, and put into a spiritual building, a habitation for Him.

Axes were flying, chips were, flying, trees were being laid low, it was a busy scene. Everybody was working for God and the man of God was in their midst. Suddenly there came a great cry of despair,

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for as one man was felling a tree his axe-head fell into the water. Ah! I wonder how many there are here tonight who have lost your axe-head. I wonder how many have lost your bright, keen-edged experience, your bright, keen-edged, sharp testimony that could go out and lay low things that the Lord could use so gloriously and draw people to His feet, whom He could put into His building. I think many of us have lost the axe-head, lost our experience, lost our first love. Some of us are lost in trespasses and sin, and it is best to lose the axe-head of one's experience while felling trees and while working for the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe, that even a preacher can lose his or her experience, and yet be busy cutting down trees all the time. You and I must each one take time to pray, take time to wait upon God, take time to study His word, take time to be holy. Oh, that is one thing that it seems, as the days go by more and more I am learning to shut myself away with my Lord and pray. I think that everything else that we might do would fail without that secret of prayer.

But this man lost his axe-head. In his hands he had left an axe handle, he had just the wooden handle, but the axe head was gone. I wonder how many there are here tonight who have the handle left, and that is about all. You have a name, that you bear, but you are dead. You have a profession, but so little possession. We have our name on the church roll—

“Oh, yes, I am a church member; been a church member for years.”

Uh-huh; but where is your axe-head? You have got your handle all right, you have got the name of it, the name that you live, but you're dead. Dear Lord, if anybody has lost an axe-head tonight of a real, sharp, clear-cut personal experience, have lost that love and activity for Christ, help us to get it back, dear Lord.

But this man that lost it—anybody might do that. “Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. Don't push down the needy one, don't criticize them; pray for them, give them a helping hand. You don't know when you may stumble unless you keep your eyes on Jesus. Peter was walking along pretty good, on the waves as long as he kept his eyes on Jesus, but when he took his eyes off Jesus he fell, and when

he went down, he went down in a hurry. And there is none of us who are strong; none can live a godly life alone. We must each be dependent upon the Saviour, moment by moment, day by day. I have life tonight, you have life; yet just let someone for a moment shut off our breath, how many seconds would it be until we were gone? We have to keep breathing to remain alive. We scarcely realize we are doing it, but our chests rise and fall, our lungs fill with God's beautiful fresh air. We must keep breathing to live; so we must keep praying if we would keep the axe-head of real experience and continue to work privately for the Lord Jesus Christ.

When the man lost the axe-head, he did the very wisest thing he possibly could have done: he suddenly cried out and said, "Alas! Master, for it was borrowed." Alas! Master, once I had that sharp axe, once I could lay low the mighty timbers to be employed in the building of Thy house, but, Lord. I have lost it.

Oh, if we have lost it, let us admit it! Don't let us try to cover it up and say, like Samson, "I will go out as at other times and shake myself." You can't cut down trees with an axe handle, you must get the real axe of a Holy Ghost experience in your life if you are going to do any real cutting down of timbers for the spiritual house of God. And if we have lost it, if you ever lose it, confess it; don't try to cover it up.

"Alas, Master, for it was borrowed!" Why, we are not our own; we are bought with a price. I said to a man some time ago:

"Brother, will you not give your heart, your soul, to Christ?"

"Oh," he said. "No Sister; I belong to myself and it is my soul, it is my experience, and if I am lost, why that is my lookout, it is my soul that is lost."

I said, "Oh, brother, you are mistaken. It is not yours. It is, borrowed. The Lord has just given you the breath of life, and some day it will return again. He has just loaned you that spirit and some day it will depart again."

"Alas, it is borrowed!" Let us just get back that which is lost and our first love. So we read that immediately he confessed his loss, that it was borrowed, that it was not his own, it was bought with a price. And

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the man of God said, "Where fell it?" That is the thing the Lord will always ask us if we lose out anywhere, "Where fell it?" "Oh, Lord, I lost my real Hallelujah!" "Well, where fell it? What was the cause of your losing it?" And then the Lord puts His finger right on the spot where we fell. "Oh, Lord, I have lost my Amen. I used to have such a real Amen and it used to come from the depths of my heart. Now when I try to force one, it just sounds like a little old tin pan. Lord, I want my Amen back again." "Well, where fell it? Where did you lose it?"

Oh, Lord, I have lost my testimony! I used to be able to get up and say, "The Lord Jesus Christ is my personal Saviour and His blood cleanseth me now from all sin. Oh, Lord, I have lost my testimony, and all that I can say is forty years ago was saved. Forty years ago He met me down in a meadow behind the old pine stump and saved me as I had been plowing that day." Yes, forty years ago we had an axe-head; forty years ago we had a real, personal, definite, up to the minute experience, but where fell it? Dear Lord, help us get it again tonight.

"I used to have such a love for souls, but I have lost it."

Where fell it?

"I used to get along so well; I was a victor all along the line; and now, now I have lost it."

Well, what happened to you? Where fell it? Where did you lose it? I believe that nine times out of ten we could trace back the losing to certain definite places. We lose out through the lack of prayer primarily. You must get alone with God, you must get in the secret chamber and close your door and pour your heart out to Him if you would keep that blessed experience. We lose out from a lack of real Bible study. It isn't enough even to have the minister bring you a chapter here and there and enlarge upon it, bring you treasures which the Lord has given Him. Don't be satisfied with getting it second-hand only, but get something yourself, get the Word of God and hide it in your heart, then when you are in trouble and when you are in danger that Word rises up and you overcome by His Word.

Where fell it?

"Oh, I used to be so happy, but,"

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Well, where fell it? I think lots of people fall or lose their experience through criticism, don't you? You know it is just about the easiest thing in the world to lose the axe-head of joy and victory through our tongue. Just the little things we say, the little sharp things, the foolish things, the jests, the whispers, the gossip, the criticism.

"Well, I know, but it is so."

Well, what if it is so, don't tell it. Pray, look to God and pray for that loved one. You don't know when you may fall and need someone to pray for you, unless, you walk very closely to Jesus. Oh, let us have no criticism, let us be true one with another, let us be forgiving, let us be loving, and if ever we see one overtaken in a fault, let us go to him with a smile and a great, hearty hand-clasp, and say,

"Well, Brother, you have had a hard time of it, haven't you? God bless you! Now, we are going to get down and pray this thing through. The Lord loves you."

That is the way I would like to have people do to me, and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

Where fell it? And he showed him the place. Show the Lord the place, if you know it, and then that is the way to conquer. When he showed him the place we read that that holy man of God cut down a branch and he cast it in. Beloved, do you know who that branch is? He is the Branch, he is the Root and the Offspring of David. Hallelujah! it is the Son of the living God. He is that Branch that has been cut down from the Tree of Life up yonder in the Glory World, and his dear life was cast in upon the waters of sin and death and sorrow and destruction.

Now, you know when the axe-head touched the water, it sank; immediately it went to the bottom. It was perfectly natural for the axe-head to sink. And if you and I are separated from Jesus Christ, our experience will sink just that quick. But it was natural for the branch, for the stick, to swim on top, perfectly unnatural for it to sink. And so, when our Jesus came, it was natural that He should swim on the top, as it were. He was sinless, He was stainless. It was natural for us to sink to the bottom, for we are prone to sin. "The heart is deceitful and

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desperately wicked.” But a miracle was performed: here is the axe-head on the bottom of the river, here is the branch up on top; a miracle was performed and that branch came down through the water, down, down, down. He that was sinless and knew no sin condescended to come to the depths for us and to die for us. The moment that branch, the moment that piece of wood touched the axe-head, that moment the axe-head was lifted. “Love lifted me.” That axe-head could never have raised itself, but the moment the branch touched it, Glory to God! it swam on the top.

Not only can the Lord lift you out of sin and get you afloat, but He can make you a swimmer too. He can get us to the place where we need not only to be treading waters to keep afloat, afraid every moment we are going to sink, but, He can get us to that victorious place where we can help win others. to the Lord Jesus Christ. How long will it swim? As long as it keeps in contact with that branch. The moment they become separated, down goes the axe-head again. But as long as you keep in touch with Jesus. Christ, as long as the touch of His hand is upon you, as long as His dear life has touched your life and you cling to Him, you shall overcome. Wind and waves and waters, no matter what it is, the power of gravity has lost its hold and we can rise above it all, conquering and triumphant—yes, more than conqueror through Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

“The axe did swim,” and the man of God said to him: “Put forth your hand and take it unto you,” and he put forth his hand and took it. I believe that some of these days my Lord is coming back again, don’t you? And some of these days He is going to put forth His hand and He is going to take the overcomers, the victors, and those who have trusted in Him—He is going to take us to Himself, and we will live and reign with Him, forever. Amen!

Dear Lord Jesus, we praise you that Faith is the victory that overcomes the world. Humbly we confess our weakness and our frailty and our utter dependence upon Thee. Give us a heart like Thine. Make us conquerors, O Lord, through Thine own Self, we ask. Amen!

The Channel of God



Sunday Morning
April 13, 1924



CHANNEL! A CHANNEL! Every one of us in this building this morning are channels. The sinner is a channel; the saint is a channel. Little boys and little girls, you are channels, too. And we are either a channel of blessing or we are just the opposite. We are either conveying to people life, hope, godliness, salvation, and radiant cheer; or conveying unbelief, bad example, sin, worldliness, and discouragement. Which sort of a channel are you? Lord, make us a channel of blessing today!

This old world is thirsty for the living water. If you don't believe it, come around Angelus Temple for a week or two; stand in the lobbies; meet the people as they come with a strange, tense look on their faces, longing for help, deliverance, and something to satisfy. If you have any doubts on the matter that the world is thirsty for living water, you would but have to answer our telephone for a little while. We have four telephones and they are kept busy day and night.

"Will you pray for my little boy?"

"Please pray for a brother who is in trouble."

"I am so discouraged! Will you pray for me?"

"Sister, is there anybody you can send to my house?"

"But, my dear, the meeting is over:"

"Couldn't you come?"

"I would love to, but it is one o'clock Sunday morning and I owe it to my congregation to be fresh and radiant in the pulpit."

"Is there anybody else?"

"Why, yes, maybe we can find somebody."

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“What about the Watch Tower?”

“Yes, there is the Watch Tower: There may be two or three keeping watch and one of them could go. Wait a minute; I’ll see.”

My secretary went into the Watch Tower and found three men in prayer for the meetings. When others are fast asleep at night, Angelus Temple is awake. When your eyes close in sleep, somebody in Angelus Temple is praying, “O Lord, bless this city and the needy hearts.”

“Hello! Why we will send two brothers out right away.”

“Thank you!” And two of the men, who were keeping watch, were sent to pray with this other brother.

“Sister McPherson, can you do this? Angelus Temple, can you do that? Would you pray for me, for my uncle, for Dick, Harry, and Mary?” Poor old world! You are just as thirsty, and hot, and tired, and dusty as you can be. Poor old world, under your load of sin and distress! What you need is the gushing, flowing, crystal streams and rivers of blessing that flow from the Throne of God.

Knowing that this old world is thirsty, knowing that sinners are longing for the message (some of them don’t know they are longing for it, but they are just the same), we turn to the Word of God and read some of His glorious promises that never fail. We read that God has a reservoir and that heaven is full. Have you ever been up in the mountains and seen a reservoir in the hills, where men have built a dam—and sometimes it is a natural reservoir? All the snow and ice melt and flow down the mountain. As you look upon it, you say, “How glorious!” Up here in the highlands there is no soot, no grime, or anything to mar or spoil the crystal streams—the life giving waters.

Away down yonder is the desert—the Arizona Desert, the California Desert. What are we going to do? Something is needed! What is needed? A channel! The Lord has done everything else for us. He has given the ground and the water in the mountains, and all we need to do is make a channel.

It is something like that in the spiritual life. Away up in the mountain peaks, the summits of glory, there are the waters—the great lake that shines beneath the sunlight of His smile. And down here is

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the desert of the world—the parched, bleak wilderness of the world. And all that is needed is a channel. The Lord declares He will make us that channel.

Jesus said, “I am the Light of the world, the Water of life, the Bread of life.” And how the hungry, thirsty multitude followed him to the mountains and deserts, and He gave them the water of life that quenched their thirst. He said to the woman at the well, “If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given you living water.” During the days of Moses and the wandering of the children of Israel in the wilderness, there was no water so the Lord told Moses to strike a rock and that water would come forth, but now the Lord expects you and me to be channels of blessing.

In the olden days the Lord used to walk and talk with His people visibly—in the Garden of Eden He walked and talked with Adam; in Moses’ day He appeared to him in glory; in the days of His birth

He appeared in the flesh. But He said, “Children, I am going away—I am going to ascend to my Father’s home and I want you to be a channel of blessing to the children of the world. Listen to His words: “I will be within you a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” O Lord, put that well of water in my life today! Have you that well of water? If not, get it today. The world is thirsting and waiting for the blessing that you alone can bring.

Oh, if the angels could preach the Gospel! If the Lord should say, “Angels, I want you to get ready to preach the Gospel. Angels, I want you to go to Benares, India, where the people worship the sacred waters. Angels, I want you to be over in darkened Africa in a minute and tell them the story of life eternal. Angels, I want you to speed away to China and there preach the Word.” Why heaven would be empty in a minute! In about a half a second you would almost be deafened with the sound of fluttering wings; the streets of our city would be glistening and aglow. Oh, wouldn’t it be wonderful! There would be an angel on this platform who would say to me, “Little lady, you sit down now and I will preach. Altar workers, you aren’t needed any more. Sunday School teachers, we will teach your children.”

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But the Lord hasn't given to angels this privilege. It is too beautiful a privilege. And I am so glad He didn't give it to them! If He had, where would you and I come in? How would I ever have a crown of glory? (Not that I want to wear the crown—I just want it so that I may lay it at the precious feet of my Saviour). How would I ever have sheaves to carry? The Lord didn't say, "Angels, you can be channels." Oh, no. He has left it for you and me! He has said "My son, my daughter, you can be channels of blessing—take the glory of Christ Jesus with you everywhere."

"But, Sister McPherson, I can't come to church all the time. I am sorry but I have to work." Well, that is too bad but—they need a blessing in your shop or office. That is a place I can't go. Therefore, in the place where you work, there are dry hearts and you are needed as a channel right there.

My brother, my sister, what sort of a channel are you? "I shall be within you a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Before you can be a channel of blessing, you must yourself get the water of life. If you are an old, dry well, you will never get a blessing that way. You must have water in your well. Some people have something in their well but it is not always water. They have gossiping, criticism, malice, fault finding—everything but real water.

One time my father was going to dig a well back in the field. I used to water the horses, and he thought it would be easier for me to have a well in the field. I went to help him dig the well, and he was digging and digging until he got down where the ground was over his head, but there was no water. The next morning Daddy came into my room and said, "Aimee, the well is full and running over." "You don't mean it, Daddy?" "It is I tell you." "Running over?" "Yes, running over." "Daddy, I have never seen a well running over. Is it an artesian well?" "Come and see."

So I dressed hurriedly and went to see the well. There was no water in it at all: But down in the bottom of this well was a pole-cat. I had never seen one before, and said, "What a pretty little puppy that is! I would like to take it home." My father said, "We have to get it out of there because I have to finish digging the well, and I can't dig with

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him down there.” “How are you going to get him out, Daddy? The poor little thing!” A little water had come into the well and the pole-cat was standing on the last piece of dry ground. “Daddy, get him out before he drowns. Hurry!” “I will.”

So my father got a long stick and a box, then went after the pole-cat. I watched him for a while then went far away and leaned up against a tree. Daddy kept on fishing and said, “Aimee, if you ever prayed in your life, pray for me.” Well, he got the pole-cat out all right, and we went back home. I said to my mother, “Mother, I am going to school now.” “Aimee! where have you been? What is the matter with you? Jim, where have you had Aimee?” “Out in the field.” The end of it was—we had to do everything to get rid of the odor. Perfume wouldn’t kill it. I can see my father now standing over a fire trying to smudge it off.”

There are some people just like that channel—gossips, critics. They are wells all right, but not of living water. They are a well of criticism instead of a well of the loving perfume of the Lily of the Valley and the Rose of Sharon. Are you a well this morning? Not a well of fault finding, misery, strife, vindication but, “I will be within you a well of water springing up into everlasting life.”

Some of us are wells but dry ones—maybe a little bit of water down in the bottom. You have to put down a bucket to draw it up, or maybe pump it. I remember one well we had on the farm that we had to prime before we could get any water out. Some people are like that. If asked to give a testimony, teach a Sunday School Class, they can’t do it because they are not flowing channels. Let us get the water in our hearts—a well of water swelling up and flowing out.

“Out of your innermost being shall flow rivers of living water.” “How is that a channel,” someone asks. Because a channel, you know, is a conductor or a long passageway that carries the water from one given point to another. Before we can send out water, we must ourselves be filled with that water. There is only one way to be a channel of blessing—that is to be empty. If we are a channel that is stuffed up with sin, pride, selfishness, tobacco, card playing, dancing, merry making, the Lord can never flow through us in a stream of

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blessing.

First we must be born again, cleansed, empty, purged until we are yielded of heart. The next thing—the Lord will lift that channel until one end is pressed against the Father’s Throne from whence the water flows; He will lay the other end just where He sees the water is needed most. “Oh, Sister McPherson, I wish I didn’t live in the desert. If I could only live in Angelus Temple!” But—perhaps the Lord put you out in the desert to be a channel; maybe there are hearts who need the Gospel. “But, Sister, it is like this, I live among a lot of ranchers and, as far as I know, there is not a Christian among them. I just yearn for Christian companionship. It is so dry, and nobody saved.” Ah-Ah! you are a channel, and you are in the place God wants you. All you need to be is empty, clean, and yielded. Be sure the other end is at the Father’s Throne then stay and let the water pour out where it is needed most.

“I know but, Sister, I live back in Texas and we have the driest church there—dry as dust. Sometime the minister preaches a whole sermon without anybody saying ‘Amen.’ A whole day will go by without anybody being saved.” I know it is hard to keep the victory there, but if you can do it and have a place where you can speak and let the waters flow, I believe the Lord can make this desert a glorious garden. “I will be within you a well of water springing up into everlasting life.” Lord, give us the rivers that flow this morning.

You know, a flowing river—I don’t know how it impresses you, but when I see a river I seem to see a body that flows continuously, easy with a full, free flow. My brother, have you that river in your heart this morning?

“Out of your innermost being shall flow rivers of living water.” I am so glad it is not “Out of your head.” It is not out of intellect, and books, but out of your innermost being. Glory to God! Some people have all their knowledge of Christian preaching and teaching from their shoulders up, but we need it from our shoulders down. “Out of your innermost being shall flow rivers of living water.”

And there you are, “living waters.” If we are going to be a channel, we need living waters and not dead waters. The Dead Sea has dead water, and wherever the Dead Sea goes everything dies. I wonder if

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we are that way—blighting by discouragement. No matter how good you feel, when a person comes around with a long, sad face, before they leave you are blue. “It is a fine day, isn’t it?” “Yes, but the paper says it’s going to rain before long.” “Praise the Lord! That was a fine meeting, wasn’t it?” “Yes, but Brother So and So was there and you know what he did.” “Well, business is fine; everything talked up.” “Oh, I don’t know. This is presidential year. It’s always like that and then it takes a fall.” “Real estate business is doing fine; everything is picking up. Going to be the New York of the western coast.” “Yes, real estate is great, but it is going to drop. The bottom is going to fall out.” “Well, brother, you had a wonderful healing. The Lord certainly did touch you. Think how thin you used to be:” “Yes, but I don’t know—my throat is a little sore.” But—but! I wonder how many people are Dead Seas.

Some folks are just like a bottle of bluing—makes everything blue, and bluing is hard to get out. I remember washing my father’s hair. It was turning white and had a kind of yellow tinge. I used to sit and run my fingers through it. “Daddy, I wish your hair was nice and white. Don’t you want me to wash your hair today? It looks dirty.” “All right—go ahead.” Mother was downtown. I got out the bucket, heated the water, and began to wash father’s hair. I soaped it and soaped it, and was getting along fine. Now I had seen my mother put bluing in the water when the clothes looked yellow, so I thought it would be fine to blue my father’s hair. I got the bottle of bluing and poured it on his hair. As I rubbed his hair it kept getting bluer and bluer. I put lots of soap on it and rinsed it with water—bucketsful after bucketsful—then I got scared. Daddy asked, “Aren’t you almost through?” “Yes, Daddy, keep your eyes shut. It won’t be long now.” I kept putting on the soap, but daddy wouldn’t stand for it any longer. “Daddy, wait until I rinse it then I’ll be through.” I got some lemons, thinking that would take the bluing out, and before I finished I turned the looking glass the other way so Daddy wouldn’t look in it. “That feels fine: Thank you. It’s nice and dry. Where’s the glass?” He took a look in that glass. My father was frozen and couldn’t move for a minute—the bluing was in his hair and had run down into his

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whiskers.

I think some people are channels but they are bluing channels, and, instead of being wells of living water, they are rivers of bluing. Everywhere they go they make folks feel blue and discouraged because of their own lack of faith, trust, and confidence.

In Isaiah 44:3 we read: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground." How is the Lord going to do it? Through you and me! Do you know that the Christian is practically the only Bible the sinner has? The sinner isn't interested in the church; he isn't looking at the Bible or at Christ, but he is interested in you and me. They are watching us, and the Lord is going to make us channels if we will let Him. "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."

You know, the Panama Canal is a channel. What a time they had to dig that channel! Sister McPherson, I am not the channel that I should be. My life is so, empty. I am not testifying as I should. How can I become a channel?" Just like the Panama Canal became a channel, there must be some digging. First they got in big machines and started to dig out sand, rock, and debris, digging from both ends. "Oh, I don't think the water is ever going to flow through this channel!" Keep believing; keep digging. "But I haven't the baptism of the Holy Spirit or the rivers of spiritual blessing." Keep digging. If you haven't the blessing, perhaps there is something in your life that the Lord wants to excavate—pride, selfishness, unbelief, discouragement. Keep believing. There was much discussion just before the gates of the Panama Canal were open. Some people said that it would destroy the city; that God didn't mean for it to be that way. And that is the way they will talk about you if you get the baptism of the Holy Spirit. But when the waters came—nothing happened but a beautiful channel was formed and ships and cargoes went up and down. However, they have a hard time to keep the Panama Canal clear—the banks cave in and they have to clear it out. My brother, my sister, I believe there are things that cave in in our channels. Do you ever have discouragement, fears, overwhelming circumstances? Let's keep digging until we are a thoroughly yielded channel. And then, it can be said of us as we read

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in Ezekiel 47:8-12:

“These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea: which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed. And it shall come to pass, that everything that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed; and everything shall live whither the river cometh. And it shall come to pass, that the fishers shall stand upon it from En-ge-di even unto En-eglaim they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many. But the miry places thereof and the marshes thereof shall not be healed; they shall be given to salt. And by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary: and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.”

God make us a channel today!

Sometime ago I was driving over a certain section of the country and I saw some large black pipes along the road for miles. I wondered if they were sewer pipes. “Surely they don’t put them on top of the ground.” So I asked a man what the pipes were for and he replied, “Why that is for oil; they are tanks that carry the oil from place to place.” “I thought they carried it on trucks.” “No, this is the cheapest way. Oil runs downhill for miles.”

O Lord, make us not only channels of salvation waters but of Holy Spirit oil! Hallelujah! I believe He is going to do it.

A Trip Through the Temple of the Word



Sunday Afternoon
April 13, 1924



HIS AFTERNOON WE are speaking on the Word of God as a beautiful temple—a Temple of Truth, Grace, and Mercy. I pray that to every heart there may come a wonderful blessing this afternoon. I suppose that everyone of us would agree that there is just one special place to turn for our text. What is the longest chapter in the Bible? Psalm 119. How many verses has it? One hundred and seventy-six. What is the name of this chapter? The Word of God.

“Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart. Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee. Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes. I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word. Deal bountifully with thy servant, that I may live, and keep thy word. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. I am a stranger in the earth: hide not thy commandments from me. Princes also did sit and speak against me: but thy servant did meditate in thy statutes.”

The wonderful thing about having the Bible in your heart is that you can speak to kings, rulers, governors, The Chamber of Commerce, or before clubs. Why? Because the glory of God is in your heart. You never could stand up alone. “I” am unworthy, but it is not the case of “I” but the King. We are nothing but He is all and in all. People don’t want to see us, but Jesus. All we need to do is get out of sight, hide behind the Cross and lift up Jesus.

I wonder why it is that the crowds come here through rain or

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shine. “Well, it is to see the Temple.” Oh, no! Sightseers would come once like we go to Westminster Abbey or the great Art Gallery and then go out. But here it is more than that.

“They come here to hear some person speak.” No, they don’t. Then why do they come? Because the Bible is true and it says, “I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.” And this old world is hungry for the Gospel of Jesus Christ and a glimpse of Him who is altogether lovely, the Light that lights darkened paths.

“I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed.” Oh, I might read on and on and on, but this is just a sample of the glory of the Word of God.

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.” Has it ever been that to you?

Thy Word, O Lord, is as a glorious Temple—an ivory palace! It is as such that I would have you behold the Word of God this afternoon.

I think many of us revered the Bible before we were converted. There is not another book like it, it is the Book. If we walk into any church or community and say, “Give me the Book,” nobody would ask, “What book are you talking about?” This is the Book. No matter how many books you have read, if you have not read this Book your education isn’t complete. No matter how many colleges, academies, or theological seminaries you may have attended, if you don’t know the Book you are not educated. You may be a doctor, lawyer, politician or king, but your education is incomplete if you don’t know the Book.

The Book has been to many of us something to revere. We said, “It is wonderful. Nobody in the world could write a book like that.” But, though we revered it, we had no real love for it. I was that way. But, thank God, today I have a real love for the Book. Once this Book looked to us like a temple, beautiful, marble, ivory, finely chiseled, gold trimmed temple; so stately but so cold. It was a temple, but empty without any inhabitants. Most temples are lonesome when the crowd is gone; it seems dreary. I don’t think that is true of Angelus Temple—it seems as if the Spirit is hovering here all the time. This Book seemed as an empty, uninhabited temple, then one day out of

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the temple of ivory pearl, marble, we heard the voice of the King speaking, and as He spoke to us from His own dear Word He said, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

The voice of the King! His voice came to me just after I was converted. Was that the time He spoke to you? Study! Study! Study! And so we determined that we would make our way into the temple.

First, we saw that the temple was composed of thirty-nine massive blocks of granite, all standing on a broad base at Genesis. We looked a little farther and saw that this great temple had twenty-seven pillars of alabaster rising up until away up yonder these pillars supported a glorious dome of Revelation. My! It is a wonderful temple. We will go in and inquire in the temple and seek to see the glory and faith of the King. So some of us have entered the temple. We entered at the portico of Genesis and from this portico there run threads—aisles—every way. It is the archway.

Thank God for the Book: How often the Lord referred to it! Coming in through the portico of Genesis, we entered the temple of God. As we walk, we find ourselves in the Art Gallery of the Historical Books. The walls are high and the ceilings are lofty. Upon the walls we find the most beautiful paintings. Yonder is the great painting of Abraham. I love to linger before the portrait of Abraham; I love to remember that he was a man of faith. Over yonder is a portrait of Noah. What a wonderful man he was! Then there is a picture of Enoch—a man who walked and talked with God, who got so close to heaven one day that the Lord said, "It is nearer to my home than yours. Come on in." Over on the wall is a picture of Isaac. What a beautiful type of Christ he is. I look around and see a portrait of Moses. I muse over this picture and there come scenes of Moses leading the children of Israel across the Red Sea and through the wilderness into Canaan Land. Hallelujah! that has been my experience—entered into Canaan Land where the Lord doth dwell.

Yes, I see glimpses of many men, among their number being David. I see David with a harp and as he is playing it seems as if the whole place is vibrant. There are many scenes of David leading his

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armies praising God and, with all the people, saying, "Glory to God in the highest."

Yonder is an interesting picture—that of the wisest man who ever lived—Solomon. I look at him and wonder about his wisdom. How did a man with such wisdom come to marry a thousand wives? It would take some wisdom to manage that many. "Come on dear, I am going to take you out." It would take about three miles of cars to take "her" out for a drive. But that was when he got away from God.

When our artists paint pictures, they paint beautiful things and leave out the blemishes, but this is a true art gallery and things are painted as they are.

I look around and admire the pictures. Thank God, they are not all men's pictures either; I see some women's pictures. There is Miriam with her tambourine. And I see Deborah upon the walls of this art gallery—she was a prophetess unto the Lord.

O marvelous art gallery! If we could only stay all day and study each picture, but we must hasten.

From the Historical Books we step into the Music Room of the Psalms. And indeed it is a Music Room! Oh, the glory of God that falls upon your heart! Here the Holy Spirit, who is our Guide through the temple at all times, sweeps the chords of life, and notes and melodies are struck by His hands. The range goes all the way from the wailing note of the First Psalm to the exultant praises of the Twenty-fourth Psalm, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein." And so, in the Music Room, our hearts are carried away. We see the chief musician David sitting in this room with his golden harp. His nimble fingers sweep over the keys and the Music Room seems to be aglow with the love of God. Sometimes he sings of battle; sometimes of cannonading; again we see the blood flow; then victory. Sometimes this chief musician David sings of his shepherd home. We are transported from the far flung battle line back to the farm.

It is a strange thing about people who come from the farm, they may get in the city and talk about it, but when they get to talking about "back home on the farm" there is a different light on their face.

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David sings that way to us as he gets back in the shepherd fields. The Lord had told us, "I am the True Shepherd." And David sings, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Have you ever heard him sing it? "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters." Oh, Music Room of the Psalms! Again he sings to us of the Saviour, and of Divine Healing. "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."

And David closes by singing, "Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power." As he begins to sing it, the impelling notes find way into our hearts and we are singing it, "Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet; praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals." Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."

There is only one excuse for not praising the Lord—that is to be out of breath.

The Music Room of the Psalms! How exultantly they sweep to high victories, then sink down to minor refrains!

Next we step into the Business Office of the Proverbs. You will hear quick, sharp business orders, and see them busy with typewriters, stenographers, messenger boys. But there are things that will keep us and bless us through the day. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil. The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. My son, keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee. Keep my commandments, and live; and my law as the apple of thine eye."

Oh, you will love the Business Office: Here, short, curt commands are issued; not a long sentence in it. It will guide you through your

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business life and your home life.

Next, we step into the Chapel of Ecclesiastes. There is a high cathedral dome, the silver chiming of organ bells, the sweet strains of the choir. The Chapel of Ecclesiastes! We hear the sound of the preacher's voice. It begins with these words, "The words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem." You will enjoy your trip if you can only stay a little longer the next time you come.

Now we come to the Conservatory of the Songs of Solomon. Here indeed is a great blessing. Here you will find the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon and the perfume of the Lily of the Valley. May we give you one or two selections? We haven't much time for anybody to sing you a solo. We read in that blessed message the story of love—the story of one who loves her Master. "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." Ah! We read of our Lord that He is the One altogether lovely—the fairest among ten thousand to my soul. The birds are singing, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone." I have heard some of these solos and songs so often that I almost know them by heart. Be sure to visit the Conservatory of the Song of Solomon!

We will pass on to the Observatory of the Prophets. They say that you haven't seen California until you see some of the observatories. In the Observatory of the Prophets there are telescopes of different sizes which are the Major and Minor Prophets—some long, some short. Through these telescopes many stories or future events are foretold. All these telescopes from the Major Prophet Isaiah to the last of the Minor Prophets Malachi, are brought to bear on one story—to tell of what joy should be ours when the Star of the Morning has risen in our sky.

You will enjoy looking through the telescopes. You will see the Jewish sign and you will read that unless that nation repents awful destruction and calamity would befall them. But, instead of repenting, they led the Lord among His enemies and in the fifty-third chapter of

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Isaiah we read of our wounded Saviour. We find that the Jew is going to be dispersed through every nation, also that He who scattered them is going to bring them together again. And, thank God, we are seeing that today—the Jews going back to Jerusalem.

But, oh, let's spend the longest part of our time gazing at the Star of the Morning, so beautifully revealed through the Observatory of the Prophets.

Next, I would like you to pass with me into the Audience Chamber of the King himself. Stepping out of the Observatory of the Prophets, you step into the Audience Chamber of the King. Here you receive four very wonderful views of the King. From four different corners of the room, you study the King; from four different points you hear the King's voice, gaze upon His beautiful face and His hands. The Audience Chamber of the King is the Four Gospels—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The time when our Lord was upon the earth is herein described. Have you yet been in the Audience Chamber of the King? If you have not, go as quickly as you can. Don't waste a minute. Wait until you see Him and His matchless beauty!

Oh, the lilies are fair! I love lilies—they are so lovely, so fair, so exquisite. Man could never make anything as beautiful as the lily. It is softer than any satin. Yes, you admire the lily, but my dear ones, Jesus Christ is fairer than any lily. In the Audience Chamber you will see Him in His snowy white dress, moving among His people, blessing the hungry and feeding them. You will behold Him drawing from the wells of salvation. You will behold Him healing the sick, raising the dead, cleansing the leper, comforting those who mourn. You will behold Him teaching in the synagogue; sitting on the hilltops and speaking to the people the blessed Beatitudes. You will behold Him calming the billows of the sea, and glorifying the Name of His Father while on earth. Oh, don't miss the Audience Chamber of the King!

When I was there, He spoke to me and said, "Come unto me and I will give you rest. Come unto me, all ye ends of the earth." Oh, when He spoke to me, I drew up at attention and listened to His words and He said, "The harvest is great but the laborers are few." Oh, He spoke to me! He said, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men—

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winners of precious, souls.” “If any man would be my disciple, let him take up his cross, deny himself, and follow me.” Oh, I do hope you make a trip to the Audience Chamber of the King and that He speaks to you His beautiful words!

Passing on—but it is too bad to leave it; we could spend months and years just here. But, before we go, each one of the four points show Jesus Christ differently. From one vantage point, you see Him as the Man. From another, as the King. And then, as the Servant. Oh, I am so glad He became a servant so humble and yielded. Again you see Him as the Burden-bearer, the sympathizing Jesus. Oh, come back again and stay longer!

Stepping out of the Audience Chamber of the King, which ends with the last chapter of the Gospel of St. John, you find yourself immediately in the Executive Chamber of the Temple—the Acts of the Apostles. It is really the acts of the Holy Spirit through the apostles. They acted as the Lord called upon them.

This is a wonderful Executive Office. The rest has been showing us in theory how this should work, and we now see it in actual operation. In the first chapter we have the command of our Lord to tarry in Jerusalem for power from on high. We move on to the next desk and see one hundred and twenty people being filled with the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost. We see that one man, who was filled with the Spirit, led three thousand souls to Christ in one day.

The Executive Office! Here we find persecution, but we also find joy. We find people being scattered, but we find them being increased too. Here we find the glory of God. Hallelujah!

Then we find ourselves immediately in the Correspondence Rooms of the Bible. Here, seated at various desks, we find the following writers: Paul, Peter, James, John, and Jude. Each of these are writing letters. And, thank God, I am glad that some of those letters were to me, and to you. Have you ever read those letters?

“Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.”

“Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man’s work shall be made manifest:

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for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

What wonderful letters! "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, whether it be good or bad."

Stop and read the letters; look over the shoulder of the one who writes—he won't mind.

Last—for now we have gone through the Correspondence Room—we come to the Throne Room of Revelation. The moment you enter the great—drawing room? No, it is the Throne Room. It is more beautiful than any throne room on earth, with crystal chandeliers, the velvets, tapestries, beautiful rugs, carved furniture. There has never been a Throne Room like this one of Revelation!

As I enter, I catch a glimpse of the Throne Eternal. I see the rainbow over and around the Throne. I catch a blinding glimpse of that One who is so fair that mortal man cannot look upon Him fully and live. There, at His side, I catch a glimpse of Jesus Christ my Lord, who has ascended on high, having triumphed gloriously, ruling, reigning, and making intercession for us. I look around and see myriad hosts of angels there; I catch the throb of their wings. Over yonder I see twenty-four people. They are the four and twenty elders bowing down before the Throne, and as they bow they are saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty."

In the Throne Room I look and see a fountain—the Fountain of Life sparkling and flowing. I go to drink from its depths.

There are wonderful decorations in this Throne Room! Among them, the wonderful Tree of Life, hanging with luscious life-giving fruit. The Lord had to take it out of this world as it would never do for man to eat of the Tree of Life. It is up there and, praise God, when we get up yonder we are going to live forever in the presence of the King.

I look round about me and I see the orchestra of heaven; also the choir, and angels. It will be wonderful because they have had lots of time to practice. I seem to hear the Master saying, "Tune your harps,

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Gabriel, Michael, cherubims, seraphims, and archangels, for soon the Marriage of the Lamb is coming.” Soon the King will step down from His throne, scented with the glorious orange blossoms of heaven, and will take to Himself His church bride—washed in the Blood of the Lamb. “Angels, have you your harps tuned? Are you ready to play the wedding marching? Are the banners ready to be unfurled in the breeze? Are the tables spread? Put on the snowy linen of righteousness, the silver of atonement, the wine of the Kingdom of which I will drink anew with them in that morning, and the fruits of Glory Land. Angels, how about those mansions? Is the mansion ready for Mrs. Smith? Is Mrs. Jones’ mansion ready? I mean that washerwoman who has had to work so hard. I want her to have the best mansion in heaven. Be sure her mansion is ready. And don’t forget, I want a mansion to be ready for that little missionary in Japan, Africa, India, China. How she longs for a cool drink of water, or a bit of ice to cool her lips. She straightens back her shoulders and goes out to preach the Gospel to the poor, black natives over yonder. She loves every kink in their hair. Be sure to get her mansion ready—the best on Glory Hallelujah Avenue. Also, get a mansion ready for the working man who is in the Southern Pacific Shop. He got converted and is having a hard time. There are not many who are shining happy for the Lord and they are making fun of him. However, he is standing true. He says, “Boys, I have taken a stand for Jesus and I am not going to curse His Name again. I am going to live for Him who died for me.” Are the crowns ready? I want to have a crown ready for everybody who has really gone through. Have everything ready for the saints when they come marching home.

In the Throne Room I hear the sweeping, swelling, majestic chorus that stirs the universe—the Angel Chorus. I see a place in the choir loft for the redeemed of the world, the saints who have been washed in the precious Blood and have overcome. In order to be overcomers you must go through some trials. Expect some crosses for “If you don’t bear the cross, you can’t wear the crown. But, the heavier the cross, the brighter the crown way beyond the moon.”

My brother, my sister, we are going home—home—home! Some

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of these days I want to go, don't you? Oh, what a day that will be!

If you haven't been in the Throne Room, go this afternoon. The first thing you know, you will find yourself on tiptoes, echoing these last words with which this blessed Temple of Truth closes, "Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus." "Is that the end of the Bible?" Yes, except for one little verse that is tacked on and which is a sign post, saying, "Tourists must not take anything away."

"If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book." You can walk through the Temple, admire everything, eat of the fruit, taste the dainties, but you must not take anything away. You must not say, "This is not for today; the power of Pentecost is not for today; nor the power to heal the sick." Ah, ah, you can't do that!

Oh, beautiful, marble ivory Temple, we have learned to love you so! Not as a cold, beautifully chiseled building, but as a warm, glowing palace in which the King lives and speaks. Hallelujah!

Jesus—The Giver of the Spirit



*Tuesday Evening
April 15, 1924*



LET US TURN to the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint John and read together the first to the seventh verses:

“These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended. They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me. But these things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them. And these things I said not unto you at the beginning, because I was with you. But now I go my way to him that sent me; and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou? But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless, I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.”

“These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended. They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service.” I believe there is going to come a great tribulation—a great test—before the final hour. However, that will be only a shadow before the real tribulation. But, these disciples were indeed to know sorrow!

Those of us who have been studying the Gospel according to St. John have seen wonderful pictures of the Lord Jesus Christ from the

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opening chapter of the great art gallery to the last chapter.

In the first chapter we saw Him as the Vine; in the second, the Warm Friend—the Friend at the wedding, the Friend to people in the time of need. Chapter three reveals Jesus Christ as the Teacher; He spoke to Nicodemus and pointed out to him the road of life. In the fourth chapter we caught a glimpse of our Lord as the Soul Winner. Weary, dusty, worn from traveling on the highways, He sat Himself down just as He was. But, the moment a sinful woman came to the well where He was sitting, that moment, the Lord was fresh and rested and won that woman to Himself and the love of God. Jesus is always as faithful to the one as He is to the throng.

In chapter five we caught a glimpse of our Master as the Wonderful Healer—at the pool of Bethesda He had touched the man who had lain there so long. The sixth chapter shows our Lord as the Bread of Life, coming from heaven and broken for us. Chapter seven revealed Him as the Water of Life, “If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.”

In chapter eight we had seen our Master as the Defender of the Weak, taking the part of that frail body who was a sinner and deserved no mercy. Yea, none of us have deserved mercy. Just before coming into the meeting, I was on my knees praying, telling Him how I loved Him, “Jesus, I don’t see how you could love me. I am so unworthy. But to think that you ever led me through the narrow gate—through the narrow path that leads to home and glory! Lord, I have failed you so many times; I have grieved your heart. But you have been so good to me. You have never turned your back on me nor rejected me. Jesus, I love you!” “Child, I gave myself for you and, before you loved me, I loved you. Lo, I have loved you with an everlasting love.”

In chapter nine we had a glimpse of our Master as the Light of the World. He gave sight to the blind, and He said, “As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.”

The tenth chapter shows our Lord as the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep, “I lay down my life, that I might take it again.” Every now and then He dropped a hint of the life that was coming. Have you seen the picture of the boy Christ walking down the road to

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meet his mother? As He walked, his arms were open and on the ground in front of him fell the shadow of the cross. It seems to me that wherever the Lord moved there was the shadow of the cross. How beautiful, patient, wonderful, gentle, tender, all merciful was He! And yet, though He brought us much sunshine, scattered peace, and blessings sprang up and bloomed like blossoms, still through it all there was a note of minor refrain the shadow of the cross. Did He not say, "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep"?

The disciples loved Him so and were looking for Him to be a king. He did not tell them all at once that He was to be crucified. Perhaps they could not have borne it. But gradually He dropped a hint. The road to Calvary was suffering, sorrow, shedding of blood, and those who would follow Him must take up the cross and follow. Chapter eleven tells of the Resurrection and the Life through the resurrection of Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha. Jesus said, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

In chapter twelve He revealed himself to us as the King. There Mary had taken a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair. What does it mean? There is something coming! They must have felt it. They must have sensed it the hour when the Saviour was to be crucified. Strange things were happening such as this—a woman coming with costly spikenard and pouring it over the Saviour's feet, washing them with her tears of love and wiping them with her hair. In the same chapter the King rides into Jerusalem on the foal of an ass. As He rode, the people cut down palm branches and went forth to meet Him, and cried, "Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Oh, it seems so pathetic when we turn the next page and find the shadow of the cross deepening. There seems for a moment a shaft of golden sunlight of what it might have been had they crowned Him King. We see in that sunbeam a little finger pointing to the day when

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He shall reign indeed as the King of kings and the Lord of lords, when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess Him as the King. Let us go forth with palms of victory and glory to welcome the coming back of the King. Do you mean to meet Him? If so, we must get the victory here.

Chapter thirteen shows the Christ as the Servant of Humanity. What a contrast! In the chapter before we saw Him as the King riding triumphantly into Jerusalem, and now we see Him as the Servant—girding himself with a towel and washing His disciples' feet. I believe that the Lord gave illustrated sermons, don't you? In the fourteenth chapter we see Jesus Christ as the Great Consoler. He says, "I am going away." Now we are getting near the end—nearer Calvary. Midst diamonds, pearls, and sapphires, the Lord drops in blood-red rubies. He begins to speak of His death and the sorrow to come. "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. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." "I am going to leave you now. Look at my face while I am here. John, lean upon my bosom just a few times more. Peter, do my bidding. Listen to my voice, O hungry multitude, for I am leaving you." It seems as though He was loosening the tight clasp of the hand in the flesh and pointing them to the life when they should see Him by faith and not by sight.

"I go to prepare a place for you, but I will come again, and receive you unto myself." Oh, how wonderful Jesus is! When He hurts, He heals so quickly afterwards. "I go." I can see the people gasp with the thought of His going. But He comes quickly with the balm, "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again." There was only one way that they could spare Him—that of having the assurance

of His coming back. It is just like a mother going down town, "Be good while I am gone. I won't be long."

"I go, but I will come again." It seems to me that we are nearing that glorious day when with loving hands He shall part the clouds of glory and we shall see His face.

Chapter fifteen pictures Jesus as the True Vine of which we are the

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branches. And now in the sixteenth chapter we find Him as the Giver of the Spirit. Again, He drops in the setting of rubies, portraying His death to come.

“John, don’t cling so tightly to my body—begin to look up with faith.” We must have faith to trust where we cannot trace. “I am going.” O Master, what will we do without you?” Ah, that was the thing He was thinking of too.

“I have sheltered you like a shepherd his lambs; fought your battles; answered the high priests and Pharisees, but soon you are going to be left alone—I am going to my Father’s Throne. But when I go I will not leave your comfortless—I will send a Comforter.”

Have you ever seen a mother loosening her baby’s fingers when she had to go? “You be good while mother is gone. I will be back.” The mother had to take the pink fingers and loosen them one by one. And it seems to me that the Lord was loosening the clinging fingers—gently and so tenderly beginning to draw Himself away and prepare them for His absence which was to come. “I am going away, and it isn’t going to be easy sailing for you. When the chief Shepherd is smitten, it will be as though you are among wolves and they will love to make your wool fly. However, don’t you be a wolf, but a dove.”

“These things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them. When you get in trouble and people think they are doing God a good turn by persecuting you, I want you to remember that I told you it would not be a bed of roses.”

Then He said, “Now I go.” You can hardly read a dozen verses but those words appear. “Now I go.” He loosened the clinging fingers. How gently He prepared them “None of you asketh me, Whither goest thou.” Why? Because just to look into His face was to know where He was going—it was a glimpse of heaven from whence He came and whither He would go. “But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart.”

As we come into Lenten Week and approach Good Friday, we come with reverent hearts. No matter how busy we are, we say, “This is Easter Week and I am going to study the Word. I will retrace the steps to Calvary with my Master.” As we think of it today, even though

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we live 1900 years away from the scene, sorrow fills our heart; and how must they have felt when they were right there? “Sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless, I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away.” I can see the look in their faces. I don’t think they interrupted Him, but their inquiring eyes asked, “Dear Lord Jesus, how can you say such a thing? Expedient for us that you go away? What does expedient mean?” “It is for your betterment.” “Surely not!” “Yes, it is the truth. For if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you: but if I depart, I will send him unto you.” “O Lord, we would rather have you than anything or anyone else,” they must have said. But He showed them that they needed the Comforter much more.

Why did He have to go to heaven? After they killed Him and He was raised from the dead, why didn’t He stay? Because if He had stayed, the Comforter would not have come and things would have been tangled. For one thing, I would want to see Him if I knew my Lord was in the world. I know He isn’t, for He is at the right hand of the Father. But if He were, I would catch the next train or boat and make my way to see Him. However, I am afraid there would be twenty million people around Him and I could never get near Him. Oh, I would want to see His face and hear His voice, and feel the touch of His hand upon my brow. I would want to get close to Him but couldn’t because of the crowd and everybody would be elbowing everybody else. But, thank God, we can all reach Him now. We can all open our ears and hear His voice speaking to us.

“It is expedient for you that I go away.” Why? Because Jesus Christ in the flesh could be in but one place at one time, whereas the Holy Spirit shed abroad could be in everybody’s heart all around the world at the same time, if we but accept Him. “If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.” My brother, have you received the Holy Spirit? My sister, have you received the Comforter? Have you been baptized with the Holy Ghost since you believed?

“And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: Of sin, because they believe not on

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me: of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.” Here the Master took the sorrowing minds of the disciples and pointed them to the work of the Holy Spirit. The first thing the Holy Spirit will do is to convict of sin, then convince of righteousness and of judgment. Has He been doing His office work in your life? He has in mine—first He convicted me of sin and for three days I battled with it. Then I said, “O Lord, judge me. Take away everything unlike Thee and make me what Thou would have me be.”

Then the Lord said, “When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.” “Children, I am not leaving you alone; the Holy Spirit will be with you.”

When I was a child and my mother went away, she always left someone to look after me. And I wouldn't dream of leaving my little boy or girl alone. When I have to go out I say, “Sister Britton, I wish you would stay with the children tonight.” “Certainly, I will.” “Sister Britton, will you come over and look after the house and take care of the children?” “Yes.” Praise the Lord! There is somebody who I can leave with my children. And that is just what our Saviour did. “Children, I go away but, mind you, I am not leaving you alone. When I go, I will send the Comforter, and He will take the best care of you. He will convict of sin, convince of righteousness, and, moreover, He will guide you into all truth for He shall not speak of Himself, but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and He will show you things to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore, said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you.”

Then another ruby was dropped in—they get more frequently set in the page until we come to the last chapter. “A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father.” Oh, the disciples must have caught their breath. They knew something was coming! “A little while and ye shall see me.” Oh, suppose we could see Him tonight! What a sight it would be! “Again, a little while, and ye shall not see me.” “Here I am, children.

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You can look at me now.” I think John was lying on the Master’s bosom, for that was his favorite resting place. “Only a few more days, disciples. Get ready for it. I don’t want it to be a shock, but you can’t bear me to tell you all about it. A cloud shall come between us—a cloud of distance. But, lo, I am with you in spirit always even unto the end of the age. A little while, and ye shall not see me.”

After the Lord made that statement, I am glad He gave this qualification, “Again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father.” Hallelujah! I believe that “little while” is almost here, don’t you?

Then the disciples began to ask, “What is this that He saith, A little while? We cannot tell what He saith.” I am sure that as He spoke, something like a weight came on their hearts. “What is this, Soon ye shall not see Me?”

Then Jesus said, “Do ye enquire among yourselves of that I said, A little while and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me? Verily, verily I say unto you, That ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice: and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.” Oh, what joy when we shall see Him!

My brother, my sister, it may be that if you follow your Lord faithfully all the steps this week you may have to bear a cross—a heartache, burdens, sacrifice, sorrow, and surrender to the will of God. But, glory to God, up yonder your sorrow will be turned into joy! However, we don’t have to wait until we get up there. I am getting part of the joy down here. Are you? My Lord has made this a heaven below. It is heaven when Jesus is in the heart. You know, heaven must be a wonderful place—streets of gold, gates of pearl, walls with jasper set, joys that never fade. But I think I would be just as happy with my Lord if heaven was in the Sahara Desert. Hallelujah, it would be heaven if He were there! “Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.” Praise the Lord! Do you know the Lord as your Saviour? If not, make Him yours this Lenten Week.

“Ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.” Beloved, we are getting near that time now. Nobody knows the day nor the

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hour. Oh, what if it were tonight! What if we should never see the dawn of another Easter!

Then Jesus said, "In that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." "Child, while I am gone I want you to take this book of blank checks and, when you need anything, just take your pen and fill in a check. I will sign them now, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." There, I have signed it and all you have to do is fill in the amount." "Sister McPherson, did the Lord say anything like that?" Yes, let me read it to you, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

Don't be afraid to write a fat check. If you want salvation write, "I want full and free salvation." If you want victories—an overcoming life—fill it in. Pass the check up to the bank of heaven and it will be cashed at the window. Perhaps you will want the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Then just write, "I want the old-fashioned baptism of the Holy Ghost like they had on the day of Pentecost." The Lord will send you down the blessing. Or, perhaps it is divine healing—your poor body is broken. Write in "James 5" and pray and the Lord is able to make you whole. Ask largely. "Lord, give me ten souls tonight." "Child, you have asked nothing. Ask largely." I wonder how many of us ask largely?

Then the Lord says, "The Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved Me, and have believed that I came out from God." A dear little sister said to me, "Mrs. McPherson, I love God, but I don't love Jesus Christ. I love the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob. Isn't that enough? Can't I go home to glory?" I am afraid not. You must believe on the name of Jesus Christ; you must have faith in the Son of God. "The Father himself—that is the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—loveth you, because ye have loved me." If you would win the crown of glory, you must love and accept Jesus Christ. I am thankful for the Jewish people who have been converted, and I pray that many more will accept the Messiah.

Jesus—The Giver of the Spirit

The disciples said unto Jesus, “Lo, now speakest thou plainly, and speakest no proverb. Now are we sure that thou knowest all things, and needest not that any man should ask thee: by this we believe that thou camest forth from God.” Jesus said, “Do ye now believe?” Oh, the mingling emotions that must have been on His face, “Do you now believe?” It is easy to believe now when the fire is burning, and we are alone—the crowd has gone—and you are cuddled at my feet. The moon and the stars are shining, and everything is peaceful.” “But,” He said, “Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.”

Days haven’t changed. The Lord knew that those people who loved Him would be fair-weather friends. “Do you now believe?” I know some folks who, when they are in a great meeting, believe; when there are great altar calls, they believe; when they hear somebody testify under the inspiration of the Spirit, they will say, “That is great.” But let the time of testing come, the day of persecution, sifting, trial, gossip, a lonely Gethsemane, then the people get scared. “I don’t want to bear the cross or go through shame. I want to ride on billows of blessing in the meetings. When there is cheering and clapping, I am there, but when anything goes wrong, I will drop out easy. I can’t afford to get my name mixed up in it.” “Do you now believe?” “Well, that was a great meeting.” Would you believe just the same if everybody else went back, if every prop fell out, if there wasn’t a great crowd, the thunder of the organ, the roll of drums, and the sound of voices? Would you still believe, or would we be scattered?

“Ye shall leave me alone.” I believe there is a time when everybody has to take these steps with Jesus to Calvary alone. You may never have to go through alone, but you must be willing. “Yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.” You may never be called to go through a Golgotha or a personal Gethsemane, but if you are, as thousands of saints have been before, remember you too may whisper, “I am not alone, because the Father is with me.”

“These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I

Jesus—The Giver of the Spirit

have overcome the world.”

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*Wednesday Evening
April 16, 1924*



TONIGHT WE COME to the connecting link between The Giver of the Spirit and The Trial. Many things have happened between last night's message and tonight's. Last night we saw Jesus as a mother whose children were clinging to her knees; a mother who must go away and prepare a supper for them. And we remembered that you and I had done the same thing—

“Mother has to go away for a while, but I am coming back.”

Sometimes the children wept, “Mother, take me.”

“I am sorry, dear, but I can't this time. You stay here and be good and look after the house while I am gone.”

And so it was before our Lord went to Calvary He began to loosen those clinging fingers little by little. “Children, I am going away. I am going to Calvary, but I shall be raised again and ascend in the clouds of glory.” He had not told them in so many words of the manner of his death, for even to the crucifixion they had not thought of anything so awful. Again we found rubies dropped, telling of His death.

Tonight we find that our Lord Jesus was preparing for the Last Supper. He told His disciples to journey into the neighboring city Jerusalem, “Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the Passover at thy house with my disciples. Tell him to get the upper room ready for the Lord and His disciples will be there for supper.” And so, sure enough, they walked into the distant city and there was a man with a pitcher—just as the miraculous colt had been.

Up the stairs came the disciples and the Master. Surely it should

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have been a most happy occasion to feast with the Lord! It was, in a way, but yet there was this inexplicable something—great shadows. The shadow of Calvary had fallen upon the hearts of the disciples. I can picture them going up the steps, whispering, “What is it—‘A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father’. What is it?”

But they had reached the top step. In the upper room a table was spread, and there were seats for thirteen—the twelve disciples and the blessed Lord. His must have been the center seat, for the Lord has only one place among His people—the central place. Glory to Jesus! As He sat at that table His disciples gathered round Him. I would love to have been with Him! But, thank God, I am at His table tonight. I think Peter was close on one side, and John on the other. At the end there sat a shifty-eyed man who acted peculiarly. John was sad and crept closer to the Lord; Peter was competent, quick, and alert. Thomas, James, Bartholomew, and the others—one by one they had gathered. All looked at the Master except one. I think that man drooped his eyes, then glanced at the sun dial to see what time it was. He had an engagement and was to slip away—to betray his Lord!

As the Lord sat at the table He took the bread and broke it. As He broke it there was a snapping sound shattering the brittle silence. The disciples were watching the Master, and He began to speak strange words again: “Take, eat; this is my body,” They took it, “His body?” “John, can you tell me what He means? James, can you? There is something going to happen—I can feel it in the air. Can’t you?”

The Lord is speaking again, “And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.”

Dear, dear Jesus: He was preparing them just as fast as the poor, quivering, lacerated hearts could hear it. Without telling them in actual words, “I am going to be nailed to the Cross,” He told them as near as He could.

As the supper was progressing, the Lord sighed and began to be heavy in heart.

“This night I shall be deserted and shall be betrayed by all. The

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Shepherd shall be smitten and the sheep shall be scattered. This night I shall be denied and betrayed.” “Lord, I don’t know about the others,” Peter said, “but I can speak for myself—I will never deny you. Do you think I would deny you? Lord, you can count on me!”

But sometimes those who talk about it are not always loyal. If you are loyal, it is not necessary to mention it. Sometimes when a husband comes home with a big bunch of flowers and a box of candy, when he is not in the habit of doing it, the wife begins to look around and ask, “What does this mean? Where have you been?” Peter began to say, “Lord, I am loyal. You can bank on me.” He meant it, but when the test came he was not fortified with prayer and obedience.

The Lord said, “I shall be betrayed by one of you.”

“Lord—you don’t mean to say that there is a traitor in the camp! Oh, Lord, there are only twelve of us—surely there can’t be a traitor among us!”

“Yes, one of you is a devil.”

Some people won’t join the church because they say there are too many hypocrites, but surely that is to be expected when there was one among the twelve. When the sons of God come together, the devil comes also. You must not be upset by a person who is a hypocrite—keep your eyes on Jesus Christ.

When the disciples heard it, they all began to look one at the other. Imagine what would happen if this evening someone cried out. “I have lost my diamond ring” or “I have lost my pocketbook.” Everybody would look at each other and say, “Me! I hope they don’t think I have it. I don’t want them to search me.” Then suppose a detective came and said, “This lady has lost her pocketbook, and we will have to lock all the doors except one and as you pass out you will have to be searched.” Imagine how you would feel! That is the way they must have felt that night.

“One of you shall betray me.” They all began to ask, “Is it I?” John and Peter asked it; James and Bartholomew asked it. And by and by that man who was shifting in his chair looked up and said, “Lord, is it I?” The Lord said, “The man who dippeth with me in the dish,” then He passed the cup to Judas. Oh, I don’t want to be a Judas in my heart,

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do you? I want to be like Jesus. Let none of us sell Jesus for a piece of silver, for business, for our career! I think keeping the store open on Sunday is getting close to it. Some people are too busy housecleaning, and cooking to go to church. “Is it I?” Folks say they want to work for the Master, but they put “self” first.

Then it seemed as if the agony of what was coming was too great for Jesus, He still being in His human body although divine, and He said, “Judas, whatever you are going to do, do quickly. Get it over with! If you have made up your mind that you are not going to serve me, then go. Don’t sit at the table any longer.”

My brother, my sister, have you determined in your heart what you are going to do with Jesus? Either you are going to serve Him wholeheartedly, or you are going to sell Him for the dance, card playing, the theater, the pool room, and tobacco. You know, you can’t go to all these affairs and still keep the fire burning in your heart. What are you selling the Lord for? A novel? Joy rides? Evil companions? I don’t know—but is there a Judas in the camp?

The Lord had given Judas chance after chance, but finally He said, “Whatever you do, do quickly.” We read that as the Lord spoke those words, Judas went out and the door shut. Oh, the significant words that follow: “Judas went out and it was night.” It is always night when we reject Jesus Christ.

Then we read, “And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.” I would love to have heard them sing!

After this, they made their way to the Garden of Gethsemane. I think it was a place that had a well-worn pathway because it said that the Master and His disciples often resorted there. Oh, what a blessed pathway that leads to the garden of prayer! The grasses are bent downward because the Master’s feet had passed that way before.

We have spoken often of the four divisions in the Garden of Gethsemane. There was Judas—a type of a sinner—who had gone out in the night. Then the Lord took the eleven with Him. He chose eight of them and said, “You sit here while I go to pray. He took Peter, James, and John, and said, “You stay awake and pray with me.”

I wonder which group you are in. If a sinner, you are in the Judas

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group, selling your Lord, and you are out in the night. Some are professing Christians but are pretty cold when it comes to real surrender or sacrifice—and these comprise the group of eight. The Lord would not think of asking them to stay up all night to pray. “Child, I want you to pray through.” “Lord, I want you to know that I have to go to work in the morning and I must get my sleep.”

Then there is the group of three. The Lord puts a burden on their hearts for some person, or for a missionary, or for a revival, and gladly they pray—sometimes all night. At times I pray, but I don’t know what I am praying for, as the Holy Spirit prays through me in the languages of heaven. As I pray, I can feel the prayer going up and getting hold of God, and I know that in Africa, China, or India the answer is coming down. That is Greek to some people and they ask, “What are you talking about?” If you are among the eight, you can’t understand. If the Lord puts a real fast on your heart and a real siege to pray through, then you are among the three. There are some people whom the Lord would never ask to send a missionary. It would not hurt any of us to go out and earn the money to support one missionary. He may want some of us to sacrifice our new car, our new home, or that grand piano, “Child, instead of getting that new car I want you to send a missionary to China.” “I beg your pardon, Lord, but I have to look after my own interests first. Wait until I have my ninety per cent, then, if I can spare it, I will give you your dime.” But, thank God, the Lord has the three left—the Peters, James, and Johns. He expects us to stay awake and watch with Him.

Then the ruby drops fall across the page again. Peculiar thing! Could you imagine anything like this being written about Jesus Christ, “My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me. And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed.”

Can you picture the scene? There was Judas off bargaining to sell his Lord, “How much will you give me?” “Thirty pieces of silver.” “All right, give me them and I will tie them up in the bag.” And here are the eight asleep—the Lord couldn’t ask them to stay awake. Then the three—but they, too, were heavy with sorrow. But Jesus going a little

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farther fell down upon the ground. Oh, no ordinary sorrow is this! It was sorrow that made Him fall to the ground. As He fell, He arose again and again to pray. As He prayed, He was sore amazed. Calvary was not easy for Jesus! It would be easier for you to go to the cross on Mount Carmel which we have erected for the Easter Sunrise Service, than it was for Jesus to go to Calvary. Because you can look ahead and say, "Praise the Lord, all I have to do is step from the cross to Glory Land!" But Jesus bore our sins—died condemned for us.

He began to pray, "Father, the hour is come." Supposing just now through the quietness we could hear Him! Through the darkness and the gloom, He lifted up His voice. We call "Our Father which art in heaven" "the Lord's Prayer," but this is really the Lord's prayer: "Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

As Jesus prayed, He got up to look at the disciples and they were asleep. He said to them, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" Then the Master went back to pray, and in His agony He said, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The Master came back and looked at the disciples—surely they will be awake. But, no, they were asleep. Again He awoke them and said, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?"

The third time the Master went back and prayed, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done." It seemed as though He were going to die right there. Sweat drops of blood rolled down His forehead to the ground as He prayed through for us. Then an angel came and ministered to Him. Oh that we too might minister to Him! It should have been His disciples who gave Him the cup of love, but an angel had to be sent because they slept.

As the Master arose, He made His way back to the disciples and, seeing that they had fallen asleep again, He said, "Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is

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betrayed into the hands of sinners.

Four Pillars



*Excerpt from an address given before the
Glendale, California Chamber of Commerce
April 17, 1924*



CIVILIZATION IS UPHELD by four pillars. Remove any one of these—it topples, crumbles.

These pillars four are—God, Home, School, and Government. All are needed. Crumble one pillar and the whole structure will waver, sway, lose balance. When firmly settled upon these sturdy pillars, it reigns in splendor majestic, sits serene, established, poised, facing life and all its problems four square.

Storms may swell, trees bend, thrones totter, kingdoms fall, nations be driven as chaff before the whirlwind, crowns vanish, scepters perish, dark clouds break, and wreak upon the earth their fury, but that nation which rests its weight, its hope, its confidence upon these pillars passes through the cataclysm unshaken and unmoved.

GOD is that pillar which stands first and foremost midst these four.

Without Him the strongest can do nothing—with Him the weakest triumph.

Without Him the wisest are mistaken—with Him the foolish never err.

Without Him we stumble, lose our way in brightest day—with Him the darkest night is lighted by a fiery pillar, and we walk erect, unfaltering.

HOME is that pillar which stands second only unto God in strength and towering grandeur, mighty, weight-supporting. Without the home wherein dwells righteousness, the nation is unsound at heart

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and every artery weak, anemic.

Without the home wherein dwells enshrined the Family Altar, Prayer, the Word of God—Civilization lacks that vital force conducive unto lasting growth and suffers malnutrition.

Without the godly home she is as a giant structure on decayed pillars; a building on unsafe foundations, a house upon the shifting sand. With praying homes, the nation as a bulwark firmly stands unmovable—invincible.

SCHOOL is that pillar upon whose broad, substantial shoulders the men and women of tomorrow are lifted, moulded, delicately fashioned with fine workmanship; strengthened, equipped, inspired—then sent forth as warriors bold to face the world and meet its duties, conquering and to conquer. School offers to its graduates the key to the door of opportunity, and makes firm the feet which else would totter in the labyrinths of ignorance and unbelief.

GOVERNMENT is that pillar which supports the foundations of the nation. A nation whose future dynasties are as yet unnumbered, whose motto—"In God we trust"—gleams as a guiding light among the nations. Government is that pillar which is the tide wall checking the overflow of crime, evil, and destruction.

Thank God for these pillars! May they ever stand secure and blessed beneath the smile of Him upon whose shoulder true government doth ever rest.

He Is Risen



Easter
April 1924



ES, HE IS RISEN Who is the First and Last; Who was and is; Who liveth and was dead; Beyond the reach of death He now has passed Of the One Glorious Church, the Glorious Head!”

He is not here! He is Risen! How kingly those words! How like the silvery notes of temple chimes ringing out their message of Hope and Salvation! How like majestic chords from the harp of some angel do those words echo through the Corridors of Time to tell the story of Eternal life!

How beautiful that once each passing year a day should come when all members of the great Christian family may kneel in worship to commemorate the Resurrection of the Lord! Nearly two thousand times an Easter morn has dawned since that day in the Garden of Joseph of Arimathea! Nearly two thousand times a day has been set aside that men may pause to meditate upon the significance of those most kingly of words—He is not here! He is risen!

How scarred the earth with mortal graves! In them lie buried how many hopes! How small our worldly joys, our triumphs, our defeats when the Great Leveler comes to make us one! Death honors no race or class. The prince and pauper, the slave and king, the judge and convict all must open their portals to that inevitable guest. When he calls, how cherished seems this life and yet how fleeting! How long its journey and yet how brief! But even Death finds beauty and welcome in that message—He is not here! He is risen!

Almost two thousand years ago the cry of Mary Magdalene

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reechoed from the empty sepulchre that promise of hope and salvation! That cry which shall resound down the ages with its message of life everlasting. How fitting, then, that each year, on Easter Day, the saved may hear anew that beautiful pledge of the risen Lord!

Mankind moves onward; each toward his chosen goal, toward greater earthly happiness, toward greater conquests. Yet how puny is man! How infinite the glories of God! How small man's handiwork! How sublime that of the Creator! When the cities of men shall be no more, when his towers of steel and stone shall have crumbled and mouldered to dust, then shall the mountains of God's grace still rise Heavenward, monuments to eternity, mile-posts of the centuries! Nations rise and die, but the works of the Lord live on, forever and ever!

Oh that the rock of selfishness might be lifted from men's hearts! That the bitterness of greed might be transformed to the sweetness of devotion! That the clouds of unbelief might be pierced with understanding! Oh, that all men might know the true meaning of Easter, its happy prediction of salvation, its promise of life eternal!

But the inevitable day shall dawn when those who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb shall know the promise of that cry of Mary Magdalene! Then shall Easter inaugurate anew the glorious and divine day when the saved shall know the true message of those words, "He is not here!. He is risen!" Then shall open the portals which lead not to death, but to that paradise of life eternal! It is His Promise—the word of the risen Lord.

Verily, that which seems but empty death is to the redeemed glorious life and bountiful peace without end! It is the promise of Easter, the pledge of the risen Christ.

Go and Tell



*Sunday Afternoon
April 20, 1924*



HIS AFTERNOON OUR subject, I trust, will be of interest to every one of our hearts, “Go and Tell.” This is the link that joins where we left off this morning, “Christ is Risen!”

You remember we had traced our Lord in His lowly humility, showing how He had descended into the depths to lift us up, and how He is now risen. Christ is not only risen from the dead, but He is exalted, glorified, and honored; never again will His dear hands be pierced, never again will He be spat upon or beaten. He is the Lord of hosts, the King of glory. When He comes back His face will shine more brightly than the noonday sun.

Through the dawn of the day He heard the sobbing of a woman’s voice:

J-e-s-u-s, where are you? Lord, all the world is dark and dreary—since you went away. Oh, we need you so! This poor, hungry world needs you. It is full of sin, sickness, heartaches, problems, and perplexities. O Master, where are you? How can we ever live without you? How can the world roll around without Thee? J-e-s-u-s! Jesus!”

And as she cried there at the empty tomb it seemed as though her heart would break. Then two angels in white apparel appeared to her, saying:

“Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.”

Then, quickly coupling the one message with the other, came the command, “Go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the

Go and Tell

dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.”

Mary could hardly believe those words, but mystified and wondering what it could mean, she turned herself about from the tomb.

“Jesus, is it really true, or am I dreaming? O Jesus, I want you so; I want to hear your voice and feel the touch of your hand upon my brow. Jesus! Jesus!”

As her voice went out through the garden, suddenly a man was standing before her. In the early glow of the morning light, and through the midst of her blinding tears, Mary did not recognize the form. She thought it was the gardener. The man spoke to her kindly:

“Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?”

“Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. I am nothing but a little woman but, if you will tell me where He is, I will pick Him up and carry Him away,” Mary said, chokingly.

Oh, what a spirit! Such love as that held the Master—He could not ascend to the Father with anybody loving Him like that.

At that word, a light dawned as a shaft of the newly risen sun across her mind., bathing it with hope again—hope revived that once seemed dead.

“Mary.” Nobody in the world could speak the word just like that.

“Mary.” At that voice everything within her was lifted up. With one cry she sprang at His feet:

“Rabboni, which is to say, Master.”

Oh, before we can go and tell, we must have something to tell. We need a personal meeting with the Lord in order to know that He is risen, that He is ours, and that He lives.

“Lord, I want you. Men say you are dead; that you are the great I Was; that you are no longer the great miracle-working Christ who saves, heals, and baptizes with the Holy Spirit. But, O Jesus, I want you—I need you. This whole world is longing for you.”

And, if you seek Him so, He will speak your name—Mary! John! Helen! William! Aimee! Oh, I never will forget when He called my

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name! When He speaks yours will you not, like Mary, arise and fall at His feet and say, “Master”?

There need be only two words exchanged—your name called by Jesus and your answer, “Master.” Is He your Master?

The moment Mary saw it was the Master, she fell at His feet. Who could blame her? She wanted to press her tremulous lips against His nailed pierced feet. But Jesus said to her, “Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father. I am not supposed to be here, Mary, but I could not ascend with you sobbing and crying like that. But don’t touch me.” How was He going to keep her from touching Him? How was He going to hold back such impulsive love? There was only one way—give her something to do. So the Master looked at that upturned face and said “Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.”

“Go and Tell.” “Lord, is there something I can do for you?” I think Mary used to often minister to Christ, for we read that when Jesus was on the earth there were many women who ministered to Him. I would like to know what they did, wouldn’t you? I am sure Mary was one who had ministered to Him.

Here was the battle call—the call to action. “Lord, what did you say I could do for you?” “Mary, I said that you could ‘Go and Tell’.” In other words, “Mary, I hereby hand you your commission to preach the first resurrection sermon ever preached in the world.”

“Sister McPherson, I don’t think a woman should preach the Gospel. I don’t think the Lord should have done that. He should have given a man the commission.” Maybe so, but do you know that sometimes necessity is the mother of invention? You remember, don’t you, that Peter and John had been called by Mary to come and see the empty tomb. They went in and looked around, saw the napkin folded, then said, “His body is stolen and there is nothing to do. Let’s go home and go back to bed.” And we read that the two men went back to their home “but Mary stood.” She stood and kept on praying and seeking until she caught a glimpse of the resurrected Lord. Because she stood and was awake, the Lord gave her the commission to preach the resurrection sermon. “I know it, Sister, but I don’t think it was right. A

Go and Tell

man should have preached it.” Maybe so, but what was He going to do—the men were home in bed and the woman was awake.

But, perchance, is there not a deeper significance than that? Do you not think, my brother, my sister, that since it was a woman in the beginning, who brought sin into the world that she owes the world a debt and wants to pay it? It is bad enough to be in debt, but worse not to be able to pay it. How fitting it was that since she was the first to bring sin into the world that she should be given the first chance to take it out. Then, too, a woman was the first to preach the salvation sermon. She had been a sinner, but accepted Jesus Christ as her Saviour, and she went forth saying, “Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ? Then they went out of the city and came unto him.” And this woman won many to Christ!

How fitting also that a poor little woman should be permitted to preach the first resurrection sermon! Surely the first should be followed by the second, and the second by others.

“I know, but I don’t like to hear a woman preach.”

“What did you come for then?”

“Because I wanted to be sure I was right.”

Well, I don’t blame you—really I don’t. I don’t like to hear a woman preach either. And, I don’t like to hear a man preach. I like to hear the Holy Ghost preach. God grant that we will get to the place where we see neither male nor female, but Jesus Christ exalted and lifted up, and the messenger hidden behind the Cross. Thank God for Easter when our Lord revealed himself to that woman!

And so the woman, and incidentally the whole world, received a twofold call. First the angels said, “Go and tell,” then Jesus said, “Go quickly and tell my disciples and Peter.” And I would pass the word on to you, “Go and Tell.”

Tell the whole world that Jesus Christ is alive today. This is the message that this world is hungry for today. There is one thing this world needs above all else, and that is this text in the heart of Angelus Temple, “Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, today, and forever.” In other words—Christ is alive and alive forevermore. The things He did yesterday, He still lives to do today. The day of miracles is not past;

Go and Tell

His arm is not shortened nor His ear heavy. He is alive and says, “Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world.”

“Go and tell”—that was enough for Mary. She had received her commission—from the Chief, her command from the General, verbal orders from the King of glory. And with swift feet, throbbing heart, joyous face, shining eyes, she ran to the disciples and said, “I have seen the Lord!” Oh, I think if I just had one sentence to say, just one opportunity to preach the Gospel, I couldn’t do better than give my personal testimony, “I have seen the Lord.”

Is He real to you? Has his precious Blood been applied to your heart? Have your burdens rolled away? Then, “Go and Tell.” “But what shall I tell?” That Christ is alive and that you have seen Him, “Isn’t it enough to say that He is risen?” You, yourself, must have a personal experience a close relationship with the risen Lord. “I have seen.” “Sister McPherson, do you think that message is for me?” I know it is for you this afternoon. “Go and tell.” “But, Sister, I thought that was what the preacher was for.” Ah, yes, but you, too, are to tell. From the time this message was given, everywhere the thought is emphasized. First, “Come and see” then “Go and tell.” Come and see for yourself that the Lord is good; come and see Him exalted. Then, go and tell the world the story that Jesus Christ lives.

“Sister McPherson, it has been told so often.” Yes, but the story is ever new. The Lord is saying, “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel.” The Gospel must be preached to the uttermost parts of the earth. “Preach it? Why?” Because today is the greatest opportunity of preaching the Gospel of the risen Lord that the world has ever known. What would Gutenberg, who compiled that wonderful Bible—the first book ever to leave the press—what would he think if he knew we were buying the Bible at the price we are today; what would he have thought of a privilege like that? Why, we have a mighty opportunity to preach the Gospel—through the printed page and over the radio. To think that as I stand here speaking—to five thousand people my voice is caught up by a tiny microphone and sent through a little cord. I don’t understand how it is! What I whisper to the ear of the microphone is revealed on the housetops. It records every word I tell

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it—"G-o a-n-d t-e-l-l"—and instantly my voice has gone so rapidly that it will go around the world in—a quarter of a second. What I have whispered to the microphone is caught in the power house up yonder where the dials are. This sound is amplified. There is a little finger, and as I talk that finger is laying down every word I say. Then that is caught, sent up the steeples of our church, then along the antennae which is composed of four wires. This catches the sound of my voice and out through the air my words are spoken. You can stand there and look but you can't hear the words nor see them going—there isn't even an electric flash. "Go and tell."

Give the winds a mighty voice: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free, highest hills and deepest caves;
This our song of victory: Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

Oh, Mary Magdalene, if you could only be here this afternoon and stand in front of the microphone! I would gladly give it up to you so that you could tell the people, "I have seen the Lord!" Of course, Mary can't be here, but I can tell it a little bit and you can tell it more. Let us girdle the globe so that those in the darkened lands shall hear that Christ is risen, "I have seen the Lord!" There has never been such an opportunity to "Go and Tell."

The little prairie wife is listening in; she is holding her baby on her knee. Although she lives too far to come to the meeting, she is sitting in her home, nods her head, wipes away the tears, and the baby says, "Mother, isn't it a wonderful story about Jesus who is alive forevermore?" "Yes, dear, it is." Away over yonder the Red Skin Indians are listening; the Mexicans pick it up. And, thank God, the message is leaping forth as the sun goes down and the cool light falls in South America. It seems hardly possible, but we read, "Whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house tops." Never, never, never was there such an opportunity to "Go and Tell" with our printing press, telephone, radio. My little sister, if

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you who are listening in this afternoon have a telephone “Go and Tell”—Mrs. Green over yonder will hear and answer. “Mrs. Green, I want you to know that I have been converted. I want you to know that Christ is risen and that I have seen the Lord. He is my personal Saviour.”

Then there is the telegraph. Have you used it? If not, send a message today to your son, your daughter, your mother, your father—they will be glad to hear the story. Go and have your message clicked off on the telegraph keys “I have seen the Lord!” Oh, let’s use everything for the extension of God’s Kingdom. The cablegram, the post office—take pen and ink, or a pencil, and write the message. Or typewrite it. Then put two cents on it, if it is a letter, or one cent if it is a postal card. By a miracle that letter finds its way across the continent. Brother, if you have a grocery, tell the message to every customer who comes in.

“Go and Tell.” Oh, may the Lord bring to your heart this Easter day the message that was brought to Mary! First, you must “Come and see”—get the glory in your own heart. Then, “Go and tell.”

Right in our own city I am constantly meeting hundreds who have never read or owned a Bible. At our altars we are giving away hundreds of Bibles and Testaments. Someone met a little boy on the street the other day who had never heard the name of Jesus Christ! Back in the timbers there are men and women who have never heard His precious name. Then, there is Mexico, our next door neighbor, our Indians, our Japanese, our Chinese who have not heard the Gospel Story. Have we concerned ourselves about them? Yonder across the sea lies the Orient—there is China. Every third baby born is a Chinese baby; every third funeral is that of an Oriental. Ah, that we might tell the story! There is India, too.

Maybe those of us here can’t go, but it wouldn’t hurt any of us to send at least one missionary across the sea. Oh, let us send somebody if we can’t go ourselves! Let us go and tell the story of Christ who is alive forever.

In China they are bowing down to gods of wood and stone. However, brother, if you “Go and Tell” it will mean consecration,

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abandonment and surrender to the will of God. Some people think it is easy to do foreign missionary work, but it is not so easy. Oh, beloved, you will find that it is a grim reality! Be prepared to lay down your life. I remember what a shock it was to me when I first landed in China. The thing that impressed me first were the evil smells—there was no sewerage there.

But, hallelujah! there are souls being saved and mission stations established. “Go and Tell.” Remember—missionary work at home or abroad is not a picnic.

“Go and Tell.” “I have seen the Lord!” “He is risen!”

The Holy Ghost



Sunday Afternoon
April 27, 1924



HIS AFTERNOON I am speaking to you upon a subject which I believe is very close to the heart of every thoughtful Christian—The Baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire. What I think about this subject everybody knows, for you have heard me state again and again that I believe, although I was a Christian and knew the precious Blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed me from all sin, that without the baptism of the Holy Spirit which came to me seventeen years ago, I never would have been out preaching the Gospel today or led thousands to the feet of my glorious Lord. I realize that. I am nothing but, oh, wonder of wonders, He has made me the temple of the Holy Ghost. And He wants to make us all the temple of the Holy Ghost.

I am in no way peculiarly blessed on that line—He says He will dwell within us all, making us His temple. I realize that He wants us to be empty, clean channels through which the Water of Life can flow. We read, “He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his innermost being shall flow rivers of living water. This spake he of the Spirit.”

If anybody has received a blessing through any message, sermon, or writing of mine, I do not take any glory to myself, but I praise the Lord that He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and that the Comforter abides. Any little blessing that I have brought is because I succeeded in hiding behind the Cross and lifting Jesus Christ up; because I succeeded in hiding my own thoughts and let the Holy Spirit speak and have His way. I am nothing—Christ is all and in all.

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The Holy Spirit has come to take the things of Christ and reveal them unto us. I cannot speak too highly of the office work of the Holy Spirit. It is of great importance to be filled with the Holy Spirit and let Him have right of way in our lives. I think so say we all.

Speaking upon the Baptism of the Holy Ghost this afternoon, I hope to cover a great deal of ground, and as I sat here I was wondering how much ground I could cover. I jotted down many scriptures and, perhaps, my talk had better be almost entirely given to the reading of scriptures and brief comments, rather than giving thoughts of my own.

Shall we begin by turning to Isaiah 28. (Before reading this chapter may I remind you all that we agree there are three in the Godhead and they are One—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. You remember that Abraham saw the vision of the three coming toward him; when our Lord was baptized in the Jordan, there was the Father speaking from the clouds, the Son in the water, and the Holy Spirit as a dove coming down. I believe there are three in the Godhead. Some people seem to get twisted, but it is so clear. When my Lord comes I expect to see Him in the clouds of Glory; I expect the Holy Spirit to catch us up to meet Him; and I expect Christ to present us to the Father on the Throne.)

Now—Isaiah 28:9-13: “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 the word of the Lord was unto them precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little; that they might go, and fall backward, and be broken, and snared, and taken.”

“Precept upon precept; line upon line; here a little, and there a little”—Lord, build us up like that this afternoon!

“For with stammering lips and another tongue will he speak to this

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people. To whom he said, This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing.” This is what the church needs today—the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. “But they would not hear.”

Here is a direct prophecy of the baptism of the Holy Ghost—when He comes with stammering lips and another tongue He will bring mighty rest and refreshing. Another prophecy—that yet they will not hear; there will be a great deal of doubt.

Joel 2—here are some mighty promises of the Holy Spirit. We are only touching a few of the mountain peaks this afternoon just to remind you of such words as these: “In the time of the latter rain ask you of the Lord”; “Grass in the field”; “We opened our mouths wide as for the latter rain”; “That the Holy Spirit would come down like dew on the mown grass.”

You are familiar, of course, with the first chapter of Joel as it shows us the backsliding and falling away of the children of Israel; and how the palmerworm, the locust, and the cankerworm had done their work. The first chapter takes us through the Dark Ages. Then came the sound of trumpets when ministers began to weep between the porch and the altar saying, “Spare thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them: wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God?”

The outpouring of the Holy Ghost! This is shown in types and shadows through the whole Bible. Take for instance the ten sleeping virgins. They all awoke at midnight when the cry went out, “Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.” But we read that five of them had not filled their vessels as they should. Thank God, there is a great stirring up! In England four thousand laymen have stepped out to preach the Gospel—they demand that we get back to the old time religion; they don’t want any more of this coldness. The thing we need is the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

After promising that if we return to Him He will return to us, we come to the twenty-first verse of the second chapter of Joel:

“Fear not, O 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

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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.”

I would remind you that the “former rain” is the spring rain and the time for seed sowing. The “latter rain” is for ripening the grain. In Palestine it is contrary to ours—when they sow the seed the fall rain comes, then comes the colder weather. I think that has been true of the Gospel seed. The disciples sowed so faithfully, but the snow came. During the time of Martin Luther, Knox, Fletcher, Finney, Wesley, Booth was the time of melting. And now, praise God, we are coming to the harvest—winter is over and gone! The wheat is coming to maturity.

I believe the Lord is going to gather into His garner the sheaves of His fields. This is the day for revivals. There has never been so auspicious a time as 1924; and in this year there has never been so auspicious a day as today. The rain is coming now. It is easy to get a revival. There is no excuse for not having a crowd and full altars. This is the day of revivals. The rain—showers of blessing—are coming down. It is hard work to plow and get results when the ground is frozen. But, thank God, the rain is coming! This is the day when the reaper is catching up with the ploughman; those sowing with those who are reaping.

As the rain is falling “the floors shall be full of wheat.” My! I love to look over the altar and see wheat, wheat, wheat. “Brother, can’t you move over? Sister, make room for another: Come on, we will make room. Move over, please. Pack in.” And the altar is full; the platform is full. “The floors shall be full of wheat.”

“And the fats shall overflow with wine and oil.” Glory to God! Brother, are you overflowing with wine and oil? The Lord wants to change water into wine. “And the fats shall overflow with wine—and oil” of the Holy Spirit.

Verse 28, “It shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy,

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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.”

Let us turn to Matthew 3:11. Here we find John the Baptist baptizing in the wilderness. As the multitudes come to him, they wonder whether or not He is the Messiah. (My! Listen to the Bibles in Angelus Temple. It sounds good!), John the Baptist lifted up his hand and began to speak, “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.”

“Baptizo” means submerge, surround, cover, fill. “He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.” “Sister McPherson, what is the fire for?” You wait until you are filled then you will know. A lot of you icebergs will just melt and, instead of being a Methodist iceberg, a Baptist close communion iceberg, a Presbyterian standoffish iceberg, you will all melt and flow as one—interdenominational in spirit, working for the salvation of souls.

“Sister McPherson, don’t you think there should be different denominations?” Well, I don’t think that was God’s first thought, but now we have them it is all right. It means that we are all under different captains but taking orders from the same General—General Jesus Christ. We can join hands and fight in the same battle for the glorification of our King Emmanuel. There is only one Bible, one God, one heaven, and only one way to get there—the way of the Cross. We had better love each other here. You had better love me because I am going to heaven. If we are washed in the Blood of the Lamb, we will all be there.

“He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.” The Lord’s own life was peculiarly wrapped up, surrounded by, and inbreathed with the Holy Ghost. Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Ghost; before the beginning of His ministry He was filled with the Holy Spirit; the miracles He performed were by the Holy Ghost; and our Lord was caught up by the Holy Spirit. “If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up

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Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." After His wonderful ministry, He said to His disciples, "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also: and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."

In other words, "He who dwelleth in Me doeth the works, and the same Person who dwelled in Me will dwell in you. I will ascend to my Father, but I will pour out my Spirit upon you. Be filled with the Spirit." "You shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

Next, let us read Mark 16:15, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents;" (that does not mean to go around hunting for them, but refers to an instance like that of Paul on the Isle of Malta) "and if they drink any deadly thing" (that applies to missionaries who have to drink polluted water) "it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

The fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of John are filled with prophecies concerning the incoming of the Holy Ghost. "I will pray the Father and He will send another Comforter, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." "When He is come He will convict the world of sin, and convince them of righteousness and judgment." "He will take the things of mine and show them unto you." "He will glorify me." "He will guide you into all truth." "He will show you things to come."

Then, Acts 1:4-9: "Being assembled together with them, He commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith He, ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. When they therefore were

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come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power. But 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 Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.”

The last word Jesus spoke was, “Receive ye the Holy Ghost.” And we read that they made their way to the upper room—about one hundred and twenty out of the five hundred who saw Him after His resurrection. The other three hundred and eighty thought they were good enough, but the one hundred and twenty felt humble enough and needy enough to make their way to the Upper Room.

You know the story! There is always a story to tell when anyone thus tarries. “When the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place” (I believe we are that way this afternoon) “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”—ice—oh, no, 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.”

What a peculiar thing! This was something that had never happened before since the foundation of the world. “They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.” “Well, Sister McPherson, that was one of the gifts, wasn’t it?” Yes. Let us name the nine gifts—wisdom, knowledge, faith, gifts of healing, working of miracles, prophecy, discerning of spirits, divers kinds of tongues, and interpretation of tongues. All of these gifts with the exception of one had been given before. So was it one of the gifts that they happened to receive? Take for instance “Wisdom”—that had been given to Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived. Take “Knowledge”—that was possessed in the Old Testament. “Faith”—Abraham had faith and it was counted unto

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him for righteousness. “Gifts of healing”—Moses and Aaron, Elijah and Elisha, and many others had these gifts. “Working of miracles”—Moses had this; so did Elijah, Elisha, and others. “Prophecy”—the prophets of the Old Testament certainly had this gift. “The discerning of spirits” Elijah and Elisha had this.

But “speaking in tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance” was something that had never happened since the foundation of the world. And, strange to say, the very instant the Holy Ghost came in on the day of Pentecost, that moment they all began to speak with languages they had never learned. “There were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded because that every man heard them speak in his own language. And they were all amazed and marveled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judaea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God. And they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to another; What meaneth this?”

As the one hundred and twenty came down from the Upper Room, with their faces radiant with glory, they had no trouble in getting a crowd. Peter stepped to the front and preached such a sermon that brought conviction to three thousand souls. This man was transformed from a coward, who had run away from a little girl’s sharp tongue, to a bold, fearless man. Instead of being ignorant and illiterate, he became a flaming and eloquent evangel for Jesus Christ. People who heard him speak asked, “Is not this man an ignorant fisherman? How is it that he speaks so boldly and with such eloquence?” Because he had been filled with the Holy Ghost. And I believe that is what our ministers need today—the baptism of the Holy Ghost. We need to preach out of our heart and not out of our

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head—not things we had to work up but out of the heart.

“Sister McPherson, I am so afraid we might get off.” Well, I don’t know any way to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost but the Bible way. If anyone can show me another way, I am open to conviction, but there is only one way I know and I know it works. There is an outpouring of the old fashioned Holy Ghost power for every hungry heart. “But, Sister dear, don’t you know, and can’t you get it through your head, that things have changed. All you have to do now is take it by faith.” No, I don’t know that. Some folks think they are taking it by faith but they are not—they are trying to take it by theory. There is all the difference in the world between taking it by theory and taking it by faith. So many try to get it by theory but don’t receive the power. Those who go through the Bible way have something they know about.

I believe there is a “middle of the road” experience. You must have the Bible baptism, but keep in the middle of the road, keep sensible, and have, a white-heated zeal for the love of souls. Be poised, solid, and not carried away with waves of fanaticism. When I was a little girl sometimes I used to walk to school on the railroad tracks, and tried to see how far I could go without falling off. Have any of you over done that? Well, then you know that you have to walk straight and keep your balance. Today I believe we are walking a still more narrow line. On the one side there is fanaticism—go off on a tangent. (I would rather, be on that side than on the cold side.) On the other side there are people who are cold, dead, ossified, with no religious fervor. You can tell either side because they both lose the love for souls. I know some people who think only of the evidences, of the baptism; others, of divine healing; still others, stress the seventh day and Sabbath. They get off on these lines, and when you get overbalanced it is always marked by the losing of intense zeal for souls. Divine Healing is good, the baptism of the Holy Spirit is fine, keeping the Sabbath day is essential, but let’s keep in the middle of the road. It is great to walk in the middle of the road: Sometimes it is pathetic, but it is wonderful, and it is not hard. The people on one side say, “I declare you are not Pentecostal for you do not have the signs.” The other side,

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“You are too Pentecostal.” “You are not Pentecostal.” “Yes you are.” “No you’re not.” In this way you are kept in the middle of the King’s Highway and it is here that we can keep our eyes fixed on the Lord Jesus Christ and have a white-heated zeal for souls. Don’t lean to the right nor the left, but keep in the middle of the road.

I believe there will be manifestations of the Holy Spirit in our midst if we keep in the middle of the road. First there will be the salvation of multitudes of men and women. On the day that the one hundred and twenty were filled, three thousand souls were born into the Kingdom. “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.”—Acts 2:38, 39.

Now let us turn to the eighth chapter of Acts—it is the story of Philip in Samaria. A great revival had swept the city, and people had been converted in large multitudes. Verse 6, “And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did.” Verse 12, “When they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women.” Verse 14, “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: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.)”

I think that is the way with a lot of people today—they have been converted, baptized in water, continued in the faith, but the Holy Ghost has not fallen in baptizing power. Lord, let the fire fall today!

Acts 10—this is the story of Peter on the housetop. One day, while he was praying, he fell under the power in a trance. Why, shame on you Peter! I know some churches today that would not have you as a member if you did that. He saw a vision of a sheet let down from heaven, and the outcome was that he was commanded to get up and go to the house of Cornelius with news of the Lord’s salvation. As he

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went to the Gentile, six Jewish men went with him. The idea of a Jew going down to preach to a Gentile! Please picture the scene—Cornelius, the Gentile; six Jews who can't understand Peter's actions; and Peter, filled with the love of God for souls, is preaching the Gospel. While he preaches, the Gentiles are listening. The time slips by and they don't realize it. (You remember. Paul preached all night once and a man went to sleep, but he soon woke up).

When the glory of God comes down, the people are eager to hear the Gospel. While Peter preached, something happened, "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." O Lord, let it happen now! That is what we need.

"But, how did they know that the Holy Spirit fell upon them?" Have you ever been filled with the Holy Ghost? "I don't know." God help us! If this is an experience we can get and never know it, we could lose it and never miss it. "Well, Sister McPherson, how did they know?" "And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as come with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. For they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God." They heard them speak the same marvelous praises that eight years previous had marked the incoming of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. Peter, with a smile, turned to the Jews and said, "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? And he commanded them" (didn't say, 'If you feel like it but commanded) "to be baptized in the name of the Lord."

In the eleventh chapter of Acts we read that Peter was called on the carpet. "Peter, what do you mean by going unto the Gentiles? Don't you know that was against our Jewish convictions? There has always been a great wall of prejudice and indifference." Peter said, "I saw a vision and I went. As I began to preach the Holy Ghost fell on them as on us in the beginning." Oh, wouldn't it be just wonderful if we could dip a pen in ink and in flaming letters write on every minister's heart "The Holy Ghost fell on them as on us in the beginning."

That is the worst thing about me—I am guilty of having received the Holy Ghost as they did in the beginning. I didn't know there was

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any harm. I thought it was the way to receive Him. And, glory to God, He filled me! Some folks seem to think that Peter was filled one way, Paul another way, and they received the power in the twentieth century way. But, I believe they were all filled the same way and, thank God, He filled me like He did them.

I am nothing—but the Holy Ghost is everything. Beloved, I feel the fire of the Holy Ghost in my life. Aren't you hungry? Will you be filled? It is so easy to preach when you are filled with the power of the Holy Spirit. Of course we study, but the Holy Spirit brings everything to our remembrance. You don't need to be tied down to notes but, glory to God, it rolls, and rolls, and rolls. The trouble is that I can't talk fast enough.

Beloved, you need the Holy Ghost! You need it because of your Sunday School class. People are crossing the continent and spending hundreds of dollars to come here. What do they want? There is a church around the corner from them. Why don't they go there? Why did you folks come from Porto Rico, Denmark, Australia, Alaska, Canada, Florida, and many other places? "Because," they say, "Sister McPherson, we want to know more about the baptism of the Holy Ghost. We don't want something that is irrational, but we do want the genuine baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire that will set our hearts aflame." And, this is that which was spoken of by the Prophet Joel. We are not specially favored in Angelus Temple—it is falling everywhere. It just happens we are in the thick of it.

Peter went on to say, "And as I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning. Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that he said, John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost. Forasmuch then as God gave them the like gift as he did unto us, who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ; what was I, that I could withstand God? When they heard these things, they held their peace, and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life."

Next, we will read the nineteenth chapter of Acts where Paul was preaching at Ephesus. Oh, I would love to have heard him preach! "And it came to pass, that, while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having

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passed through the upper coasts came to Ephesus and finding certain disciples”—I think he began to preach to them. He preached for a while and then suddenly he stopped in the middle of his sermon. He saw something was wrong, so he said, “Excuse me, but have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?” I think he missed the “Amen,” the “Hallelujahs,” and the shining faces.

I know a church in Baltimore where it was necessary on prayer meeting night to cook a chicken supper in order to get the people out. And in order to make the people pray, the minister’s wife had to write out sentence prayers on little slips of paper and hand them to the people to read. The people didn’t like this, “We don’t mind paying the preacher’s salary but we don’t like to be asked to pray or testify in church. That’s his job.” But, when the Holy Ghost fell, what a change there was in that church:

“We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.” Isn’t that the way with some of us? About all some of us know is “Now I dismiss you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.” But “when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them: and they spake with other tongues, and prophesied.”

This was quite a few years after the day of Pentecost, and there were no foreigners among them. They were all alone in the room, but there was no reason for them speaking with other tongues—they just did. Why? I don’t know. Nor do I know why the Lord made the people walk around the walls of Jericho seven times. Imagine our president telling our soldiers to march seven times around Germany and the Kaiser would fall! You say, “I think it was just as foolish for them to speak with stammering lips and in other tongues. There might have been some sense in doing this in Acts 2 because there were some foreigners.” Yes, but not many. And there were no foreigners in Cornelius house, nor here at Ephesus.

“Does the lord manifest Himself so today?” Thank God, He does in many cases! When the Lord filled me with the Holy Spirit, He spoke through me just like He did through the people on the day of Pentecost; and many times still when I pray. “Sister McPherson, do you think I should receive the Holy Ghost like that?” No, not if you

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don't want to. Just tell the Lord, "Look here, Lord, I want the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but I object when it comes to being filled as they were in the early days, I want to be filled in a nice twentieth century way, but don't fill me like you did those folks. And, Lord, you can have everything, but don't take my unruly member." "And, when He fills you, I will be the first one down to congratulate you. However, I am glad He filled me as He did the people on the day of Pentecost, for when He fills you as He did them in the beginning it is a most glorious experience, and you can say, "I know this is that."

Heaven!



Sunday Evening
April 27, 1924



H, I AM SUCH a fortunate person tonight to be able to speak upon such a subject—Heaven! I don't know what all the other ministers are speaking on, but I think I have the most wonderful theme—to speak of Jesus and the heaven He has gone to prepare for us. I am so glad I have this privilege. I am going to tell you about the most exquisite and glorious city. “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.”

Revelation 21: “And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband...And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel: On the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; and on the west three gates...And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs...And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones.

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The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.”

Oh, I want to go to that city, don't you? There will be no need of the sun, moon, and stars because there will be no night there.

Heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Just at the mention of that word, eyes brighten, pulses quicken, shoulders straighten, loads are lightened. Heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Somebody says, “My little baby died, but she has gone to heaven.” Another, “My wife fell asleep and oh, the hurt and emptiness in my heart. But, thank God, I know she has gone to heaven!” Still another says, “My mother has gone. My best friend, my pal, my companion. She fought my battles, and always stood by me through thick and thin. She's gone! But I know she has gone to heaven because she lived the life and was ready.” Are you sure she has gone to heaven, or is it an imagination?” Oh, I know it. Sister, the night she slipped away she called us and said, “Don't you hear it—the music? Don't you see the angels, the light, the glory? Can't you hear them calling my name? I am going to heaven. Meet me there, son. Meet me there, daughter.” And she was gone. Sister, I know she has gone to glory.”

Oh, what a wonderful thing it is to know there is a heaven: “Well, I don't know about that. What is heaven? Is it a state, or a condition?” Ah, no, heaven is a place. “I don't believe that, Sister McPherson. You are taking it literally.” Of course I am. The Lord said, “I go to prepare a place for you” and I believe it is a real place. It is a city. It has streets, gates, mansions, a wall, and I believe some day if I am faithful I shall see that city and dwell with my Lord. Not only that, but my Lord has told me to give you an invitation to go to that City so fair.

“Where is it, Sister McPherson?” It isn't very far away. I don't know how far. It seems far to us, but it isn't. Have you ever been to Mount Wilson and looked through the telescope at the stars? It seems a long

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way to the nearest star. In God's sight heaven is not very far away. To some of us it doesn't seem so far. It is so near that sometimes those slipping over the border declare they have caught strains of music and heard the singing. I don't know. But I do know that Stephen caught a glimpse of heaven. As he was being stoned—the first martyr—before he fell he kneeled and lifting up his face which shone like an angel's he said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

How far away is it? I don't know. But it isn't very far, only a step. Where is it? Well, it is just beyond the sunset; just at the end of life's dusty highway; just beyond the River Jordan. It isn't very far. Eternity isn't very far away either.

Here we sit tonight. How many there are of us. Ah, but to think that all the angel of death needs do is reach out and touch a heart here and there. Gone! That quick into eternity. I happened to pick up a paper and the headline caught my eyes. An actor was acting on the stage and, while he was laughing and weeping, his wife was in the audience laughing at him. Suddenly she groaned; someone took her out quickly; and when they reached the dressing room with her, she was gone. Who knows but that someone here may never again enter Angelus Temple. Someone in this great audience may never again hear a Gospel sermon. It may be someone who is unsaved going into eternity. There are only two destinations—Heaven, and the other place of eternal woe and regret.

Tonight that heart of yours—feel it—it is such a tiny thing; just like a clock, only it keeps on ticking, but some day it may stop.

Heaven! Where? I don't know, but not very far. If, tonight, one of us who knows the Lord should be called suddenly, we would go up yonder for "to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord."

If I should close my eyes tonight, I would expect to look on His glory. Though we should fall asleep tonight, the morning is near at hand when we should hear His voice and rise up to meet Him.

Heaven! What kind of a place is it? Is it worth going to? Don't you know about it? Let me see if I can tell you something about it from the

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Book. It is a foursquare city. Thank God, we have a Four Square Gospel to take us to the foursquare city. There are twelve gates—three on each side. Those great, massive gates are made of—what do you suppose? Not out of iron, steel, or concrete, but each gate is a solid pearl. Some of you may have a string of pearls around your neck—they are just some of the chips that fell off when the Lord made the beautiful, gates. The walls of that City, have you ever gotten a glimpse? Sometimes when the sun is setting, one could almost catch a glimpse of the shining turrets and spires of that celestial city, and of the wall which is made of jasper and set with precious stones. They are garnished with jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprasus, jacinth, and amethyst. And the streets of the city are pure gold. Not the sort of gold that we have, but gold that is so pure that it is like clear glass. Oh, what a city! As the gates swing open, the walls are sparkling in the light of eternal day.

Here on either side are mansions. The Lord has declared, “In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” Those mansions are even more beautiful than those on West Adams Street or Wilshire Boulevard. Pearls! Gems! Why, I believe beautiful roses like these will be growing everywhere, only they will be more glorious. Perhaps the roses that bloom here come from the seeds that fall over the walls of heaven. Nobody has ever fancied or dreamed of the glory of that City!

I have often wondered how the streets are laid out. I wonder if they are not like those in Washington, D. C.—all streets leading to one center, the Throne of God. I don’t think I will spend much time in my mansion, but I will be before the Throne of God.

“Sister McPherson, what are we going to do when we get to heaven? Do you think I could sit down and just play a harp all the time? I have been a business man and I must have something to do.” I believe there is going to be something to do when we get to heaven. “What are you going to do, Sister?” I don’t know, but if He doesn’t

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mind there are a million and one things I would like to do. First of all—I want to see Jesus! Oh, I want to see His face; I want to look at the places where the thorns pierced His brow, and the nail prints in His lovely hands; and, perhaps, if He were not looking, drop down and press my lips to His nail pierced feet. I would like to spend the first million, billion, trillion, quadrillion years looking at the face of Jesus and telling Him how much I love Him, and thanking Him for dying for me.

Then, there are lots of other things that I want to do. There will be time because there will be no more time—going on forever, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, and ever, and ever, and ever. There is no end to that beautiful land, nor is there to that horrible place. I want to make heaven my home, don't you? Life is but a few ticks of the clock—eternity is forever.

Maybe His glory will be so blinding that one can only look for a little while at His beautiful face.

Then I want to hear the angels play their golden harps. Oh, I love music! And when I hear it down here, I think, "Ah, it is only a discord when compared to what I am going to hear up yonder." Can you imagine thousands of harps playing, and a great mass of angels singing, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord and worthy to be praised!" Can you imagine an echo choir of the redeemed ones answering back, "Amen. Glory, and honor, and praise, and dominion, majesty and might belongeth to Him forever." The angels saying, "Holy, holy, holy! The earth is filled with His glory." The redeemed answer, "Yea, but we can sing a song that your lips can never utter." Then they will sing, "I was lost but Jesus found me; I was dead but now I live. Oh, glory, glory, glory to the wondrous Son of God!" The angels will say, "You were lost?" "Yes, but Jesus found us!" "You were dead in trespasses and sin?" "Yes, but we live through the shedding of His precious Blood." "Well, your song is the sweetest. We will fold our wings, put away our harps, and let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

Heaven! Oh, it will be wonderful! You can walk down the street and say, "Praise the Lord!" Nobody will ask you, "What's the matter with you?" No, they will answer back, "Hallelujah!" Up there, there is

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going to be an Amen Corner, and we can say it out loud and nobody will turn to look at us. We will go down Hallelujah Avenue, shouting “Glory to God!” Someone will answer, “Amen!” Oh, it will be wonderful! No one will be ashamed of the King—everyone will seek His glory.

After my soul has been drenched with music, I think I would like to go to some of the meetings for I am sure they will have some. I do hope they will have some testimony meetings! I want to go where Paul is testifying and hear him tell how he was riding to Damascus to persecute the Christians. I want to hear him as he lifts his hands and tells the story, “Suddenly the glory of God shone round about me and I fell to the ground as one dead. Then I heard the voice speaking to me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? Those who were with me saw the light but they heard no voice. I answered, Lord, what will you have me to do?”

I want to hear Peter testify, telling how he ran away from a little girl; then about the meeting in the Upper Room where he was filled with the Spirit, and after that didn’t mind prisons, scourgings, persecutions. Yes, I want to hear Paul and Peter, hand in hand, declare that the persecutions on earth were not to be compared with the glory of the heavenly land.

And I don’t want to miss Stephen’s meeting. I want to hear him tell how he was stoned and how in the midst of it he saw heaven open and saw Jesus Christ at the right hand of God.

Then, there will be Daniel’s testimony how he was put in a lion’s den, how they roared, and how the angels turned the key of their jaws and locked them so they couldn’t bite.

I believe I will be kept busy for a long time through eternity just listening to testimonies. Then, if there is any time, I want to see the fountain of life—how it flows and sparkles in the cascades of light. I want to admire the light of heaven—there will be no sun, moon, or stars, but the Lamb is the light thereof. The nations of the world will bask in His glory.

Oh, there’ll be no trouble in finding something to do! I want to see the parades—and maybe I can be in one, the Crusaders. I can picture

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them coming—the Missionaries' Parade. Bless their hearts! Those dear ones who laid down their lives in China, India, Africa, parading with their arms full of sheaves. Oh, I can see the martyrs—those burned at the stake rather than reject Jesus Christ! I would like to ask them, "Martyrs, was it worth it? You had to suffer so. You were persecuted, beaten, bruised, tossed to the lions, and considered the offscouring of the earth. Was it worthwhile?" I want to see their faces lighten, and hear their voices ring when they reply, "Little sister, was it worth it? A million times—just to see one smile on the face of Jesus. That life down on earth was so short. We thought to live seventy years was a long time, but now in eternity it is just a tick of the clock. The span of life on earth was like a flower that fadeth in the sun. But—eternity, eternity—forever in the glory of His smile." Oh, praise the Lord, I want to see those martyrs!

Then, too, I want to see all the wheat that has been garnered in. I want to see all the sheaves, and I want to see the Angelus Temple sheaves up there.

It seems to me, when picturing heaven, that I can hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of feet. Who are these arrayed in white robes? They are the ones who have been washed in the Blood of the Lamb, who have overcome by the Blood of the Lamb and the Word of Testimony. I can see them coming in the gates with banners flying and voices singing! You don't mind missing it? Well, I wouldn't miss it for anything.

Jesus may call you tonight. You may die tonight. You don't know what is going to happen to you. God grant that every one of you get home safely, but no one knows. You have no lease on life whatever. The other night there were some people waiting for a street car. They saw an automobile coming down the street toward them, but they thought the driver would steer the car all right. However, the driver was drunk and the automobile tore through fifty people, scattering them in every direction. How do you know that might not happen to you? You don't know where you will be tomorrow morning. If you are Christians, that would not matter so much, but of course you would love to stay here a while longer. After all though, we are only here a

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little while. The average life today is only thirty years. Lots of us are living on borrowed time. How many people have died whom you knew? I don't know how many I could count.

No, we are not on this earth long but we are here long enough to decide where we want to spend eternity—Heaven or that other place which was never prepared for men, but for the devil and his angels. It is important that your business prospers, the fields yield their increase, life insurance cared for, get your schooling, have a career, and have men talk well of you. But the most important business you have to transact on earth is to decide where you will spend eternity—whether you will make heaven your home, or that other awful place. Life is to eternity what that lobby is to this auditorium. Life is just a dressing room in which to get ready for heaven in. If we fail in that, God help us! We may have made our pile, be in every lodge, and have everything we want but if we have missed this, we have missed everything. You cannot take fine clothes and money into eternity. There is one thing that is necessary—you must be born again.

Beloved, that Beautiful City is up yonder. Will you make it your home?

What else will we do in heaven? One thing I want to have a look at is that beautiful tree of life which blooms all the time in the garden. I want to see the cherubims, the seraphims, and the little children. I want to meet my loved ones there, and I presume nearly all of us have loved ones up there.

Heaven! Heaven! What would we do without the knowledge of that beautiful city? When my husband, Robert Semple, laid down his life in China, when my heart was breaking, my hand was clutching his hand, and the doctor whispered, "He is gone" it seemed as if my heart would break. He didn't even live to see his beautiful little daughter. And I was only nineteen years of age. It didn't seem as if I could stand it, but just in a moment the Lord spoke, "Don't forget—heaven!" I lifted up my eyes, swimming with tears, and said, "Hallelujah! the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." And the greatest part of the hurt was gone because "Heaven" was not very far.

Heaven!

It is a grand thing to be a Christian. I don't see what you people do without Jesus, especially when anyone dies. It is different with a Christian—they stand over the open grave, hear the earth fall on the casket with a thud, but they look away and their faces brighten, as they look through the sky. Heaven! Heaven! I will meet you over there. Your little boy, or your little girl is gone. Oh, you did love him so! It seemed like a part of you died. But, cheer up, mother, daddy, it isn't all of life to live or all of death to die. But after death—where? Do you remember when the angel of death came to your home and your beautiful little baby went over? “Oh, I don't want her to go!” But—there—you couldn't stop her; people are passing over all the time. There came a little silver ship across the sea, with its sails flying, to take your little darling across. You loved her well, but Jesus loved her best.

“Sister McPherson, where did my baby go?” Straight to heaven! I believe that Jesus Christ takes care of the little children, for didn't He say, “Suffer the little children to come unto me.” Surely that is why so many die young—the Lord wants you to have an anchor over there. “Mother, daddy, you are so busy making money that I have taken the little one home to heaven. Won't you look up and trust?”

Heaven! It is a beautiful city and a beautiful land. And, you know, the knowledge of it takes all the sting out of death, and takes away the fear of dying. The most timid little woman, afraid of an automobile, of a crowd, can bravely face death when it comes. “Don't cry for me. I am all right. I am going home. Jesus is calling me. Won't you meet me there?”

Heaven! Heaven! “Sister McPherson, what is it like up there?”

What is it like? Listen—nobody ever gets sick; there is never any hoof and mouth disease, nor small pox; never wake in the middle of the night to find your darling strangling with the croup. There are no insane asylums, no prisons, no hospitals. There are no criminals in heaven because they have all been redeemed through the Blood of the Lamb. In heaven there are no funerals—nobody will ever die. You, whose poor heart has bled and been torn many times, listen—there will be no more death or pain. Not a wheel chair, not a pair of

Heaven!

crutches, not a steel brace, not a pain or heartache, not a grave on the hillsides of Glory.

Heaven! Heaven! Only a little ways, you know. It is not so very far. But, once the bridge was broken between heaven and earth—sin broke it. And all the time that men were sinning it became larger, so one day the Son of God came down to die for us. He stretched His own dear body across the chasm and bridged the gulf. In this way, the road to heaven was opened again. It is a narrow road though. You can't take sin, selfishness, pride with you.

"Sister McPherson, if I am a sinner, can't I go to heaven?" No, you cannot. And anyway you wouldn't enjoy it. You don't like prayer meetings, and I am sure there are going to be lots of them up there. What would you feel like when the people shouted, "Amen! Hallelujah! Glory to God"? You would most likely say, "I don't like this—I never did like prayer meetings and shouting." No, you must get saved first before you will enjoy the beautiful land above.

"Do you have to walk very far to get there?" Just three steps—out of self, into Christ, into glory. But, oh, it is a beautiful road! Oh, I am so happy! Glory to God! My brother, my sister, Jesus is my Saviour; He is my friend. His dear crimson blood that He shed on Calvary to redeem me has been applied to my heart. My heart is singing; I am on tiptoe—I want to go to heaven. But, before I go, I want to get lots of people to go with me. It is such a beautiful life that I don't understand why anybody stays a sinner—why anybody thinks of going to that awful place. What are you thinking about to think of going there? Why not come to Jesus tonight? Why? Not because you are afraid of that other place, I am not appealing to you on that ground, but on the ground of the love of Jesus who died for you. The most beautiful thing about heaven is that Jesus Christ is there. To me, the Sahara Desert would be heaven if Jesus was there.

Heaven. Who is going there? Those who have been redeemed—washed their soul in the Blood of the Lamb. Of course, it is not going to be easy, and you would not want it to be. Paul would be telling about his persecutions, Peter about his, Stephen of how he was stoned, and you would have to say, "I didn't have anything like that." Then

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you would feel left out. But, you are going to have some battles and tests. The old devil is mighty, but, thank God, the Lord is almighty. He is able to deliver us. There is no one so weak but, if he puts himself in the hands of Christ, that He will take Him through.

Who is going there? Those who, with their mouth, have confessed the Lord as their Saviour. "Well, I am a Christian but I don't believe in talking about it." You are on dangerous grounds then. The first thing to do is to publicly confess Jesus Christ as your Saviour. Sinner, if I was in your place I would accept Jesus Christ tonight. If I was giving you automobiles, or told you I would give you all of Signal Hill, you would accept it. But, my brother, my sister, I am offering you something far better. Oh, sinner, make the Saviour yours tonight!

The first thing I would do would be to raise my hand and say, "Here, pray for me that I might become a Christian." Next, get to your feet, make your way to the nearest aisle, kneel at the altar, and make Christ your Saviour. "Sister McPherson, that is where you and I differ. The way I feel is that I will go home, kneel down by my bed, and pray." All right, but come back to meeting and confess Him publicly as your Saviour. "Oh, that would be just as bad! I don't want to do it publicly."

Did Jesus go off into a little room and die for you? No—He shouldered His cross and took a public stand for you. Will you do less for Him? Take a public stand that you will be proud of through time and eternity. When you come to the altar, get down on both knees—not just on one with a handkerchief under it to keep from getting dusty. Get a real born again experience, not simply be a church member. It is not enough to just sign a card—you must be born again. As you kneel at the altar, the Lord will save you, wash away your sins, and put the joy of His salvation in your heart. He will put your feet on the road that leads to glory, and lifting your eyes, you can see the pearly gates swing open and you too will be whispering, "Heaven! Heaven!"

"Oh, Sister McPherson, I can't believe it! I don't believe there is any hereafter."

A man said this to me the other day and I asked him, "Don't you

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believe in heaven or hell?" "Well," he replied, "I believe in hell, but I think we are getting it here. I am living in it now." "You poor brother. I am so sorry." "Huh! you believe it, do you?" "Sir, it is just like this—you are a sinner and you know you are on the road to a sinner's death. Every step you take, you are getting nearer. And, of course, this world seems like it. But, brother, it is different for me. I know Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and I am walking the other road. Just as you say you are getting all of that other place, so I might say this is a heaven to go to heaven in. Each day the music is a little nearer, and the songs clearer. That is why we sing, 'Oh, this is like heaven to me!' Why, brother, it is!"

There is no fear. Tonight, if Jesus should come, we who are Christians would not fear. Of course, we would love to live for our babies—but as for death, there is no fear. "Jesus! Jesus!" would be the words we would speak and we would be gone to see His face.

"Sister McPherson, will we know each other there?" Of course, we will—we will know as we are known. "Have you any authority for saying that?" Yes—the Bible. We read that Dives, the poor-rich man, lifted up his eyes and saw Abraham. He recognized Lazarus on the bosom of Abraham. Lazarus—the beggar to whom he used to give crumbs. "Father Abraham, send Lazarus to cool my tongue."

I expect to know Robert when I get up there—that dear man who brought me to Jesus, who set my feet toward Calvary and the Cross.

Heaven! Heaven! Are you going? Are you going? Are you on your way? Are you going to miss it? You know you don't want to miss Tuesday night's harp recital, but wouldn't it be awful to miss heaven?

Heaven: Only a little ways—so near and yet so far. The other day I had been doing some shopping. It was after closing hours and I had to come out of the employees' entrance. I saw a woman hurrying toward the closed doors, "Oh, it's closed! And there is some shopping I just had to do." It was only a little thing, but I stood and looked at her. I thought, "O Lord, suppose that was someone at eternity's gate! Open! Open! Too late!"

Almost persuaded, now to believe;

Heaven!

*Almost persuaded, Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day on Thee I'll call.*

*Almost persuaded, harvest is past!
Almost persuaded, doom comes at last!
Almost cannot avail; Almost is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—Almost but lost!*

Heaven is so near! You are just three steps away—out of yourself, into Christ, into glory. Will you take them?

The Foursquare Gospel



*A Soliloquy
May 1924*



HEART-HUNGRY and miserable, this old world is longing for a gospel that meets the need of body, soul and spirit!

Poor Me!

***My heart is torn!
Anguish and sorrow fill my soul!
My head is bowed with grief!
The ploughshare of constant care has furrowed my brow!
I am very weary, and very heavy laden!
Countless problems and perplexities overwhelm me!
Ceaseless struggling and warfare forever harrow my bosom!
Innumerable graves wherein lie buried hopes of yesterday gash
And scar my hillsides!
I am the scene of mortal combat. A constant battle ground!***

You See!

Among my one billion seven hundred and forty-eight million children there is so much hurry and worry, pain and misery, sickness and sadness, dying and crying, covetousness and greed, marrying and burying, joy and disaster, love and hatred—such multitudinous and conflicting emotions that my head fairly reels!

The Foursquare Gospel

A Remedy!

A remedy is what I want!

A panacea — a Gilead Balm — a Healing Potion — a steadying hand — a sure and guiding light to direct me — A something that bids me look up beyond this “vale of tears,” that tells of a fairer world than I — A Gospel that is sure and true. A Gospel!

Ah!—that’s exactly what I need!

A Gospel that is every whit true, that can be believed from cover to cover without reservation. Not a weakened, mutilated, apologetic Gospel, but one that is able to meet the needs of body, soul, and spirit.

A Christ-revealing — Life-giving — Soul-awakening — soul revivifying — Soul-cleansing — Soul-renewing Gospel!

A Gospel that Believes something; that reveals Jesus Christ the same today as He was yesterday and shall be evermore—A Gospel that burns and glows with the fires of the Old Time Religion.

Oh God!

Hungry and lonely, bowed down and weary, how I long for such a problem-solving, hope-building, prison-opening, chain-breaking, victory-assuring, peace-bringing Gospel! Ah, if the Holy Book were only true! If Jesus Christ were only just the same! If only He still lived to break the bands of sin, to set the prisoner free, to heal the sick, give blind their sight, and make the lame to walk. If only He as on Judean Hills walked in our midst today!

If only He had meant it when He said, “Lo, I am with you always—even unto the end” and “Where ye are assembled ... there am I in the midst.”

If only He were, still unchanged and answered prayers the same today! If—

But There!

What benefit will such thoughts do unto me! My heart grows still

The Foursquare Gospel

more sad, my spirit sinks by way of contrast!

They tell me Christ has changed! They say my Lord was but a man—a good man, you understand, the best that ever lived, but still—a mortal man.

They say that Christ is changed—has either lost the power or the inclination to do today the things that He did yesterday—That He is far away, the day of miracles is past.

They say that most of the prophetic promises are for the Jew and that when rightfully divided there is but little left for the Gentile Church today.

The day of revivals is past, I am told.

The Old Time Religion is dead. The Old “Mourners’ Bench” and the “Amen Corner,” the “shouting-happy-experience” are obsolete.

They who cling to such Wesleyan faith are fanatical and from such we should turn away.

The power of Pentecost was all expended in apostolic times, I hear.

The signs that then attended—they are not needed now. The blessed Old Time Gospel has lost its ancient power.

The Olden Glory of the Word has been obscured by the clouds of doubt and higher criticism that gather in the Ecclesiastic sky. Across the passages of Scripture I so vitally need, I read oft-times the blue penciled words—“Not For Today.”

The haze of doubt bedims the light causing an eclipse of the Word!
I sit amid the shadows!

Dear! Dear!

What a pity! How grand it would have been, had there been No mistakes in the Bible! Had the promises all held true, and had Christ been just the same!

From out my anguished heart there rises a great and bitter cry. I lift my eyes unto the hills with a feeling of despair for hope is well-nigh dead.

The Foursquare Gospel

But Hold!

What is yon answering light that dawns and floods the distant skies! Hark, listen! From whence that answering cry, proclaiming in a voice that louder grows until it fills the hills, the valleys of my old and wrinkled face, and leaps the briny ocean of my tears?

He is not dead, but liveth—is alive forevermore.

Death and the grave He hath conquered and ope'd the prison door.

He is not dead, but liveth, and ascending up on high,

Hath led captivity captive and brought Redemption nigh.

The Lord is still unchanged, His Word abideth sure.

Though heaven and earth should pass away His promises endure.

His Word is settled in heaven, His promises yea and amen,

To everyone that believeth, among the sons of men.

Jesus Christ Is just the same as He was yesterday.

He is bending, yearning o'er you now; He is not far away.

He longs to lift your burdens, to drive your ills away.

So lay your aching fevered brow upon His breast today.

The Master is close beside you, the Great Physician still.

His hand hath never lost its power, His touch its ancient skill.

There is not a chain He cannot break; a cord He cannot sever.

The Christ of yesterday still lives, the same today forever.

Still saves from sin; still heals the sick; baptizes with His Spirit;

Makes Jew and Gentile both to drink of a cup they did not merit.

The day of revivals is Not o'er, nor the day of blessing past.

God's skies are full of Pentecosts, the heaven with rainclouds massed.

Thank God!

The clouds are rifted! Sunlight of hope and drops of blessing fall mingled from above. Clear and bright the blessed Word of God gleaming with its Four Square Gospel bursts upon my view—Savior,

The Foursquare Gospel

Physician, Baptizer and King in Christ Jesus I find all I need.

My weeping is ended, my care rolled away. Doubts and fears have folded their tents and have silently vanished away.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

With swift running feet, with joy in my heart, and a smile on my face. I haste toward that Gospel of Truth and Light.

Happy! Happy! Me.

It Is Finished!



May 1924

DOWN THROUGH THE darkness and the gloom it rang, piercing the thick pale of inky blackness, shattering the brittle silence which had momentarily fallen upon the trembling multitudes who shuddered together as if for protection!

The earth that had been reeling and quaking like one dying in mortal anguish at the madness and sick horror of the spectacle it had been forced to witness—must have paused to listen!

The thunders that bellowed their disapproval at the doings of this day, rending and shaking the heavens and causing the earth to tremble—must have grown still.

The blinding lightning that had speared and slashed at the fearful gloom must have held steady for one brief instant ‘midst the horror-convulsed elements, the eerie spectral torch which it had kindled, to gaze down upon the soul-benumbing scene enacted on Calvary to fathom mayhap its meaning.

The rending rocks whose stony hearts hid burst asunder at the cry: “Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani!” (“My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!”)—must have stilled their torturous groaning and have lain silent with split hearts throbbing to each syllable of this new cry as it came from those dying lips upon the Cross; must have listened with an agony of intensesness to that last message from Golgotha those last words of the King, concerning the outcome of that awful day.

Out into the darkness that had fallen at mid-noon, out on the swift-winged air, out over the awe-stricken city of Jerusalem, Samaria, and Bethlehem, then on ‘til it girdled the globe.

Up through the lowering heavens past the haze-beveiled sun, up

It Is Finished!

past the stars that peeped out fearfully at midnight, and on to the Father above.

Down o'er the heads of the assembled and awestruck multitudes that huddled at the foot of the Cross, descended that awe-inspiring, soul-piercing, all penetrating cry that set the heart to vibrant trembling as though 'twould never still.

Catch it, O winged messengers of the air! Swell it, ye stars that tremble in the sky! Hear it, O man whoever thou art! And declare it unto the ends of the earth! Hear it all ye of the listening ear: "IT—IS—FINISHED!"

EYES WIDENED—lips apart—blanched grey faces lifted—muscles tense—so must the multitude have gazed upward at the Cross where that lone figure, whose white body gleamed like alabaster against a darkened sky, hung dying twixt the heaven and earth.

"IT IS FINISHED!" What—what is finished? What mean these strange and cryptic words that fall so peremptorily, with such assurance, with such exultant triumph from the Cross, as though some mighty victory, instead of some unspeakable defeat, had been accomplished there?

Piercing, living, superhuman—that voice—those words seem still to hang suspended in the tense electric silence of the air. The Kingly head upon the Cross tree drooped forward and lay still at last upon the bosom of love divine.

The glorious light of life had faded from the face—He had given up the Ghost! But still—still the words lived on.

'Twas as though all the mighty, pulsing, vitalizing energy and life of the King who died that day had been crystalized and condensed, into these four syllables: "IT IS FINISHED!"

Finished! Finished! Surely the words must have formed themselves into a melody that day—a melody which lingers still and lives to sing in triumph midst the harpstrings of our soul today.

"IT IS FINISHED!" Redemption has been purchased—paid to the uttermost farthing.

"IT IS FINISHED!" The Lord of Glory—He hath triumphed and hath vanquished every foe!

It Is Finished!

“IT IS FINISHED!” Finished—that bridge of mercy that spans the gulf of sin twixt man and God. Finished—the battle between darkness and light, powers of evil and hosts of right. And now unfurled, the Bloodstained banner of the Cross is gone before; and ‘neath its sacred folds His Blood-washed children march through earthly battlefields to mighty victories.

Finished! That day on Calvary the Lord fought and won such a conquest as heaven or earth had never known and will never know again. The Lion of the Tribe of Judah had paid the sinners’ debt—burst the bands of death and hell asunder—and now the veriest sinner might be clean, the most hopeless fear-torn captive might be free.

Stooping to shame, the great King had, conquered—dying, had brought to abundant life—shackled, had loosed the chains of millions—sorrowing, had brought the world to joy.

Down o’er the battlements of glory, out from the rugged cross of shame, re-echoing from the Book of the Ages those words still ring today: “IT IS FINISHED!”—finished, sinner, finished! Your debt has all been paid! Trust in the Lord, make Him your Savior, and His finished work of blest Atonement will be wrought within your soul. The King who died is alive again—alive forevermore. He lives to save, to cleanse from sin, to make the vilest whole.

OH, THE THINGS that He has done—this wonderful Savior of men! The chains He has broken, the prisons set open—this mighty Redeeming One! The lives He has brightened; the loads He has lightened; the sinners He’s ransomed; the captives set free! The teardrops that vanished, the sorrow He’s banished by the touch of His nail-pierced hand! Dark clouds He has scattered, night shades rolled away, and poured in the sunlight of unclouded day. Anguish turned to gladness, peace brought where was strife, stark fear turned to confidence, grim death into life—these things have I seen and a multitude more as by faith I beheld Him—this Savior of mine.

O sinners, believe Him, with wide arms receive Him, in yielded and contrite hearts. Then out through the world of dying men bear the message of hope and life, the message of Jesus, that others may know and rest in His finished work.

Salitha Cumi



May 1924

Damsel, I say unto thee, arise.

MARK 5:41



THE LITTLE SHIP had landed. No sooner had the Master reached the shore than an eager multitude thronged about Him.

The great men of the city, the man in humble garb, the sick, the well, the old and young—none felt it an imposition to press upon the Master, none met with a rebuff.

Oh, the joy to look upon His face, to hear His blessed voice, to feel the impress of His gentle hand upon the fevered brow!

A peaceful scene was this—the Master in the midst, the multitude pressing close, the gentle washing of the waves upon the sanded shore, the stately ship that rode at anchor but a league or so away.

Suddenly, into the midst of the throng, a running figure dashed—luxuriant robes caught loosely and fluttering in the breeze. No ordinary commoner was this, but a ruler in the land. But on his face was stamped that look of tense, hurt, suffering, that agony of love, that eager hope, mingled with bewildered desperation; that makes the whole world kin and makes the rich to stand upon one level with the poor. His child—his little child—more precious far than gold or pearls, lay at death's door midst the shadows of the valley.

Ah, merciful God in heaven, perhaps e'en now her gentle spirit had taken flight! Gasping, bursting through the crowd he came. Perhaps they fell apart and made him room on seeing the desperation

stamped upon his countenance. He fell upon his knees and with hands upraised and pausing but for scant courtesy, a cry of misery and petitioning was rung from his white lips:

“My daughter—my little daughter—lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed and she shall live.”

Ah, yes, the years have come—the years have rolled away, but nineteen hundred summers have left this world unchanged.

Instead of rebuking the rudeness with which this despairing petitioner had burst upon the scene, the Master awarded the agonized appeal with immediate answer. In simple words we read that:

“Jesus went with him.”

“Jesus went with him!” Brother—sister—whoever you be whose heart is sore, whose body sick, whose spirit is depressed, the good ship “Grace” has touched your shore. The Master waits to bless. Stand upon no ceremony. Falter not upon the border of the throng! Press through the multitudinous doubts and fears, the hindrances that would keep you from Him. Press through, and, falling at His feet, make your petition known. Cry as did Jairus, “I pray thee come into my home, touch our needy lives; all shall be well again.” If you but ask, the Lord will come and walk life’s road with you.

Into the multitude who thronged Him as He walked to Jairus’ house, a pale-faced woman crept that day, and touched the hem of His dress. Instantly the Master paused and bade her “be made whole.” Though hastening to help another, He still had time for her. Though on His way to answer one. He was not deterred from answering another. Responding to the call of the Great, He had time for the Least of all. “Hasten, Master, hasten! while yet there’s a spark of life. Haste! while lingers in the sky one trace of hope and light.”

“Thy-daughter-is-dead! Why trouble the Master more?” A messenger brought the ill tidings even as the Master lingered to speak to the trembling woman at His feet. Oh, these delays of love! How they test the soul, and shake the stoutest faith!

“Thy-daughter-is-dead!” Like clods of earth, dull thudding on the casket of an open grave; like stones dropped down a hollow well, the

Talitha Cumi

words fell on that father's heart. Crushed—the last flutter of hope! With one great sweep, the black brush of despair had painted out of faith's horizon the lingering trace of day.

The fragile structure of Jairus' hope had crumbled. His faith was jeopardized. If the Master had seemed slow the previous moment to the father's anguish riven mind, there was no slowness now. Quick as a flash, the Master spoke, resurrecting by His word that poor relinquished hope that lay as still as death.

“BE NOT AFRAID, O JAIRUS—BE NOT AFRAID BUT BELIEVE.”

O sick, afflicted one today, whose light is gone, whose hope seems dead, whose prayers unanswered be! Take heart! Have hope! The Master speaks, “Be not afraid—believe.”

It must have seemed to Jairus that years elapsed in that next moment! A haze of bewilderment—walking as an automaton moving as in a dream.

The tumult of wailing. The contrast between the insincere hired mourners and the calmness of this true Helper who moved in the midst, in the seamless dress of white, like a shaft of sunlight amidst the deepened gloom. The still white face on the pillow—the beloved face now settling into the rigidity of death. The little folded hands grown stiff. The swift, sure steps of the Master across the death chamber. The wailing cry of the mourners in the courtyard intruding on the stillness. The loving face of the Master bending o'er the lifeless form. The strange and beautiful light upon the Savior's face. The soft, deep, vibrant, compelling words, spoken in a voice of love and power penetrating the dull cold ear of death:

“TALITHA—TALITHA CUMI! DAMSEL, I SAY UNTO THEE, ARISE!”

Was not this a voice that could speak worlds into being? At the sound, Jairus' heart must almost have stilled its beating as the spirit of his darling awoke to life. At that voice, cheeks that had lain like chiseled marble blushed to warmth and beauty. 'Neath the warm, gentle pressure of the Hand Divine, stiff fingers loosed and curled like grateful tendrils round His own. Long lashes quivered, wakened eyelids opened, bewildered questioning eyes looked up into that most

Talitha Cumi

lovely of all faces and drank deep of the sunlit pools of love in His assuring eyes. “Talitha Cumi”—like showers of falling gold the words—“Talitha Cumi! I bid thee rise! and straightway the damsel rose and walked, and all who beheld were astonished with a great astonishment.”

“AND JESUS COMMANDED THAT SOMETHING BE GIVEN HER TO EAT.”

Oh, loving thought; oh, tender care. He who brought life is careful to sustain and nurture it!

But, having been made whole, He still commands concerning them who have been made whole: “Let something be given them to eat.” Yes, if ever there was a time when food and sustenance is needed, it is after the sick have been made whole and raised to renewed life. If ever ‘tis necessary for pastor and church to mother and nurture her children, and for one to be in the warm atmosphere conducive to faith and love, it is after the Master has bidden them “Rise and walk!”

Tongues of Flame



May 1924



THE OLD TIME religion is essentially a Gospel of Fire, and Faith, and Fervor!

Coldness, frigidity, and formality had neither part nor parcel in it!

From the time that the fire of God fell and consumed the offering of Abel, the presence of Jehovah has ever manifested itself by descendant tongues of flame. In the days of Noah, Abraham, and Lot fiery altars glowed upon the hilltops. In answer to Elijah's prayer, consuming fires fell from open heavens upon rebuilt altars. On the Day of Pentecost, tongues of fire descended from out the Throne of God and sat upon each bowed and reverent head, transforming timid, shrinking men and women into flaming evangelists of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

“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.”

No love that had “waxed cold” here!

No forms and ceremonies that denied the power thereof!

Burning, blazing, white-heated, consuming love for God and souls endued, engulfed, energized, saturated, permeated, thrilled the one hundred and twenty, ‘til theirs were indeed “HEARTS AFLAME!”

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Tongues of Flame

Fire upon the pulpit! Fire upon the pew!
Fire upon the congregation and the home!
This is the need of the church today!

Too long we have been cold and frozen in the rigid clasp of death.

Too long the currents that flow from the bosom of the church have been “Arctic” streams—streams that have their origin midst iceberg and glacier—streams that prohibit growth and are not conducive to genuine revivals of the old time faith of our fathers.

Today we need the fire of the Holy Ghost upon our spiritual fountain head that from, the bosom of the church through all the world may flow the warm gulf stream of living, pulsing, vital faith—such streams as bring forth tropic growths waving victory palms, luxuriant verdure, and fields of rippling grain.

All cede that this is the need of the church today! A lukewarm church is an abomination to the Lord. Has He not said, “I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.”

How may we become white-heated? How may the church be warmed and set ablaze with revival glory? Ah! that is the question.

There can be but one answer—The Baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire. Of this experience, John the Baptist said: “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.”

Chicken suppers, strawberry festivals, ice cream socials, moving pictures, community sings—nothing can take the place or fill the need of this Baptism of the Spirit. Higher criticism cannot fill the need. The preaching of psychology, community uplift and social reform cannot satisfy the hunger that arises from the lack of it. Making the statement that this Baptism of the Holy Ghost is not for today—was only for apostolic times—can never satisfy the craving for the old time power any more than husks could satisfy the prodigal son, or sawdust satisfy the man who longs for the strong meat of this earth.

Away with such teachings, away with unbelief, makeshifts, and excuses. Let us arise and hasten back to Pentecost—to the fullness of

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the Holy Ghost. Let us never cease to wait, to tarry, to empty heart and soul of all the idols that would hinder the incoming Holy Ghost, until with a rushing wind and tongues of flame He descends upon our needy lives, baptizing with His Spirit.

Oh, that the ancient fire of God might fall today upon rebuilt altars!

Before Elijah could call down the fire of God upon Mount Carmel, there were certain things that must be done—preparations that must be made. The rubbish and the debris of the years must needs be cleared away. The altars that had long been broken down must be rebuilt.

The Church of the Flaming Heart—if we would be known as such today; if we would ever see God's reviving fires aglow on heart and altar, we, too, must clear away the congregated rubbish of worldliness; unbelief, substitutes, and excuses that have been piled around that altar through the years.

Catching up the broom of consecration, we must make a clean sweep of the doubts, the coldness, the insincerity, higher criticism, formality, and shallow imitations of the genuine. We, too, must build again the altars of devotion, believing prayer, and old time faith for these, alas, are sadly crumbled in many an instance today.

Then laying the wood in order—dry wood, full of pitch, wood of prayer, faith, love, praise, and surrender to the will of God—let us present ourselves body, soul, and spirit as a free and willing sacrifice to God. Let us lift our eyes to heaven and determine as did Elijah on that olden day that the God that answers by fire shall be very God within these lives of ours.

Such believing faith, coupled with the works of true obedience, are bound to be awarded with descending tongues of flame.

The God of Pentecost still lives! And when the church returns to Pentecost—Pentecost will return to the church!

Press in, oh, hungry heart, claim your inheritance! Pray through. "Tarry until" the fiery baptism falls from out the Throne of God, kindling into flaming love and service both soul and spirit.

Tarry in sincere heart-searching yieldedness. Found your faith

Tongues of Flame

firmly on the Word of God. Refuse to be contented, pacified, or put off with anything short of a genuine, Biblical, Holy Ghost experience, such as was received by believers in the second, eighth, tenth, and nineteenth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles.

Many who have become burdened and hungry for the blessedness of the Holy Spirit have been told that they have already received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit only that they do not know it. No, beloved! This mighty baptism, this incoming of the Paraclete, the Third Person of the Trinity, this glorious descent of the tongues of flame is not something that we can receive unconsciously. Why, if we could receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost and never know it, we could lose the experience and never miss it!

Peter, on the day of Pentecost, received something that changed him from a timid coward, who ran from the prick of the words of a little maid, into a brave and fearless warrior, who faced the rulers of the nations and boldly affirmed of his fellow compatriots, "These are not drunk with wine as you suppose, but this is that which was spoken by the prophet."

He received something definite and real that made him the winner of three thousand souls on that first memorable day; something that took him unwaveringly through judgment and verdict, through persecution and scourgings, and at last through the jaws of death itself triumphant and unfaltering.

This something which the early disciples received—this something which made the people take knowledge that they had been with Jesus—that made them comment upon the eloquence of speech and bold authority of these who were but ignorant and unlearned fishermen—was unquestionably and unmistakably the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire.

We still live in the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. To those that knock, the door still is open, and they who seek still find. Earnest waiting upon God will ever be rewarded by a renewal of the flaming devotion of first love and a return of the old time apostolic power; by old time altar calls wherein hundreds turn to the Lord and seek salvation; by the return of the old time "Amen Corner," fiery zeal, and

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burning testimonies; and, last but not least, by the old time persecution.

Thousands are pressing in claiming their inheritance!

The glory of God is coming down!

A mighty move is on foot among Christian laymen throughout the world! There is a great wave of unrest and dissatisfaction with coldness and backsliding. A mighty surge of pressing forward with outstretched arms and yearning hearts toward the restoration of the old time religion with its old time power and glory.

Thousands of those who have pressed through have received a veritable Pentecostal outpouring, have been baptized with the Holy Ghost even as the hundred and twenty in the Upper Room.

There is a revival for your heart, your home, your church, your community. Clear every hindrance from the way. Then, lift your heart and cry, "Lord, fill me with Thy Spirit. Baptize me with the Holy Ghost. Flood my heart with such a love for souls that never again shall I be able to sit complacently and calmly watch thousands sinking into destruction without God and without hope. Lord, replace my coldness and formality of speech with white-heated love and with a tongue of flame."

Behold He Cometh



May 1924



F—

The vaulted dome of heaven should roll asunder now—The Heavenly Herald should cleave the skies with silver trumpet notes and announce the coming of the King—

The curtain of the clouds be swept aside in glistening, majestic folds by myriad angel hands—

Ten thousand silver trumpets should sound the proclamation—

Ten thousand harps should resound in one triumphant symphony—

Ten thousand times ten thousand voices sing in chorus the refrain—

The sun grew dim—eclipsed in grandeur by the face of Him who outshone its glory and made its shining pale to insignificance—

You saw the heavens open and in the central skies, surrounded by innumerable Angel Hosts, your wondering eyes beheld that Holy One, the Lord of hosts, the King of kings, Emanuel from out of the Land of Glory.

If—

You beheld Him descending from the heavens with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God—

Beneath your feet you suddenly felt a tremor, and from the East, West, North, and South, the sleeping bodies of immortal saints awoke, rose from the dead and, reunited with the spirit, ascended clad in gleaming garments, to meet Him whom they loved—

From among those who live and do remain upon the earth, believers should be caught up together with them in the clouds to

Behold He Cometh

meet Christ in the air—

What Would You Do?

How would you feel?

What would become of you?

Would you, too, be caught away to meet the Savior in the flaming portals of that glory?

Would your garments be white and your loins girded, yourself ready as one who waiteth for his Lord?

Or, would you be filled with an unspeakable and unnamable terror; an unutterable horror of foreboding and dread?

Would you lift up your arms and, with radiant face, cry, "Welcome, O King of Glory! For many a day my soul hath longed for Thee, O Friend most dear! Welcome, King Eternal! Speed Thee on Thy way! Welcome, Triumphant Savior! Come quickly, and claim the soul Thou hast redeemed!"

Or, would you in a vain effort turn your face from His Omnipotent Glory to cry, "O rocks and mountains, fall on me, and hide me from the countenance of Him before whom heaven and earth doth flee away! O darkness, wrap me in, enfold me in your mantle of protecting gloom! How can I gaze upon the face of Him whose love I have rejected, whose proffered mercy I have spurned! Woe! Woe is me—The Lord is come and I am unprepared!"

The Lord Is Coming! Even now on every side, like pointing fingers, fulfilled prophecies reveal that the coming of the Master draweth nigh.

The souls of the martyrs are crying, "How long! How long!"

The spirits of those whose bodies moulder in the dust, with yearning, call to Him—"Come quickly!"

The waiting church on earth, as a virgin who with love-light in her eyes, fills and trims her lamp, echoes back, "E'en so, dear Lord—e'en so, come quickly!"

Even now the darksome pall of midnight gloom is rifted.

The silver gray and pearl of dawn illumines the eastern sky.

The night is far spent.

The day of matchless splendor and of joy fulfilled; the day when

Behold He Cometh

faith is changed to sight; the day when untold longing is changed to blest reality is breaking overhead.

The last invitation is being given. The last sheaves gathered into the garner. The last empty chairs at the Marriage Table of the Lamb are being filled from highways and hedges. The last guests putting on their wedding robes. The last virgin filling her lamp with Holy Spirit Oil.

If Jesus Should Come Just Now—Brother, sister, would you be ready to meet Him?

In His Word He has clearly said that “of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. Therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh”.

If you are not ready, fall upon your knees just now while Jesus tarries. Cry, “Lord, be merciful to me, wash me in Thy precious Blood. Grant that as You died for me, I, dear Lord, shall live for Thee”.

Then up! Don the wedding robes, my comrade. Anoint thee with the Oil of His blessed Spirit. With lighted lamps and waiting heart, go forth to greet your Lord. What a day—

What a Day That Will Be!

Sickness and sighing will all be over. Temptation and grief gone for aye. Battles and conflicts ended. Night changed to glorious day. Burdens transformed to transcendent joys. Crosses laid down for crowns. Earthen vessels exchanged for glorified forms and death to eternal life.

Bridging the Chasm to Hearts Across the Sea



May 1924

DOWN FROM THE steepled church tower; out through flower-scented, sunlit air, floats the silvery chiming of Sabbath bells.

Overhead “Old Glory” softly ripples and billows in the breeze.

In the peaceful streets below, wholesome, clean-faced children quicken their step toward Sunday School.

Happy couples rise from tables spread with snowy linen and gleaming silver; step from well-groomed homes over tidy lawns to well-kept streets, and arm in arm walk churchward.

It is the spirit of America!

America—home of ten thousand similar scenes. America—whose wide flung borders nestle contentedly under the flag of freedom. America—with its multiplicity of churches, hosts of ministers, laymen and evangelists; its throngs of reverent, joyful worshipers. America—land of Christian faith, where even though hearts may be bereaved of Christian comrades, one may lift eyes in which the light of radiant hope is shining, and looking above the open grave into the Land of Glory, whisper: “I’ll meet you in the Morning.”

Then, through the darkening, smotheringly oppressive, incense-laden air comes the ceaseless, rhythmic thud of the torn-tom—the weird chanting of voices.

Kneeling white-robed figures—heavily turbaned heads—the constant rise and fall of swaying bodies—heads and hands now reared aloft—now bending low till foreheads touch the earth—up and down, up and down to the weird haunting chant.

Voices swell in number. The volume is augmented. Tom-toms beat more quickly now. Seems as though they beat upon one’s heart.

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Voices chant and wail, rise and fall.

“Why does it affect me so today?” I asked myself. “Have we not lived next door to this, here in Southern China, for many weeks? Have we not seen and heard it all a score of times? We should have become used to it ‘ere now!”

The air grows more oppressive—the incense more intense and pungent. It drifts through the window. With fascinated gaze I watch a little curl of blue smoke draw nearer. It floats through the room with sinuous, gliding movements. It swoops toward me—envelopes me. I feel as though I were smothered, pressed down beneath a warm, woolen blanket.

Incense? Can this be incense? No, surely our Chinese cook is burning something on the stove! He has gone away, perhaps, and left the meat, in the oven.

A quick survey of the kitchen—nothing on the stove! A glance at the open window—smoke pouring in from the direction of the rear court.

One quick glance! The blood in my veins seems to congeal! I stand frozen with horror!

A carefully arranged pile of wood, perhaps four feet high, has been set ablaze out there. Upon this pile, which I instinctively and shudderingly realize to be a Funeral Pyre, the body of what was once a man, is lying in state beneath lotus blossoms and garlands of flowers.

I want to move—cannot. Want to tear my fascinated gaze away—it is riveted there.

Flames! Smoke! Sickening odors! It cannot be... oh, am I losing my senses! It is... that body is moving... half sitting up... lying down... limbs twitching! Ah, God! what a sight—

But of course he is dead—quite dead. ‘Tis only the muscles under the intense heat that move, even as a bit of burning paper will fold and crumple. ‘Tis simply the crude form of cremation.

S-t-e-a-d-y now! C-o-o-l now! That’s the idea—get away from that window—that’s the thing to do—loose smarting eyes from the repulsive scene! Just enough strength, dear God, to lift arms and—pull down the window!—There, it is closed.

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One more unavoidable glimpse. White robed forms still rise and fall, bend and sway. Voices chant. Tom-toms on and on—seems as though they were beating upon my brain.

Away from the window, back to my own room, I drop upon the bed in wild hysteria. Gathering up the loose corner of the sheet, I stuff it in my mouth, choking back the screams.

“O God, I want to go home! I can’t stand it! Oh, yes, I can—forgive me—strengthen me—

“That poor, poor man—gone into eternity, without God; without hope; and his poor precious soul of more value than all the world put together—Lost! L-O-S-T!

“Lord, Lord make me a real missionary in soul and in spirit.”

This is but one of the horrors that came before the writer’s own eyes during her short service as a foreign missionary in Southern China.

To me, a girl of nineteen, it seemed a land of grim realities, evil smells, revolting sights, blood-curdling tales. How different than I had dreamed! How romantic and thrilling it had all seemed—this ministering to hearts across the sea—while one stood on American soil and lived under Old Glory. We were going to sail across the wide billowy ocean, to point some of the millions of yellow brothers and sisters in the Orient to Christ.

How humorous, those jokes about the Asiatics eating rats and ants and worms had seemed, while one was still in America, with one’s feet tucked cozily under a snowy table, sipping iced grapefruit from a dainty glass with a silver spoon! How we had smiled over the ludicrousness of it all! But now, somehow, we had become so crowded about with grim realities that the smile had been lost somewhere—only a twisty little semblance of it could yet be found.

Southern China, so close to the borders of India that its heat waves rolled in billows o’er the land. On one side of our mission: a Chinese shrine; on the other: a Temple. Just beneath our piazza the cosmopolitan throngs of Hong Kong.

What a multitude! What a surge! How like a giant anthill that had been overturned!

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Speaking of ants—

‘Twas true all right. They not only ate ants out here, but relished them. Missionaries, we were assured, were expected to accept the hospitality of the homes which were visited on their rounds of duty. Never shall I forget the first ant I ate!

That’s the idea—just keep on prodding one’s fainting sense of humor; don’t take things too seriously—one will get used to it all soon, and ‘twill be just as huge a joke as when back in the land of clean faced children, one smiled over the eating of rats, hundred-year-old eggs, and worms!

Speaking of worms—that also was true. Robert Semple, my husband who laid down his life in China, had a very sensitive stomach—what a shock it was to him the first time he witnessed that worm-eating process.

‘Twas in the basement of the public market. The Asiatic multitudes swarmed everywhere, buying strange looking things and talking volubly over the counter.

To the right, a group of purchasers were eating a delicatessen lunch from a large, sour looking, wooden bucket. The merchant was holding the wooden cover of the bucket in one hand, and, with a small wooden stick which he held in the other, was thrusting back, now and then, some of his edibles that seem bent on making a wriggly exit.

Then, to his unbounded horror, my husband, who was the soul of propriety and fastidiousness, saw what it was that they were purchasing. A Chinaman stepped hungrily forward, paid his one “Sen” (a tenth of a cent), stooped over—chose deliberately with the taste of a connoisseur a nice, long, fresh, juicy, wriggly worm. He then held it at arms-length, threw back his head, and, while the worm twisted protestingly, dropped it leisurely into his mouth, before Robert’s horrified gaze. Robert declared that the tail of that worm tied itself into a last despairing little kink as it disappeared.

Ugh! But, there, the thing to do is to laugh—laugh. Blink your eyes hard and fast to keep back the silly tears. Catch your lower lip firmly between your teeth to still its trembling. How foolish to mind a little thing like this! Throw back your head, I say, and laugh—Ha! Ha! Ha!—

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as you did in America. Somehow, laughter does not flow as spontaneously as of old.

Ah, but we must keep bright and cheery—not mind such trivial things as worms! But, oh, if they were only respectable and civilized looking American worms, one wouldn't mind so much, but these long fat looking creatures with the scalloped edges, are enough to shock and daunt any missionary's courage.

Don't think about these things too much—remember, we are studying the language—are already able to give a short testimony—and are speaking through interpreters.

These Chinese and all the rest, have precious souls to be saved, and we are here to point them to Christ. Besides, things are not so bad as they might be. There are “extenuating circumstances” as our old lawyer friend back home used to say. While the old eggs, for instance, are truly eaten—the rats—now that was an exaggeration, so far as we could learn. The mistake seemed to come through the fact that the Chinese name for the black squirrel is “Lat.” ‘Twas these they ate—very good, too, if one had a good appetite, I guess, and if they were prepared by a clean cook.

Speaking of clean cooks, now a neighboring lady, who kept a large missionary home, had often boasted of her clean cook. What a jewel he was! How clean his clothing—his person!

One day this lady decided to prepare for her husband a dish of which he was particularly fond—English Plum Duff. Tying the pudding carefully in a white cotton bag, she placed it in a steamer and set it over a pot of boiling water, and said to her cook:

“Now, Ah Chee Lo, all you have to do is to keep the fire going, and see that the pot does not boil dry.”

“All-le-lite,” he answered.

Returning some time later to see how the pudding was progressing, my friend sniffed and sniffed again. A strange odor assailed her nostrils. Lifting the cover; she noticed that the water over which the pudding was being boiled looked strangely dark and grimy.

“Ah Chee La!”

“Yes, missey.”

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“What have you done to this water?”

“N-othing, missey!”

“Ah Chee—! You tell me this minute what makes that water look so black!”

“Well, missey, me tell you. Ah Chee Lo—he savvy, Missey makee burn too much firewood; Ah Chee Lo, he makee blong boil trousers; samee water—save firewood!”

The rascal—he had boiled his trousers in the pot under the steamer, and now clean and white they hung on the line just outside the door.

Ha! Ha! keep laughing—that’s it. Never get vexed—keep your sense of humor. Hard to scold a fellow for trying to keep clean, you know, especially when he was trying to be economical with missionary money. The trousers didn’t touch the pudding anyway. As for the vapor going up through the holes of the steamer, that had never entered his head. How was he to know? Besides, hadn’t he saved the firewood?

But, oh! If ‘twere only small things like this that happened, one could keep on smiling, but when fever, malaria, dysentery, typhoid, sweep away four beautiful children from the missionary just over on the corner; when the heat beats so unmercifully down that it is almost certain death for one to go out without a specially lined umbrella; when nights are muggish, and you lie awake and wonder whether you are really doing enough work for Jesus; and it takes so long to make a real dent in the walls of unbelief—each day that cherished smile grows weaker and more wan.

Then too, there is such a constant drain upon one’s sympathies. Take the Chinese system of punishing criminals for instance. In Canton there were monthly decapitation days, when upon the smallest offenses (stealing a bit of foodstuffs for instance) heads were cut off in the public market place. There were really so many more people in China than the government knew what to do with, that no one seemed to worry very much. Besides, everyone had his own troubles, and it was generally considered poor policy to quarrel with or dispute the wisdom of the authorities.

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Then the stocks—I have seen people sitting in stocks, in the broiling sun, covered with flies, their hands and feet pilloried in round holes. Then there was that form of punishment where a prisoner was made to stand upon a pile of bricks with sharp dagger-like points surrounding him in such a way that they would pierce his throat if he relaxed or drooped from weariness. There was, too, that horrible habit which went with this last mentioned punishment—namely, that of taking out one brick a day, leaving the poor fellow to strain higher and higher on his toes to avoid being impaled upon the rapier points, until—

A-a-h, let's not talk about it. It would do no good.

An American soldier was once almost incarcerated in a Chinese prison for kicking a bowl of chicken and rice nearer to a row of prisoners who were locked behind iron bars. These prisoners were being punished by the hunger method. They had been kept behind iron gratings for days with heaps of fragrant delicious food in plain sight, just a few inches beyond their reach.

A great line of reasoning these Chinese can give one too, when one grows bold enough to remonstrate with their system of punishment.

“We feel just the same way about your electric chair, hangman's rope, and life-long imprisonment at hard labor,” they will tell you.

“Will you not ask the Lord to help you give up opium?” I asked a man one day. “You know it to be a sin against yourself and against God.”

“Then, if it is wrong, why did your Christian England first force her opium in here at the point of cannon?”

“Oh, we didn't, did we?”

“Missey, you don't mean to say that you do not know the illustrious story; that you do not know how that British Flag came to float over our honorable Hong Kong?”

“Why—why—I used to know when I went to school and studied history, but I fear it has slipped my mind.”

“Well, it hasn't slipped ours,” he gritted back. Great Britain brought over a load of opium. We resisted! Sank the boat! England came back with gunboats—men of war. We were unprepared to fight those cold,

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glittering cannon. We capitulated—gave Hong Kong as hostage. Then a British merchantman sailed into our harbor and unloaded from the same boat piles of opium and of Bibles—fine combination that! Are not you Anglo-Saxons about the last people in the world who should remonstrate with us for the using of it?”

“But, that was our forefathers who did that. We are several generations removed. Surely we should not suffer in our work for what our fathers did!”

“Yes, and it was our forefathers who received the opium. But it is our children and our children’s children who must suffer from its use.”

We shift our weight from one foot to the other, clear our throat, cough, flounder through a haze of flimsy arguments, then slink away feeling that we have been worsted in the battle.

Oh! Oh! It is not always as easy to win these hearts to Christ as one would have at first supposed. One would have imagined back there in the land of Cathedral chimes and art glass windows that “these heathen” would run in multitudes, arms outstretched, crying “Light! Light! Give us the light of the Gospel. Welcome, O missionary, tell us the story of your wonderful Christ!”

But, on the contrary, one encounters everywhere a stone wall of resistance—a wall far thicker and greater than any that surround their walled cities—a wall of unbelief, superstition, devil worship, upon which one futilely beats one’s hands until they are bruised and bleeding. A great blanket presses smotheringly down. Somehow it seems so much more difficult to “pray through” out here, as though prayer must go through some thick shroud of dark demon forces; as though one’s prayers struck against a heaven of brass and fell back again upon one’s head. A thick cloud of devil oppression covers the land. Hundreds of thousands openly worship the devil and his image.

Then, there is that constant tug at one’s heartstrings—that constant clouding of the eyes with burning tears. Little children sold as slaves. The daughters of poor men sold to the Flower Boats (the Red Light District of Canton), where behind bars like little trapped animals they must live at the mercy of their masters and the constant stream of

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bestial customers, till ill and broken, their poor bodies are cast into the flowing waters of the river, and the dark eddying swirl closes mercifully over their tired heads.

The helplessness of not being able to do anything about all this was added to, by reason of the drunkenness and immorality of soldiers and sailors from ships that ride at anchor in the harbor. I have seen these boys go by, in steady streams, in jinrickshaws and coolie chairs, with painted Oriental girls, destruction-bent. I have seen these boys from our Christian countries, lie drunken on the streets out there, and have blushed with shame as a Chinese guide would say, "You makee come, save us, Missey. You bletta save you own, too. We muchee plenta good as they."

"Ah, but you must not look at those who fail. Look to Christ Jesus. In Him is no failure.

"There is but one God—the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God who gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life," I said to a Chinese teacher one day.

"But your religion is so modern, missey; so young; so untried!" he replied. "Yourself and your families so young; ours so ancient. Our religion is far older in its archives than any book in your Bible."

"Sir, you are surely wrong. Our Bible dates its events away back to happenings before the world was."

"No, you are mistaken—ours is the older of the two; and to your one God, we have thousands!"

"Sir, you are wrong—wrong in your beliefs. And your customs, if you do not mind my saying so, are so absurd. Why, for instance, do you put hundreds of dollars' worth of food upon the graves of your ancestors? You know that they cannot eat it."

"Tell me first, why do you put hundreds of dollars' worth of flowers upon the graves of your departed? Are they, perhaps, able to smell them?"

Umph! The idea of their being able to give such an argument! It takes one's breath away! How different missionary work actually is than we had imagined it back in the good old U.S.A.

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Today under the new Republic the gateway to the whitened harvest fields of China is open. Some of the ancient superstition has been done away with. And though the bondage of ancestral worship still bows the shoulders of the nation, the old hostility and resentment toward the ideals and teachings of the new world have been more or less modified.

CHINA is an open field.

INDIA is as needy a land as could be imagined.

AFRICA awaits the light of the Gospel—the message the white man can bring.

Here lies Christian America with her 243,332 churches plus 32,000 missions and revival halls, totaling 275,332 places of worship.

Yonder, less than a month's sailing, lies the Orient.

How can we best bridge the chasm to hearts across the sea?

This is a great and a serious business—a herculean task. I have endeavored to show in these paragraphs that the life of a missionary is far from being a picnic or a romantic outing. To be a tourist and to make a polite call, under the auspices of "Cook's Personally Conducted Tour" is really quite amusing, entertaining, and educational. But, to be left on the pier and see the boat bearing one's native flag, disappear in a smoky blur on the distant horizon, then turn to face the new world, is quite another matter.

I want each student of our Missionary and Evangelistic Training Institute, to read every word of this true article, then decide for time and eternity whether they really wish to answer the call. It means a laying of body, soul and spirit upon the altar.

Listen, young folks! While here at home we have such a multiplicity of churches and ministers that many can afford (?) to fight, criticize, and slash each other—

China—has but one missionary for every 65,000 inhabitants; Japan—has only one missionary for every 52,000 inhabitants; India—has only one missionary for every 62,000 inhabitants.

Whereas China contains some one third of the population of the world, the official report of 1920 shows but 6,250 missionaries, these being from all denominations within her borders. Of this number

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only 4,250 are actively engaged in the field at one time.

Think of India's population being 319,000,000! Africa's population is 180,000,000!

Then try to realize that were every American to make himself responsible for the conversion of non-Christians in the world, subtracting the non-Christians for which European and other Christian nations have assumed the responsibility, it would mean that every Christian in the United States would be responsible for the conversion of 35 non-Christians.

During 100 years only 50,000,000 heathens have been converted to Christianity. In 1820 there were 50,000,000 Christians and 1,125,000,000 non-Christians.

This means that the percentage of non-Christians is increasing on an average of 10% over and above the Christians. The ratio of Christians throughout the world is five in the United States to one in the rest of the world.

It seems rather a pity for all the Christians to be gathered in such a mass, splitting doctrinal issues and forming into divisions about minor things, when over there the cry of Christ-less millions rises to the heavens.

Hundreds of thousands still live who have never heard the name of Jesus.

Mission stations are penetrating the heart of India. There our own dear Brother and Sister Norton hold aloft the light. Our missionaries Brothers Kleindschmidt and Linden have now landed on India's coral strand.

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Then said I, "Here am I; send me."

THE CHASM SHALL BE BRIDGED!

In these wonderful days of radio, steamships, railways, motor cars and aeroplanes, distance is not the insurmountable barrier that it once was.

In these days of plentiful Bibles, linotype machines and electric printing presses, preaching the Gospel to every creature should not be as difficult a task as it was in the days of yore.

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Yet, just across the sea, easily reached within a few pleasurable days by comfortable ocean liners, lies a sister country—India—in the darkness of heathendom.

Could the veil of the miles be lifted or rent, we would stand appalled at the awful sight that would fill our vision.

Look for a long moment upon a picture of a multitude who stand in the sacred (?) waters of the Ganges, ready to plunge in at the signal of their leader who sits in state above.

Then try to realize, if you will, that these are only a few of the three-hundred-nineteen million souls in India.

The vast majority of these millions stretch suppliant arms to gods of wood, of stone, of brass, and even unto the beasts of the field, for they worship cattle there.

Consider, too, that India has but one missionary for every sixty-two thousand inhabitants. And, that while in that land there are thousands of gods for every native, millions still living have never heard the name of Jesus, or read the story of His love.

Here stands America with her tens of thousands of churches, her millions of professing Christians, her multiplied thousands of church buildings, her hundreds of thousands of Christian workers.

What are we going to do about it? Shall we rally to the call? Shall we hear the cry of those benighted heathen millions? Shall our souls be stirred by the continuous thud of Christ-less feet, hurrying toward eternity? Or, shall we close our eyes and put our fingers in our ears, congratulating ourselves that we are Christians and that America, the land of the free and the land of the brave, is our home—our native land?

Jesus Christ, who commanded “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,” is waiting to be answered. The white-robed angels, leaning over the balustrades of heaven, are watching to see what we will do. Oh, that they had the opportunity of carrying the lighted torch into benighted India, of telling those poor creatures that washing in the River Ganges, rolling along the road for miles, prostrating one’s self throughout the wearisome pilgrimage to a shrine, cutting one’s self with knives, lying on beds of spikes, throwing

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one's self upon a mattress of thorns, holding one's limbs in a position of exquisite torture until that member has grown useless and dead, casting one's babies to the crocodile, can never wash away the sin of a guilty heart, nor bring the peace that passeth understanding. How quick heaven would be empty and India filled with bright-winged messengers! But, no, that blessed opportunity is reserved for you and me.

Right in the very heart of India's heathen worship and superstition in the "sacred city," Benares, some of the finest missionaries the land has ever seen are struggling to cope with the situation. Brother and Sister W. K. Norton, now representing the Echo Park Evangelistic Association on the field, have gained a foothold and are doing gallant battle for the Lord. To this splendid couple Angelus Temple has sent two of her own boys from the Training School, Albert Kleinschmidt and Carl Linden. Though Angelus Temple has only been open some sixteen months, the sending of these dear ones and the caring for their support for the first six months is an accomplished fact.

Now we would like to purchase for them a nearby, abandoned mission station, and put within their hands implements wherewith to till the soil in which they sow the Gospel seed. Many other students are preparing for the foreign field and will have completed their home training in a few months.

Christian brothers and sisters, what responsibility do you feel concerning these who stumble and fall in the darkness? Will you help us win them to Christ? Will you sit down and write a loving letter of encouragement and Christian comradeship to Brother and Sister Norton, and Brothers Kleinschmidt and Linden, addressing Benares, India? No one knows what a letter means—a letter from home—when one is so surrounded with heathen darkness and devil worship.

Send them your offering, or send it to us and we will forward it in their own currency so that it can be readily changed into the currency of the land. If, also, you have some of the Lord's money laid by and wish to use it for the salvation of souls in darkened India, our Missionary Department will be glad to apply it toward the training and sending of our beautiful young folk who are so consecrated to the

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task, or in the support of native missionaries on the field. Address The Echo Park Evangelistic Association, Missionary Department, Angelus Temple, Los Angeles, California.

Ministering Angels of Hope



May 1924



HEAVEN IS FULL of angels! Innumerable hosts catching up their harps of gold gather round the Throne to sing the praises of the King.

Were the Lord to give His holy angels the opportunity to preach His precious Gospel to this sin-laden, heavy-hearted world; were He to offer them the honor of preaching in prison, hospital, factory, and shop; the opportunity of telling to the sick and the dying the story of eternal love—this earth would instantly be aflutter with the sound of angels' wings, and the night made bright with the glistening of their garments.

In olden days the Lord was wont to dispatch His angels as ministering spirits to the sick, the discouraged, and the hungry, to the Hagars, to His Elijahs, and His Abrahams. Who knows but yet there come to this old world in times of dire distress those angels unawares! Whether they still come and render unto man their tender ministrations, one cannot surely say, but—this we know—that unto mortal kind there has been left the glorious privilege of bearing to the sick, the sin-benighted, the hungry, the dying, the needy, the oppressed the message of deliverance that turns the night to day.

There is a city that I know in a land by the sunset sea. It is called the City of the Angels. Through its streets, its lanes, highways and hedges, one oft-times beholds small groups of white-robed figures, with shining faces and the light of heaven in their eyes, moving along with instruments of music in their hands.

To get close enough to hear their conversation is to hear them speak the praises of the King. One's eyes grow wider as with bated

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breath one is assured that at last a band of those “Angels Unawares” has been discovered walking midst the mundane things of earth.

Ah! Yonder goes one of those happy, smiling, singing groups this minute! They surely must be bound for some “Elysian Field” of paradisiacal beauty to smile so brightly and talk so blithely. Let us follow them a moment. But, let us walk softly and at a respectful distance lest, learning that we suspect their identity, they melt into thin air and be gone.

There! They are turning away from the city park with its flowing fountain and waving palms. They are entering one of the most sordid of our city streets. Look, would you! They are headed straight for the most gloomy building in all that street. It is a building of steel and stone—a building from whose iron-barred windows white anxious faces peer now and anon into the narrow street,

Surely they will not enter there. Well, they most certainly are! A heavy door swings wide before them, they step lightly across the threshold—step confidently as though they had entered oft before. A nod and a smile to the keeper, they mount the steps, turn to the left, and face a row of prison cells. Behind steel bars strong men, like caged creatures of the field, pace up and down, snap their fingers, whistle, groan, or dropping disconsolately to a hard prison bench busy their faces in their hands.

Undaunted by the scene, these bright faced creatures draw from the folds of their garments something that strangely resembles the Holy Writ. Others open what appears to be a well-used hymnal. They are about to sing in real angelic fashion. Oh, that they had brought their harps from the Glory Land!

But wait! Two of their number, who seemed to have been belated, had just topped the stairs—they are tugging between them a fair-sized trunk. So, angels use trunks, do they? They are energetically loosening the straps. We shall see now what apparel they carry with them on their journeys! The lid is lifted. Why it is—it is—an organ!

One white-robed angel—sure they must be angels—touches the ivory keys and brings from that small instrument melodious and heavenly music accompanying the songsters as they sing:

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*There's a land that is fairer than day;
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.*

The walls are gone! The bars have melted! Gravity has lost its power! Have we left the earth? No—just a flash and we're back! The transporting memory lingers.

Earnest testimonies are ringing. Fair faces grow fairer still. And behind those bars of steel strong men weep. A glistening tear is brushed away from faces here and there, and the hopeless man whose face was buried in his hands looks up, leans forward, then draws nearer to listen. From cell to cell, from tank to tank, these ministering angels go. Finding harps from which the strings have been wrenched away—harps of joy and goodness that have been hung on a willow tree—they take them down, put on new strings, seek to tune them, and wake those broken lives from which the melody had fled, new hopes, new music and new songs.

Again, like angels treading darkened, pit-filled paths, they hold aloft the torch of life and faith and, holding it out o'er the chasm of sin, point out to weary and lost men the way—the way back home to Christ and happiness.

At last their ministrations over, this little band makes its way down the steps, back into the sunlit air, looking a little more weary and worn than we had realized angels could. They had been on their mission of mercy; they had left heaven's blessed "cup of cold water" in the Master's Name.

Let us hasten after these ministering angels of hope. We reached the street—we looked this way and that. Swift-footed on their errands of love, they must have turned the corner. Perhaps they have withdrawn from the sons of men a moment to gather fresh supplies of grace for another tour of ministering.

The City of the Angels! It's full of them, I tell you! See! Over yonder flying down the highway comes another band. They fly not

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on snowy pinions but in a modern motor car.

Oh, White Angels! Whither bound? They glance at their watches as they speed. Oh—they carry watches too, do they? Turning to the right they cross the railroad tracks, pass a grimy gateway, and come to a stop in a cindery court. They had no sooner reached the spot than the great siren of the railroad shop, which they have come to visit, gives its noontime shriek. The fearsome sound thereof fairly lifts us off our feet. This seems to be a familiar sound, however, to the ministering angels for they merely snap their watches shut with a satisfied smile, and open a box-like affair similar to the one which we earlier mistook for a trunk.

This seems to be an especially musical cloud of angels, who carry cornets, trombones, violins, guitars, and timbrels.

*Jesus has a table spread,
Where the saints of God are fed.
He invites His chosen people,
'Come and dine'.
With His manna He doth feed,
He supplies our every need,
Oh, it's sweet to sup with Jesus.
Come and dine.*

Hearing the song, men come running from every direction—those toilers with the grimy hands—from the shops of workaday life—running to welcome the angels and listen to the heavenly refrain. Not to lose a moment of their precious visit, these men who, strange to say, do not act at all surprised at the presence of their callers, but rather act as though this band had frequented the shop before, sit themselves upon the ground and partake of their humble fare from dinner-pails while enjoying spiritual meat from they who brought it from the Banquet of the King.

How they sing, those white robed songsters! How they smile, and preach, and pray! With radiant face, uplifted hand, and silver tones, one steps to the foreground and with open book proclaims:

Ministering Angels of Hope

“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. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also: and whither I go, ye know, and the way, ye know.

Gone the cinders! Vanished the smokestacks! Silent the roaring furnaces. Transformed the humble clothing! Forgotten the menial tasks! Rugged, upturned faces soften, and here and there a shining tear wends its crooked way down the face of honest toil.

The whistle blows! We are recalled and straightened with a jerk. The eager men surge forward one brief moment for the white-winged messages of peace which that little band, whose dresses never looked so white as they do in this background, are showering down upon them. Another sound of the whistle, and they are gone! Their voices have grown still, but the smoke-laden air is fragrant with their memory.

Again a host of happy, smiling, singing angels! This time I stand by a hospital gate, watching them alight from a long line of automobiles that draws up to the curbing in a business-like manner. How very modern twentieth century angels have become!

There they go! They are hurrying up the broad pavement. They pause to consult for a moment then while a few of their number mount the steps and enter the swinging door of the hospital, the larger percentage of this great host, which I would judge to be about eighty in number, divide their forces and surround the building, congregating mainly in the court-yard. A moment of silent prayer, and the music of their voice fills the air and floats in through open windows across the beds of sick and dying, in lengthy ward and private room of pain:

*Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the Mercy Seat, fervently kneel.
Here bring your wounded hearts; here tell your anguish.
Earth has no sorrow that heaven canst not heal.*

Ministering Angels of Hope

A little wan-faced mother, lying face wall-ward, lips tremulous with suffering, turns her head upon the pillow, and gazing out the window, sees in the sunset glow the little white gowned group in the court below.

And as she gazed and listened—

Vanished the hospital's walls! Gone the operating table and knife! Eased the pain of myriad woes! And in the glow of western skies her brightened eyes caught the sweep of an angel's wing, the flash of a golden street, the gleam of a gate ajar. From above in yon heavenly land, celestial strains came floating down to mingle with the voices of the ministering angels in the court below.

But, here! Wake up and stop your dreaming! The angels from within have joined those in the court without—all have formed into rank and are marching briskly to their cars.

Los Angeles—City of the Angels! Three groups of angels in one day, seen by one person! Most likely there are many other groups in other sections of the city that I have not seen. Have I been awake or have I been dreaming? No, not dreaming, for there they are this moment before my very eyes. Nor are these intangible spirits. The click of their motor doors makes a very real and substantial sound. The purr of self-starters and the roar of engines is heard clear down the line.

“Follow me,” calls the voice of one who is evidently the leader. Ah, there's the suggestion there's the very way to find out more about these ministering angels of hope. “Follow”—that's exactly what I'll do!

One hails a passing taxicab and dashes madly down the street, hoping to overtake the rapidly disappearing procession. Down Broadway! Up Sixth to Figueroa! Figueroa to Second Street! And then on Glendale Boulevard! Out past Temple Street, to the green and fragrant borders and shimmering waters of Echo Park. The cars are slowing now. Is this where the angels live?

I'm not surprised—it is the loveliest garden spot in California.

But—wait! A Temple of ivory and crystal gleams a welcome through the trees.

From high above, a light gleams out and flashes to my

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consciousness “ANGELUS TEMPLE.”

Cars unloaded at the doors, white robed workers triumphantly enter Angelus Temple.

Well, what do you think of that! They weren't angels at all! They were Angelus Temple students and Crusaders all the time!

Drilling for Oil



Sunday Evening
May 11, 1924



WE READ IN the Word of God that the Lord was to cause to flow from the rocks rivers of oil. All through the Word we read of oil—from the first altar where oil was poured over the offering straight through to the last book of Revelation.

“I will cause to flow rivers of oil from the flinty rock.” “He anointed me with oil; my cup runneth over.” “Oil to make the face to shine.” I believe that many Christians have found that source of oil that makes their face to shine. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew we read of the ten virgins—five wise and five foolish. When the foolish virgins discovered that their oil had given out, in panic they ran to the wise virgins and said, “Give us of thy oil for our lamps have gone out.” But the wise said, “Not so: lest there be not enough for us and you.”

I pray that there may come to every heart a real Christian experience—a digging deep into God until we really strike oil.

I will never forget my feeling when I first saw an oil derrick. I looked at it, and stopped my car. “Mother, do you see that derrick?” “Yes, I do.” “Mother, I don’t believe that it is an ordinary windmill. I believe it is an oil derrick.” “I do too.” said mother. We got out and walked all around the well. To think, we had actually seen the place where they brought oil out of the earth! I asked, “Don’t you have to do something to it first?” “No, it is just like that when it comes out of the earth.” Since coming to California, of course, we have seen thousands of oil wells.

So many people ask, “Sister McPherson, do you own an oil well?” No, but I wish I did. But, glory to God, I have one down in my heart;

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one that flows continually with the praises of the Lord. And it is of that kind that I wish to speak tonight.

Drilling for oil! Perhaps down under Angelus Temple—I wonder if there is one of those black rivers running? Black rivers of wealth untold—rivers of oil. Oh, I wonder how anybody who has seen an oil well can doubt there is a God. Or a coal mine, a gold mine, or any of the wonderful underground things! When God made the world, He not only fixed it with beautiful things on top—trees, flowers, birds, roses—but He filled the cellar full of things that men would need—coal, oil, gas, minerals, marbles, granites—everything we needed down in the earth.

A few days ago I went out to Santa Fe to look over the oil wells and a man took my mother and I around to see the fields. “First,” he said, “I want to take you in the house. It is our office.” “Why,” I said, “that looks just like a cottage.” The man said that it was, then he told me this story.

In this little humble cottage there had lived a man and his wife—dear old people—who had settled there. They were poor and barely had enough to get along on. One day someone asked permission to sink a well on their land, and they consented. A derrick was put up in back of the cottage and soon machinery was installed and drilling was in process. They drilled, drilled, drilled. Then with a roar and rush a gusher was found. Four Hundred Thousand dollars’ worth of oil was taken from the well in short order. A hundred thousand dollars was written in a check and given to the couple. They moved from the little cottage, and no longer have to live by a “hand to mouth existence.” So the little cottage is used as an office.

All round about are derricks, gushers, pump wells, and millions of barrels of oil are taken from the black rivers. The couple was made fabulously rich, and yet there they lived over the river and didn’t know it was there.

If you do not know the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, you too are living in poverty! It does not matter how much of the world’s goods you have—if you do not have the joy of salvation, you are poor, needy, and empty of hand and heart. Oh, if you will only dig for it,

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there is a river of wealth, blessing, glory, oil, happiness, satisfaction that can fill your heart and soul to the brim until you will run over and the world will be blessed and enriched because you digged deep in the Lord Jesus Christ!

Oh, what a pity it is to live over wealth and never know it! What a pity it is to be a sinner when you might as well be a saint! How sad to be poverty stricken when you might be wealthy in this world and in the world to come! What a pity to go through life without winning souls, living for Christ, when right at your feet is a source of blessing you might have!

A young man living in Titusville, Pennsylvania, had been left a little piece of land by his father. Later, he went to college, then came back but he was not satisfied. He had an uncle living in Canada who had some oil wells and he thought he would like to go and help his uncle. So he sold his farm for eight hundred and fifty dollars and went to Canada, and worked for his uncle. The man who had bought the little piece of land from the young man, walked over the land and came to a little creek where the cattle were watered. He noticed some scum on top of the water. He looked at it, then touched it "What is this black substance?" He sent for an expert and was told that it was oil. He had a well sunk; they drilled deeply and struck oil—a gusher.

Then wells were sunk in every direction. They found coal, oil, gas all on this tract of land—everything that they wanted. It was only a little while before Eight Billion Dollars had been gleaned from that field. Yes, and the boy had walked over it—he had just taken a piece of board to clear the scum off of the water, and all the time there had been rivers of wealth.

My brother, my sister, there—are treasures in the field for you! Down under your feet, if you will dig down on your knees, there is salvation, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, riches, blessings, and glory that will enrich you in this world and the world to come. Then, too, it will enrich all who come in contact with you.

The first thing we are to do is "drill." You could not start just anywhere on the road to sink a well, they would call that a "wild cat." But, if you keep in the narrow strip where the oil flows, you will strike

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it. It is just like the road that leads to heaven—a narrow way. If you will keep in the middle of the King's Highway and claim your promise, you will strike a gusher. If you step to one side—try to be cold and worldly, and try to strike a spiritual gusher—you will never get it.

I know some people who are dry—they are just a dry hole. But, glory to God, if we keep in the middle of the King's Highway, we can strike a gusher!

Did you ever see anybody strike a gusher and stay alone very long? No, after the gusher was discovered, that brought the people. Beloved, I have struck a gusher—salvation, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, divine healing and everybody else wants to get it. Glory to God! They want to find the same wonderful Saviour.

If we are going to dig a well, we must know where to dig. Don't you dig in sin, unbelief, coldness, worldliness, pride—ah, if you do, you will never strike a gusher. Dig all you like for money, worldliness, ambition, popularity, social climb, but you are off the line. Dig, dig, dig until your body and soul are weary unto death—all you get is a dry hole. But, keep in the middle, in the will of God, in the place of obedience, and dig—and you will find a blessing.

The next thing to do is to get up a derrick. What derrick do we need if we are going to dig for oil? I believe that we need the derrick of the precious Word of God. If we put that down, the Lord will help us to find oil.

Next, we must get in the machinery—it is hard to dig by hand. We must get in the motors of faith, prayer, love, and obedience before ever we will strike the oil that the Lord has for us. Ah, I believe there is a real river of spiritual blessing for every heart, and God grant that scores may find it.

If you are going to dig for a gusher, one of the first things you will have to do is "spud in"—break the ground. "How can I do that, Sister McPherson?" By repentance and turning to the Lord Jesus Christ. I think the fact that you are in this meeting shows that you are about ready to have the ground broken.

Then, in the derrick there is a drill. It is to be let down into the

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earth. “What is the drill with which the work must be done?” The drill of the blessed Holy Spirit. He comes first to convict men of sin—that is the real drill. Have you ever had a dentist drill in your tooth? Well, the Lord has a drill—the blessed Holy Spirit—with which I believe He wants to drill deep into everybody’s heart. That is—old fashioned, Holy Ghost conviction! As He begins to convict us of sin, He shows us that we are far from the Lord Jesus Christ and that we have grieved Him. Then, glory to God, the drill begins to sink. As it begins to bear down into the hearts of people, I have seen men tremble; I have seen women sitting in their seats with tears running down their cheeks. As He drills, He is able to dredge out that which He has digged.

The drill goes deeper, deeper, deeper. I believe that is what this sermon is doing—drilling, drilling, drilling. Some of you may straighten back your shoulders and say, “Oh, I don’t know. I don’t think I am going to be won over.” Ah, you wait! I defy you to keep on reading these sermons on salvation without results. I know the Lord will drill into your life. Sometimes He has to drill a long time. “Sinner, you are wrong. Repent.” Every sermon you hear, every song that is sung is drilling, drilling, drilling, and it is bound to take hold in your life.

After we have drilled for a while, the next thing we do is to “bail out” of our lives the things unlike Jesus Christ. Before we can strike oil, a lot of things must be “bailed out.” First of all the surface earth of unbelief, stubbornness, sin must be emptied to one side—The Holy Ghost will drill and drill, and, thank God, He can work quickly when He really starts! He begins to drill out of our hearts those things that would hinder. After unbelief and skepticism, the next thing is sin. O Lord, take it out of every heart! “Sister McPherson, does it take Him long to bail sin out?” No. Just say, and mean it, “Lord, drill deep. I want a real experience.” The Lord will begin to drill, and the next thing you know the sin is taken out. Hallelujah! You could never take it out in a million years, but the Lord can take it out in a twinkle of the eye. You must drill, drill, drill before you can get the real gusher that will make you a witness for Jesus Christ.

As the Holy Spirit drills, He will take out hatred. There are people

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you declared you could never forgive, “I can forgive everybody else but I can’t Mrs. Jones.” Oh, before you strike oil, every bit of hatred and unforgiveness will have to come out: “Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.”

Then the drill digs deeper and takes out worldliness. How haughty, proud, mincing of step you are! Thank God, He will take out all of that. I saw Him strike so deep that He struck a man’s pockets and he took out his tobacco, playing cards, and poker chips. He has struck so deep that the jazz music disappeared and in its place is a hymn book; novels are gone and the Bible is in their place.

Drilling, drilling, drilling! Cursing and swearing is all “bailed out.” Praise the Lord! Then our own ambitions. Before the Lord struck oil in my life, and before I found salvation and the blessed oil of the Holy Spirit, what ambitions I had for myself! I declared I was going to do this, that, and the other thing. But, thank God, when I struck oil, He dug deep and took out all worldly ambitions. My own thoughts and plans were “bailed out.” Deeper, deeper He was going.

As we go deeper down into the shaft, a casing is sunk. One of the great dangers is that there will be a cave-in and water get in. If that happens they just start at the top and go down again. Ah, the water seepage of this world would indeed cut off the flow of oil, testimony, and blessing of our heart and life.

Drilling, drilling, drilling! Deeper and deeper! How He drilled in my heart! I remember the things I began to put on the altar. I was ready to give up the theater, dance hall, my novels, worldly companions, but there were two or three things I held onto, and for three days the Lord drilled in my heart before I struck oil sand. Then, hallelujah, He dug through the last! I will never forget when I found the first trace of the oil of salvation. On my way home from school, as I was driving in a sleigh, I surrendered and the drill went through, and in a moment I began to say, “Hallelujah. My Lord and my God. Then, glory to Jesus, I could praise Him and pray!

I wonder how many have struck the blessed oil of salvation? It is a wonderful experience but, thank God, we can go deeper. People are not satisfied when they strike oil—it is usually just a pump well. They

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have to pump, pump, pump to get a real testimony for the Lord. If you go deeper, you can strike the baptism of the Holy Ghost and get a real gusher that does not need to be pumped. Drill deep!

This is a log of the wells that they are drilling. First we read the substance we have to go through—sand, shale, shell, shale, brown shale, lime, shale, lime, and then rock. My brother, my sister, have you struck rock yet? When you strike rock you are getting near the oil, and when you get through the rock you come to the first oil sand.

Ah, I remember how the Lord drilled in my life when I was waiting for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I felt there was land ahead to be possessed. I wanted to tell the blessed story of Jesus' love. I never dreamed I would preach the Gospel to multitudes. I would have been willing to cross the continent on my hands and knees to say to one sinner; "Jesus loves you." But, I knew before I could do that that I must dig deep and get the fullness of the blessed Holy Spirit. I prayed, "O Lord, fill me with the Holy Spirit. Take me deeper until I get something I will know about—not something that must be pumped and worked up. I want to be able to tell the story—not to have to read somebody else's sermons and practice them up in front of the looking glass; not tied down to my notes. Lord, I want a gusher—something that will flow spontaneously by the power of the Spirit. Lord, fill, me with the Holy Ghost."

Glory to God, as I prayed the drilling went on and on. I was willing to give up home and step out to preach the Gospel. One morning I knew I was going to strike oil for I had come to the oil sand and I knew the river was near. I lifted my hands and prayed, "Lord, fill me." Then suddenly I knew that the gusher was at hand, that He was going to fill me. And, praise the Lord, He did! I never will forget how the power fell when the Lord baptized me. He flooded my soul and life to overflowing. Ah, every sermon I preach, every revival I conduct, everyone who is won for Jesus Christ—I deserve no credit; it is the power of the Holy Spirit.

Some folks strike this gusher, but I am afraid the well gets on fire. Instead of being able to preach a sermon, or give a reason for the hope that is within them, their oil well catches fire and they can only

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say, "Glory, glory, glory!" It is a wonderful thing to be filled with the oil of salvation and the blessed Holy Spirit, but I believe He wants us to be a well under control. He does not want a conflagration but He fills us with oil in order that we might run motors, dynamos, and fill tanks.

Have you struck oil? If so, is it a pump well, or have you struck a gusher? Some people have only found a dry hole. Someone at Santa Fe drilled for oil. He went down two thousand feet then stopped, "I don't think there is anything in this well. I am going to give it up. There is no use spending more money on it." Geologists came and told them that if they would dig deeper they would strike oil, so they dug deeper and struck oil.

"Sister McPherson, I haven't the joy of salvation. You speak as though it was something real." Well, praise Lord, it is! "I didn't find it. I went up to the altar and knelt for a minute or two, but I didn't get the joy of salvation." That is because you gave up too soon. Dig deeper—by prayer, consecration, surrender to the will of God. I believe that in your life He can bring a flowing, yea an overflowing, portion of His Holy Spirit.

Out in the oil-fields they have two wells that have never stopped flowing for five years—flowing, flowing, flowing. "Don't they have to pump it?" No, it flows itself, "Well, it doesn't have much force, does it?" Force! They showed the tubes through which they bring the oil, and they get smaller and smaller. This is to prevent the oil from flowing very forcefully because, if the oil stream should strike a man, it would cut him in two. I asked them how they managed the containers. They explained that man did not have to turn a finger but that the oil and gas gave power to drive the motors and machinery. They could let the gas escape, but they use it for power, light, heat, and warmth.

My brother, my sister, there is a river of oil for you! Get on the narrow road, on the dome, if you can, of this beautiful river of blessing that is flowing. Let the Lord put up a derrick of the dear old Word in your life, and let us get this drill working. Let the Holy Spirit dig deep and dig out the things unlike Jesus Christ. He has a

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wonderful instrument with which He can bring up the things unlike the Saviour. He will “bail out” sin, pride, worldliness, criticism, then He will drill again. And, glory to God, it will not be long before the gushing streams of salvation and spiritual blessings shall flow through your life. He will endue you with power—power under control. Lord, make us useful channels.

He will make us teachers and blessed evangelists of Jesus Christ. We will have oil, power, warmth, heat, and we won't have to pump it—it will be a flowing well. Glory to Jesus! I do not mean that we should not study the Word—I believe we should—but we won't have to sit up all night long thinking up a sermon. I believe we can have a gusher that will flow, flow, flow!

Dear little Sunday School teacher, the Lord wants to fill you with the Holy Spirit! Christian worker, there is a gusher for you! Sinner, why live in that wee cottage of poverty—there is a blessed fullness for you.

“Well, Sister McPherson, I did try it but didn't get anywhere.” That is because you did not dig deep enough. A man was talking to a little boy and asked, “Son, have you been vaccinated?” “Yes sir, I have been vaccinated and baptized, but it didn't take. “You must get hold of God. Some people don't go deep enough. Go down in prayer and repentance—get salvation that takes; a salvation that makes itself manifest until the world can see Jesus in you.

It doesn't matter how full your pocketbook may be—you are poor unless you have the oil of salvation; If you come down the narrow way and, on your knees, say, “Lord, deal with my life, drill deep, take out the things that are displeasing to Thyself, and make in me Thy home. Let the streams of blessing flow through my life that shall bring salvation to a needy and dying world.”

Mother O' Mine



Sunday Morning
May 11, 1924



AS I THOUGHT of this morning's message and of the sea of humanity that I would face, I pondered in my heart what text I should take. I wrote down several texts but could not decide, so maybe I had better read them all.

"Honor thy father and thy mother that it may be well with thee." To think that honoring our father and our mother was the first commandment that had attached to it a blessed promise—that it should be well with us through the days of our life and in the land of the living.

One text that stood out was "Son, behold thy mother." Again, "Now Mary stood by the cross." Boys, if you want somebody who is ready to stand by the cross, it is Mother; somebody, though you were hung to the highest tree, or down in the deepest sea, it is Mother.

"A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." "Despise not thy mother when she is old." "My son, forsake not the law of thy mother." "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord shall pick me up." "Though a mother should forget her own offspring, thank God, the Lord will never forget us."

The two special texts that I wish to call your attention to are: "Son, behold thy mother" and "Now Mary stood by the cross." Every one of us is thinking of "mother." After all, we may have different names—Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Williams—yes, different names but we are all alike. We have all gone through the same road—descended alike into the valley of the shadow of death, and have known great sorrow and joy. Every one of us has cuddled to our hearts a wee

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bonnie babe, whose cheeks are softer than rose pedals, whose hands wind like tendrils around our fingers. Only mothers have known the exquisite suffering and joy of holding the little form close to our hearts and look into the eyelids as they close in slumber.

I am glad that I have the opportunity to preach a Mother's Day sermon as I, too, am a mother.

Mother O' Mine! Mother O' Mine! How many there were in the Bible days who knew what it was to have a godly mother. How many there are here this morning whose thoughts go back to a mother who prayed. If you have had a praying mother, you have had a treasure that money could never buy.

You have made your little pile, and you are a tourist now, perhaps. Maybe you have worked hard on the farm, or in other business back East, but now you have moved to California to enjoy the rest of your life. Perhaps you lived in a little log cabin when a child; born in humble circumstances. But, I am sure if "Mother" has left you the heritage, the priceless treasure of remembering the hours when Mother prayed, she has left you far greater riches than a bank account. I would rather have the memory of a praying, godly mother than to have had her leave me millions of dollars, automobiles, private cars, and yachts with which I could sail the seven seas. Thank God for Mother O' Mine!

While we are all looking with tear-dimmed eyes down the paths of yesterday—paths where roses climbed, paths made fragrant by Mother's feet—I think we are all looking back to certain scenes of yesterday. The first thing I remember is a praying mother. The first recollection I have in all this world is of a rocking chair just like this one, a rocking chair covered with white carnations. Does it look like the one your mother sat in? Our rocking chair used to be out in the kitchen, and in it used to sit my rosy-cheek, dumpling mother. Oh, she was wonderful! She used to pick me up and rock me, cuddling me so tight. Then she would sing to me before I could understand stories some of the hymns that we have been singing this morning "Rock of Ages," "Nearer my God to Thee." Ah, I will never forget it! Then another song Mother used to sing was:

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Hush, my baby, lie still and slumber.

Holy angels guide your bed.

Heavenly blessings without number

Fall upon your head.

Mother, did you ever sing that to your boy or girl?

Then Mother used to tell me stories. Where is a boy or girl who does not love a story that Mother can tell? She didn't used to tell me fairy stories very much, but she constantly told me stories of the Bible—the story of David; of Joseph and his coat of many colors; of Daniel in the lion's den; of the three Hebrew children; the story of Bethlehem—how one day a little wee baby was brought forth in the arms of his mother and lay in a manger. She told me of Jesus—how He grew and walked among the sons of man; how He died that we might live; how His mother stood at the foot of the Cross, true when all others forsook Him.

Then she told me that this God was her God, and she wanted me to love Him too. She prayed for me before I was born that I might be dedicated to the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. But I drifted as I grew older and became worldly—fond of the theater, the dance, and things of the world. I will never forget the first dance I went to, and how my mother stayed home and prayed; how the page of her Bible was marked with pencil and something else too that looked like diamonds, but they were tears. I tried to get away from mother's grip, "Mother, dear, you are old fashioned. Other mothers let their children do it." But, praise the Lord, Mother's love held. Surely it would snap and break but, no, it held. If we have the anchor of Mother's love attached to our heart, we may try to get away, but sooner or later Mother's love will get you—if she will hold true and keep believing.

The Lord has promised to give to us our children and those of our household. Don't be discouraged. Dry the tears from your eyes and pray. Keep on praying, Mother, Father. Your son, your daughter knows you are a Christian, and they know you are praying for them. Keep the light in the window, Mother. Father may become

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discouraged and say, "Son, get out and never darken this door again." But, Mother, go to your room and pray. Trim your lamp and keep it burning—your boy or your girl will come back to you. Mother's prayers won me and brought me back to God. I will never, never, never cease to thank my Lord that He gave me earth's greatest treasure—Mother.

When I was converted and called to the work it was mother who was happy. I used to sit at the piano and sing in a fresh, girlish voice,

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,

Over mountain or plain or sea.

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord.

I'll be what you want me to be.

And as I would sing, it was Mother who used to come downstairs, tiptoe, and stand at the parlor door. She would take a corner of her checkered apron and wipe a tear from her eyes. It was mother who knew that soon the farmhouse would be empty, the piano locked, because there would be no one to play it. There would be nobody like a tornado to come in the house from school and drop her books down. At the age of seventeen I went out to preach and have been ever since. Mother was tied to duties at home, but when she was free—Father having gone home to Glory—it was Mother who stood by to help me. When I was living just a "faith life" it was Mother who was there if a pair of shoes was needed, or a new dress, or a new Bible. When I left for China it was Mother who stood there to wave "Goodbye. You will be all right." Yes, "You will be all right" but she was not thinking of herself. When I came back from China and brought a wee little darling baby in my arms, after having passed through sorrow and joy, it was mother who was at the depot to meet me and held out her arms for my baby just like it was her own.

Oh, Mother O' Mine! After I had remarried and gone back into the work, toiling and battling alone sometimes, it was Mother's letters that brought encouragement and cheer. Though I suffered many heartaches I tried to keep from Mother, yet it was Mother who read

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between the lines. When at last in Florida I had battled alone, having been left alone in the midst of a camp meeting, where hundreds of men were passing to and fro, it was Mother to whom I sent a frantic telegram: "Unless you come I will have to stop the Lord's work." It was Mother who replied: "Keep a stiff upper lip. I am coming." The day that Mother's boat arrived in Florida and her train came through to Key West, I had just gotten the tent down and the seats pulled apart, with the help of a colored woman, when I stuck a nail in my foot. It was mother who was there to kiss the spot where the foot was hurt, brush my hair, wipe the tears from my eyes, and give me a heartening kiss. Then, when necessity arose, it was Mother who had broken up her home and was ready to come and travel with me. She had to sacrifice the thought of spending the last years in the quietude of her home. Mother had always had to sleep on her own pillow, but it was Mother who left the whole business and was ready to sleep on a hard cot. It was Mother who learned how to tie guy ropes and to handle the sledge hammer. It was Mother who helped me with meetings from coast to coast. When it came to building the Temple, it was Mother O' Mine who helped pick out the land. When I was almost discouraged it was mother who said, "Go on, dear. Trust in God and all will be well."

Oh, I thank God that He ever gave me a mother. The Lord is my great Helper, but Mother is next. Mother is the "man behind the guns," ready to help at a moment's notice.

And, as I tell of my wonderful mother, no doubt some of you are saying, "Sister McPherson, that is the kind of a mother I had. Only she helped me in other paths." Yes, little Mother O' Mine. Oh, thank God for Mothers! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! God bless our mothers!

"Son, behold thy mother." It was Jesus Himself who spoke these words as He hung upon the cruel cross. It was His mother He thought of when His hands were torn with nails—when He was dying on the Cross. We read that the other disciples had fled but not Mother—she stood by. It was Mother who quivered with the hurt of her Boy. It was Mother who shook as she stood at the foot of the Cross, and it was Mother who stood right there. I wonder how many of you mothers would give your life for your children? I believe you all would.

Mother O' Mine

There was a mother who loved her little girl. She was a poor widow who took in washing. One day, the baby was in the house asleep and the mother was hanging out the clothes. She looked up and saw smoke pouring out of the doors and windows of the house. With a scream she ran to the house and started to move out the furniture. When she heard the clang of the fire teams, she bethought herself of her baby. "Oh, my baby! Somebody get her quick!" "Just wait a minute—the hook and ladder will be here." "Wait? No!" and she tore herself loose and into that burning house she went. She plunged through smoke and flames until she reached the bedroom. She wrapped the baby in a blanket and down the steps she came. When she reached the bottom she fainted, but the baby rolled to safety and was unharmed. They picked up the mother, beat out the flames, then took her to the hospital. They said that she would die and could not live. But, even delirious as she was, she heard. "Die? I can't die. My little baby needs me. I am the only one she has. I must live to care for her." And live she did. Some of her fingers had grown together, and her face and breast were hideous to look upon, but still she worked. She got her home, then said to her little girl, "You little darling, you are going to high school. Mother did not get the education she wanted, but Mother's girl is going to get it." So she sent her to high school. Her little gingham garments were starched and ironed—clean though poor.

One day the little high school daughter brought home a friend. They were visiting in the parlor, and the mother, not knowing there was a guest, came in to ask her daughter a question. She had her dress rolled low and short sleeves. Seeing that her daughter had a guest she excused herself quickly and went out. But the guest had seen her and asked, "Who is that woman? What a hideous, loathsome creature!" The daughter did not answer—just bit her lip nervously. Again the guest asked, "Who is she?" The daughter, seeing that she had to give an answer, said, "T-h—t-h-a-t's our washerwoman." She was ashamed of her own mother who had been disfigured in rescuing her. Oh, do you think that a girl like that is worthy of a mother's love? Are you worthy of mother's love? Never be ashamed of gray hair or wrinkles.

Mother O' Mine

Kiss them and smooth them. They were gotten for you. Your mother loves you.

You may think you have gotten some real friends and go to the dance or party with them while Mother stays at home alone. But, it is Mother who is the best pal and friend. You may have lots of pals but only one mother. After Mother is gone you will think of her and say, "Mother, dear, I wish I could have made the way smoother for you. You were always thinking of me. How I wish I had you now that I could tell you how I loved you!"

Oh, it is a wonderful thing to have a mother! My mother! Your mother! Boys, there is only one mother—your mother. Put your arms around her neck and tell her how you love her. No sacrifice was too great for her.

Some mothers say, "I wish I could get my boys and girls out to church but we live so far away." I don't know if you live any farther away than my mother did. We lived five miles from the church, and when we couldn't get the horse and buggy to go to church, mother would take her bicycle. Every Saturday night she would pump up the tires, oil it, and get everything ready. Mother got on the bicycle and I got on the handle-bars. We would ride five miles over the bumpy road. Talk about aeroplanes! It is nothing like riding on handle-bars. I was three weeks old when mother first took me to church. I don't remember it. They told me later that I helped considerably with the music and interest of the evening. When I grew older—five years and up until ten years—my mother would wheel me in on her bicycle. I was getting bigger every day, and when Mother would go up a hill she would get out of breath. I used to say to her, "Cheer up, Mother, we will soon be home now."

Oh, it is that which puts the stick-to-itiveness into a girl's heart! It is that which puts the stamina into a boy's heart! Boys and girls, the best friend you have is your mother.

"Sister McPherson, you are talking to other folks, but not to me. I am too wicked. My mother lives way back East. I came out here thinking I would get into the movies, then write to her. I didn't want to write until I had a job. I don't believe she would love me now. I

went away huffy and banged the door."

My boy, your mother does love you. My girl, she does if she is living. And, if she has gone, she is looking down upon you. Mother-love never dies—never, never, never.

A young man left home in a huff because his mother wanted him to share his wages to pay the expenses. "No!" and he went out and slammed the door saying that he would never come back. But his mother—only young then—waited for him. She was a beautiful singer, but had not sung much recently. Years came and went but she never heard from her boy.

One day in a revival meeting she had sung a sweet song. The evangelist came to her and said, "Sister, I am going to preach tonight on the "Prodigal Son" and I wish you would sing "Where is my wandering boy?" "O sir, I would love to do what you ask me but I can't. I will sing any song, but not that." "Why?" "Because I couldn't get through with it. I would break down." "Why?" "Well, sir, I have never told anybody the story—I can hardly talk about it—but I will you." Then she told the story of her wandering boy. The evangelist said, "Mother, I want you to sing it all the more now." "But I will break down." "Never mind. Sing it anyway."

So she stood that night and began to sing, "Where is my wandering boy tonight, the child of my tenderest care." As she went on, "The boy that was once as fair as the morning light"—the tears began to rise to her eyes. "Oh, where is my boy tonight! Oh, where is my boy tonight!" Thank God, her love had held true.

Through the second verse her voice quivered and stopped, then she took it up and sang the last verse, "Go for my wandering boy tonight; go search where you will. But bring him to me with all his blight and tell him I love him still." As she sang, a poor, unkempt man with liquor got up. He walked like he was hypnotized and came to the front as she finished "Bring him to me with all his blight." He reached her and threw his arms around her neck, "Mother—Mother! You don't mean it? You don't mean it, do you?" She looked down into those bloodshot eyes and bloated face—she knew him! Mother hands were quick to brush the hair from his sweaty brow; Mother hands cupped

Mother O' Mine

his chin; and it was Mother who planted a kiss upon his brow and said, "Of course I meant it! I love you. Come, dear." And she led him to the altar. She put her arms around him, smoothed his face and held him close. He shook with sobs from head to foot. He was a grown man but to his mother he was her baby. "O God, I thank you for sending my treasure back to me—my boy!" He prayed his way through and his big strong arms went around his mother. He crushed the frail little form to his and made her God his God.

Mother O' Mine! I might talk from now until night but I could not cover the subject.

"Son, behold thy mother." "Mary stood by the Cross."

At His Feet



Wednesday Afternoon

May 21, 1924

And great multitudes came unto him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet." And He said, "I am sorry, but I just came to save you from sin; I don't care anything about your sickness. You must not expect that. I am not interested in that—only salvation from sin.

MATTHEW 15:30...



H, NO! "HE HEALED THEM."

I wonder if it could be truly reported that Jesus Christ was in Los Angeles today; that those who claim they don't believe in divine healing would not be the first people to get their sick ready and bring them to Jesus? We know that Jesus Christ has not changed—if He is anything, He is the same as He was in the Bible days. Hallelujah! "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the age." "The works that I do you shall do and greater works because I go to my Father." "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

Once they called Him the great "I AM." He said, "I Am that I Am. This is my name forever even unto all generations." Thank God, His name has not been changed. Some people think His name used to be "I AM" but that it is now "I Was." But I am so glad He is not the great "I Was"—He is still the great "I AM."

When they knew He was in the midst, they brought the sick and cast them down at Jesus' feet. What about your little boy, girl, sick

friend, the one you love more dearly than life itself? Oh, if I could only bear it for you! Have you ever felt that way? I have.

When my little boy cut his foot, or my little girl bruised her hand, I will never forget the hurt. I took his foot in my hand and said, "Oh, if mamma could only take the hurt for you!" There you are—a mother wanting to bear the hurt of her child. It is the same with Jesus. He wants to bear your burdens. I couldn't bear it for my little boy, but Jesus can for you. In Matthew 8:17 we read, "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses."

So they cast them down at Jesus' feet! If you have any trouble in body, soul, or spirit, there is one place you can find solace—at the feet of Jesus.

"He healed them: insomuch that the multitude wondered when they saw the dumb to speak, the maimed to be whole, the lame to walk, and the blind to see: and they glorified the God of Israel."

At Jesus' feet they laid their burdens! At Jesus' feet they laid their weary bodies and the Lord made them whole.

Next, I want you to turn to Mark 5:21, "When Jesus was passed over again by ship unto the other side, much people gathered unto him, and he was nigh unto the sea. And, behold, there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, Jairus by name; and when he saw him, he fell at His feet."

"Much people gathered unto Him." I should say they would! Some people say, "I wonder why the crowds come to Angelus Temple?" Well, they are not coming to see me or just to see the Temple. You go once to see a beautiful building, but these people come back again and again. Why? Because they want to see Jesus. Hallelujah! This old world is still hungry for Him.

"And when he saw Him, he fell at His feet. And besought Him greatly, saying, My little daughter lieth at the point of death." That is the thing that gets a big man. He can talk business and his eyes be as hard as flint. He is a hard man to deal with, but take when his little girl is sick—that is different. This business man—one of the heads of the city—fell at Jesus' feet. It seems to me that I can feel the choke in his throat when he said, "My little daughter lieth at the point of death. My

little daughter—she is so tiny. I am a big man if I could only bear it, but, oh, to see that little body writhing in pain!”

“I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live.” Jesus answered, “I will go” and in a moment He was on His feet following the man. Here was a man who had a daughter at the point of death, and he knew where to go with his troubles—Jesus’ feet.

“Jesus went with him.” And as He journeyed, someone else fell at His feet. It was a woman who had for many years been afflicted, and had spent all of her money on physicians, but instead of getting better, grew worse. She saw Christ in the throng and said, “If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole.” There was only one “if” in that woman’s statement, and there is but one “if” in your healing. “If” it is His will! That is not what this woman said, but the leper said, “If thou wilt,” and the Lord said, “I will.” Her “if” was, “If I can but touch the hem of His garment!” She touched the hem of His garment and immediately she “felt in her body that she was healed of that plague.”

Sometimes people who come to the platform and are prayed for say, “I am healed!” I ask them, “How do you know? You had better wait a few weeks and get a doctor’s certificate to prove it.” A person who has suffered with stomach trouble for years will say, “Oh, I know I am healed!” “But how do you know until you get home and eat to find out how your stomach is?” “Oh, I feel within myself that I am healed!” And they are, glory to God! That is the way it was with this woman “she felt in her body that she was healed.”

Jesus, immediately knowing that virtue had gone out of Him, turned about and said, “Who touched my clothes?” The disciples answered, “Lord, thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?” But the Lord knew the touch and He knew that it was a faith touch.

This woman, although jostled in the crowd, touched the dress of the Lord and was healed. You may be jostled in the crowd, but not get deliverance. There is, a difference in the way we approach His feet. This woman’s touch was a faith touch and instantly she was healed at His feet.

At His Feet

The centurion was disturbed, “Why didn’t the Master hurry?” That is the way about being at the feet of Jesus—although He is busy going to touch one person, He has time for another. Though He was going to the house of the ruler, He had time to touch this poor, little woman. Oh, He is a wonderful Saviour! I love Him! I don’t see how the whole world can help tumbling head over heels in love with Jesus Christ. He is so good, mighty, patient, loving, tender, and true. No matter whether you are rich or poor, whether you have a thousand friends or none at all—He loves you and wants to help you. He can help you, too. Other people may sympathize with you, but Jesus Christ will go farther—He will help you. He will dry your tears and break your chains. He is absolutely able to break your fetters, for He is the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

“Sister McPherson, aren’t you bragging?” I am, but I know who I am bragging about. Hallelujah! I know that He has all power in heaven and in earth.

O brother—O sister, get down at His feet with your sin, sickness, burden, trouble, affliction, disease, broken hearts, wrecked homes, temper—whatever it may be! Come, just as you are. Don’t try to fix yourself up. Don’t say, “Wait until I am better.” Come!

*Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy Blood was shed for me;
And that thou bidest me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!*

Hallelujah! He will meet you at the meeting place. “Where is it?” you ask. At His feet!

“Well, Sister McPherson, I thought if I just came to you and you could lay your hands on me that I would be better.” Maybe so, but it would not be I who would heal you—it would be JESUS. If you came, saying, “I know if I could get to that little woman I would be healed,” you would go away exactly as you came. I have no power to heal, but I know who has. It is Jesus Christ! If I could get hold of your hand and point you to Jesus—remember I have no hand in it except to

encourage you—at His feet, that is the place of blessing.

At His feet! In Mark 7:25 we read, “A certain woman, whose young daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of Him, and came and fell at His feet.” I presume this daughter had epilepsy for we read of how she fell and was tortured. How many people there are who have come to Angelus Temple with epilepsy! If there is any disease that awakens my sympathy more than any other, it is epilepsy. In other afflictions people sympathize, but with epilepsy they shudder and turn away. But, hallelujah, Jesus Christ has set them free! They are able to go to church and to work without the fear of falling. Jesus Christ is able to deliver them. But, where? At His Feet! The same place He delivered this child.

At His feet! Luke 7:37, “Behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee’s house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.” “She stood at his feet behind him weeping.” That is the way to come to His feet—weeping. Are you a sinner, brother? Are you a sinner, sister?

“Sister McPherson, God only knows how great a sinner I am! You don’t know about it. You live a sheltered life and are in the spirit of the meetings all the time. You don’t know who I am. If you did, you would not believe that Jesus can save me.” Oh, yes, I do. I don’t know who you are but, if you are a sinner, you are a lost lamb—out in the dark and torn with briars. I don’t know how far you have gone, but I do know that Jesus Christ loves you and will bring you back today if you will let Him. “But, I am an awful sinner!” Yes, and there is a place to be made every whit whole, and that place is at His feet. Talk about the end of the rainbow! Place of miracles! Fountain of Youth! Aladdin and his lamp! They are nothing compared with the things that happen at Jesus’ feet! You can lose your burdens of years at His feet! Your sins will be washed away; your old heart will be exchanged for a new one; there will be singing in place of weeping at His feet. Won’t you come to His feet today?

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You may be sick. Glory to God, I got a well body at His feet. When I was taken off of the operating table I was given up to die. The doctors explained why I could not live. But I called upon Him, and at His feet He heard my prayer, sent a thrill of divine healing through my body, raised me up, and instead of dying I lived. Hallelujah! and I have been telling the story ever since. I don't belong to myself. I belong to you and God. I have no right to my own life—I have given it away. If the Lord says "Africa." Amen. Dear dark skinned natives, I belong to you. "India." Amen, Lord. "China." Here I am Lord. But just now He says "Los Angeles, California," and I belong to you and to God.

I don't suppose anybody knows the drain on one's sympathy it requires to pray for the sick and minister unto all the other needs. My whole soul goes out. One moment I am out praying for the sick; next I must be ready to rejoice with a wedding party. In a moment, "Come see a dying man who has never known Christ as his Saviour." Again, I must go to rejoice with a mother over the new baby; then go to cheer the mourners of a deceased one. No one knows the steady strain of sympathy, but, glory to God, I have found the secret of strength, victory, courage—something beyond divine healing, and that is divine health. "Where do you find it, Sister McPherson?" At His feet. If I engaged in worldly pleasures, I would not have this strength.

This woman stood weeping, and as she wept she washed His feet with her tears. If you are a sinner this afternoon, I tell you what I want you to do—lift your hand, get to your feet, come down the aisle, kneel at the altar, and at His feet wash them. Will you wash His feet? "What with?" With the same thing that the woman washed them with—her tears. I can't bear to see anybody come to the altar chewing gum and laughing. I love to see them come with a handkerchief over their eyes and crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner! Lord, I don't deserve it, but I accept your salvation now." Won't you come and wash His feet with your tears?

Glory to God! He delivered her and said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee. At His feet!

In Luke 8:36 we read that Jesus cast devils out of a man and they

went into the swine. I believe that some folks need the evil spirits cast out of them—temper, growling, etc. They blame it on “nerves” but lots of times it is just the old fellow in them.

“The people went out to see what was done; and came to Jesus, and found the man, out of whom the devils were departed, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind, and they were afraid.”

When the devils ran into the swine, the swine became insulted and jumped into the lake. A lot of people can live with the devil, but the swine were insulted and would not live with the devils so they jumped into the lake. Some people brag about it, but it is nothing to be proud of.

When they found the man, they found him at the feet of Jesus. He was clothed and in his right mind. Are you clothed in the robes of righteousness?

If you want to keep your healing, you must sit at the feet of Jesus. In Luke 10:39 we read, “Mary sat at Jesus’ feet and heard His word.” Brother, are you at Jesus’ feet? Sister, are you sitting at the feet of Jesus?

The Holy Spirit



Wednesday Evening
May 21, 1924



PEAKING UPON THE subject of “The Holy Spirit” tonight, the verse of scripture that is running uppermost in my mind is found in Joel 2:

“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.”

I have quoted this scripture again and again upon the subject of the blessed Holy Spirit; “I will restore.” “I will revive thy work in the midst of the years.” “It shall come to pass in the last days that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh.” “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.” “Receive ye the Holy Ghost.”

Oh, how these scriptures are all in our minds, but tonight I would speak of the restoration of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit—the former and the latter rain. I believe that we are living in the day just preceding the coming of the Lord! I don’t know when He is coming—

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whether I shall live to see it or not, but I believe that His coming is at hand.

“Well, Sister McPherson, if you believe that, why have you built a school and a temple?”

Because, I was looking for Him before I started to build this Temple, yet I was permitted to finish it, and had the Lord come a week after it was completed, the first few days that it was open paid for itself. The Lord says, “Occupy till I come.”

I believe that His coming is on every hand—the signs are coming to pass. But the thing that concerns me most is the helping to bring back the Ark—the Pentecostal power of the Holy Ghost to the church before the Lord comes. Of course, this will never be true as a whole, but, thank God, there are tens of thousands whose hearts are being stirred to tarry until endued with power from on high. Their lamps are trimmed and burning waiting for the coming of the Lord!

The restoration—the outpouring of the latter rain! In Joel we read of two outpourings—the first is the former rain, and the second is the latter rain. The former rain comes for seed sowing; the latter rain for the ripening of the grain. And we are approaching the harvest day—the time when the Lord will send forth His angels to gather in the sheaves is close at hand. The rain is falling! It is so easy to preach the Gospel now and to get a revival because the rain is falling. It is different from having to take a plough and plow through the icy ground. People’s hearts are hungry for the old time religion. The revival is on! But what is happening is only a forerunner—only drops of what He wants to give.

The former rain fell on the day of Pentecost, and now the latter rain is being outpoured.

Ezekiel, in the Valley of Dry Bones, is a type of the former and latter rain. Once the people, as at Pentecost, were a mighty, marching, living, triumphant host. But death overtook them, and they slept like a valley of dry bones. That is just like a lot of churches I know. After they lay there for so long, there came a reviving spirit and the bones were shaken together, and the mighty army stood upon their feet.

At the marriage of Cana of Galilee, the tables were first filled with

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wine—Pentecost. But the wine ran low—the dark ages. However, Mary would not be satisfied with the empty vessels and she asked Jesus to renew them. “All right,” He said, “take the waterpots and fill them full to the brim with water—the water of salvation.”

Before you receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit you must have the water of salvation! He can turn your weak, watery experience to a wine experience. Remember, there was plenty of wine at the first of the wedding—Pentecost. But it ran low—the dark ages. Then it was restored and they had the best at the end of the feast—that which is coming.

Oh, the Book is full of it! The Ark of the Covenant is a wonderful type of the Holy Spirit. You remember how in the desert and wilderness journey the Ark had always been with the children of Israel. Wherever they went, the Ark went with them. This is a type of the love of the Father, and also the shekinah glory of the Holy Spirit. When they came to the Red Sea the waters parted and they went through dry shod. If you have the Holy Spirit, you must be clean priests and kings unto God in order to keep His power dwelling in your life. If you have this power, when your foot touches the water of difficulties, they are gone. There are no impossible rivers when you have the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Oh, beloved, what we need is for every one of us to get down and be filled with the Spirit! Wherever they moved, the Ark of the Covenant was with them and they had victory.

Remember when they went around Jericho they carried the Ark? As they walked around, and around, and around, the walls fell flat. So it was in the apostolic days—they walked around the Jericho walls of Jerusalem and the impossible became possible and the walls fell down. Three thousand were converted in a day; on another day five thousand, and the glory of God in shekinah blessing fell.

Wherever the Ark went, false gods fell down. You remember that Dagon fell and his head broke off. So it was with the Holy Spirit, and Ananias and Sapphira fell dead.

The church today is a weak, namby-pamby thing. Oh, that we had the old time power! That we had the flashing, flaming, burning fire of

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the Holy Spirit! Lord, fill us with the Holy Spirit!

As long as the Ark was in the midst of the children of Israel, victory attended their steps and the smile of God crowned them. But through sin, unbelief, and disobedience their force became weakened. Someone stole the Ark and it was taken away. Ah, was not that true as we came down the years of Pentecost! If there was anything that the enemy wanted more than anything else, it was to take the Ark away. And, if there is anything the devil wants to take away from the church, it is the power of the Holy Ghost. As long as we keep the power of the Holy Ghost in our lives and hearts, we are bound to have a revival. Your church must succeed; the Sunday School class must be converted; something must move if you have the baptism of the Holy Ghost, because the Holy Ghost is the dynamite of God—the dynamis. Something has to move when you have dynamite; and so things must move when you have the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

The Ark of the Covenant was stolen! So it seemed on down through the years that the devil, sin, unbelief, and pride had caused the old time glory to be missing to a great degree. When the Ark was stolen that dear old child of God, Eli, who had trusted and rested his hope and faith in the Ark, received word that the Ark had been stolen and immediately he fell from the bench on which he sat and died. In the same hour a child was born and his name was Ichabod, meaning “The glory of the Lord hath departed from us.”

When the baptism of the Holy Ghost and the power of Pentecost has been taken away from the church of the Lord Jesus Christ, the old time revival dies and a new child is born—a new church is born over whose doors it might be written “Ichabod, the glory of the Lord hath departed.” You may have all the strawberry festivals, oyster suppers, moving pictures, smokers, card playing, dancing members you like, but “Ichabod.” All the soloists, “Ichabod.” All community singing, “My Bonnie lies over the ocean”, “Ichabod.” You may do all these things you like, but it is “Ichabod.” Where is the Amen Corner, the Hallelujah Chorus, the old time testimony meeting, all night prayer meetings, altar calls that see men and women on their knees weeping, “God be merciful to me a sinner”?

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“Sister McPherson, I don’t believe in those things. It is just excitement.” Ichabod! Ichabod! The glory of the Lord hath departed. People ask, “Where is divine healing? Where is the God who answers by fire—the God of Elijah?” “Oh, I don’t believe in those things—the day of miracles is past.” Ichabod! The glory of the Lord hath departed. It is all right to say we don’t believe in it—it is a good camouflage to use in trying to blindfold the people to the fact that the power of God to the is not in the midst.

But, hallelujah, the day of miracles has not passed! Oh that every one of us might go on a hunger strike for God, and never stop until in our midst comes a mighty deluge of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit! It was a sad day for the Israelites when Ichabod was born. Defeat after defeat came. They worked hard and lined up people in array—formed organizations—but failure met them. When I pick up reports telling of the lack of revivals I say, “O Lord, if we only had the Ark back!” I think of how hard we work. We work, work, work but victory does not come. What is it that we need? The baptism of the Holy Ghost!

Many of you are here from different states in the Union; also other countries, and you are saying, “O Sister McPherson, I just have to make something move when I get back home. We must get the power! What ails us?” Ichabod! You have lost the Ark of the Covenant—the old time baptism of the Holy Ghost. “How can we get it?” There is only one way to be filled with the Holy Spirit and that is the Bible way. Get back to Pentecost. When the church returns to Pentecost, Pentecost will return to the church.

“But, I don’t believe that way.” Don’t you? How do you believe? “Oh, just take it by faith; receive it right now.” All right—are you getting anywhere? How many years have you been trying to fool yourself in believing that you have something? Aren’t you tired of it? Don’t you want to pray through until you have the real Bible experience such as the one hundred and twenty had? When you get real hungry, you will refuse to accept anything but that which has the Bible brand on it. And, you will know because you will be filled as they were in the Bible days. Ichabod could never take the place of the

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Lord!

While Saul was king it didn't bother him any—he didn't miss the Ark. He was blindly unconscious of the lack. He was a rich man, a fine man and didn't miss anything. Oh, what a pity! He was a leader but did not know there was something missing. I wonder if there are not people like that today. Saul is a type of the people who have lost their anointing.

Soon David came to the throne. He is a type of the anointed people—spiritual people who were not satisfied with anything but the real Ark of the Covenant. The moment David came to the throne he missed something—the Ark. He had a beautiful house, but that did not satisfy. He had a beautiful tabernacle, but there was an empty corner that nothing could fill. The choir, singers, Nazarites, and harps were there, but something was missing. David himself could sing psalms and preach wonderful sermons, but there was something missing. I think that is the way with our church back home—there is something we miss. It is the Ark!

Finally, David recognized it and he said, "We are going to get the Ark back. We will bring it up and set it in the house of the Lord." (2 Samuel 6). David gathered together the chosen men of Israel, "And David arose, and went with all the people that were with him from Baale of Judah, to bring up from thence the ark of God, whose name is called by the name of the Lord of hosts that dwelleth between the cherubims. And they set the ark of God upon a new cart, and brought it out of the house of Abinadab that was in Gibeah: and Uzzah and Ahio, the sons of Abinadab, drave the new cart."

They didn't make much fuss over it—just went down and got it. "There is something we need. Let's go and get it." That is the way lots of us went out to get the baptism of the Holy Ghost. "Lord, if you will just send back the Ark—the Holy Ghost—we will be very much obliged. We have a new cart—the twentieth century way. We don't need the apostolic way." The new method—take it by faith and think you have it!

"They set the ark of God upon a new cart." Is that the way you have been trying to get the baptism of the Holy Ghost? "Come, get up,

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oxen!" and away they went. They started down the road, and everything went well until they came to the threshing floor of Nachon. When they reached there, the ark began to shake. Pretty hard going! How many of us have been trying to preach the baptism of the Holy Ghost on the new cart? Won't have anything to do with the people who preach about the old fashioned way? You are going to get in trouble if you do that. Ah, show me anybody who is getting the old fashioned power on a new cart!

The Ark began to shake! A few years ago there were violent manifestations. David said, "We can't have anything like that." And you remember what happened to the men who put out their hands to steady the Ark? The Lord could not have that, and the men died.

"What was the matter? Why did the Ark shake?" Because they were not carrying the Ark the right way. It should be borne on the shoulders, and the body made the Temple of the Holy Spirit.

David said, "I am through with it for life. I am going back." And he went back. Of course, the Ark could not stay in the road so Obed-edom said, "I will take the Ark to my house and care for it." So it was carried into his home, and there it did abide for some time. While the Ark was in Obed-edom's house the Lord blessed him and his household. He was so blest that it came to the ears of David the king.

But the Ark was not meant to stay in the house of Obed-edom—it was meant for the tabernacle. It was not meant for a little mission, but for the House of God. Oh, what a picture it is of today! Some years ago thousands began seeking for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, "We must have the Ark!" Do you remember the endless chain letters—you received one and then were supposed to write ten and mail to your friends. They were praying for an old time revival. "We have no wine, and are hungry for the Holy Ghost." Something began to happen, and in churches, assemblies, missions the power fell. Some folks did not know what to make of it. What has happened? People were swept under the power as in John Wesley's time long ago. Some of us say, "Lord, send the power," but you can't see our heels for the dust if it does come! In England the power began to fall, and the lightning of God's Spirit struck the spire, and people were stiff under His power.

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In India one girl received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and began to speak in a language she had never learned. She began to say, "Jesus is coming soon. Get ready! Get ready!" People saw this girl's bed and it appeared to be in flames of fire. They went to get water to put it out, but they discovered it was not that kind of fire but the fire of the Holy Ghost. The fire of God began to fall in Canada, Chicago, Europe, and here, there and yonder flames of revivals burst into blaze. Some of us were praying for the power of God, but did not know God's way.

We are trying to bring the Ark on a new cart. But it is hard to keep new wine in old bottles. Some people can't see through the baptism of the Holy Ghost because they have old bottles, and they would blow up if they tried to put new wine in them. Glory to God, we need new bottles! "What do you mean by old bottles, Sister McPherson?" Our way of doing things—what we teach and what we believe! It is not a case of what someone said, but it is getting back to the old time power of the Holy Spirit.

"Well, I am going to stop this. The Ark is shaking too much. What do you think—a man said 'Amen' right out in church. Another man said, 'Hallelujah.' So and So did such and such a thing! Mr. Jones was at the altar weeping! We must put an end to this. We have to steady the Ark." And, of course, anybody who does that drops dead. You cannot fight the Holy Spirit and live spiritually. The moment you raise your hand against the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, you die. No matter how spiritual a minister may be, when he takes a broom and sweeps out the members who have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, he is gone. The walls may stand, the choir sing, and money be raised, but the spirituality is missing.

And so the Ark was taken into the house of Obed-edom! How many little missions and cottages kept on eating, but there was a great deal of chaff—things not pleasing to God. People were satisfied because they knew the Ark was there, although there was chaff and they realized that that was not the place God intended the Ark to be. That was not God's highest ideal.

There came a day when David heard of the blessing of Obed-edom, he said, "I am going out and get the Ark, and I am going in

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God's way." "So David went and brought up the ark of God from the house of Obed-edom into the city of David with gladness. And it was so, that when they that bare the ark of the lord had gone six paces, he sacrificed oxen and fatlings. And David danced before the Lord" very dignifiedly—oh, no, "with all his might!" If David was here, he would scandalize some of you. Beloved, let us get into this thing with all our might.

"So David and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet." What do you think of that—shouting! Surely they had something to shout over. People who say they don't believe in shouting; it is because they have nothing to shout over.

I wish you could picture the Ark coming into the city of David. Here it comes down the road, David dancing, people singing, the timbrel playing. Over yonder is the city and the House of God to which the Ark is coming back. The Ark is coming up the road. Hallelujah! I believe that the Ark is coming up the road today. There are tens of thousands of people all over this country who are hungry for the old fashioned power of the Holy Ghost, and nothing else in the world will satisfy. Oysters? Why, you can buy those at the restaurant! Strawberries? Fine, but you can get those for fifteen cents a box. What we want is the old time Apostolic power of the Holy Ghost in the midst of us. And I can see it coming up the road.

"Sister McPherson, it would never work in the world." Why? "Well, for one thing you could not run a church that was filled with people who had the baptism of the Holy Ghost and keep it sane. They are bound to get fanatical and the people will do outlandish things."

No, I could not run it, but the Lord can. Glory to God! We have a plumb-line, and if you sit around in the meetings long you will see that they are sane. I know we are shouting but, praise the Lord, we have something to shout over. As for real spiritual poise, I believe God is keeping these people steady in the hollow of His hand. When there is just one word in the flesh, they can tell it. It is like one string out of tune in a harp of a thousand strings.

The Ark is coming up the road! I had a visit from three ministers

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from the Middle West who have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and their people are being filled with the Spirit. I will never forget when the power struck Dr. Towner of San Jose and his congregation. I was trying to be so dignified, and I was back in my hotel when the power fell. I thought I had preached a dignified sermon, but I had no sooner reached the hotel when the phone rang, "Sister McPherson, come down to the church. Five of our deacons are under the power." "How do you know?" I asked. "The power of God struck them up in the choir loft." "H-o-w did it happen?" "They were praying and asking God to bless the meeting when the power of God struck them. "I went down to the church and saw that the five were very dignified people. One of them had sideburn whiskers. "Where is the preacher?" I asked. "I—I don't think he will like it." "Why, he is over there on his back, under the power of God." "What are we going to do! I tried to keep everything decent and in order." But, glory to God, the Lord got ahead of me. The power of God struck the place until hundreds were filled with the blessed Holy Spirit. Those things happened in John Wesley's day—the slain of the Lord went down in hundreds. Take the days of the Methodists when they were called "Shakers" and "Ranters." Would to God we could get that power today! I remember the days of the Salvation Army when the power fell.

As the Ark came up the road, you would think the whole city would turn out with flags and bands. They did—almost all of them. Just one person did not like the return of the Ark and that was Michal, David's wife. She was standing behind the window when she saw David dancing, and she despised him in her heart. What a perfect type she is of some of the people today. While people are praying for the old time power, there will always be a Michal standing behind the window and looking out. "Um-hum, do you see that? People are making a nice spectacle of themselves! Look at David dancing and getting enthusiastic!"

When David came into the house, Michal said, "You made a fine sight out there dancing! Did you do it because of all the women who were there?" David said, "It was unto the Lord."

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I feel sorry for Michal because she missed so much. The poor thing stood behind a window and looked out, and she could only see the funny actions but could not hear the music. Did you ever stand outside of a dance hall window and see the people dancing but could not hear the music? You despised them, but when you get close (that is before you were converted) and heard the music you began to dance too. Poor Michal could not get the blessed truth in her heart.

David said, "I will do this and more also. We have brought back the Ark and I am going to keep it right here." Michal despised him in her heart and from that day she was barren unto the day of her death. Anyone who despises the outpouring of the Holy Ghost is bound to be barren—there will be no real conversions.

"I wonder why we don't get more converts. Is there one who will accept Christ as your Saviour?" "What is wrong? We had a big evangelist but could not get people converted. Why don't we get them?" Fighting the Ark! Despising in our heart the old time revival that brings it back! Barren to the day of her death! If we want to be fruitful and bring souls into the Kingdom of God, we need the old time power of the Holy Ghost or at least to be sympathetic with those who do receive the baptism.

Are you hungry? Are you eager to be filled? Is your heart open? Do you realize the need in the midst of the tabernacle? Then, let us go not with a new cart—but let us go back God's way. Let us humble ourselves, get on our knees, under the precious Blood, and be filled with the Holy Spirit.

The Bridge of Sighs



Friday Evening
May 23, 1924



THE FAMOUS BRIDGE of Sighs in Italy, of which much has been written, is spoken of in the Word of God also. We have a record of many people who went over that Bridge. The Bridge of Sighs in the Bible was created through sin, disobedience, and breaking the laws of God.

The first one to go over that Bridge was a woman, I am sorry to say. Her name was Eve. The next one was her husband, Adam; then Cain, their son, who slew Abel. Since that time it seems to me there has been a constant dull thudding of godless feet going over this bridge—from the place of sin into the presence of the Judge to plead “Guilty” or “Not guilty.” The great Judge cannot be fooled. He knows. He has an Identification Bureau where the sinner’s finger prints and records are kept.

Poor Eve did not know about God’s Identification Bureau. She thought she could sin and get away with it, so she disobeyed God and ate of the forbidden fruit.

God came walking through the garden, but before He came, conscience smote them and the Spirit of God revealed to them that they were wrong, wrong, wrong. There began the sighing and sorrowing. Eve did her best by her own craftsmanship to make an apron of fig leaves. Mankind has been trying to do that ever since—making aprons of excuses, denials, and alibis. But, just as Judge Hardy saw straight through that young man’s heart who said, “Oh, no, this is my first offense,” so the great Judge sees down into the heart.

“Son, you are wrong!” “Daughter, you are wrong!” “Oh no, I’m not.

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I am a good man. I pay my debts.” “Will you not confess your sin and plead Guilty?” “Oh no Lord, I am all right.” “Will you not plead guilty? I have my Identification Bureau up in heaven, and I can send Gabriel over to the drawers and in a moment he can bring out your finger prints and your record.” Yes, He has every throb of your heart.

Today, they can fasten something around your arm and tell whether you are in love. Oh, it is wonderful how they can tell by the leaping of the heart! But to think that God has a more delicate instrument than these. He sees clear through it, and He can tell in a moment.

When He walked into the Garden of Eden, He called, “Where art thou?” No answer. “Where art thou?” His voice must have shaken the earth as a temblor. Then Adam and Eve answered, “We heard Thy voice in the garden and hid ourselves because we were afraid.”

Ah, they did a foolish thing! To try to deny that you are a sinner injures your case. But a frank statement, “I am wrong. I am sorry. Forgive me”—if they had said that, how different it would have been.

“Why did you hide?” Just as this judge sends question after question at the prisoner so the great Judge fired His questions. The answer came back but, ah, you remember that, after all, He had to send them across the Bridge of Sighs. “The soul that sinneth shall surely die!”

Through it all came one great ray of hope—in the future would come a deliverer even Jesus Christ our Lord.

They had the message as they walked across the bridge “Crime never pays!” Eve thought she could get away, but conscience said it was wrong. And they were driven out of the Garden of Eden.

Cain went over the Bridge of Sighs. You remember that his brother Abel had made a burnt offering unto the Lord of a little lamb, and the incense from it ascended to heaven. Cain thought he could bring things of the earth, but that which is of the earth earthy can never please God. Then Cain in his anger and jealousy, because God’s smile of approval had been upon Abel who surrendered all, said, “Nobody will see me” and he committed the first murder.

It is strange that the first sin was robbery, then murder. Cain

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looked down and saw his dead brother, so he dug a hole and dropped the limp form in it. Oh, the horror of it! Then he covered it up. Cover up—cover up has been man's slogan ever since. Don't tell. They will never find out. I can get by with it!

Then came the sound of footsteps—the Great Judge coming to His bench. “Where is thy brother?” Cain answered back defiantly, “Am I my brother's keeper?” It has been the same thing down through the years. Then, you remember, he was sentenced and a brand was put on his forehead. He was sent back over the Bridge of Sighs unrepentant. As he went over the bridge it was sighs, sighs, sighs that filled his heart. “Sin lieth at the door.”

Jacob went over the Bridge of Sighs. His case was one of robbery too, you know. His brother was to have the blessing, but Jacob disguised himself. Times have not changed so much: People going out to rob put a mask over their face. Jacob took the skins of goats and put them over his arms to deceive his father. But God found him out; conviction smote him, and he lay in a desert with his head on a pillow of stones. Thank God, he repented and the Lord brought him back with a clean slate and made him the father of nations.

There was Pharaoh who went over the Bridge of Sighs. However, he did not repent, but was always ready to strike back at God. When he was caught, he seemed to be sorry; but then sinned right over again. He always got the worst end of the bargain—I believe sinners always do. God sent plagues of frogs, lice, flies, boils, hail, locusts, etc. I believe that sinners always get into plagues when they are going over the Bridge of Sighs.

Jonah went over the Bridge of Sighs. I think that backsliders always do—those people who once knew God and were going to do His will. Jonah ran away from the calling of God and went down into a ship that was sailing from Joppa to Nineveh toward Tarshish. While he was sighing in the depths of the ship, the Lord sent a storm. Sinner, backslider, the Lord will send a storm every time. Yes, the Lord sent a great wind into the sea and there was a mighty tempest. The shipmaster cried, “There is a sinner among us! Who is it?” He went to Jonah and asked him, “Are you guilty or not guilty?” Jonah answered,

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“I am guilty,” and they threw him overboard. Jonah was going down. A big fish swallowed him, and he kept going down. Then the whale went down. Jonah spent three days in that terrible place. I think that tacked up in the whale was the motto, “Crime never pays!” Jonah said, “I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and He heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice.” Then the whale threw him up on dry land, and Jonah went back to Nineveh to preach the Gospel.

The Lord believes in sending people to prison, for Jonah was in prison three days. When Jonah came out he was a new man because God had talked with him—his soul was cleansed and he went out to preach the Word of God.

Another one who went over the Bridge of Sighs was Judas. He sold his Lord for thirty miserable pieces of silver. Did you ever do anything like that? A pretty cheap price for your Lord! There are people doing it every day—selling their Lord for a dance, an automobile ride, a diamond ring. Ah, some are selling Him for less than thirty pieces of silver! It was the Bridge of Sighs for Judas. Guilty or not guilty? He answered, “Guilty,” then went out and hanged himself. He had not repented, and it was too late now.

Peter went over the Bridge of Sighs, but he was one of the kind who broke and wept. He denied his Lord, “I don’t know Him,” and he cursed and swore. But when Jesus looked at him and the Great Judge was searching and delving into his heart, Peter broke. He went out in the night and wept bitterly. He saw the message, “Crime never pays!” He broke and melted, and the Lord molded him all over again. Isn’t that wonderful? Praise the Lord! The Master Potter is able to mold us if we will melt. If we are stiff, we will break to pieces and He can never put us together again.

I remember two others who went over the Bridge of Sighs—Ananias and Sapphira. That was because they held back their collection. They robbed God. They did not have to give God all of their money, only they said they were and then didn’t do it. The Great Judge was there, “Guilty or not guilty? Did you sell your land for thus and so?” “I did” and instantly the sentence was passed and Ananias

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died. Next his wife came “Did your husband sell his land for so much?” “It is so,” and that quick sentence was pronounced on her too, and she died.

The Bridge of Sighs! So many have gone over this bridge. “Guilty or not guilty?” If you say, “Not guilty” you are gone. But “If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” There is no use saying you are not guilty, for the Lord has all of the identification marks, and He knows. There is no use saying you are not a sinner if you are. The thing to do is get up, come to the altar, and cry, “God be merciful to me a sinner. Forgive my sin, cleanse me from all unrighteousness. I am sorry. Wash me in your precious Blood.”

Remember, “Crime never pays!” Unbelief never pays! Disobedience to God never pays!

Come to the Lord tonight and say, “Lord, I come. My great Judge you shall be more than that to me—you shall be my Saviour, my Redeemer, and my King.”

The Cathedral of the Air



*A Radio Fantasy Buildded About the Angelus Temple,
Radio KFSG
June 1924*

*THE CATHEDRAL OF the Air, am I,
The church without boundary line.
My walls—the vastness of space
My dome—the vaulted sky.
Sheer, high, free, triumphant,
I rise to heights unknown.
From terrestrial to celestial,
Till spangled o'er with stars,
I cleave the very heavens and arch the milky way.*

*FROM SILVERED spires o'er a Temple dome
My super-structures rise, where winds sweep
through the riggings and to wakefulness bestir
The lofty strings of my Aeolian harp;
Then bear afar, North, East, South, West,
The melody evoked.*

*PULSING, VITAL, alive am I,
Undreamed power possessing.
While down below my steeples, in a chamber of
motor and dials, men lay their ears to my
throbbing heart and call me—RADIO.*

BUT ONLY BY these shining towers,

The Cathedral of the Air

*Which are two silver feet, and with a net
of cable wire am I held by earth's contact.*

Mine—the Cathedral of the Air;

My sounding board—the clouds.

*THE VOICE OF the preacher and of they who
do sing, I catch on the breadth of a sweet zephyr wing.*

*I bear it aloft till it soars in the sky; then down,
swift and sure, to the haunts of mankind*

I bear the sweet message of Christ—loving, kind.

*THE SWELL OF the organ, the sweep of the
harp, the silver-toned cornet, the voice of a
child resound through my chambers.*

*Then out and away to the listening ear
of ten thousand times ten thousand.*

THE CATHEDRAL of the Air am I,

The church with no boundary line.

And under my broad, canopied expanse

I house the sons of men—

The black, the white, the yellow;

The brown and red man, too.

BROTHERS ALL SIT side by side

in the church with no color line.

The rich and the poor, the old and the young.

*The sad and the gay of heart, the strong and the
weak, the sick and the well*

All worship at my shrine.

LIKE DEW ON the clover meadows

My fragrant message drops.

That cheers a desert land

Like rushing rill and singing brook.

The Cathedral of the Air

*Like manna in the wilderness, like showers from
summer skies, like music to a weary heart,
like chime of silver bells.*

*Like welcome shade from sun-bleached sky,
Like a pillar of cloud by day, like pillar of fire in
darksome night, like a clear, sure light to
guide, comes the music and song.*

*The counsel and prayer,
and the Word of God which I bring.*

*WITH UNSEEN hands and invisible bands
I tie East and West together;
With cords of love from heaven above
The North to the South I tether.*

*NOT THUNDEROUS sky, nor biting cold,
Nor unmapped roads detain me;
Not cataract's foam, nor mountain peak,
Nor midnight drear restrain me.
My message leaps the ocean spray,
Cuts through the foaming welter
Of a thousand waves on a thousand shores,
And brings far lands together.*

*THE SAMOAN in the South Sea Isles; the Naval
Man in Fiji draws up his chair, where palm
trees sway, o'er coral strands, and sea-washed
sands, and in one congregation.
With the Man of the West Indies, eight thousand
miles away, enjoys the sermon, hears
the songs of my spirited revival.
Each hears my voice from a central point
Four thousand miles removed.*

THE ESKIMO in his igloo of Arctic ice and

The Cathedral of the Air

*snow, kneels in the Land of the Midnight
Sun and, guided by my prayer, unites his
voice with the Panama'n.*

*“Our Father which art in heaven
Hallowed be Thy Holy Name;
Thy kingdom come, O Lord.”*

*WHILE THE MAN in Alaska's frozen north
With the Señor 'neath Mexican cactus
Joins in the prayer—*

*“Thy will be done.
As it is done in heaven.”*

*THE CATHEDRAL of the Air am I,
The church with no boundary line.
And under the span of my wide-flung arch
The shackles of distance are broken;
Limitations of space are faded away,
Horizons widened and lifted.*

*CANADA, OUR Lady of the Snows, with
they of Arizona's sands, may lift her voice
in unison and confidently pray:*

*“Give us this day our daily bread.
Our trespasses forgive.”*

*WHILE IN MY congregation the Ranger of
the Desert, who rides along the sage brush
crest and listens to my message.
Unites his voice, all unbeknown, with the
dweller on the Mountain; and he of the pine-clad,
breeze-swept hill, with salt Jack Tar the sailor,*

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*And "they who go down to the sea in ships"
Catch the word with the Indian Chieftain;
While across the Border, within her walls
Of quaint and aged adobe, the Spanish Señorita
hears, and joins the intercession:*

*"Lead us not into temptation, Lord.
But deliver us from evil."*

*While the city and state, sea, island, and land
Unite in glad refrain,*

*"Thine the kingdom, power, and glory,
For ever and ever. Amen."*

*THE CATHEDRAL of the Air am I.
The church with no boundary line.
And the message I bring when I speak, when
I sing, tells the story of wonderful love—
The love of a Savior who lives and was slain,
Who was dead. but who liveth again.
That which is whispered to me in the ear.
On the house tops I proclaim.*

*THE LITTLE BOY 'neath the faded quilt,
In the attic, hears and is glad.
As I tell him the story of Jesus.
Oft-times he reaches his hand and pats the square
box of his cheap crystal set, and whispers,
"Dear radio, God gave you to me
To tell me of Him.
And, since He took mother to heaven
You have hushed me to sleep with your stories.
You've taught me my bedtime prayers.
You've given me glimpses of heaven,*

The Cathedral of the Air

*And of golden shiny stairs
That lead up to God and to mother;
You have helped keep a wee boy straight.”*

*THE OLD MAN listens at sunset, as he leans
upon his staff,
And it seems the portals open
And the music of heaven he hears:*

*“O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land.
As on thy highest mount I stand.
I look a way across the sea
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, forevermore!”*

*THE PRAIRIE WIFE listens in her distant
ranch, and a smile lights her weary face;
Though hundreds of miles from the nearest
church, in an old time revival she stands:*

*“Revive us again,
Fill each heart with Thy love.
May each soul be rekindled
With fire from above.”*

*She hears the old time altar call
Come brother; come, sister—that’s right:
You’ve carried your burden too long, dear.
Just lay it at Jesus’ feet.
And you, brother, kneel.
Make Christ your King.
“Tis the way to be happy,
To shout and to sing.”
Hearing, the prairie wife lifts her hand*

The Cathedral of the Air

And sings with the joyous throng.

*“Oh happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God.”*

*THE DYING GIRL turns her head
And asks for me—
And I to her sing.
“Roll. Jordan. Roll.” and
“The Land that is Fairer than Day.”
In southern tones I softly chant
That well-loved melody.*

*“I looked over Jordan and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home?
A cloud of bright angels coming after me;
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot—,”*

*With a smile on her face
and a light in her eyes she whispers.
“That’s where I’m going now”—
And is gone with the angel bands.*

*THE CATHEDRAL of the Air am I,
The church with no boundary line.
A marvel to all a sign of the times.
I stand in this latter day, ready to speak.
Ready to preach the Gospel everywhere,
Affording possibilities hitherto unknown.*

*OF SCATTERING THE gospel seed
Throughout the earth—wind-blown,
Ready to pierce the darkness;
To penetrate each wall with the message of life.*

The Cathedral of the Air

*And a message of hope
That heralds the Coming King.*

*THE CATHEDRAL of the Air am I—
The voice with a million tongues.
But, knowing no better name for me,
They call me—RADIO.*

Behold the Man



June 1924

I will not leave, you comfortless;
“Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of
thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith
unto them, Behold the man!

JOHN 19:5

*PACKED CORRIDORS! Stifling courtroom! Clamorous multitudes!
Frenzied mobs. Groans. Hisses. Scoffing.
Dark, glowering faces. Brows with starting veins.
—anger swollen!
Growing impatience!
A battery of eyes trained on one lone Figure.
Shifty eyes, cruel eyes, malicious eyes,
Scheming eyes, murderous eyes, stabbing eyes,
Eyes lit with red coals of demoniac hatred
—wild mob eyes!
Cruel lips hurling accusations! Bitter, unjust lips heaping indignities!
Lying lips, cruel lips, cynical lips,
Jeering lips, hissing lips, mocking lips,
—frothing denunciations!
A forest of hands
Reaching hands, clawing hands, tearing hands,
Unreasoning, twitching, opening and closing, creeping hands.
The sound of blows
—dull thudding upon white flesh!*

Behold the Man

*Metallic tread of marching feet—
Other feet, scuffing feet,
Stamping feet, hasty feet,
—feet murder bent!
Angry hearts pounding—leaping against imprisoning breasts!
Poor hearts, tumultuous hearts, unjust hearts,
Forgetful, sin-filled, demon-ridden hearts;
-hearts harder than flint.
Confusion! Outcries! The very air electric with the moment
of the hour!
O'er the heads of the impetuous, milling mob a clear, stern,
staccato voice
Bites through the uproar;
Snaps the thread of roaring, snarling clamor
And precipitates blank, startled silence
Upon the wondering multitude;
Leaving that silence precariously suspended there
—a lengthening moment.
Ecce Homo—Behold the Man!
‘Twas the voice of the judge—Pontius Pilate—
lifted in strange defense
Of the meek, mild, unresisting Form
That stood before him in a garb
Of seamless white.
A Lily among thorns—tall, slender, fair;
Pure as no fuller on earth can purify.
—The Son of God was He!
Ecce Homo-Behold the Man!
Strange, short, surprising defense was this.
Yet could there be a stronger?
With one consent must all have turned
To gaze upon that Figure,
To look upon the purity
Of that so lovely face.
Behold the Man!*

Behold the Man

*Did e'er such love and pity meet?
Was ever mortal man so meek and so divinely fair?
Were e'er in eyes so blended suffering with tenderness?
Sorrow with yearning; agony with firm resolve?
Were ever lips of unjustly accused
So tremulous with prayers and pardon for accusers?
Behold the Man!
With kingly brow—thorn-crowned and buffeted;
The purple robe held, lifted o'er His shoulders
That the gaping crowd might glare
Upon His loveliness.
Did ever thorns compose so rich a crown?
Was ever man more fit to wear the purple?
Behold His Hands—
Now clasped in resigned surrender to the will of man;
Hands so lately loosed to do the will of God.
To bless, to heal, to feed, to comfort;
To lift up heavy burdens,
To dry the tears from weeping eyes;
Lift up the fallen, cheer the faint,
And cool the fevered brow.
Now bound with rigid thongs
—their ministry shut off.
Behold! Behold!
Was not to 'Behold' to love Him?
Did not beholding melt the heart,
And dim the eye with mistiness?
Was not to gaze upon the Son of God
To fall prostrate before Him,
Confessing guilt, forsaking sin, accepting mercy?
Could shifty eyes insincere look into eyes of truth and not
surrender?
Ah, yes, as well as ravening wolves
Could gaze upon a stainless lamb
—and, untouched by pity, fall devouring on it!*

Behold the Man

Behold the Man!

*As the eyes of the rabble,
Who had been trapped unawares
Into this strained, unbidden silence,
Looked up into the eyes of the Son of God,
Their glances must have met
—gripped, held.*

It was a battle of eyes!

His-

*Loving, clear, unwavering;
Pure as the morning,
Frank as a child's,
Penetrating as sunlight.
Compassionate, understanding, hurt.*

Theirs-

*Narrowed, secretive, wavering;
Cold as a serpent's
Cruel as hate,
Hard as adamant.
Treachorous, merciless, inexorable.
The seconds passed.
The silence held.*

*The noiseless battle waged.
It could not—oh, it could not last!
The eyes of sinful men could not
gaze long
Into the glory of those Holy eyes
And not be stricken blind with
shame!*

*Were they to be placed on trial?
Was He to be the judge?
Were they the guilty ones,
—and He the just?*

*Mingled resentment and guilt served as a whip to prick them back to
action.*

Behold the Man

*Eyes flickered, wavered, fell.
Uncomfortably men shifted from
one foot to another.
A crimson stain on burning cheek.
The heavy breathing of the vanquished.
Uneasy stirrings midst the crowd.
A shrug of shoulders.
The nervous clearing of a throat.
A shaky laugh; a coarse guffaw.
A bold-voiced leader, secure in numbers,
—calling, Crucify.
Suddenly, as it had come, that precariously suspended silence was
precipitated
Down into the awful roaring crater,
The seething caldron,
The unspeakable bedlam
—of a maddened mob.
If they were furious before, they were doubly furious now!
“Away with Him!”
“A-w-a-y with Him!”
“C-R-U-C-I-F-Y!”
Confused shouts. Frenzied cries. A basin. A towel. The washing of Pilate’s
hands. More cries—
His blood! His blood on us,
And our children be!
We will not have
This man reign over us.
Away! Away! A-w-a-y!”
The hot-breathed pack swarm forward;
close in upon their unresisting prey.
The pure white Figure
Is torn from its pedestal
In the witness box!
Delivered, defenseless
Into the hands of the rabid horde.*

Behold the Man

Hands rising, fists clinching, descending!
That bowed, un murmuring Form
Being dragged hither and yon—
Blind-folded, buffeted,
Beaten with staves,
Spat upon, beard plucked out,
Stripped, whipped, gnashed upon.
Pushed, goaded, stumbling through
city streets
Without the gates,
Up Calvary's brow and to the Cross
—to die!
The tide—stemmed for a moment—had turned!
They, who had looked upon Him,
Pierced His hands,
And drove the nails in tight.
Beholding the Man, their hearts they steeled.
In place of love—gave wormwood!
In place of scepter—spear!
But, reader, You—?

Giving Thanks



Sunday Morning
June 1, 1924

And He took the cup and gave thanks, and said, Take this and divide it among yourselves: For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God shall come. And He took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.

LUKE 22:17-19



GIVING THANKS: The life of our Lord Jesus Christ—His prayers, His sermons, His ministry—is dotted and punctuated with the giving of thanks. Through the whole blessed Word of God runs the subject “Give thanks” and the “Giving of thanks.”

In 2 Chronicles 5:11-14 we read: “And it came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place: (for all the priests that were present were sanctified, and did not then wait by course.

Also the Levites which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them a hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets:)

It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and

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instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord;

So that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God.”

It has been my happy privilege at several times in my life to be in meetings where I have seen thousands of people stand on their feet at the same moment with uplifted hands, praising the Lord together, and making one sound to be heard—everybody oblivious of everything and everybody. With tears streaming down their cheeks and shining eyes, they were praising the Lord for His goodness to them. I have seen the glory of the Lord come down and fill the house. Oh, I pray that it may come down like that in Angelus Temple this morning; and that we will be one people, one voice, one heart, one objective, one Saviour, one central point. It is at times like this that one gets the greatest revelation and vision of the majesty, dominion, honor and glory of Jehovah-jireh. At a time like that, when we are praising the Lord, we seem to hear the sound of chariot wheels on the top of the mountain, and we seem most conscious of the stately stepping of His feet as He walks in the midst of His people.

Some of us have a harp, but it is hanging on a willow tree. Go get your harp, brother, sister, and let's put the strings back on it. Some of us used to praise the Lord but we have let the strings get rusty—it has been a long time since we gave a testimony or gave one good rousing “Hallelujah.” Get your harps and let's tune them up until one sound shall be heard praising and glorifying the Lord—it would indeed be a harp with a thousand strings. Oh, that we might get a glimpse of Him this morning clothed in honor and glory!

We read in the Word of God, “The Lord shall inhabit the praises of His people.” If you want to find where the Lord is, praise Him. Wherever people are praising Him, there He is in the midst.

“Praise the Lord at all times.” A-l-l times! “But, Sister McPherson, I don't feel like it.” How much work would be done for the Lord if we went by our flimsy barometer of feelings? Praise Him—not because you feel like it, but because He is worthy of praise, honor, glory,

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majesty and might, both now and forever.

“Oh, if I only felt like praising Him!” The Word of God tells us, “Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.” Then, there is only one excuse for not praising the Lord—that is, being out of breath.

“Sister dear, I know it, but I don’t feel like putting anything on.” There is only one thing that the Bible commands us to put on, and that is praise as a garment. Praise Him whether you feel like it or not. No matter how blue you are, I defy you to lift your hands and say, “Praise the Lord!” You will feel as though a cruse of oil had been poured over you, even as did Aaron in the days gone by.

Put on your beautiful garments of praise. O Zion, rise from the dust; shake yourself free, and let us get the praises of God in our hearts today!

“Praise is comely for the upright.” It is becoming. I know nothing more becoming to a Christian than “A-m-e-n! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!” And I thank God that we have thousands of people here who know how to praise the Lord.

I want to stir you this morning. If anybody is sitting in the dust, get up, shake off the dust, put on the garment of praise, and worship Him. “Praise is comely for the upright.”

During the world war, I remembered seeing in New York City, in the stations of the elevated, papers and notices of what terrible things would happen to any person who would try to break the morale of our Army—that is, to tell them that our boys were not fighting very well, and that the United States would lose, etc.

The same is true in the church of the Lord Jesus Christ. In our audience there are perhaps two classes of people. One looks around and says, “This is a dry meeting. I feel so tied up. Lord, deliver us from the power of darkness.” That is just the thing to do to bind it up—My! He is a big devil. I guess he is going to get the victory.” Such a person has his eyes off of the Lord and on Satan. Somebody else says, “Glory to God! We are not going by feelings but by faith. Isn’t the Lord wonderful? He never lost a battle,” That is the thing to do—let us praise the Lord, and glorify our Redeemer—He shall come forth triumphant. He shall bring with Him His hosts and sure and certain

Giving Thanks

victory shall fill the house of God.

The devil would like to kill the praise in the house of God. He would like to sit down on the Amen Corner and squelch it.

“The Lord shall inhabit the praises of His people.” Praise to Jesus Christ puts the enemy to flight. No matter how sick, or blue, or heavy the meeting may be, if you start to praise the Lord, you will be healed, filled with the Holy Spirit, strengthened, and your meeting will become one glad, triumphant, glorious success.

So many of us pray, but don’t praise. “Lord, give me this and that. Lord, I am so sick and so discouraged.” If you would stop asking and say, “Lord, you are a wonderful Saviour. I thank you that you have all power in heaven and in earth. You do the work, Lord, and I will do the shouting. Oh, I am so glad I don’t have to do the fighting!”

“Oh, my head aches!” Then, begin to praise the Lord and tell Him how much you love Him. As you begin to praise Him, bring up your offering then pour on top of it the ointment from the alabaster box of worship, set it on fire, and you will have a flaming, glorious victory in body, soul and spirit that will surprise you. Hallelujah!

You may not have gold, silver, or much goods to lay at the feet of the Lord, but every one of us can give thanks to the Lord.

“Sister, does He really want it?” He does. Strange as it may seem—when He has given us everything—salvation, redemption, heaven, and a heaven to go to heaven in—one thing He asks of us is our praises. “Let me hear thy voice, for thy voice is sweet; let me see thy countenance for thy countenance is comely.” Praise brings the victory!

In 2 Chronicles 5, Solomon had dedicated a temple unto the Lord. His priests came out clothed in white linen before they praised the Lord. And the Lord wants us to be clothed in white linen. If your lips have been stained with tobacco, your hands with playing cards, your feet with dancing, and your heart with worldliness, selfishness, pride, disobedience and sin, then indeed you cannot praise Him as you should. Your harp is on the willow tree. But I am so glad we can get it back, if we will.

The priests were in white linen, and as they swept their harps,

Giving Thanks

played their cymbals, and the people lifted up their voices to sing, the Lord honored their praise and the temple was filled with a cloud. Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could see the glorious Shekinah of God fill this Temple! We read, "The priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

In 2 Chronicles 20 we read what praising the Lord and giving thanks did. Jehoshaphat was surrounded by his enemies, "There cometh a great multitude against thee from beyond the sea on this side Syria; and, behold, they be in Hazazon-tamar, which is En-gedi. And Jehoshaphat feared, and set himself to seek the Lord, and proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah."

Have you ever found the hosts of the enemy coming against you? The hosts of discouragement, sickness, losses? Then do what Jehoshaphat and the people of Judah did, "And Judah gathered themselves together, to ask help of the Lord: even out of all the cities of Judah they came to seek the Lord."

"When Jehoshaphat had consulted with the people, he appointed singers unto the Lord, and that should praise the beauty of holiness, as they went out before the army, and to say, Praise the Lord; for his mercy endureth forever."

Now picture, if you will, the scene. Here is Jehoshaphat with his army. They have no cannon, revolvers, swords, ammunition, bows and arrows, or poisonous gases. We don't need these to fight our battles.

Jehoshaphat marched, and behind him came thousands and thousands of enemies. As they marched out to meet the army, they began to sing and praise the Lord. And, as they sang and praised the Lord, the Lord sent ambushments against the enemy and they were smitten. All that the children of the Lord did was to sing, "Glory, glory, hallelujah! Our God goes marching on." As they praised the Lord and sang, one after another of the enemies fell.

No matter what your enemy—Satan, discouragement, pride, fear, evil habits—just set an ambushment and say, "Praise the Lord!" The enemies will drop on every side and you will be the victor.

Giving Thanks

“Sister McPherson, are you sure of that?” I am positive. Give me a people who will praise the Lord, and I will show you a revival of the old time religion.

In Psalm 66 we read, “Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands: Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious. Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works; through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee. All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name. Come and see the works of God he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men. He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him. He ruleth by his power forever; his eyes behold the nations.”

Psalm 95, “O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.”

Then David commands his own soul and says, “O my soul, bless thou the Lord.” Will you give your own soul that command this morning?

“Aimee Semple McPherson, bless thou the Lord.” “Brother Sunbury, bless thou the Lord.” “Evangelist Black, bless thou the Lord.” Hallelujah!

Not only do we bless the Lord down here, but the angels in the heavens are blessing His Name this morning. “Bless the Lord, O ye Angels that excel in grace and do His commandments. I will offer unto you the sacrifice of thanksgiving and will call upon the name of the Lord.”

Miriam praised the Lord when the Red Sea was crossed. “And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.” One thing about praise is that it begets praise. It is just like a match set to gunpowder.

Moses praised the Lord and the glory of God rested upon the tabernacle. Joshua praised the Lord and the walls of Jericho fell flat.

Giving Thanks

Gideon praised the Lord, and as his people broke their pitchers, the Lord won the victory. David praised the Lord, dancing and skipping with all his might, and the Ark was brought back. Solomon and all his hosts praised the Lord and the glory of God filled the temple. Jehoshaphat praised the Lord and his enemies were smitten.

Paul and Silas praised the Lord. Though they were down in a dungeon, their backs bleeding, still they praised the Lord. They did not say, "I don't feel like it. I got a whipping when I was doing good, and I don't feel like praising the Lord." That is just the time to praise Him. When Paul and Silas sang praises, the earth quaked and the prison doors flew open.

I am giving you a key this morning, and if you will praise the Lord at all times, the prison doors will open. "Rejoice! I say, Rejoice."

When we get home to Glory—what a day that will be! Ten thousand times ten thousand banners are going to be waving in the breeze, and we are going to hear the people shouting, "Hallelujah! Glory to God! Honor, glory, majesty, dominion and might belongeth to the Lord, both now and forever." There is going to be a great, noise that day.

"But, Sister McPherson, I don't like noisy meetings." You are to be pitied then, because you won't like heaven. I read that there was only silence in heaven one day and that was only for a half hour. All the other times in heaven I read it was as a voice of mighty thunderings and waters, and people shouting, "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" When I go to Glory, I expect to hear a wonderful shout. Glory to God! I expect to see thousands upon thousands coming up the road, giving thanks, waving banners of victory, and singing songs of victory. And, when I enter the gate of that Beautiful City, I would not be surprised if there will not be a great choir of angels—an echo choir. The angels will sing, "Worthy, worthy, worthy is He!" And the redeemed of the Lord shall echo back, "Worthy, worthy, worthy is He who hath redeemed us by His Blood!" I believe that the redeemed choir will sing more sweetly than the angel choir because angels have never been redeemed.

Giving thanks! The Lord gave thanks again and again. He is saying

Giving Thanks

to us, "Rejoice in the Lord." "Sister McPherson, I think I would be happy ever after if I did that." You would be. He does not say to rejoice in circumstances, money or pleasure, but "Rejoice in the Lord." When we rejoice in the Lord, we have a great stream of praises whose source is in the Glory Land, and it is unaffected by rain or shine, high or low degree, honor or dishonor, because our joy is in the Lord. We can say, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord is my strength, and He will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he shall make me to walk upon mine high places."

As our Lord Jesus sat at the Holy Communion, and gathered round Him were His disciples, we read that He took the bread and blessed it and gave thanks. Do you give thanks in your daily life? At the table for your daily bread? Do you thank Him at night that He has kept you through the day? Is your heart filled with the fragrance of worship? If so, it is going straight to the glory land and the angels are catching it in a golden censor and it is taken to the Throne.

Jesus Christ



Sunday Afternoon
June 1, 1924



HIS IS THE most beautiful subject in all the world to preach on.

We are reading from the eighth chapter of Matthew, the first to the twenty-seventh verses.

What manner of man is this?

Jesus Christ! If I could just disappear from sight, and if in my place He, whom I love, whose I am, and whom I serve, could come stepping across this platform to speak to you, oh, how happy I would be! I would go down at His feet in a happy, tearful little heap and say, "Lord speak to the people." But He is not here to preach the sermon in the flesh; nor has He sent angels to preach it. He has sent you and me, unworthy sinners that we are—redeemed by His wonderful love—that we might tell the story of His grace.

What manner of man is this?

Jesus Christ—the Man.

Jesus Christ—the Son of God.

Jesus Christ—the Saviour.

Jesus Christ—the Friend.

Jesus Christ—the Brother, the Prophet, the Priest.

Jesus Christ—the Great Physician.

Jesus Christ—the Baptizer with the Holy Ghost and fire.

Jesus Christ—the Soul Winner.

Jesus Christ—the Glorified One, making intercession at the Throne.

Jesus Christ—the Bridegroom of the church.

Jesus Christ

Jesus Christ—the Coming King, who shall be clothed in dazzling splendor that shall outshine the sun.

Jesus Christ—with whom we shall dwell eternally, if we are faithful.

What did He look like and dress like? How did He talk, eat and walk with mankind? Was He tempted? Was He mortal? Was He born of man or from above? Was He the very Son of God? Where did He come from? Why did He come? Where is He now? What is He doing there? When shall we see Him? What will He look like?

Jesus Christ! What manner of man is this?

First of all, when did our Lord have a beginning? Praise the Lord, He was with the Father from the beginning! We read in the Gospel According to Saint John:

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning, with God. All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made. The Lord was made flesh and dwelt among us.”

When did He have a beginning? We know not. We know that the first words of the Old Testament open thusly: “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.”

This blessed Godhead is triune—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. These three are one, and yet three distinct persons, but all one in the purpose and plan of redemption. Just as Noah’s Ark was one and yet three distinct stories—the lower, the second and the third—so while God is one yet there are three distinct persons in the Godhead.

I believe that when my Lord Jesus comes, if I am faithful, I will see Him in the clouds of glory. The Holy Spirit, who is in us, will catch us up to meet the Lord in the air; our Lord will take us and present us to the Father who sits on the Throne.

Ah, yes, from the beginning our Lord Jesus Christ was in the bosom of the Father.

Then we come to the fall of man. Sin had entered, and man was accursed and doomed because he had sold himself for naught. With sin came death, destruction and everlasting woe. But in the face of this awful woe and sorrow, “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but

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have everlasting life.”

From the first chapters of Genesis and on through the Old Testament there were prophecies of He who should come to redeem His people. The prophets spoke of Him; the Psalmist sang of Him. Everything concerning His life was prophesied—that He would be born in Bethlehem of Judea, that He would heal the sick, make friends with the publicans and sinners, that He would die among the wicked, “Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.”

Now He was to come! From whence did He come? He came from the Land of Glory. He was conceived by the Holy Spirit, and born of the Virgin Mary. His father was not Joseph, but His father was the Lord God Jehovah-jireh. I believe this with all my heart. Do you?

“But, Sister McPherson, it says in Matthew, “The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham” until we come to Joseph who begot Christ.” Ah, yes, but that is how man recorded, and that was the only way that the Lord could carry His name throughout the land. But let us look at the eighteenth verse “Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.” Man said Christ came from David, but we read that He was conceived by the Holy Spirit.

With all my heart I believe Him to be the Son of God. He was more than a man; more than a good man; more than the best man that ever lived; more than an example; more than a wayshower. Hallelujah, He is the Way himself! He is the Truth and the Life! Glory to God! So many colleges, seminaries, and great teachers of the day are denying it, but God grant that everyone who hears it this afternoon shall become settled on the Virgin Birth and Deity of Jesus Christ.

Take away the Virgin Birth of Christ, and you have nothing left.

There is no redemption except by Him, and we are of all men most miserable.

Whence came He? From the bosom of the Father, and born of the Virgin Mary.

Why did He come? He came to redeem the lost, to lift those who

Jesus Christ

had fallen into sin—out of darkness into His marvelous light—to break the prisoner's chain, and set the captive free. And, He came to deliver you.

First, we find Him in the manger. One would have expected when He came from glory to redeem this old world that He would have come as a mighty man. If I had been planning it, I would have planned it so differently. I would have had every orchestra in heaven out; every mountain filled with rulers to salute and meet Him—the Lord of Glory. I would have had long silver trumpets to resound through the earth; all the treetops and hilltops ablaze with the flutter of wings. I would have a big sign on every billboard in Palestine and all over the world. Then I would have Him come on a snow white charger—the King, with a crown on His head and a scepter in His hand. I would have had Him rich, high and mighty; and people bowing before Him.

But, not so! If He had come thus, He would never have been able to reach poor—you and me. He came to be the world's Redeemer. He was high, but He made himself lowly. He was great, but He became humble that we might be exalted. He was rich, but He became poor that we through His poverty might be enriched. He was strong and well, but for our sake He was beaten, bruised, sick, and died upon the Cross. He lived in mansions up yonder, in a city of sparkling fountains and streets paved with gold, in a land that knew no death, pain, or sorrow. But, for our sake, He came to a land that was accursed, to a land of avarice and greed. He came that He might redeem us, that He might buy back that which we had sold for naught—our souls.

So, instead of coming with a blare of bugles and trumpets, He was laid in the manger by the Virgin who brought forth the Christ Child and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger in a stable. That stable was not like our barns today that are kept so beautifully. The stables in those days were filthy and dirty, very close and with no light. And this was the birthplace of our Lord!

Were you poor? Were you born in a tent, or in a lowly tenement house? It does not matter—He was born poorer than any of us. In order to reach the poor, He had to get down under the lowest of us so

Jesus Christ

that He could lift us up. He did not have a bed nor a pillow—He was born in a manger among the cattle.

What sort of a child was He? When He was a little baby, He was exceeding fair. When a few days old, He was carried into the Temple by His mother to be circumcised and to have the wonderful service that they used to have in those days. Something in the face of the little Lord Jesus was so fair and so like heaven that those who looked upon Him said, “It is the Christ!” And Simeon, to whom it had been revealed that he would not die before he had seen the Lord, said, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.” Hallelujah!

What kind of a child was He? Why, He is the children’s Friend! He was brought up as a little boy in Joseph’s carpenter shop. I believe He was a studious child. In those days Bibles were not so free as they are today. Usually there was just one scroll to be had in a town and that was kept in the synagogue. I am sure that the Lord made many trips to the synagogue and poured over the Scriptures. Think of my Lord reading this Old Testament! “Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted”—oh, to think His dear eyes traced those words as yours and mine!

The result of His study of the Scriptures was that at the age of twelve He was found in the Temple. His father and mother had gone there to worship, but our Lord lingered. Others would say, “It is time to go” but He loved that spot and there He found people with whom He could talk of the sacred Scriptures. He asked the priests questions, and they asked Him questions, and He answered them.

The little Lord Jesus at the age of twelve! Why is this interspersed here; then not any more until He was thirty years of age? I believe it was put there that little children could see they can be Christians, Then, too, the fact that the Lord blessed David, Samuel, and Moses as little children shows us that He can bless the little children today.

Our Lord remained in obedience to His parents until the age of

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thirty when the call of God was burning in His soul.

One day, while His forerunner, even John the Baptist, had been preaching and baptizing in the Jordan, Jesus came in the midst. The multitudes fell apart to let Him through, and He stepped forward in His seamless robe of spotless white. I would like to have seen the expression on the people's faces: Ah, never was there one like Jesus! I believe when He comes, if He should be in the middle of one million billion trillion people, I could tell my Lord from the rest of the people.

As He stepped down from the banks of the Jordan—ah, I wonder what He looked like! I do not know except that He was divinely fair, that His face could be stern and then so loving that little children were not afraid of Him, but ran to Him to be cuddled in His arms.

As He stepped into the Jordan, He spoke to John that he might be baptized. John said, "Lord, I am not worthy. I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" But the Lord said, "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." So they stepped down into the water and the Lord was baptized of John. As they came up out of the water, the heavens opened and, in a bodily form like as a dove, the Holy Ghost descended upon Christ and did abide with Him—the mantle of power had come upon Him.

Next, you would expect to see Him in the multitudes doing miracles. But, no! Something is put in—the temptation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Immediately He was led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. Why? So that He would know how to sympathize with you and me—He was tempted on all points like as we are. On the point of pride, "If you do thus and so the world will bow down and worship you." Tested on the point of eating "Command that these stones be made bread." Then, on the point of earthly possessions, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Our temptations fall about under these heads today.

But He, thank God, was the deliverer and came forth victorious because God was with Him. He came through with the weapon that is given you and me—the Sword of the Spirit—even the Word of God.

What manner of man was this? After being in the wilderness forty

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days and tempted of Satan, He came to walk in the streets among men. He entered the city and in that city there was crying, sin, sickness and misery. Wherever He went, all in front of Him, was a pandemonium of sickness, demon-possessed people, and many afflicted.

And He passed by! As He passed, here, there and yonder He touched the people. When He had passed through, He left behind Him not weeping eyes, but shining eyes; not captives but those who were free; not those who were sick, but those who were well. Glory, glory, glory! In the path of the Messiah were happy hearts, shining eyes, singing lips. Jesus passed by! He left them all looking for Him and saying, "What manner of man is this?"

Did you ever in all the days of your life see anybody so beautiful? Did you ever hear a voice so tender—one that is sweeter than the rushing waters? A face clearer than the morning sun? Can this be He for whom the world waits and longs! Yes, thank God, it was He! He passed by! As He passed, He forgave the sinner of his sin. No one is too great a sinner that He could not save.

One day He found that little mite of a woman ready to be stoned. Nobody else cared for her, but Jesus loved her. If there is anybody that Jesus loves, it is a sinner, that is, as long as he knows he is a sinner and will admit it. Jesus loves a sinner a great deal more than He does the self-righteous people, "I am so and so. I pay my debts." You poor soul, the Lord is frowning at you. But when you say, "O Lord, help me. I am an unworthy sinner." He is right there. You are the one He is looking for—He will forgive you then and there.

He forgave the vilest—nobody too poor, too sinful, too wrecked, too friendless. Jesus Christ is so strong! There is something about a coward that makes him lean to weakness, but there is something to the strong man that makes him lean to the mighty and powerful. The stronger he is the more he loves the weak and helpless. Did you ever see a mother who had a little wee baby, then heard another baby cry "Is that my baby?" In a moment she was alert. Did you ever see a great strong man, who could go to battle, when he heard a poor little kitten or a baby cry? He asks, "Where is it?" and he is ready to help in a

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minute.

That was the way with Jesus Christ, He passed by the high and mighty, but when He found the needy there, He was in the midst. He not only thought for the spiritual, but for the physical life of His people. He was not only willing to heal their bodies, but to feed them—they are hungry and need bread.

His mighty hand calmed the billows of the sea—there was not a storm so great that His voice could not quell it. One day, as the billows were raging, it seemed that the ship was going down. The disciples were frightened and they wakened the Master, who was sleeping in the ship. Standing in the ship, with His eyes dewed with slumber, He stretched out His hand and said, “Peace be still” and immediately there was a great calm. Oh, the Lord Jesus Christ is able to still the storm in your life today! Whether domestic, business, sin, pride, worldliness—let Him get in your boat and ask Him to help you.

He was the Saviour—the Great Physician—the mighty Deliverer! He was the Shepherd of the sheep—the Keeper of the vineyard! Then there came the day when He rode triumphantly into Jerusalem. The people came out with palm branches to welcome the King. The disciples began to quarrel as to who should reign with Him, but Jesus said, “My Kingdom is not as you think—of this world, but it is a heavenly Kingdom—a world up yonder.” Then He broke the news to them that He was going to be betrayed, sold, crucified, and die. He fed them the Last Supper, then He went to the Garden of Gethsemane to pray. As He prayed, sweat-drops as of blood rolled from His brow and fell to the earth, but He prayed through. It seemed the devil was going to crush Him, but He was praying for you and me and an angel came and ministered to Him. Then He was betrayed by Judas, and led before Pontius Pilate and before Herod—that fox! The Lord would not speak. Herod had sinned away his day of grace.

People said to Christ, “You are a sinner, a rogue, an impostor!” The Lord never answered. “You are a traitor against your government!” Never a word did He answer. He could not because He was a sinner, a rogue and an impostor as He stood there, for He was standing in your palace and mine. He stood in the place of the sinner, the thief, the

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traitor.

“Sister, dear, why will you carry your sin any longer? Brother, why carry your burdens?” All you need do is lay your load at His precious feet.

Then they asked Him, “Are you the Son of God?” Ah, that was a different matter! When asked if He was a sinner, He could not speak because He took the sinner’s place. If He had answered, the plan of redemption would have crumbled. But when asked if He was the Son of God, He answered, “Thou sayest—I am.”

Then they delivered Him up to be beaten—the Great Physician still. Right up to the last He healed the sick. When Peter cut off the ear of the high priest’s servant, Jesus rebuked him, then put back the servant’s ear. But now, He himself was to suffer. Beautiful Christ! Wonderful Christ! Fairer than the lilies in their bloom—without a mar or blemish.

He was now in the hands of the mob and they were shaking their fists at Him. Pilate said, “Take Him, Do with Him what you will.” So they threw Him in the mob. They tore His garments from Him, then pushed Him to the whipping post and bound Him. Oh! They didn’t have to bind Him—He would have stood still willingly. Then they took up their whips—cat-o’-nine-tails—and lifted them. Whack! Whack! You could hear the whine of those terrible whips—lash upon lash, until His back was bleeding. Men often faint at the whipping post, but, praise the Lord, Christ didn’t. I think there was going through His mind the words of the Prophet Isaiah, “Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.”

Then a crown of thorns was pushed upon His brow. Somebody took a purple robe that a king would wear—ah, He was King!—but this was done in mockery. Some of them dropped on their knees and worshipped Him, “Hail, Jesus, King of the Jews!” They struck Him in the face, “Now, tell who struck you.” But, He was meek, and His face was burning, stinging from the blows. Trickle of blood were going down His face from the crown of thorns.

Oh, what manner of man is this? “Jesus, dear, why did you stand it?” “Hush, daughter. Just because I loved you so. I gave my life a

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ransom that I might redeem you from the curse. My heart was broken that yours might be healed. My life was laid down that you might live.”

They put the Cross upon His bleeding, throbbing shoulders to which His garments were sticking. He was led down the city streets, but He did not lift up His voice or cry. They took Him to the city gate, then to Calvary’s Hill. He started to climb then fell.

The women were with Him, trying to encourage Him. They were crying out loud, but Jesus said, “Women, don’t weep for me; weep for yourselves and for Jerusalem.”

Another man came and helped Him bear the Cross. I would like to have been there. Of course we could not be there then, but today we can help carry the Cross.

They nailed Him to the tree. Ignominy and shame were heaped upon Him. On either side a thief, who was taken from the prison, was hung His Cross in the middle. One thief is the type of a sinner under the law who would not be redeemed; the other, under the dispensation of grace who was redeemed, “Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom.”

During those weary hours that He hung on the Cross, His fever mounted and His lips were parched. At last He said, “Lo, I thirst.” His body was not immune to pain. Bless Him! He was making the way for us. He suffered more than any of us ever will.

At last it was enough, and He bowed His head and said, “It is finished”—the plan of redemption was complete. They pierced His side, then took down His limp body and laid it in a grave.

But, hallelujah, on the third day He was alive—alive for ever more! As He walked forty days in the midst of the people, they saw Him. Then there came the day that He gave them their last words of instruction, “Children, I am going away now. I am going back to my Father’s Throne. But while I am gone, I want you to carry on the work—feed my sheep, preach the Gospel, tell the poor world the story. Now, children, the work that I did, I did not of myself. He that dwelled within me, even the Holy Ghost, did the work. And, now that I am going away, I am going to send you the same Holy Ghost and He

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will live in you. The works that I do shall you do also: and greater works than these because I go to my Father. In my name shall you cast out devils, you shall speak with new tongues; you shall take up serpents; and if you drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you; you shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. Farewell, children! I am leaving you now. I am going to make intercession for you at the right hand of my Father, but if I go away I will come again. But, even in the meantime, I am with you by the power of the Holy Spirit.”

Then He gave them another command, “Go ye 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. 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 Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.” O Lord, make us witnesses unto you today!

I believe God wants thousands of men and women who will preach the message plainly like Moody used to preach it. God does not want us to give flights of oratory or to paint sunsets—He wants us to preach the simple Gospel. Someone said to me, “But, Sister McPherson, the story is old.” “Yes, I replied, but it is new, and it is the simple, old fashioned story that this world is dying for today.”

Jesus commanded the disciples that they should not depart from Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high. And, suddenly, while they looked, He was taken up and a cloud received Him out of their sight. As they stood there, their eyes filled with glistening teardrops, they became conscious of two angelic figures. They said, “Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.”

“Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? You haven’t any time to be doing that—get out and work. There are souls to be won; the Gospel must be preached. People are perishing who need the Gospel Story. Go! But tarry first.” And, thank God, about one hundred and twenty made their way to the Upper Room and tarried for the baptism of the Holy Spirit!

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In the meantime, where was the Lord Jesus Christ? He went up, up, up into the heavens. Fifty days had elapsed between the day of His death (which was the day of the Passover) to Pentecost. When the day of Pentecost was fully come, He received from His Father the gift and shed forth the Holy Spirit. The one hundred and twenty who were waiting in earnest prayer were suddenly filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. That same day, Peter preached a sermon that won three thousand souls to Jesus Christ.

Where was Jesus Christ? Up yonder at the Father's Throne making intercession—our High Priest. Down on earth His work was going on. Just as Elisha carried on the work of Elijah, so the church of Jesus Christ was carrying on His work. Just as Elisha had received the mantle of Elijah, so the church had received the mantle of Jesus Christ—even the Holy Spirit. Under their ministry the sick were healed, the lame walked, the blind saw, sinners were forgiven, believers were filled with the Holy Ghost.

While they worked, in their hearts was ringing a melody—the words of the Master, like sweet strains of music, was running through memories' passage way: "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself." They were longing for that day. Lord Jesus, how long?

The disciples fell asleep, but they had sown the seed most faithfully. As they sowed, some fell on good ground.

Then, winter came on with its snow and ice., This was the Dark Ages. But, now, hallelujah, winter has passed! It is so easy to get a revival because winter is over and gone, and the rain has come. The birds are singing, and the time of harvest is at hand. There is no excuse today for any minister not having a revival—the altars should be filled with converts, and the church should not be empty but filled. The whole world is looking for something to satisfy today, but it is not going to be satisfied with oyster stews, strawberry festivals, chicken suppers. They want the old time power of the Holy Ghost!

Jesus Christ! Where is He? What is He doing? The first martyr, Stephen, had a glimpse of Jesus Christ. As the stones rained upon him,

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he knelt down and looked up into heaven. A smile lighted his face and he said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." Why, the Lord was standing up to watch! "Come, first martyr, I am waiting for you. Well done, you good and faithful servant. Never mind a few stones. That earthly tabernacle is only a little thing. You shall live with me forever."

Where is Jesus Christ now? He is here by the spirit of the Holy Ghost. The devil is the accuser of the brethren. He is saying, "Lord, there is no use sparing that person. He will never be a Christian." But Jesus Christ is pleading, "Father, let him hear another sermon. Let him alone a little longer until I dig about him and, perchance, he will bring forth fruit meet for repentance." And so you were spared.

Our great High Priest is coming back again! You remember when the high priest went into the Holy of Holies, the bells rang on the skirts of his garment. So when our High Priest went in the bells rang on the day of Pentecost and they spoke as the Spirit gave them utterance. The pomegranates are a type of love; the bells—the tongue of the Holy Spirit. Now the High Priest is rising up to come back again. And on earth—the hem of His garment—the bells are ringing. There is a gladsome tiding going around, "Jesus is coming!" And there is a revival spreading over the whole world.

Brother, there is a revival on! Sister, did you know it—there is a revival on! If you are dead, wake up—Jesus is coming! The Holy Ghost is being outpoured in copious showers. Now is the day to be revived. "Revive Thy work in the midst of the years, O Lord!"

Brother, sister, don't you want an old fashioned revival? Aren't you tired and sick of coldness and formality? Aren't you tired of hearing people tell what He can't do? Don't you want a positive old fashioned Gospel?

Glory to Jesus! He is coming back again, and when He comes He is coming with His angelic hosts. "It may be at morn when the day is awakening; it may be at noon; it may be at night. But, O Lord Jesus, how long, how long?"

When He comes, and after I have told Him how I love Him, one of the first things I want to say to Him is "Dear Lord Jesus, did I do my

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best? Did I? I did not mean to be selfish. You gave me a vision of your beautiful self, and you told me that if I would keep humble you would let me tell the story. Did I talk about you? I did not mean to say that I was some great person. Lord, I love you, and I have been trying to tell the people about you.”

Jesus is coming back again! And when He comes, He is not going to be thorn-crowned, or bleeding, or wounded and broken. When He cometh to make up His jewels, His shoulders will be erect, His head held as the head of a king. There will be a crown on His brow and a scepter in His hand, He will have on kingly garments, and His pierced feet will have sandals on them. When He cometh, He is going to speak, and with a shout the graves will be opened. The dead in Christ shall rise to meet Him, then we who are alive. Wouldn't it be wonderful if He should come today? Glory, glory, glory!

When we see Him, we will be many members but one body. He is the Bridegroom, and we are the Bride. Then we will be with Him forever, and forever, and forever.

Jesus Christ—the Saviour, the Baptizer, the Healer, the Coming King, the Prophet, the Priest, the Bridegroom, the Elder Brother, the Tender Shepherd, the Mother hovering o'er her children! And this is the Book that tells us of Him—my beautiful Bible, my wonderful Bible—the Gift of God, the Lamp of Light! The Bible is as a Mirror, and as I hold it up the Lord is reflected in it, and I behold His face.

My brother, my sister, I have tried to tell you about Jesus but I have just touched the high spots.

Is this Saviour yours? Hallelujah, He is my Friend, and my all and in all! Some of these days He may call me to Himself, and when He speaks my name, “Aimee”—glory to God, I will give one gasp of joy and be gone. Wouldn't it be grand if I could dance off today and see Him? I can't do that—He is saying, “I want you to stay longer.” But, remember, brother, sister, I am only one of His little ones. You may be one of His too. He loves you dearly. Have you made Him yours? If not, make Him yours today.

“Dear Lord Jesus, we love you with all our hearts. Thou art our Saviour, Redeemer, Lover, and glorified Christ. Your compassion,

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humility, wisdom, sympathy and truthfulness has won, and searched, and lighted our hearts. Have Thy own way in us, O Lord." Amen.

Christ is All in All



*Thursday Evening
June 5, 1924*



WE ARE READING this evening from Philippians 2:1-17. “Christ is all and in all.” I wonder if He is all and in all to you tonight? At His wonderful name every knee is bound to bow; every tongue to confess Him Lord of lords. I am so glad that years ago I confessed Him as my Lord and Saviour. During these years, Jesus Christ has become to me all that I need, and tonight I can say from the depths of my soul that “Christ is all and in all.”

Is that really true? Is He all and in all to everyone, or just to some of us? Ah, what an all-round Saviour He is! Jesus Christ was essentially a man when He was on earth—strong, bold, courageous, fearless, speaking out of the depths of His heart truths that burned therein whether they brought pleasure or not.

Though Jesus Christ appeals to men, He also appeals to women and children too. When He was upon the earth, women who were sick, helpless, trembling, and friendless felt no timidity in coming to Jesus Christ. The woman who had spent all on physicians and was so weak, came creeping through the crowd and boldly touched the hem of His garment and was made whole.

Then, too, we read that some women ministered unto Him. And, thank God, some of us women have the opportunity to minister unto Him in a little way today. Just as Nicodemus came in the night to learn at Jesus’ feet, so Mary sat at His feet.

Not only is Jesus Christ all and in all to men and women, but He was especially beloved of little children. In the crowds they were timid of all strange faces and frightened, yet when they caught one glimpse

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of His face all timidity was forgotten. They loosened their fingers from their mother's hand and ran to Him. Babies went creeping over the green grasses to Him; little children toddled to Him. And, He took them in His arms and blessed them all.

Christ is all and in all! Usually we poor mortals appeal to some people, but not to all kinds. But Jesus Christ did. He appeals to the sick because they know He is the Great Physician; to the Well because He gives us work to do for Him—there is the seed to be sown and the harvest garnered in. He appeals to those who are happy because He fills our hearts with joy; to those who are sad because He is a very present help in the time of trouble.

Christ is all and in all! What is your business? No matter what it is, Jesus Christ should mean something to you.

Are you an artist? Then Jesus Christ appeals to you as the One altogether lovely. There are more paintings in the Art Gallery of Jesus Christ than of any other one subject. What great artist is there whose brush has not painted as best he could the ideas from his soul—the best, the purest, the noblest—of what he believed the Christ was like?

Perhaps you are a builder? Then He appeals to you because He is the Chief Corner Stone upon which all the rest of the building leans its weight. In your building of life have you made Jesus Christ your Chief Corner Stone? Are you trusting Him?

Are you an astronomer? He appeals to you because He is the Son of Righteousness and shines from without the sky in all His beauty and glory. Up on Mount Wilson they have the sun towers where they study the sun in the earthly sky, but I am so glad I have discovered the Son that is far brighter than the earthly sun.

Perhaps you are a banker? “Could He appeal to me, Sister McPherson?” He certainly would! He is the Hidden Treasure—the real Gold, and Silver, the Jewels of the diadem of life. Ah, if you have wealth in the world tonight and have not Christ, you are a failure. I am so glad I have Him, then I can feel I am rich in houses and lands. I am so glad He ever gave me this Temple, and we are praying so earnestly that God will lay it upon the hearts of the people to build an evangelistic school. I would rather have Jesus Christ in my heart and

consider Him my Treasure than to have everything on earth and die, and be found poor in my soul. Wouldn't you?

What are you? "I am a carpenter." Then Jesus Christ should appeal to you because He is the Door. Not only that, but He was a carpenter's son. Yes—but He was the Son of the living God. I believe that He was born from above by the blessed Holy Spirit, but He lived in the carpenter shop, thereby sanctifying honest toil, and He appeals to the working man.

Are you a doctor? Jesus Christ appeals to you then because He is the Great Physician. He is able to make the broken heart every whit whole. He is the Balm of Gilead.

"I am an educator. I came from a certain high school or college." All right, He appeals to you for Jesus Christ is the Great Teacher. In the Word of God are the deepest truths upon which our education, government and laws are founded and builded.

"Well, Sister McPherson, I am a farmer. He would not have anything specially to do in my life, would He?" Ah, yes! Jesus Christ appeals in a peculiar way to the farmer. He is the Sower of the seed and the Lord of the harvest. The seed is the good old Gospel seed; and the pan that sows it is the Bible. The field is the world. Christ is coming forth in the great harvest day to gather the wheat into His eternal garner. Oh, I want to be there! Don't you? I want to have my arms full of wheat and to be rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I, am a florist." Then He surely appeals to you. He is the most beautiful Flower that ever grew. Jesus Christ is the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley. On the mountain peaks of life Christ gleams in His glory and blessing. In the valley He is so real and precious—even in the valley of the shadow of death.

"Mrs. McPherson, I am a geologist. I just came to the Temple because they said they were going to have special music and a baptismal service. Does Jesus Christ appeal to this class of people?" Yes, because He is the most interesting Rock that can be studied. He is the Rock of Ages. He is the oldest Rock, yet he is the Living Rock.

Are you a horticulturist? Then He appeals to you for Jesus Christ is the Vine of which we are the branches. "Every branch in me that

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beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.”

“I am a judge, Sister. Does He appeal to judges?” Yes, indeed, for He is the Judge of all men. Every judge that we have known and many others, will say that Christ appeals to the judge because He is the Judge of judges.

“Oh, well, I am a jeweler. Does He appeal to me?” He certainly does because He is the Pearl of great price. You may have wonderful pearls in the drawers of your store, but you keep them locked up. When a connoisseur comes, you go to the safe, turn the dials, take out a package, then unwrap those beautiful pearls from their paddings. “Look at this one—isn’t it a beauty? And this one?” Ah, yes, if you are a jeweler you are in a position to appreciate Jesus Christ because He is absolutely the Pearl of great price.

Christ is all and in all! “Does that hold true in everything, Sister McPherson? I am a lawyer.” He will appeal to you then because Jesus Christ is the Great Counsellor, Law Giver, and Advocate. I would rather have Jesus Christ as my lawyer than anybody I know. If He is on our side, we are bound to win.

“I have you beat now, Mrs. McPherson. I am a newspaper man. What about that? Is it anything to Him?” Yes, indeed! Why, He is the Good Tidings of great joy, I believe that Jesus Christ has sent forth the most joyous message in the world.

“Well, I am one of those people who are wealthy. I am a philanthropist—I love to give money to help the poor and the needy. Will He appeal to me?” Indeed He will, because He is the unspeakable precious Gift—the greatest Gift ever given to the world. If you are poor and needy, He is ready to give to you the riches and glorious blessings of heaven.

Are you a philosopher who loves to propound deep truths? Then He appeals to you for Jesus Christ is the Wisdom of God, the Wisdom from heaven, the Wisdom of righteousness and truth, and holiness forevermore.

And, needless to say, Jesus Christ appeals to the preacher for He is the Word of God itself which became flesh and dwelt among us.

“Sister, I am a railroad man.” All right, He will appeal to you because Jesus Christ is the new and easy way. People talk about getting on a new road that is dust proof. Well, Jesus Christ is the living way, the straight and narrow way that leads home to the Glory Land. You will be in the train of salvation. The engine is the blessed baptism of the Holy Spirit. On the road to Glory as a railroad engine, you are not only going home alone but you are going to be able to pull a lot of passenger trains. I don’t want to be just an engine puffing and tooting, but I want to bring a lot of folks behind me, don’t you?

“I am a sculptor. I love to mould and chisel beautiful statures.” Then, you will love the Lord Jesus Christ because He is the living Stone. If I had a fine piece of stone and was a sculptor, the first thing I would start in to make would be something I would believe to be like my Lord. Oh, I am so glad He is not a stone, but a living Christ! He is alive for ever more!

If you are a student, Jesus Christ will appeal to you because He is the Incarnate Truth. In Him there are no errors, no falsities. How full of errors our thoughts and plans are. This year we figure out such and such a thing this way, and next year we have another theory. In Jesus Christ there is no shadow of turning.

If you are a toiler, Jesus Christ is the One who gives you rest. If you are a sinner, He is the One who can wash you and make you whiter than the driven snow.

What is Jesus Christ to you tonight? To me, He is ALL and in ALL.

Jesus Christ appeals to the boys—He is their Friend. He appeals to the girls—He is their Friend too. “Yes, the Lord Jesus Christ appeals to men, women, children, the sick, the well, the rich, the poor, the high, the lowly—for He is all and in all.

In my heart there is a melody, and in my soul there is a song. Hallelujah! I wonder if you have opened wide the gate of your heart, swung wide the doors of your soul, and admitted the Saviour? If not, accept Him tonight. You cannot afford to live without Him, and you certainly dare not die without him. If you accept Him tonight, all your life will be sweeter, deeper, fuller, because He will become all and in all to you.

The Great Christian Warfare



Pentecost Sunday Afternoon
June 8, 1924



ENTECOST SUNDAY! How the presence and the blessing of God came down upon us on Easter Sunday, as we spoke of the resurrected, risen, living, loving Lord! Now this afternoon, we come to this next great event, the outpouring of the Holy Ghost and fire. I want everybody to pray for me this afternoon and that as I speak the fire of the Holy Spirit may fall on this audience.

Good Friday we suffered with our Lord, as we traced Him through the steps of Calvary and saw Him hanging upon the cross of wood. Three days in our meetings in Angelus Temple we waited and we watched with Him in the tomb of the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, holding almost constant meetings here. Then Easter Sunday morning, you remember, we had a great stone here and the tomb and how, the stone rolled away from the platform and how we pictured our risen, living, triumphant Lord. As we preached the resurrection sermon, "Christ is Risen," in the afternoon "Go Tell," and at night "Alive Forevermore," the Spirit of God just flooded the temple that day. God met us that day.

But now forty days elapsed, during which time Christ appeared again and again to his people. He appeared to them on the walk to Emmaus. He appeared to Mary—wonderful to think, dear sisters, isn't it, that He appeared to a woman first because she was awake there in the Garden. He appeared to Peter and the disciples when they were fishing, catching nothing. He walked on the shore, kindled a fire and cooked the breakfast for them, bread and fish upon the fire. Again He

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appeared in Jerusalem in the upper room, and doubting Thomas even had been convinced, as the Lord said, "Handle me and see that it is I."

Forty days He appeared to His people now and then, with many indisputable signs that He was risen from the dead. Then that fortieth day His feet lifted from the earth, and up, up, up, up, He went till He appeared in the clouds of Glory a moment and then disappeared in the vastnesses of Heaven. And the angel standing by that day proclaimed to the people who were watching and looking up:

"Why stand ye here gazing into the heavens? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into Heaven shall also come in like manner as you have seen Him go into Heaven."

Then with throbbing, joyous hearts, about 120 made their way to the upper room in Jerusalem.

"Well," you say, "Sister, if the Lord had some 500 disciples and there were about that many that saw Him as He was ascending, why didn't they all go to the upper room?"

That's just it! They were disciples, children of the Lord, sure enough, but I suppose they thought they didn't need the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Perhaps they were too busy to tarry. Perhaps they had so much to do for the Lord that they didn't have time to go to a ten-day prayer meeting and wait to be filled. But I think it paid, don't you? I think the 380 lost time by not tarrying. I feel that the 120 gained time by waiting till the Holy Ghost came. At any rate, whatever be the reason, 380 went the other way, but about 120 out of the 500—would to God we had that percentage here today—made their way to the upper room in Jerusalem.

Some of you have heard me picture that scene. It always lives in my mind: the little streets of Jerusalem, the upper room yonder, the people coming from every direction to attend it. Again I see them in fancy. Peter, I imagine, led the way. I can see him hurrying along as if his life depended on it. Down the street he came. I have often in fancy stopped him and said:

"Peter, where are you going this morning?"

"Why, I am going to the upper room, Sister!"

"What for?"

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“Oh, I am going up to sweep the floor and dust the chairs and get everything ready. It has been a long time since we have been up there. We have been out with the Lord. I am going up to a conference—going to have a ten-day prayer meeting and we are going to wait for the power of the Holy Ghost.”

In fancy, I have heard Christian workers say:

“Why, Peter, you don’t need the baptism of the Holy Ghost! You are good enough. Didn’t the Lord send you out? Didn’t you cast out demons in His name? Weren’t the sick healed? Didn’t you preach wonderful sermons? Peter, you don’t need anything else. You will go up there and get off on some tangent and be fanatical. You don’t need it.”

Peter said: “Excuse me, I do need it. Don’t say I am good enough. I am not good enough. There is a weakness, there is a lack, there is something needed in this life of mine. Didn’t anyone tell you—perchance you did not hear how I grieved and denied my Lord. I failed Him in the two great highlights of the Christian’s experience: my prayer life and my testimony life. I haven’t any time to talk to you, I am going.”

Up the stairs goes Peter, three steps at a jump.

Along the line comes doubting Thomas.

“Thomas, where are you going?”

“I am going to the upper room to tarry until I am filled with the Holy Ghost,”

“Thomas, you couldn’t be filled. You are an old doubter. The Lord would never fill you in the world.”

If the enemy can’t get you by telling you you are too good, he will tell you you are too bad, but, Praise the Lord! whichever it is, you can all be filled with the Holy Ghost and everybody needs the Blessor.

Along the road that day came Philip, John, Bartholomew, Matthias—from every direction they were coming and up they went. And then, with a thrill to our hearts, we read that Pentecost Sunday that the women came along the street, Mary and Martha and others, and made their way up the steps. There was Mary, who had sat at the feet of Jesus—yet she needed the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

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Some of you dear folk are Bible students, you have sat at Jesus' feet, but you need a baptism too, you need this mighty outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

Martha, of course, always did need it for she was cumbered with many cares. There was Mary, the Mother of Jesus—she needed the baptism of the Holy Ghost and received it on the Day of Pentecost, yet I never met anyone in my life who would state that Mary was not a sanctified woman or a pure woman or a consecrated and yielded woman, yet good and pure and consecrated as she was, who could say, “Behold the handmaiden of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word,” yet even she needed and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire.

The Lord had said to all of these people, “Now are you clean through the Word that I have spoken.” They were clean. They were sanctified. Sanctification is not the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost will not come into an unsanctified heart. The house must be empty and sweet and clean and washed before he will take up his abode. It is the blood of Jesus Christ that makes us pure, then the Holy Spirit comes into that pure vessel and takes up his abode and lives his life through us. “Now are ye clean”—that process had taken place before the Day of Pentecost, and now, as clean and yielded vessels, they waited there in the upper room.

As they waited it is interesting to note that they spent the time in prayer and supplication. Surely most earnestly did they pray. It seems to me that I can listen in as Peter is praying:

“Now, Oh, Lord Jesus, I pray thee, fill me with the Holy Spirit! Lord, before you went away you said, ‘John truly baptized with water but you shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. You shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.’ Lord, you remember when you were here on earth, you told me to feed the sheep and feed the lambs, yet you know my weakness, you know my failure. Lord, you know that I ran away when a little girl asked me if I knew you. You know that I fell asleep in Gethsemane. You know I threw the whole thing up and went off fishing and said I was never going to try any more. Lord, before you can trust me to go

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out and feed the lambs and sheep, there is something I need, and if that something is the baptism of the Holy Ghost, Lord, send Thy Spirit upon me!”

Oh! I can hear Peter pray! It is with “prayer and supplication.” I believe that meant earnestness. I can hear doubting Thomas praying: “Lord, fill me with the Holy Spirit.” And the Lord did fill him. Ah, I can hear John: “Lord, fill me! Send the Comforter. When you were on earth I leaned my head upon your bosom, but now you are gone you said you would send the Paraclete, another Comforter, who would abide forever.”

I can hear Mary, the sister of Martha, praying for the Baptizer to come: “Lord, fill me with the Spirit! When you were here I used to sit at your feet. I drank in every word that you spoke. But now that you are gone you promised me that when the Comforter was come He would bring all these things that you said to my remembrance; moreover, that He would show me things to come and would speak of you. Lord, send the Holy Ghost.”

Thus they prayed, with prayer and supplication, for ten days. All Jewish people will know the significance of these ten days. Fifty days before, there had been the Passover. Then we come on up to the forty days the High Priest went in that Holy of Holies and the bells rang upon the hem of his garments. Now ten days more, making fifty days and the feast of Pentecost. Pentecost was a feast day all back through the Old Testament, the day of rejoicing over the wheat and the barley and the feasting of the fullness and the fatness of the land. But, Glory to God, it is a feasting day today for those that are filled with the Holy Ghost! You can truly say that He anoints your head with oil and your cup runs over. Once the Holy Ghost is come, not only your cup runs over, but your saucer, too, if you really get the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire.

So, on the Day of Pentecost, while they were waiting there, suddenly with a sound—a sound—wherever there is a revival meeting there is going to be a sound; you can’t make a graveyard out of a revival meeting—there came a sound and it came from Heaven. It was like the rushing of a mighty wind and it filled the whole house where

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they were sitting. Wherever there is an empty place there is a vacuum and there, there will be a wind, the wind will rush in to fill it. As long as you are full, the Lord will never fill you, but when you are empty, He will fill you.

If you pat your head and consider yourself rich, you will never be filled, but when you get empty and there is a vacuum there. “Oh, Lord, I am so empty! If you don’t fill me, I am going to have to quit. Lord, I must have the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.” There will come the wind and the first thing you know you will be filled to overflowing.

And there appeared tongues of fire and sat upon each of them. Wouldn’t that be a wonderful sight, to see a tongue of fire come down and sit on every head in Angelus Temple this afternoon? Oh, how the ice would melt, how our souls would be kindled with the fire of God. But what did they do? They all began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance—something that had never been known in the history of the world except at the tower of Babel, where there had been a confusion of tongues as a punishment from God, but never before as a blessing from God. Here they were being brought together again. It had been prophesied in Isaiah 28, and Mark the 16th chapter, but this was the first time it had ever taken place and the moment they were filled with the Holy Ghost they all began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance. I spoke just like that when the Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost years ago and there are thousands in the world today who have had that same experience. With the Apostle Paul we say: “I would rather speak five words with my understanding that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue. Yet I speak with tongues more than ye all.”

Well! When, Paul?

“In prayer and down in the dungeon alone.”

I get too full for utterance when I pray alone. The Spirit prays through me with groanings which cannot be uttered and I can feel the fire of God falling on people far away as we are praying for them. I am so glad the tongues of fire are still coming down upon us this day. The Lord wants people who can believe in the supernatural power of

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God and the Holy Spirit and a real, genuine, fiery power of God.

Take electricity; we can't understand it, but when we receive a shock we believe in the power of it, and when we see the light we believe in the power of it. If a tiny bit of a battery could give a person a shock, how much more the power of the Holy Ghost coming down to these lives of ours, taking our body, from the crown of our head to the tips of our toes, fill us with His Spirit, and send us out to preach the whole blessed Word of God.

True, the Comforter came with rushing wind, tongues of flame, and spoke in these beautiful languages of the nations through the people; but they didn't stay in the upper room. They did not say, "Now that we have this experience, we will just stay here together." No. They were equipped for service.

Truly the highest mountain peak experience is only efficient and good insofar as it fits us for a practical service in the harvest fields of life. I hope that God will never give me, and I am sure He won't, an experience of any sort which will unfit me for Christian service. Not something that will just make me sit in my own room and rejoice and glory at what I have, but something that will send me back in the valley with a practical exposition of the gospel of Jesus Christ and a hand to lift up the fallen.

If we get to the place where we say; "I don't think the day of revivals is now. The Lord just wants to get His bride ready and feed and nourish His people," there is something wrong with us. We must be ready to come down from the upper room, go out in the highways and hedges of life and preach the gospel to the needy and the hungry.

How I would like to have been there on the Day of Pentecost! I can see Peter now, flaming and flashing eye, shoulders square, head erect, voice ringing, as he preached that Pentecost sermon on that day which we are now celebrating. People came running in every direction. Once when Peter saw them coming, he ran, but there is no running left in Peter now. He has seen the Holy Ghost, and when the Comforter comes He takes all the running out of you. He takes away the running spirit and makes one as bold as a lion.

Peter was bold that day. I am sure everyone of you remembers the

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outcome of that sermon, for Peter preached it under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Ghost filled him so full he couldn't get the words out quick enough. I think they tumbled like a foaming cataract as he preached under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Ghost filled him and I believe the people could tell it was in the Spirit. Conviction swayed those people and, like arrows, pierced through and through their hearts. Fearless and bold was this Spirit-filled man, a totally different Peter than the one who had run away from the little girl. Something had happened to him. He had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, and that is something that we need today, even as they on the birthday of the church.

He said, "You are they who nailed Jesus to the tree!" And pierced to the heart they said, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And he said, "I'll tell you what to do: repent and be baptized every one of you unto the remission of sins, in the Name of Jesus Christ, and you too, shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, for we disciples haven't a monopoly on it." Neither have the 120 a monopoly on this experience. Neither have the people of the Bible days; but the promise is "unto you and your children and unto them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Oh, what a revival! Three thousand turned to Christ that day!

Now began the great Christian battle. I have often wondered—I don't suppose it could possibly be so, and yet I have kind of wondered—could it be that Satan was kind of catnapping or was asleep that day of Pentecost, or how did he ever let those folks get such a start of him? I wonder if he sort of thought that the Christian disciples were so crushed by the death of their Lord that they never could rise again. Did they take him unawares that day? To think of these people whose shepherd had been slain and they like sheep scattered abroad, rallying and being so endued with power from On High that one man without any assistance could turn 3000 souls to Christ in one day!

In the next chapter, you remember the healing of the lame man who sat at the gate called Beautiful. It was the first healing after Christ ascended that we read of. After he was healed he leapt and danced and

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shouted for joy. He never walked before.

You say, "Sister, does the Lord heal anybody today?" How many that are here today have ever been healed in answer to prayer? Hundreds. Last night a Japanese boy who had been blind six months in one eye where a piece of steel had pierced it through, as he was prayed for, we remember the shout he gave as he received his sight and glorified God. The joy of that Japanese boy as he came to the platform and testified didn't leave many dry eyes in the building.

This day at the beginning of the Christian battle after the lame man was healed, 5000 souls were converted. In the fourth chapter of Acts, the first gun was fired in this warfare that had been on to the death and which is still on today. It began after the healing of this man of whom I have spoken. The High Priests of the synagogue and the Scribes and Pharisees laid hold upon Peter and John, who were preaching so boldly, and put them in the prison until the next day. And then you remember, as they were taken out, commanded them that they should speak no more in the name of Jesus. Instead of surrendering, Peter answered back and said: "To whom should we give heed, to you or to God?" and the battle was on. That was the second shot fired back over the lines again. From there on it was a history of battles.

The disciples met together in the upper room again to know what to do about it. Their people were being threatened with prison, they were being scourged and beaten over the healing of this man which had brought 5000 to Christ. Then they got down to hold a prayer meeting, and that sent back another shot across the enemy's lines. This prayer is one of the most wonderful prayers I think in the Acts of the Apostles:

"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."

And when they had thus prayed the place wherein they were assembled was shaken. Surely if we of today would pray that same prayer and pray it earnestly, the place where we sit would be shaken.

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In the next chapter, sick were healed, beds and couches brought in the streets, miracles were wrought.

But there followed another shot from the enemy's barracks. Peter was cast into prison. This time as he and John sat there they were singing the praises of the Lord, praying and believing. An angel of the Lord came. They had fallen asleep by now, but the angel smote Peter and said, "Wake up!" and carried him out and bade him stand and speak the word of God. Again they preached the Word of God and sent a shot back over the enemy's line.

Now the battle is on. I believe that right today the shots are still going to and fro from Christians back into the camp of the enemy and from the enemy over into the camp of the Lord. It is a great Christian battle and it has lasted ever since.

You say, "Sister what became of those disciples?"

The first Christian martyr was Stephen. He was stoned to death. Ah! What a good man he was! But they didn't think he was so extra good either. When they decided to put somebody to wait on tables, he was one of the men. They said, "Well, he can't preach very good. We will let him wait upon tables and buy the provisions." But he was so sweet and told the story so well that the Lord gave him the honor and the privilege and the glory of being stoned to death—the unspeakable privilege of being the first Christian martyr! It was not a hardship; it was a glory. That man or woman who has never had any stones cast at them in their Christian work by the high priests of the synagogue; that person who has never been persecuted, doesn't amount to much for the Lord Jesus Christ. If we really throw back some shots in the enemy's camp, we shall get some stones back again. It is the people on the front in the firing line that are the most liable to get some of the shots from the enemy's borders.

Oh, what a privileged man he was! He saw the people coming from every hand. He said, "Wait a moment before this great Christian battle goes on, before you stone me, will you let me preach a sermon?" They said, "We will," and he began to preach, and as he preached, the glory of God shone upon him. He told the story of the Christ child, how he had come from heaven to earth, how he had given his life that those

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who believed on him might be redeemed, how this was the Messiah to whom Moses had pointed and of whom Isaiah had spoken. And as he preached we read that they gnashed upon him with their teeth, fell upon him, and in a moment the stones began to rain down. The Christian battle was on. Some way or other, Stephen managed to get to his knees. He lifted up his hands and looked into the open heaven and seemed to be oblivious of the stoning and said: "I see the heavens opened and Jesus Christ, the Son God standing at the right hand of the Father." And we read that they saw as it were his face as the face of an angel.

Oh, the devil was very angry! He said, "I am going to try some ruse to overcome this little Christian church, this band that is being formed."

So he used a very good man, a good man who was high in religious circles of the day, and he thought that if he could do that surely he could squelch these people. He took a man by the name of Saul. Saul began to persecute the Christians.

He was a godly man, he believed in God, he believed in the prophets, he believed in the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. He was doctrinally straight and correct, but sometimes those can be the most cruel people.

And so he used Saul. Saul thought he was doing God a good turn to persecute these people. Up and down the land he went, attacking the church. At last after many had been stoned, others had been hauled into prison, Christians had been scattered and their homes entered, Saul was riding one day in this great Christian battle along the road that led to Damascus, saying:

"I tell you, I will make an end of this little band of people! We have had enough of this. This is going to be the end of it."

He had all the papers from the head people in the country against the Christians, giving him authority how to act. As he rode along, thinking, "I'll fix them!" suddenly God fixed him. Hallelujah! And there came another shot from over the borderland, but this time it came from heaven and the Lord was the One who fired the ball that sent Saul to the road. Saul, laid prostrate in the dust of the earth and

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as meek as a lamb, said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

That is the way God can turn a persecutor into a humble, obedient servant, if he is honest in his heart. Saul was honest in his heart. "What wilt thou have me to do?" He was blinded by the light that he saw and led stone-blind to the home of a Christian worker to whom the Lord introduced him. He prayed for Saul and Saul was converted. He laid his hand upon Saul's eyes and they were healed. He laid his hand upon Saul's head and he was baptized with the Holy Ghost. Things happened quickly with Saul.

The battle was on. Satan was rather checkmated for a little. He said, "What am I going to do now? They have taken one of my best men, one that I could use." He began then to persecute Saul.

The battle waxed and waned. James was beheaded. Philip, a godly man, was crucified. Matthew was slain by the sword. Mark—they tied his feet, together and dragged him with horses through the streets, then left him bleeding and suffering all night in prison and in the morning burned him at the stake. James the Less they stoned to death. Matthias they stoned and then beheaded. Andrew they crucified on a cross that was bent over like a capital letter X, leaving him three days in the most awful suffering; but all those three days that man preached the Gospel.

The great Christian battle! As I come toward the end of my message I want to make an appeal to the people today to have a faith that believes something, a God that lives, that is worth fighting for. Not a little milk and water Christian experience, but a real converted, baptized by the Holy Ghost, flamingly devoted life for Christ. All of us living this kind of life, we could turn this country upside down inside of six months. Oh, beloved, will you be earnest for the glory of God?

Picture him there, that Andrew whom the Lord loved, crucified, three days hanging upon the cross in awful pain, and yet preaching day and night. To whoever came near he told the story; "Have you heard of Jesus? Have you accepted Him as your Saviour?" His lips were dry and parched for water, and still he preached on, as best he could. At last the people began to believe him and they sent word to the governor to let him be cut down from the cross, and the governor,

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afraid to displease the people said, “All right, cut him down,” but as the last cord was loosed he fell to the earth, quite, quite dead.

There was Peter, had the privilege of being crucified head downward. There was the Apostle Paul, had the honor of laying down his life for his King, even King Immanuel, by being beheaded with the sword. Bartholomew was beaten to death with clubs, giving his life thus for the Lord. Thomas, the doubter, was thrust through with a spear and thus laid down his life for Christ. Of Luke it is not known whether he suffered a martyr’s death or died a natural death. Simon was crucified. John, the beloved, lived to be a hundred years old, we are told. Though he was a prisoner, though he was a captive, yet the glory of God filled his soul and he was kept to give that marvelous revelation.

The Christian battle went on. You say: “Well, Sister McPherson, you have gone over all the Apostles now, haven’t you?”

Yes, and the church went on. Some way there was something about the church of Jesus Christ when it lived close to God that persecution made it flourish. Every drop of blood that fell to the ground seemed to spring up in a thousand Christians that carried on the work of God. When we have it too easy, don’t have persecution, we seem not to be the sterling Christians that we were in the time of persecution.

Then came the day of Nero. The Christian battle was on to a finish then. It was some sixty-four years after the birth of Christ. Nero was now on the war-path against the Christians. Wicked king that he was, he had them gathered together, many of them clothed in the skins of wild animals and cast to the dogs, who worried them until they expired. They endured it for us—they went through and they laid down their lives for Jesus.

When I see some people today who think they couldn’t lay down their old, dirty pipes for the Lord Jesus Christ, and think how these people laid down their lives for Jesus!

“Oh, I couldn’t give up my novels! I couldn’t give up my dance.”

It’s a pity about you. These people laid down their lives for Jesus Christ. Folks, if you are going to work for Jesus, come clean, live a real life. Don’t be a make-believe. Don’t be a tin soldier. If you are going to

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be a Christian soldier, be a real soldier. Take up the banner of the Cross and let us everyone get on fire for God! And when I say, "How many in this audience will go out between now and tonight's meeting and bring in a sinner?" be the first to put up your hand and say, "Sister, by God's grace I will, if I have to go and knock at every door between here and Figueroa, I will bring a sinner, and I will bring him in and sit beside him." These were real Christians, Glory to God! If you want the Lord to use you, you must make a real surrender.

In the great Christian battle came the day of Nero's torches, when he dipped the people in pitch, then had them tied up to high posts. He was going to have a garden party and wanted some very beautiful lights that night, so he decided, to use the Christians as lamps, touched fire to the pitch so that they would burn slowly and not be consumed too quickly. There they burned through the hours, but they sang praises to God until their lips were silent on earth but opened in the Glory above.

Oh, Lord, give me a heart like thine!

In those days they knew what it was to have the catacombs and be able to go down way underground and study the Word of God and pray. They had no churches like this. If anybody had built a place like Angelus Temple and preached like I am speaking now, the people would have torn that building down and in a few hours there would have been nothing left. Soldiers would have marched through the doors and the Christians seized and cruelly martyred. So the only way the Christian could worship was a way outside the city and down in the catacombs. The catacombs had been digged in order to get stones out in building the city. The people would watch until the night was falling, look this way and that, then would tiptoe along until they came to the entrance of the cave, making sure no one was lying in wait for them lest they be killed. They would tiptoe into these catacombs. As they groped their way down the dripping, sodden, wet walls of these passages they would see a little glimmer of light and long before they saw the light they would hear the singing, and...Ah! They were singing the Psalms of David:

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***The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,
He maketh me down to lie in pastures green,
He leadeth me the quiet waters by.***

And there they testified and sang in the great Christian battle. Satan was unable to conquer because the Christians had a heart and a mind to work.

Needless to go on down through the dark ages, for perhaps you are all familiar with your Christian history and church history. If not, you should familiarize yourself with this subject at once. You cannot afford to live and not know the martyrs and those who laid down their lives for Jesus.

You will remember John Huss, who was burned for the Lord. You will remember Jerome, who laid down his life and was yonder in the stocks, yet preached the Word of God and sang His wonderful praises. The Huguenots—of course, your blood sings within your veins when you think of the fine, sterling clean men and women who were the Huguenots, how they served God in the open fields, how they were driven like foxes without holes within which to hide. How in caves in the mountains they sat up churches and worshipped the Lord God of Israel.

Then Tyndale—you remember on down through the Christian battle, for they are gaining, in spite of all the shots of the enemy. This is a winning battle if you are on the Lord's side.

Then came the discovery of the printing press, the greatest in all the world today for the assistance of the preaching of the Gospel, unless it be the Radio. Oh, the printing press! What it would mean to have the Word of God in the hands of the people! Up to this time they had written it all by hand. People had spent years of their life rolling and unrolling these long scrolls, getting the Bible in some condition that they would be able to read it. And they had paid huge sums for it, hundreds and hundreds of pounds. Now they were to have a printing press. The first book to come off the printing press was to be the Word of God, thank God for that!—and I hope it will be the last one off when the world comes to a close.

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As the Bible was being gotten ready, Tyndale was discovered. He was getting the Bible printed. He ran away to Germany, hid down in a cellar, and was getting his type set up—a long, tedious job, the type being cut by hand and set by hand. He had some friends working with him. His enemies were looking for him but couldn't find him. Finally they got some of his men and made them drunk, and one of his helpers gave away the secret. So the soldiers surrendered. They were going to break up the printing press and destroy what he had done. But he grabbed the loose leaves and ran and hid. He went to Luther at Worms and there the work proceeded. At last the first copy of the Bible was coming out. Now they were going to send it to England, but how? Old devil, look out! you know something is going to happen. If the Bible gets loose in the land and the people are going to have a book of their own, people are going to get saved. But Satan couldn't tell which way it was coming from. Tyndale hid away the books in boxes of tea. When they were discovered in England, the people were wild with indignation. They were piled up and burned at Oxford. Finally, no matter how often they burned them, more would come in again. Where were they coming from? They were watching the docks, but the Bibles would slip in in spite of them. They were in the hands of the people, though the Bible was a forbidden book. Finally came the martyrdom of this man who had laid down his life for the Book. I am so glad, Hallelujah! that the Lord lives!

There was Ridley and there was Latimer, there was Cranmer, who laid down their lives. Ridley and Latimer said, "Be brave, for this day we shall kindle such a flame in England that it shall never go out again," and their words came true. Just a year from that day the Bible was an open book in England. It was sponsored by the king, and I have always been glad that the first man who was obliged by the king to sit down and read that book through without stopping was the man who had sent to death these martyrs.

The death of Cranmer—They said, "If you simply sign this paper that you give up your Christian faith and your promise of belief in the Word of God, you can live." That man said, "All right, I will. I can't think of being burned at the stake." So he took the pen and signed it.

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But afterward he was convicted because he had sold his Lord, he had counted his poor, miserable body more valuable than being pleasing to God, so he took it back and said, "I will not do it. I will die for my Lord." So they tied him to the stake, and burned his hand first, at his own request, because it was with it that he had denied his Lord; at last the flames rose, around, him and he died.

Oh, beloved! what do we know about real Christian faith?

"Sister, dear, I would die for the Lord."

I believe you would. I certainly do. But today He wants folks who will not only be willing to die for Him, but will live for him. Today is the day of evangelism. We are nearing the close of this great dispensation of grace. Jesus Christ is coming back again soon. The clouds will be agleam and aglow with His returning Majesty. Have we done our best to win souls for Him?

Up through the years the Christian battle has gone on, up to our own present day.

"Why, Sister. You don't mean there is a battle on today!"

Don't you think there is a battle on today? I think the most subtle battle the enemy has ever put up is on today. We have survived the day of the infidel—the Word has come through. It has survived all the attacks of the enemy and the dear old Book is intact today with every leaf there and every word true. But today there are attacks from without and attacks from within. On the outside, attacks from the enemy, decked with electric lights and blazing from tip to toe, are alluring and calling the young folk, "Come! Come! Come!" while many of our church doors, alas are closed with the exception of about twice a week, unless it be for some community affair, one little prayer meeting during the week, and a couple of others on the Lord's Day. The enemy, with his doors wide open, is booming his music and his dance, is calling, "Come, dance! Come away to the joy-ride! The rolling automobiles—the call of the world!"

Ah, yes! But that isn't the worst foe. One of the worst and the most subtle foes of this great battle of Christianity today is within. The devil says, "Well, I am not making much inroad from without, because these folk just huddle together like a lot of sheep; but if I could only

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get on the inside.” So today, if he can only get the preachers and the Christian workers to deny the inspiration of the Bible; if instead of having to bring the infidels to do it from the outside he can only get some people on the inside to deny the inspiration of the Scripture, who deny God’s story of creation, who deny—God forbid!—the virgin birth of our Lord, who deny his incarnation, his Deity, the necessity for the atoning blood, who say it is old-fashioned to preach about the blood and a born-again experience, old-fashioned and obsolete to have altar calls: “Emotionalism! Tut! tut! don’t do that. Just do the best you can, it is good enough.” Ah! That’s what the old fellow wants, that is all. If he can just get away, with the altar call, remove it, bank it in with flowers or anything else, but put it away, “Do the best you can, live a good life; you need not be born again.” If he can only get away the Amen corner and the Hallelujah chorus, if he can only put the quietus on any manifestation of the Spirit, on any miracle, on anything that is unnatural, and keep out the supernatural, oh, then he is happy! It is his last great throw. If he can just get some of our colleges, if he can just get some of our seminaries to teach, doubting the inspiration of the Scripture, higher criticism, modernism, if he can only get us to teach, denying the mighty, miraculous, present-day power of God—Ah!—How happy!

Today we cannot, I presume, any of us, who are reading or thinking people, pick up a paper with the glaring headlines meeting us—Oh, what a pity that it has to be!—of the great splits that are coming in this movement, in that movement; of the person arising and declaring, “Why, we might as well come out with what we believe. We don’t believe in the inspiration of the Scripture, we do not believe in the Atonement, we don’t believe there ever was a Resurrection.” Oh, God help us! That is a shot from the enemy all right. That is a real one that might well make people tremble.

But, beloved, if we can only in this Christian battle keep close to the Bible—The old fellow says, “I know something I am going to do: I am going to get the Bible out of the schools. The mothers and fathers no longer read it in the home, but there the children are reading it in the schools. That will never do.”

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I remember how my little childish heart would be stirred as our teacher would read it, in her beautiful, vibrant, thrilling, deep, rich voice. It went through and through my heart.

“Here, here!!” the devil says, “I can’t have this now, because His Word will not return void. If it is cast on the water it is going to make its effect felt. What am I going to do? Out with it, out with it!”

But, glory to God, we are not in a losing fight! As in the midst of all the maelstrom and the hurling attacks on every side the Christians stood and thrived and grew, today as we near the coming of the Lord a revival is on and the work of the Lord is progressing in earnest, striving, seeking Christian hearts. The battle is ultimately going to be won by the Lord, and it is being won now here, and there. But it would be won so much more quickly if you and I would each one gird us for the fray. Instead of saying, “Well, I know, but I am tired, and I will give what time I can. I am spending my money for this and that. I will give for God’s work when I can spare it. I will become a Christian by and by.” Oh! If every one of us would get right into this thing with both feet and say, “Lord Jesus, I believe you are coming,” your nerves would be better in a minute, you will feel better than you have felt for years! There is nothing like being one hundred per cent for God, consecrated and on the altar; then the victory is bound to come.

The great Christian battle! In the end I can see our Christian hero riding, I can see him now, by faith, in his great helmet of victory; the horse of victory stepping in great, majestic strides. It seems that even now I can hear the stately steppings of his feet coming down over the mountain tops of fulfilled prophecy. The devil knows his time is short, he knows that if he is going to do anything he has got to do it quickly, for the Lord is coming. People are becoming dissatisfied with anything but the old-time religion, with the full gospel from the whole Bible, and there is a general cry that is going up through the land and it is saying, “Back, back, back to the Bible; back to the old-time religion; back to that experience that believes something; back to the heart that knows what it is to feel real fire and faith and fervor; back to the old altar calls; back to the Amen corner; back to the old Hallelujah; back, back, back to Pentecost.”

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“When the church returns to Pentecost, Pentecost will return to the church.” Oh, this Pentecost Sunday let me remind you that that was the birthday of the church. It was ushered in by an outpouring of the Holy Spirit and this age will be ushered out by an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. When the high priest went into the Holy of Holies the bells upon the hem of his garments rang as they beat upon the pomegranates.

As the High Priest is coming back, the hem of his garment (that is, down here, you know, we are at his feet, praise the Lord)—the bells are ringing, people are being filled with the Holy Spirit as on the day of Pentecost. While the love of many is waxing cold, while virgins are slumbering and sleeping, yet there are many who are awake and filling their lamps with the oil of the Holy Spirit.

How many of you, when He comes, will be marking time? I love to picture you as soldiers, every one of you in step: Left, left, left, right, left. We are going to march right on up to the Glory Land. Then we will shout Victory and we will wave our palms of rejoicing. Beloved, in that day you will be glad you are on the Lord’s side.

Don’t sit on the fence. Know what you believe, and stand for it. Beloved, if you believe in the old-time religion, get enthusiastic about it. If you are going to be filled with the Spirit, dig deep till you strike the flowing rivers.

If you are going to be in God’s army, don’t be a fair-weather Christian. Be ready to go through, breasting the storm, and stand until Jesus comes.

The Standard of the Lord



Flag Day
Saturday Afternoon
June 14, 1924



HIS EVENING WE are all rejoicing and happy to see standing beside us this beautiful silken flag, the Stars and Stripes, and happy to remember Flag Day. This is the most noble flag one's eyes would ever care to rest upon. It has come to be very, very dear to me, every star and every stripe with its message and its color. The red—oh yes!—how often the flag has been stained, but not with dishonor, the white for purity, and the beautiful blue that speaks of the heaven above. I love this flag. How many times it has gone forth unto victory! What brave hands have carried it! How many places that flag has been planted, in citadels, upon hill tops, it has proudly waved. Everywhere that standard was carried it meant certain things—it was going to mean peace and prosperity and law and order. Wherever that dear flag, the emblem of our country, went it was going also to mean religious liberty and freedom in the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ and worshipping God after the dictates of our own heart. And until one lives in a country and under a standard where that is not permissible, perhaps one scarcely knows how to appreciate this standard, the dear flag, Old Glory, which we love. What a standard! What a flag! What a message! What a victory it carries!

And so this Flag Day I thought I would speak to you on a flag sermon, but I am not going to speak of Old Glory especially, as my message to you for salvation, though we thank the Lord for it and our freedom under it; but I am going to speak of the standard and ensign of our Lord Jesus Christ. We read in Isaiah, the 11th chapter, the 10th

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and 12th verses:

“And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek: and his rest shall be glorious.”

“And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.”

I am so glad that in this dispensation of the Gentiles there is an ensign, the blood-stained banner of the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and “to it shall the Gentiles seek,” and under that banner of the cross, the flag of Christ, our Lord, “his rest shall be glorious.”

Again in Isaiah 49:22 we read: “Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I will lift up mine hand to the Gentiles, and set up my standard to the people”—I will set up my standard to the people.

In Isaiah 59:19 we read: “So shall they fear the name of the Lord from the west, and his glory from the rising of the sun. When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.”

Thank God for this standard! In Isaiah 62:10, “Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people.”

Oh, what a verse that last is that I read, “Lift up a standard for the people.”

In Jeremiah 51:27, we read, “Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations,”

I believe that our Lord God Jehovah has a standard, don't you? That He has a standard for the nations and that His ideal would be nations who love the Lord their God with all their heart, where the Bible, the word of God, is open to be preached, where a revival should sweep from shore to shore, and where the name of the Lord should be glorified.

The Lord has also a standard for the people. This flag speaks of a standard of purity and love and integrity and freedom and liberty for all; but the standard of the Lord is a standard for the people to rise up in purity of heart, in love and in service to Him.

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“Set up a standard for the people.” The Lord not only has a standard for the nations and for the multitudes, He has a standard for the rich. We read of it in Colossians, the third chapter. The rich are to give with liberality and with all humility and humbleness of heart and of mind.

He has a standard for the poor. We read that they are to learn with whatever things they have therewith to be content. He has a standard, given us in Colossians 3, for the masters. They are to be gentle with their servants, they are to be honest, they are to be upright in heart, and they are to be just and kind in all things.

In that same chapter we read that the Lord has a standard for servants. They are to obey. “Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh, not with eye service as men pleasers, but with singleness of heart, serving the Lord.”

The Lord has a standard for parents. He says: “Fathers, provoke not your children to anger lest they be discouraged.” He has a standard for children and we read: “Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.”

He has a standard for youth. Those of us who are young are to be modest, discreet, to give our love and our service and our strength, time and talent to the Lord. He has a standard for the older folk and he says that they are to deport themselves in a seemly manner, and in humility and in love and in wisdom and in integrity.

Just so, the Lord has a standard for the church. Oh, I would love to see His standard floating over every church and feel that we were living up to the Lord’s standard! His standard is that we are not to be lukewarm, else He will spew us out of his mouth; not to be cold, else we will freeze up and never have a revival or Amen corner. His standard is that we are to be an old-fashioned, live-wire, wide-awake, Holy Ghost, Spirit-filled, revivalistic church. Praise the Lord!

He has a standard for the deacons of the church. They are to be godly, sober, the husband of one wife. They are to be men of honor and character, which is known of men with whom they work.

He has a standard for the elders of the church. They are to be men of faith and of honor and integrity. And the elders of the church

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should be ready of hand, single of eye, pure of heart, ready to be called upon day or night to pray for the sick and care for the poor and the needy as part of their business in the church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Lord has a standard for the Christian. They are to be born again, washed in the blood of the Lamb, living every day with singleness of heart and eye, serving under the ensign, the banner of King Immanuel.

Now the Lord distinctly says in His Word that we are to set up a standard for the people. Oh! Wouldn't you feel terrible tonight if anything happened that this old flag touched the ground? Supposing you saw someone take it—how we love it!—and you saw them take it down and throw it on the ground and trample upon it and say they hated the flag. In a minute you men would be in arms. But, beloved, the standard of the Lord Jesus Christ, the ensign which He has commanded us to set up, is being taken down in many a place and is being trampled underfoot in the mire and the slough of despond.

Oh, Christians, let your patriotic blood be stirred for the banner of the Lord Jesus Christ, this Flag Day night, and all it means! In many a place it has been torn down—right in our colleges where preachers are being trained for the pulpit. Modern college professors are taking down the standard of Jesus and His Word and are denying the Virgin birth, are denying the inspiration of the Scriptures, are denying the blood atonement, are denying the present day miracle working power of Jesus Christ. Oh, would God that that standard could be picked up tonight and again made white and lifted high, that all might see it! And to us there comes the command, "Set up a standard for the people."

It is easy enough to take the standard down and lower it, speaking of Christianity. It is easy enough to doubt the Book, but that isn't what we are commanded to do, but to set up a standard. Oh, I do hope there is a standard set up in Angelus Temple, and while I live it is going to stay up, Glory to God! I would defend it with every drop of blood in my body. Our standard is the inspiration of this Book from cover to cover. Our standard is the Virgin birth of our Lord Jesus

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Christ, then the precious blood that He shed upon the Cross of Calvary. And the old flag's never touched the ground, boys, the old flag's never touched the ground, sisters. Oh, may it never come down in Angelus Temple! May never a word be uttered over this pulpit that would deny the truth and the veracity and the inspiration of that old Book from cover to cover. If it is in the Book, we are going to preach it, and if we ever preach anything that is not in the Book we want to be shown it and we will never preach it again. Thank God, there are many in the world who believe it too, throughout our cities and the length and the breadth of the land.

"Lift up a standard for the people." If ever there was a time that a standard needed to be lifted up, it is today. In this day where some who wear the garb of shepherds are saying boldly over their pulpits (you have only to pick up your paper to read the present church trials) a bolder stand than Ingersoll or Darwin did in the days that they were here, I believe that Bible from cover to cover to be the Word of God. And there comes the rallying, rousing call to every Christian that our patriotic blood be stirred: "Set up a standard for the people."

The Lord has a standard for body, soul and spirit. His standard for the soul is that that soul be washed and made whiter than the driven snow in the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ that was shed upon the Cross of Calvary. His standard for the soul is a high one. 'Tis not only joining the church. 'Tis not only shaking hands with the minister or signing a card. Some of us have lowered our standard too low—we are taking in members who smoke and who go to theaters and who dance and who play cards and who are not living the pure, clean, surrendered life they should live.

Beloved, don't let us lower the standard. "Lift up a standard for the people." Some say, "Oh, well, it is all right to do these things; there is no harm in them." Ah! We are lowering the standard; we are trampling it in the mud. Let us never do that, but let us lift it up. His standard for the soul is a born again, clear-cut, absolutely separate walk, where we are in the world, but not of it, where old things have passed away and all things are become new.

Not only has the Lord a standard for the newly born again

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Christian, but that standard for the soul runs through the entire life of the Christian. We are to come out and be separate.

“Touch not the unclean thing.” We are to be a peculiar people, zealous of good works, serving and praising the Lord.

Then, moreover, not only has He a standard for the soul, but He has a standard in the Bible for the body too. Glory to God! Have you ever seen it? What is God’s standard for this physical body? Is his standard health, or is it disease? What does the Word of God teach? “Set up a standard for the people.” Well, we say, God’s standard is disease. He thinks it is best that people should be sick and afflicted and lean upon the arm of flesh and never expect healing. He used to heal them a little bit. In the Old Testament He healed a few hundred thousand of them, and He healed many thousand during the New Testament, and He healed them after He went Home to Heaven through the Apostles’ and the disciples’ prayers; but after healing the sick from the days of Abraham, Abimelech, right straight through to the Apostle Paul and the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles—after healing the sick for thousands of years, the Lord suddenly changed His mind and thought He wouldn’t do it any more, that the day of miracles would suddenly and without any Bible warning be over, and so His standard has changed.

Has it? Oh, no! “Set up a standard for the people.” The Bible standard is the standard of today. Well, what was His standard relative to Divine Healing? We have a glimpse of it when the Lord led the Children of Israel out of Egyptian bondage. As He led them forth He said, “There shall not be one sick or sickly among tribes.” And when the Lord led them out, anybody that was sick was perfectly healed, and they marched, a living, strong, well army.

But going back just a little bit beyond that. “Set up a standard for the people.” There is a standard for the body as well as the soul toward which we should aim. When the Lord made man we read that He made him in his own image, in God’s image created He him. And He looked upon His handiwork and He saw that it was very good. God’s standard body that He made, then, was a perfect one, not one with epilepsy or cancer or paralysis, or afflictions to mar. When sin came

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in, sickness, came with it, like an inseparable Siamese twin, and sorrow and pain and agony was brought with the Cross.

But when the Lord led the Children of Israel out of bondage, He said, "These things happened unto them for ensamples." In other words, what happened to the Children of Israel is God's blackboard and his chart talk to the people of all ages. He led them out and we read there was not one sick or weakly in all their tribes. Then when sin came in and they were bit by the serpents, what was the command? "Set up a standard for the people." And out yonder in the wilderness the brazen serpent was lifted, signifying that Jesus Christ should die our death and set us free.

As the serpent was lifted in the wilderness, so would He be made a curse for us that we might be redeemed. And as they looked upon the standard that was set up, they were forgiven their sin and they were healed of their sickness and made every whit whole.

"Set up a standard for the people." Their standard, then, was health. We read that the Lord made them a promise, "No plague shall come nigh your dwelling." So His standard was physical strength as well as spiritual strength. This was the thing they aimed at. When they were in trouble, they called upon the Lord. It was quite the customary thing.

Only two men in the Old Testament are mentioned who did not trust the Lord with their body for physical healing. Both of these you know, the latter being Asa, who was diseased in his feet, and we read that this king, instead of trusting to the Lord, hearkened to and trusted, the physicians, and it was such an unusual thing—not that there is anything wrong with the physicians, only it was an unusual thing for people to do that who were in the Lord's work, and we read he trusted not to the Lord but to the physicians, and Asa died and slept with his fathers, the inference being that if he had trusted the Lord he might have been made every whit whole.

Lots of people say today: "Yes, I know, Little Sister, but concerning divine healing, I am afraid that somebody might trust the Lord and neglect their body, whereas if they took a certain disease in time it might be cured by other remedies, whereas if they neglect doing this

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or that and just call on the Lord, they might die.”

But I wonder if it isn't vice versa sometimes, and as many people die because they trust in other means and do not trust the Lord.

“Set up a standard for the people.” The standard, you remember, David set up. I am so glad that he carried an ensign of healing for the body and set it up. “Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all His benefits,” and the first two benefits I note were salvation and divine healing. Now, “Who forgiveth all thine iniquities and who healeth all thy diseases.” Solomon carried the standard right on through and set it up, saying, “Now, Lord, when Thy people pray in this, Thy house, whatsoever plague there be, whatsoever pestilence, whatsoever blasting or mildew, whatsoever sickness there be, when Thou hearest in Heaven, forgive and heal.” The Lord answered prayer.

Now, as to the New Testament, we still read the command of our Lord, “Set up a standard.” Jesus Christ certainly set up that standard. No sooner had he come down from the wilderness where he had been tempted and from the mountain peak where Satan had tried to get him to cast himself over, then He walked among humble, needy men and women, He stretched out His hand and He saved the sinner; He reached out His hand and He healed the sick, and He set up a standard. Distinctly in the 8th chapter of Matthew is it said of Him, “Himself took our infirmities and carried our sicknesses.” Here is a standard that none can doubt. It is a standard which every Christian minister without any exception should raise. There is no excuse to say some people are called to the work and others are not. It is a standard, and the Lord says “Set up a standard for the people,” and this is it: “Himself took our infirmities and carried our sicknesses.” It is the standard for the physical body.

But you say, “Sister, dear, wait a minute. Doesn't that refer spiritually?”

No, because if you read the preceding verse, “When evening was come they brought to Jesus many that were possessed with devils, and he cast out the spirits with his word and healed all that were sick. Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.”

Set up a standard. The Lord certainly set up a standard for the

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body as well as the soul. We turn the page and we find the lepers in the 12th chapter of Matthew saying, “Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make us whole,” and the Lord said, “I will. Be thou made whole” and instantly they were healed. When the woman touched the hem of his garment he said, “Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

When the woman came to Christ who had been bowed down for twelve years, never had straightened herself up, the people thought he shouldn’t heal her, but the Lord set up his standard by saying, “Ought not this woman whom Satan hath bound, lo, these many years be loosed from this infirmity?” And he rebuked the enemy and the woman who had been bowed, straightened.

I think that is what sickness always does to us—bow our back, don’t you, and pull down your head. Don’t you find that in sickness it is pretty hard to pray as you did when you were not sick? One great argument about sickness is, “It brings us nearer to God, it gives us lots of time to pray.”

Maybe some sicknesses do, but when I was sick it was hard to pray. It seemed like a cloud of oppression and depression was down upon me. But, praise God! I find it easier to pray when I am well and strong and physically fit and able to serve my Lord.

A woman bowed down, who in no wise could lift herself up. It is a picture of the sick that can’t lift themselves up, who are unable to lift their eyes toward heaven and worship and serve God as they would. The devil likes to get folks in that fix. “Set up a standard.” This was the Lord’s standard and His ultimatum: “Ought not this woman whom Satan hath bound,” He didn’t mince any words about it.

I believe that poor little woman who had been fourteen years in epilepsy, who testified here this evening, bound as she was, I think that is a trick of the enemy, don’t you, to keep that poor little soul so that she couldn’t enjoy a church service, couldn’t become a Sunday School teacher, was unable to do any active work. The Lord sets up his standard by saying, “Ought not this woman whom Satan hath bound, lo, these fourteen years, be loosed?” And He loosed her, Glory to God! Satan’s work is to bind; the Lord’s work is to loose. His standard is not epilepsy; his standard is freedom. His standard is not being bowed

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over, his standard is straightening up and beholding the glory of the Lord.

There came a man with a withered hand to him one day. I think I know lots of folks with a withered hand, don't you, when it comes really to serving the Lord or giving or helping or providing for missionaries or doing anything real. There are lots of people who need their hands healed. I believe we could have missionaries in every country 'round the globe telling the story of the Saviour's love if our hands were healed and we were ready to work for the Lord.

When the people murmured, the Scribes and Pharisees who would fain lower the standard, said, "Why, Lord, it is the Sabbath Day. You wouldn't heal on the Sabbath!" The Lord showed what he thought about the standard of Divine Healing by saying, "Is it right to do good or to do evil on the Sabbath day?" the inference clearly being that if he did not heal this person it would be evil and wrong; that if he did heal him it would be good. And instantly he reached out and touched the man and he said, "Stand forth!" And I want to say that if some people are going to be healed they have got to stand forth.

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Remember that Jesus Christ will endorse your check and you can cash it at the bank window of heaven and get a touch for body, soul and spirit tonight. God has a standard and that standard is a strong, well body, and if we are contented with anything less, we will have something less, but if we present our claim, he is able to make us every whit whole. I am so glad it doesn't depend on me. Hallelujah! It depends on Jesus. Brothers, sisters, right now while I am preaching, God's Spirit is here as surely as you live. His power is here, and if you want to put down your crutches and get up and walk, the Lord can heal you right now. If you want to lift your hand and begin to call on God, he is able to deliver you.

Set up a standard for the people. The Lord's standard is "Heal the sick, cast out devils; freely you have received, freely give. Be not faithless, but believing. If any two of you agree on earth pertaining to anything touching my Kingdom, I will do it, saith the Lord."

Oh, I am so glad that these promises are in the Book, and I believe

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the Lord is still able to answer prayer and to raise up the sick and afflicted as he did in the Bible days.

“Set up a standard.” Just before this message closed in the Word of God, we read in James 5 the last planting, and the planting for all time to come, of the Divine Healing Standard. Here is the message in James, the fifth chapter:

“Is any among you afflicted?” Set up a standard for the people. “Is any among you sick?” Let him give up and say, Oh, well, I guess it is a visitation on me from God. I guess I am to bear it with meekness and patience. “Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray.”

“Oh, God, here is this disease come upon me! It is hindering me in my ministry for you. Lord, heal me and I will go out and preach your gospel or witness with every ounce of strength you have given me.” And the Lord is able to change you that quickly, praise God!

“Is any sick among you? Set up a standard for the people. 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”—Not the prayer of unbelief but the prayer of faith, “shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up. Confess your faults one to another and pray one for another that you may be healed.”

There is the standard for your body. It does not say, “Is any among you sick? Let him run for the doctor, take a bottle of tonic and a box of pills and the doctor will raise him up.” That isn’t what it says. I am glad for every doctor who is a good one and for every hospital, but I do know that, Glory to God, here is a promise that if we have faith we can claim! Moreover, I have prayed for lots of doctors who have come and asked us to pray, and they have said,

“Sister, we believe that the Lord answers prayer. We pray for our patients and when we have done all that we can, thank God, He is able to deliver.”

“The prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up.” There is your standard. What shall we do about it? Shall we lower our standards? Oh, you would hate to see this beautiful flag lowered, Flag Day of all days. You say, “It is my flag. My father fought and died

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and bled for its honor.” But that is the way I feel too, about the ensign of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Go through, go through, and I tell you if you are going to set up the standard, it is going to mean some going through and a real taking a stand for him. Go through, go through! Set up a standard for the people. And as we set it up I believe people will rally to it. Go through, go through! Prepare ye the way of the people. Cast up a highway, don't tear it down by saying this isn't for today.

A Christian minister said to me, “You don't realize that a lot of these promises aren't for today.” I know it. I can't get it through my head. I can't see any place the Lord has blue-penciled the Bible. I have looked all through and to me everything is in there yet. He says he is the same yesterday, today and forever. He doesn't say any place in my Bible that the day of miracles is to cease at any time. But it does tell me that we are to pray one for another, that we, shall be healed.

If anybody is going to tear down the standard, let them go ahead and tear it down, but wherever I can I am going to surge through. Go through, go through. Prepare the way for the people, not tearing down, but casting up the highway. Gather up the stones, the stones of doubt and unbelief, higher criticism and modernism—and lift up the standard for the people. The standard is a clean, born-again, washed-in-the-blood, Christian, overcoming, victorious experience, and for the body is this: “Is any afflicted? Let him pray. Is any sick? Let him call for the elders.” Pray one for another that you may be healed. This is his standard, and here I stand and here I die. Praise the Lord!

Divine Healing on Trial



Sunday Afternoon
June 15, 1924



WE ARE HAVING this afternoon an interesting study on Divine Healing as taught in the Scriptures and as seen in the present day. The question is: "Has Divine Healing a place in the church today?" We are going to thresh out this point and discuss it this afternoon from God's Word.

On the platform there are twenty-four gentlemen of the jury, the bailiff, the clerk, the judge, the attorney for the prosecution, William Black, and the attorney for the defense Aimee Semple McPherson. I am going to ask that the clerk at this time read the names of those who are on the jury, of the judge, and of those officiating this afternoon:

[names are read]

This afternoon the question to be considered is: "Has Divine Healing a Place in the Church today?" and as attorney for the defense I would like to state the case.

To Your Honor, and to the Gentlemen of the Jury, Ladies and Gentlemen: The question "Has Divine Healing a Place in the Church Today?" is a very important one, one that is worthy of due thought, study and deliberation because it affects greatly our lives, our church and our evangelistic activities.

Divine Healing was clearly taught by Jesus Christ Himself, is contained in the holy Scriptures, and the day of miracles has never ceased, I contend, except as men here and there have lost their faith. Furthermore, I contend that Divine Healing of the sick is just as necessary today as it ever was and is a real means for soul winning. To

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prove this, I propose to bring in many witnesses, both from the Bible, from history and from the present day. Take the life of Jesus, too, for instance. Clearly the four Gospels record His stand on Divine Healing, His own life and His own ministry was filled with miracles.

MR. BLACK: Your Honor, I object.

THE COURT: Attorney for the defense, are you prepared to prove your statements?

SISTER MCPHERSON: I am, Your Honor.

THE COURT: The objection is overruled. You will proceed.

SISTER MCPHERSON: Not only am I prepared to prove that Divine Healing was known in the life of Christ, but to state and to prove that there were miracles even before Christ was born in the manger of Bethlehem. There were miracles not only in the four gospels, not only in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, but in the Old Testament before Jesus Christ walked the earth in bodily form or touched the sick and afflicted there. This may be a startling statement to some, but nevertheless it is true. As a proof of this, I would like to bring in first some witnesses to prove that Divine Healing was known in the Old Testament, and that there the sick were healed in answer to believing prayer.

One of the first witnesses that I would like to bring in is Abimelech, who is the first man the Bible records to be healed in answer to prayer. Throughout his life he had been afflicted. Abimelech, this afternoon, if he could just sit here to take the witness stand as the first man recorded in the Bible who was ever healed—Abimelech, who prayed for you? The answer would come back, Abraham.

Q. Were you healed and made whole?

A. Instantly made every whit whole.

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And he might be permitted to leave the witness stand.

Others, Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury, were healed in the Old Testament. Among them were the children of Israel. Perhaps I might refresh your memory, though you all have your textbooks, the Bible, that when the Children of Israel lived in the land of Egypt they participated in the labor and in the bondage, in the heartaches, in the sickness and in the misery of that country, but when the Lord led them out of the land of Egypt toward Canaan land, he healed them.

Children of Israel—if they could just as a body take the witness chair for a moment this afternoon, we would ask them the question: “When you were led out of the land of Egypt across the Red Sea and into the wilderness toward Canaan, what was your physical condition after the Lord touched you?” Back like a flash would come the answer from the Book: “There was not one weak or sickly in all our tribes.”

Divine Healing was after that God’s standard for the physical man in those olden days.

Another witness that I would like to call is Miriam, Miriam, you remember, being the sister of Moses. Miriam one time fell into sin. It would not seem a very great sin, it was the sin of backbiting; but I believe it is one of the greatest sins in God’s eyes. At any rate, so great was it that it was punishable by leprosy. Instantly Miriam was smitten with leprosy from head to foot, and when they saw her condition, prayer was made and she was healed.

Miriam, just step forward a moment and take the witness chair. Is it true that you were smitten with leprosy because of your sin?

She would answer, “It is true.”

Q. Is it true also that you were healed in answer to prayer?

A. Absolutely true. Moses and Aaron, my brothers, made intercession for me, saying, “Oh, Lord God, forgive her and heal her, we beseech thee.”

Q. Miriam, were you healed?

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A. I was perfectly healed of leprosy.

Q. Miriam, were you instantly healed?

A. No, my healing was not instantaneous. I was banished seven days from the camp and was brought back at the end of that seven days perfectly well. But because of my sin God permitted me to suffer these few days without the camp, but I was brought back and made every whit whole.

If I might bring, Gentlemen of the Jury, two or three more witnesses from out the pages of the Old Testament. One of these is Hezekiah, a well-known man, a reliable man, one who was the ruler of many people. He was given up to die and he lay upon his bed with his face to the wall. If Hezekiah could take the witness chair this afternoon and could be told to give his testimony, in a moment he would tell you:

“Yes, it is true. I was given up to die, but I turned my face to the wall and I began to pray, ‘Lord, have mercy upon me! Thou knowest that I love thee, that I have kept your commandments, that I have done your bidding.’ And so the Lord answered me and said, ‘I will heal you. I will raise you up. I will spare your life and you shall go up to the house of the Lord.’ Instantly I was healed, raised from my bed and years were added to my life.”

I would like to bring, Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury, the widow’s son as a witness that there are miracles and that they were performed even in the days of the Old Testament.

The widow’s son, you remember in the days of Elisha, died, was laid upon the bed of the little chamber in the wall that had been builded for the holy man of old. That little son lay there in that dead, cold, stiff condition. The mother of the child ran and brought help. My! If that boy could only speak this afternoon!

Q. Do you believe in Divine Healing?

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A. I do.

Q. Is it true that you were raised up?

A. It is.

Q. Tell us how it happened.

A. My mother wouldn't take no for an answer, and when I died she took me up and laid me upon the bed in the prophet's chamber. Then she ran out, saddled the ass, and went as quickly as the beast could carry her up to Mount Carmel and called the holy man of God. He came into the bedroom where I was lying, and he made prayer for me without ceasing, and as he prayed warmth flowed through my body, I was physically restored and sat up on the bed. My mother came in, embraced me and I went out well.

Only one more witness, if I might be permitted to bring from the Old Testament, though it is filled with them. This witness that I would like to swear in and put in the witness stand (although of course his testimony is true, being in the Bible) is a man named Naaman, the leper.

Naaman, is it true that you were the captain of the king's hosts?

A. It is.

Q. That you were a mighty man of valor?

A. It is.

Q. That your chest was covered with medals, that you were a thinking man, a learned man, a man in authority in military circles and in educated circles?

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A. Yes.

Q. And you became sick and afflicted with leprosy?

A. True.

Q. You heard that there was a prophet in the land of Israel, that if you went yonder and were prayed for that you could be made every whit whole?

A. True.

Then this man took a journey to the far off land, and if he were only able to speak this afternoon, would say:

“First I thought that I could buy my healing with money. I thought it was like other commercial things, and I took my sacks of gold and I took my raiment with me, but I soon discovered that it was for the humble and the poor and those that were obedient to God also. So as I was commanded by the prophet, I made my way to the waters of Jordan. At first I did not feel like plunging in the muddy waters. At last my servant said to me, ‘If the man of God had bidden you do some great thing you would have done it. How much the more should you do the little thing,’ So I made my way into the water, and I dipped seven times and as I arose the seventh time my flesh was made perfectly whole like the flesh of a child. I was instantly healed.”

So, I would contend as my first great point that there were healings before Christ walked the shores of Galilee in the plan of God and that there were healings in the Old Testament.

MR. BLACK: Gentlemen of the Jury, we have heard some cases presented to us, but it seems to me that these don't prove anything. An objection I would like to raise at this point, I would like my learned friend just to answer for my satisfaction: How could it be possible for people to have been healed before the time of Christ? I would like my learned friend just to present that to us.

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SISTER MCPHERSON: How could it be possible for people to be healed before Christ came? Your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury, my learned friend, I think this should be easy to answer—because people were forgiven their sin before Christ came, the people who lived in the olden dispensation, Gentlemen of the Jury. That is, as I open my Bible now, here is the dividing line, here is the New Testament, here is the Old Testament. Those who were healed in the Old Testament were healed just as they were forgiven their sin. They were forgiven their sin by looking forward to the Messiah, the Redeemer, the One who would shed His blood for them, and likewise were they healed by looking forward to Him who was to come. This is very simply understood. The cross stands this way, with arms extended, one arm of the cross spans the Old Testament, the other spans the New Testament; one spans the law, the other reaches out over grace. And right from the beginning, when God said the seed of woman shall bruise the serpent's head, from that time on those who believed in Him who was to come had salvation and deliverance through Him even as we who look back have deliverance in Him who did come.

MR. BLACK: I don't believe that those were miracles. I believe that they could have been scientifically explained. For instance, gentlemen, I believe that an operating table today and the way our surgeons operate on a table might be as truly called a miracle as what my learned friend has been presenting. We are living in a day of miracles now if that is what you call miracles. We are living in the day of electricity. Electricity might be called a miracle. But in the understanding of the theological term "miracles," I contend that modern operations, modern operating tables, modern medical science and modern invention are just as miraculous as anything we have heard about. In fact, I don't see any use for Divine Healing. I believe people can live without it. My learned friend has put some witnesses on the stand. I would like permission to put a witness or two on the stand, Your Honor. Witness, would you mind coming forward, please? I am going to present to the jury a gentleman and I want to

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present his evidence to the jury that I don't think Divine Healing is necessary at all.

SISTER MCPHERSON: Do I take it that this gentleman never had any Divine Healing, doesn't trust in his Lord as his healer?

MR. BLACK: Yes, he is just trusting to laws of nature. Laws of nature I believe are just as much a miracle as anything else.

Sister MCPHERSON: I would like to see that man.

(A man bandaged as if he had been in a serious accident is brought forward in a wheel chair.)

MR. BLACK Q. What is your name?

WITNESS A. Calamity, Old Man Calamity.

Q. Have you been in an accident, Mr. Calamity?

A. I was once.

Q. How long ago have you had this accident? Will you tell the jury how long ago you have had this accident?

A. Seventeen years.

Q. Have you ever had any medical attention?

A. I only take nature's remedies.

Q. Oh! You only take nature's remedies?

A. Yes, sir. Nature is good enough for me.

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Q. Tell us how you have been afflicted.

A. The principal accident was when I had my argument with my wife, but I had a few other things happen.

Q. What else?

A. I have had lumbago.

Q. What else?

A. Paralysis.

Q. What else?

A. Influenza.

Q. What else?

A. Neuritis.

Q. What else?

A. Well, I have got the gout right now.

Q. What else have you got—Well, you seem to be getting along pretty well, don't you?

A. I was never in better physical fit in my life.

MR. BLACK: Well, I think Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury, now there is a case, there is a man—no doubt he is badly afflicted, but he seems to be getting on very well. I don't think—well, in fact, I think it is a miracle to see the man as he is.

I think that is an evidence that we don't need miracles of Divine

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Healing.

SISTER MCPHERSON: Your Honor, and Gentlemen of the Jury, I don't believe our learned friend has helped his case any by bringing in his sample of those who never needed to turn to the Lord. I would like to bring some more cases of testimony on the other side. First of all, in the life of the Lord Jesus Christ there were many people who were healed and were made every whit whole. Our learned friend has brought in two points there I would like to answer. First, he has made the statement that there were no miracles, that the things which were done in the life of Jesus Christ could be explained away in the light of modern day. I don't think that this will prove or hold true.

I would like to bring our brother of John 9, who was born blind. We read that he never could see the light of day. Oh, if he could just step up to the witness stand and you could see him in person this afternoon! One day as he sat there yonder, blind, Jesus of Nazareth passed by; Jesus in the white robes, Jesus with the seamless dress, Jesus with the mighty power to heal and to answer prayer. And as he passed by he spoke to this and of John the 9th chapter and said to him:

“I am the Light of the World. You need be blind no longer. Go to the Pool of Siloam and wash.”

And he went his way and washed and came seeing. If the man could speak for himself, he would tell you his true story:

“As I washed in the Pool of Siloam, something happened. Though I had washed there many times before, it had never happened before. My eyes were opened and I could see. I could see the sun in the sky. I could see the flock in the fields. I could see the trees and the birds and the little children that sang. When I came back, my face was so changed that the people said, ‘This is he that was born blind!’ Others said, ‘No, but it is like him.’ And I said, ‘It is I.’ The people gathered round about me and they said, ‘Whence hast thou this sight?’ And I replied: ‘A man named Jesus came by and touched my eyes, and now I see.’ All the people had gathered round me, and the Scribes and Pharisees said, ‘Do you know that this Jesus is a sinner?’ But I made answer and said, ‘Whether he be a sinner or not, I do not know, but

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this one thing I know: whereas I was blind, now I see.”

I do contend that this was a miracle, wrought by the mighty hand of God that could not be explained in any other way, for they distinctly said there “It hath never been on this wise before,” and the Lord answered and made them every whit whole.

Again, there was a woman who came. My learned friend says that he thinks it isn't necessary, that our own means are always enough to raise the sick, but I would like to remind you of a woman who came one day and touched the hem of the Master's dress. First, I would like to remind the jury that this woman had suffered so for twelve years, that the Bible distinctly states she had spent all her living, had had many physicians and was none the better but rather worse, that now she was penniless, unable to get any more assistance from those sources, she turned to the Great Physician, she touched the hem of his seamless dress, and Gentlemen of the Jury, here she is as a witness that she was made instantly whole by the power of the Lord Jesus Christ. So here earthly power had done its best but had failed, and the Lord made her every whit whole.

Then was blind Bartimaeus. There were many who were touched, in fact there were multitudes who came. But someone might say, “Wasn't this their own mind. Perhaps it was some mental attitude. Maybe Christ was a great man who had power over the mind, that they imagined they were healed.”

But I would like to bring for your consideration this afternoon the fact that the Lord raised the widow's son who was dead. Moreover, that he took the little children in his arms and blessed and healed them. Again, that he took the demoniac child, touched it, cleansed it and made it every whit whole.

MR. BLACK: Your Honor and the Jury, I would like to make a point at this time. I think that the laws of human nature and circumstances around us teach that the Almighty sends sickness for to be a blessing to us. God put us into this world and I believe everything is here for a blessing to us. I think that it is good logic and good reasoning and there is no other argument needed that we need not

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murmur at things. I believe all sickness and disease and these things are sent a blessing to us. I believe we learn lessons from them. I believe they are sent to give us patience. (To the jury) Don't you think so? I think that is very plausible.

SISTER MCPHERSON: Your Honor, I object. He is trying to influence the jury.

THE COURT: The objection is sustained.

SISTER MCPHERSON: Gentlemen of the Jury, Your Honor, I do not believe that sickness came from God as a blessing, because if this were the case, Adam would have been born with a cancer or a tumor, but he was made in the image of God. When God completed his work in Adam he said he had made him in his own image and he saw his work and that work was good.

Secondly, I contend sickness came in originally through the fall and the curse. Sin has brought originally into the world sickness, and when Christ comes back again and when we reach Heaven, there will be no sickness, there will be no pain and there will be no death.

If our learned friend who is attorney for the prosecution this afternoon, believes that sickness is such a blessing and is sent from God, why not open up some of the laboratories in the city and let out germs which would give everybody influenza, consumption, tuberculosis, cancers or tumors, so that they would be blessed and led to be more patient? I think that our learned friend who is attorney for the prosecution has no grounds to sustain his argument in saying that people, when they are sick, are more patient. Perhaps, being a man, he has never nursed the sick. But I, being a woman and having at different times the privilege of nursing the sick, have not found them more patient, but rather impatient and irritable, and very difficult indeed to deal with as a general rule.

Again, and I think that point to the thinking gentlemen of the jury will be held, when the Lord found a woman in the Bible who was all stooped over, who for years had been unable to raise herself up,

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unable to straighten back her shoulders and look at God's beautiful stars and his handiwork in the sky, the Lord looked at the woman and asked this question: "Ought not this woman to be loosed? Ought not this woman whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this infirmity?"

If sickness had come as a blessing in disguise to bring her to God, he would have said this woman ought not to be loosed. But he did not take that attitude. He said, "This woman whom Satan hath bound," putting back the original cause for this disorder where it belonged, proving that it was not a blessing, but was just the opposite, loosed her and let her go. Praise the Lord, He is able!

MR. BLACK: I think that Jesus performed these miracles just simply to prove that he was the Son of God. I believe it is very clear in Scripture to me and to other thinking men, that the miracles that our Lord performed were performed to establish his Deity. I think that is all that is true.

SISTER MCPHERSON: Have you any proof for that of any description?

MR. BLACK: Yes. For instance, you take the case of John the Baptist. When John got in prison one time we read—I think it is somewhere in the Bible—where he sent to Jesus and he wanted to know, "Art thou he or do we look for another," and Jesus sent back in reply saying, "You go back and tell him that you see the dead raised and lepers cleansed and signs and wonders. I am doing these things that the people may know I am the Son of God." I think that is very plain.

SISTER MCPHERSON: Then the Lord, according to our learned prosecutor, just simply performed miracles to prove that he was divine. If Jesus healed the sick to prove his deity, he failed because they nailed him to a tree. When they said "Art thou the Son of God?" they did not believe. When he cast out devils they said "He casts them

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out by the power of Beelzebub. He hath a devil." So if he did these things to prove that he was divine, such a proof was a failure.

Secondly, I contend that if Christ did these things to prove his deity, we would be immediately saying that Christ was heartless, that he did not heal the sick because he loved them or felt sorry for them or cared for their welfare; that he merely did this as a means to an end, with an ulterior motive. This, it seems to me, is unworthy of what we know and what we believe about the Lord Jesus Christ. Then again we read that as our Lord saw the sick he was moved with compassion and he healed their sick.

MR. BLACK: Your Honor, I would like further to add that not only do I believe that Jesus did these miracles to prove his deity, but I further substantiate it with the argument that miracles ceased when our Lord went up to heaven. I believe history will show and common sense will bear it out that the age of miracles ceased when Christ went to Glory.

SISTER MCPHERSON: Your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury, our prosecutor needs to read his Bible more. We have only to turn to the third chapter of Acts to find that miracles did not cease with Jesus Christ going back to Glory, because Peter and John after that remarkable second chapter of Acts experience on the Day of Pentecost, were now on their way to the Temple to pray. In order to go to the Temple, they needed to pass through the gate called Beautiful. As they passed this gate there sat a man, lame from birth. We put him, through the Word of God, in the witness chair this afternoon.

Q. Are you the man who sat begging by the gate Beautiful?

A. I am he.

Q. As Peter and John passed you, what happened?

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A. As they passed I asked alms from them. Peter shook his head and he said, "Silver and gold have I none (I am a preacher!), but such as I have, give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." He took me by the hand, he raised me up, and immediately new life tingled through my limbs and my feet and I was made instantly whole. So happy was I that I leaped and danced and skipped, and I followed these men into the Temple and came down the aisle praising God. Then I threw my arms around them and the people came running together, and not only was I made perfectly well but five thousand souls were converted through my healing.

This proves that healing did not cease with the life of Jesus Christ on earth. Moreover, many other witnesses might be called to the stand. Take, for instance, the 5th chapter of Acts. We read that the sick were brought in beds and couches and laid in the streets, and even by the shadow of Peter passing by, they were healed, every one. All through these days while the twelve disciples were there, the Lord touched and healed the sick. As long as these disciples lived, the sick were healed, and it was carried on later. It was not only for the disciples; it was also for the Apostles. Take, for instance, the Apostle Paul. He did not live in the day to see the face of the Lord, yet the sick were healed in answer to his prayer. For instance, the man at Lystra who sat lame and helpless. The same heard Paul preach, and as Paul perceived the man had faith to be healed, he cried in a loud voice and said, "Stand upright on thy feet!" and the man was perfectly healed.

So I contend that all through not only the four Gospels, but the Acts of the Apostles, the sick were healed.

MR. BLACK: Your Honor, I would like to raise a point here. I would like to ask my learned friend a question. For instance, we read in the Scriptures some place that these signs shall follow those that believe, that they were to pick up serpents, and so on. Well, now, if we can do miracles today, why not go around and pick up serpents? I think that that is something that ought to be thought and considered seriously in this matter, gentlemen. I would like my learned friend

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just to answer that question to the jury.

SISTER MCPHERSON: We have to turn to Mark 16 for that in our textbook. In completing both of these questions, for now they both come under one heading, miracles did not cease with Christ going to Heaven, neither did they cease with the twelve disciples or the apostles or with Bible days, for the Lord distinctly gave his commission, first to the twelve, "As you go, preach and heal the sick," then to the seventy, "In whatsoever city or town you enter, preach the gospel, heal the sick that are therein." Later to the general great host of believers in Mark 16, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. These signs shall follow them that believe: in my name they shall cast out devils, in my name they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. If they lay hands on the sick, they shall recover."

I contend that for a grown man and a preacher to make a statement that because you lay hands on the sick to pray for them you should likewise go out and hunt serpents and poisonous reptiles to pick them up, is absurd on the face of it and is not worthy of a grown man, let alone a minister. Anybody who looks through the Bible and sees the Word of God, knows that no Scripture lacketh for her mate. All Scriptures are to be taken in unison and together. There is always a prophecy, then the way in which that prophecy was fulfilled. This that our prosecuting attorney has just quoted about taking up serpents was fulfilled in the life of Paul when wrecked on the Isle of Malta. You will remember, Your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury, that while wrecked there a bonfire was built to dry out the clothing of the sea-wrecked mariners who were tossed upon the shore. The Apostle Paul was an evangelist, but he was also an active man and ready to help. He gathered wood and as he put one stick on the fire a serpent came out, fastened on his hand and bit him, accidentally. Paul did not go about hunting for serpents to prove that these signs shall follow. It was an accident, or providentially permitted by God.

The serpent bit him, then Paul shook off the venomous reptile into

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the fire and he suffered no hurt. When the people looked for him to swell up and die, he went on with his work, preached the gospel, had a mighty revival, the sick were healed on that Island of Malta, and the Lord answered prayer.

MR. BLACK: I would like to make this statement right here: That I believe that healing ended with the Apostles. I believe it is very clear to every Bible student, I believe circumstances today point to it, that healing ended with the Apostles and that there is no more healing.

SISTER MCPHERSON: Your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury, again our learned friend needs to read more, this time not the Bible so much as to read history. Church history teaches the very opposite of that which he has stated. Any church history that you pick up which is an authority, from Josephus on, will tell you that for 400 years after the death of the apostles, miracles continued in mighty power round about through all that country, and miracles have never ceased.

I hold in my hand a book called "The Ministry of Healing" by A. J. Gordon, Gordon being an authority I believe that practically all churches accept. He has studied this thoroughly. He quotes Justin Martyr as saying, "The sick have been healed in this, our day, healed in answer to prayer."

Irenaeus, the great historian who codified the happenings of the church, declares, "Wherefore also those that are in truth the disciples, receiving grace from him, do in his name perform miracles so as to promote the welfare of others. Others still heal the sick, laying their hands upon them, and in this our day they are made whole."

The Waldenses, the Moravians, the Huguenots, the Covenanters, the Friends or Quakers, the Baptists and the Methodists—all of these movements as they started were attended by miracles and signs of healing. Healing and miracles did not stop with the day of Christ. I trace in this book right straight through the years up to 1730, all down through the Episcopal Church, the Methodist Church, up to our own present day. Here were the Covenanters. Here are the healings of the Welsh revival. Here are the stories clear down through Robert Bruce's

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day and up to our present, of the outpouring of the Lord in healing.

I present this book in evidence as Exhibit "A."

Moreover, John Wesley (up to our present day this brings us) prayed for the sick and saw them healed. John Wesley in the witness stand for a moment, is here with his own journal this afternoon and he writes his own healing testimony. In John Wesley's Journal, Vol. 4, page 332, he writes:

"This was another means of continuing my health till I was about seven and twenty. I then began spitting blood, which continued for several years. Eleven years after I was in the third stage of consumption. It pleased God in three months in answer to prayer to remove this consumption. This hath God wrought!"

At one time, John Wesley in his journal, supposing that he was near his end with this death, prepared his own tombstone and said, "Here lies the body of John Wesley, who died with consumption." However, in answer to prayer he states, in his own hand writing in his journal, that he was healed and that tuberculosis taken away.

In Volume 30, John Wesley's journal, page 617, he writes about an old disorder that returned: "I was considering that I had not called on God, the Great Physician, for help. I resolved to delay no longer. In that hour I felt a change. As I stood in my pulpit some weeks later the old disorder returned as violently as ever. The thought came to my mind, Why do I not apply to God for healing in the beginning rather than in the end of my illness? I did so and found immediate relief."

This by John Wesley. Again in his journal he tells us, "I visited many sick, among them J.W., who was in grievous pain in body and mind. Prayed with her and left her, but her pain was instantly gone, her soul was filled with peace, her body was healed, she immediately arose and the next day went abroad."

Gentlemen of the Jury, here is a book underlined in red ink which shows case after case where John Wesley prayed for the sick, they were healed of palsy, paralysis, tuberculosis, and all sorts of diseases. Moreover, John Wesley quotes these words from the witness stand this afternoon. These were written by his own pen after reading a book which denied, as our prosecutor has, the power of the Lord to

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heal and answer prayer:

“The grand reason why the miraculous gifts were so withdrawn was not only that faith and holiness were well-nigh lost, but that dry, formal, orthodox men began even then to ridicule whatever gifts they did not have themselves and to decry them either as madness or imposture.”

MR. BLACK: Gentlemen of the Jury, I want to appeal to your clear thinking minds with what I believe is my strongest argument against Divine Healing. My strongest argument and refutation against this doctrine is that, in fact, I don't know of any of our scholarly men that believe it. Most of our learned, scholarly, refined, reputable preachers and gentlemen do not believe and teach the doctrine.

SISTER MCPHERSON: I think that again our prosecutor is misinformed. In fact, I know he is. He needs not only to read the Bible and to read history more, but to read the books of great writers and preachers more. There are many who believe it. Luther is one. You have it there in the book which I gave you. (I present these books as Exhibits “B” and “C,” which I would like to have you have in your hands.) You have in your hand a book containing the writings of Luther upon this subject. Here is a book, the life of Spurgeon, written by that eminent divine, Conwell, who also was the author of “Acres of Diamonds” and was known and accepted everywhere. You will all, I am sure, take heed to that which Conwell writes, especially writing of such a man as our beloved Spurgeon:

“Much has been written by those who are wise and much has been said by those who were foolish with reference to the power of Christian faith in the healing of the sick. With reference to the healing of the sick by prayer and the laying on of hands, Mr. Spurgeon ever maintained a very careful attitude. Never did he condemn it. No man in England or in America in this century has ever healed (that means prayed for them) so many people as did Mr. Spurgeon, although himself was not a physician and never wrote a prescription. He once gathered a number of volumes on the subject of healing of the sick in

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answer to prayer and preached upon the subject. He often prayed for the recovery of the sick, who were immediately made whole. Mr. Spurgeon prayed with me this morning," he writes, "and I have been divinely healed, Glory to God."

So, Gentlemen of the Jury, here is this book, beginning on page 172, a well-known volume which ought to be in the library of every minister, the *Life of Spurgeon*, a learned and scholastic man who believed in Divine Healing.

John Wesley was a scholarly man, who believed in it. A. J. Gordon was indeed a scholarly man, also A. B. Simpson, and don't forget, Gentlemen of the Jury, Andrew Murray, one of the most precious, deep, profound, educated, thinking Christian writers the world has produced. He believed in Divine Healing and wrote upon it.

MR. BLACK: I would like, for my own satisfaction, to have my learned friend tell this jury, tell us why so many preachers oppose this doctrine.

SISTER MCPHERSON: For the same reason it was opposed when Christ was on earth. It was the high priests and the scribes and the Pharisees who opposed it most, and I believe there is only one thing to do, either to get faith and pray for them, or to cover up the lack of faith the best we can and explain why we don't by saying it is not for today. But it is for today and the Lord heals and answers prayer.

MR. BLACK: I don't think Divine Healing is necessary today. I think with all our modern institutions and our infirmaries, our twentieth century hospitals, our medical science and scientific achievement in general, I don't believe it is necessary.

SISTER MCPHERSON: I would like, just in closing my case, and I am going to rest it here, I think he is a hard man to convince, but I don't think the jury will be. I would like to call two or three witnesses to the stand. Is Miss Florence Glauser in the building this afternoon? Will you please come down, Sister? Johnnie Walker? How many are

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here who have been healed in answer to prayer when earthly power failed? Oh, the hosts of them? Would you care to question him yourself?

QUESTION BY MR. BLACK: Mr. Walker, were you ever divinely healed?

A. Yes.

Q. Will you in your own language just explain to the jury, for my satisfaction tell us briefly how it was?

A. Your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury, earthly physicians practiced on me for over twenty-five years to heal me of asthma, and failed. Twelve years and a half I was a drug addict, brought on by hypos shot into my arm to get relief from asthma. I had cravings at times that I would sneak off from anybody and lie and steal and almost murder in my heart to get a kick of some kind. I was prayed for seven months ago and absolutely healed of any kind of a craving whatsoever. I know that I am healed. I know that I will never have another craving for any kind of a drug or liquor. I know that absolutely, and Your Honor, I know that I am not hypnotized, but I do know that I am Christianized.

Q. BY SISTER MCPHERSON: Mr. Walker, how were you healed?

A. I was healed at Angelus Temple when an evangelist by the name of Aimee Semple McPherson was holding a great revival there. She prayed for me and the elders of the church prayed, and I was healed of any kind of a craving whatsoever.

Q. Who healed you?

A. Jesus Christ.

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QUESTION BY MR. BLACK: Are you actually healed?

A. I am healed, absolutely.

SISTER MCPHERSON: I would like to call another witness, Miss Florence Glauser, to come forward.

Miss Florence Glauser, you promise to tell the truth, nothing but the truth and the whole truth, by the help and grace of God? God bless you, I know you do all the time.

Our learned gentleman on the other side has made the statement that it is not necessary in this day of advanced science and skill to have prayer for the sick, that earthly power is sufficient. With all deference and respect for earthly physicians, we do thank God for them, for those that are skillful and honest, and there are many of them for every hospital. I have given money and helped raise money for building hospitals, and would do it again. It is splendid to have them. But here is a case of one who was healed when earthly help failed. I would ask her to stand and briefly state her case to the judge and the gentlemen of the jury.

MISS GLAUSER: Gentlemen of the Jury, I want to say this afternoon, as I have testified perhaps hundreds of times, of how the Lord Jesus Christ healed me when all earthly physicians had given up hope of my recovery. About four years ago I was stricken with influenza. But taking you back to the time I was six years of age, I had an infected spine, from which I suffered years and years. But four years ago was stricken with influenza, for a time was unable to lie down. The pain was so severe in the head that I was compelled to sit in a chair with my head bowed forward for almost ten long months, from February to November. I was getting so I was scarcely able to speak above a whisper. My jaws were becoming stiff and scarcely able to eat any more. No one was permitted in my room for weeks, yes months at a time but those who were attending me. All earthly physicians had given me up to die. X-rays were taken to show the decay of the bones. Large pus bags would gather and cause such

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untold suffering and pain that we would have to call the doctor at two or three o'clock in the morning. The doctor would have to reach back and break those large pus bags, and pus would flow from my nose and mouth from time to time, but no relief. All earthy physicians had given up hope for my recovery.

Sister McPherson was holding meetings in Canton, Ohio. I was taken there, scarcely able to make the trip. And there I answered the altar call and asked to be forgiven and delivered from sin and made clean by the precious blood of the Lamb. Then I was prayed for and the precious hand of Jesus was laid upon me as my Great Physician and I was instantly healed. Praise the Lord! And from that day on to this I have been strong and well, Glory to His Holy Name!

SISTER MCPHERSON: I would like to add just in brief cross-questioning of this witness; it is true that as a little child while playing with a kitten you backed up to an open doorway and fell down a flight of cellar steps?

A. I did.

Q. And for years was never free from pain, but this developed a few years ago, when influenza was raging, to tuberculosis of the bones of the head. Your X-ray pictures are now here and are on file?

A. Yes.

Sister finally became so bad that she sat leaning forward and for ten long months never went to bed. Earthly physicians, of course, could not cut out that bone and put in a new bone because it was so far gone, and couldn't bear such an operation. Sister was given up to die. Then after all earthly skill had failed, prayer was made. The prayer simply consisted of laying hands on her head and praying, "Lord, heal her." The Lord could have gotten along without the laying on of hands, but that is Scriptural. But as we prayed, Sister was raised up. She went back to the hotel and had a good sleep, the first for

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months. She has come out now, Gentlemen of the Jury, and is attending the Evangelistic and Missionary Training Institute, is studying to be a home evangelist, and expects to lead thousands of souls to Jesus Christ—Is perfectly whole.

MR. BLACK: Do you inform this audience and the gentlemen of the jury that you are well.

ANSWER BY MISS GLAUSER: Perfectly well.

SISTER MCPHERSON: I could bring in many more witnesses, but I think it unnecessary. I could bring in witnesses from now until a week from today and still not have finished. But here I rest my case, Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury, that Divine Healing has a place in the church today. In closing this, however, before the jury file out to bring in their verdict, everyone in this Temple who is a witness that Jesus Christ still lives and heals the sick in answer to prayer please stand.

Here I rest my case, Your Honor.

MR. BLACK: Gentlemen of the Jury, I now want to give you a summary of the evidence that I have just presented to you.

I don't think there has been sufficient evidence brought here today that there actually were miracles in the Bible. I don't believe that Jesus healed the people. I believe that he was simply a great psychologist and he had a beautiful personality; and I don't believe that a great percentage of these people who are sick are sick at all—I think they just imagine they are.

And I believe had our doctors been alive when Jesus was here on earth and in Bible days, they could have healed every one of those men. I believe the days of miracles have passed and we should depend upon science. Gentlemen of the Jury, I appeal to you that you should consider my arguments and render your verdict thereby.

THE COURT: Do both the attorney for the prosecution and the

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defense rest their cases?

ATTORNEYS: Yes, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Gentlemen of the Jury, you have now heard all the evidence in this case and with your foreman you will retire to the jury room where you will remain until you have reached a verdict, after which I will announce the decision of the court.

(Jury retired and upon their return the following verdict was read:)

Your Honor, as foreman of the jury I present to you the following verdict: We, twenty-four men, have unanimously agreed that the doctrine of Divine Healing as taught in the Scriptures and demonstrated by our Lord and His Apostles should be preached and advocated in the church today and heartily recommend to the clergy of our land more preaching and teaching on this particular line.

(Signed, Members of the Jury)

THE COURT: Gentlemen of the Jury, Mr. Foreman, is this your unanimous verdict?

A. Your Honor, all but one.

THE COURT: I now pronounce that the attorney for the defense has made out her case overwhelmingly and the jury has brought in its verdict of twenty-three to one in favor of it, and we pronounce that the case has been made by the defense.

*The Four Square Gospel in
the Four Square Way*



*Sunday Morning
June 15, 1924*



THE FOUR SQUARE GOSPEL! I think, perhaps, I was one of the first to use that term. It came to me in prayer as most fitting for the Gospel that we were preaching. Since that time, the term “Four Square Gospel” has been heralded around the world. You and thousands of others are members of the Four Square Gospel church, or socially, know the meaning of the term, but others say, “I know it is splendid but, Sister, I want you to tell me more about the Four Square Gospel and the meaning of the term.”

The Four Square Gospel! What is it? How to preach it. The necessity of preaching it. What it can, will, and does accomplish.

First of all, the word “Four Square” is found as a scriptural term in many places in the Bible. In Exodus 27 we read, “The altar shall be foursquare.” Almost everything the Lord had the people make in those olden days was foursquare. I hope that we will always have a foursquare altar in Angelus Temple.

We turn to Exodus 30 and read, “Foursquare shall it be.” And, in Exodus 37, “It was foursquare.”

“The altar shall be foursquare!” “Foursquare shall it be!” “It was foursquare!” Praise the Lord!

We also read that the altar of incense was to be made of shittim wood, which was to be most fragrant and filled with beautiful odors; and it was foursquare. The altar of burnt offering, which was made of shittim wood, was also foursquare.

In Exodus 39 we read of the breastplate which the priest wore as he

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stood in the holy tabernacle to minister unto the Lord, “And he made the breastplate of cunning work, like the work of the ephod; of gold, blue and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen. It was foursquare; they made the breastplate double. And they set in it four rows of stones: the first row was a sardius, a topaz, and a carbuncle; this was the first row.

“And the second row, an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond.

“And the third row, a ligure, an agate, and an amethyst.

“And the fourth row, a beryl, an onyx, and a jasper.”

The priest who ministers is a type of Jesus Christ our High Priest. His breastplate was four square and his emblem was foursquare.

In 1 Kings 7 we read of the lavers that were to be made foursquare and not round. There were no corners to be cut off, it must be foursquare. I hope that we will always preach a Four Square Gospel here and never make it round.

In Ezekiel 48:20 we read, “All the oblation shall be five and twenty thousand by five and twenty thousand: ye shall offer the holy oblation foursquare.” If you are going to bring in a testimony or oblation of any kind, be sure to offer it foursquare.

One of the last things we read in Revelation is “He has gone to build us a city, and the city lieth foursquare.” Hallelujah, we are going to live in a foursquare city! First of all, we worship the Lord around a foursquare altar; then, we look upon the priest—Jesus Christ our High Priest—and He bears upon His breast a foursquare breastplate; then, we offer a foursquare oblation on a foursquare altar; and we are on our way to a foursquare city. Hallelujah!

The Four Square Gospel! What does it mean? First of all, what does “Four” mean? It stands for balance, poise, solidity, and strength; also for speed. The beasts of the field are made with four legs upon which to run. Man is made with two feet and two hands, making four. The birds have two feet and two wings so that that they may walk or fly. Vehicles—everything except a bicycle and a velocipede go on four wheels. We speak of the corners of the earth as four—North, East, South and West. Nature is divided up into four—the sun, the air, fire and water. The tree has four parts—roots trunk, branches, and leaves.

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“Four” stands for completeness. “Four” also stands for God plus man, or man plus God, whichever way you want to say it. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, plus the church. It takes that to make Heaven complete.

There are four Gospels—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Each of these reveals the Lord Jesus Christ in a certain phase. He is represented to us in four beautiful characters—as the Man, the Great Physician, the Baptizer with the Holy Ghost, and the soon coming King.

There were four creatures in the vision that Ezekiel beheld. One with the face of a man, another with the face of a lion, one with the face of an ox, and the other with a face of an eagle—beautiful types of Christ in His foursquare characteristics.

Mankind, you might say, in his life is divided up into four. First of all, there is his private life which is known only to himself and his Maker. Secondly, his home life which is known to his immediate family and friends. Thirdly, his business life which is known to his associates and they know whether or not he is foursquare in business. Fourthly, his church life which is known to the people with whom he worships.

Almost everything that is complete falls into four quarters. Take the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. It points in four directions. First, it points down in humility to the feet of the Saviour and says, “Come, wash away your sins in the fountain filled with Blood drawn from Immanuel’s veins.” Secondly, it points upward and seems to say, “Look up to Jesus. Seek a better city up there. Lay up your treasures in heaven.” Thirdly, the one arm of the Cross reaches out as toward the foreign field to bring in the heathen. Fourthly, the other arm reaches out to those in the homeland as if it would draw them to Christ. In other words, the Cross points down to pardon and peace; up towards heaven; with one hand over the Old Testament—the law; and reaching the other hand out over the New Testament—the dispensation of grace for those who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of the living God. Oh, how I thank Him this morning for the Cross of Calvary!

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On your coat this morning you are wearing a Four Square Gospel Pin. The four is on a blue field which rests on an open Bible. Four stands for completeness—Jesus Christ the only Saviour, Baptizer, Healer, and coming King. The four which is white stands for purity, the blue for royalty and heaven, the gold for the divine nature of Jesus Christ, and the open Bible means that it should be preached from cover to cover.

You remember the story of the man who was sick with the palsy? He is a type of this old world that is full of sin, sickness, misery and affliction. You only have to pick up the paper to see that this world is paralyzed. Four men carried this palsied man to the place where Jesus was. That is what we, as four square people, want to do today—pick up the sinful and sick and bring them to Jesus Christ. They lifted him to the roof, took off a foursquare piece of the roof, and let the man down with four cords to Jesus. The four cords represent Salvation, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, Divine Healing, and that blessed hope of His soon coming. These four cords will never break, and we need all four cords if we are going to lower this suffering and needy world to the humble place—at Jesus' feet. If you cut one of the cords, you are apt to spill the man off. Use all four cords and let the man down gently.

This Gospel should at all times be preached foursquare. And, in letting down the poor old world to the presence of Jesus, every rope should be kept even. Over-emphasis on the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and you will spill the man. Preach nothing but divine healing, and you will spill the man. The four cords must be equally divided. If they are not, the result is that people become disgusted, they fall off, and instead of a blessing, you have a wreck. Divine Healing should be preached in conjunction with Jesus Christ as the Saviour, Baptizer, and soon coming King. Lord, help us to have poise, equilibrium, and to preach a well-balanced Gospel.

The Four Square Gospel! Being foursquare means that you are not lopsided; that you do not cut anything off. "It shall be foursquare and not round" we are told distinctly. Lots of people would rather have a corner knocked off here and there. They say, "I don't believe we need

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to preach Jesus Christ as the Baptizer with the Holy Ghost. The other is enough." Oh, no! it must be foursquare and not round. "Well, that's all right, but I don't believe we need Divine Healing. Won't you cut that corner off?" No, because if we did we would not be able to stand foursquare.

Let us take the whole Bible This Four Square Gospel meets the needs and requirements of every one of us through and through.

Four Square means facing directly, not in a flinching way, but foursquare.

The word "Gospel" means good news—the Four Square Good News. I believe that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ was intended to be good news and not sad news. The Old Testament started out with good news: "God looked upon the earth and saw that it was good." But, when sin entered, there was bad news. Jeremiah declared that there would be woe, trouble, sorrow, and perilous times. In Lamentations he says, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

But, when we turn the pages to the New Testament, the sound of the orchestra seems to change. There comes the song of the angels. The minor refrain, "Woe, woe, woe; lamentation, sorrow, and death" seems to change and the orchestra bursts through the sound and begins to play. The angels say, "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" Instantly the music swells, there is great gladness, and from that time as never before comes the good news.

Christ declared it was "good news," saying, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit

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of heaviness.”

The apostles declared that they had good news, and they were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost.

What we need today is the Four Square Gospel, and nothing else is going to bring down a four square revival. You will know when you come in the presence of the Four Square Gospel. It may be preached by those who do not use that phrase for it. The moment you come near a church where it is preached, you will feel it in the atmosphere.

The Four Square Gospel or the Four Square Good News! Do you see anything sad in Angelus Temple? No, the Temple is decorated with bells and angels.

“I have sad news for you.” “Oh, what is it? It is not my little boy?” “No, but it is sad news The Lord has changed; and a great deal of the Bible is blue penciled. Divine Healing is not for today, the baptism of the Holy Ghost is not for today, and there is no second coming of Jesus Christ. It is sad news.” I should think it would be sad. Everybody’s face gets long, and there are no Amens or Hallelujahs.

But, hallelujah, that is not the kind of tale of which I am the harbinger! I bring you good tidings! There isn’t a lie or a mistake in the Bible It is true from cover to cover, and it suits me. Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God, and was born of the Virgin Mary. When we were lost and undone, He died that we might live, that through the shedding of His precious Blood we might have remission of sin. But, though He died, He is alive forevermore. And, because He lives, we too shall live. Oh, I have good news for you—Jesus Christ is coming back again! Soon we shall see His face in the clouds of Glory, if we are faithful.

Good news! We are still living in the dispensation of the Holy Spirit and may be filled with the Spirit even as they were on the day of Pentecost.

Good news! God has not commissioned anybody to run a blue pencil through anything in the Bible. It is true from cover to cover. Hallelujah!

When they asked me what I wanted to be played on the organ, I said, “Be sure to put in bells and a harp.” When we were planning our

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radio rooms, I said, “One of the first things I want is a set of chiming bells.” When the Temple was being built, people asked me, “Sister McPherson, what are you going to name your Temple?” I said, “Angelus—speaking of the bells ringing from the belfry on the hill in the night when all is still. Also, the Temple of the Angels.”

Have you noticed the frieze work around the Temple? It is composed of angels and bells, and was given to me by the Lord in a vision.

What should be the central motto of Angelus Temple since it was going to tell the good news? Should it be, “Woe, all have sinned and come short of the glory of God?” We all know that, and anyway that would not be good news. What is the heart of the good news? The good news focuses on this point, “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever.”

Good news! I wanted to describe the good news so that if anyone came into the Temple who was deaf they could see it. And, thank God, many have!

What should be the colors of the Temple? Not somber, but like the beautiful sky. And the ceiling? Don’t make it gloomy. They wanted to make it a night scene with stars shining. But I said, “No. Let’s make it an azure blue sky with clouds to remind us that Jesus Christ is coming in the clouds of glory.”

We had the inscription, “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever,” the frieze work of angels and bells, and the azure blue sky with the clouds, but to me that was not enough. I wanted to tell the whole story of the good news in such a way that if a deaf person should come to the Temple, or if anybody should come when I was not here to preach, that they would be able to look around and see the good tidings.

So I planned the windows while on the boat to Australia, and we wanted them to tell the story of Jesus.

Window #1 tells of the Christ Child. In planning this window, I said, “I want you to put in the beautiful Babe of Bethlehem. Make a manger, but show a little of the sky. Have the Virgin Mary in the foreground, but have Jesus in the immediate front. Put Joseph in the

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background. Then, I want angels kneeling at the feet of Jesus. And don't forget the wise men with their gifts." Under this window are the words, "Unto you is born a Saviour," and at the top of the window, as the keynote, is a star.

Window #2 is Jesus Christ being baptized in the river Jordan by John. The keynote is the sun, and underneath are the words, "This is My beloved Son."

Window #3. I said, "For that man or woman who might come in from the street troubled when I am not here to speak to them, let me tell the good news that no matter how stormy the sea, Jesus Christ can stretch forth His hand and say 'Peace, be still' and there will be a great calm." So we pictured a boat and Jesus coming to meet it.

#4. Then, for the person who might say, "Oh, I could never walk on the waves or be a Christian," we pictured Peter walking on the waves to meet the Lord, thus saying, "You can walk on the waves if you keep your eyes on Jesus. If you get in trouble and begin to sink, all you need do is say, 'Lord save me,' and immediately Jesus will reach out His hands." An olive branch is the keynote of that picture, and there are these words, "It is I. Be not afraid."

"Sister McPherson, what do you want in your window near the altar?" I thought, "When Satan came into the world he brought Siamese twins—sin and sickness. When Jesus came into the world, He brought salvation and healing. I would like to have a salvation window on the right hand, and a divine healing window on the left hand."

Some folks may say, "Jesus, you died for me, but I am afraid I'm too great a sinner." Ah, no! The good news window speaks, "See that woman in flaming robes? She was a sinner, and had fallen far from grace. They were going to stone her. Poor little woman. She was to be pitied more than blamed. And Jesus came to her. Do you see the men going away, dropping their stones? Then, comes the good news—the Master forgave her and said, "Go in peace and sin no more." The people who come into the Temple when no one was here to tell them the story will look at that window and say, "Dear Lord, how can you do it? But, if you forgave that woman of her sins, you will forgive me."

Window #5 has as its keynote a cup of healing oil. The person who

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comes into the Temple when nobody is here may be sick. So, I said, “Give me an outdoor scene with the sick coming to Jesus.” There we have the man who was carried on his bed to Jesus, and Jesus taking him by his hand and lifting him up; also a woman touching the hem of His garment and being made whole. In the distance is a mother coming with her baby, and in the background we see people coming on crutches. Underneath are the words, “Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

Then I wanted a picture of Gethsemane to bridge the gap, and in window #6 we have Jesus kneeling and the angel ministering. In the background are the three disciples, Peter, James and John, and away back are the eight that were asleep. Judas has left them. Then there are the moon and stars shining down through the whispering palms. Underneath is the message, “Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.”

Window #7. I said, “Give me a picture of the Cross with no cherubims or light—nothing but darkness.” So there we have it. The stones are quaking apart, and the women are at the foot of the Cross, looking up and trusting to the last. There we have the words, “It is finished.”

Then came the glad note—He ascended on high. For fear I should not be here when the man or woman came in from the street, I wanted him to be able to read the final message that was spoken by the Master, “If I go away, I will come again.” So we planned window #8. I think that is the best of the good news—the blessed hope of His second coming.

Then, I thought, “Someone might say, ‘How is He coming?’ So we took forty feet to span the beautiful mural painting of the good news. It is a picture showing Jesus Christ in the center with outstretched hands, one hand reaching upward, “I will take you to that land where there is no sin or sorrow; the other hand, “Bless you, my children. I am with you every minute of the day and night.” Then there are ten thousand hosts attending with their long, slender trumpets.

Beloved, I believe in the Gospel—the good news. I don’t preach all the bad news that other people do. People are tired of hearing of

The Four Square Gospel in the Four Square Way

man's worst, and they want to hear of God's best. They don't want to hear of man's failure, but of God's glory.

The Four Square Gospel shows Jesus Christ as with the face of a man, then with the face of a lion, thirdly a face of an ox or servant, and fourthly the face of the coming King. The Four Gospels show Him in one of these phases. The first part of the Gospel is Jesus Christ the Man, the Son of God, who died that we might live. Have you ever seen the face of the Man Christ Jesus—the Man of Galilee bending over you? Have you had Him knock at your door saying, "Open, and I will come in"? Thank God, I have seen Him by faith in the Word. It seems to me that the Bible is a mirror. If you have been to Mount Wilson or Mount Lowe, you know how the telescope reflects the sky. Well, in the same way the Bible reflects Jesus Christ. The mirror is not turned down but up. That is the way my Bible reflects Jesus my Saviour to me—I hold it up and He who is above shines into it. The Spirit quickens it, and there I see the Man of Galilee. I am hopelessly in love with Jesus Christ. He is my Saviour, the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley. I adore Him, and worship at His feet. His Blood has washed my sins away, and now I am looking for Him.

Secondly, I see him as the mighty Lion of Judah—in other words, the Baptizer with the Holy Ghost. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." The Lord said, "John truly baptized with water, but you shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost." John said, "He that cometh after me will baptize you." Do you know Jesus Christ as the Baptizer with the Holy Ghost?

"Sister McPherson, is that something separate from salvation?" It is. When you are saved, you are washed in the Blood of the Lamb. When you are baptized, the Third Person of the Trinity comes in and takes up His abode.

Thirdly, we have the picture of Jesus Christ the Servant, typified in Ezekiel's vision as the ox. Of all the beasts of the field, the ox is the most dependable and the most patient. It never balks. It may fall, but it will get right up and begin to pull again. Jesus Christ is the Burden-Bearer. We may heap upon Him our sin, sickness, burdens, and cares whether of body, soul or spirit. He will not flinch under the heaviest

The Four Square Gospel in the Four Square Way

load. He is very patient, and strong to deliver.

Fourthly, Jesus Christ the Coming King. "Wherefore, comfort one another with these words, He who went away is coming back again." And I believe His coming is not distant. He may come any time. I may never live to see it, but as God counts time, His coming is not far away.

When we were building the Temple, people said, "Sister, if you believe the Lord's coming is imminent, why are you building a fire proof concrete and steel building?" First, because the law would not let me build any other kind. Secondly, I do it because the Lord has said, "Occupy till I come." Just because He is coming does not mean for us to sit back and hold our hands. We are to preach the Gospel, build churches, and schools to prepare missionaries and evangelists for the field.

The Four Square Gospel is a sensible kind of a Gospel. The reason some people get fanatical is because they let go, or pull too tight on one of the ropes. We should not over-emphasize one rope. The thing we should do is preach the Four Square Gospel. Do you notice how I mix my sermons? One on divine healing, one on the baptism of the Holy Ghost, one on salvation, and one on the second coming. I don't run divine healing services every night in the week. I don't have tarrying meetings every night. If I did, I would tip somebody off. I don't preach salvation only, because I would not reach the people who are saved and want to go deeper. I try to keep the four ropes even. If we do this, we are not going to be fanatical, high strung, nervous people. But, we are going to be poised, balanced, practical people. And, when Jesus comes, He is going to find a net filled with fish, and is going to lift it to Glory Land. We can say, "The net did not break, and we have lost none which you gave us."

"The altar shall be foursquare!"

"Foursquare shall it be!"

"It was foursquare!"

Come



*Saturday Evening
June 21, 1924*



OME"—THE SECOND sweetest word in the Bible: The first sweetest word is "Jesus."

In Matthew 11:28 we read "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

First comes the command from our Lord, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden."

No matter who you are, the Lord is calling you.

Not only does He call you to come and lay your burdens down at His feet, but in Matthew 16:24 we read "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

If you are coming to the Lord to lay down your burden of sin or sickness, you must be willing for time and eternity to take up your cross and follow Jesus Christ. It is a little different from going to the average doctor. When you go to a doctor, you may pay your bill, and he will give you a receipt saying, "Paid in full." Then all obligations are canceled. But you cannot do that in coming to the Lord for healing—you have an eternal obligation—a life-long task to perform, but a joyous one. You must take up your cross daily and follow after Him.

Again in Mark 10:21 "Come, take up the cross, and follow me."

If you will take the Lord as your Saviour and take up His cross, you will hear His voice, saying, "Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men."—Mark 1:17.

Not only will He save you, heal you, and bless you, but He will make your life worthwhile. He will give you something to live for—an object in life. In other words, He will make you a winner of souls.

Come

In Luke 14:17 there is a message for every Christian, “Come, for all things are now ready.” It is also a message for the unconverted.

There is a table spread tonight. On this table there is salvation, victory, healing, and blessing. And to everyone He is bidding, “Come, for all things are now ready.” The menu card is the Bible. God’s pantry shelves are full of blessing, and nothing has been vetoed or blue penciled. Everything that was served in the Bible days is served tonight. The people of Bible days did not eat all of salvation, divine healing, or the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The great invitation is still to you, “Come, for all things are now ready.”

The last “Come” is in Matthew 25:34 and that will come at the end of life’s journey, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

Oh, there are so many of these “Comes!” “Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile. Come and learn of Me.” But the “Come” that I wish to bring to you is that in Matthew 11:28, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

First, the word “Come.” The whole Bible is filled with this word from the very beginning to the very end. At the beginning the Lord bade them to come and walk with Him, and in the cool of each day He came to the Garden of Eden to walk with His people. In the last chapter of the Bible we read, “The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” Then, in the very heart of the Bible is tucked away this precious verse, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

If the Lord Jesus Christ should sum all His message up into one word, and if God the Father should sum His invitation into one word, and if all the Bible were summed up and shaken together, it would be the word “Come.” Oh, if Jesus Christ were standing here tonight with outstretched hands, nailed-pierced hands, smiling face, loving heart, welcoming voice, He would speak the word “Come!”

He said, “Come just as you are.” You cannot make one spot white. The leopard cannot change his spots; neither can you wash your sins away. Don’t say, “When I am better, I will come. I am too great a

Come

sinner now.” Come just as you are. Come with vileness, need, pride, selfishness, sickness, a broken heart, disillusionment; whatever it may be. Come! Come!

“Oh, but I don’t understand.”

Never mind just come.

“But I don’t know much about the Bible.”

“Never mind, come!”

“Oh, but, Sister McPherson, I haven’t prayed in years.”

Well, just come. It doesn’t matter who you are.

“But I have gone so far away.”

Never mind—come! Don’t wait another minute. Just get up and come now.

“But I am old now and have wasted all my years.”

Cheer up! Come on! Don’t wait any longer.

“Sister McPherson, I am afraid I am too bad and that there are too many sins in my heart.”

Oh, no! Jesus loves you. If you are sinner, you are the one the Lord is looking for. He said, “I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” That is, He did not come for the folks who say, “I am such and such a person. I live on such and such a street. My family came over on the Mayflower.” If you are that kind of a person, the Lord is not looking for you, you self-righteous man! The one who says, “O God, be merciful to me a sinner. I am not worthy of Thy goodness. Oh, do you think He would have me?”

You poor soul, you are a lost sheep and the voice of the Good Shepherd is calling to you. For years His voice has echoed through the valleys and mountains saying, “Come! Come! Come!” There has never been a voice like that of Jesus. For centuries, mothers’ voices have been calling their children, “Come, dear,” but never was there a mother’s voice as sweet as the voice of Jesus. His voice is sweeter than the rushing waters. Can you hear it? Listen! Can you hear Him say, “Come! Come! Come! Look up, child. Cheer up. I am here. If you will come to me, I will make your life all over new, body, soul and spirit. Come!”

Oh, what a word it is! Come. And that word will come to you all

Come

through your Christian life.

First, it comes to you as a sinner.

“Come.”

“Where, Lord?”

“Come to Calvary. Kneel at the foot of the Cross and say, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’”

When you do this, His Blood is applied to your heart and your burdens roll away.

“If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. Come ye after Me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.” He will make you a soul winner, then He will call you to the Upper Room and fill you with the Holy Spirit.

All through my life He has said, “Come ye apart and rest awhile.” And some day I expect to hear Him say from above, “Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

From the beginning the day He speaks to you as a poor, hell-deserving sinner—until that moment He bids you come up higher, it will be the sweet word “Come.”

“Oh, Sister McPherson, I wish I could come. You speak as though it was so easy. But I will tell you what is the matter with me. I have seen so many hypocrites that I cannot believe in anything. I have seen so many people who profess but do not live the life.”

We all have seen people like that. If we fix our eyes on people, we are going to fall, but if we fix our eyes on Jesus, we need not falter. “I dare not trust the sweetest frame, but wholly lean on Jesus’ name.”

Oh, I would not want you to come after me! I feel so little, so insignificant, not worthy to be the dust under His precious feet, scarce hardly to preach His Word. I am, just a poor lost sinner redeemed by His grace.

The Lord says, “Come unto Me,” not unto Sister McPherson, she might fail. Not unto so and so, but unto Me. Can’t you trust Him? He never failed.

“Come unto Me, all ye that are weary.”

“Sister, do you think you could help me? I am a sinner and I am

sick.”

Why, I am so afraid I cannot help you. There is possibly one way that I can, that is by pointing you to Jesus the Son of God.

You know these signposts that the Automobile Club has put on the roads? They help you by saying, “So many miles to Los Angeles.” Well, that is the only way I can help you—by being a little signpost and saying, “This way to Jesus Christ.” It is He who must do the work.

Who can come unto Him? “Come unto Me a-l-l.” Brother that means you. Sister dear, it means you.

“Oh, Sister, I am afraid not.”

Why not?

“Because I am a backslider. Once I was a Christian, and knew what it was to walk with the King and to feel the touch of His hand upon me. But, oh, I have backslidden. I have gone into the world, and have taken the name of the Lord in vain. I don’t think He means me.”

Yes, He does. He is married to the backslider. You have left Him, but He has never left you. He has been following you and just waiting for your cry. Speak the word and He will take you back. I used to think it was so hard to get back to Jesus until He took me back then I knew.

“Come unto Me all ye that are weary.” Is there anybody weary tonight? You precious people! I can look into your faces and tell you are weary. In some of your faces are carved the lines of years.

You have borne many a burden, sat by sickbeds of loved ones, and watched the flowers fade at the close of life’s short day. The Lord knows how weary you are. Some of you have carried your sins a long time.

“Sister McPherson, I certainly have.”

Yes, and you have tried, to be so brave. You have blinked your eyes fast and tried to keep the tears back. You have swallowed the big lump that came in your throat, and maybe late at night sobbed it out. All day long you squared back your shoulders and were so brave. Jesus knows. He knows the pain in your heart, the heavy burden, and how weary you are.

It may be the weariness of sin. He will take it away, if you will let

Come

Him. It may be the weariness of sickness. He is just as willing to heal the body as He is the soul, for “whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee: or to say, Arise, and walk?”

Can't you trust Him? Won't you step out to Him when He says, “Come—come to Me, the Saviour”? Then, come just as freely and with just as much faith when He, says, “Come to Me as the Great Physician, or as the Baptizer with the Holy Spirit.”

You would not be afraid to walk into a doctor's office when he tells you to “Come.” Then don't be afraid to trust Jesus. You are not afraid to put yourself into the doctor's hand even though you are going to be unconscious—chloroformed or etherized—when you go into the operating room. You are not afraid. You say to the doctor, “I trust myself into your hands.” Can't you trust yourself into the hands of Jesus?

Come now. You have carried your load long enough. Come and lay it at Jesus' feet. “Come unto Me all ye that are weary.” Why, Jesus is a rock in a weary land and a shelter in the time of storm.

“Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden.” Are any of you heavy laden? Some of you are. Sometimes you have staggered and almost fallen in the way. Come on! Lay it down at Jesus' feet.

Why carry it another minute? If you are heavy laden with sin, sickness or discouragement—come!

“I will give you rest.” Who will give you rest? Sister McPherson? Oh, bless you, no! Don't I wish I could? When folks call up and ask, “Sister, do you think you could heal me? I have lost my eyesight, or my hearing,” I wish I could. If I had a basketful of eyes, I would give you all one. Of ears, I would give you all one. Of hearts, or hands, or legs, I would give you all one. But I can't do it. All I can say is, “Look to the Lamb of God.”

“Come unto Me,” said Jesus, “and I will give you rest”—rest in your body, soul and poor fevered mind. Come! “Come and I will give you rest.”

“But, Sister McPherson, I have spent all my money. I spent it all on this cure and that cure, and I haven't any money left. Does it cost much?”

Come

You poor soul! If you haven't one penny, you are just as welcome as though you had a thousand dollars—you are as welcome as the flowers in May. If we see anybody in a shabby coat, they get the front seat.

“Come unto Me and I will give you rest.” You don't have to pay for it—He will give you rest.

“Give me what?”

He will give you r-e-s-t; That is about the third, most beautiful word in the Bible. First—Jesus; second—Come; third—Rest. Rest for the weary and the faint. Come on! He will give you rest. Aren't you tired? Do you want to stagger any longer? Do you want to be a sinner? Do you want to chase around after Satan, after worldliness, dances, theaters, card parties? All right, if you do. But I think you are tired of it. Don't you want rest, real peace, satisfaction and happiness? Then come!

And your body? Aren't you tired of trying everything else and not getting any relief? He invites you to “Come!” His arms are open and He is saying, “Come!” Glory to Jesus! Hallelujah! C-O-M-E!

My Lord and my Master; my Redeemer, Saviour and King, speak to every weary heart tonight. Oh, when you opened your arms that day and said “Come,” how the people must have flocked to you; how they must have come running to fall at your feet! Lord, they are coming that way tonight. Hallelujah! This old world has not changed. The people are the same, and have the same loads and aching hearts. They are coming, Jesus. Just smile at them, Lord. We know you are going to save them and give them rest. Amen.

This is That



*Sunday Afternoon
June 22, 1924*



OUR TEXT IS found in the second chapter of Acts, only three words in length, it will be easy for you to remember, the 16th verse: “This is that.”

It is wonderful to have a “This is that” experience and I do hope that before this meeting closes everybody here will have a real “This is that” experience. It is the most comfortable sort of an experience to be able to put your hand right on the Bible and check up on your own life and say “This is that. This experience that the Lord has given me tallies with the Word of God. This is that.”

We had a wonderful prayer meeting Friday evening. It was the last day of school and we were praying that the Lord would give us a glorious finale to the school year, so I asked that the students would come over to the Administration Building at the corner after the service. They packed the rooms and some had to sit on the floor because there were not chairs enough to go round. And we prayed and we sang, and the power of God fell. It just seemed as though a rushing wind from heaven was sweeping through those rooms. For a while our eyes opened with surprise. We didn’t know what was going to happen. And then our eyes filled with happy tears and we all knelt to worship Him. I don’t know how many received the baptism of the Holy Spirit that night. I guess Eternity alone will tell, but, thank God, there were many, and among all of our students there were this number who hadn’t yet received the blessed Pentecostal baptism of the Holy Spirit, and we said, “There is no need of anybody going out without being filled. Let us just pray right now.” And the power of

God struck the place and the Lord was filling them everywhere. It put me in mind of when the Lord was going away and was sending His disciples out to the work, He said, "Go and preach the Gospel, but tarry first at Jerusalem until you are endued with power from on high."

"This is that." These words were spoken on the birthday of the church, that memorable day, the Day of Pentecost. I presume that I have read this chapter to you so often that almost everyone knows it by heart. We should all know it by heart:

Acts 2:1-21: "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.

"And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language. And they were all amazed and marveled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judaea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God. And they were all amazed, and were in doubt, saying one to another, What meaneth this? Others mocking said, These men are full of new wine.

"But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and said unto them, Ye men of Judaea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to 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

This is That

pass in the last days, saith God, 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 handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy. And I will show wonders in heaven above, signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke...And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.”

The exquisite setting of these words, then, is known and beloved by us all, for this was the beginning of the church; the birthday of the church. This was the day upon which the curtain officially rolled up upon the dispensation of the Spirit, the dispensation in which we are still living and in which we will continue to live, God willing, till Jesus comes, bursting the starry floors of heaven and sweeping aloft on snowy pinions his own redeemed and blood-washed Bride.

“This is that.” These people in the Bible days had a “This is that” experience. They had an experience that they could give you chapter and verse for. I wish every one of us had a similar experience, don’t you?

There was Abraham. He had a “This is that” experience. The Lord had said to him, “I will give you such and such land to possess it. I will give you a son in your old age. Your seed shall be greater than the stars of the heavens.” And Abraham saw the word of God fulfilled. His tents were pitched upon valley and hill, his cattle grazed upon a thousand hills. The son was given him in his old age, and his seed did multiply and he was able to say “This is that. The word of the Lord hath spoken it and he hath done according to that which he hath said.”

Moses had a “This is that” experience. The Lord told him, “If you do thus and so, I will do thus and so. I will bring my people forth with a stretched-out arm. I will roll the sea away. I will lead you through the wilderness and I will feed you. I will bring you unto a land that flows with milk and honey.”

Joshua received the promise of the Lord and had a “This is that” experience and went in and possessed the land.

This is That

The Lord Jesus Christ had a “This is that” experience all through his life. To begin with, he was born in Bethlehem. And now from this country town, least among all the towns round about, had the Word of God said, I will bring forth a governor, I will bring forth a Saviour, and the Lord could point to the Scripture and say, “This is that.” His experience in its entirety was a “This is that” experience. For instance, the wicked king who rose up to slay the children, and the flight into Egypt; the Lord could say, “This is that”—in the Old Testament it was prophesied, and now it is fulfilled. When our Lord rode triumphantly into Jerusalem he could say “This is that.” It was said in the Bible olden days, “Behold thy king cometh, meek and lowly, riding upon an ass and a foal of an ass. Behold, he cometh!” “This is that.”

When Jesus Christ was deserted and those who loved him dearest fell back and he went through alone, the Lord could say “This is that.” “The chief shepherd shall be smitten and the sheep shall be scattered abroad.” They all forsook him and fled.

When Judas dipped his hand in the sop and betrayed the Lord, that was a “This is that” experience prophesied in the Old Testament, wrought out and made true in the fulfilled prophecy of the life of Jesus Christ.

When our blessed Redeemer was nailed to the tree on Calvary’s brow, it was a “This is that” experience. “Cursed is everyone that hangeth on a tree.” And he was accursed for us, Bless Him. He died, the just for the unjust, the godly for the ungodly. When he made his grave among the wicked and the rich in his death, slain between the two thieves, buried in another man’s grave, it was a “This is that” experience. When he was raised from the dead, all had been prophesied before. “Thou wilt not leave his soul in the grave nor suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.” Everything in the life of our Lord was a “This is that” experience.

We may have a “This is that” experience too. Have you one today? First of all, it is a wonderful thing to make all things according to the pattern that is shown us in the Mount. Do you remember when the tabernacle was being builded in the wilderness, and also when the Temple was builded in the days of Solomon, how particularly God

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gave them every detail, even the little carvings. The Lord was more particular than the man who carved this pulpit: every rosebud, every lily, every little angel that was carved in, must be exactly so. God gave the pattern and they were to fulfill it. So it is with our Scriptural, personal, spiritual experience. God has set and laid down a pattern and he says to us, "See that you make all things according to the blueprint or to the pattern which I showed thee in the Mount."

I want to speak chiefly about the baptism of the Holy Spirit this afternoon, but I want to build up to it. After this brief introduction, may I ask you first about your repentance? Did you have a "This is that" repentance experience? Were you ever really convicted of sin? Oh, thank God, I was! I didn't thank God at the time, though. I thought I never was so miserable before in my life and I never would be again as when the Lord pointed his finger at me, through an evangelist who was preaching, and said, "You are a poor, lost, miserable, hell-deserving sinner." Nobody had ever talked to me like that.

I was simply dumbfounded. I couldn't speak or couldn't think for a minute. Through and through my heart went the arrow. Oh, he didn't say that in actual words, he just preached a straight sermon, but that is what God said to me. When God spoke to me, he showed me exactly how little and how miserable I was: a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner, and for three days conviction pierced my heart. Oh, I was so miserable! Glory to God! I am glad I had it now because I can say, "This is that." "Oh, miserable man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Why, I can find it all through the Scripture—a "This is that" repentance.

Then, praise God! I had a "this is that" born again experience. Have you ever had a real Bible new birth? Never shall I forget it. I was all alone. I wasn't in a big, beautiful temple like this, but I was out in God's temple under the open skies of a Canadian frosty winter's day, when I lifted up my hands and cried, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" Why, even that is a "This is that" experience. I look in the Bible and I find a man who had the same experience, who was so miserable he couldn't even lift his eyes to heaven, and he said, "Lord,

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be merciful to me, a sinner!” Glory to God! He went home justified, and so did I, because “This is that.” Have you had a “This is that” experience? If you are merely a cold, nominal professor, you haven’t had, and I am so sorry for you and I want you to get it right now and to make all things according to the pattern given you in the New Testament Mount. If you simply walked up the aisle and shook hands with some person and said, “I will lead a better life. I will promise to turn over a new leaf” you haven’t a “This is that” experience. If you simply just grew up in the church and just signed the roll and said, “I will be a member” you haven’t a “This is that” experience. You may have been a church member for years, but if you haven’t been genuinely born again and had the light from heaven stream into your soul, you haven’t made all things according to the pattern shown you in the Mount.

It must be miserable to be a professing Christian but not have a “This is that” experience. You say, “I hope I am all right. I think I am a Christian, thank you. I am doing my best.” I know the minute you talk like that that you are not saved. Why, if you were saved you would say, “Glory to God! Sister, I am. Hallelujah! There’s a joy bell ringing in my soul.”

“Well,” you say, “I hope so. I am doing my best, thank you. I am a church member.”

Are you a Christian?

“I am a Methodist.”

Are you a Christian?

“I am a Baptist.”

Are you a Christian?

“I am a Presbyterian.”

I didn’t say that. I said are you a Christian? Have you been born again? You might be a member of any church, the Church of the Foursquare Gospel included, and not be genuinely born again. My brother, my sister, has this new birth come to you, where old things are passed away and all things become new? Why, “This is that”! Hallelujah! The things I once loved I now hate.

I know a man who has been a great man for smoking all his life,

and the other day he was in a certain place where men were smoking and he said, "Isn't that terrible? It makes me sick." His wife was with him at the time and she said., "Joe, you needn't talk that way. You used to smoke yourself all the time." "Why, I had forgotten that. It just makes me sick. I don't want to see the stuff or smell it at all."

"The things I once loved now I hate and the things I once hated..."

My, how I used to hate prayer meetings! I would go twenty miles to miss a prayer meeting or a Bible study. Oh, it was a bore! But now I have the "This is that" born again experience and the things I once hated I now love. Glory to God! To think of me up here preaching a sermon. Can you imagine such a thing? You would never think it if you had seen me in those days gone by. The highest ambition I had was simply to climb the social ladder, to have a gay, frivolous, good time, as I thought it was. If there was any mischief in the school, I was in it. If anybody was going to lock the teacher in the gymnasium, I was there. If anybody was going to suggest putting a bottle of glue in his chair, I was there. If anybody was going to slide down the bannisters, I was there. If anybody was going to climb a windmill, I was there. If anybody was going to go to the top of the barn, I was there. If anybody was going to skip school to go skating, I was there. If anybody was going to get up a dance or a concert, I was right there. Prayer meeting? Never. And then to think that this change came, this "This is that" born again experience.

Just as quick as a flash everything was positively changed. It wasn't something I grew into, it just came like that—Glory to God!—and I was born again. Born again, mind you, all made over new—a new mind, I thought differently; new eyes, I saw differently; and those silly little worldly pleasures that I used to sit down and count like gems and jewels, why I discovered they were nothing but mud and just cheap little old brass tingling, jingling ornaments that I wouldn't wear, and now the things I once thought were worthless I found to be pure gold and jewels that glittered more brightly than a myriad of stars. I can say, "Why, This is that" about my born again experience. If you have not this born again experience in your life, you may have it now.

Not only in being convicted and converted and born again but in

This is That

consecration I had a “This is that” experience, and I came to the place I said, “Dear Lord, I give you myself, all that I am, all that I hope to be.” I am never again going to say, “Lord, I want to be thus and so Lord, I want to live here, I want to live there. Lord, I want my own way a little bit of the time. I will give you some of my time, but I have got to have some life of my own, some private life, Lord. I am not going to give you too much.” No, I came to the place that I said, “My all is on the altar, Lord. I will go where you want me to go, I will be what you want me to be, I will lay no more claim to my own wishes or my own ways. If you say Africa, among those dear, dark-skinned people, it is Africa for me. If you say China, among those dear people of the Orient, it is China for me. Lord, if you say India, it is India. If you say the home land, it is the home land. If you say the dish-pan, it is the dish-pan. If you say the tent, it is the tent. If you say it is a temple, it is a temple. Lord, don’t ask me what I want. It is what you want now. Consecrate me now to Thy service.”

*Lord, by thy gift of love divine,
Nor place I seek, nor place I shun;
Lord, let in me Thy perfect will be done.*

And I looked in the Bible and, “This is that.” Why, it is all through the Bible.

“Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth”—Samuel. This is that.

Isaiah: “Here am I, send me.” This is that.

The Virgin Mary: “Behold, the handmaiden of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to thy word.” This is that.

All through the Bible I found that scores had made a consecration perhaps far more complete than my own poor, unworthy one.

Then, Glory to God, He gave me a “This is that” baptism with the Holy Spirit! I will never forget when that came and it was a “This is that” one. I was a great deal alone in those days. The evangelist who had come and preached that blessed message, had gone on to Stratford to hold a meeting. He used to write to me, as he wrote to other converts, encouraging us in the way, great pages full of Bible

quotations and Scriptures, and how to go on in God, and how to grow in grace. But I was a good deal of the time alone, and I became very hungry that I might be a soul winner. In order to be a soul winner I realized there was something I needed because I couldn't even testify in the meetings. I would get up and I would try, I knew I was saved, but I would shake all over and I would stammer and say, "Thank the Lord He saved me," and down I would sit, my face as red as a flame of fire. I wanted to be a soul winner, but I did not have any utterance or any unction. I loved the Lord, but I lacked power.

So I began to read the Bible to see what constituted a real soul winner. And as I read the Book, I found the Lord took lumps of clay—poor, unworthy people, born again—and filled them with his Spirit. I found that he took Peter, an unworthy, stammering, ignorant, illiterate fisherman, and a man who was a coward morally, who ran away from a little girl's sharp tongue; who went to sleep when it was time to stay awake and pray; and the Lord did something to that man that he called baptizing him with the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost, and that in that instant there was a power that entered Peter, even the Paraclete, the Third Person of the Trinity, the dynamite of God that electrified and endued and empowered him until that man stood up and was illiterate and stammering no longer, run-away and cowardly no longer, that he lifted his hand and preached the flaming, burning, Spirit-filled, God-inspired words which pierced through and through the hearts of men and women till even his enemies were obliged to say, "Are not these fishermen Galileans? Why, we perceive they have been with Jesus. With what unction and eloquence do they speak."

"Oh!" I said, "Lord, that is the thing that I need. Whatever you gave Peter on the Day of Pentecost, that is what I want. Whatever you gave the 120—Lord, was it only for the Twelve?"

"No, Child, there were more than that there."

"Then, Lord, maybe it was just for the 120?"

"No, Child, it is for more than that."

"Well, then, maybe it was just for the men folks."

"No, Child, there were women in the Upper Room: Mary and

Martha and Mary, the mother of Jesus, and others.”

“Well, maybe it was only for them.”

“No, Daughter; listen: “The promise is unto you”

“I know, but that means the Day of Pentecost.”

“Well, go on: ‘and unto your children.’”

“Well, that means the people in the Bible days.”

“Go on, Child: ‘and unto them that are afar off.’”

“Well, maybe that means down as far as Martin Luther’s day.”

“Now, go on, Child: “even as many as the Lord our God shall call.”

“Oh!” I said, “Thank you, Lord. That settles it. I know you have called me. Well, if this promise of the baptism of the Holy Ghost is for me, please, Lord, I want it. What do I do?”

“Well, you just fill out your check and then present it to the Bank of Heaven, with the Lord’s endorsement and get it cashed. “Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.”

“Oh, Lord, but I am so afraid I might get a counterfeit or something, and I do want to have a genuine ‘This is that’ experience.”

“My child, if a little one of yours should ask bread, would you give him a stone? If a little one asked an egg or a fish, would a father give him a serpent or a scorpion?”

“Why,” I said, “No, Lord, I should say not.”

“Well, then, neither will your Heavenly Father disappoint you. If you know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall the Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.”

“Well,” I said, “Lord, that settles it, then. Under the precious blood of Jesus Christ, pleading the cleansing of thy atoning blood, I will claim my baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire.”

But was that a proper word? Some people said you shouldn’t say “baptized with the Holy Ghost,” you should say “be filled with the Spirit.” Of course, it didn’t matter much, but just to settle the point which was right—they are both right. John the Baptist said, “I indeed baptize you with water, but he that cometh after me, who is mightier than I, shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.” And Jesus himself said in the first chapter of Acts among his last words to his

disciples, “John indeed baptized with water, but you shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.”

My heart was hungry and I pressed in my claim. And alone as I was in those days, I used to skip school that I might go down in the basement to pray: “Lord, fill me with your Spirit,” or that I might go to a prayer meeting that was being held in the neighborhood. “Lord, endue me with thy wonderful power.”

One time after I had prayed for a whole week, we were snowbound that week and I couldn’t get to my home five miles distant in the country, so I stayed in the home of the sister where the prayer meetings were being held, and for an entire week I prayed. Whenever I woke up in the night I would get up and pray. “Hallelujah! Fill me Lord!” The first thing in the morning when my eyes were opened I would pray, and all day long I would wait upon God. I poured over the Scriptures, how they were filled in the Bible days.

There didn’t seem to be anybody left in the town that was preaching the baptism of the Holy Spirit, at least as I thought it should be preached according to the Bible. It seemed so many people preached a negative baptism. They would say, “Now, you don’t need to get it the Bible way.” And “Such and such an experience was only for the 120.” And “Such and such an experience was only for the Apostolic day.” Well, that is all negative, there wasn’t anything positive. They would say, “There is so much wrong with this certain people. They have gone off so and so.” But that was negative and I wanted something positive. The nearest that we had to it was in the dear old Army meetings, and once a year a special leader would come and he would preach Holiness and sanctification as a second definite work of grace, and they mistook that for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. You are sanctified first, and then filled with the Spirit. Your sanctification may be a second work of grace, or you may get it at the same time you are converted. Right there and then the Lord may cleanse you through and through. You don’t need to get the outside of the platter washed one time and the inside another. The precious blood of Jesus Christ is able to cleanse from all sin. If we really believe it, he is able to cleanse us and make us every whit whole. But we mean

holiness, and sanctification and consecration when we definitely give body, soul, and spirit into the keeping of God and placing it upon his altar.

But this man—and he was a good man, nobody could deny it, and he was a child of God—each year would give these holiness calls. “Everybody that is hungry for a deeper work of grace, everybody who is dissatisfied, come forward,” and the people would come forward, they would lay hands upon them and say, “Now take it by faith,” and for a little while they would try but they seemed to slump back again. There wasn’t that mighty infilling of power that the people were hungry for.

Oh, I wanted it! I saw something definite that happened there on the Day of Pentecost. So this one morning as I prayed by the chair with uplifted hands, praying desperately, the Lord seemed to whisper to me, “Child, stop pleading and begin praising, stop begging and begin receiving. Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Enter through the gates of praise.”

And I began to praise the Lord: “Glory! Glory! Glory to Jesus!” And as I praised him with uplifted hands it seemed as a trolley reaching up and touching the wire. Glory to God! I touched the overhead wire and his Spirit filled me through and through. As he filled me I just drifted like a leaf to his precious feet. Waves of blessing swept over my soul like the billows of the sea, and I was so filled that I could not hold any more. I just began to run over, and the Holy Spirit in heavenly languages praised my Maker through these unworthy lips of clay, just as had the Spirit through the 120 in Acts 2:4. As he filled me, oh, for an hour the Spirit was praising my Lord from the depths of my heart! I remember, then I wiped the tears away and I walked across the floor, praising the Lord all alone in the room. All alone. When the Lord baptized me, in that little room, all alone on the country road when He saved me, no chance of its being excitement, no chance of my being mistaken. He often fills people in a crowd. Peter was filled in a crowd with all the excitement of the Upper Room, and had a genuine experience too.

But I have often thanked God that I happened to be alone.

This is That

Then as I walked down the street I remember saying to myself, “Oh, I must walk carefully now! I am no longer my own, I am the temple of the Spirit and he dwells within me.” And when I looked down at my Bible I could say, “Why, Hallelujah! This is that!” I had been convicted according to “This is that,” I had had a born again experience, “This is that,” and now the baptism of the Holy Ghost according to “This is that.”

You have had a Bible born again experience. Have you had a Bible baptism with the Holy Spirit? It is the only kind I know. Today there are thousands, even of ministers, who preach other kinds except the Bible kind. Some people say, “Just simply take it by faith. Come up and kneel down. We lay our hands on you. Now take it. Now receive it. Now believe you have it.” “I take the blessed Holy Ghost. He fills me to the uttermost; now I have it, now I have it, I have got it.”

But have you? What are you doing back here hungry again then, and seeking? Don't ever come back again if he has once filled you, because, Glory to God, there is one baptism—one Lord, one faith, one baptism—and when you are filled you know it. Heaven and earth can pass away, but you will never doubt it again. You will know it. It is one of the most real things. It stands out like twin peaks. There is salvation, and here is the baptism of the Holy Ghost. You can't get away from it. You know it. Though the clouds might roll up in the heavens like a scroll, you can't doubt your baptism. You say, “Why, I didn't know you would ever know it.” You certainly do. If you could get the baptism of the Holy Ghost and never know, it, you could lose him and never miss him. Peter knew it and the 3000 knew it who were converted that same day. “This is that.”

You say, “Well, I think I have received the baptism.” Can you put your finger on the verse and say, “I received exactly like that”?

“Oh, well, maybe not according to Acts 2:4, but some other places.” All right, let us take the other places. There is the 8th chapter of Acts, for instance. Did you receive like that? There are only four places in the New Testament where it definitely described where they received the Holy Spirit. There we read after the great revival at Samaria where Philip had preached the gospel and believers had been converted and

This is That

baptized, from Jerusalem was sent Peter and John, who, when they came down, laid hands on the believers that they might receive the Holy Ghost; and we read that they received in a way that people knew about because Simon, the Sorcerer, wanted to give his money to receive power to bestow such a gift as that.

Or did you perhaps receive according to the house of Cornelius in the 10th chapter of Acts where Peter preached the gospel to Cornelius and his household? We read, "While Peter spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard the Word and they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because on the Gentiles was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost, for they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God."

Well, was that a "This is that" experience? Yes, for in the 11th chapter of the Acts we read; Peter rehearsing his speech in Jerusalem said, "As I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them as on us in the beginning." In other words, they had a "This is that" experience. He fell on them as on us in the beginning.

Could he say that of you? The Holy Ghost fell on Brother So and So as on us in the beginning. The Holy Spirit fell on Sister So and So as on us in the beginning, Oh, would to God that Peter could dip his finger in molten fire and write it over every church and across every heart, "They received the Holy Ghost as we did in the beginning"!

Then that is all there is to it. "This is that." Just receive a Bible experience. Why, today I believe the Lord is still pouring out Bible experiences. Take, for instance, your physical healing, and your physical health. Have you a "This is that" experience in your body? Have you ever been healed in answer to prayer? Paul was. He was blind, but in answer to prayer he received his physical eyesight. He was afflicted with stones and carried out of the city for dead, but he rose in the strength of the Lord and was made whole. In James, the fifth chapter, we read, "Are there any among you afflicted? Let them pray. Is any sick? Let him call for the elders of the church, let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up."

Can you say, "Why, thank God! 'This is that.' Not only in my spirit

This is That

and in my soul, but in my body I have a “This is that” experience. The same Spirit that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelling in this mortal body has quickened it that I may do the work and the will of God.”

Have you a physical “This is that” experience? It is wonderful thing to have.

Have you a “This is that” victory? “Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory.” A “This is that” service badge? How proud the boys are of their service badge! I should think they would be. Anybody who faced that shot and shell and shrapnel and fire certainly should be proud of their little service pin or ribbon. Have you yours in the Christian warfare? Are you a winner of souls? Have you brought people to the feet of Jesus? Then “This is that.”

Concerning the coming of the Lord, have you “This is that” joy in the blessed, blessed hope? We read that he is coming for those who love his appearing. Looking down and cataloging your love, can you say “This is that”? It is spoken of as the blessed hope. Have you the blessed hope?

Then there are the gifts and the fruit of the Spirit. Are they in your life? Love, joy, gentleness, peace, meekness, faith, temperance, etc. Can you say, “Why, This is that!”

Temper? That isn’t that. Backbiting and criticism? This isn’t that. Despondency, sometimes eyes up and sometimes eyes down? No, this isn’t that.

“Well, I know, but one of the ushers said something to me and I am not coming back any more. I am going home.”

Why, this isn’t that.

“Well, I know, but my wife was cross this morning and I have been blue and out of sorts all day.”

No, this isn’t that.

“Well, I know, but I think I am going to have to give up. Things are getting too hard for me.”

No, this isn’t that. Beloved, go through with God.

Remember David, when his wife said, “Well, you are glorious. You are making a sight of yourself down there with all these people, dancing and praising the Lord!” he said, “Well, am I making a sight of

This is That

myself? I will do this and more, Michal. I have only started. You watch me till I get really going. I am going through with God, Michal; the devil can't hold me back anymore."

Don't go down, but get a "This is that" victory experience. Keep sweet and filled with the Spirit, but be firm. "This is that."

Today I do believe that the Lord is giving us a "This is that" revival, that He is pouring out the Holy Ghost in good old "This is that" style. All these shining faces, everybody looking so happy, and people say "Amen." right out loud in meeting. What meaneth this? Why, "This is that."

"Well, I know, but—but—it is Sunday afternoon. Who else ever heard of having a meeting Sunday afternoon right here in June. Aren't you going to shut down in the summer? People won't come to church in this hot weather. But here they are, thousands of them. Why are they here? Why aren't they off to the beach? Why aren't they out here and there in the mountains? Why aren't they out for a ride? Why are they here? Why are they all leaning forward in their seats, many of them with shining eyes, drinking in the message?"

Why, because "This is that."

"What about all these young people? There seem to be so many young people. I never did see the like. Some of them used to be in the world, so gay and frivolous. Here are young women, here are young men, hundreds of them. Why are the young people in the revival?"

Why, "This is that." Praise the Lord! "In the last days it shall come to pass I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, your young men and upon your young women, and they shall prophesy."

I believe there is to be essentially a great movement among the young people before Jesus comes, and his coming is at hand. "This is that."

"Well, I know, but there seems to be such a revival on. Go where you will, people are talking about it. I thought it was just a little flurry and would die out, but it has gone on seventeen months and there is no end, no let-up in sight, The Lord's power is coming down. Why, what is it?"

Well, "This is that."

This is That

“Look at the silver band here. Do you have to pay them much?”

Not a cent. They just come and give their time and service. “This is that,” praise the Lord!

People are being saved in thousands. “This is that.”

People are being baptized in water every Thursday evening. “This is that.”

People are receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Hundreds have been filled right here according to the Day of Pentecost experience. “This is that.” Hallelujah!

People are being healed, “This is that.”

People are being filled with the Spirit. “This is that.”

“Sister, do you think this really is that?”

Why, I know it is. Glory to Jesus! There isn't any doubt about it in the world. “This is that.” This is that and that is this. If this is not that, what is this and where is that, and we'll leave this and get that.

But, praise God! This is that, absolutely, this is that.

Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me



July 1924

BACK—BACK I SAY!

This will not do!

The Master is engaged!

Canst thou not see the thousands—

The mighty throngs that watch and wait?

There is important business to be tended.

Sick to be healed, lepers cleansed.

Blind to receive their sight.

There are hungry to feed, and sermons to preach

Trouble not the Saviour now!

There are storms to be quelled.

And seas to be calmed,

And Temples to be cleansed—

He has no time for children.

Back. little ones!

Back—back I say!

But, no!

*With one majestic movement of His fair and
kingly hand, He rebuked the frowning servants.*

Then He opened wide His arms.

“Suffer the little children,”

The gracious Master said,

“Forbid them not to come to me,

Such the Kingdom is.”

Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me

*Sweeter his voice than rushing stream,
Wooping as springtide sun that coaxes flowers
from out the earth to gladsome wakefulness.
Confidence inspiring as the voice of mother in the darksome night.
Bright His smile as morning dawn;
Fair His face as cloudless skies;
Pure as the lily's bloom.
Wide His arms with welcome,
And with love His heart enlarged.*

*Jesus Christ—the world's Redeemer—
Hungry armed, inviting children to be folded to His breast.
Would they rally to the welcome?
Would they hasten to His side?
Do the flowers respond to spring time?
Or the thirsty fields to rain?*

*“Come, come. O-o-h, Bennie!
He said that we might come!
Come, Rachel. Ruth, Naomi.
See—His arms are open wide.”
Loosing hold of mother's garments,
Rosy fingers that had twined like clinging tendrils,
Were eagerly outstretched, and held in confidence toward Him.
Infants crept cross velvet grasses,
Young babes toddled on unsteady feet,
Children burst from out restraining hands
And swarmed about Him.*

*It was as though a summer's breeze had struck a ripened rosebush
And the perfumed, tender blossoms
Had come pouring down upon Him.
With joyous leap and gladsome cry, the nestling
babes were in His bosom—
Restraint and fear were all forgotten.*

Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me

He the Shepherd—they His lambs!

He the Saviour—they His bairns!

Grown-ups might be dry, unyielding gardens

If they would,

But the hearts of little children,

Fragrant still with dews of heaven,

Opened to Him gladly, freely,

Poured their fragrance at His feet.

*What childish hopes and dreams they breathed
into His ear that day!*

What counsel and advice.

That stood them stead in later years.

Did He vouchsafe them that blissful hour?

Methinks that never,

While the Saviour walked this earth,

Did look of greater peace and happiness illumine His face;

That naught but prayer

And council with His Father

Were more potent in the banishing of care

From off His brow,

And the burdens of the saddened world

From off His heart.

“Suffer the little children.”

The gracious King decreed.

“Forbid them not to come to me,

Of such my Kingdom is.”

Oh glory, glory to His name!

Looking back through mists of tears,

Back through the weary stretches of accumulated years,

One can almost see the Master now

Gathering the children in;

Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me

*Can see Him smile. and hear Him say,
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."*

*And now, today, on every hand
As children laugh and press,
And twine like rose vines round heart's doors.
And peep through windows in too busy lives.
with wistful eyes—
What shall we say to them?*

*You are too young. my darlings.
To give yourselves to Him.
Too little, dears, to understand
Or know His blessed Word.
The older folk need tending now,
And we. too busy are.
Run, darlings. climb and play,
And come again some other day, when you are
older grown.
When your wee feet have wandered
And sunken deep in sin.
We'll build new churches then for you
And seek your souls to win.
The Lord is thronged with older folk.
Important matters wait—
Trouble not the Master now,
Nor cluster round the gate.*

*But on and on they climb and grow
Like sweet wild roses round the door,
And tap and tap upon the window pane,
Hoping some glimpse of Him to gain.*

*We want to know Him now.
Our minds are eager, questioning.*

Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me

*We want to understand the story of the Saviour's love
While still in youth's estate.*

*But on they strive, and work. and toil—
Those conscientious older folk—
To save the lost and win the smile
of the Master whom they serve;
While, the cry of myriad children,
In wistful pleadings rise:
“I think, when I read
That sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children
As lambs to His fold—
I should like to have been
With them then.
I wish that His hands
Had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen
His kind look when He said,
‘Let the little ones come unto Me.’”*

*Look, parents, workers, pastors,
In answer to their cry the Master is arisen;
He's standing in the midst.*

*He speaks again from out the Word,
“Forbid them not to come,
But open wide the great church door
And bid them come to me.”*

*In saving them you save the men. and the
women of coming days.
Begin with the seed*

Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me

*And the fruit will be sure.
Safe shelter the bud
And the flower will mature.*

*Consider not wasted the money or rime
Expended in training the slender, young vine.
Take heed to the children and garden them well,
The result and the blessing but heaven can tell.
Give—give to the children
Your prayers and your love.
Encourage the workers who point them above,
For soon I am coming to gather them home,
Rise—say to the children.
I bid them to come.*

It is Well With Thy Child



July 1924

Run now I pray thee to meet her, and say unto her,
is it well with thee? Is it well with thy child?

2 KINGS 4:26

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

The toiler trudging home from daily work hears the cry and his blood seems to freeze within his veins,

Clang! Clang! Clang!

They have turned into his street. Terror lends swift wings to weary feet. The parent speeds like the winds along the way. His home looms before him. No smoke flame is pouring from his windows. The fire teams pass and stop a little further down the street. "Thank God! Oh, thank God!" bursts from his lips as he clasps his hand o'er his pounding heart, and weakly leans against his door. "Oh, thank God, my little ones are safe; my family untouched!"

Smallpox! Diphtheria! Measles!

At the words a mother springs to action—Child, where have you been? With whom associating? I hear that dread disease is stalking through the land. Be careful where you go, whose house you enter. If you hear of anyone that's sick, stay clear—beware!"

A cough! The croup! A sudden chill!

"O God! my baby. Help me to help her! Quick—hot water, blankets, towels!" The household is aroused. They speed like those possessed till the grim spectre vanishes, the labored breath is easier, and the wee child sleeps again.

It is Well With Thy Child

Food! Ventilation! Calories! Dress!

How careful we are of these! The air is just this way; the food is just so. Now wool is for this month—soft linens for that. The bed sanitary—the pillow sunned and aired.

Should the wolf of destruction enter yon cabin door, the most timid of mothers would grapple him there to save the wee lambie she cradles and owns.

But look, mother darling! Just outside your door an enemy is waiting—more dangerous still, subtle, sly, creeping on soft, stealthy feet. Temptation, sin, disobedience, pride, unbelief, bad companions and worldliness, too, are other members of the pack which, led by him, slink in the shadows, linger around your wee home.

The world is so big—your child is so small. Just how will you protect him, dear, or be assured as he steps o'er that threshold, walks from your hands into life, that it is “well with thy child?”

Fire—one may conquer: 'tis a foe one can see. With disease—one can grapple with strong mother hands. But when your boy goes through the doorway of life and faces the world, what assurance have you that it is well, mother dear, with thy child?

How careful you've been with the physical child, the mental and moral, too. But—is there aught you have forgotten? Is there aught left undone? Have you thought on the spiritual side? The body, the clothing, the external care, are but the wrappings of the real life you love.

When the country was young, and the trees were high, and the forests stretched everywhere, once a husband and wife, who were clearing a farm and tilling the virgin soil deserted their home on the hillside through the bitter winter months, taking refuge down in the valley until the storms should pass. In the spring of the year, they started back to their hillside task.

Humble, toil-hardened folk were these, and they were laden down as they went. The husband carried seedlings to plant within the ground, his axe, his shovel, his hoe, and corn for the planting in the spring awakened land. The mother carried her cooking pans, the flour and bacon, and rugs. In her arms she carried a wee, slumbering babe

It is Well With Thy Child

wrapped in blankets—so tight and so warm.

As they journeyed they came to a creek whose waters they must ford. Frequently they had passed that way, but now the current was swollen—the melting snows from the circling hills had filled it to the brim. In order to cross 'twas necessary for the mother to gird up her robes and ford through the swollen stream.

Placing the well-bundled, sleeping form into the father's arms, the mother went before, but turning about on reaching the shore, she held out eager hands. So precious that bundle, she could not spare it a moment from her clasp.

"Give me back my baby," she said with mother love. And into her arms the father placed the bundle of blankets and fur. Clutching it tightly for one dizzy moment, a spasm convulsed the mother's face. Suddenly a startled cry burst from her anguished lips and pierced the clear mountain air as she looked down upon the wrappings she huddled there.

"The baby! The baby!" she screamed. "O daddy, you have dropped him!"

Poor, clumsy, half-drunken father! He had let the real child slip through—he had clung to the blankets and given them back. but the living babe was gone.

"Baby-baby!" she wailed, and the voice of her agony rose high O'er the eternal hills. "B-a-b-y!" she cried in desperation, running up and down by the waters of the foaming creek.

A few feet below in thunder and spray the waters dashed o'er the cliff and went out to the sea. But the roaring, swirling cataract gave no sign, and she never saw the wee form again.

Oh, parent, dear! Have you too, conscientiously, scrupulously cared for the outer blankets and let the real child slip through? Have you cared for the body—its food and its dress, the air and the dry, well-shod feet? And, in clutching the blankets and holding them fast, have you lost the real soul of your child?

Is there prayer in your home? Consecration and love? Have you taught the wee child to pray? While you are fashioning the life, are you shaping the soul for the conflict of after-years? Are you fastening

It is Well With Thy Child

upon him the armor of faith with which to resist Satan's darts? Is he fortified by Christian teaching, with Bible Study and truth? Though in after-life the earth may rock, the hills may quake, and the stars may fall from his sky, will he then look back to the guiding light of a mother who knelt in prayer? Will he remember with love the old arm chair where you held him when day was done? Are the stories of Christ and of righteousness implanted upon his mind?

Teach him, mother! Guide him truly, father! Watch his companions, his morals, his faith. "While he is a tender twig, straighten him. Whilst he is a new vessel, season him. Such as thou makest him, such commonly shalt thou find him."

Tell me then—is it well with thy child?

What Cheer O



July 1924



HEAVEN IS NOT far from earth removed. Between the two there is a golden ladder, angel trod. Up and down this ladder myriad hosts of angels come and go—the messengers of God. With light, glad feet they trip a-down the stair on errands of mercy and of kindness bent. But oft with saddened mien, and drooping wing they mount to tell Him tales of woe.

“What cheer o?” How oft since dawn of time they must have called these words one to another as they passed upon the stair.

“What cheer o?” I hear the first descending band a-calling now. “What tidings of hope and gladness do you bring?”

“Good cheer, my comrades! Our glorious King hath fashioned with His own wise hands a new world of wondrous grace and beauty. Hath planted it with trees. Heaped up high mountains—clad their slopes with verdure green, their summits with the, shining snows. Hath made a deep and rolling ocean. Hath filled the land with flowers. with fruit, with singing birds. And, best of all, within a matchless garden hath placed mankind whom He formed in His own image. And there at the cool of each day He meets and walks with man whom He hath made. Blessed, blessed communion! Happy—thrice happy man is he with whom God walks and talks intimately.

“What cheer o?” I hear them ask again.

Sad news, my comrades—sad! Satan, that arch-fiend, who was cast out of our own fair ranks of Heaven, hath entered into that blest Eden which God’s hand had made, and with his coming blight hath entered. The blossoms lost their sweetest fragrance and the birds their sweetest song. Sad. my comrades! Sin and disobedience hath caused our Maker

What Cheer O

to cast them from within the garden walls. E'en now my companions stand with flaming swords beside the gates to bar them from that Eden home."

"What cheer o?" The years have passed, but with solicitation still the question comes from passing angels on the stair.

"Alas, the tide of sin is all unchecked, but rather mounting grows. So far man's heart had wandered that the good Lord sent a flood which covered dale and valley, hill and mount, and from all the earth with teamed throngs but six souls were saved."

"What cheer o?"

"Sad news, alas! And tidings fraught with ill instead of penitence. Wicked hearts have steeled their hearts again. Just now we come from Sodom and Gomorrah's plane where sheets of fire were sent from heaven to destroy the sinful men. From all the throngs of those peopled streets but one lone soul. E'en Lot, escaped." "What cheer o?" On they mount, and down they go.

"A ray of brightness lights our tidings. We are come from releasing Isaac from death's swift descending hand. And is there not within the sacrifice who took his place, portended the coming of a great Redeemer who shall loose the sinful earth of all its bands?"

"We come from Jacob, sleeping in the wilderness. his head upon a stone Thither we were sent by God to show him the way that leads back unto heaven, to righteousness and truth—those erring feet that have gone down into the wilderness and fallen by the way.

"From feeding Elijah sunken down with discouragement beneath the juniper, and from bearing tidings to the prophets who proclaim a coming one."

"What cheer o, shining angels a-climbing up the stair? What tidings do you bring today? Whence this radiant smile that lights the face like kissed morning sun?"

"Good tidings, comrades! Tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people, for this day is born in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. Gently, tenderly, from the highest courts of glory, down to the haunts of men hath been, born the little stranger—a stranger to men; well known to us—and lain within a manger, clad in

What Cheer O

lowly garb. It was of Him the prophet sang, 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. And the government shall be upon His shoulders. His name shall be called Wonderful, Prince of Peace, and the mighty Counsellor.' In the name of that holy child Jesus shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

"What, cheer, you ask? Ah, comrades, it is good, good cheer. For wrapped within the bosom of that child there lieth the redemption of the earth, the solution of the problems of the world. Within His hand there is the light that lighteth men, and if, but followed, will guide the feet of all creation into paths of peace and blessedness."

"What cheer, you ask? Ah, glorious cheer! Heaven hath emptied itself of its richest jewel and laid it at men's feet—theirs for the taking. Hath sent the key that opens the gates of a lost Eden and leadeth to the Paradise—the holy courts of God."

"What cheer? Good cheer! The Savior hath to manhood grown and followed by the multitudes through desert drear, through city street. and on the mountain slope. He feeds the hungry, cheers the faint, and gives the blind their sight. He heals the sick, makes the lame to walk, and breaks the sinner's chain.

"Good news, my comrades! His teachings fall like manna in the wilderness, like cool dripping waters in a thirsty land. And, though the high priests hate Him, and the hypocrites His power withstand, the common people hear Him gladly—they move at His command."

"What cheer o, ascending angel band, with weary, beaten, drooping wings, with faces downcast and sad? What tidings is it you bring from earth that darks the countenance?"

"Alas! Alas! The saddest news I fear that angel ever bore. The heaviest heart that e'er was borne up over the golden stair! Today, with wicked hands, our Lord was seized and nailed to a tree! His hands pierced through with cruel spikes; His feet all rent and torn; a Roman spear plunged in His side and through His broken heart. His brow thorn crowned—now cold in death.

"Ah, angel bands, the earth rocked, shuddered, and split this day about Mount Calvary! The temple veil was rent in twain. And skies with blackness filled. E'en now we cannot quite believe that we have

What Cheer O

seen aright—that the King of heaven, the Son of God, was crucified upon the earth. and by the men His loving hand had made, whom He had come to save.”

“What cheer o, angels?”

“Glad news—glad! The gladdest ever born up the shining stairs—He who was dead now lives again! He lives forever more! Triumphant over death, the grave, o’er hell and Satan too. He hath become the perfect sacrifice—the Lamb for sinners slain—for by His death upon the tree, He purchased pardon, paid the debt, and set the captive free.

“Oh, hallelujah! Surely now the world will all believe and, falling at His matchless feet, will crown Him King of kings.”

“What cheer o, angels? How today the world, the sons of men?”

“The years have come and gone, my comrades, and the mission of our Lord to earth has been far from a failure. Tens of thousands have believed through the years and have received Him in their hearts. But, ah, their reception of the glorious Gospel is far from what we dreamed! Peter—they imprisoned, crucified. Paul was endungeoned, beaten, and slain. The dark ages came and enclosed upon the earth. The light of reformation broke and dawned.”

“And you, O descending angels, what tidings do you bring from out the courts of glory?”

“Our news is that the King of heaven—Jesus Christ shall soon again descend unto the sons of men with garments white, with dazzling face that far exceeds the brightness of the sun, to take unto Himself His waiting bride—the church of Christ.”

“What cheer o, angels? Tell me please, in what condition do you leave the earth today, as rising up to God, you bear important tidings?”

“We find in several quarters a revival on, souls being saved. But, ah, throughout the major portion of the earth men’s hearts have colder grown. Forms of godliness fill the land, but doubt the power thereof. Jazz, dancing, worldliness, selfish pride, are mounting and engulfing like the waves of Noah’s day. Card playing, theatre going, gay white ways, speeding cars. and so-called ‘joy rides’ bear ten million from the House of God.

What Cheer O

“Ministers of the Gospel in many climes have backslidden from the faith; have denied the deity of Christ and His atoning Blood. They doubt the resurrection, the power of the Holy Ghost: oppose the second coming of our all-glorious King. Blind leaders of the blind are they and both shall fall together to the ditch.”

“What cheer, angels? Is there not a ray of light to fall athwart the darkness of the picture of the home and heathen lands that lie under the shadow of this so threatening cloud?”

“Ah, yes, there is a ray of hope for the world. There are four million children—dear little girls and boys—with plastic minds and trusting hearts, who would the Word believe.”

“What cheer, you ask?” Yes, there is a glorious ray of hope, if only those who hold within their hands the torch of light would turn and light the fire within the children’s hands. E’en yet, before the Lord descends, if He delay His coming but an hour upon the sun dial of the day, a glorious flame should light the land and millions more be saved.”

“What cheer o, angel, with measured step and slow?”

“Ah, heavy is my heart as up to the realm of light I go. The men of earth neglect their golden opportunity to arouse and win the world. They spend their millions, preach long sermons, but overlook the situation’s key which lies within their grasp. The children—the hope of tomorrow, are o’er looked in all the busy rush.”

“Would God that we as angels could receive the blessed command today to dwell in humble homes of men, to take their children on our knees and teach them of His love! Would God that we could put the Bible in the schools, and read the blessed Word! That we could build the Bible Training Schools and gather little lambs into His fold.

“But, no! The Master speaks and says that this great work has been entrusted to the parents, preachers and the teachers of mankind.”

“What cheer o?”

“The children stand with outstretched arms, awaiting the Bread of life, craving, yearning, questioning.

“Alas, alas! They are being fed upon the husks of life—the husks the swine do eat. Clad beautifully with silken garb without, their souls

What Cheer O

are starved within! Their teacher is the theatre, the dance hall, and the world.

They are molded and shaped in those according to the warped and marred pattern of their fathers who fell from grace.

“But, even now there is just one hope—that man will still awaken, arouse from out his slumber, and seize upon this great and mighty opportunity to win the sons of men. I go to pray before the Throne that it may be today.”

Caught Up Together With Them



July 1924

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 we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

I THESSALONIANS 4: 16, 17

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.

2 SAMUEL 12:23



CHILDREN, WHETHER with us in the flesh or departed to the heavenly land, do surely tightly hold the heart-strings of the world. "The glorified spirit of the infant is a star to guide the mother to its own so blissful clime."

Just a lilt of baby laughter and our hearts were at their feet. Just a dimple that kissed the corners of her tiny rosebud mouth, and our day was filled with sunshine, and our hearts with a rushing love. Just the pressure of wee fingers curling round our own in trust, a coo, a gurgle, a fleeting smile, our eyes o'erflowed with happy tears. And in her precious hand she held a cord of love far stouter than cables strong that bind the mighty ships, that wound around our heart and held us evermore.

How we thought and planned her comfort, smoothed the way her bootied feet must tread, cast our garments in the highway that our little queen would ride! Time? She filled our day to brimming and our

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hours with thoughts and plans. Weren't we going to build a palace for our darling there and then? With scrupulous care we dug her gardens, cleansed the house, and smoothed her bed, washed and ironed her tiny dresses, rubbed and polished till they shone. Frills and laces, clustered ribbons fastened here and there and yon.

And all the time the cords grew tighter twixt our hearts and her wee hand. We had something now to live for; had some anchor to the earth. Let others talk of heaven, and of joys there if they would. Our hearts had found a heaven below within our baby's eyes.

Church? We had no time for that now. No time for prayer or God—we had to look out for baby and provide the means that she might need.

Came the sweep of angel pinions. The little home was bare. The cradle now was empty. There was no laughter there. The light had faded from our sky. But, oh, those love cords held! We loved her, now that we had lost her, as we had ne'er loved before. Why did God take our rosebud home ere her sweet leaves had been unfolded on the earth? Why did so many children die? Were they, perhaps, transplanted upon some happier shore?

Dazed, bewildered, stunned, and questioning "Why?" we stood in fear and trembling on the border of an open grave. Hot tears fell scalding on the pure white dress our mother love had washed and polished for the last, last time.

Oh, our darling! This cold, still waxen doll—this was not she! Where was she then? That she still lived we had no doubt—we felt the love cords tugging strongly, strangely at our hearts. But now, instead of tugging downward toward the earth and prompting the pursuance of earthly wealth and vast possessions, the tug was upward toward some better land wherein we learned to see her face, to hear her voice again in some more friendly clime that knew no death, no sickness and no broken hearts.

Sadly, dully, we went about our daily tasks. We smoothed the little-pillow of the empty bed. We caught up a bootie that had fallen here, a rattle that had dropped from tiny fingers yonder. We wrapped them up in tissue paper, placed them in a lower drawer and shut it tight to

Caught Up Together With Them

hide from smarting eyes the reminders of our so crushing loss. We shut the drawer—yes, but we could not shut the sorrow in or keep the longing from our hearts. The cords of love still held, and we were made to realize as ne'er before that children hold the heart strings of the world, whether with us in the flesh or departed to the heavenly land of which the Builder and the Keeper is the Lord.

Too busy planning for the things of earth before, we now had time to think about the things of heaven, and looking up through swimming tears we caught a glimpse by faith of that wee baby face and form—no longer sick but happy, radiant like some shining star to guide fond parents to its own blissful clime.

Nor was she lonely there, for grouped round about her were multitudes of other little ones. The streets of heaven were alive with children. And, leaning o'er the battlements of glory, looking down toward earth they seemed to watch and wait, and in their hands they held the same stout love cords. Down, down, down to earth they reached until they tugged upon the heart-strings of our being, bidding us, "Look up, dear mother, father. · Lift your eyes. Behold, your darling's safe! Then come to meet us in the skies."

And, oh, I've opened wide my heart's door now. I've let the Saviour in. And there's a tug within my soul to reach that land of heaven. Its sparkling streams, its streets of gold, its flowing fountains, and its songs are the abiding place of my wee rose, and there she blooms and grows again, beneath the smile of Christ, the Lord. Grant, grant, dear Master, while I wait, and yearn for her, that I may bless some other child who lingers on the earth.

Protect its bud from winter frost of hate and unbelief until at last we all have reached the garden of the skies.

Parting Ways at Conscience Town



July 1924

*FROM THE SHELTERING climes of Babyland.
There runs a broad, smooth, sun-kissed road,
Called Innocence Boulevard.*

*This road, the foot of every living soul has trod,
And day nor night 'tis never free from traffic.*

*The little pilgrims who travel this way,
Come from all sorts of homes,
From the mansion to the hut.
The prince comes from his palace,
And rolls by in his carriage and pair.
The Eskimo baby, in blankets of fur.
Glides softly along in his sleigh.
But from the King on his cushion of purple and gold,
To the tiny papoose, bound by bandage and board,
All travel this road—this sweet, common road—
That leads to Conscience Town.*

*Babies of brown and yellow,
Babies of red, black and white,
Babies that laugh and babies that cry,
Babies that creep and babies that cry,
Must pass through the gate of Cradlerocks
To Tiny Tottenvale:
And on to the hamlet of "Know-Right-from-Wrong."*

Parting Ways at Conscience Town

*From here 'tis but a tiny step
To the place called "Conscience Town."*

*There is a hill near Conscience Town, whose name is Calvary;
And on this hill there stands a cross—
The cross where Jesus died—
A crimson fountain at its base, and glory all around.*

*At this point the great wide boulevard of Innocence divides—
Two roads branch off and stretch away,
O'er distant hills and valleys,
Like silver ribbons through the years.
One road runs straight;
The other curves and winds with hidden mystery.*

*When little pilgrims reach this point along the way,
They are no longer babes, but have grown
To bright and wide-eyed children,
Who've begun to hear and think,
And understand the story of the Savior's love.*

*The Cross stands just at the parting of the ways,
And here each child must some decision make,
As to the road his feet shall take from this time forth
The straight and narrow path, or the wide and downward way.*

*Oh, please don't wander down that broad road,
Which pathway will you take?
The one leads up to Heaven—the other down to hell:
One is narrow, steep and rough:
The other is an incline, broad and smooth and, gay.*

*Many advisers, good and bad, stand at Decision Point,
Like traffic officers who seek to guide the pilgrim's feet,
One to the right; the other to the left.*

Parting Ways at Conscience Town

*"Come, follow me," says Mr. Right, "into the narrow way.
My road is straight and leads at last
To realms of endless day."*

*"Nay, come with me," says Mr. Wrong.
"This broad road now is strewn with flowers
And shells, and gold and sweets,
Yonder road is steep and hard to climb,
But here you roll along and on and on,
Without an effort, 'til at last
You've tasted all the joys of life—
Then you can go back, if you like,
To narrower, steeper ways, and climb to Heaven's pearly gates—
At the end of life's sweet day."*

*"oh, countless pattering, hurrying feet.
little one—
It is the road of sin. But start today for Heaven,"
Pled Mr. Do-It-Now.*

*"No, No!" cried Mr. Put-It-Off.
"Just see the crowd that goes my way,
Come on along and sing and play."*

*And so it is, between them,
That many a little foot has gone astray—
Gone step by step the downward way,
And wandered further day by day.*

*Oh, do you see yon luscious tree
Of ripe forbidden fruit?
Why don't you go and take and eat?"
Says Miss Temptation to the passer-by.*

*"No, no! 'twould not be right,
Go back," spoke Mr. Conscience,*

Parting Ways at Conscience Town

Who had followed all the way from Conscience Town.

*“Oh, go ahead and take it,
Don’t listen to that foolish man,
Says a scheming little person, called “Mother’ll-Never-Know.”*

*Tis here that many little hands and feet and lips
Have yielded to temptation and hastened on
‘Round a new curve in the winding road.
And right here, too, there often stands a person,
With a long rod in his hand,
Who is an agent from the narrow way,
Sent to stop young people’s further wanderings.*

*“And who are you?” cries little Frightened Eyes,
“And what’s that in your hand?”
“I’m Mr. Correction, and this rod is Punishment.
You’re on the wrong road, Little Man.
It leads to the City of Sin.
Already you’ve passed through Naughty Town,
And are in Disobedience Land.
Come, dear, confess your faults and be forgiven.
Turn about, I pray.
If you go on you’ll come to grief,
And miss the narrow way.”*

*“No, don’t you do it,” cried Stubbornness
And—” Don’t confess,” said “Tell-A-Lie.”*

*Just on a little further is the village of “Lots-A-Fun,”
And there a lake with shining sand
That’s called “I-WANT-MY-OWN-WAY,”
Where many children wade, and sail smart boats
Called “Tempted” and “Won’t-Do-It.”*

Parting Ways at Conscience Town

*Each mile along the downward way,
The pilgrims grow in stature with the passing years;
But always I have noticed it.
That as the traveler grows,
The little old man called Mr. Conscience
Seems to wither up and decrease in size,
As though he'd lost all hope of staying one on-rushing step.
And ever, day by day, the pathway steeper, broader grows.
Here gay, white lights and theaters ablaze
With 'lectric-lighted signs,
Seek to dispel the falling gloom.
And the devil orders out his big, brass bands.
His fifes and drums that with their blare
He may quicken the step of life's pedestrians,
And drown the shrieks and wails of hell.
'Tis now so near it seems the cries of its poor,
Deluded inmates must be heard,
And rend the gaily-tinted bubble and camouflage of gaiety,
With which the devil screens
His highway to despair.*

*"May I have the pleasure of your company, my dear?"
Says Mr. Evil-Companionship, as he bows and smiles,
Attired in immaculate, up-to-the-minute evening dress.
"Yonder is the dance-hall where light hearts and feet,
Speed onward down the way.
Yonder' are the pool rooms and playing cards,
With which we may while away the flying hours.
Here also is the club
Refreshments, drinks and liquors."*

*"No, no!" cries poor, weak Conscience,
Who's grown weaker hour by hour.
His voice is but a whisper now,
And hardly reaches the ears all filled with music,*

Parting Ways at Conscience Town

And the flatter of the speaker's voice.

*Mr. Diabolos rubs his hands and smiles with glee,
As on they go, these two.*

*Sometimes 'tis Mr. Money-Making and Conceit;
Sometimes 'tis Mistress Pride and Good-Enough,
Who meet, and ever urge, the pilgrim on and down.
But always, though the roads seem to diverge,
Their destinations are the same.*

*The paths of sin and merry worldliness
Lead but to the gate of death and hell.
In spite of the fact that all along the downward way
The agents from the narrow road,
And Jesus Christ Himself,
Have hung red lanterns,
And erected danger signals,
Vast multitudes rush downward into hell.*

*But some there are, thank God,
Who hearken to the warning
Of Miss Conviction and Friend Preacher,
And who, with open eyes, see for the first time
The real danger and peril of their way.
Huge towering mountains of loose stone
Threaten to fall and bury them beneath the wrath,
And judgment of Almighty God,
And they see the guile of that deceitful serpent Satan,
And quickly do they turn and run,
Escaping for their life,
To Calvary's cross, crying
"Lord, be merciful to me a sinner."
There their burdens and their guilty stains
Are all removed;
And, clad in garments white as snow,
Up the narrow road they hasten.*

Parting Ways at Conscience Town

*But those who remain in the great, broad way
Are nearing the end of life's long day.
'Tis Sunset Boulevard now they tread
Going west, they face the land of the sinking sun.
And many are deceived by the rosy tints of fading light.
Ah, if they but knew their sun would never rise again.*

*And light no more would shine,
But in the land of endless night
They'd languish and repine!
Sunset Boulevard leads through the valley
Of Vain Regrets and on through Hopeless Canyon.
To the caverns of Despair.*

*Then, as the last, faint, rosy tint.
Fades from the evening sky,
And falling autumn leaves are driven
On the winds of bleak, on-coming winter,
The unrepentant sinner discovers—with a start—
That he is standing at a gate—
A gate which bears the sign—*

TOO LATE!

*Here a little old man, whose head is bowed,
And back is bent,
Comes hobbling along to open the gate.
His face is sad, and he's wiping tears
From his faded eyes.
"And who are you? And why so sad?"
My little readers ask.
"I am Mr. Might-Have-Been,"
He says, with a dreary sigh.
"So often, so often, I've opened this gate,*

Parting Ways at Conscience Town

*For hell-bound passers-by,
But from all the throngs that ever passed through,
Not one has e'er returned."*

*Oh, run, little boy, and run, little girl,
Back to the cross at the parting of life's ways,
And when next you stand at Decision Point,
Take the straight and narrow way.
You will find there the Saviour with open arms—
The Saviour who loves you so.
You will pass through the gate of Pardon,
And into the paths of Peace.
The angels of Love and Mercy will meet you there,
And make your footsteps light.
You will not mind the hills,
Nor trip o'er the stones,
For Mistress Faith and Miss Iva-Hope,
In their hands will bear you up.
You will tread the paths of Redeeming Love,
And feast in Salvation Town.
Then over the hills of Prayer and Praise
You'll pass through the gates of Acts 2:4,
To the Holy Ghost land of Canaan.
The fruits and the gifts of this wonderful clime
Are the same today as in Bible time.*

*Then press onward and upward too,
The hilltops of Glory Land you'll view.
When you come to the mount
Called You'll-Have-To-Go-Back,
Just get down on your knees,
And look for a while.
You'll find a tunnel that runs clear through.
This path leads you to Sunrise Boulevard.*

Parting Ways at Conscience Town

*Fear not, 'tis ever darkest
Just before the dawn.
On the other side you'll catch the radiance
Of the sunrise in the east—
The sun which will never set.
And trees will be thrusting forth their leaves—
The leaves of eternal spring.*

*Jesus will come to welcome you,
And open the pearly gates.
He will say, "Come in, come in.
Welcome, ablood-washed heart!
Your mansion's all prepared for you.
Your crown of life awaits.
The angels are singing,
The Spirit is bringing
Each blest faithful pilgrim home."*

The Evangelist's Dream



A Million Dollar Nightmare *July 1924*



STIRRED RESTLESSLY upon my pillow.

H-o-o-o-t! H-o-o-o-t! C-H-U-G! CHUG! Ch-ch-ch-ch-chug!

Wh—what was that horrible noise that shattered the silence of my dreams? Closer—closer. Louder—louder. Hot, breath panting, bearing down upon me, enveloping!

H-o-o-o-t! H-o-o-o-t! C-H-U-G! CHUG! Ch-ch-ch-ch-chug!

Help! What was that enormous creature outside my window? What horrible monster was this! Had we suddenly reverted to the Pleistocene Age? Murky blue smoke mingled with orange flames, poured from its nostrils, eyes, ears. And it crept along with a rolling motion similar to that of a caterpillar tread.

Continually the enormous mouth would open and scrunch, s-c-r-u-n-c-h, grind huge mouthfuls of dirt.

Yes, just plain dirt would be scooped up and then it must have tasted badly for no sooner was it taken in than that hideous monstrosity would blow a fresh column of smoke through its nostrils, roll his fiery eyes, and then, turning his long scrawny neck around, spit it all out again. Then back he would go, repeating the whole performance. Why, the terrible creature was actually making deep inroads into the earth of the vacant lots next door—so greedy, so insatiable was he!

A sense of the unreal gripped me. I looked, drew my hands across my eyes and looked again!

It was—it was! That great two-story frame house that stood just

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next door, w-a-s m-o-v-i-n-g! Slowly it crept down from its foundations and crawled out into the road, then disappeared into the mists of the night.

No sooner was it gone than even as I looked the long-necked monster began to scoop up tons of, earth, from the very spot where but an hour before the house had rested.

S-c-o-o-p, s-c-o-o-p! C-H-U-G! CHUG! Ch-ch-ch-ch-chug! All that was left of the spot he had invaded was a yawning, black cavern.

Seemingly satisfied at last, this puffing, snorting giant slowly crawled from the abyss which he had digged and shambled off into the shadows, swallowed by obscurity.

Scarce had his rumblings, his snortings, and his thunderings died upon the air until another creature came trundling slowly up the street. So fat was it that it practically rolled along. With many gruntings and sighings and heavings, it lifted itself over the pavement and lowered itself cautiously into the cavern so lately deserted by the former occupant.

Suddenly he opened his mouth and shook himself, as much as to say, "Food, food! I must eat." Instantly several attendants, who sprang from somewhere, bustled and fussed about him. What were they giving him? Great sackfuls of stuff that looked like white cornmeal were constantly poured into his mouth, to be munched over and sloshed about, and finally spit out in disgust. No sooner was this done than the gigantic monster demanded water, and blue-clad attendants rushed up with a long-necked bottle, from which they poured streams upon streams into the cavernous mouth.

What an appetite that creature had! Would they never get through? Estimating rapidly, I was assured that the devouring monster ate no less than a ton a minute, and he never seemed to be idle.

Rattle! Crash! Bang! C-r-e-a-k.

Up from the earth, a great skeleton giant was unbending. Up-up-up, until he stood, outlined against the gray sky; reaching up with long, skinny fingers as if he would pick the stars from their sockets.

Clambering up his skinny legs, clinging to his scrawny shoulders, and hanging upon his outstretched arms were many little pigmies that

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swarmed like ants up and down the huge body.

Deafening noises, head-splitting hammerings filled the air as the pigmies pounded away, fastening steel armor plates upon the giant's form. Huge, gawking eyes seemed to be in every part of his body. An awe-inspiring figure was he as he stood there silhouetted against the sky, clad only in his suit of steel.

With surprising rapidity, a wooden overcoat was thrown up over about him and fastened in its place leaving large, hollow wells on all sides between the steel skeleton and the wood of the outer coat. Into this aperture something weighty, moist and lava-like was flowing. I saw that it originated from that fat creature which had rolled into the opening left by the first monster. This second creature had never ceased its panting, the rolling of its jaws, the slobbering and sloshing of the mixture which was continually poured in by the attendants.

First, a mouthful of the pulverized foodstuff, then a long draught of water. Round and round it all went to be spit out finally, a liquid mass, into the moving buckets that were carried side by side in a moving belt.

Up-up-the mighty buckets went, guided by the pigmies, who poured out the leaden lava into the huge veins and arteries. In these veins, it was carried to the outer edge of the structure, where it went spilling down over his gigantic sides and pouring between his lean, gaunt framework and the wooden overcoat, where it was miraculously transformed into flesh of stone, even before my eyes.

Away down below, the gasping and grunting monster seemed to have his appetite satisfied at last and he trundled away, vanishing into the shadows.

Silence for a moment.

The ceaseless flow of lava stilled at last.

Suddenly it mightily creaking rent the air as mysterious buttons and cleats were loosed here and there, and, lo, the great wooden overcoat which had clothed the giant dropped away. The onlookers gasped, marveled and stood transfixed in sheer amazement at the transcending beauty of the building revealed before their admiring gaze. The piles of debris had disappeared as though touched by a fairy

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wand—and there it stood.

Man's creation? A fairy palace? Heaven's unparalleled architecture? What was it?

Towering columns rising above graceful arches spanned deep, shadowy recesses where the peace of God's presence seemed to settle and dwell. Windows, ablaze with morning sunbeams, glittered and gleamed as new cut topaz. Massive doors seemed to hold some mysterious promise behind their rosewood fastness.

Picturesque statuary was grouped above the portico. A little child, standing with outstretched arms, seemed to speak from delicately chiseled, marbled lips, like Samuel of old, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." To the right, the marble figure of a missionary, open Bible in one hand, the other shaded wistful eyes as she gazed far off across the sea toward the heathen lands. To the left the life-like figure of an evangelist, sickle in hand, stood watching o'er the ripening fields of the homeland. Over it all the inscription: "Dedicated to the teaching of the Word to little Children, and the training of Evangelists and Missionaries for the home and foreign fields."

The enchanted silence was broken by the sound of a child's voice. Rippling, lilting laughter which was instantly caught up and multiplied a thousand-fold.

Down the street they came—skipping, dancing, singing—and crowding around the doorway.

An expectant hush fell over the throng. Then from somewhere away up in a distant recess of the edifice a clear, childish voice was heard, singing:

"Open the door for the children. Tenderly gather them in; In from the highways and hedges, In from the places of sin. Some are so young and so helpless. Some are so hungry and cold. Open the door for the children. Gather them into the fold."

The refrain was instantly caught up by the thousands in the street below on this dedicatory day:

"Open the door for the children. See, they are coming in throngs. Bid them sit down to the Banquet. Teach them your beautiful songs. Pray for the Father to bless them; Pray you that grace may be given.

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Open the door for the children. Theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

The song was heard and answered. Slowly, the massive doors swung open and in through the doorway poured the little ones. Caught in the surging tide, I found myself swept within the hallway.

Children! Children! Children! The great building seemed to be filled with them. From doorway after doorway strains of music came floating to our ears. Softly we tiptoed to the auditorium. There they were, blessed darlings. Clear voices of childhood now lifted in the waves of songs, “Jesus loves the little children”; now subdued in reverent prayer, “Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.” We moved onward, and someone whispered to us, “We have more than one hundred Sunday School class rooms in this building now. How we have needed them! For months we have been struggling to cope with the situation and endeavoring to care for a Sunday School of more than two thousand with only a Sunday School equipment for five hundred.”

What is this room? Ah, yes, a reading room! A place for quiet study—here boys and girls may find the proper books wherewith to while away the hours, improving mind, and heart, and life.

On down the hallway I continued and saw on every hand rooms filled with joyous, busy children, and heard the hum of their little voices as they repeated their lessons from the Book of Life.

What was this? Had we reached the fairy Queen’s palace? Radiant shafts of blue, white and gold seemed to be everywhere. Quaint little hobby-horses galloped on and on forever, never reaching anywhere. Fat, rosy-cheeked dollies smiled complacently as they thought of what good fortune was theirs in having a place in this Dream of Paradise.

The room was filled with tiny, toddling, cooing babes, who tumbled around among the dollies, wondering why the smiling faces never frowned or were never tearstained as often their little mothers’ were. Long rides were taken on the little white horses. Strange lands were visited. They even went to see the little stable where Jesus once lay, a Babe not unlike themselves.

When they came back, tired and happy, they gathered about the

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little white-robed worker's lap and listened with questioning eyes to the stories of Jesus who was once a little child like they, who had often been weary and tired and yet who always had time to cuddle and to bless the little ones.

Downstairs we tripped, into a shining, white-enameled room, filled with glistening tables. It was noon. Around these tables were grouped merry boys and girls. The dietitian, who planned each meal so that everyone would receive a proper share of nourishment. moved about among the children to see that each one was eating the thing which he most needed to make a healthy body in which a healthy mind could be developed.

Dinner over, we again are swept up into the central hallway.

Music! Music! It seemed to be coming from every direction. A band here, a choir there, the organ playing in the auditorium, someone singing alone. "Open my eyes that I may see, glimpses of truth Thou hast for me."

The first two floors seemed to be occupied largely by the main auditorium, the superintendents' offices, etc., while the third and fourth floors were occupied by well-lighted and perfectly ventilated Sunday School rooms.

The fifth floor was given over to the Crusaders, the Band Practice Rooms, the Choir, and an Evangelistic and Missionary Training School Auditorium, while a smaller addition on the roof of this afforded extra facilities for the training and turning out of missionaries who would sail the seas to the foreign fields, and evangelists who would be equipped for service in the home lands.

Starting with the children, as raw material on the main floor, it appeared as though step by step they were progressing until, as finished material, they had graduated from the schoolrooms, were ready to be ordained for the work to which the Master had called them.

The whole building, aglow with light, music, singing, a different song in a different key coming from practically every room was suddenly all jumbling into one: "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "You May have the Joy-bells," "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Rose of Sharon."

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“Speak my Lord,” “When the Roll—,” music, singing, light, mix-up-u-m-m-mmm.

“Wake up, Aimee! Wake up! Time you were up and dressed this minute. Sunday School is on. I have just opened the windows so that you might hear the blessed dears singing. Hurry up, dear, and jump into your things. Two thousand out to Sunday School last Sunday: more today, and what we are going to do with them all is a conundrum to me. The five hundred room is full, so is the lecture hall, the hundred and twenty room, and the corridors. The main auditorium is sprinkled with classes from top to bottom, while some of the classes are sitting on the stair steps in the corridors.

Other of those precious little babies are waiting to ask where they can have their class. You had better go over to see what you can do to help. Besides, this is the day when we are going to launch the drive for the new building which will house the Sunday School and provide a place for the Evangelistic and Missionary Training Institute. God grant that the people may realize the need and come to the rescue. What inestimable Good could be accomplished if we had but the means.

“Come on, dear, hurry up.

“Aimee, are you awake?”

Looking Backward and Forward



Sunday Morning
July 6, 1924



LOOKING BACKWARD and Forward” is our theme this morning before we gather around this Holy Communion Table. My! What a sight it is! The length of that great table covered with snow white linen, and that covered again with its piles and piles of silver; sixteen great piles containing the bread and the fruit of the vine, commemorating the precious shed Blood and Body of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

In a few moments you will all be holding a portion of this bread in your hand, and while holding it your heart will throb. You will be saying, “This is a type of the broken Body of Jesus Christ—The Bread of Life that came down from heaven.” You will lift the bread together and say, “Thank you, Lord, for dying that I might live.” We will all eat our portion of bread together, then over the audience will run a ripple of praise and love, some gasping with the glory of it all; some with faces upturned and saying, “Hallelujah!”; some with faces down and saying, “Oh, Jesus, how could you love me enough to die for me?”

Then each will hold the cup and with a little shudder will say, “Dear Jesus, this is a type of your Blood. To think, you spilled it for me! How could you love me so?” What is in the cup? There is love, mercy, peace, pardon, health and comfort. As I drink of this cup, I am looking back to Calvary, then my mind is looking forward to the Second Coming of the Lord and picturing the day when we will drink anew at the Father’s Table—at the Marriage of the Lamb.

Then, as the beautifully trained workers, who serve four thousand people in record time, come forward to kneel and themselves receive

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the bread and fruit of the vine, and the congregation is singing, you will be whispering to yourself, “Oh, to think that I am here this morning! It all seems like a dream that I am here.”

That is what I want to speak about this morning, “Looking Backward and Forward.” First, “Looking Backward.” Doesn’t it seem like a dream that you are here? A verse in the Bible speaks of a people that are not a people. Two years ago we were a people that were not a people, but something happened a year and half ago that made us a people. We are now a family and dove-tailed together just like we were made to worship together, rejoice together, and weep together.

A year and a half ago many of you were not Christians; others were Christians, but professors only—you were church members and had a name you lived, but did not have real salvation in your heart. How many of you were Christians, but as you look backward you say “I was a pretty cold proposition?” Yes, hundreds of hands.

Let your mind run back a little down the Avenues of Yesterday and let us remember the pit from whence we were digged. I remember the day that I was just a guilty, lost, hell-deserving sinner. I remember the day in my youth and in my folly that I boasted I was an infidel. It was taught in our Canadian school books, and they teach it in the United States of America. Evolution is taught in many colleges and schools—that God did not create the earth but that it just happened. As I studied it, I said, “Either the school books are right or the Bible is right, but not both.” I asked my professors and they said that the school books were right, that God could not have created the earth, and that they were just looking for the missing link.

“Are you sure?” I asked.

“Yes, we have fossils to prove it.”

“All right. If it is taught in school, it must be true.” So I discarded my Bible and became an atheist at the early age of sixteen. I argued with people that there were no truths in the Bible—if it will tell one lie, it will tell another; if there is one mistake, there are other mistakes.

To think, that is what the Lord took me from! To think I might be speaking on the lecture platform against God! To think, I might be out leading people to destruction!

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Looking backward! I remember the day that I stood with my back to the wall. The evangelist's daughter said, "Won't you be a Christian?"

"No. I don't believe in it."

Why didn't God strike me dead? Why was He so good to me? It is a mystery. How could He have patience with me? Why He did not wipe me out of existence I cannot see.

"These Christians do not live the life," I said. "The Christians and the sinners smoke the same cigarettes, go to the same theaters, dance in the same halls, play the same cards, use the same hymn book. The only difference is that one has his name on the church book and the other doesn't. I have seen them, and I know."

The little girl ran to her mother and said, "Oh, mother, there is a young lady that I can't win for Jesus. I am burdened about her."

The mother came to me "Darling, won't you give your heart to Jesus?"

"No, I won't. I don't believe this or that."

She also became burdened for me and ran for her husband, the evangelist. He came, and a group gathered. I was quoting my school books, then I said, "If the Bible is right, why are you letting this be taught in the schools?" "We didn't know it was in the books," they replied.

"But it is, and you are paying for it."

They tried to convince me that the Bible was true, but I didn't believe it. To think that God put up with me! As I stood there arguing, I looked up and saw my mother standing on the outside of the crowd, and her eyes were red with crying. I made my way to her and we went home. Mother's heart was almost broken with my unbelief.

I went to my room, got down on my knees before an open window, lifted up my hands, and said, "O God, if there be a God, reveal yourself to me."

Looking backward! How I remember the night I ran away from a prayer meeting to go to a dance! The night I left the church and went to a fancy carnival! Away from God—away from Jesus Christ!

When mother would ask me to go to prayer meeting with her, "Oh, mother, don't make me go to prayer meeting! Have some pity.

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When I am old I will be a Christian, but while I am young I want to have a good time.”

Was that foolish, ignorant, giddy young creature really I? Is it possible that the Lord loved me and digged me out of a horrible pit of the miry clay of evolution and set my feet on the Solid Rock Christ Jesus, and that today I can sing, “On Christ the solid Rock I stand, all other, ground is sinking sand?”

Back there it was—How did this world come into existence? I don’t know, but I think it was so and so. How was man formed? I don’t know, but I think. Back there is the miry clay, sand, and the slough of despond.

Here it is, “I know. God’s Word says it. I know that I know that I know that I know.” It is wonderful to be on the Rock—no more uncertainties, no more will o’ the wisp. Up yonder the Star of Hope is brightly gleaming. I see the gates swing open and I see my Saviour waiting for me. And, hallelujah, I know where I am heading! As I look backward, I wonder how He brought me so far. I am so unlike my beautiful Redeemer. He is pure, just and holy. I am so full of blemishes, flaws and imperfections. I almost waver as I look backward, but, thank God, He has brought me miles on the way.

I remember the day I prayed, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” Praise God, He put His hand down in the slough of despond and took hold of my hand. I never felt a hand as strong as God’s. When He once got hold of my hand, His own—His nailed pierced hand—closed about mine. He pulled me out of the mire and put my feet on the solid Rock. Why, in a twinkling of an eye He led me to Calvary—to the foot of the Cross where the fountain is open for sin and uncleanness.

Looking backward! Like magic, the sin, mire, clay, and unbelief dropped off and I was clean. Clean—clean—clean through the precious Blood of Jesus Christ, God’s only begotten Son!

As I look backward to the horrible pit from whence I was digged, that thing looks awful to me now. Yet, I see other sinners down in the Slough of Despond. Lord, help me to lift them out!

Looking backward! I remember Calvary. How real it was to me

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those days! I could close my eyes and yonder I could picture the Cross, and on that Cross my Saviour bleeding, dying for me, only I wanted other things to amuse me and entertain me. Now I ask nothing better than to sit at the foot of the Cross and sing—

*When I survey that wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on, all my pride.*

I could sit for hours and sing through tears—

*Were the whole, realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my life, my love, my all.*

Sitting at the feet of Jesus, I studied His face. I remember now how it used to come before me. I could see His head bowed in grief, and His eyes looking at me. It would melt my heart.

I wonder if any of us have lost our first love? Oh, how we loved Him! Just one look from His eyes and our hearts would melt. I don't believe the Lord wants us to get cold and stiff. Some people can sit in a meeting and never shed a tear, never say "Amen" or "Hallelujah." There is something wrong. Lord give us our first love this morning.

Looking backward! I used to study that crown of thorns. Lord, I wonder how many thorns were put in that crown by me—the thorns of rejection. Oh, Lord, I am so sorry! Then I would think of the nail-pierced hands and feet. I would sit alone in my room and sing:

*He was nailed to the Cross for me;
He was nailed to the Cross for me.
On the Cross crucified for me He died.
He was nailed to the Cross for me.*

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Why, do you know, the Crucifixion of my Lord became a very part and parcel of my being. I knew what it was to have Christ live within me. Lord, I want everything in my life unlike you to be nailed to the Cross. Take it away, and cleanse and purify my heart. Make me after Thy will.”

Looking backward! I remember the great love that came to my heart, and you will remember it of course in your heart. Oh, how I loved Him! Meetings were five miles away, but I wanted to go to every one of them. If I could not go, I would sit and cry, “Lord, if I could drift out of the window to the meeting!” However, I used to sit at the window and in spirit enjoy the meeting. The meetings were my food, and my life. Just as a person under water comes up gasping for air, so I needed the meetings. Meetings—meetings—meetings! I wanted to know more about, Jesus.

Then, glory to Jesus, I remember how He called me to a life of service. As I look backward this morning I remember the day He showed me the harvest fields of life. He said, “My child, the harvest is great and the laborers are few.” That day I was alone in prayer. I stood by the banks of the river. With closed eyes I can see it yet, the black waters of sin just over yonder the fields—a terrible abyss—and sinners going down. I was standing on the shore and throwing out the life-line. I was alone in my room but it was burned upon my soul.

Looking backward! I remember when the Lord gave me the burden for souls. I could see people going down over the falls to destruction without hope. Have you gotten that far? Become a soul winner for Jesus Christ. Determine today that you are going to become a winner of precious souls for Jesus of Nazareth, glean them in and gather them into the garner of the Lord.

Looking backward! I remember the day that He baptized me with the blessed Holy Spirit. Are you looking forward to that day? God grant that it may be today!

This morning we are looking unto Him who is the Author and Finisher of our faith. Where are we? This morning we are standing on the mountain peak of grace and consecration. We have topped the ridge on this Communion Sunday. Jesus Christ is with us. He has

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given us the Holy Communion to remember His broken Body and spilled Blood. We are looking forward to that blessed hope of His second coming.

Looking forward! Oh, isn't it wonderful to be a Christian! As you are standing on this mountain peak, what do you see?

"Oh, I see Heaven over yonder!"

But down here in the valley, brother, between the mountain peak of grace and the eternal land—what do you see?

"I see a valley of waving grains. I see mounts of bigger service than ever before. I see many people going on vacations who say, 'I know, but I have to look out for myself. Let a lot of folks go to hell while I take my vacation. If they lose their souls, I can't help it. Let's close up the, church and go away. We couldn't get a crowd any way.'" The church closes, but in the meantime I see the devil is still on the job. He isn't taking a rest.

Looking forward! I see the greatest opportunity in 1924 of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ and snatching brands from the burning than ever before.

Looking forward! I see a glorious Temple in which to work for Jesus. I see jails and prisons open to our workers. I remember backward a week ago that more than one hundred prisoners accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Looking forward I see the hospitals open to our little white-robed workers. Looking forward I see meetings being held at noon in the factories, shops and laundries. Looking forward, and reflecting backward, working men when the whistle blows at noon rushing to a place where there is a baby organ. Men in blue overalls—I can see them munching their sandwiches and stopping to sing,

*There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar.*

In the background are the grimy foundry instruments and smoke stacks.

Looking forward, I can see tent meetings—two in progress now. I

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see them multiply. I can see people coming into this church in thousands. I can see tourists getting the blessed Gospel. Looking forward! I can see them going back, taking the Southern Pacific or the Santa Fe., and preaching the blessed Gospel that Jesus saves.

Looking forward! I see a metal disc standing beside the Angelus Temple pulpit—a microphone. Inside of this disc I see a diaphragm which quivers at every word I speak. A wire connects it with the machinery on the third floor. Then there are two silver towers on the Temple with four wires (my daughter says that I see in fours) telling the waves that Jesus saves.

Looking forward! I can see our missionaries getting ready. Looking forward! I can see the summer vacation Bible School for adults and children. And, oh, looking, forward with a great desire, I see it—our school building for the training of evangelists and missionaries. It is going up! The young folks must be trained! People are dying for the want of light. Africa is waiting, the black skinned man, shading his eyes against the sun, is waiting for the white man who never comes. America—the hope of Africa. What are you doing? You are sitting in cushioned pews, riding in beautiful cars, wearing silks and satins, but Africa is dying while waiting for the Gospel. Oh, America, what will you do?

India is stretching forth her hands; also China. Every third baby born is a Chinese; every third funeral is that of a Chinese.

Looking forward, I can see that our people are going to get my passion and burden. You are going to say, “Little woman, you are not going to talk any more. Here is the money for that school. Get it built and train young men and women for evangelists and missionaries. The fact that the workers are doing work now proves that it can be done.”

Looking forward! I see the wheat waving. Oh, it is so white! It is waiting for the willing gleaners’ hands.

Looking forward, I can see a mighty company advancing. They are going up the rendezvous. Before them the gates of glory swing wide. Look, they are going in! Their arms are filled with sheaves; some are staggering under the load; some just have a little wisp; some are

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empty handed but they love the Lord. "Dear Lord, here are the souls. I could not preach, but I have been praying, and I gave towards the training school."

Looking forward! I can see the clouds of heaven light. I can see the Lord coming in the clouds of glory. In His hand is a trumpet. Up from the graves I can see the conquerors rising, and those who are alive and remain being caught up to meet Him in the air.

Looking forward! I see all individuals coming in one body—coming from many churches. Denominational barriers are forgotten. I can see the church like a beautiful bride adorned for her husband and the Bridegroom coming to meet her. His arms are around her and tears like pearls are rolling down her cheeks. He is wiping away the tears. "There, there, you have shed your last tears. Henceforth you shall dwell with Me, forevermore. Well, done, my church, my bride, my peculiar separated people. Come, let Me present you to the Father without spot, wrinkle or blemish."

Looking forward I see a table similar to this one, only it is much longer and wider. I can see the angels spreading the table—they are spreading it now. I can hear the music as of tinkling bells of the silver and the glasses. They are saying, "Come, for all things are ready." And the people are coming with their wedding robes on—the righteousness of the Bridegroom.

Looking forward! I can see them gathered around that table. Every chair is full. There is a chair for you, but if you don't take it, somebody else will. There is not going to be an empty chair—if you lay down your cross, somebody else will pick it up. Then, I see the Master sitting at the table. He says, "Children, it is nineteen hundred years since I brake bread and took of the fruit of the vine with you. Remember the last words I said—I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."

Standing upon the mountain peak of consecration and glory this morning, we look back to Calvary and forward to the coming of the Lord. He will break the bread once more with His own beautiful hands, and He will bless the cup and say, "Drink this in remembrance

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of Calvary.”

Looking forward to eternity at the right hand of God. My brother, my sister, do you think it is worth it?

“Well, Sister McPherson, I have a hard time down here. I have been kind of discouraged. I have shed lots of tears.”

Isn't it worth it? Glory to Jesus, when you get up yonder, there will not be another tear or another thorn to pierce your feet. You will forget about your hard times here—it will all be over a hundred years from now. Hallelujah, we will be in the Glory Land!

“I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

Where are we this morning? We are on the mountain peak taking stock. Looking backward, I remember what a sinner I was. I remember that Jesus Christ died to save me. He spoke peace to my heart. He said, “Do this until I come,” but, oh, don't drink or eat of this Holy Communion unworthily. If you are a sinner, let this cup go past, lest you drink condemnation to your own soul.

Looking backward, “we were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world: but now in Christ Jesus we 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

Looking Backward and Forward

himself being the chief corner stone; 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.”

Looking forward! We are looking for the glorious appearance of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Lord Jesus, we praise you this morning that you died for us.

We praise you that you shed your Blood on the Cross of Calvary that we might be redeemed. And now, looking-backward, we remember Calvary. Looking forward, we are glorying in the coming of the Lord. Looking backward, we remember the pit from which we were digged. Looking forward, we see a crown of glory waiting. Looking backward, we see the Lord's Supper instituted in the beginning, and the rainbow. Looking forward, we see the cup at the end of the rainbow, taken, anew in the Father's Kingdom. And here we are this morning, O Lord, saved by grace. Oh, it is a miracle! It is wonderful!

And, with all our hearts, we say, “Hallelujah! Amen!” And this, Lord Jesus, that we send to you is our prayer and our worship before breaking this sacred bread in the name of Him who taught us to say—

Our Father who art in Heaven, Hallowed by Thy Name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever.

Amen.

The Ninety and Nine



Sunday Evening
July 6, 1924



LET US TURN to the fifteenth chapter of Luke and read, beginning with the fourth verse:

“What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

“And when he hath found it, layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

“And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

“I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.”

The Bible is such a wonderful book! And the reason that it is so wonderful is because it reveals Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in so many beautiful ways. Sometimes in the Bible we catch a glimpse of Jesus Christ as a Vine—a beautiful, strong, stalwart, fertile Vine of which we are the branches. Sometimes He is referred to as an Apple Tree, “I sat down under the Apple Tree with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste.” Again, “As a mother pities her children, so He pities those who love and trust Him.” Again, “How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!” Again—Jesus Christ is spoken of as the Bread that comes down from heaven and feeds the hungry in the wilderness of life. Again—as the Water of Life that flows forth freely. Again—as the Son of Righteousness that scatters the darkness and

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brings in the gladsome glory of His own beautiful face.

On and on we might go. He is spoken of as the Shepherd, the Bridegroom, the Coming King, the Lord of Glory, the Elder Brother, The Advocate who stands pleading before the Throne of God. In all of these types He is exquisitely glorious, precious and beautiful.

Jesus Christ is like a diamond with many, many hundreds of cuttings in it. You turn the diamond this way and admire it. This way, or whichever way you turn it, and it flashes forth its glory. So it is with Jesus Christ. We gaze upon Him as the Elder Brother and He is most beautiful. As the Bridegroom and, ah, it is here that He is most beautiful. Yet of all these beautiful types of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, it seems to me that there is none more tender, striking, loving, and more infinitely precious, than that of Jesus Christ as the Great Shepherd of the Flock. To speak of Him as such immediately brings a happy, soft little smile, curving the corners of our lips, and a soft light glows in the eyes. You say, "Yes, Jesus is the Shepherd and we His sheep."

Immediately we begin to picture certain things. First, we see the Shepherd. We picture Him moving in the midst of His flock—a Man in a seamless white dress, sandaled feet, and whose hands are nail-pierced. The morning breezes softly stir the locks that fall about His shoulders. Above all else, His eyes—eyes of love, keen, ever-searching, alert—eyes that melt with pity for the weakest and most trembling of His little flock.

The Shepherd! Immediately we think of a sheepfold and we hear Him whisper, "I am the Door of the fold." Then there comes before us in fancy something else that we always think of together with the Shepherd—that is, the good pasture. The sheep shall come out, go in, and come out as He leads them, and they shall find good pasture.

Oh, what a Shepherd He is! Tonight is He your Shepherd. We are all sheep and cannot afford to live without Him. We certainly cannot afford to die without Him.

The fold is the fold of salvation. The door is His own precious wounded side; the Pasture of Salvation; the Clover of Consecration; and the Dews of the Holy Spirit. The rivers from which the sheep

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drink are rivers of grace that flow from the Throne of God.

I am so glad that I am one of His sheep in the deep clover pasture. My soul is filled, my heart satisfied. My lips o'erflow with praises of the Good Shepherd.

Once I was lost and the Shepherd sought me. Once I was wandering and He brought me back. Once I resisted Him and said, "No!" but He did not whip me. He just loved me, and drew me with His shepherd crook and cords of love. He folded me in His arms, and I never want to leave His fold anymore. I want to serve Him until He gathers me in His eternal garner.

The Good Shepherd! Flowing streams—sparkling rivers—green pastures—tender care—a safe fold! O Jesus, Thou Saviour and Shepherd of Thy flock!

So here we are—at the beginning of the day—life's young day. We are His lambs, and the Shepherd fain would bring us forth and lead us out into His pastures. At bright noon day, we are to serve our glorious Master and walk with Him. All the day long, His hand feeds us and we are happy, basking in the sunshine of His smile. Every night He brings us back home again. In His hand He has a crook and counts every one of His little family one, two, three, four, five, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, eighty, ninety, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred. And He rejoices, "All My sheep are home. I have led them forth through the world. They have fed upon the pastures green. They are mine. I gave my life for them."

As they pass in through the door of the fold, they pass beneath the crook of the gentle Shepherd. Ah, He sees that one little sheep has been torn—it has been caught on the brambles and thorns! Immediately the Shepherd brings forth His cruse of oil, pours it over the suffering lamb, and it is healed and comforted. He finds another lamb that is weary and unable to walk like the others. He stoops down and picks the little lamb up and carries it in His bosom. No one need say, "I would like to be a Christian, but I am afraid I can't hold out." If you are too weak to walk yourself, the Shepherd will pick you up and carry you. You could not ask anything better. The Shepherd is a Good Shepherd. Don't argue. Don't say that He cannot carry you. He can,

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and will never let you fall. Trust Him! He is able to save His sheep and heal them in body as well as in soul, and they are happy in the will of God.

Oh, that there was always the hundred in the fold! Oh, that everybody in Angelus Temple were in the fold! Oh, that everybody listening over Radio KFSG were in the fold! But, alas, there are some that are lost; that are out of the Ark of Safety, without God and without hope. Poor little lambs! I can see them wandering tonight.

The Shepherd is leading the sheep to pastures green and waters that flow from the Throne of God. As they are feasting with their Lord, their souls are satisfied.

But, ah, I can see a sheep that says, "I am not going to serve Him. I am not going to be a Christian. I am going to have my own way. I am going to have a few wild oats that are in the field. Good Shepherd, I am going to leave your fold and live my own life. The sun is shining and I feel no need of a shepherd. If I want to come back and be one of your sheep, I will tell you. In the meantime, stay out of my heart. I will not come into your church fold. I am going into the world. I think I see greener pastures. Over there I see the green pastures of the dance hall. I think I will like that better than salvation. Over yonder I see the inviting clover of novel reading, and the green grasses of the pool room. Good Shepherd, I will say 'Goodbye' to you, and I am going out on my own hook of sin and pleasure. When I am old and the night grows dark and chill I may come back, but not now thank you. I am on my way to the green pastures of the world."

Oh, you poor little lambs! How many sheep here tonight have started out and left the fold of the Good Shepherd left His pasture and gone into the pastures of the world!

But, lo and behold, when the little sheep got there it was not clover at all in the dance hall. It was nothing but thorns, sage brushes, and cactus. The thorns and thistles tore and rent the body, soul and mind of the sheep. But the little sheep wanders on, "I know that I see distant fields that are greener. I know that I can be happier living my own life than I can with Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd. I am going on my own way."

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Oh, brother and sister, are you the lost sheep tonight? Are you the one who has wandered away from the safe fold? Do you want your own way? Do you want to live your own life? Have you said, “No” to God? When a hand was placed on your shoulder and a pleading voice of a worker said, “Come to Jesus.” did you say, “No, thank you. I am able to care for myself. I don’t want the Shepherd. I see green pasture yonder. I know that I could not do these things or go to those places and abide in that sheepfold too. Not tonight, thank you. I am going my own way. Someday I may become a Christian.”

It seemed all right while the day was light and there was singing and laughter. While the birds were singing in the treetops, all was happiness and joy.

As we wandered from Him, the Shepherd was seeking and calling us, but we were wandering farther and farther away. God only knows tonight how far some in Angelus Temple are away. Some of you have gotten in the rocks and are caught in the brambles now.

The day light was fading and a little lamb was far from home. The Good Shepherd called in His flock one, two, three, four, five, ten, twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, ninety, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. Ah, there is a sheep that is missing! O God, there is a sheep missing and the sun will soon set in the West.

“O-o-h!” the undershepherds said, “Never mind. What if one sheep is missing, you have ninety and nine in the fold.”

But the Good Shepherd said, “I must go to the desert to find my sheep. It is lost somewhere in the darkness—somewhere in the paths of sin. My sheep is lost.”

“Don’t go, Master. Here you have ninety and nine. Are they not enough for you?”

“No, I must go out and find my sheep. The eastern light is fading...

[Here the lights went out for a few minutes and the stenographer was unable to take notes.]

“Rejoice! Rejoice for I have found my sheep!” And the Master brings the lost sheep home.

“Oh, little lambie, were you lost? Did you get torn by the briars? Did you think there was no hope? Did you think you had gone too far

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away? Did you think the Master could not find you? Did you think you would never get home?"

The Good Shepherd says, "I have found My sheep!" and brings it home and puts it in the fold.

"Rejoice! Rejoice! For the Lord brings back His own."

My brother, my sister, the Lord is seeking for you. You have wandered away. You are here tonight. You are caught in the storm, the thunders, lightnings and rains. Once you were pure as the morning dew. Once your coat was fleecy and like the snows that kiss the hillsides with beauty. But now you have wandered far from God—God only knows how far! And you know. And He is seeking you tonight.

Many people ask me, "Sister McPherson, aren't you satisfied and happy? Don't you know that some twenty thousand souls have wept their way to the altar? Aren't you happy?"

Pretty near but not quite. There are ninety, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine in the fold tonight. But, ah, there is a missing sheep. Is it you? Are you out in the desert dark and drear, out in the midnight, in sorrow, in trouble, and on the edge of the cliff. Just a move and you are gone—gone into eternity unsaved, without God and without hope!

Nothing is too much trouble for Jesus Christ today. He has come down from the Glory Land to seek and to save you. The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep. The wolves and coyotes are ready to devour you. But tonight, if you will just speak, "Lord, save me"—that moment the Shepherd will hear your voice. Swifter than a flash of lightning, swifter than the flight of an eagle, swifter than you can think, the Lord will come to you and say, "My little lamb, I died for you."

No matter what thorn or thicket you are caught in, the Lord can save you. He can pick you up and bring you home to Himself tonight.

O beloved, will you say that word which will bring Him to you—just a whisper—just a word—just "Jesus." Could you say just that much? That is all you need to say. He is here and will answer when you call.

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You don't see Him, do you? But He is right here now—I feel His presence. He is not only here by me, but He is walking up that aisle and down that aisle, up through the balconies. That beautiful, quiet, pure, white Figure of Light is moving through the seats. As He moves His lantern is in His hand. He is calling to you.

“Oh, little lamb, where are you? You didn't mean to go so far away. I understand. I am not blaming you. I am not going to whip you, or beat you, or scold you. I know you thought your way was best. You thought that yonder paths led to happiness, but they led to nothing but sorrow, heartache and woe. Poor, poor sheep! I know. I understand. I am not going to scold you. All I am going to do is help you.

Speak to Me. Just say “Jesus”; just say, “Master, I want you. I need you. J-e-s-u-s, I-I-I a-a-m l-l-ost!”

Ah, swiftly He comes to you! His arms are about you, and His loving hands will go underneath you. Though it seemed that you were about to fall, never to rise again, He will pick you up and carry you.

“Sister McPherson, I wish I could believe it, but I don't feel that I could hold out.”

Bless your dear heart, you don't have to. All the Lord wants you to do is to let Him pick you up and carry you. His is not a salvation you have to hang onto, but a salvation that will hang onto you. Won't you let Him?

“I know but, Sister, I feel so beaten and torn with things that have happened.”

There-there, doesn't He know it? Can't He mend your heart? He will put the smile back on your tired face. He will put the love-light of Jesus in your eyes. The first thing you know, you will be right back in the Shepherd's fold, back in His church, singing, worshipping, and praising the Lord. Will you—will you—will you come?

“Sister, does He care whether I do or not? I think He has given me up for a bad job. Sister, I have been so mean.”

Bless you, He hasn't given you up! If everybody else—even your mother—has gotten discouraged, Jesus loves you. He is out with His lantern looking for you and pleading, “Come home.” If you can't

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come yourself, He will bring you home to His fold.

“Am I worth it?” you ask.

Why, you are of more value to the Good Shepherd than all the money, diamonds, rubies, pearls, motor cars, banks and everything else in the world. Your soul—just your poor soul is worth more than all those things put together.

“Sister, would He be happy if I came?”

Would He be happy? His dear loving face would light up and beam more brightly than the rising sun. Ah, if you could see Him in His beauty when a sinner comes home! And not only that, but there will be rejoicing in heaven. Oh, look! They are looking over the balustrades of heaven now. The angels are saying,

“O Master, they are coming! Look—there is a man with tears in his eyes. There is a woman trembling as she sits in her seat.”

Then the angels rejoice, “Tune up your harps. Everyone get ready to sing praises because down in Angelus Temple, sheep are coming home. The lost sheep is found and the dead in trespasses and sin shall live again under the sunshine of the Shepherd’s smile and in the bounty of His pasture land.”

Sinner, oh, sinner, there is nothing in this world worth living for except Jesus Christ. “Mid pleasures and palaces, where’er you may roam, be it ever so humble, there is no place like Home.”

You have tried every amusement, pomp and show of the world and you have nothing but cactus, thorns, briars and thistles. Now—come home!

Aren’t you homesick? Don’t you want to feel the Shepherd’s crook touch you tonight? Don’t you want Him to pour out oil from His cruse and heal you in body, soul, and spirit? Of course you do. And He is seeking you right now, and calling, “Come home!”

Dear Shepherd, kind Shepherd, glorious Shepherd, who gave Thy life for the sheep: Other under-shepherds said, “Here are the ninety and nine—are they not enough for you?” O Lord, we are so glad you ever started out in the dark for us, lit your lantern of salvation and hope, came down the precipice of sin, unbelief and skepticism.

O Lord, I remember when you got me! I was a poor little lost sheep

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among the briars. I remember how your lantern came swinging down the pathway of redemption and you called me, and I just said, “God be merciful to me a sinner.”

Lord, it seems to me that I did not have the words out of my mouth before your hands swooped, down, and you picked me up. Oh, I am so glad that I am back home! I don't want to go my own way again—I want to be yours.

But, Lord Jesus, tonight we are seeking that other one—the one that is lost and has strayed far from Thy fold. Lord, bring them to yourself tonight. Amen.

What is Your Life?



*Tuesday Evening
July 8, 1924*

Go to now, ye that say, Today or tomorrow we will go into such a city,
and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain:
Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your
life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then
vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live,
and do this, or that. But now ye rejoyce in your boastings; all such
rejoycing is evil. Therefore to him that knoweth to do good,
and doeth it not, to him it is sin.

JAMES 4:13-17

For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass.
The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away:
But the word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word
which by the gospel is preached unto you.

1 PETER 1:24, 25



WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?" That is a question that people are asking
all over the country, and one that the great scientists are
trying to answer. Great doctors and surgeons are seeking to
answer it.

What is life? What is it? But all the experiments and the suffering
sometimes that are brought upon poor creatures of the field in an
effort to discover what life is can never discover more than the Bible

What is Your Life?

tells us—

“It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” “All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.”

What is life? How carelessly we treat it! Life may be likened to many things. First, life is like a day—the dawn, high noon, dusk and dark.

Dawn—of course that is infancy, when little bootied feet are learning to walk, when their cheeks are flushed with roses and their eyes sparkle.

High noon—the youthful days when we are thinking about what we will do tomorrow.

Dark—old age when we think of what we did yesterday.

Take the oldest people here tonight. I see several whose hair is whiter than a snow bank. I am sure if we asked them if it seemed they had lived a long time that they would answer, “No. It seems just like a day. It seems like I was a child yesterday. The things of dawn live in my mind more distinctly than the things of high noon and dusk.”

The young men are planning what they are going to do in the future. In midlife we are planning what we are going to do with our children. The first thing we know the sun has passed the meridian, the sun is sinking in the West and twilight is coming. And, oh, for how many who are not saved!

Life is but a day, and we have not one golden hour to waste. I see some people fooling away the hours when they should be working for time and eternity.

What is life? Life is like a little spark on the end of a taper. One puff and it is gone. What is life? I can feel it flutter as I put my hand over my heart. Tonight I feel strong and there is the thing that we call “life,” but just one puff and it is gone.

To think of our president’s son whom they loved dearly. A few hours ago he was with them—strong, muscular, well and happy. He was out in his white flannels, catching up the tennis racket, when a blister came on his foot. Oh, that is nothing! Hadn’t we had blisters

What is Your Life?

before? But poison set in and, though he was young, talented, wealthy, refined, and had every surgeon at beck and call, death came. What is death? Death is something that comes to the rich as well as the poor, to the high and mighty as well as the humble.

What is life? What about your life?

“Sister McPherson, that is a kind of solemn message.”

Yes, it is when we come to think of it, but shouldn't we think about it once in a while?

This morning a little lady was crossing the street to do an errand for the Lord when an automobile struck her. Her limb was broken and she suffered internal injuries. Will she live? We do not know, but I hope so.

We hold in our hand a little butterfly—the poor little mite.

One press of the hand and it is gone. We can take life but we cannot give it.

The little canary bird gets out of the cage and we must catch it. As we hold it in our hand, it becomes frightened and trembles. Don't be afraid. I am just going to put you in your cage.

What is life? It is a spark that can be put out. It is like a candle. It is burning in youth now and is long. It will come to middle age and get shorter. The average life today is a little over thirty years. For some of you the candle is burning down. Now it is beginning to flicker and flare.

Someone says, “I have a pain in my heart, but I don't understand it. What is it?” It is just a flicker of the candle.

What is life? Oh, would you be ready if the Lord called you tonight? What is life? It is like a flower. In midlife it blooms, but in old age it droops and is gone. “It is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.”

Life is like a dress that we put on for the day. We put it on in the morning and remove it at night. It is a vesture only, just clothing the real soul. When we close our eyes in death that isn't the end—we are going to live forever and ever and ever. We are either to live with God or Satan, in heaven or hell, eternal joy or eternal sorrow.

What is Your Life?

And now—life! Why live? What are we here for? We are here to decide where we are going to spend eternity. Life is more than meat and more than raiment. We are not here to make a pile of money, or to make ends meet. We are here to decide where we are going to spend eternity. We are here to do good as we pass through, and when we are gone we are remembered by the things we have done for others.

Sometimes a czar has passed away, or a king laid to rest. Many thousands have passed by the casket but never a tear is shed—they just say that they have seen the ruler. However, we know some who have passed away and tears have flooded the casket. One was Catherine Booth, the widow of late General Booth. She had visited the sick, the fatherless and the motherless. She was a little mother to darkest England, showing them the way out—a guiding star in the midst of the squalor of the worst streets in London. When she passed away—a cancer took her away—and lay in state three days, her dress was soaked with the tears of those whom she had helped.

What is life? What are we here for? Are we accomplishing that for which we are here? Where are we going?

Life is a man on a journey. Life is a ship that is leaving one port and sailing to another. Life is not something that abides forever. Life is a frail tabernacle housing the soul. Oh, I wish that every one of us knew we were ready to meet the Lord over there!

Life isn't long—it is short. However, it isn't how long you live—whether you live your time and on borrowed time, or whether you go down in youth or midlife. The question is, have you helped? Is the world brighter and sweeter because you lived? Have you made some one smile, lifted someone's load, removed the thorns from someone's path, held the light through someone's darkness of night? Have you stood as a sign post pointing the way to heaven?

Life! What is it? It is just a vestibule that leads to eternity. Life is just a lobby that enters into the great auditorium. Life is to eternity what that foyer is to this Temple—just something to pass through to take you into the inner place. Life is just a dressing room where you are to put on your dress and get ready for eternity. Oh, would you be

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ready if He should call tonight? Would I?

“Sister, dear, I wish that I could live my life over again. I am afraid I have wasted it. Oh, if I could only live yesterday over! I would do differently. What a pity!”

Yes, it is a pity. My, if we could only turn back our life like we do the little hour glass. How many of you tonight are thinking that if you had your life to live over again you would do differently. But we cannot. We are in a whirl, and others are crowding on our heels. Life is just a cycle—a continual movement.

Life! What have you done with yours?

“Sister McPherson, I have been so busy with other things that I have not had time to think of my soul.”

What a pity! You have neglected the big thing. It would be better to let your fire insurance go and everything else in the world than your soul. It does not matter if you are Pierpont, Rockefeller or Carnegie—you cannot take your money with you. There is only one thing that counts—the breath of God, the eternal soul. Only one thing matters, and that is whether or not you belong to God, whether or not you are washed in the Blood of Jesus Christ, served the Lord, done your duty, have on your wedding dress and are ready to be ushered into the glorious mansions up there.

Life! When our feet come to the end of the river, are we ready?

“Oh, Sister McPherson, I feel fine.”

I know, but if the angel of death should just touch the tip of his finger to your heart, you are gone. Would you be ready if the Lord should call? O beloved, I beseech you to get ready, not only for your own sake but for the sake of others round about you—for the sake of your little boy, girl, husband, wife, family, neighbors, the souls you might win, and above all else for the glory of God.

What are we going to do with life? Here it is today—tomorrow it may be gone. Have I wasted it? No, I don't think so. Then there was Sunday with the three big meetings. But, there, I must not count works, but grace. I must take time to pray and read the Bible in order to keep my own soul fresh. No, Sunday was not wasted. Oh, didn't God meet us as we gathered four thousand strong around the

What is Your Life?

Communion Table! That was not wasted.

There was Sunday afternoon. We might have gone to bed or to the beach, "I am not going to ruin my health. I must take care of myself." "As your days so shall your strength be." So we had an afternoon service in the Temple and there was a good crowd. Some came to the altar, and some got "plus glory."

And Sunday night! I will never get that opportunity back. I might die tonight or live fifty more years, but I will never get last Sunday back. Did I waste it? No. The Temple was full and people stood outside the doors. As I preached on "The Ninety and Nine," people sat and listened. Ninety-nine safe in the fold, but one was lost, and the Lord went out and brought him in. No, Sunday night was not wasted. Penitents filled the altars, the platform, the communion space and the ramparts. And, hallelujah, the Saviour met them!

Was Monday lost? No. All day Monday we could not preach, but we preached sermons over the typewriter. Then Monday night we went to Santa Monica and opened a tent meeting there.

And Tuesday? No, that has not been wasted. Since the morning we have been working on the next Bridal Call up until time to come to the meeting. Tuesday night? That is not wasted.

Tomorrow? I have more to do than I could do in ten days.

Oh, don't waste these days! When the water goes over the dam, it can never return. Now, while we have life, youth, vitality, let us give it to Him, so that when the call comes we can say,

"Lord, here is the life that you gave me. I have tried to make someone's path the easier, someone's load the lighter because You were my Saviour and dwelt in my heart."

*The Kingdom of Earth and
the Kingdom of Heaven*



*Sunday Morning
July 13, 1924*



WE ARE SPEAKING tonight upon “The Kingdom of Earth and the Kingdom of Heaven.” O, I pray that before this meeting closes everyone here in the temple may belong not to the kingdom of earth but to the kingdom of heaven and of the Lord Jesus Christ!

We are reading this evening several scriptures, our first being from Matthew, the 6th chapter, the 19th and 20th verses:

“Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal.”

In the Word of God, we read, 2 Peter 3: 10-12:

“But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.

“Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness.

“Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervid heat?”

Isaiah 24: 19 and 20 tells us also the end of the kingdom of earth:

“The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly. The earth shall reel to and fro like a

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drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again.”

But here is the glorious promise: “Behold, I create a new heaven and a new earth and the former shall not be remembered nor come into mind.”

“The day of the Lord shall come as a thief in the night, in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements melt with a fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.”

O, God, grant then, that every one of us shall belong to the kingdom of heaven that shall never pass away!

There are, right here in our old world tonight, two kingdoms, the kingdom of earth and the kingdom of heaven. It’s all on the one and the same globe. We cannot see them both. Here is our America, here is Europe, Asia, the islands of the sea, and yet upon this one globe there are two kingdoms. Of the one the king is the Lord Jesus Christ; of the other, the king is Satan. Each has his own soldiers for each people are fighting, And the Lord tells us, “Him whom you obey, his servants you are. No man can serve two masters: He will either serve God or mammon.”

Then in the kingdoms you and I either belong to the kingdom of earth or to the kingdom of heaven. It is an absolute impossibility to belong to both. To which do you belong tonight? Under which king are you fighting? Under which flag do you march? If the end of the world should come tonight—after our Lord is come and after he has reigned, when the great white judgment throne has come, when the kingdom of earth is to be dissolved, where would you be? Would you be caught up to the New Jerusalem, or would you be among that company who shall be cast down into utter sorrow and darkness and wailing?

Today both kings are sounding forth their clarion call, King Immanuel is calling, “Come unto me. Come, take my yoke upon you, learn of me. My yoke is easy; my burden is light.” King Immanuel, under unfurled banners, is calling men and women to come and fight on his side. If you are going to belong to the kingdom of heaven you

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will be a soldier of King Jesus himself. Becoming a soldier, one of the first things that you have to do is lay aside your civilian clothes of worldliness and sin and pride and unbelief. The next thing that you will do will be to don the uniform of the king for whom you fight. "Put on, therefore, the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand in that evil day." Fight the good fight of faith, obeying orders of the Lord Jesus Christ himself.

The kingdom of heaven. Right here in Angelus Temple tonight, men and women are going to enlist for the kingdom of heaven. Right here in our midst tonight, we have a recruiting station, right in our midst tonight stands King Jesus, calling men and women unto himself.

But there is also another king, the king of this world, that one that we call Satan or Lucifer, He is calling to himself recruits. He calls them in various ways. He calls them by the blazing lights of Broadway. He calls them by the siren music of the dance and of worldliness. He calls them by the tap of slippered feet upon smooth, oiled floors. He calls them by the card table, by worldly companions, by money getting, by a thousand and one ways.

The kingdom of earth and the kingdom of heaven. Only the one globe, but here are the two people, the two kingdoms, the two kings. One kingdom, is absolutely separate from the other. They do not mix any more than oil and water mix. The oil will always come to the top, the water down below. They separate just like, back home on the farm, cream and milk separate. The cream, the Christian people, those that serve the Lord, are going to rise to the top every time. They are going up. But the people who are worldly are going to the bottom, are going down every time.

Here they are. They are both on this globe, they are both here in Angelus Temple tonight; they are both over the radio, they are listening to my voice everywhere. You are either a Christian or you are a sinner. You are either fighting for King Jesus or you are fighting for King Satan. You are either in the kingdom that is going up to reign with God forever, or you are in the kingdom that is going to be cast down and destroyed and put in a place of woe and tears forevermore. To which kingdom do you belong tonight?

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We read of the earthbound ones, those who think only of the earth and the things thereof. That man says within his heart, in Luke, the 12th chapter, the 19th verse, I care nothing about the kingdom of heaven. There are some very odd and peculiar people down here in the world who are always talking about the Lord coming. Ho! Ho! Who ever heard of such a thing. There are some people down here— Why, I know a man in my street. Somebody says that man is a Christian. He is always spending his time praying and talking about the land that is fairer than day and declaring that by faith he can see it afar, that the Father waits over the way to prepare him a dwelling place. Rubbish! I think nothing of the kingdom of heaven and the life that is to come.”

This man says: “I tell you, folk, I believe that right down here is the place to live and have your joy and satisfaction. You want to know your best friend? It’s your pocketbook. That’s the one that stands by you when, you are in trouble and when you are sick. You want to know where I spend my thoughts and my time? In earthly possessions,” he says, “in acquiring broad acres, in sinking down deep oil wells, in planting new vineyards, in building new buildings. I have no time for church. I have no time for heaven or such nonsense as the kingdom of heaven. I don’t see any further than the end of my own nose. I don’t think of anything, only just what is right down here in this old world. Let these vague, fanciful, visionary people talk about their illusions of heaven if they will; this old world is good enough for me.”

So say the people of the kingdom of earth. So said a man in Luke, the 12th chapter and the 16th verse:

“The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do because I have no room here to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him. Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be, which thou hast

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provided?

“Take no, thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.”

“Ah, no,” says the man of the kingdom of earth, “Eat, drink and be merry. I am getting along fine. I have got a tiny little speck of land here and I own a little vineyard there. I tell you my troubles are over now and I have come out to the golden west to settle down and live the last of my days in peace.”

The kingdom of earth. And so the man of the kingdom of earth is tying on weights and bags to himself and his kingdom. He ties upon him the weights of worldliness, the weights of pride of sin and of unbelief. Everything tends to pull him down. The laws of gravitation are settling him down to this old earth and he looks with amusement at these people that are always talking about heaven. “Well,” he says, “this is all the heaven I want, right down here. I haven’t time to think of those foolish things about the morrow.”

But there is his neighbor. While the worldly man is minding earthly things, while he is looking upon the things that are seen while he thinks that gain is godliness, there is another man here on this old earth—thank God, not only one, but I can see thousands of them, who belong to the kingdom of heaven, and they are saying: “Ah, look up! It is not all of life to live nor all of death to die. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? As for me and my house, we will serve God. We will set our affections on things above, not on things below.”

So the man of the kingdom of heaven unites himself to that glorious King Jehovah-jireh, dons the uniform of that king, puts on the whole armor of God, enlists in his service, fights and wins many a victory in the name of his Master. All this time he is laying up his treasure in heaven.

My! I wonder how much I have up there tonight? I wonder how much you have up there that gives you an upward pull and lifts you up toward heaven? You see, if you belong to the kingdom of earth you have a weight that is pulling you down. If you belong to the kingdom

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of heaven, you have a glorious lift that is pulling you up.

In this world are these two people: the sinner is of the earth, earthy; the Christian is of the heaven, heavenly. The one is from beneath, the other is from above. The one is serving the devil, the other is serving the Lord Jesus Christ. The mind of the one is filled with the theater, the dance, the card table, the pool-room, worldly dress, society, social climbing, popularity, and earthly things. The mind of the other is filled with the thoughts of the church, of prayer, of the Bible, of soul winning, of pleasing the Lord Jesus Christ. And they are laying up treasures over Yonder, where thieves cannot break through and steal.

When the sinner's loved one dies, he says, "Ah, they are gone! Well, they are buried here and I'll just move over and live near the cemetery."

When the Christian's loved ones go, they say, "Ah, they have gone over yonder. Mother dear, you're gone and yet it seems to me that I can see your smile and feel the kiss of your warm lips upon my brow tonight, that I can feel the touch of your hand upon my head. Little Mother o' mine, you have gone home to heaven, dear, and I am coming to you. You cannot come to me, but I can go to you."

It's up! up! up! to the Christian. It's always that upward pull. Little baby's gone, little Eleanor, little William, that you loved like you loved your own heart and life—more, perhaps; and suddenly he was gone and you looked down to that casket, the poor, little, cold, waxed face, and you brushed back the downy hair from that little brow and you planted a kiss there, and then you said, "Why, this is not my darling, my little one. He is gone to be with Jesus. This is just the little house in which the spirit dwelt; but that spirit is gone to be with the Lord. Oh, Darling! I can see you, for you are looking over the battlements of Glory. Now I have something else to go to heaven for."

It is an upward tug. Although the heart aches, there is the upward lift. And then over there, the Christian has the strongest tug of all. Jesus Christ of Galilee has gone before, a blood-sprinkled way. He has paved every footstep of it and the Saviour is waiting there and the Christian is looking up. When the night is dark, when his eyes are

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blinded with tears, when there is sickness and when there is death and when there is trouble, he says, "Well, cheer up, someday I'll see my Lord. Someday it will all be over and I'll see his lovely face." Ah, it is the upward tug!

The kingdom of earth says, "Why, you foolish people. The idea of your letting missionaries go to India or sending people over to those greasy, dirty, black people in Africa,"—somebody said to me a little while ago. Why, don't you know that those people have souls and that they are worth saving and that Jesus died for them. "Oh," you say, "the idea of going clear over to Africa or over to China or India, giving up your home, giving up beautiful things that we have here on earth to make life easy, going over there among mosquitoes and malaria and typhoid and diphtheria and black death. Why?"

Why, because of the upward tug. The kingdom of earth cannot understand it. To them it is foolishness, but to the kingdom of heaven and the people that belong thereto—they are getting ready to meet their Lord and gathering up the sheaves with which to greet him when he comes. The kingdom of earth cannot understand it, but, oh, the upward tug of those that are getting ready!

Perhaps it is a companion you have over there. I have my Robert, who went home to heaven without me. I will never forget when we sailed to China. Before we went I had the most peculiar dream. I saw us both starting for China and I dreamed about it—I didn't think anything of it at the time, for my mind was full of China—and I saw a little rowboat down by the shore and Robert, my dear husband who had led me to Jesus, went down ahead and stepped in the boat and I was coming after him, and he was just going to help me in, but before he could do so, some unseen power seemed to move that boat out across the ocean, and I jumped in and started to swim. I started out after the boat as fast as I could go, but no matter how fast I went I couldn't catch that boat and he was just always ahead of me. Sometimes I almost caught it, but then the boat went away and disappeared on the other shore and I was still swimming in the water. I thought of it afterwards, water being like sickness, you know, and the boat that was the little craft that Robert was swimming in. He was ill

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and I was ill at the same time, but it seemed no matter how sick I was, he was getting a little ahead and a little ahead. The Lord took him home to Glory, but it seemed he wanted me here a little longer. So Robert left me, but just a month after that the Lord gave me little Roberta to fill the place he had left in my heart, and that was another tie to tie me to earth.

Oh! What a wonderful thing it is to have the upward tug in the heart, to look forward to meeting the King of Glory when he comes.

Then, again, I have some treasure up there. Have you any treasure in heaven? You know every dollar you give to the Lord's work, it goes up. You drop it in the pan, but it goes right up. It is registered in heaven. Everything that you bring of sacrifice and surrender, it goes up.

You have heard of the mistress and her maid who were talking about laying up treasures in heaven. The mistress would give to the missionaries who called at the doors most stingily of her wealth. Bridget didn't have a few dollars to give, but she had a few cents. Instead of just giving a nickel or a dime when the missionary came to the door, Bridget opened her pocketbook and poured the whole thing into the missionary's hand. The mistress remonstrated with her.

"Bridget, you shouldn't do things like that. You are only a working girl. You can't afford such extravagance as that. You must look out for yourself before you give to missionaries or anything else."

But Bridget just smiled and said "I am laying up for myself treasures in heaven, Ma'am."

That afternoon the mistress had a dream. As she lay on the couch she dreamed she had entered heaven, and up yonder an angel met her at the gate and took her up the street to show her the mansions. She thought they were glorious. She never had seen such beautiful palaces in her life. As they passed one of the most splendid of these, the angel said, "This mansion belongs to your servant girl, Bridget." And she said, "Is that so?" And she thought to herself, "Ah; if my poor kitchen maid has a mansion like this, what sort of a mansion will I have in heaven?"

Then the angel led her along the street. The houses, while still

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beautiful, became smaller and smaller and smaller in her dream till at last she saw a little cottage—beautiful, exquisite, rose-covered, but still a cottage, compared to the gorgeous mansion that had been her kitchen maid's. The angel turned up the walk into this little cottage and the mistress said: "Why—why—why—are we visiting this little place?" And the angel said, "This is your home for all eternity." The mistress said, "I think you have made a mistake. This is my kitchen maid's place, the other is mine. You have it wrong." "No," the angel said, "This is yours, there is no mistake." "But," she said, "how is it that my maid has so large a place and I so small?" And then the angel replied sadly, but with a smile, "Sorry, but it was the very best that we could build out of the material that you have sent up."

We're sending up our material wherewith to build for eternity and for that Glory Land. Ah! Are you fastened and attached and pulled down and thinking only of yourself and of the almighty dollar and of your loved ones and of gaiety and of worldliness and of pride? Do you say, "Why, I haven't time to go to church. I don't see how these folks ever spend the time. I don't see how they like anything like that. I don't understand it."

You poor, poor soul. You are of your father, this world. You are from beneath. You have the downward pull. Oh, cut it loose tonight, come and enlist under the King of Glory and under the banner of the Cross. Join the kingdom of heaven and get an upward pull in your heart.

Then, you know, "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also." Why, I think my heart's in heaven, Glory to God! I love to talk about it, I love to look up at the dome. I want to see heaven above me all the time. I want to be looking for Jesus to come. I have so much to go to heaven for. I feel such an upward pull. My mother says to me many, many, and many a time, "Daughter; I want you to stand down on your heels more. You will tire yourself." But when I am preaching I stand on my toes, and when walk I walk on my toes, because, glory to God, I belong to the kingdom of heaven and I feel the upward pull in my heart, and some of these days I am going up, Glory to God! The laws of the gravity of heaven will be stronger than the laws of the

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gravity of earth and I expect to see my Saviour face to face.

O, I feel the upward pull! Do you feel it tonight? You hear people sing,

*My home is in heaven,
There will be no sorrow there,
There will be no parting,
There will be no pain,
In that bright land over there.*

“Well,” you say, “you dreamy person, you! Why, you poor, sad, pessimistic person.”

Not so. The person who belongs to the kingdom of heaven and looks for the glory that is to be revealed is the most optimistic person in the world.

I remember one time down in Key West, Florida, where we were having a tent meeting, and the altars had been full. Men and women had been kneeling and giving themselves to Christ the night before, and, oh, I was happy! Tell me, did you ever win a hundred people to Christ in a day? Did you ever have the joy of seeing a thousand people kneel at one time and accept Christ? I have many a time. In Denver, Colorado, I will never forget the scores and hundreds that came forward in that great building yonder. As I look back across the years I see those altar calls, some of them with a score at the altar, some with hundreds seeking Christ. Did you ever, did you ever even win ten souls in one day? If you did, you know what I mean. Oh, the joy of it! And I was thinking about it the next day, the kingdom of heaven, and the people of earth couldn't understand it, and I was walking along the street and all the way to the grocery store one foot was saying, “Glory.” and the other was saying “Hallelujah.” “Glory, Hallelujah!” all along the way. And then I went in the store. I think I must have said “Hallelujah!” I didn't realize it, but a little boy standing outside said, “There goes the Hallelujah Lady.” It's a wonderful thing to be a Hallelujah lady for Jesus Christ and have the upward lift in the heart.

I was walking along the street one day and I passed a lady. I wasn't

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thinking of her, I was thinking about the Lord. I said to myself, softly, as I was walking along the street, "Praise the Lord!" The lady that was passing me said, "I beg your pardon?" I looked at her rather startled and I said, "I said, Praise the Lord." "Oh!" she said, and walked the other way. You should have seen her go.

The kingdom of earth; the kingdom of heaven. You can't mix the two. You can't blend the two. You must be born again to belong to that glorious kingdom which is from above.

Then, I have my interests up there, I have a mansion up there, but best of all, Jesus is there, and I expect to meet him some day. Oh, so many of my folks are up there! Peter is up there. I feel like he is one of the family, I have studied about him so long. And Paul is up there and David is up there, the sweet singer of Israel is up yonder, and there is Mary—I want to have a talk with her. And there is, Miriam, who danced and sang with her tambourine. I wouldn't miss meeting Miriam for anything. I think we'll be about half-sisters up there. I think of how she sang and praised the Lord as they crossed the river. I would like to have been with her that day. Heaven! Heaven! Heaven! Some way, as you are looking up, the things of heaven seem more real, more near than the things of the kingdom of earth. I am so glad that I have my eternal interests up there.

It isn't what you give, but what you give with your whole heart. The rich woman may give of her abundance a little, but the widow drops in her all and it means riches in heaven. The rich man is pulled down, but the heavenly power is pulling up so that the Christians become a light weight. We read, "Lay aside every weight, every sin that so easily beset you." And, glory to God, now it won't be long till Jesus comes and we rise to meet him! We read that he shall descend with a shout and the heavens shall glow with his precious presence. This old earth is going to quake and the graves are going to be opened and the dead in Christ—that is, of the kingdom of heaven, who have the upward pull—are going up. But those who have all the weights attached to them, of earth and sin, are going to stay down.

The kingdom of earth and the kingdom of heaven. The things pertaining to sin or the things pertaining to righteousness. The things

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that are sin or the things that are not sin. Which would it be if Jesus should come right now? Oh! I think it would be grand if tonight we would suddenly hear the sound of his voice; if tonight suddenly in the glorious clouds of heaven we should see his lovely face. Oh, I want to be ready when he comes!

The kingdom of earth is going to be destroyed utterly, just like we saw a few moments ago when I touched that balloon, like a little bubble that great sphere dissolved into nothingness and was gone. So in the end this earth shall be purged by fire and we read that the Lord shall cause it to pass away. But he will make a new heaven and a new earth. When sorrow comes to this old world, when it is cast down, when it is destroyed, when it is no more, then, glory to God, those that are ready for the kingdom of heaven are going to go up! Oh! I wonder tonight, would you be ready to rise if Jesus Christ should come? Glory to God, He is coming, and when he comes things are going to happen! Those that belong to the kingdom of earth are going to be cast down and they are going to be destroyed, utterly, forever. There is going to be the fire, there is going to be destruction, and there is going to be heartache, and I don't want to be here that day. Now we are praising the Lord with an open Bible, now we are preaching from a free spirit, now we have even the liberty of preaching the gospel over the air. Things are not going to be this way always. By and by when the Lord Jesus Christ comes, that kingdom of heaven is going to go up. But the kingdom of earth—that is going to stay down here—is just going to be destroyed and it is gone. It is going to fall utterly, destroyed, broken, crushed.

But ah, the kingdom of heaven is going to go up, up, up, until it sails right through the blue of that starry dome and is going to be with the Lamb forever and ever! He says, "I will make a new Heaven and new earth, for the former things are passed away." Then, old money bags, what good is it going to do him? What good is your business to do then if you haven't Jesus Christ in it? Thank God, you can be a good Christian and be a good business man, but you must take Jesus Christ into partnership with you. What good are your silks and satins and jewels to do you that day? They will be left behind. When Jesus

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Christ comes what will all the gay companions mean? Absolutely nothing. But those that have the upward pull will rise, rise, rise to meet him in the clouds of Glory.

Will you, then, tonight, take this Scripture to your own heart: "Lay not up treasures in earth, but lay up your treasures in heaven. Seek not those things which are below, but seek those things which are from above, that when Christ, which is our hope, may appear, we may appear in Glory with him."

Life is so short, only a few ticks more of the clock and you are gone, either to that kingdom forever in joy, or forever in sorrow. Which will it be? Will you make the Saviour yours tonight? Will you open your heart's door wide? Will you say, "My Lord, come in and abide, and from this hour for me and for my house is to serve God"?

Dear people, I was converted when I was seventeen years of age. The Lord Jesus came into my heart in a flood of glory. These years that have elapsed since my conversion have been years of heaven below, though I am nothing, just a little woman, just a child the Lord saved from a milk pail on a Canadian farm five miles from the nearest town. Little and insignificant and weak as I was, I gave myself into the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ. I said, "Lord, I will belong to the kingdom of heaven." From that moment he saved me, he blessed me, then he filled me with his Spirit. Sometimes it just seems I say, "Lord, you will have to stop blessing me and pouring in the glory or you will have to enlarge the vessel. Lord, I'll burst. I can't hold any more if you bless me like this." Why, beloved, it is the upward tug. Some of these days I am going to dance on up and into the Glory Land.

What about you? Are you going to be attached to this old world? Have you got the weights on your garments tonight: worldliness, unbelief, pride, sin? Brother, cut loose every line tonight. Sister, cut loose everything that would hold you down, and when Jesus comes you will rise to meet him.

*O Lord Jesus, How long, how long,
Till we sing the glad song
Christ returneth,*

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Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen!

Meantime, since the Lord saved me and filled me with his Spirit, he has sent me out to preach the gospel. I have preached in Canada, in the Indian reservations, in London, in Winnipeg and in various towns and cities, then through the United States of America, Chicago, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Key West, Miami, Palm Beach, Orlando, Dayton; I can't think of all the names—Denver, St. Louis, and a multitude of places. And then the Lord set me down here for a while. I have preached in Ireland and in England and in Australia and in New Zealand, in Hawaii in the islands of the sea. I have had the privilege of preaching to millions of people. Millions of ears have caught the message that God has given through these unworthy lips of mine. I have seen tens of thousands of people converted. I have seen tens of thousands kneel at the Saviour's feet. I have seen hearts made brighter. I have seen lives cheered. I have seen burdens rolled away. And, Glory to God, I have seen families made happy! Where there was quarreling and suffering and misery, I have seen the light of happiness kindled and the glorious love light dwell therein. In these years I have seen my Lord save thousands of souls—it is just the Lord that has done it, through me, but tonight I can't help telling you because I just feel it lifting—the upward lift. Right now I am casting loose every old sand-bag that will hold me down, and when Jesus says, "Child it is enough, come up hither," I am going to rise to meet the Lord.

During these years of service, I have not only seen the Lord save sinners, but I have seen him save the sick. I have seen some mighty miracles. When I first came to pray for the sick I was preaching the kingdom of heaven and the glory of the Lord. I saw a man sitting in the back of the tabernacle with his head bowed in his arm, his other arm in a sling. The man was weeping bitterly and I went back to him, thinking he was under conviction for sin.

I said, "Brother, why are you weeping?"

He said, "O, Sister, you don't know, but I was on my way to commit suicide tonight."

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I said, "Oh, Brother, no! Why?"

He said, "Sister, I have broken my arm in three places and dislocated it at the wrist in a belt in my foundry where we are making munitions."

"Well," I said, "even so, lots of people have broken their arm and had it amputated, but didn't commit suicide over it."

"Oh, but you don't understand, Sister. My wife back in Georgia needs money now as she never needed it before and probably will never need it again. She is too proud to ask anybody for money, and, Sister—She will die! I can't stand it! What will I do?"

I said, "Are you a Christian?"

He said no. A young man was sitting by his side who was the son of a Methodist minister. This boy claimed to be an infidel, didn't believe in God, didn't believe in his father, didn't believe in anything, and he tried to keep the young man back. But the people in the choir were singing just then and they were singing "A Little Talk with Jesus makes it Right, All Right":

*In trials of every kind,
Thank God, I always find
A little talk with Jesus
Makes it right, all right*

And I said, "Brother, do you hear what they are singing? Don't you suppose it would make it right for you? Won't you get up and come to Jesus now?"

And he said, "Sister, I will." And a light of determination came in his face, he set his chin and started. He got up and came down the aisle, his chum following him, remonstrating with him. But he got on his knees and began to pray and said, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

The altar was crowded and somebody jolted the altar and it jolted this young man's arm. His face winced and blanched and he said, "Oh! Don't! My arm!"

So I said, "Everybody be careful. Don't anybody touch this

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bench—don't move it any because this man has a broken arm."

He gave his heart to Jesus and by and by he rose to his feet and when they sang "Happy Day" he lifted his face and said, "Thank God, I am saved!"

His chum didn't believe in it, said there was nothing to it. As I looked at the young man and his arm and thought of the wife—I don't know what ever possessed, me to say it but I suppose it was the Lord: "Brother, don't you suppose that Jesus could heal your arm? He healed your sin-sick soul, and if he were here he could heal your arm in a minute."

"Yes, Sister."

"If he were here he would touch it and it would be well. I don't see why he couldn't anyway."

He said, "I don't see why he couldn't."

So I said, "Well, let's pray for it." So I prayed: "O, Lord, heal this man's arm! The doctor says it will be weeks before he can use it. Lord, his little wife needs the money. Please heal him now, for Thy glory. Make these bones to knit and mend. Heal this arm, Lord, for Thy glory. Amen."

The singing had stopped and I realized everybody was leaning forward and looking. To myself I said, "Oh, now, I have done it! I have prayed for that arm. Suppose he isn't healed? It will be a terrible blow to these people's faith. What am I going to do now?"

O, ye of little faith, why did you doubt? Suddenly the man began to move his fingers, and he said, "Sister, I can move my fingers."

I said, "Couldn't you do that before, Brother?"

"No my arm was broken." Then he began to feel it and then to pound it. "Why," he said, "it doesn't hurt!"

"Did it hurt before?" eagerly I questioned.

"Why, I couldn't touch it."

He undid the bandage, took off the splint, lifted up his arm. I could see three lumps, but as we looked they disappeared. He put his arm back in his coat sleeve.

His chum said, "You aren't better?"

He said, "I am better."

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The churn said, "Let me see." He took hold of his arm and shook it unmercifully. This infidel boy just whirled and he went down like he had been struck with a mallet, his knees went under him and his head fell in his arms, and he said, "O, my God! Be merciful to me, a sinner! O, God, forgive me!"

And he was gloriously saved. The other man went down the aisle shaking hands with the people and said, "Folks, I am better! Folks, I am healed!" He was almost beside himself with joy. Not the next day, but the day after, he went back to work.

The chum the next day sent a telegram to his father and said, "Dad, I'm saved! I belong to the kingdom of heaven now. And that father's heart was happy that night.

Sometime later they sent me a picture of the wife and a lovely two months' old infant in her arms, who was clothed and beautifully cared for. The Lord had met every need.

Oh, beloved, I wouldn't belong to the kingdom of Satan for anything in this world! The kingdom of heaven just suits me. I am so enthusiastic about it I don't know what to do. During these past years that I have been privileged to preach the gospel. God then laid it on my heart to build this Temple, in it to enlist and recruit soldiers for the kingdom of heaven. The Lord lives! Are you a sinner? Come and let him save you. Are you sick? Come, let him heal you. Are you discouraged? Come, let him bind you up. Are you weary? Come, let him strengthen you. Away with the things that would keep you back. Look up, seek the kingdom of God and his Christ and all things shall be added unto you.

Earthbound, or heaven bound, which?

The Judgment



Sunday Evening
July 20, 1924



OUR MESSAGE TONIGHT is the Judgment. Oh, I pray that the Lord will speak to a multitude of hearts and that these altars may be filled to the brim and running over!

I am reading you three short passages of Scripture. The first is found in Daniel 7:9,10:

“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.

“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.”

These two verses are, to me at least, majestic. I presume that different verses impress different people. I never read words like those anywhere else. Did you? I don't think that anybody in the world could write two verses like these which contain the glory, majesty, thunder, lightning, peals of heavenly organs, call of love and the warning of destruction.

I am also reading 2 Peter 3:7,10,11,12:

“The heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.

“The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein

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shall be burned up.

“Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness,

“Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.”

The other Scripture is found in Revelation 20:11-15; 21:1-8:

“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.”

The Judgment! Oh, where shall a person begin? When speaking on a subject like this, one feels like taking a big breath and saying, “Lord, help me preach it.” The Judgment—it is most important and most vital to every one of us.

“After death the judgment” is the text I would leave with you tonight.

“As a tree falleth, so shall it lie.” Today is the day when men and women are deciding where they will spend eternity. People know before they die where they are going to spend it. It isn't God deciding for us. He is not deciding who shall go to heaven or who shall be lost—who shall have everlasting joy or everlasting torment. We are deciding it. We are in our right minds and are deciding with our eyes wide open and realizing what we are doing.

Just as a man who goes to the railroad depot and buys for himself a

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ticket must decide which route he wants to take—northern or southern—so we must decide. The conductor does not force him to go the northern or southern route. The man must choose himself. We are deciding where we will spend eternity.

Every one of us here this evening have in our own power tonight the decision—whether we will serve God or serve Satan; whether we shall inherit everlasting joy or doom ourselves to everlasting destruction. Nobody else in the wide world can decide the question for us. Nobody can put the ticket in our hand—we must decide.

I may preach here in Angelus Temple for days, months and years, and plead with tears running down my cheeks. The choir may sing about the judgment day.

Sister Corning, I want you to sing about the Judgment. Brother and Sister Mills, sing about the Judgment. Now I am going to preach on the Judgment, and I am going to preach straight from the shoulder as if it was the last I will preach.

I may preach with tears of smiles, about the Thunders of God of the Love of God. Have you noticed how I mix my sermons? First on thunder, then on sunshine; one on judgment, then one on love.

When I have preached and stand with outstretched hands, leading, “Sinner, won’t you come? I have done all I can do—the rest is up to you,” I stand stranded, helpless and trembling. I have had three big meetings today and one last night. I feel my heart trembling. When I have gotten there, I am through. All I can do is hold out my hands and say, “Sinner won’t you come? Won’t you choose life rather than death; heaven rather than hell; joy rather than sorrow?” When I have gotten there, I cannot go farther.

Oh, it is a terrible feeling! You cannot imagine how it feels until you have preached to thousands. You feel like you want to jump off of the platform and say, “Brother, you must come. Sister, I am not going to see you lose your soul. You must come to Jesus.” But the Lord says, “Daughter, you must not do that. I do not want conscription, but freewill enlistment. I want men and women to settle the thing in their own hearts, get to their own two feet and walk down to the altar and say, “Jesus died for me. His love has won my heart, and I will make

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Him my Saviour and heaven my home.”

“Child, I want you to preach the gospel,” says the Lord. “I want you to say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. When you have done that, you have done all you can do, or all I can do. They must decide.”

Then comes the Valley of Decision. There are multitudes in this valley. Either we rise and say, “Ho-Hum! Guess I’ll go home. Nice music, lovely church, good sermon. Goodnight everybody.” And you go home unsaved.

On the other hand, “Lord Jesus, I cannot go by the Cross. You died for poor unworthy me, and I am coming home.”

The decision rests with you, with me. Nobody on Earth can decide it for us. We must answer.

Today Jesus Christ is on trial and we are the judge. We sit back saying to ourselves, “What think ye of Christ? What shall I do with Jesus?”

We are the judge—He is on trial. But very, very soon this is going to be reversed. He who was judged will be the Judge. Soon life’s little day will be over. The time seems longest when we are children. After we reach twenty, the years go galloping; forty they fly by; fifty—it seems but a day when we are seventy. Life is so short, just a few ticks of the clock—like the sands in an hourglass.

But so much depends on what we do with our few years. We are deciding now where we will spend eternity.

The Judgment! Supposing tonight that suddenly everything grew dark, the electric light plant ceased to work, the trolley cars ceased to run, and through the darkness we could hear people sobbing like a baby in the night; and then we saw the heavens begin to roll apart? “The heavens shall be dissolved and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.” Suppose that we were suddenly translated and stood before the Judgment Throne of God?

In that great day we will all be there. The sea shall give up her dead. The graves will look like ploughshares had passed over them. Upon the Great Judgment Throne shall sit the righteous Judge. I think our first feeling would be about the crowd. There will be millions and

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billions and trillions of people in every direction. "I never knew there were so many people in the world!" Ah, but it is the ages that have come and gone. The great and small shall stand before the Judge. Our next thought will be the Judge himself. His throne is white, milk white, far brighter than the sun—pearly white, dazzling, resplendent, glorious. On that throne will be sitting the Judge. I think that light will be radiating from Him in every direction. His holiness will be blinding to the eyes of the sinner. In that light, spots will show up plainly. Blemishes that we never realized we had will be revealed. As He sits there in His glory, His face so fair to see, will you, will I be ready?

It seems to me as I look upon it in fancy that I can see the great books brought out. See—they are bringing them out. Have you ever been down in the Hall of Records? They know every stick of furniture that people possess, and every foot of ground. Can you imagine what it will be like up yonder when the books are opened?

Brother, your name is on the books in heaven—Brother So-and-So, page so-and-so. The Lord has a complete record of your life.

"Sister McPherson, I am going to hide that day."

You can't. Though we said, "To the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the Throne," these shall flee away before the face of that just and holy One of Israel.

"Sister, I think I will slide in on the right side."

No, you could not do that because you will be so different. You will be as black as ink and your hands will be covered with blood.

"Why, I never murdered anybody!"

Yes, you did. If you are a sinner, you are as guilty as those who nailed Him to the Cross. There is no way to slip into heaven.

This is the day, the night, the hour that we must decide where we shall stand in the Judgment. Oh, what a great day that is going to be!

"Is there any danger of the Judge making a mistake?"

No, thank God, there isn't. Down here the judge may. Did you read the story of a man who was executed for a murder and a few days later they discovered that he did not commit the murder? He was innocent and another man had committed the murder. What a

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frightful mistake! But there will be nothing like that in the Judgment. It will be a just Judgment.

I can seem to picture it now. Here is the Great White Judgment Throne. Yonder stands the multitude—waiting.

“Does he know? I don’t think He knows such and such a thing that I did. If he says I did it, I will say, “No, I didn’t.”

Suddenly, back of the Throne we will see something like a moving picture curtain. I would not be surprised if God is taking moving pictures and will show them on a screen that day. He sees every deed. And, He not only takes pictures by day, but in the darkness. Those deeds done in secret—Those books kept wrong—That little something you took from the cash register—That shady deal in real estate, and that crooked deal in oil! God knows all about it. He has it all down.

I can see it flickering upon the great moving picture screen. As I see that screen, first there is a rich man. I can see him walk on the screen. Oh, how pompous as he walks along with cane in hand! The girls in his factory are poor. There is rule that not a girl is permitted to sit down from morning to night, or lean on the counter no matter how tired she might be. The rich man sits in an armchair, puffing a big fat cigarette. He takes out his bank book, looks at it, then opens the safe. Now he is emptying the cash registers; brings the money to the office and counts it. Then he pats his bank book.

The store is about to close. Now the rich man is leaving the store, going down in the elevator. A beautiful limousine is waiting, also some of his good lady friends. Now he is going to his wining and dining.

Ah! He is a rich man—a wonderful man. Nobody could say anything against him. And if anything is reported he has lawyers enough to handle it. He isn’t afraid. On with the dance and song!

I see him now in the Judgment. His self-righteous rags will not do. The little check that he wrote and gave to a good cause will not do. The Lord is saying:

“It was not your money that I wanted. I died to redeem you.”

Look! In home, office and wherever he goes, there is someone following him. The someone has a snow white soft, pure robe, a halo

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of light around his head. His hands bear the prints of nails. He is touching the rich man on the shoulder and knocking at his heart:

“Accept Me as your Saviour. Turn to God and seek salvation. What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

The rich man is answering:

“Away. I have no time to think of God or of Christ. I have no time for church. Sunday is the only day I have for recreation. Away with your hand! I have no time to call you “Master.”

At last he is standing in the Judgment. What is his greatest sin? The greatest sin that can be committed by anybody on earth is rejecting Jesus Christ. When we stand before the Judgment Throne, there is going to be one question asked of us all, “What have you done with my Son Jesus Christ?”

I see that great man and, in spite of his pomp, money, limousines, the Lord is saying:

“Depart from me. I know you not. I knocked at your heart’s door, but you turned me away. Now depart. You have neglected the day of salvation.”

Oh, look! On the screen is one of the shop girls with a bright face. She stood on her feet all day long in the factory, and then her face was drawn. At the end of the day, weary and worn, she left by the back door, carrying a lunch box in her hand. As she goes there is someone walking by her side—that same someone in the seamless dress of white. He is her companion and as they walk they are talking together. She is saying—

“Lord Jesus, You are my Saviour—the Alpha and the Omega of my life. You have lifted my burdens. Lord, I haven’t much in this old world, but Thou art all and in all to me. Someday I know I shall see you in the pearly white City when the mists are rolled away.

Look at her now! While the rich man is departing in rags and with his head bowed, that little girl is clothed in a robe of white and is making her way into the City gates to the mansion that the Lord has prepared for her.

I see someone coming up to the Judgment—it is a preacher.

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I believe that preachers have to stand before the Judgment. There is something wrong with the man. See it on the screen? There he is with a long seat and a beautiful pulpit. He is preaching, but he is preaching for popularity and to tickle the fancy of the people. He is telling smooth stories, "There, there now. There is no harm in this or that. If the young men and women want to smoke, it is all right. If you want to dance, we will bring a dancing parlor into the church. We will put moving pictures on for you, and we will have card parties in the basement. It is perfectly all right. Everybody must have pleasure."

Oh! There is something wrong with that man! Beside him I can see the Saviour stand in His gleaming robes of white. He is saying:

"Woe unto you, O false shepherd. I will demand my people at your hands. You are preaching politics and everything but the simple age-old old story. Money and popularity mean so much to you."

Now, broken and discouraged at the Judgment that man is cast into outer darkness just as though he was a sinner all the time and never a preacher.

At the other end I see a preacher or a missionary standing at the Judgment, who has been true to his post through thick and thin, sunshine and shadows. He has preached the Gospel, whether in India, Africa, or China, to multitudes or to twos and threes. Now, faithful unto death, he is receiving a crown of life.

There is a man who defrauded the widow and orphans. There is no use saying "no" because it is there. He passes away. The little widow and orphans who prayed and looked to God in their affliction and entering into the City whose streets are paved with gold.

Oh, there is the man who had his millions, but who kept it for himself. Look there he is on the screen. He has his silver, gold, bonds and deeds. He is hiding them now. "Lord, you can't have them. Church of Jesus Christ do you think I would build you a church or send missionaries? No, my bank book is my best friend."

He is hiding them away now in the safe deposit vault. Ah, when a rainy day comes, he is fixed, he guesses. Those foolish people who give to missionaries—he takes no stock in that.

Where is he now? Standing in the Judgment. He is friendless, poor

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and forsaken.

On the other hand, I see a man who gave cheerfully to the Lord Jesus Christ. He never does have very much, but he is always so jovial and has a smile. Three missionaries in Africa and two in China that man has given to God, and now a crown of life is laid up for him.

However, not only poor people inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, but rich people. There was Mr. Stewart, who gave so liberally to one of the largest churches of this city. And it was not an endowment. He did not believe in waiting until he was gone to give but is giving while he lived. I wish that every one of us could give to the Lord of our love—maybe not money, but we can give our heart, life, love, service and loyalty, and be the means of winning a multitude of souls for Jesus Christ.

Oh, I can see the prodigal son who is wandering away! He is in Angelus Temple. Is it? It is. There is the dome—the first good picture we have been able to get inside of the Temple. The man is in the balcony. Down on the platform a little lady is preaching and telling the story of Jesus. Now she is giving the altar call:

“Sinner, won’t you come? Turn ye, turn ye for why will ye die! Jesus Christ shed His Blood that you might be redeemed. Is there anything He could have done that He left undone? He gave His life for you. Won’t you come?”

While the evangelist is speaking, I can see the young man in the moving picture. There is somebody standing beside him with a seamless white dress and nail pierced hands. Again He is knocking at the heart’s door:

“Sinner give me thy heart.”

The evangelist is giving the altar call. She is saying, “Will everyone who is a sinner or a backslider lift your hand and say, ‘pray for me’.”

The evangelist is trembling and holding her breath, wondering if they will come. Oh, yes, hands are going up! Her heart is swelling with joy. Every effort is worthwhile. But, look—the young man is not lifting his hand. The Saviour bends lower—

“Son, give Me thy heart. Today is the day of salvation. Tomorrow may be too late.”

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‘O-o-h, look! On the screen the young man is taking his hand and pushing the Lord’s away—

“No, Lord, not tonight. Some other day I will be a Christian when I am older and have squandered my years.”

What a pity! The young man is on his feet, starting to go out. The white-robed figure is following him pleading, “Come back!”

Oh, he is coming! Praise the Lord! He said, “I will.” Look in the moving picture of heaven he is coming down the mezzanine. He is kneeling at the altar and praying. What are those round, shining things? Tears. They are kept forever in the records of heaven. His lips are moving and he is praying, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” “Lord, you died for me and I am going to live for you. I am not going to be a cheat. I am not going to give the devil all of my life and give you the end. Lord, I am going to give you my youth, time, ambition, talents and everything I have.”

Oh, look! A shaft of golden sunlight is falling over the young man. His heart is aglow and his face alight. He is singing—

*Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!*

He is in the training school now, studying the Bible. Now he is out in a tent meeting and is preaching. While he is speaking, people are coming down the aisle. Oh, look at him! He is bending over them—

“Pray brother! That’s right—Pray right out.”

Bless his heart! He is not only saved himself, but he is saving others.

Life is over now. I see a death bed. The young man is going home. He did not have such a long life of service, but he made every moment count. Now the Saviour is beckoning him—he is rising to the Glory Land. He is not going alone. Behind him are the souls who have

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been converted through his life and ministry.

Oh, I do hope that I don't have to go home empty handed! I hope that the people will be true to Christ. I have had the joy of seeing thousands kneel at the altars and say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I hope when I go home that there will be a whole army marching behind me.

Come on, folks! Mark time!

Left! Left! Left-right-left!

Left the world and the devil behind. Left-right-left!

Left the world and the devil behind. Left-right-left!

Oh, hallelujah, we will go right through the gates!

Will you be there? When Robert Semple goes through the gate, thank God, I will be there. He led me to Christ and, thank God, I have been privileged to lead thousands of others. O God, keep them true until that day!

But now, beloved, the Judgment is set—the books are open. It will be a wonderful day for the Christian. There is only one terrible thing about that day I don't like very much—that is, it is too late to change. You can change now. If you are a sinner, you can change in a minute, but you cannot then. What you can do in five minutes here, you cannot do then. Tonight it does not matter who you are—how great a sinner, how black your heart—the Lord Jesus will save you and wash you in His precious Blood. No matter what the habit, the moment you come to Jesus Christ and say, "I will accept you as my Saviour," that moment from head to foot the Blood cleanses and you are redeemed.

Oh, the glory of it! There is no more fear of the Judgment—there is an "Even so, come quickly." Would you be ready? Would I? If not, today is the day to decide, "Lord Jesus, I open my heart and let you in."

As they are coming—the sheep to the right and the goats to the left; the wise to the right, the foolish to the left; saints to the right, sinners to the left; righteous to the right, unrighteous to the left...

Oh, there is going to be some parting that day! Daddy, would you

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have to say “Goodbye” to your little girl? You know she loves Jesus. Again and again she has tugged at your coat tails, “Daddy, I love you. Won’t you be a Christian?”

“Don’t talk to Daddy about that. I haven’t time.”

Will you have to say “Goodbye,” Daddy?

How about you, mother dear? Are you ready? I talked to a mother who told me that she had never read a Bible, never had prayer, and had never taught her little girl to say even one prayer. Will you be ready?

“Sister McPherson, I am a good church member.”

That isn’t enough. He wants you.

“Well, I have given quite a bit of money.”

He wants you—He wants your heart.

Those who go down in the regions of despair, where there is suffering, smoke, brimstone, cry, “O God, if I only had one day! If I was back in Angelus Temple for one hour, I would say “Yes,” but it is too late. I said “Not tonight” once too often. I passed Calvary to my doom and let that little woman preach her soul out. Oh, if I was only back now! If I could hear Sister McPherson give an altar call and hear the choir sing, ‘Just as I am’ or ‘Steal Away.’”

*But of all the words of tongue or pen
the saddest are these—it might have been.*

Don’t look any more. You don’t want to go that way. It was never built for you, but for the devil and his angels. Jesus has done all He can do to keep you from it by dying for you.

Look! There are thousand going to the right. There is the glorious land of heaven. The gates are white. The streets are paved with gold, and the walls are of jasper. There are mansions yonder, and His Throne. Thousands upon thousands are ministering to the Lord, bowing and saying, “Holy, holy, holy.” The angels are tuning their harps. The trees are hanging low with fruit, and the sea of glass is reflecting the glory the Throne.

Your mother has gone before you. Your little girl is playing on the

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streets of gold with the cherubims.

Now I come to the helpless moment, when YOU must decide. Behold, I have set before you the way of life and the way of death. Choose ye! You must buy your own ticket and settle it for yourself. He may be calling for you tonight. Won't you come?



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.

Compiled from the archives of the Foursquare Church, *The Collected Sermons and Writings of Aimee Semple McPherson* finally makes McPherson's work available to the general public.

McPherson's sermons focus on the three main themes she held dear: baptism of the Holy Spirit, speaking in tongues, and God's healing touch. McPherson herself helped bring God's healing to tens of thousands at revivals across America.

Arranged in chronological order, this remarkable collection reveals how McPherson's thoughts and emphases developed over the twenty years of her ministry—a powerful reminder of the impact one devoted woman had on millions.



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