

# GOSPEL DYNAMITE

By

REV. OSCAR HUDSON

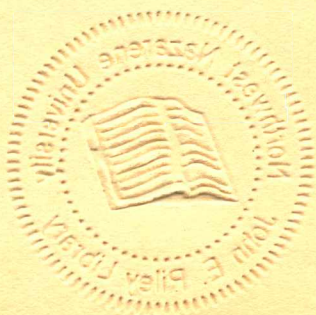
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"Is the Church of the Nazarene Fulfill-  
ing Her Mission?" "Entering  
New Fields and Opening  
New Work," etc.



A circular library stamp is located at the bottom of the page. The outer ring of the stamp contains the text "Nazarene Publishing House" at the top and "Kansas City, Missouri" at the bottom. In the center of the stamp is a stylized illustration of an open book with horizontal lines representing its pages.

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## DEDICATION

To the one who has understood me, stooped to lift my burdens, encouraged me in the hour of trial, rejoiced in my victories, and, without murmuring, borne with me the hardships of pioneer holiness evangelism: who has blessed me with her able ministry, refined me with the purity of her character, and guided me with her unselfish counsel—to the wife of my youth—is this volume lovingly and prayerfully dedicated.

THE AUTHOR.

## INTRODUCTION

The minister who takes time to work out his best sermons for the press is certainly to be commended. For only thus can he hope to give a permanency to the messages of his heart which will project them beyond the limits of his earthly life, and only thus can he give his contemporaries opportunity to fully profit by any emphasis which his personal style has given to the old new truths of the glorious gospel of the Son of God.

A sermon may sound well when it is preached only because of its unique style or because of the strong personality of the preacher. But a sermon can read well only when its form and substance have merit. It is therefore a more meaningful thing to commend a book than it is to commend a verbal sermon.

But it is a pleasure to be able to say that the volume which Rev. Oscar Hudson has given us under the title of "Gospel Dynamite" is worthy of a high place among evangelical, full salvation literature. Brother Hudson's conceptions of truth are orthodox and clear, his language is pure and forceful, his earnestness is unquestioned, and his spirit and force are truly pentecostal. His book is interesting, instructive and soul-stirring. It will be a joy to his thousands of friends who have heard him preach up and down the land during the last thirty years, and by distributing his book, his friends will greatly widen the influence of

his ministry. And then the book will come into the hands of many who never knew its author in the flesh. But no matter where it goes, the truth it heralds will defend itself. So the book is safe. It will go forth to bless mankind and will return to add joy to its author in later life and especially on the great "Crowning Day."

Read this book carefully, candidly and sympathetically. Receive, believe and obey the messages it brings to you, and then pass on your blessings to others.

In earnest prayer for the author, whom I have known and loved for twenty-five years, and for all the readers of his book, I am

Yours in His service,  
J. B. CHAPMAN,  
Editor of the *Herald of Holiness*.

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## CHAPTER I

### THE SKULL AND CROSSBONES

TEXT: Gen. 3:6—*“And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her and he did eat.”*

Sin is a reality. Infidels may croak, Theosophists may tell us that we are gods, and Christian Scientists may argue that there is nothing wrong but a derangement of the mental apparatus; but when we read the tragical story related in the third chapter of Genesis, we are bound to admit sin is a reality. Yesterday Adam and Eve were happy; today they are miserable. Yesterday they were innocent; today they are guilty. Yesterday they were guileless; today they cover themselves and hide. Yesterday life was one great rosary; today it is a pit of despair with goblins of fear crouching in the shadows on every side. And the thing that has brought about the change is an act. It is not a thought nor a change in attitude toward anything, but an act, a deed, a transgression of a known law. Yes, sin is a reality.

Moreover, as we study history, we find that sin is unchanging in its essential nature. What it did yesterday it is doing today and will continue to do while time rolls on toward eternity. The black, putrid ab-

scence that burst in the dawn of humanity's day, has stained every page of subsequent history. Sin not only marred the beauty of Eden, but it stained the earth just outside Eden's gate, with human blood, murderously shed. Sin brought the race into disrepute with God, precipitating the flood; and hung a mantle of shame about the remnant of humanity as it emerged from the ark. Sin confused the people's language at Babel and scattered them to the four winds of earth, never to understand each other again. Sin dragged the most illustrious king that Israel ever knew, from his God-given throne and sent him to a premature grave and to a suicide's hell. Sin pulled the once victorious Hebrew nation from the heights of Divine protection, robbing them of their God-given country and sending them into ignominious bondage to the heathen nations, never to know national identity again until Jesus comes. Yes, sin is unchanging in its essential nature.

Alexander the Great conquered the world and wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer, but he dealt in sin and went down, filling a premature grave and a drunkard's hell. Napoleon Bonaparte marshalled arms on a hundred victorious battlefields; but ambition and egotism—sin—he could not conquer. Sin did for him what it has done for everyone that has ever dealt with it. It proved his ruin.

The terrible thought is that we treat sin so lightly today. Convinced that sin is a reality and possessed with the knowledge that it has wrecked everyone who

has ever been filled with it, is it not strange that we treat it so lightly today? We treat nothing else so lightly that has injured the human race. In the dim past somewhere a man took strychnine on his tongue. It entered his blood, he was seized with convulsions and died in awful agony. Immediately someone ran to the print shop and with red ink he printed the *skull and cross bones*, and just below this, in unembellished letters the word POISON. The strychnine was placed in a package on which this terrible label was pasted, and set up high out of the reach of the unwary. If someone desired the package he was refused and was told the story of how it affected a member of the race in the past.

But we do not treat sin that way. Abundant evidence is in hand that it entered into human hearts, robbed them of their reason, and brought upon them swift destruction, but I do not see anyone labeling sin with a *skull and cross bones*.

Somewhere in the past a serpent coiled his slimy form, struck and sank his fangs in human flesh. Immediately the person's limb began to swell, he was seized with terrible pain and soon died. Now, when we come upon a serpent, we scream, "Look out!" We leap from its presence and warn others of the danger. If the baby should enter the scene we hiss our warning and explain the danger. The baby may cry to play with the beady eyes and to stroke the diamonds with which its back is adorned; but the mother says, "No! no!" and tells in detail how it has affected members of our race in the past. But

we don't treat sin that way. We chase it as though it was a thing to be desired, and when we have possessed it, we hug it to our bosom as if it were a source of wealth or joy.

Two men were crossing the Alps. Passing a danger point, one lost his footing and was dashed to death on the rocks below. Immediately others took a brush and red paint and painted a huge cross at that point. That cross says to subsequent travelers, "Stay away from this place. One man tried to pass and was killed. Some might get by and receive a thrill they could not have otherwise, but there is danger here, and you can see the beauties of the scenery by pursuing other routes. Stay away from here!" But we do not treat sin that way. I saw some young ladies trying to get by the ball; and while some did get by with a thrill, others lost their footing and went down. But I do not see very many trying to put a danger sign on the dance. I saw some young ladies trying to get by the movie. Some of them made it safely, but others, sitting there in the semi-darkness, in the company of lecherous-hearted young men, looking upon the screen as it portrayed the unnatural mingling of the sexes, lost their footing and went down. But I do not see many people putting a danger sign on the movie. When some of us DO get the vision and start out to paint it, they cry that we are wild—fanatical and insane. I say, the terrible thought is that we treat sin so lightly in this age.

In reviewing this tragical story hurriedly, we

want to call your attention especially to the effect sin has on those who follow its pernicious ways and give it a place in their hearts.

In the first place sin leaves a sense of pollution. No one can sin and feel guiltless. No one can transgress and enjoy the sense of innocency and purity so essential to happiness here and security in meeting God. The story indicates that Adam and Eve watched for the coming of Jehovah and met Him with boundless joy for daily communion until they sinned, and then they covered themselves with leaves and hid in the bushes from His presence. Why? They were possessed with a sense of pollution and did not want to meet the Lord. They were guilty and the thought of meeting Him distressed them.

I sometimes picture in my imagination the scenes described here. Yesterday purity was so paramount that they knew nothing of which to be ashamed. The coming of their Lord was their chief delight. Long before His arrival they are looking for Him and talking of their anticipated joy. One says, "I think He will be here soon," and the other replies, "Undoubtedly He will, because the sun was just dropping behind that tree top where it is now, when He came yesterday." Just then He comes around the turn in the path and both of them bound forward to meet Him, and each of them taking an arm, together the three promenade up and down the flower-lined lanes of the garden. But how different today! When He appears at the usual time, they are not to be seen. "Well, that is unusual. They have always

been found about here. Possibly they are just beyond that turn in the path." He walks on to where the path turns and scans the landscape, but they are nowhere in sight. Surely they have overslept themselves and must be awakened, and He calls out: "Adam, where art thou?"

Oh, how those words must have sent the chills running up and down their spines! Where are they? Hiding from God. What is the matter? Guilt! Remorse! A sense of pollution! They have sinned, and that has brought a change in their lives. No one can sin and ever be the same again, at least until he is cleansed by the blood of Christ. Whoever sins feels the same sense of pollution and uncleanness. Whoever leaves the pathway of virtue parts company, also, with contentment and rest.

Take Jacob's sons, for an example. They never got away from the sense of pollution after selling their brother. Wherever you see them, after this, they seem to be looking for something to leap from the surrounding shadows and devour them. Wherever they go and whatever they do, there appears to be uneasiness surrounding them. Years roll on and these brothers travel hundreds of miles from the scene of the deed, but time and distance do not wipe out the effect of sin. Guilt, like a nightmare, is still upon their track. Like the bloodhounds of eternity, they cannot shake it off. Way down in Egypt they are arrested and it looks as if they might be executed as spies. One of them says, "Boys, I know what is the matter." "What is it?" "It is because we sold

our brother Joseph. We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress upon us."

We sing,

"Backward, turn backward, O, time,  
in thy flight;  
Make me a child again, just for  
tonight!"

Why would we like to be a child again for just one night? Oh, to feel again that happiness arising from innocence!

"How dear to my heart are the scenes  
of my childhood!  
When fond recollection presents them  
to view!  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep  
tangled wildwood,  
And every rude spot which my  
infancy knew!"

Why are those memories so dear? Are there no orchards now? Yes, on every hand. Are there no meadows and tangled wildwood, such as we knew in those tender years? Yes, but they do not satisfy. It is the precious associations in the memory of those happy days that we love. Sin had not been known. It was a morning without a cloud; a rose without a thorn; honey without a sting. There was no remorse, no guilt, no sense of pollution. That day went into

shadows and its sun into eclipse the moment we entered the regions of sin. Since then we have chased the rainbow of joy but it has evaded our grasp.

Sam Bass, a noted desperado, was once hiding in a river bottom at the back of a farm waiting for the shadows of night to assist him in evading the officers of the law. Just before sunset a lad near eleven years of age, left the farm house and came down across the field. He whooped and sang, whistled and yelled, giving vent to the innocence of his boyish heart. Tears came in the eyes of Sam Bass, and turning to his companion, he said, "Jackson, I would give every dollar these hands ever handled, if it were possible, if I could turn time back again and stand where that boy stands."

What was it he desired? A day without remorse. A chance to breathe God's pure air and feel again the same purity within. He had known adventure and handled much gold, but in doing so, he had followed a sinful course. In that way all are denied the only thing that affords contentment and happiness. This thing is innocence. Sin wipes out innocence with its first stroke and places a sense of pollution in its stead.

The prophet, Isaiah tells us, "The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest; there is no peace to the wicked, saith my God." Look at the restless ebb and flow of the sea and you will get a picture of all who live in sin. No one can be happy while he is not ready to meet God. You may think that people of the world are happy, but they are not.

To be sure you can hear them going to their places of amusement with shouts of laughter, but they are not happy. What is the matter with them? They are having fun. What is fun? It is the Devil's substitute for joy. It is the wrinkle on a man's face while the fire of hell is burning in his soul. Fun is intoxication. Sin is the opiate of the soul. It intoxicates the soul as alcohol intoxicates the body. But intoxication is hell, and this hell is felt when the intoxication passes, and sober thought takes its place. There can be no joy while the soul is not fit to meet God.

Again, sin transforms innocent persons into corrupters of others. "She gave to her husband with her and he did eat." Yesterday, Eve would have done anything to have made Adam happy. His pleasure was her delight. But no sooner did she realize that she was polluted than she ran to him, pulled him from his pedestal of purity and shoved him into the same pit of despair that had ruined her. "No man liveth unto himself and no man dieth unto himself." Every unsaved person is a positive force operating to drag down those with whom they associate and to pull them from the pathway of righteousness. Some who are unsaved say they are friends to the church and desire to see it prosper, but their position is not well taken. They are an enemy to God and His people. "He that is not for me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." The whole earth is in battle array and everyone is fighting in one army or the other. No one can play neutral here. Everyone

who is not saved from sin and laboring to pull souls out of sin, is an influence to drag them down to ruin.

Dr. Truett, of Dallas, Texas, was conducting revival services in Ft. Worth, Texas, when he noticed an intelligent young man in the rear of the tabernacle becoming interested. At the close of his message, he asked those who wanted to become Christians, to hold up their hands, and the young man, with others raised his hand. He invited them forward for prayers, but this particular person did not respond. Dr. Truett noticed him in the same seat the next night, and again he raised his hand indicating that he wanted to become a Christian, but he did not come forward. The next night he was present, but did not raise his hand. Instead he passed from under the tabernacle as though he would go away, Dr. Truett slipped out at the side, walked to the rear and, approaching the youth, asked that he might have the pleasure of his acquaintance. With courtesy the young man extended his hand and repeated his name.

"I noticed," said Dr. Truett, "that you held up your hand twice, indicating that you desired to be a Christian, but tonight you did not seem to be interested. May I ask why you have changed your mind?"

"Well, Dr. Truett," he replied, "I just got to thinking that my father is one of the leading surgeons of this city. He is progressive, clean, philanthropic and successful. He is not a Christian, and I decided if he could get along without Christianity, I could too."

Securing his father's address, Dr. Truett entered

his office the next morning and introduced himself to the physician. "Dr. B——" he said, "I just came down to inform you that you are leading your own boy to perdition."

"What's that!" he exclaimed. "I suppose there is some mistake. Of course I am not a Christian. My profession keeps me away from church, but I am a friend to the church. I have always sent my boy to Sunday school and have provided a way for him and his mother to attend church. I have taught him to respect the church and would be glad if he were a Christian."

Dr. Truett told him what he had seen and the reason his son had given for discarding his thought of becoming a Christian. Then he repeated his statement, "You are sending your own boy to hell."

That evening the physician appeared in the congregation. At the close of the sermon, Dr. Truett asked those who wanted to become Christians to raise their hands, and with others, the physician raised his. He invited them forward for prayer. The physician arose and made his way forward. As he knelt to pray the light of heaven broke into his soul and he arose with his face aglow. As he turned to the congregation, his son fell into his arms and gave his heart to God.

He was teaching him to be honest, to go to Sunday school and to respect the church, but with his own influence, he was outweighing all of his teaching and destroying the soul of his own boy. It is the same with everyone. A baneful influence radiates from the life of each person who is not in the kingdom of God.

This influence affects all with whom they associate. It has a deadening effect on those who are nearest and dearest. Sin makes us despoilers of others.

Sin is hereditary. Just outside the Garden gate, sin broke out full fledged. Murder, full grown and completely developed in all its shocking malignity, raised its head. Where did it come from? Where were the seeds sown? Yonder in the quietude of the Garden of Eden. Years afterward, Moses explained it: "The Lord is longsuffering, and of tender mercy, forgiving iniquity and transgression, and by no means clearing the guilty, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation" (Num. 14:18).

David wrote, "I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me."

Paul says: "We are all sinners by nature."

God forbade His people marrying the children of the heathen nations about them, as in this way, they would become corrupted. The idolatry of the parents appeared in the lives of their children. In this manner Ahab brought swift destruction upon Israel and Jehoram corrupted Judah.

Ada Jucke, born in Germany in 1740, became a drunkard, thief and tramp. Prof. Pellman of the University of Germany traced her descendants for 80 years. Out of 709, 106 were born out of wedlock, 144 were beggars, 181 lived disreputable lives, 62 lived from charity, 76 were convicts, 7 were convicted of murder. They cost Germany in the 80 years, in court expenses, alms houses, etc., \$1,250,000.

Max Jukes, a profligate, reared in New York in the 17th century is another striking illustration of how a life given over to sin affects its posterity. His descendants were studied by R. A. Dugdale. Out of 1,200 only 20 learned a trade, and 10 of those learned it in prison. Of the balance, 310 were paupers, 300 died in infancy, 50 women lived notorious lives of debauchery; 400 were wrecked early in life by their own wickedness; 7 were murderers; 60 were habitual thieves who spent an average of twelve years in prison; 130 were convicted criminals; and 440 were viciously diseased.

Compare this record with that of Jonathan Edwards, whose ancestry for several generations consisted of successful clergymen. Of 1,394 of his descendants that were studied, there were 285 college graduates, 13 college presidents, 65 college professors, 100 lawyers, 30 judges, 100 clergymen; 80 were elected to public office; 75 were navy officers, and 60 authors. There was not a pauper or a criminal among them.

Jessie Pomeroy, now an old man in Sing Sing prison, killed seven children before he was thirteen years old. He tied a little girl to a tree, we are told, cut off her ears and hacked her body to hear her cry. When he was placed in prison, the men incarcerated there, out of sympathy for the child, begged that a kitten be given him for a playmate. When the jailor came next morning he found the kitten dead and its brains smeared on the bars of his prison cell. Asked why he did it, the boy said he did not know;—that it was just in him to kill something.

The passion for blood came from his mother, who

during the period of gestation, sat at her window and watched her Scotch husband butcher sheep, cattle and hogs.

The mother of Charles Gitteau made three unsuccessful attempts to destroy the fœtus, we are told, before her child was born, and he came from the womb with a brain formed for murder.

The father of Robert Ingersoll was a brilliant pulpit orator, but in his home, it is said, he was tyrannical. During the months preceding the birth of Robert, the father was more tyrannical, if possible, than usual—so much so that the mother gave up to discouragement, declaring that there was nothing to religion. In her ranting she declared that the Bible was a lie; that there was no God, no heaven, no hell. Her son was born an infidel and, without a miracle, could not assimilate the Word of God.

In Goliad Co., Texas, in 1887, a promising young man was married to a noble young lady. After the first son was born the father took to drinking. Two more sons were born after he became dissipated. The oldest son grew to noble manhood, married and forged his way to the head of one of the leading corporations of the state. The second son was dissipated. He married; but his brawls became so frequent and sordid that his wife was forced to drive him away. The third son, likewise, was a drunkard and when intoxicated, he was insane. He wandered as a vagabond. Recovering from a debauch, this man returned to the home of his elder brother, drew a gun and shot to death his brother's wife.

On May 16, 1916, he came to trial for the murder. In the court room sat the elder brother and near him the aged mother and father. The evidence had been introduced and the prosecution was arguing the case. As he drew a vivid word picture of the awful crime of murder and pointed at the prisoner at the bar, the mother became hysterical. She ran across the courtroom, wrung her hands and screamed, "My boy is not a murderer! My boy is not a murderer!" Convulsed with emotion she addressed herself to the court saying, "Judge, look at my oldest boy, then at the one they are accusing of being a murderer. What makes the difference in these two boys? It is just this: Between the time my oldest son was born and the time the youngest one was born, my husband became a drunkard. He would have fights while intoxicated and come home bruised. One night, a few months before my youngest son was born he came in with his scalp torn loose. His face was bloody, his shirt was bloody, his trousers were bloody, and his boots were bloody, and it affected me all over." Then she screamed again and said, "Judge, my boy is not a murderer, he is a maniac!"

The jury broke down and cried, the judge wept, the attorneys turned away to hide their emotion, and instead of sending the man to the gallows, they sent him to the insane asylum. Yes, sin is hereditary.

Finally, the effect of sin is death. God said, "In the day ye eat thereof ye shall surely die." Paul says, "The wages of sin is death." No one can escape it. Sin has nothing but death to pay with. This is its

stock in trade and circulating currency. It has nothing else. It deals out death to all who serve at its altars or become its slaves. Sin is death to joy, death to peace, death to love, death to innocence, death to hope, death to happiness. It is death to character, death to morals, death to the body, death to the brain, death to the soul. There is nothing that can stand the pollutions of sin. It wrecks and ruins, rots and sinks, blights and damns everything with which it comes in contact. It has done this for all who have engaged in it from the tragedy enacted in Eden to this eventful hour, and will continue to destroy all who follow in its pernicious ways while time rolls on into eternity. How dare you live in sin! The very hiss of the serpent is in the name. You cannot mention the name, s-s-s-sin, without hissing like the serpent.

The climax of sin is eternal death. Some have thought that eternity, for the impenitent, was nonentity or annihilation; but they are mistaken. It is death—eternal death. Existence? Yes! Existence in death. Death in separation from life, or from the source of life. It is not non-existence. The wood the desk is made of is dead, but possessing existence. It is separated from life and the source of life. The sap, through which life was drawn, has been torn away. The tree has been cut from its roots which connected it with the earth and shorn of its leaves by which it took life from the air, and it is dead.

When man sins he is dead spiritually. Sin separates him from God, the source of life, and he is spiritually dead. The soul continues to exist, and may,

by repentance and faith, be reunited to God, possessing spiritual life again. When the heart stops beating, the body is separated from its source of life, and we are physically dead; but the body continues to exist. It may change its form, becoming ashes and gases, but it exists and will be resurrected at the last day.

There is a second death. "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*."—Rev. 20:12-14.

This second death is an eternal death. It is a separation from the source of life which is final and eternal. Figurative language is sometimes used to portray its awfulness, but our sluggish comprehension, no doubt, fails, even then, to grasp its full meaning. A soul, eternal in its existence, capable of association with God, filled with pollution which makes that soul ashamed and embarrassed in His presence, clothed in remorse and burdened with sins, shut in by darkness and haunted by demons, has no rest by day or night. Having passed the portals of probation, there is no way, no means, no hope of retracing one's steps and regaining that which has been lost. Eternal death!

The *skull and cross bones* stands at the portals of

sin, whether you observe it or not. That terrible death sign advertises the danger. It says to everyone that approaches sin, "Look out! Death lurks here. I hold a terrible history which you should investigate before trying to pass here and partake of sin."

We get a glimpse of what it means to enter that region which the Bible describes as eternal death, by listening to some who are entering it. Mirabeau, dying, said, "Give me laudanum that I may not think of eternity."

Thomas Paine said, "I would give worlds, if I had them, if the 'Age of Reason' had never been published. O Lord, help me! Christ help me! Stay with me; it is hell to be left alone!"

Voltaire raved until all fled from his room, then cried out, "I am abandoned by God and man! I shall go to hell! O, Christ! O, Jesus Christ!"

Charles IX, King of France, who ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew, came to his earthly end with these awful words: "What blood! What murders! What wicked counsels I have followed! I am lost! I see it well!"

Sir Francis Newport was trained in early life to understand the great truths of the gospel, and while in early manhood it was hoped that he would become an ornament and a blessing to his family and the nation; but his course resulted far otherwise. He fell into company that corrupted his principles and morals. He became an avowed infidel, and a life of dissipation soon brought on disease which was incurable. When he felt that he must die, he threw himself upon his

bed, and after a brief pause, he exclaimed as follows:

"Whence this war in my heart? What argument is there now to assist me against matters of fact? Do I *assert there is no hell, while I feel one in my own bosom?* Am I certain there is no after retribution, when I feel a present judgment? Do I affirm my soul to be as mortal as my body, when this languishes and that is as vigorous as ever? Oh, that anyone would restore unto me that ancient guard of piety and innocence! Wretch that I am, whither shall I flee from this breast? What shall become of me?"

An infidel companion tried to dispel his thoughts, to whom he replied, "That there is a God, I know, because I continually feel the effects of His wrath; that there is a hell, I am equally certain, having received an earnest of my inheritance there already in my breast; that there is a natural conscience, I now feel with amazement and horror, being continually upbraided by it with my impieties and iniquities, and all my sins brought to my remembrance. Why God has marked me out as an example of His vengeance rather than you, or any one of my acquaintances, I presume is because I have been more religiously educated, and have done greater despite to the Spirit of Grace. Oh, that I was to lie upon the fire that is quenched a thousand years to purchase the favor of God and be reunited to Him again! But it is a fruitless wish. Millions of millions of years will bring me so nearer the end of my torments than one poor hour! *Oh, Eternity! Eternity!* WHO CAN DISCOVER THE ABYSS OF ETERNITY? Who can paraphrase upon these words: *forever and ever?*"

Lest his friends should think he was insane, he said, "You imagine me melancholy or distracted. I wish it were either; but it is part of my judgment that I am not. No; my apprehension of persons and things is more quick and vigorous than when I was in perfect health; and it is my curse, because I am hereby more sensible of the condition I am fallen into. Would you be informed why I became a skeleton in three or four days? See, now then. I have despised my Maker and denied my Redeemer. I have joined myself to the atheist and profane, and continued this course under many convictions, till my iniquity was ripe for vengeance, and the judgment of God overtook me when my security was the greatest, and the checks of my conscience the least."

As his mental distress and bodily disease were hurrying him into eternity, he was asked if he would have prayer in his behalf. He turned his face and exclaimed, "Tigers and monsters! are ye also become devils to torment me? Would you give me a prospect of heaven to make my hell more intolerable?"

Soon after his voice failing, and uttering a groan of inexpressible horror, he cried out, "OH, THE INSUFFERABLE PANGS OF HELL!" and died at once.

In his scholarly effort to describe the horrors of the second death, Robert Pollok writes:

"Poised on steady wing,  
Hovering gazed. Eternal justice! Sons  
Of God! Tell me, if ye can tell, what then  
I saw, what then I heard. Wide was the place,  
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.

Beneath I saw a lake of burning fire,  
With tempest tossed perpetually, and still  
The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks  
Of dark damnation broke, and music made  
Of melancholy sort; and overhead,  
And all around, wind warred with wind, storm  
howled  
To storm, and lightning, forked lightning crossed,  
And thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds  
Of sullen wrath; and far as sight could pierce,  
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,  
Through all the dungeons of unfading fire,  
I saw most miserable beings walk.  
Burning continually, yet unconsumed;  
Forever wasting, yet enduring still;  
Dying perpetually, yet never dead.  
Some wandered lonely in the desert flames,  
And some in fell encounter fiercely met,  
With curses loud, and blasphemies, that made  
The cheek of Darkness pale; and as they fought,  
And cursed, and gnashed their teeth, and wished  
to die,  
Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe.  
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs  
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept  
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.  
And Sorrow and Repentance, and Despair,  
Among them walked, and to their thirsty lips  
Presented frequent cups of burning gall.  
And as I listened, I heard these beings curse  
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse

The earth, the resurrection morn, and seek,  
And ever vainly seek, for utter death.  
And to their everlasting anguish still,  
The thunders from above responding spoke  
These words, which, through the caverns of  
    perdition  
Forlornly echoing, fell on every ear,  
‘Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not’.”

## CHAPTER II

### GOD AND ETERNITY

A Salvation Army lassie entered a gambling den and began scattering tracts among the gamblers. One man took a tract, tore it into bits and threw it on the floor. Looking down at the pieces of paper he saw on one, in bold, black, letters, the word "God." It pierced his soul and seemed to discover the secrets and corruption hidden there. To rid himself of the sensation, he turned it over, and on the other side was the word, "ETERNITY." God! Eternity! stared him in the face. What a thought! He tried to forget it and proceed with the game, but the thought pierced him through, and when he looked at the bits of paper a shiver shot through his frame. He lost interest in the game, went to his room and retired. But he could not sleep. In spite of his efforts to shake it off, God—Eternity, stared him in the face. He went out on the street and tried to walk it off, but wherever he looked he saw evidence of a Supreme Being, a decaying world and signs of eternity. He returned to his room, got on his knees and gave his life to God.

The same things, my friend, are facing you and me. Wherever we look there is evidence of God. If there were no Bible and no revelation, there is sufficient about us to convince any sane person, who is not devil-possessed, that God is. Human anatomy teaches

us of God. Our physiognomy is convincing. The eye, along, with its delicate intricacies, reveals the workings of a divine mind. Consider how it is set in the forehead; with a vision that registers upon the brain everything we are approaching; how it is incased on a pedestal, and sweeps three-fourths of a circle, revealing to our sensibilities everything about us, and is protected with bones that insure safety from unexpected blows.

All the universe speaks of God. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament, sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." No rational explanation of the world's existence and stability has ever been brought forward except, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

My little daughter, nine years old, returning from school, one day, said:

"Papa, my teacher says God did not make the world!"

"Is that so?" I replied, hoping to start in her little mind a line of reasoning that would fortify her against the infidelity of the age. "Then where did it come from?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, "she said it flew off from the sun while it was in the form of vapor."

"Well," I said, "where did the sun come from?"

She meditated for a few moments and replied, "Oh, I don't believe all that stuff, anyway, do you?"

And so it is. If we give the matter serious, sane consideration, there is no reasonable explanation for

the presence and order of the universe, except that there is a supreme intelligence behind it all. Think of this earth, twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, hanging in space and moving with invariable precision century after century. Who or what holds it in space? If we say the sun, we are bound to question the source of its stability.

Moreover, this world is but a speck compared to the universe. It seems great to us who have looked closely at nothing greater; but, while it is 8,000 miles in diameter, the sun, 91 million miles away, is 110 times larger, being 880,000 miles in diameter. Our moon, 6,000 miles in circumference, revolves around this earth at a distance of 240,000 miles from us. The sun is so large that this earth with the moon revolving around it could fall into the sun and there would be plenty of room for another sphere as large as this earth, with a moon revolving around it as far away as ours.

There are eight planets revolving around the sun, only two of which are smaller than the earth. One is 50 times as large as the earth, another is 60 times as large, another 1,000 times as large, and still another 1,200 times as large. If all these spheres were rolled into one it would require 500 more of the same size to equal the sun.

All the stars, except these eight planets which revolve around the sun, are themselves suns, many of which are much larger than our sun. Vega gives out 40 times as much light as the sun does. Sirius gives

out 50 times as much light as the sun. Lyra gives out 54,000 times as much light as the sun.

The naked eye discovers about 3,000 of these stars or suns, but astronomers, with their modern instruments, have discovered a hundred million. They fill an expanse that is incomprehensible. Neptune, one of the spheres that revolves around the sun is 2,800,000,000 miles from the sun. That sounds like a very great distance; but when astronomers try to tell us the distance to even the nearest stars, they cannot use miles for their unit of measure. It is so vast that the numerals required to express the distance in miles become too many. So they use what they call light years. Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. Find the number of seconds in a year, multiply this by 186,000 and you have the number of miles represented by a light year, which is the unit of measure in designating the distance to the stars.

Our nearest star, Centaure, is three light years away. Cygni, the next one, is four and a half light years away. S. Madler, of Dorport, says that Alcyone, around which the universe probably revolves, is more than 3,000 billion miles from us. The Milky Way, which you can see almost any night, is more than 8,000 light years away. This means that if you had started from the Milky Way, on a ray of light, the day Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden, although you might have traveled all this time at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, you would not have reached this earth yet. So vast is the distance separating us.

It is nonsense to contend that this incomprehensible constellation came into existence haphazardly and moves in its regular orbit, century after century without a collision or mishap, and without varying an iota. After man has exhausted himself and his materials perfecting timepieces, he is forced to turn to God's eternal clock and set them by the unvarying movements of the heavenly bodies. In all the history of the world this movement has been the same. There is but one explanation. A Divine Mind, is behind it all; a Supreme Being who created the universe, preserves it and orders its movements. God is, and we are faced with this unmistakable evidence wherever we look.

He not only is, but He has a purpose in all His doings. Order is one of the first laws of His kingdom and wisdom is the balance wheel of His operations. Search where you will and there you find order and wisdom. Wander where you desire, throughout the regions known to mankind, and you are confronted with evidences of purpose, order and wisdom. Take the vegetable kingdom, for instance, and you discover some things are created to be used as food for man and beast, some to beautify the landscape and some to fill the woods with pleasant perfume. Some birds are for food, some for beautiful plumage, and some to fill the forests with melody. The earth springs into magical production at the touch of the hand of man, while her bowels readily yield metals, fuels and salts so essential to his happiness.

Man is the climax of God's creation, the capstone

of His handiwork; therefore we may look for a purpose supreme in his creation. This purpose is revealed in Gen. 1:27: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." What is an image? We talk of the inanimate things to which the heathens bow, as images; the stocks of wood and stone made after the similitude of man or beast. But these are not real images. We see our likeness or image when we stand before the mirror. Its particles are so constructed or united that they can receive and return to us the perfect color of our eyes, the shape of the physiognomy, a reflection of ourselves.

God is a Spirit. He is not flesh and bones. A mirror that reflects His character must be spiritual. It must receive and return His attributes, which are love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, kindness, patience, holiness, purity, etc. Such was man in his original state. For this purpose he was created, and in this state only is he in his natural sphere. In any other state or condition he is abnormal, restless and discontented. God created man after He had created the rest of the world, and He formed him with a higher nature. That higher nature is the quality which makes it possible for him to receive and reflect God. It was intended that he should serve as a mirror in which God could see Himself reflected. In this relation man is satisfied and contented, whatever his earthly conditions may be. Aside from this condition there is misery and dissatisfaction.

"The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked" (Isa. 57:20, 21).

There is no rest for mankind outside of the will of God. He cannot be contented until his nature is entirely cleansed from sin and he is reflecting the nature or attributes of God. For this he was created and he is abnormal until he is sanctified wholly. In early manhood I was possessed of the idea that wealth brought satisfaction. I thought poverty was the cause of my restlessness. Luxury and assurance against want in the future, I supposed, would end my troubles, in the absence of which I could never be happy. But in this I was mistaken, as I have learned from observation. I have never found a man of wealth who was not fully saved, that was contented. Many of them, I learned, are breathing the sulphuric fumes of damnation while enjoying the fullest pleasures of wealth.

The poet had found the true fountain of joy who wrote:

"A tent or a cottage, why should I care;  
They're building a palace for me over there.  
Though exiled from home, thank God, I can  
sing—

All glory to God! I'm a child of the King."

Fannie W. Crosby's famous hymn preaches the same gospel:

"Perfect submission, perfect delight;  
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;  
Watching and waiting, looking above;  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love."

Driving into a southern city one day, I observed a costly mansion setting back from the road, surrounded by every evidence of wealth and luxury. The yard was adorned with well-kept shrubbery. In the windows hung rich lace curtains, which, when blown back by the gentle breezes, revealed expensive upholstery and furnishings. Blooded stock grazed in the meadow and everything bespoke wealth. I mentioned to the driver the beauty of the home, and he informed me that his uncle lived there. He told me that he spent a Sabbath with the family a few weeks before, and that during the day his uncle spoke of his prosperity and asked:

"John, do you remember where I lived the first year after I came here?"

"Yes," he replied, "you lived at the back of this farm, in a cabin of two rooms, one with a dirt floor, and worked a parcel of land on the shares."

Then with a far away look and an expression of sadness, this man of wealth said, "Those are the happiest days in my memory. During that year we had family prayers, expressed our gratitude to God for the food we ate, and enjoyed the peace of God. Those are the only days in which I have really lived."

The restlessness of the present age is indicative of our departure from the path of rectitude and right. The phenomenal development of the playhouse within the last few years, the ever present roadhouse with the throngs of joy-riders, the scramble for commercial power and feverish desire for get-rich-quick schemes are but the symptoms of the moral derange-

ment of this generation. Domestic felicity is not as complete and universal as in days gone by. Husbands and wives, becoming dissatisfied with each other, turn aside to forbidden paths. Children, in many instances, use home only as a place to eat and sleep, spending their time when out of school, at the beach, the movie, or joy-riding, in a vain attempt to make life worth living. Many, tiring of the wretchedness which spreads like a pall over everything, swallow poison or jump into the river trying to end it all.

The trouble is all in the heart. We are out of our sphere. We cannot be satisfied until our hearts are purified and the graces of the Spirit abound. Like the jungle beast that engages in a restless pace before the bars of his cage although he is provided food and water in abundance, so is the soul wretched while out of its sphere. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee" (Isa. 26:3). "Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them" (Psa. 119:165).

The thing that should startle us is, eternity is facing us. In this discontented state, carrying this load of misery, we are preparing to embark on the rolling waves of eternity. A few years of this wretchedness here draws the "crow's feet" in the temples and plows the furrows across the brow. What will it be in eternity? In this world there is an occasional respite. The intoxication of pleasure sometimes brushes it all away for awhile. Men become absorbed in business until they forget it all for the time being. We repose on our couches and are borne in the magical

arms of sweet Morpheus to the unclouded hills of Dreamland; but in eternity—eternity without fellowship with God—there is no respite.

“If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels and in the presence of the Lamb; and the smoke of their torment shall ascend up forever and forever; and they shall have no rest by day nor night” (Rev. 14:9-11).

Incomprehensible eternity! We can calculate days and imagine time, but eternity, who can fathom it? Munsey says, “I faced the clock of time, and as the pendulum beat time back and forth, it sang, ‘Time flies! time flies!’ As I watched it I noticed that the hands which marked the progress of time continued to move forward. I turned away for a season and when I returned the hour hand had made the circuit of the clock’s face. All the while the pendulum continued singing, ‘Time flies! time flies!’

“Suddenly I found myself facing another clock. It stood in the vestibule of eternity. Its pendulum was swinging, but it sang a different song. Dolefully it pealed forth, ‘Forever and ever! forever and ever!’ The hands which pointed at low twelve, I noticed, did not move. ‘Forever and ever! forever and ever!’ sent a shiver through my being. I turned aside to notice the many strange and peculiar things to be found on every side and to listen to the unusual sounds and

moans coming from every quarter, and was occupied in this manner for quite a season, when suddenly I found myself facing that clock again. It continued to sing, 'Forever and ever! forever and ever!' I noticed the hands had not moved from where they were when first I looked upon it. A demon approached and I asked him to explain the peculiar phenomena.

" 'What?' said he.

" 'Tell me when will those hands move?'

" 'When,' said he. 'Oh, when! You must have come from earth?'

" 'Yes!' I answered.

" 'Well, *when* is an adverb of time. We do not use time here; we are in eternity. Time belongs to earth.' And the clock continued to sing, 'Forever and ever! forever and ever!'

" 'Stay! stay! I pled, as the demon attempted to move away, tell me how long it will be before there is a change here, and those hands will move again?'

" 'Long is a adverb of time. Time belongs to earth. Time is a parenthesis in eternity in which the Son of God paid the price for man's redemption. We do not use time here. As far as you and I are concerned, time is no more. We have passed it and have entered eternity.'

"As I listened again to that terrible song, 'Forever and ever! forever and ever!' which was beginning now to take a deeper hold upon my powers of comprehension, I cried out in despair:

" 'Tell me something of the duration of this situation. Can you not give me some idea, say something

that will in some m e a s u r e, at least, express its extent?’

“‘I am not sure that I can,’ replied the demon; ‘and if I should you could not comprehend it. But I will try. Do you know anything about the sphere, we call earth, from which you recently came?’

“‘Yes,’ I answered, ‘it is 8,000 miles in diameter, about 25,000 miles in circumference.’

“‘Quite a mass of matter,’ he mused. ‘Well, if an angel should begin flying around it, making a circuit once every century; and every time it made the circuit, should touch its wing to the earth and brush away just one grain of sand; when the last particle of earth was in this manner swept away, eternity would only have begun. Yea, were the distance from earth to the sun, ninety-one million miles, one vast ocean of water, which should evaporate at the rate of one drop each century, when the last drop of this vast ocean of water was, in this manner, disposed of, there would be no less to eternity than when it first began. It is *eternity. Forever and forever.*’

“All this time that clock continued its doleful dirge, ‘Forever and ever! forever and ever!’”

Return now and read again that text quoted from Revelation, “They shall have no rest by day nor by night,” and, “The smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and forever.”

Oh, what will it mean for a being which cannot be at home, which cannot rest only as it enjoys fellowship with God, prostituted to the possession of the foul spirits of iniquity and corrupted by the pollution

of sin until God cannot allow it in His presence—what will it mean, I say, for this being to enter upon the endless stretch of eternity? An eternity where there is no rest by day nor by night. Removed from these things which gratify the natural body, there will be no thrills, no sensual pleasures with their intoxication—nothing to break the endless, monotonous sense of misery, remorse and guilt.

“He that being often reprov’d, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy” (Prov. 29:1).

Today there is a remedy, but in hell there will be no remedy. Today the blood of Christ avails, but there is no atoning blood in hell. Today there is mercy, but mercy is unknown in perdition. Today there is relief, but in hell there is no prescription that can bring one moment’s relief.

Some one has said, “Our lost friends are lost forever; we recollect that there is no shadow of hope for them. When the iron gate of hell is once closed upon them it shall never be unbarred again to give them free exit; when once shut up within those walls of sweltering flames which girdle the fiery gulf, there is no possibility of flight; we recollect they have ‘forever’ stamped upon their chains, ‘forever’ carved in deep lines of despair upon their hearts. It is the hell of hells that everything there lasts forever. Here time wears away our grief, and blunts the keen edge off our sorrow; but there time never mitigates the woe. Hell grows more hellish as eternity marches on with its mighty pace; the abyss becomes more dense and

fiery, the sufferers grow more ghastly and wretched, as years, if there be such sad variety in that fixed state, roll their everlasting rounds. Here the sympathy of loving kindred in the midst of sickness or suffering can alleviate our pain; but there the tortured ghosts are sport for fiends, and the mutual upbraiding and reproaches of fellow-sinners give fresh stings to torment, too dread to be endured. Here, too, when Nature's last palliative shall fail, to die may be a happy release. A man can count the weary hours till death shall give him rest; but, oh! remember there is no death in hell. Death, which is a monster on earth, would be an angel in hell. If death could go there, all the damned would fall down and worship him; every tongue would sing, every heart would praise; each cavern then would echo with a shout of triumph, till all was still, and silence brood where terror reigned. But no, the terrible reality is this, 'Their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched.'

"In hell there is no hope. They have not even the hope of dying—the hope of being annihilated. They are forever, forever lost! On every chain in hell there is written, 'forever.' In the fires there blazes out the word 'forever.' Up above their heads they read 'forever.' Their eyes are galled, and their hearts are pained with the thought that it is 'forever.' O! if I could tell you tonight that hell would one day be burned out, and that those who were lost might be saved, there would be a jubilee in hell at the very thought of it. But it cannot be; it is 'forever they are cast into outer darkness'."

There is no change of seasons or companions. There is no business but one uninterrupted scene of horror, to which they must be all attention. They have no interval of inattention or stupidity, they are all eyes, all ears, all sense. Every instant of their duration, it may be said of their whole frame, they are

“Tremblingly alive all o’er,

And smarting and agonizing at every pore!”

## CHAPTER III

### A SKELETON IN THE CLOSET

Sin is a fearful telltale. It cannot be kept hidden. Satan may deceive us and keep us on a fool's errand, trying to keep it covered, when we should be confessing to God and crying for mercy; but sin "will out." Sin, once committed, becomes larger than the sinner. This is evident because it swallows him up. Sin can and does hide the sinner, but the sinner cannot successfully hide his sin. Like the ostrich which foolishly runs its head into the sand bank and thinks it is securely hidden from its foes, so the soul that has transgressed God's law may refuse to face its wrongdoings, hang a screen of silence before it, and try to rest in security; but soon it finds the task impossible. The dreadful sense of a skeleton in the closet, a something that must be kept hidden, but which threatens to be revealed, saps the pleasures of life. The hope that no one will ever know the hideous state within is being constantly shattered by the consciousness that detection is skulking in the shadow at every turn, ready to leap from its hiding and pull the skeleton from the closet into the open.

This sensation which fills the guilty heart with fear is no hallucination. It is in fact, the voice of God. There is a route to the blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin, but it is not found by those who try to

cover and hide their wickedness. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." Those who refuse to meet this condition are faced by the Holy Spirit in His mission of warning lost men and women of their coming doom.

"Ye have sinned against the Lord: and be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. 32:23). This is as inevitable as that day will follow night. Sin eats away at the vitals of the moral nature and system. We may hide the virus of a cancer for a season, but it must be eradicated or it will turn the whole body into rotteness. Just so it is with sin. Something more than hiding its foul fruitfulness must be done, or we will be overwhelmed with a revelation of complete spiritual septicæmia.

Satan's first job is to get a man to sin, and then he engages him in a vain effort to cover that sin until he is overtaken by the judgment and eternity. It has ever been so. He approached Adam and Eve subtilly and succeeded in leading them into sin. Then when he discovered to them that they were naked, defiled and unfit to meet God, they hurried away to cover and to hide. This they did as best they could, covering themselves with leaves after penetrating the dense undergrowth. No doubt they suffered some from uneasiness while attempting to rest in this false security. Or they may have felt secure in their covering of leaves as they skulked behind the low hanging boughs of the garden. Poor, foolish humanity! They had not taken into account the voice of God which is sufficient to cause the mountains to quake or the hills to

skip at His rebuke. Just when they thought they were securely hidden, He spoke, "Adam, where art thou?"

How easily He discovered them in their hiding! And how quickly they were brought into judgment before Him! They could not hide their sin. And thus it has ever been.

Just outside Eden's gate a tragedy developed when Abel was slain by his brother, Cain. We are not told what disposition Cain made of his victim's body; but he assumed an air of innocency and unconcern in his approach to the place of meeting God. "Where is Abel, thy brother," the Lord asked him. "Am I my brother's keeper?" he replied. His alibi, no doubt, looked all right to him. Instead of humbly confessing his sin and begging for mercy, he listened to the seductive voice of Satan and shoved the skeleton into the closet.

But no one's troubles have ever ended by hiding them in the closet. They grow larger there. The septic condition becomes worse and spreads. A "dead carcass in the woodpile," creates a stink that pollutes the premises and sooner or later betrays its presence. Disaster and destruction are avoided only by proper disposition of the trouble.

The sons of Jacob thought at first they would kill Joseph, but later decided it would be better for them to sell him as a slave. They did so after stripping him of his coat of many colors, which they dipped in the blood of a kid. This bloody coat they sent to their father and with it completely deceived the faithful old man. It looked like they had their sin success-

fully covered. Joseph, the cause of their trouble, would soon be safely chained in a foreign country, and with their father, the only one who cared, completely off the track, there was no danger of ever having to put forth a finger to keep the closet, containing their secret, closed, and they could settle down in security.

But there is an eye that never slumbers. He keeps tab on every step we take. He set human life in the bounds of law which says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Like bloodhounds of the skies, justice is trailing everyone who has transgressed God's law, and will run him down sooner or later unless he repents.

At Madison, Wis., where I am penning these lines, two painters planned the robbery of a hermit who lived in a retreat nearly fifty miles away. They hired an automobile and drove to the place. The old man fought them and they were forced to kill him to get his money. Returning to Madison, they divided the money and went about their work as usual, no one being aware that they had been away. It looked as though they had everything well covered and none would ever find out about it. But justice and judgment are on the track of every evildoer and will soon run them down.

It happened that the car they rented had three tires which were alike, while the fourth one was of a peculiar make. A newspaper reporter who went to the scene of the tragedy, discovered this, and searched the rent-a-car garage for just such a car. He found it, learned who had used it, and from the speedometer,

that it had been driven exactly the distance to the old man's place and return. Faced with this evidence, the men, who had been considered hard-working, law-abiding citizens, confessed to the deed and took their places in the penitentiary.

When Joshua led the hosts of Israel against the fortified city of Jericho, God gave command that everything within the polluted city was to be destroyed. One man stretched forth his hand and took to himself a golden wedge and some fashionable clothing. Taking this loot to his tent, he buried it, thinking thereby to hide his wickedness from God as well as his people. No one knew he had it and with it securely out of sight, there was no need to worry. But the God, whose eye is upon you and me, had registered the act. The culprit must face his deeds, and the Lord made His own plans for bringing this to pass. He permitted the army to suffer defeat at the hands of the small city of Ai. There was dismay, suffering and death in the camp that day. Just think of the suffering that may and will be entailed upon society when one person enters into league with Satan and then covers up his sin instead of confessing it to God.

This was but a part of the working out of God's plan to bring a fugitive to justice. Dear reader, consider that in case you have been seduced by the devil and led to make an effort to cover up sin in your life, that already God has perfected His plans for bringing you to judgment unless you repent. The wheels of justice may turn slowly, but they are already turning, and sooner or later your sin will find you out.

Joshua instituted search and the guilty party was soon located. Achan confessed when he was caught, but it was too late. He confessed because he was caught and not because he had sinned against God. He with his entire house perished.

In a great altar service, where I was assisting in a campmeeting, I came upon a poor fellow who seemed to be heartbroken. Getting his attention I enquired the cause of his distress. He told me he wanted to be sanctified. I tried to tell him how to get the blessing, but he could not grasp it. Exhorting him to prayer, I began talking to the one by his side, when I heard him pray, "O, God have mercy!"

Realizing that as the prayer of a sinner instead of a Christian, I asked him if he was sure he was a Christian. Looking up through his tears he informed me that he was a preacher and a pastor. I asked him plainly if he was sure he had been converted and if he had been doing his duty. When he assured me that he had, I shouted, "Have you had any trouble? Is anything covered up in your life?"

He dropped his head and said no more. When I had closed the service he asked for a private interview. Retiring to a lonely spot, he said, "Brother Hudson, I take you to be a Christian, I need help and I am going to tell you something I have never told mortal man." Continuing, he told me how he had been accused of immoral conduct in a distant state where he was in the pastorate. He had secured an attorney, entered the court of his church and won the case; being reinstated and transferred to the state we were in at

that time. Then he shook with emotion, and said, "Brother Hudson, those charges were true, I am in trouble, and I want your advice as to the course I should pursue."

His sin had found him out. The covering he had pulled over it so securely had been torn away and he saw that he was naked before the Lord. In such a sad plight there was only one course he could pursue with safety and we quoted, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (Prov. 28:13).

In agony he begged for mercy. He spoke of his wife and wondered what she would do should he confess how he had wronged her. "Wife!" I exclaimed; "how dare you take such a name in your foul lips! Any man who will dare to take a pure girl from her mother's arms, rob her of her name and send her to the border land of death to bring back life for him, then go out and defraud her by playing with harlots, and probably polluting her with loathsome disease—how dare you call that pure thing, wife? It is not that you may regain any earthly estate that I am advising with you. As far as the place of a husband is concerned, you may have forfeited that forever for one mess of pottage; but you are facing eternal realities now. The Holy Ghost is on your track; for the sake of your soul's eternal happiness, I exhort you to cover that festering spot no longer, but take God's route to deliverance, no matter what the cost."

Covered sin weakens character. No one can be strong who is covering up something in his life. He

may make a semblance of strength, but in his inner consciousness there is knowledge of moral weakness. Iron castings are sometimes molded with cavities. The outside is polished and the cavities hidden so that the casting appears from the outside to be all right until it is put under the strain when its weakness becomes apparent. It breaks under the strain. It is in the strain or the test that we exhibit strength or weakness of character. Everyone must meet the storm. Those whose foundation is undermined by moral decay of any kind will meet with consternation.

From the top of his house, King David looked upon that which subjected him to temptation. He fell into sin and dragged down an innocent woman with him. Immediately he set about the task that almost every sinner undertakes. He tried to cover up his sin. When his first scheme failed he laid plans for the murder of Uriah, the woman's husband, that he might claim her as his wife and in this manner cover up the fact that he had sinned. No one knew anything about it but himself and the woman. He was the king, and with her for his wife there would be no trouble in keeping the skeleton in the closet forever.

Human plans might have availed if there were not a God who rules the destinies of men. His number was registered and his deeds chronicled. God had said, "Be sure your sin will find you out." What He says is sure to be, whether we believe it or not. Satan may deceive us into thinking that we can "get by" and it will not happen unto us as it has to others, but

there will be a sad awakening when it is too late. In that hour conscience, if nothing else, arousing from its stupor will startle the entire being with its hideous wails.

#### UNCONFESED SINS FOLLOW ONE THROUGH LIFE

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6:7).

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper" (Prov. 28:13).

No one can shake off covered sins. Like the detectives of justice which they are, no one is sufficiently skilled to throw them off the trail. They are the bloodhounds of the skies that track the culprit to the end of his flight with unmistakable certainty. No matter where the sinner roams, nor what turn he takes to hide his identity, he has a certain consciousness that his sin is following him, cursing his life and defeating his efforts to find happiness and satisfaction.

"He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity: he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword" (Rev. 13:10).

If you will study the history of David after he sinned in the matter of Uriah and his wife, you will find that trouble, trouble, trouble, was his portion. The sword never left his family. It hung over his household continually pointing with retribution's awful finger at the heart of his happiness. Samson laid his head in Delilah's lap and his weakness, shame and misery followed him to his dying day. Like a wriggling serpent it covered him with its slime and hissed

in his ears until other notes of earth's song reached his sensibilities but faintly.

Charles Hirzig murdered Nellie Crumpacker at Youngstown, Ohio, and fled to Chicago. An innocent man was arrested on suspicion, convicted on circumstantial evidence and executed. The day he was executed, Hirzig's conscience raved until he decided he could not stand it and must get away from it. He fled from Chicago and went into Colorado where he worked for a few years. His torment continued in such a degree that he could not stay there, and he crossed the Rocky Mountains and went into Death Valley. One Sunday morning, after he had suffered here two years, his conscience dragged his sin up and hung it before him in all of its hideousness. He tried in vain to put it behind him. He tried to forget it, but it would not be forgotten. His sin had found him out. He went four miles into the forest, wrote out a full confession of his crime, and pinned it to his bosom, then hung himself to an overhanging bough, where the gruesome sight was discovered four days later.

Rev. Richardson, a Baptist pastor of Boston, seduced his organist, and when he found that his sin could not be hidden, lured her to his church, cut her throat and hid the body in the belfry of the church. The police instituted diligent search for the young lady, dragged the bay and extended the search throughout the country in a vain attempt to locate the woman or find a clue to the murder. No one suspected the pastor, and the case was finally given up as an unsolved mystery. It looked as if he had succeeded in

covering his sin successfully, and he had as far as the eyes of man were concerned. But we are all dealing with our Creator, Him before whom we must soon stand in judgment. He never slumbers and nothing escapes His records. He stands our sins around us as we journey through life, showing us, at least at times, what embarrassment and remorse we will suffer in eternity. One day this wicked person came running from his study, in an extremely nervous state, tearing his hair and screaming. He exclaimed, "I had as soon be in hell! Everywhere I look I can see that upturned face as, on her knees, she begged me to have mercy upon her and spare her life."

UNCONFESED SINS STAND ABOUT OUR DEATH BED

"Ye shall die in your sins" (John 8:24).

Death, in any manner and with any surroundings, is awful. To see a person gasping for oxygen to keep the struggling heart going and to hear the death rattle which the sufferer does not have time nor strength to dislodge from the throat, is a terrible thing; but there are certain conditions under which death is more awful. It must be terrible to die in the gutter, surrounded by filth and smitten with shame. It must be an awful thing to die on the battle field, away from loved ones, and removed from comforts and remedies, with no loving hand to stroke the burning brow nor to speak a word of comfort and cheer, surrounded with death and suffering, which is punctuated by bursting shells and belching cannon, and the staccato of rattling shrapnel, listening to the call for water and delirious farewells to mamma,

sweetheart and other loved ones. I have thought of how terrible it would be to die in prison and to go from its grim walls to a convict's grave and to the judgment. But the most terrible death that I can conceive of is dying in one's sins. In that hour when the world is turning black, when the fever is sending the blood like liquid fire, through the arteries to the ends of the body and the heart is weakening under the demands for double duty made upon it, when every physical nerve is breaking under the strain, to have one's sins come and hang like goblins about the bed, with fiery eyes and gnashing teeth, cursing before the time and accusing for a misspent life—oh, what a time that will be! "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

People who have been drowned and brought back to life by the aid of the pulmotor, tell how, as they were going down for the last time, every sin rose up before them in a mighty panorama. I was told a few days ago of a young lady who was beautifully saved, but gave up her devotion to Christ and the Church, for the sake of a godless young man who was suing for her hand, but would not continue his relation with her unless she gave up her religion. In less than a year, just after the birth of their first child, she developed blood poison. The infection spread rapidly through her lower limbs as well as over the body. As she approached the end of her earthly sufferings she called her mother and told her there was a black monster in the room, looking at her in a way that made her restless. She struck forth with her hand, screaming for

them to drive the devil away, the blow striking and bruising her mother's face. They tried to comfort her and to convince her that she was mistaken; but she pointed out what she said was a black demon approaching the bed. After awhile she said, "Oh, Mamma, he is climbing on the foot of the bed, and is touching my feet." As the infection spread, she declared he had hold of her limbs, then her chest. "Oh," she screamed, "he has hold of my throat!" There was a gasp and she was gone. She was dying, surrounded by her sins, as everyone must do who does not confess them to God and receive the merits of the blood of Christ.

A farmer in North Arkansas recently, was called to the window by his wife, to witness the beauty of a summer sunset, following a storm. When he looked upon the scene, he turned deathly pale and began to pace the floor. His actions were so peculiar that his wife asked him what was the matter. "Oh, nothing," he replied. She prepared supper and called him to the dining room, but he continued to pace the floor stating that he was not hungry. Bedtime came on, but he would not retire, although he persisted that there was nothing the matter with him.

Finally the wife said, "Husband, there is something wrong, and I must know what it is." Whereupon he flung himself upon the bed and said, "When I met you I told you that I was a widower, and I was, but I did not tell you how I came to be a widower. I lived in the state of T—— where my wife had been an invalid for several years. I tired of the burden, and

one evening, following a rain, I dragged her into the garden where I had dug a hole. When she saw what I was going to do, she begged me, for my sake, as well as hers, not to do it, explaining that my sin would curse me in death as well as eternity. I slashed her throat and buried her there in the garden, pulling some leaves over the new made grave. Just as I finished the gruesome task, the sun burst through the clouds just as it did today. Then I scattered her clothes along the bank of the river, where they were found the next morning, after I gave the alarm. We dragged the river for days for her body. When all probability of suspicion had passed, I sold my farm and came here where I met and married you. When I looked at that sunset a few hours ago, my sin smote me in a way that I could not stand it. Good-by, I am gone!" With this he breathed his last.

A lady in the South lay sick in a hospital, under constant care of a nurse. One evening she became terribly excited and restless, until the nurse finally enquired to know the cause of her agitation. She refused at first to disclose the cause, but finally confessed to assisting a woman to destroy her unborn child, then suddenly gave up the ghost.

In Kentucky a man was arrested for murder, convicted on circumstantial evidence and was hung. Years afterward a man lay sick in that state, who became a puzzle to attending physicians. They pronounced his case hopeless, but he continued to hold out in the face of their predictions that he could not last. One day he called for a stenographer and dictated a

full confession of the murder, and expired with his utterance of the last word.

UNCONFESED SINS STING LIKE SCORPIONS  
IN ETERNITY

This scene, awful as it may appear, is heightened by the fact that unconfessed sins will sting like scorpions throughout an endless eternity. Read 1 Cor. 5:10, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ that every one may receive the things done in the body according to that he hath done whether it be good or bad."

There is a book entitled, "Letters From Hell," the author's name I do not recall, who represents that he went to the infernal regions and wrote letters back telling of the things he witnessed there. Among other interesting things, he came upon a man who stood on the banks of a muddy stream and seemed to be trying to wash his hands from blood stains. He would dip his hands in the murky waters, wash them and say, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person, see ye to it." Then the blood would burst from the pores of the skin, and drip from the ends of his fingers, when he would dip and wash them again, saying, "I am innocent from the blood of this just person, see ye to it."

A demon approached him and he inquired of him to learn what that meant. The demon said, "That is Pilate, trying to wash his hands from the responsibility of the crucifixion of Christ."

"How long has he been doing that?"

"Nearly two thousand years, and that is to be his hell while eternity rolls on."

At another point he came upon a young lady who stood on the banks of a stream, wringing her hair. Once in a while she would run her fingers through its tangled tresses, as if she would straighten them out, then wring it again. As she was employed in this manner, a young man emerged unexpectedly from a billowy wave, when she sprang to her feet like something wild, leaped upon him and thrust her bony fingers into his flesh, screaming, "Lost! Lost! Forever Lost!"

Upon inquiry, he learned that the young man had courted the girl, while on earth, and won her affections. Through fair speeches and numerous promises, he seduced her, then left her to suffer in shame alone. To hide her shame she jumped into the river and found a watery grave. Their sins found them out and were stinging them like fiery serpents in eternity.

Another person was talked to who said, "My sins are all present now. I see them, every one of them, and none is wanting; and indeed their number is far greater than I could have believed possible. A thousand trivial things—not trifles here, though I once believed them such—raise their front in bitter accusation. Life lies before me as an open book, a record of minutest detail, and what seemed scarce worth the notice once, has now assumed its own terrible importance—sin succeeding sin, and the remainder folly. My anguished soul turns hither and thither, writhing and moaning; not a spot is left where she might rest

—not a moment's peace to soothe her; shut in with sins innumerable, she is the prey of despair."

"They were scorpions with stings in their tails, fastened in sockets at the end thereof: their tails seemed to be about a fathom long, and every time they struck me, their sting, which appeared an inch and a half in length, stuck fast in me, and they roared like thunder."

J. M. Humphrey, describing an imaginary testimony meeting conducted by new arrivals in hell, writes, "The newly arrived soul bends his steps toward a dismal vale where sit multitudes of souls, relating to each other why they came to hell. Cain, his hands stained with his brother's blood, declared that he committed only *one* sin. Esau declared that he forfeited all and missed heaven for *one small* dish of meat. Saul declares he missed heaven through *one* act of disobedience and ingratitude. Achan said he missed it through *one* act of theft. Lot's wife said she missed it through one covetous look at a forbidden object. Then there arose a volley of testimonies from men of rank. They are as follows: 'We ruined girls, but kept it a secret; we grew rich upon the spoils of others and called it business; we were proud, hard hearted and spoke of the claims of rank; we have been liars and cheats; but always wore kid gloves and were careful as to our tailors—we were genteel folks, you see.'

"The moralist declared that he was good and went to church regularly but simply failed to be 'born again.' The lost preacher said that he was an eloquent speaker and a good financier and that he had

done lots of good things for the poor. But his only trouble was, he failed to get *holiness* of heart. He believed in it and sometimes spoke about it in his sermons, but failed to obtain it and thus missed heaven. The procrastinator said, 'I was by no means an infidel.' He said that he had been a Sunday school scholar for years, and had attended many revival services. He said, also, that he had planned to get saved in the next special meeting. He took a little trip to visit a friend, and while en route the train was wrecked and he was killed, and this is how he missed heaven."

"That deeds of iniquity, and particular sins should assail me, tormenting the soul as with fire, is natural. But this is not all. There are other things, counted for little things in the world, which cling to the conscience with a terrible vividness. Every little falsehood and unjust dealing, every word of deceit and breach of fealty, every example and want of kindness—they are all, all present now, piercing the heart as with daggers of regret. I thought so little of these things in life, that I scarcely stopped to consider them; they seemed buried on the spot, every year adding its own share of the mouldering heap. They have risen now and stand about me, I see them and I tremble.

"I am just thinking of an example, out of the hundreds that press about me. I take one at random. I have felt haunted lately by the sorrowful eyes of a poor little street boy. Wherever I turn I see him, or rather not so much him as his tearful troubled gaze rising in judgment against me. It has all come back to my mind how one evening I sauntered about in the

park, a poor little beggar came running alongside, pressing me to buy a half penny worth of matches. I did not want them, and told him so, but he persisted in crying 'Only a ha'penny, sir—only a ha'penny!' He annoyed me, and, taking him by the arm, I rudely pushed him away. I did not mean to hurt him, although, to tell the truth, there was not a particle of kindness in me at the time. Nor lay the wrong in not buying the matches. I was quite at liberty to refuse had I denied him kindly. But he annoyed me and I was angry. The child, flung aside roughly, fell in the road; I heard a cry; perhaps he had hurt himself—perhaps it was only grief for his matches lying about in the mud. I turned and met a look from his eyes, full of trouble and silent accusation. It would have been so easy for me to make good my thoughtlessness, so little would have comforted the child, but I walked away heedless of his grief.

"Now few people would call that downright wickedness—few men in the world I mean; but here, unfortunately, we are forced to judge differently. Years have passed since, for I was a young man at the time, but the memory of that child has returned upon me, his look of sorrowful reproof adding to the pangs of hell. It is but an example, as I said, and there are many—many!"

Dear reader, let me plead with you to be sure that every sin is under the blood. Leave nothing to presumption. Settle it all. Drag every secret thing from its hiding, and confess all to God as well as to man, wherever you have injured anyone. What can recom-

pense for the loss at the judgment in case you fail? What is to be gained, even though you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?

When Vanderbilt died and his body was being carried out of the church, at his funeral, a bum stood across the street. "And is that Mr. Vanderbilt?" he inquired. When he was informed that it was, he soliloquized, "Well I have stood here at different times and watched him come down those steps and go away to Wall Street with his millions, when I did not have a dime in my pockets; but he is coming down without a penny, and I have two dollars."

Centuries ago, Charlemagne died, and Europe, as you see it today, is the broken fragments of his kingdom. When Charlemagne died, they carried him into his sepulcher and placed him on a throne of ivory and gold and precious stones. On his head scintillated a crown with jewels, and in his hand the scepter, symbolizing power. On his finger was the signet ring. On his lap a scroll chronicling his deeds. About his body was the purple robe of royalty. They sealed the tomb of Charlemagne, and ages and ages afterward they broke the seal of the tomb. Time had eaten and gnawed the flesh until on the throne sat a skeleton, and the flesh and the robe lay in a heap of dust at the skeleton's feet. The signet ring had slipped from the finger. Time like a rat had gnawed the prop which raised the arm that held the scepter and the scepter was lying on the floor, and the scroll on his lap had unrolled. Strange as it may seem, history tells us that when the hand that held the scepter dropped, it fell

on the open scroll and his index finger was pointing at these words: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

When Dives awoke in hell and begged Abraham to send Lazarus to relieve his sufferings, Abraham said, "Son, remember!" O, memory! memory! If we could only blot out memory, hell might not be hell, after all. But memory, which holds a record of our sins, loosened from the intoxications that are produced by gratifying the passions of the flesh, will, for the first time, be aroused to full action, and open its book of records, standing all of our sins about us, like a company of armed soldiers. They will dip their fiery spears in the vinegar of remorse and penetrate every cavern of the soul which has been darkened by the curtains of secrecy. Stripped of every vestige of covering, exposed to the gaze of demons and other lost souls, as well as the happy host who are across the unbridged gulf with Abraham and Lazarus, they will be chased over life's pathway again and again, viewing with regret, but no chance of repentance, their rebellion to God, their sins against His law, and the foolish course pursued in trying to cover and hide their sins.

"In the palace of Versailles, as if by the irony of fate, stands a famous painting of Napoleon Bonaparte in exile. His noble brow is lowered in thought, his mouth is compressed, his chin resting upon his breast, and his grand old eye is gazing into space as if fixed on some distant scene. The sculptor represents Napoleon at St. Helena, just before his death. He is

looking back upon the fields of Waterloo and thinking how its fatal issue was the result of three hours delay. Those three short hours seem ever to write upon the walls of his memory, "The summer is ended, the harvest is past." Years roll on, but the memory of neglected opportunity follows that Emperor through life and haunts him in his sea-girt home.

"I have sometimes imagined that I could see on the lonely shores of perdition, a soul haunted by the memories of neglected opportunities. They wander from the rest to where the waves of hopeless damnation beat a solitary wail against the rocks of despair. The absent eye that gazes over the starless deep, is looking with longing unutterable to the precious time when those who are now in glory held up the blood-stained cross and pointed to the joys of heaven, then so near, now so far. A bitter sigh and a sob as bitter as despairing love, fills the solitude, but it reaches no ear, touches no sympathy, awakens no echo."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE TWO BUILDERS

There are two camps in the religious world: two distinct classes of worshipers. It has been so since the time Lucifer bolted the kingdom of God somewhere in the eternities and drew a third part of the angels to his standard. Wherever you choose to open the pages of history, traces of these two distinct classes are to be found.

With Abel, there was a Cain; with Noah there was a Ham; with Isaac there was an Ishmael; with Jacob there was an Esau; with David is a Saul; along with Elijah is to be found a Jezebel; John the Baptist's realm was invaded by a Herod; among the college of apostles was a Judas; Jesus was crucified by the Pharisees and Sadducees; among the disciples was found an Ananias and Sapphira. And, from the teachings of Christ, it would seem that we are to have these two classes with us always. In the parable of the tares, He tells us to be careful about pulling up the tares abruptly lest we uproot some of the good wheat. "Let them both grow together until the *time of the end*."

In Matthew 7:24-27, Jesus brings these two classes to our attention in the striking metaphor of two builders. In a few short, comprehensive sentences He draws a graphic picture of their course in life and their tragic end. One of them builds upon the sand and wit-

nesses the fall of his structure with tremendous results; while the other digs to the rock and lays a foundation upon which he builds a structure that stands securely in the midst of the storm. Let us analyze this picture that we may more clearly draw conclusions. Notice first,

#### THOSE POINTS IN WHICH THEY RESEMBLE

1. They both heard Christ's sayings. He is not talking about the church-goer on the one hand and the nonchurch-goer on the other. Both heard the words of Jesus, therefore both went to church. He is not referring to the Christian on the one hand and the pagan, heathen, and barbarian on the other. There is no intimation of a difference in their hearing the Word of God. We are forced to the conclusion that one was as zealous in his attendance upon church, Sunday school, prayermeeting, etc., as the other. The words relating to this part of their life are identical.

2. Both saw the necessity of building a house or place of refuge. The Word was not wholly lost on either one, for it produced the same vision of a future need. It resulted in a measure of perception. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly and righteously and godly in this present world."

The very fact that people are in the church and attend the house of worship is evidence that they have some knowledge of the need of preparing for the future. Religions of all kinds, idolatrous and otherwise,

are the result of spiritual enlightenment. The Holy Spirit has been able, at least to some degree, to reveal the poverty of human nature and the need of a super-human power.

In this respect, both builders were alike. In regard to need, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." There may be a difference in environment, prenatal influences, wealth and social standing, but all are alike sinful and the Holy Spirit "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Some dissipate more than others, and in corresponding degree, sink deeper into debauchery, but "All we like sheep have gone astray."

3. Both actually erected a house. They made preparation, in kind, for the future storm which they understood was impending. There was no difference in that they builded. They espoused a religion, made a profession and completed a system. Many propose and resolve and then abandon their plans. Some begin and then cease, but both of these classes resolved, began, proceeded and finished a building. He is not talking here about a fellow who went to the altar a few times, then became discouraged and quit. Neither is indicated the one who "hit the sawdust trail," and stopped before he became a full member of the church. Both went through with an organization of ideas. In other words, both made a clear profession, united with some religious body, received the ordinances and submitted to the ritual. Both worked out some system of religion which, to their satisfaction, was complete, fulfilling all the requirements of the present as well

as a future day. The language does not indicate that there was any difference in this part of their course.

4. Both builders rested securely in the edifice they had constructed. There is nothing in the language to indicate that the one who built on the sand was uneasy or dissatisfied in the least with his arrangement. He had completed his preparation for the future, at least to his satisfaction, as really as the one who laid his foundation upon the rock. Both viewed, with complacency, their preparation for combatting the fury of the judgment's stormy ordeal.

It has been said that if a person is sincere in what he believes, he is all right. If he lives up to what he believes, he will be saved. This metaphor teaches that such a position is false. One may "believe a lie and be damned" (2 Thes. 2:11, 12). Men have been known to suffer martyrdom for their belief in infidelity. Mothers have been known to sacrifice their children to idol gods, by throwing them to the crocodiles, and consigning them to the red hot arms of Moloch. So sure were they that they were appeasing the wrath of the gods, and making preparation for the future, that they bound up the broken chords of affection in the ointment of sincerity, and in the frenzied anticipation of merited benefits forgot the pain of bereavement. They rested securely in their religious arrangement and marched with steady tread into a murderer's hell.

Absence of alarm is no sign that one is prepared to meet God in peace. Having espoused the cause of some ecclesiasticism, made a profession of religion,

and engaging in some form of worship, system of religious ceremony, etc., are no sure indications that one will be able to stand in the judgment. Moreover, it is deceptive and dangerous to place confidence in the ability to "demonstrate," including all phenomenal manifestations.

5. Both houses were exposed to the storm. There was no difference here. Both faced the rain and the wind. In the first place, all must meet trying ordeals in this life. Life's ocean presents no smooth sailing. Here every song has a minor refrain; every carol of life has for its basso, the dirge of death; discords play along the keyboard of every heart; underneath every laugh is a wail, and crouching near every smile is a heartache. It is human to seek the route of least resistance, but no one can "sail to heaven on flowery beds of ease." All "must fight to win the prize and sail through bloody seas." Disappointment, sorrow and suffering are the portion of all who pass through this world. We meet the affable one on the street or at the social function and admire his sunny spirit, not knowing the trouble and burdens he is carrying, or that possibly his heart is at the breaking point with anguish all his own. Could you lift the veil from every heart you meet you would find that no one has escaped the storm. Accompanied by the beating rain of Satanic inspiration, it has attained the proportions of a tornado, reaching a velocity and momentum before which everything that is not fastened to the Rock of Ages must give way.

But we will not only meet with squalls as we sail

the seas of life, and be beset with storms as long as we dwell in this "low ground of sorrow;" but the day will soon dawn when the pent-up wrath of a sin-avenging God, will burst about the foundations of every religious building.

"Every man's work shall be made manifest; 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" (1 Cor. 3:13).

"And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond man and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said unto the mountains and rocks, Fall on us and hide us from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of his wrath is come and who shall be able to stand?" (Rev. 6:15-17).

"For we must *all* appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that *every one* may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad" (2 Cor. 5:10).

Let no builder think that he is in a special class or will be made a special case. In the erection of a religious structure, all should hold in their minds, constantly, the fact that the building will sooner or later be subjected to a terrible storm, a storm that will discover every weakness and move everything that is movable. The house built on the sand will be overtaken with the same fiery ordeal that the one must

meet which is fastened to the rock. There is no difference; there is no escape.

In all these particulars, both builders are very much alike, possessing resemblances. We come now to study,

#### THOSE POINTS IN WHICH THEY DIFFER

We have seen that in many things these two classes of worshippers are similar. We now notice that in other points they differ widely. Those things in which they are similar refer to the outward or ritualistic in religion. They constitute the forms which, in the absence of spiritual enlightenment and character, become legalistic. They differed in those things which go to make up the moral and spiritual elements.

1. They differed in personal character. One was styled, "wise," and the other, "foolish." These terms are used throughout the Scriptures to describe those who look well to their eternal welfare and those who are careless in these matters. When God speaks of wisdom He does not mean that knowledge of which poor man boasts, enabling him to measure the distance to the stars, calculate the ages of earthly strata, or to revel in the mysticisms of philosophy. "The world by [worldly] wisdom knew not God." Again, "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God" (1 Cor. 3:19).

What then does the Master refer to in this passage? "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Prov. 9:10). And, "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil" (Prov. 8:13).

So then we see that real wisdom is of the heart

and character. It is that wisdom by which we seek to flee from the wrath to come. The difference between the wise virgins, and the foolish virgins, mentioned in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, is just this: the "wise" took oil in their vessels with their lamps, while the "foolish" did not. "Oil," throughout the Bible, typifies the Holy Spirit. A foolish man, then, attempts to get along without the Holy Spirit, while a wise man seeks until He is found.

"The fool hath said in his heart, *There is no God*" (Psa. 53:1). By referring to your Bible, you will find that the words, "there is," in this passage, are in *italics*, showing that they are not in the original text, but were supplied by the translators. Then the original would read, "The fool hath said in his heart, No God." That is, I do not need God. For me, no God. I do not need supernatural life and aid, I am able to handle my own affairs, therefore I will not surrender my will to God, nor permit Him to make any changes in my plans.

This fellow, says the Psalmist, is a fool. It is here that Jesus begins to make a distinction in these two classes of builders. One of them has a structure of human religion. There may be much ritualism and ceremony in it, plenty of forms and ordinances, but consisting of human formality, without spiritual quickening. The other was wise. He feared the Lord, which was evidenced by his departure from evil, and further, by him earnestly seeking after and obtaining a visitation of divine grace, resulting in a

change of nature, abandonment to and dependence upon God.

Just now a wave of human religion is sweeping the world. Its adherents have become bold in their ridicule of the supernatural. They repudiate that part of the Holy Scriptures which refers to the workings of the supernatural. They discard, as nonsensical, those parts of the Old Testament, as well as the New, which tell of the working of miracles, and say frankly that nothing should be received as truth that cannot be accounted for scientifically. "Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools" (Rom. 1:22). They are loud in their boast of superior enlightenment and knowledge and in their egotism they have set themselves over the church of the living God, to rid it of what they term the dogmas of religion, when in fact they, themselves, stand convicted by the gospel they propose to teach, as a class of fools. With a beam in their own eye, they are going about to pull a moat out of their brother's eye.

2. They differed in the foundations on which they built. The wise began with solemn, serious consideration; the foolish were affected and impressed, but did not duly consider. The wise began by digging deep; the foolish by starting their structure hurriedly on the sediment piled up by the raging waves through years gone by. One of them "hit the sawdust trail"; the other hit the mourner's bench. One took the preacher by the hand; the other a shovel by the handle. One joined the church; the other an excavation squad.

The sand, on which the foolish built his religious

structure, is the muck and mire that have been collecting through the years gone by. The class represented as foolish, pay no attention to the past. They build without removing any of it. A wise man removes all of this and goes to the rock. To illustrate, maybe both of them have had trouble with others, resulting in hard feelings, grudges and malice. The foolish makes no effort to settle the matter, building on top of envy, hatred and ill will. The class represented as wise, dig through all this, forgive from their heart and seek reconciliation. "If ye, from your heart, forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you." There is a real estate agent who got a poor man, or maybe a widow under his thumb and swept away their property representing years of toil and sacrifice. A foolish builder makes no attempt to make it right, starting his religious structure by joining the church, submitting to baptism and the ordinances, even in the face of his wrong doings of the past. The wise builder digs this sand away by paying back that which he has possessed by "false accusation" (Luke 19:8).

"If the wicked restore the pledge, give again that he hath robbed, walk in my statutes without committing iniquity; he shall surely live, he shall not die" (Ezek. 33:15).

The foolish had things covered in his life that he was guarding carefully, and made no attempt to confess and get it under the blood; the wise met Bible conditions and witnessed it all swept away before beginning to lay the foundation of his religious structure.

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but who confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (Prov. 28:13).

While those represented as wise were still digging at the mourner's bench, the foolish joined the church, were baptized, partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or were possibly confirmed. One built on the shaky foundation of ritualism, the other dug to the rock, Christ Jesus. I repeat, one built his religious structure over the muck of unconfessed sins, wrongs that were not righted, and practices that were ungodly; the other opened the covered spots of seething, yea, stinking slime that underlies the actions of every one who has remained at length in an unregenerate state, dug through the accumulations of the past, by using the tools of repentance, confession, and restitution, until he struck the Rock, Christ Jesus.

No matter how beautiful the outward appearance of a structure may be; no matter how well its arrangements or perfect its architecture, the permanent results depend upon the foundation. A building's strength to weather the storm is determined by its foundation. A shell on the sand is as good as a castle fastened to the rock, when the sun is shining. A cobweb holds as well as a cable when there is no strain.

Dear reader, have you uncovered and dug through the mud and slime of a misspent life? Are you trying to build with rottenness under the foundation of your religious structure? Is there sand beneath your feet? Be assured that the storm and beating rain are headed

your way and will reveal the character of your foundation.

It may cost something to "dig" to a solid foundation, but it is more costly to build otherwise. About the great lakes and along the ocean beach they often meet with difficulty in finding a solid substance on which to plant the foundations of their tall structures. I have seen them, at great expense, dig to a considerable depth, then with heavy machinery drive piling for a great distance. It would seem that they used as much money getting ready to begin building as it would take in some cities to complete the structure. It did, in fact, cost much to reach a solid substance on which to build, but what would be the sense in spending time and money building on something that would give way in the strain? It cost Zacchæus a great deal to get started with his religious structure, too. He said, "Half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold."

3. They differed in their practice. One was a "doer" of the word, the other was a "hearer" only. "He that heareth and doeth, I will liken unto a wise man. He that heareth and doeth not shall be likened unto a foolish man." One possessed not only the name of Christ, but the nature, also; the other, the name, only. The one was a possessor; the other only a professor. Here is the crux of the whole matter. All false religion breaks down on the practical side. From the heathenish superstition of the jungle to the most stately form of false Christianity, provision is made

for the practice of sin. Even the deceptions of frenzied fanaticism, so prevalent in these closing days of the Gentile age, do not fortify against the assaults of temptation, but leave poor, corrupt humanity a prey to the attacks of sin. A true Christian is a Bible Christian. He is a "doer of the word." A weak-kneed, jelly-fish, inconsistent professor builds on the sand. He is not willing to pay the price or cost of digging deep enough to strike the Rock that is unmovable in the hour of temptation. He "heareth the word," and is affected, "but goeth his way," (without digging) and "straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

In the first epistle of John and the third chapter we read, "He that committeth sin is of the devil . . . but whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. . . . In this the children of God are manifested and the children of the devil." So if you want to know whether you are saved or deceived, whether you will fall among the wise or the foolish, whether you will be commended at the judgment or condemned, you can determine by your practical life. In the moral life or daily practice, the children of God are demonstrated and the children of the devil.

On another occasion Jesus said, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits shall ye know them."

In many of the denominations representing Christianity today, nothing but worldliness is expected. Instead of forbidding it and preaching against it, provi-

sion is made for it. Priest and people alike patronize places of worldly amusements and the only distinction that exists between those who compose the denomination, and those who are not church members, lies in the fact that the former attend a form of worship and pay into the coffers of the church, while the latter do not. They have built a shell of religious structure but it has not changed their nature or modified their daily life.

4. They differed in final results. The "rains," and "floods," and "winds," evidently refer to the day of judgment. All went well with both until the storm broke. Both slept and dined and went forth to their daily vocation. It is possible that nothing could have induced the fellow who was content to build on the sand to exchange with the one who dug and removed everything that was not solid. He was content and at ease until he awoke to find the jagged lightning of God's wrath blazing across the heavens, and felt the earth-tremors from the thunder-like peals of His anger. While the gentle rays of mercy slanted down upon his inconsistent life and hypocritical profession, he went about life's duties with a complacency that was astonishing, and in his self-conceit, no doubt, soliloquized as to how his good sense regarding religious matters exceeded that of his unfortunate neighbor who had spent so much and suffered so much humiliation clearing away the rubbish and bringing to light things that were once securely hidden, before laying the foundation of his structure.

But when the storm broke loose, he who had built on the sand, stood aghast and overwhelmed with hor-

ror and paralyzed with terror. He who built upon the Rock stood against the flood and rain and wind. Unmoved in affliction, he was likewise steadfast and secure when facing death and eternity. Having already removed all sand, there was nothing now to be shaken by the storm. Standing firmly on the rock, there was nothing that could be removed by the flood. True piety will stand every test, abide every ordeal, and render us secure at all times. Wesley said, "Our people die well." Elijah seemed to search the mountain for the storm; and when he found it, mounted a thunder bolt and rode it beyond the stars.

He who built upon the sands was now dismayed and finally overwhelmed. He who had rested so securely in a religion that left its dupes in a shell of religious forms and ceremony, hearing only, and not living the gospel which the ceremonies taught, found his structure trembling under the first dash of the oncoming storm and saw it tumble down with a destructive crash as the fury of the storm increased.

Oh, my friend! if there are things between you and the Rock, Christ Jesus, begin digging this minute! An awful storm is gathering yonder and may break any time. It cannot be delayed very long. You will never stand unless everything is settled and you dig away all that has come between you and the Lord. Church membership, submitting to ritualism, performing ceremonies, and making professions, even of heartfelt religion and entire sanctification, is but building on the sand while there remains in your heart unconfessed sins, wrongs that have not been righted, and

restitution that has not been completed. In the coming blast your religious structure will crumble and fall.

#### HOW GREAT IS THAT FALL

1. The fall was a disappointment of fondly cherished hopes. He had fancied that all was well. Had he not erected a structure for protection in this very storm? Had he not rested in security, confident that he was prepared for it?

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

"Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

"And then shall I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity" (Matt. 7:21-23).

Think of a soul sleeping the sleep of carnal security, resting for protection from the terrors of the judgment, in a religious profession that does not clear away the past, purify the heart, nor correct the moral life, awakening to find his religious structure tumbling upon him!

2. The fall is total and irreparable. Many errors of life may be corrected; mistakes rectified; and sins repented of: but this is a loss total and forever. There was a time when this man could have cleared the sand away and built on the rock, but the time for building has passed. The storm from which he needed protec-

tion has broken upon the scene and no one can build. The means used in building are removed. Once they were at hand, and abundant, but all is gone now. Moreover, opportunity and ability have ceased. "The summer is ended, the harvest is past and I am not saved."

The black battalions of eternal justice, long held in the barracks of God's mercy, have suddenly been unloosed and are charging down upon the structures which have NO CONNECTION with the Rock of Ages. Their battering rams of remorse are already raking the terrain, the house is tumbling and there remains not a shadow of a chance to repair or rebuild.

The fall entails eternal destruction. Who can measure its greatness? If it were but for a season, it would be great; but who can measure eternity? Eternity! O, eternity! Forever and forever!

## CHAPTER V

### CARNALITY

Theology is not necessarily religion; but religion without theology is a misnomer. Theology is the bones or skeleton of religion—hideous of itself—but an animal without bones is a jelly-fish. Paul clothes all of his works with unction, glory and power; at the same time, they bristle with theology. In his magnificent treatise of Christian philosophy, no doctrine is more forcefully stated or clearly defined than that of Carnality.

He treats the subject in a variety of ways, and refers to it under different heads. As we search his writings in our study of this stupendous subject we notice the following propositions:

#### THE FACT OF CARNALITY

Carnality is treated, in his writings, as a nature. It is stated in terms which cannot be confused with actual transgressions or sins committed. It is referred to in words which cannot be construed to mean deeds or actions, but which leave no doubt that he is referring to an inherent nature or condition. Notice the different terms.

1. Old Man. "Knowing this that our *old man* is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (Rom. 6:6).

"Old man" could not mean our sins, for they are not as old as we are. Then it is a "body of sin," a something we serve and from which service we are promised deliverance. Deliverance, too, is brought about by crucifixion of this old man. We are not and have never been in bondage to that which we have committed, but to a nature within, an inward spiritual condition from which we do not have power to free ourselves. Charles Spurgeon, commenting on this text, says, "Every converted man is two men—what he was not and what he was. The old nature and the new nature exist in each regenerated individual. That old nature the apostle calls the 'old man'."

John Wesley says, in his Journal, June 24, 1740, "Sin does remain in one who has been justified, though it has not dominion over him, for he has not a clean heart at first."

2. Besetting Sin. "Let us lay aside every weight and the *sin which doth so easily beset us*" (Heb. 12:1). The thing referred to in this scripture could not be our transgressions. This is in the singular number, while our actual sins are expressed in the plural. The latter are past tense, while the expression, "doth so easily beset us," is present progressive. It affects a class of individuals who have faith, for he ends the exhortation with these words: "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." Sinners and backsliders are called upon to lay aside the weights of actual sins—the load of condemnation and pollution, resulting from a life of rebellion against God; but the exhortation does not stop here. The

copulative conjunction, "and," introduces something further following that which has gone before. In this connection it is, "and the sin which doth so easily beset us."

In the heart of every believer who is not fully sanctified, there is a nature, dormant much of the time, which rises up under provocation and upsets the spiritual equilibrium. The colored preacher was not far wrong who read this text, "The sin which doth so easily upset you." There are those who have the impression that every one has a besetting sin, a peculiar habit or weakness, which hinders his spiritual poise at times, and that is what is meant here; but behind every spiritual weakness is a spiritual disease and behind every evil habit is a fountain of iniquity. This disease or corrupt fountain is known to the theological world as carnality. This is the sin nature which besets every one and corrupts the outward life, except in cases where it is held in check by divine grace or removed by an application of the blood of Christ.

3. Body of this death. "O, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the *body of this death?*" (Rom. 7:24).

Transgressions could not be called a body. They are rather filthy accumulations upon a body. Or it may be the corruption flowing from a body of death, which pollutes and contaminates all which is otherwise pure. This seems to be the thought of the apostle here. He is forced to breathe the impurities flowing from a body of death with which he is shackled. He is wretched under the galling yoke and cries out for

deliverance, not from condemnation for sins committed, but from corruption, a body spiritually dead and polluting.

4. Root of Bitterness. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord: looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest any *root of bitterness* springing up trouble you, and thereby many be defiled" (Heb. 12:14, 15).

The language used here shows unequivocally that there is a nature, from which the corruption flows; a root from which springs all that troubles and defiles. It is a "bent to sin," which is in the heart of every member of Adam's posterity. Like the twist in the germ of the bean, causing every bean vine to take the same direction in twining around the stake, so this root or nature is in every heart, causing all humanity to take the course away from God. Like the egg laid in the pear blossom, hatching out inside the pear as it develops, spoiling and ruining the fruit, so this corruption comes to the surface in the life of every one that does not find the cleansing power of the blood, producing trouble and resulting in defilement.

5. Carnal mind. "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God neither indeed can be" (Rom. 8:7).

The thing referred to here exists, not in record, as one's action, but in being, possessing a nature subject to classification. "It" is enmity against God. The thing itself cannot be subjected to the law of God. It is the nature from which actions against God and

His law flow. Like the natural intellect, or mind with which we reason, it has power of control or command. It is not to be confused with the intellect or the brain, because Jesus possessed that, and was subject to the Father. This "carnal mind," is a fallen nature possessing the spiritual powers and controlling them as the brain rules the physical.

6. Flesh. "So they that are in the *flesh* cannot *please God*" (Rom. 8:8).

The word translated flesh, in this connection is not the physical body. The Greek for body is *soma*; while this is *sarx*. This *sarx*, we are told, means "MAN'S CARNAL NATURE IN GENERAL, AS FALLEN, FRAIL, CORRUPT, FULL OF WEAKNESS AND PRONE TO ERROR AND SIN."

"Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh [*sarx*]. For the flesh [*sarx*] lusteth against the Spi-rit, and the Spirit against the flesh [*sarx*]: and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would. But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law. Now the works of the flesh [*sarx*] are manifest which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like" (Gal. 5:16-21).

This language is conclusive. These sins "and such like," are the works or effect of the *sarx*, or flesh. That it is not the body the apostle is referring to is clear, because eight sins are named which have no re-

lation to the body whatever. They are purely mental and spiritual sins which have no physical bearing.

Furthermore, the passage declares that the "Spirit lusteth against the flesh." But the Holy Spirit does not lust against the body, for the Bible declares that the "body is the temple of the Holy Ghost."

Dr. A. M. Hills, commenting upon this passage, says, "Every vice that ever disgraced humanity is a manifestation of this sin-principle [*sarx*]. It lays the egg, which hatches out into all the brood of vices and crimes and infamies that curse and blight and torture mankind. It is the spirit of salvation from God, and opposition to holiness, the 'bent to backsliding,' that has cursed every church in every age and in every clime. This is what makes people hate every moral law and oppose every spiritual reform, and be set in carnal opposition to every revival and every distinct effort to make the race of man cleaner and more divine."

#### THE NATURE OF CARNALITY

The nature of carnality is as clearly stated as the fact of carnality. We notice:

1. It is a corrupt nature. "Put off concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts" (Eph. 4:22).

"Corrupt" in the sense used here, means, according to Webster, "depraved," "putrid," "abounding in errors," "open to bribery." This, then, is the nature of the carnal principle with which we are possessed until we are cleansed by the blood of Christ. When, through the illumination of the Holy Spirit, one gets a

glimpse into the unsanctified nature, it is like looking into a dark cavern, from whose walls the virus of perdition is dripping.

2. It is totally corrupt. "Ye will revolt more and more: the whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment" (Isa. 1:5, 6).

That picture looks bad, smells bad, tastes bad, and it is bad. The entire being is affected. "The whole head is sick," indicates that the intellectual powers are corrupt. This corresponds with a statement of the apostle Paul: "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to *think* anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God" (1 Cor. 3:5). "The world by [worldly] wisdom knew not God." To the extent we follow intellectual prowess alone, without respect to inspiration, we subject ourselves to those things which have always operated for the undoing and misery of humanity. The corruptions and wretchedness of this age are due, largely, to the fact that we are deifying reason and following its deceptive voice regardless of the plain statements of the inspired Word of God.

Not only is the whole head sick, but "the whole heart is faint." Few, very few, who are without an abundance of divine grace, have the courage of their conscience. The heart from which righteousness flows is weak and faint. We love those things which pertain to this world and are weak or without love for

those things that pertain to life eternal. It is easy to love money, fashion, fame, honor, pleasure, etc.; but we feel an aversion to those things which characterized the life of our Master—sacrifice, self-denial, service, faithfulness to duty, and fidelity and patience in the hour of ostracism and persecution.

The prophet completes this dark picture of human depravity by saying, "There is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." If a person should appear on the streets in such a physical condition as this language indicates, he would be arrested and incarcerated for the safety of the public. He would pollute the air and scatter a poison that would endanger those who are healthy. Running sores affecting every particle of flesh from the crown of the head to the soul of the foot, wounds that have not been closed, bound up nor treated even with an ointment, would be a loathsome sight. And this, says Isaiah, is the spiritual condition of fallen humanity. Totally corrupt, as we have learned, they make the streets unsafe for tender minds, and we are forced to keep our children in our own yards, and guard with care their associations. The sacrifice of moral health is the price usually paid by the newsboy, who must come in constant contact with human depravity in disposing of his wares. The parks, playgrounds and public schools often become spawning grounds for moral disease and corruption, tolerated only because our citizenship is blind to the far-reaching effects of sin.

3. It is irreparably corrupt. "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. 7:24).

Parents, viewing with chagrin, the growing depravity and corruption of their children, sometimes undertake to cure the malady with culture and refinement. They send them to college, give them music, art, etc., but this text indicates that carnality is irreparably corrupt. It is a body of death, which cannot be repaired. Some argue that the world is becoming wiser, therefore possessing a higher degree of civic righteousness; but "German 'kultur'" broke out in the most hideous flow of corruption that history records—the World War.

Some of the highest educated people have been guilty of the most revolting crimes. Solomon Maimsou, a Polish Jew, of the Eighteenth century, mastered the whole range of ancient and modern philosophy, and wrote a number of leading philosophical works of his day; but neglected to provide for his family, forsook them and spent a fortune for drink, living in filth and uncleanness and dying in shame.

#### THE EFFECT OF CARNALITY

For every effect there is a corresponding cause. The corrupt practices of this age, as well as those of the past, originate in natural, inherent depravity, a fallen nature—carnality. The effect of this indwelling corruption is clearly defined in the Scriptures. We notice:

1. It causes division. "For whereas there is

among you envying and strife and division, are ye not carnal and walk as men?" (1 Cor. 3:3).

Envy comes from *evidere*, meaning "to look askance," "ill-will or discontent at another's superiority with a desire to emulate." A person who, on coming into your presence for the first time, lowers the brow and gives you the "once over" from the corner of the eye, is to be avoided. That look is born of envy, the most relentless characteristic of carnality.

Envy abounds in the heart of those who are limited in natural ability. A young lady, proud of her beauty, on coming in contact with another more beautiful than she, curls her lip in scorn, and often remarks, "Oh, she thinks she is the prettiest thing in the world!" Preachers and singers, sometimes professing advanced religious experiences, who realize their limitations, advertise their littleness as well as the presence of carnality in their hearts, by criticism of those who exceed them. We are not bothered with envy toward inferiors. It would be absurd to think of a man envying a dog. The dog's inferiority is so pronounced and universally known, that we have no trouble on that line. The turkey gobbler's strut stirs no envy in the bosom of anyone. We know that he will grace our Thanksgiving dinner, and no word of criticism escapes our lips. Whom do we criticize? Some one who exceeds us in some particular, and whose superiority we covet. "From the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

Envy is a sure sign of carnality. It is a mark of spiritual babyhood, according to this text. The condi-

tion is strained, abnormal, dwarfish. There is derangement, disease, and doubtless danger of death.

"Strife," given as another mark of carnality, is "unscrupulous contention." God's people are admonished to "earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints," but they are not taught, either by word or inference, to go outside the bounds of righteousness in this contention. Carnality inspires a spirit to "rule or ruin," causing those possessed thereby to adopt extreme measures in acquiring certain ends. In an unrighteous scramble to carry out selfish designs, scruples are forgotten. When political wire pulling supersedes complete resignation to providential operations in the working out of human destiny, the Holy Spirit withdraws in grief and carnality becomes the king on the throne. Angels weep in heaven, demons rage in hellish glee.

"Division," in this connection, is a "faction or clique acting for their own interest without consideration of the body as a whole, as a political party opposing the government." Oh, the havoc that carnality has wrought among those, even, who represent the church of Jesus Christ! Possessed with this corrupt nature and giving way to its baneful ragings, certain ones have formed cliques and groups for the realization of selfish designs, without regard for the effect their course would have upon general interests. In this manner destruction has been wrought to their own spirituality, as well as to local situations; and the cause of Christ exposed to ridicule and shame.

2. It hinders spiritual development. "When

for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. For every one that useth milk is unskillful in the word of righteousness: for he is a babe. . . . Wherefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection" (Heb. 5:12, 13; 6:1).

"I could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ" (1 Cor. 3:1).

So you see carnality holds a person in spiritual babyhood, to say the least of it. There is no opportunity for development while this corrupt nature is within. The apostle urges the believer to "go on to perfection," as a way out of the terrible dilemma.

3. Carnality overthrows Christian conduct. "Lay aside every weight and the sin which doth *so easily beset you*" (Heb. 12:1).

"These [flesh, or carnality, and spirit] are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would" (Gal. 5:17).

"For I delight in the law of God after the inward [spiritual] man: but I find another [carnal] law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members" (Rom. 7:22, 23).

Such passages might be multiplied, but these are sufficient to show that carnality is a dangerous foe within. It is the traitor in the fort that endangers the safety of the entire garrison of Christian nature.

It was the presence of this inward foe that caused Peter to go down in defeat and deny his Lord so soon after vowing that he would die before he would flee. According to the third chapter of Hebrews, it was this "evil heart of unbelief," that caused the downfall of the children of Israel at Kadesh-Barnea, against which the writer warns the church of Jesus Christ.

4. It destroys the soul. "For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning. For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment [commandment to holiness] delivered unto them" (2 Peter 2:20, 21).

Every person that receives the kiss of pardon is expected to "go on unto perfection," and sooner or later is definitely and personally called forward into this glorious deliverance from carnality (1 Thes. 4:7). The fallen nature will not give up the fight readily. It dies hard. When the Lord sends forth the commandment to holiness, corruption introduces a multitude of arguments. The ten unfaithful spies at Kadesh-Barnea saw giants and walled cities on the one hand and the small, grasshopper-like stature of the Jews on the other. Just as with Israel then; so with every soul, it is a case of life or death. Faith and perseverance mean life: unbelief and halting mean destruction.

## THE CURE OF CARNALITY

That there is deliverance and a complete cure for carnality is clear from many expressions of Holy Writ. Let us notice some.

1. Put Off Carnality. "*Put off* concerning the former conversation, the *old man*, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts" (Eph. 4:22).

When we put off anything, we separate from it. If a man puts off his coat, his arms come out of the sleeves and his body ceases to be wrapped in it.

2. Crucify Carnality. "Knowing this that our *old man is crucified* with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (Rom. 6:6).

"And they that are [wholly] Christ's have *crucified the flesh* [carnal fallen nature] with its affections and lusts" (Gal. 5:24).

The most subtle form of opposition to deliverance from carnality today is in the guise of suppression. Instead of urging and encouraging souls to believe God for present and complete deliverance from all sin, the advocates of this delusion maintain that such a state is impossible, and that the best we can hope for in this life is the engagement in a vain effort to hold carnality down and suppress it. But no manner of exegesis will permit these quotations to be rendered suppressions. This "old man" is "crucified with him." Jesus was not suppressed; he died. He was crucified and life became extinct. He was not stunned nor just merely conquered; He died a physical death. If that is so, then we are to expect more than suppression of

carnality. It must die so dead that "henceforth we should not serve sin."

3. Cleansed Carnality. "If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, *cleanseth us from all sin*" (1 John 1:7).

Well did Wesley sing:

"Lord, I believe a rest remains, to all Thy people  
known,

Where sin and fear and grief expire and Thou  
art loved alone.

O, that I now that rest might know, believe and  
enter in!

Bestow, just now Thy love bestow and let me  
cease from sin."

## CHAPTER VI

### RIVERS OF SALVATION

TEXT—John 7:38, 39: *“He that believeth on me, as the scriptures hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. (But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive: for the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified).”*

The need of the hour is the Spirit-filled life. We have churches galore, church members in abundance and theologians a plenty, but there are not so many who are filled with the Spirit of God. It is not conversion to a doctrine nor affiliation with a school of theology that the world is dying for, but the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, the indwelling of the Third Person of the adorable Trinity.

From a study of the Scriptures, it would seem that one difficulty with which the Lord meets in His efforts to lead us into His provisions of grace, is the slowness of our comprehension. Words become commonplace until they do not mean anything, and terms lose their significance. I sometimes fear that we use the terms, “Second Blessing,” “Holiness,” “Perfect Love,” “Entire Sanctification,” etc., with such little comprehension that we approach the border land of the sacrilegious. I sat at a table recently where a minister passed his cup for the second helping of tea,

remarking as he did so, "I believe in the second blessing, anyway." It was a source of grief to consider what little comprehension the poor fellow had of the meaning of these great terms, and that he could use them in such a light manner. The words had become commonplace with him and he did not comprehend in them the wonder and beauty that was intended.

So, throughout the Scriptures, the Lord uses objects which are familiar to us, turning them into metaphorical grandeur and wonder in His efforts to bring within the range of our comprehension the things He has prepared for us. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," teaches us that confidential abandonment to the will of God will result in a condition where every craving of the mind is perfectly met and satisfied, and want is unknown. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life," enables one to visualize an artesian well in the soul which flows year in and year out without a break. This is a flow that does not depend upon local conditions, but sweeps on through drouth, and heat as well as when the rain is falling, and melts its way through the ice of winter with a stream that is as strong as it is in the showers of May.

But when He undertook to tell us what the blessing of full salvation, the pentecostal experience, would be like, He sweeps to an unusual degree of imagery, saying it shall be like "rivers flowing out of the inner life" or soulish nature.

I am not sure that I can comprehend the greatness of His meaning here. If He had said this blessing would be like a spring branch or streamlet flowing out of the soul, I might have been able to understand it; but He said "rivers." I stood on the bank of the gulley which the rains had cut in the hillside. I watched it just after a heavy downpour, as the waters gathered in its narrow channel and rushing, tossing, foaming, roared in a torrent on their way. I thought of the force and power manifested, then I said that is nothing to compare to this metaphor—rivers. I stood on the bank of a river as the spring freshets caused it to rise to an unusual height. I watched that great railroad bridge tremble as the torrent bore down upon its massive pillars. I saw the bridge sway and collapse and float away on the bosom of that turbulent tide; and I thought, My, what power! The Lord seemed to bend over the battlements of the skies and say, "Yes, son, that is great, but not as great as the blessing that I have prepared for the church. It shall be like rivers flowing out of the soul." I stood on the bank of the Mississippi River and watched fleets of ships and extensive rafts moving up and down on its waters, and yet it flowed on unchecked, through cold and heat, to its bed in the sea. I said, "Think of the power in this stream! Consider the momentum! For ages, engineers have stood aghast before the tremendous task of damming it up." Then the Lord seemed to say, "Yes, there is great force here: this does contain wondrous power, but it does not fully express the greatness of the pentecostal experience." And

again He whispered "It shall be like rivers." It was then I began to catch the significance of the plurality of the expression, and as He pulled my comprehension this way and that to enable me to understand something of the blessing of Pentecost, or perfect love, He took the Amazon, forty miles wide, and laid it by the Mississippi; then He reached for the Nile, whose annual overflow, for centuries has been the salvation of Egypt; then He caught up the Ganges as she came tearing from her snowy bed in the Himalayas, and stretched out across the burning sands of India, discharging millions of gallons of water per minute, piled them up together and said, "Son, this experience shall be like rivers flowing out of the inner life."

I stood in astonishment and said, "Lord, I cannot comprehend it; it is too great for my poor little mind to grasp." Then He replied, "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. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit."

We are all familiar with rivers. The pentecostal experience is like rivers flowing out of the soul: therefore a study of rivers should be edifying; and it is this analogy that we wish to trace in this connection. In our study of the subject we notice:

#### ALL RIVERS HAVE A BEGINNING

Rivers may be long or they may be short, but this does not affect the fact that they have a beginning. They may be wide or they may be narrow, but they must have a beginning. Whether they are deep

or shallow, they are all alike in that they must have a beginning. It may be the little stream trickling from its snowy bed in the mountains, or the great artery of commerce, stretching like a ribbon through the valley, but no one can conceive of a river without a beginning. And, too, two things are necessary to this beginning, a downpour and an upspringing.

It takes a downpour to start a river. The earth trembles, the heavens become obscured and darkness envelops the scene. In the midst of this comes the downpour, followed by the clouds breaking away, the bursting forth of the sunshine and then the rivers.

No one has ever known the experience that flows from the soul in streams of unction and glory, that did not first go through the storm. They first hear the thunders of Sinai and witness the flash of God's wrath, as His anger is kindled against sin and human depravity. Conviction, with its black clouds of despair and sense of rayless gloom, permeating every cherished ambition, precedes the downpour, the sunburst and the outflowing streams of victory.

Again, at the river's beginning is to be found upspringing. These bubbling, boiling, overflowing springs are as necessary to the origin of a river as the sun to the vegetable kingdom. No one ever knows the pentecostal experience which flows uninterrupted from the soul, until there is a boiling, upspringing, overflowing fountain created within. A dry hole of theology, no matter how scientifically it is built, or how beautifully it is walled and capped, will not suffice. Even a well from which water may be lifted by

machinery, is not the picture drawn here of the experience and blessing prepared for the church. There must be an artesian flow, a regular gusher which knocks down the derrick and blows out the casing, if the country round about is to feel the effects of the overflow. The shell rock must be drilled through or blasted out. The pent-up stream of divine energy must be reached at any cost before we can know the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.

We fear that multitudes are playing about the edges of the great ocean of God's love. They are content to paddle in the shallows when God is anxious for them to do business on the great rivers of His love. They are satisfied with a "blessing," when the Lord has made it possible for them to be filled to overflowing. They sit down and pine with weakness, when God's plan is for them to roar as the lion and traverse the forests of earthly vicissitudes with the confident tread of a conqueror.

Then, there are those who say they believe in holiness, but they do not believe in "getting the blessing." They say they believe in sanctification, but it is impossible to get them to an altar of prayer and to dig down until it begins. They believe in rivers, but they do not believe in them having a beginning. There is a sickly, toothless, fireless kind of holiness, about us today, which is wholly intellectual. It consists of a mental ascent to an idea or doctrine, without death to the "old man," the forsaking of pride and negation of self. It looks with scorn on the processes or methods of the "mourner's bench," placing reason

above faith. It has no experience and cannot point to a beginning.

Those who have and enjoy the experience described in my text, can point back to an exact time and place where it began. As I travel about and labor in revivals, I hear them testify to it. Some say, "last year," others say, "five years ago," and still others, "twenty years ago." Some place the date on the 10th of December, others, the 25th of July. Some will say it was "ten o'clock in the morning," others "eleven o'clock in the evening." They know the very time it began. Some will say it occurred while they were praying out behind the barn. Another says, "I was in the kitchen." Still another said he was at the altar in the campmeeting. Ah, they know where they were when it began.

No doubt many will read these lines, whose minds, as they read, will wander to one certain spot and you could go to the very place where the rivers of love began to flow from your soul. Forget it? Never! My right hand may forget her cunning, and I may forget my name, but when I have been in heaven a million years, I believe I will still remember clearly the time and place that the streams began to flow.

It has been nearly thirty years since the author was sanctified, but he remembers as well as if it had been yesterday the incidents of that hour. He remembers vividly where he was, what he was doing and what he was thinking about. He had labored under the impression of a call to the ministry, since he was a lad, and when he knelt at the altar that night to seek

the blessing of perfect love, the Lord seemed to whisper the oft repeated question, "Will you preach the gospel?" "Yes!" came the quick response. "Will you go anywhere I lead you?" As his mind ran to "Rabbit Vale," "Brier Branch," "Cricket School House," and other remote communities he had known, again he said "yes." Then as the world began to slip from under him, he was shocked with the thought that if he abandoned himself wholly to the Lord, he might be called upon to preach the gospel in the "regions beyond." The Holy Spirit whispered, "Will you preach in India if the Lord should call you?" He tried to say yes, but it was a sickly thing that became tangled up in the cobwebs of fear and doubt and died. The demons of rebellion began to rage without and a terrible battle in the will followed.

As the struggle proceeded, his mind was turned to a childhood scene. A gentleman of large family purchased an unimproved farm that was covered with a thick undergrowth of oak bushes that fill the surface of the earth with roots. In his efforts to extract the roots from the soil, he prepared a large plow with a perpendicular cutter placed in front of the share, to which he hitched a heavy team. On the beam of the plow was fastened a mattock, and two stout boys were placed in charge of the outfit; one to drive and one to hold the plow. They were given orders not to lift the plow over the roots nor to drag it around a snag. "For," said the father, "if you do, you will have trouble when you come to that place again. When you strike a snag, go to digging and keep it up until

the whole thing gives way and comes out, and you will never have any more trouble at that point."

So the Holy Spirit whispered, "You have struck your snag; dig until it comes out, root and branch, and you will have no more trouble at that point." It was a terrible battle, but it was finally turned to victory and it became easy to say, "Yes, I will preach in India if you want me to." Like a flash there came another question, "Will you start tomorrow morning, if I want you to?" It was as real to the struggling soul as if he had been at the station purchasing a ticket. An aged father and wrinkled-faced mother were two hundred miles away, and to start the next morning meant to see them no more on this earth. Another struggle ensued, but God was present to give grace, and he finally reached across two hundred miles of space, figuratively speaking, embraced that aged father and kissed that precious mother good-by and said, "I'll meet you just inside the Eastern Gate." Just about that time there came a downpour and an upspringing and the rivers began to flow.

#### RIVERS HAVE INLETS

Start down the Mississippi and you will find from one side flows in the Missouri and from the other the Ohio, then the Arkansas, the Red River, etc. The stream becomes deeper, broader and more powerful as we proceed. Reader, how about your inlets? "The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." A great many people grow in grace like the Irishman's wasp. He said, "How 'mucher' you grow, how 'lesser' you am! You

were bigger when you were first hatched than you have ever been since!"

Multitudes cross the Jordan and get into Canaan; but there is not such an army of people who unsheath the sword, press out to explore the land, kill out the giants and take the whole country. One may possibly hold out on the banks of the Jordan. He may be able to live; I do not say he will if he is content to make no progress after getting sanctified: but a few grasshoppers are there and he may find enough to subsist upon. But those whom you meet with grape hulls in their beard and pomegranate juice dripping off their chins have left the Jordan and climbed the hills of Eschol, for it is only there that these things abound.

Yes, the experience of holiness is like rivers. It becomes deeper, broader, richer, more powerful as the days go by. There will be a greater stock of patience, more zeal, self-denial and sacrifice; there will be a greater vision of a lost world and burden of prayer as we proceed on our way. There will be a steady increase of the graces of the Spirit with an occasional epoch or fresh anointing as new tributaries find their way in.

The very existence of the rivers is dependent upon these inlets. Without them, the stream that started in the beginning would flatten out, dwindle down and disappear. "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them leak out" (Heb. 2:1, margin). No doubt there are those who have done this. There have been no inlets; they have made no

progress; they have gradually grown more formal and have leaked out entirely. May the God of victory wake them up before they are utterly lost!

#### RIVERS OVERFLOW

Almost all rivers overflow. They have a steady flow throughout the year, but there come times when they swell, overflow the banks and sweep everything. There was an overflow on the day of Pentecost which startled the people all over the city and they came running to see it. They were astonished at the unusual sight and many said the disciples were drunk.

Reader, how long has it been since you have had an overflow blessing, a regular "gulley washer," a sort of Johnstown flood, that breaks the old drifts loose, picks up the trash and sweeps the channels clean? There are those who counsel "decency and order," believing that the order of worship should be stately and dignified. They know nothing of the blessing that was poured out on the disciples. It overflowed their souls, swept away their dignity, resulting in action which was mistaken for drunkenness.

I was conducting revival services in a southern city which is located on the banks of a river. One day the pastor drove me out and showed me much of the city. Among other things we visited the river. As we sat looking at the river I noticed an embankment of earth, parallel with the river, extending as far as I could see in either direction.

I said, "Brother S——what is that ridge or bank of earth? Was it built there?"

He said, "Yes, that is a levee."

"Well," I asked, "what is it for?"

"Oh, we built that because the river sometimes overflows and we want to control it. We try to hold it down or to limit it to certain channels."

"Do you always succeed in controlling it?" I asked.

He shook his head sadly and said, "No! sometimes it goes on a rampage and not only overflows its banks, but breaks the levee and inundates the whole country."

I shouted, "Glory! Hallelujah! The Bible says the baptism of the Holy Spirit will be like rivers flowing out of the soul, and you say you have tried to hold the river down or to hold it in and control it and could not." God grant us more of those precious seasons when the women will shout their bonnets off and the men jump the seats; where deadness and formality are chased away by the freedom of the Spirit.

The late Sam P. Jones once said that when he entered some of our stately churches he stopped in the vestibule and soliloquized, "Now Sam, tread lightly, you walk among the dead." Someone asked him what he thought of the doctrine of entire sanctification, and he replied, "Well, where you have sanctification, you have agitation; and where you have agitation you have salvation. Where there is no agitation there is stagnation and stagnation is the next station to damnation."

Some argue that "still water runs deep," but that is misleading. Still water does not run at all. It forms a green scum and breeds polliwogs. A dry, for-

mal professor once arose during a testimony service in a holiness meeting and said, "I don't believe in all this gush and uproar. If it is real, it is a waste of grace, and God is an economist. There is no sense in pouring out grace until it overflows and runs all about. Now I believe in having the cup full. My cup has been full 'nigh' onto twenty years, but has never overflowed yet." A mean boy in the rear of the house blurted out, "No doubt it has tadpoles in it."

It was the overflow of the Nile that saved Egypt. David says, "He anointeth my head with oil, my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." It was when this baptism was poured out upon the disciples that souls were swept into the kingdom by the thousands and they went to the ends of the world with a burning message, establishing the kingdom of Christ upon earth.

#### RIVERS HAVE OUTLETS

The constant action of rivers is that of emptying themselves of all that is being poured into them. This is their purpose and for this they exist. Their function is not to hold but to empty. Paul says, "The love of God is shed *abroad* in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." The Holy Ghost cannot be contained in the narrow confines of a human soul, but that soul may become a channel through which He sheds the love of God throughout the world. He who is possessed with the Holy Spirit is a missionary from where he stands to the ends of the earth; not only in word but in deed and in truth.

The Dead Sea is dead because it does not empty

itself. The rivers are constantly pouring into it, but it pours nothing out; and it is dead. It contains no life and possesses nothing with which it can bless. What a picture of a soul possessed with selfishness! To be self-contained is to be dead, spiritually.

#### RIVERS ARE A BLESSING

What a blessing rivers are! What would a country be without rivers? The great cities are located on the rivers. This is because rivers are a blessing. The first settlements in this country were founded on the rivers. That is because rivers are a blessing. The munitions of rocks may be a hiding place for fugitives from justice and a rendezvous for knaves, but he who desires to traverse the achievements of civilization is forced to follow the river courses.

Jesus commanded His disciples to "Tarry at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." They were to bless the world and this becomes possible only by being filled with the Holy Ghost. He who is filled and fired in this supernatural manner will be a blessing. He may be ignorant and uncouth; he may be awkward and ugly; he may point up for hell and down for heaven; but he will be a blessing. Jerry McAuley, an unlettered, depraved, river-boat thief receives the blessing and becomes filled with the Spirit, opens a mission in the heart of New York's underworld and the ends of the earth feel the hallowed influence. Sammy Morris, a Kru boy in the jungles of Africa, who had never seen civilization, receives the Holy Ghost, traverses the wilds of his native land to the coast, where he finds a ship preparing to sail. His

insistent plea is finally heeded. Landing in the metropolis of the Western world, he hunts up the great Sunday school of Stephen Merritt where, in one day, he converts more souls to Jesus than a New York clergy had converted in a decade.

#### RIVERS CARRY BURDENS

Rivers are great burden bearers. Moreover it does not hurt them to bear burdens. I have seen great fleets of ships moving up and down on the bosom of a river, together with rafts a thousand feet long, and the only effect it had on the river was to push out the sides a little farther and lift the crest a little higher; while through heat and cold, they moved on silently and steadily in pursuit of their mission.

There are multitudes who are always ready to jump on and ride, but not so many who will put their shoulder to the wheel and lift at the load. Mr. Sunday said that most professors wear out six pairs of backing straps to one pair of tugs. But we are in a pull where no backing is needed. It is up hill every step of the way. We need pullers, not draggers. Years ago we used the old, homely chorus:

"We'll roll the old chariot along,  
And we won't drag on behind."

Oh, these drag-on-behinders! They remind me of an experience I had once while assisting my father cut some board timber. I had been away from home a long time and he had emigrated from the prairies of western Texas, to the wooded section of Oklahoma and was making his home on the hills overlooking the Canadian River. He asked me to help him "cut some

board timber." We proceeded to the river bottom where he had cut down a very large tree. He used a long saw with large teeth and a handle on each end. He called it a cross cut saw. I was to work on one end of that cross cut saw while he pulled at the other end. As I had never used one of those saws I was ignorant of the best plan to use them. I supposed if I bore down on the handle it would make the saw cut faster, and I began putting on the avoirdupois. I noticed he began to perspire and to breathe rapidly. Finally he stopped and between his quick breaths, said, "Son if you are bound to ride the saw, please hold up your feet!"

Two men were sleeping together when one of them had a dream or vision. He thought he saw some people sinking and calling for help. He awoke, prayed awhile, then, methinks, punched his companion in the short ribs and said, "I believe the Lord wants me to hold a meeting at Philippi. Do you want to go with me?" "To be sure I do," was the ready reply. "All right, pull on your trousers and sandals, and we will soon be on our way."

Arriving at Philippi, they made some rude arrangement for accommodations and began declaring the wonderful works of God. Conviction seized the people, and souls were soon finding salvation. One night a slave girl who brought her captors much money, by telling fortunes got under conviction and came forward for prayer. Paul and Silas gripped the throne, soon the holy fire fell, the devil was cast out and the girl clothed in her right mind. Such operations al-

ways stir the ire of perdition. There is a line of sensational preaching, accompanied by "hitting the saw dust trail," signing a card or church joining, which is popular with worldly minded people, and secures "front page" publicity; but when a messenger of the old rugged gospel type, prepares the altar of Jehovah, where God meets with His people, and souls really find deliverance from the powers of Satan, it is reasonable to expect opposition from his satanic majesty.

These preachers were arrested and after being stripped of their clothing and tied, a burly Roman soldier applied the lash until their backs were lacerated. At every stroke the skin parted, the flesh trembled and the blood flew, while the bloodthirsty mob yelled with rage. Then they were taken to an inner prison where they were fastened in stocks, and here they remained with their bleeding backs to the rough stone floor. But there is no word of complaint. Filled with the Spirit, they were enabled to carry burdens triumphantly and they proceeded with a prayer and song service until they arrested the attention of heaven, when God sent an angel with a special car of lightning and dynamite which shook the jail doors from their hinges, and the shackles from their hands and feet; and an altar service was instituted in which every member of the congregation was blessedly saved. Yes, rivers carry burdens.

Three gamblers sat about a table in the underworld and followed the fortunes of the game until after the midnight hour. In their conversation, religion was mentioned. One of them remarked that he did

not believe in religion. He said, "I have never met a person yet whose life showed he had religion. If there was anything to it, I would find some one who possessed it."

"I can show you one little woman who has it," remarked his companion.

"I would cross the continent to see her," he answered.

"Stack your cards and cash your chips; go with me and I will demonstrate to you that there is such a thing as religion."

They caught an elevated train and ran across the city, debarked and walked several blocks, halting before a little, unimposing cottage. When he had rapped a gentle voice from within said, "Whose there?"

In a rough, harsh, commanding tone, he said, "It's John. Get up quick and prepare us some supper! I have brought two of my friends home with me and we are hungry. Be in a hurry and prepare us something to eat!"

"All right," she answered, and in a remarkably short time a neatly attired, smiling faced woman had turned on the lights, and unlocked the door. He shoved his rough companions in and without even introducing them repeated sternly his command. "Get supper and be quick about it!"

She walked to the couch where lay the week's laundry. Bringing it from the line late, and not having time to pack it away, she had laid it on the couch. She pulled it to one side that her husband's friends might have a place to rest, pulled the cover over a

sleeping babe and disappeared through a back door. They dragged a table from the corner and were soon lost in the game. They had about forgotten the test they had come to watch, when their attention was arrested by a soprano voice as in adoration to her Lord and Master she began to sing:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me."

The skeptic dropped his cards and was about to speak, but before he could find his voice, those earnest tones rose again:

"A consecrated cross I'll bear  
'Till death shall set me free:  
And then go home, my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me."

By this time the skeptic was on his knees saying, "Gentlemen, if there is something in religion that will make a woman sing that way under conditions of this kind, by the grace of God, I'll never get off of my knees until I possess it in my soul."

RIVERS HAVE A GIVEN CHANNEL TO RUN IN

Rivers have prescribed bounds. They are not wandering about, found in one place today and somewhere else tomorrow. Some have complained that the way of holiness is narrow—too narrow. It is a narrow way. Certain bounds are prescribed for those who walk therein. "The unclean shall not pass over it." "Cleanse yourself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."

"Strait [narrow] is the way that leads to life and few there be that find it." A river is withdrawn from the whole world and is confined to very narrow limits, compared to the whole world. It could not be a river otherwise.

Again, those who desire the unction and glory that flow from the soul in living streams, must be careful to proceed along the well beaten pathway. Watch out for new (?) thought and wonderful (?) phenomena. Rivers are settled and flow along old beds that are well located and clearly defined. The Mississippi is found today just where it was when DeSoto stood upon its banks and viewed its placid waters for the first time. The Nile is to be found today just where it was when Moses was set to float in the ark of bulrushes. The Jordan is still flowing where it was when the priests were ordered to step into its waters, effecting a crossing that let the children of Israel into Canaan.

The genuine revival of Holy Ghost religion has always been accompanied by the proclamation of the cleansing power of the blood of Christ. Other doctrines have been planted around this, some of which have been stressed more at one time, others at another, but the burden of the message has been the power of the blood of Christ to cleanse the heart from sin. This has been the criterion, the thought pre-eminent, the one thing stressed above all else.

If you want to enjoy the Spirit-filled life, proceed along this well beaten pathway. Other things will engage some of your attention, but must not gain the

ascendancy if you want to know the fullness. Prohibition is a moral issue and not to be despised by any Christian. Divine healing is a provision of grace, and no minister should fail to preach it to his people and neglect to pray with or for the sick. The second coming of Christ is a doctrine that is prominent in the New Testament Scriptures, as well as the Old. But he who "goes to seed" on any of these things and exalts them to the obscurity of the great truth of cleansing from all sin, loses the fire and power of the Spirit-filled life.

Some have made a Sabbath day their shibboleth and have been destroyed. Others have stressed manifestations, such as leaping or dancing, and have found themselves in formality. Just now we have a movement or class of people who place the emphasis on speaking in unknown tongues, making this more prominent than anything else. It would seem that some have been saved in their meetings, and there are manifestations and phenomena which are not easily explained; but those who are deceived thereby as a rule are joyless and void of unction.

The purpose of the gospel is to save men from all sin. Satan, the arch enemy of this gospel, leaves no stone unturned to direct the attention away from this great purpose. To be duped by his intrigues, and to turn away from the main line of the gospel, to specialize in something of minor importance, lifting it out of its proper significance while neglecting to emphasize the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse the vilest sinner from every stain of sin, is to insult the Holy Spirit

and sacrifice the splash and flow of holy fire which the wholly sanctified know.

#### RIVERS NEVER END

Every other earthly thing ends, but rivers never end. Politicians rise and blaze like a rocket as they sweep across the political sky, and burn out as quickly, leaving but a fading memory that they ever existed. Mercantile establishments develop, gain great proportions, then dwindle or collapse suddenly, and die out. Families appear, become prominent, setting stellar lights along the ancestral highway for ages, but like every other earthly relation, they pass away and one must search the archives of the land to learn that they ever existed. Governments come into existence, push their conquests north and south, east and west, until the power of their scepter reaches the limits of earth's population, but sooner or later they begin to wane and finally, like Egypt, like Babylon, like Medo-Persia, like Greece and like Rome, they pass away, leaving but a page of history to mark the fact that they ever existed.

Everything that is earthly comes to an end; but full salvation never ends. It is like rivers. I see them rise yonder in the foothills of the Rockies, trickle down the mountain side to the great Central Plain, where they wind like a silvery ribbon through the valley to the Gulf. There they are caught up by the great Gulf Stream, breaking on the sunny shores of England, then dash into the Arctic; and all the time the sun's rays are kissing its aqueous lips, drawing it up into his powerful bosom, from whence he drops it

on the land to take up its course again, and on and on they go from century to century, in a mighty circle that has no end.

When the author of these pages received the blessing of entire sanctification, his kinsfolk were opposed to it; but he was so blest that they finally acknowledged that God had done some wonderful thing. Then they sighed and said, "It is a good thing if it just lasts." Oh, that is the wonderful part. Jesus told His disciples, "If ye love me keep my commandments and I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you *forever*." We hold other treasures with a trembling hand, because we know they are elusive and transitory; but in salvation there is a joy and comfort that has no end.

All earthly associations break up and the dearest ties must be severed; but,

"When I've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
I've no less time to sing His praise,  
Than when I'd first begun."

A cultured Christian family were enjoying the indescribable pleasures of domestic felicity. The husband adored the wife of his youth while two affectionate children played about his knees and hung upon his neck. A chapter was read from the Word of God, and as they knelt, each took their turn at family prayer. It was a veritable vestibule to heaven and nothing more could have been desired if this could have continued; but all earthly things must end. Before morning Death halted at the door, followed by

the hearse, and the pall bearers walked in and carried out a member of the happy circle. It came to an end.

How blessed it is to gather in our great camp-meetings and holiness conventions! Words do not express the swell our hearts experience as we meet the fellowship of the sanctified and are made to "sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Hard times are forgotten and sorrows flee away. The reverie is broken only by the doxology, the benediction, the handshake, "Good-by! God bless you!" the rattle of car wheels and the waving of handkerchiefs as we speed from the happy scene. Yes, these things all end; but there is a place where,

"Campmeetings ne'er break up  
And Sabbaths have no end."

There is but one thing that is worthy of our serious consideration; and that is full salvation. It is the only thing that endures, compared to which all else is transitory. Reader, make this your goal! God forbid that you should chase the fleeting pleasures of life while this real, enduring joy escapes your possession forever!

## CHAPTER VII

### THE EFFECT OF HOLINESS

*"Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall" (Gen. 42:29).*

Joseph is a type of Jesus, also a type of the sanctified life. His submission to cruelty, his purity in the midst of persistent temptation, his unbounded courage in prison, his triumph over his enemies, and his tenderness toward his persecutors when God had delivered them into his hands, are glimpses into the beautiful life that is co-existent with the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

It is a small thing, in one sense, to profess to be saved and sanctified wholly, but the demonstration is the important feature. We may profess a great deal, but we will be rewarded only for the fruit we bear. In fact there is no way of demonstrating to those about us, or of placing in the records of eternity the fact that we have the real experience except by the life we manifest or the fruit we bear. Three characteristics of the sanctified life are included in this text:

1. Fruitfulness—The Pentecostal life is a fruitful life. Jesus said, "Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he purgeth it that it may bring forth *more fruit*." In addition to preparing us for the coming of Jesus, the real experience puts one to doing things for Jesus.

There is no such thing as a barren sanctified life. Those who have not received a sufficient measure of the grace of God to enable them to put their time, talents, means and all on the altar so that God can and does use them to rescue lost souls, do not know all their heavenly Father has in store for them.

It is a travesty on the name of holiness to talk about being wholly sanctified while living in ease and luxury, and hoarding wealth to gratify the covetousness and worldly desires of godless children, while the millions of lost souls, eternity bound, press about us on every side and call loudly from across the seas for our Christ. When self is electrocuted by the baptism with the Holy Ghost, and the vacancy filled with the fire of God's love, the heart's desire will compass earth's remotest bounds, and eternity will be required to calculate the result.

Holiness of heart will put the go in us. The Pentecostal baptism will put the fire in our bones, until, like Jeremiah of old, we will weary with forbearing, and to stay at home in idleness, even though that home be a mansion, will be torture enough, while the hardships and privations peculiar to the life of the soldier of the cross, will be our chief delight. We may not all be what is known as ministers of the gospel: we may not all enter the pulpit, and it is not reasonable to suppose that we will; but those who find this glorious Fountain of joy, will bear abundance of fruit. Idle gossip will be replaced by secret devotion. The desire for display before a wicked and perverse generation will be replaced by a determination to be heard and

answered by Elijah's God. Hoarded wealth will be to the conscience as liquid fire, until, as in Apostolic days, it takes wings and flies to the ends of the earth with the message of salvation from sin. To be "all on the altar," means to be *all on* the altar. To be a "living sacrifice," means to be completely sacrificed. Jesus is intensely interested in saving the lost of earth from an endless hell, and the reason more has not been accomplished is that willing service and sacrifice are wanting.

Many will consecrate for a blessing, and do consecrate with the hope of obtaining something that will make them happy, but they who have really dug through and struck the fire have gotten beyond the morbid craze for something to gratify old selfish self, and are marching to war. They have become a potential factor in the extension of the kingdom of Jesus on earth, and are felt for God wherever they go.

2. Unction—Joseph is a "fruitful bough *by a well*." The sanctified life is more than a human effort. A manifestation of the Holy Spirit in the soul is so far superior to argument in the establishment of holiness, that the Lord puts no premium on the latter at all. We are not called upon to try to make folks believe that we have the blessing, if the Holy Ghost abides.

He is a faithful bough *by a well*. He lives near the Fountain. His roots extend to the streams of perennial freshness and vitality. He is not withered by the scorching rays of fiery trial. He is *by a well*. Did you ever notice how fresh and green everything is about a flowing well? This is the picture of our privileges in the gospel of full salvation. If you want to

contrast it with the unfortunate situation of a lost soul on its way to endless despair, look at an oasis in the desert. For miles about stretches a barren waste of sand, but the "bough by the well" is fresh and inviting. How we love to linger near it, and loathe to leave it!

Solomon, looking through the telescope of prophecy, saw this wondrous experience, provided for the church, and exclaimed, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?" Bursting with youth, dripping with the unctuous dews of heaven, and sparkling with the jewels of golden sunlight, she presented such marvelous beauty that the king's wonder was excited. O, for men and women with the "by the well" experience! The development of the intellect is a wonderful thing, but what we need more than scholars and titled theologians, is souls that live so near the Fountain that all the fire that hell can belch out on earth will not wither them in the least!

This is where the Hebrew children were living when they danced to the music of heaven's choir, in the midst of the fiery furnace, and came out as fresh as a new blown rose. Real holiness locates you right under the drippings of the sanctuary where there is no withering under trials and testings. If you are not living there, move up! We should have no low idea of holiness, nor be satisfied with a measure of grace, when such wondrous things are offered us.

Sanctification is as powerful as Pentecost, as victorious as the Pauline epistles, as fruitful as the Acts of the Apostles, as radiant as heaven, and as endless as

eternity. David said, "He shall be like a tree, planted by the rivers of water." Jesus said, "It shall be in you, a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Again, "Out of his heart shall flow rivers of living water." When He was ready to ascend up on high, He exhorted, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place" (2 Cor. 2:14).

"Maketh manifest" means to demonstrate or illustrate. This is exactly what a drummer or traveling salesman does. He takes out samples of the work of a factory and demonstrates to those in need. A true salesman sees that his sample cases are well filled with the very best that the factory can produce, displays them before the needy customer while fluently preaching every desirable quality in finish, weave, pattern, color, lining, etc. We are God's drummers, and our business is to carry about His samples of saving grace, demonstrating to a needy world, His ability to save and cleanse from sin. Reader, what kind of samples are your sample cases filled with? What grade of patience, love, gentleness, kindness, meekness, love, joy, etc., have you been holding up before the home folks, your associates in business and the society in which you move?

3. Missionary—"Whose branches run *over the wall*." In our relation to others, this is the crowning feature of holiness. It reaches forth. It gets away

from home. It reaches beyond itself and beyond its own little bounds. It overflows its banks and inundates the surrounding country. It flourishes in the home, but no home is great enough to contain it. It thrives in the local church, but no church is sufficient to contain it. Its branches run over the wall. Its seat is within an organization, whose limits are well defined by a wall; but its benefits and blessings extend beyond the wall.

The Joseph type of disciples cannot be idle when souls are pressing by them to perdition. If there is no one near that is lost or that will appreciate the gospel, they will go to those who will. They are interested in the work of the local church, but the surging waves of salvation which they feel within, impel them to extend their operations beyond the local church. They are interested in Home Missions, but their interest does not end there. Divine love knows no bounds, has no limitations. Nationalities, colors, sections and castes all melt under the gracious fire of full salvation. When He, the blessed Holy Ghost comes in, our money will find the channels for which God intended it. We will be liberal with the work at home, but we will not stop here. Our branches will extend farther than the little corner in which we have been planted so that those in other parts will be able to gather fruit from them.

## CHAPTER VIII

### GOD'S LAMP POSTS

TEXT—*“Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven”* (Matt. 5:16).

Light is the crown and glory of the visible world. It is the source of life and energy to the body, and symbol of truth to the soul. Everything that lives and thrives in the whole kingdom of nature derives strength and stimulus from light.

When we would describe a scene of peculiar desolation, we say, There is no light there. Man makes his fellow-man the companion of misery by surrounding him with prison walls and pitiless door through which the cheering rays of light can never pass. When the Scriptures would shadow forth the horrors of a home where despair reigns supreme, they shut out the light and bind its wretched inmates under chains of darkness forever.

When Old Sol backs his car out of the chambers of the morning and starts his shafts of dawn after the receding shadows, we call it light. When the scientist, struggling with his invention, comes upon some principle calculated to lead him to success, he calls it light. When the policeman, striving to solve a mysterious tragedy, falls upon something which gives him a lead,

he calls it light. When the Bible student comprehends a truth of which he was ignorant, he calls it light.

So in the advancement of God's kingdom on earth, one of the important necessities is light. Heaven longs to burst forth upon a sinful world and waits only for a channel. This text would indicate that our chief mission is to shine. A candle is not put under a bushel but on a candlestick. So we are, in a peculiar sense God's lamp posts.

In our study of this familiar text, we desire to place the emphasis upon different words contained therein, and would say,

1. Let your *light* shine.

This brings us face to face with the necessity of an impartation of divine grace to the human heart. Nothing shines until it is touched by an energy outside of itself. The candle may be perfectly formed, its particles correctly united and the wick in place; it may be placed on a pedestal in a socket of gold, but it will never shine until combustion from without itself comes in contact with its wick. The incandescent globe may be in the socket, placed in the finest chandelier and surrounded by the most luminous reflectors, but there will be no illumination until the current originating outside of the globe, touches its inward arrangement.

Just so it is with the human life. There will be no shining until it is touched by power divine. No one can be what God intends every one shall be—God's lamp posts—until He touches them with the holy flame of His burning love. There may be intelli-

gence, culture, prestige, wealth, etc., but no one can shine for Him until he is touched by power divine.

Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." When this "ruler of the synagogue," asked for an explanation, He replied, "Except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God." In this age of religion without salvation, churchanity without Christianity, formality without power, our constant cry should be back to experimental, Holy Ghost wrought, salvation. While others urge sinners to "hit the sawdust trail," sign a card or hold up the hand, let us continue to preach hell-fire and damnation until awful conviction seizes the few who stop long enough to get our message, bow at a mercy seat and pray through to something real. Let us urge upon our hearers the necessity of something more than a mental assent to the demands of Christ; more than conversion to a school of theology; more than ritualism and ceremony—the formation of a living Christ in the heart. No one will ever shine without this. We may join the Nazarene Church and even profess the second blessing, but the light of holiness will never radiate from a human heart until the blazing, burning, bubbling, pentecostal blessing fills the heart and life. Others may manufacture a type of minister that will reflect their ideals, but the church of the living God must insist on those who would herald the good news of His kingdom on earth, "tarrying at Jerusalem until endued with power from on high."

The opposition we are meeting is not so much on account of the peculiarity of our doctrines. It is not

just because we preach a second blessing; but because we insist upon our would-be converts waiting before the Lord until His grace floods their souls. When we cease to do this, we will become as tame as others, and meet no more opposition from the ungodly than worldly professors who do not claim this grace. I will say it this way: To the extent we lose the fire of God's holy love, Hell's animosity ceases to be directed against us. The Devil is opposed to light and not doctrines, so much. When the light on God's lamp post goes out, there will be nothing to disturb the skulking demons who hang in the shadows and seek their prey under cover of darkness.

2. *Let your light shine.*

The word, "let," means, among other things, to remove the hindrances or obstructions. See to it that there is nothing which interrupts the rays of light as they sweep out on their radius of illumination. There are those who have obtained salvation, but whose usefulness is destroyed, who shed no light because of peculiarities, petty, often, in their nature. Or it may be they hold to fads or have eccentricities which ruin their chances for doing good. How often have you heard some one speaking of certain parties and use the remark, "Well, he is a good man, but," and the "but" introduces reference to something which mars what might otherwise be a useful life. I once knew an elderly woman whose life was without reproach. She attended church regularly and supported it with her means; but she had a custom of dancing in nearly ev-

ery service she attended, and this ruined her usefulness.

Now demonstration in the Spirit is lawful and beneficial to the one who demonstrates as well as others, but this lady would slowly lay aside her wraps, quietly walk out of her pew and often do something to call the attention of the people to the fact that she was about to begin, and she became a disgust to the young people of the church and drove them away. Her light was obstructed and instead of giving light, was darkness. I knew a preacher who was conscientious and clean in his life, but who had become accustomed to running on impressions, "leadings," as he termed it, and he would do some of the most unreasonable things, until those about him lost confidence in him as a leader. He would feel led to do a certain thing today and probably the opposite tomorrow. He would feel "led" to go to a place for a revival meeting, and if the meeting was hard and poorly attended would have difficulty to keep from feeling "led" to go away.

Every obstruction should be taken away from those who would shine for the Lord. Whatever hinders us and prevents us from doing the most good to the most people, should be laid aside. I stood admiring what appeared to be a very beautiful lady. Her form was symmetrical and skin possessed a lovely tint. The features, as far as I could see, were smooth and she was a person to be admired, but while I was thus considering her she turned around, and behold, the other side of her face was marred by an unsightly

scar. Ever after that when I thought of that lady, I did not think of the beauty with which I was first attracted, but I could only think of that scar. I thought of that which prevented her from being the beautiful character which first filled my mind.

Just so it is with those who espouse the cause of Christ. There may be pure gold and wealth of character, but if there are things which mar this beauty, and those whom we should bless with our lives, become conscious of the presence of these defects, they will immediately forget the beauty with which they were first attracted while contemplating that which ruins this beauty. By giving away in the evil hour, a Christian may destroy more confidence in a moment than he can build in years. In fact there are multitudes of good people, men and women who possess a measure of grace, who because they have not been careful to guard against things which provoke criticism and destroy confidence, are worthless to the church and accomplish nothing in the great battle against darkness and sin. A little unkindness here, impatience there, carelessness in remarks about others, or in business affairs, a haughty spirit and worldly attire—these are some of the things which hinder the Christian's light and prevent it from shining.

There are those who have done things which have offended others. In some instances these same persons have repented before the Lord and were forgiven, but have neglected to make reparation with the offended party. Too proud to make confession, too stubborn to beg pardon and forgiveness, too deficient

in spirituality to feel the need, they obtain a measure of relief in their own minds and proceed through life reflecting shadows which cause others to stumble when God intends that they shall shed help and illumination.

3. Let *your* light shine.

The Christian life and service is an individual matter. In this connection the Lord is not speaking to someone by your side, someone in front, or back of you, but to *you*. We are given entirely too much to "comparing ourselves among ourselves and measuring ourselves by ourselves." It seems to be perfectly natural for us to look at the failures and weaknesses of others which often causes us to fail to discover our own. In fact many of the difficulties which we blame others with, are the direct result of our own actions and are chargeable to us. It is generally the case that the one who is having the most to say about the shortcomings of those about, is guilty of the most irregularities and inconsistencies. "Let *your* light shine," would indicate that the Lord would have us interested in ourselves first of all.

While entertaining company, Mrs. Hart looked out upon the street and said, "Oh, look what a soiled dress Mrs. S—— is wearing! I would be ashamed to get out on the street wearing such a thing." Her guest looking out of the window at the lady referred to, replied, "Mrs. Hart, the soil you see is not on Mrs. S——'s dress, but on your own window pane." "For wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same thing."

It is not guide posts the Lord is talking about

here, but lamp posts. It is not someone to point the way so much, that He is hunting, but someone that will show the way. We should not be telling the people how it is done, but give them a demonstration. Let a fellow start running down the street and he will not go two blocks until someone will wonder where he is running to and take in after him to find out. Soon another will say, "What in the world are those fellows running for?" and take in after them to find out what is the matter. Before they have gone a mile a crowd will be running with all their might, and the whole thing starting from one person leading the way.

A highly cultured musician visiting this country, sat one Sabbath in a New York church for worship. When the choir arose to sing, his ear was greatly offended as he detected that there was not a perfect tone in the choir. He was about to leave the room when he heard one perfect tone. Finally, another dropped into unison, then another until the entire choir was singing in perfect tones. O for someone to sing the perfect tone amid earth's discord and maelstrom of confusion until others catch the chord and join in! The one who, in his meditation, decides that everything around has about gone to the wall, will soon declare his decision, and you can pretty safely conclude that he has gone to the wall himself.

If Satan should whisper that there is no use, that others are not doing right, strive the harder. Take it that God is wanting you to become more active and is urging you to greater sacrifice and takes this means of communicating the intelligence to you. It is your

light He wants to shine, and permits you to become conscious of the darkness. There is no need of a candle when the sun is shedding forth its blazing light, but when the sun has set and the moon is obscured by clouds, cease watching others and let *your* light shine. When friends and associates wound your feelings and you are tempted to be offended, turn and read Psalm 119:165, and learn where the trouble lies.

Two men, crossing the Alps, became chilled and discouraged. They decided they could go no farther and additional effort was useless, so lay down in the snow. Soon one of them realized that their course meant death and decided that he would make another effort. He shook his companion in an effort to arouse him and finally set to rubbing him. Reaction set in and the poor fellow became aroused from his stupor when the one who had been doing the rubbing, found that he himself had been warmed up by the ordeal. There may be darkness about us and we may seemingly be accomplishing but little, but keep up the fight in self-protection and **LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.**

## CHAPTER IX

### HELPS AND HINDRANCES TO THE REVIVAL

The condition of the church is, to an extent, the cause of the condition of the world. The salvation of the latter rests largely upon the former. Hence but little of the Bible is addressed to the pagan and the heathen. God's message is to the church. He intends that His people shall be His "epistles read and known of all men." His plan is that the church shall be the "salt of the earth."

Dr. Carradine, upon being asked why he spent so much of his time preaching to the church, replied: "Put a flock of sheep where there is little grass and polluted water, so that the sheep grow thin and their wool shaggy and dirty, the goats will view the situation through the fence, sniff the air and go on their way as much to say, 'I had just as soon have my briar patch as that pasture.' On the other hand, if you will put the sheep on a clover field, accessible to clear, running water, where the sheep grow fat and fluff their shiny wool as they scamper in the sunshine, an ordinary goat will climb a ten-rail fence to get inside such pasture."

In Matthew 16:19, we read this startling statement: "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth

shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

The pentecostal church is a revival church. Her mission is to keep the heavens open on a lost world. Building up an organization or any part of an ecclesiasticism is not her goal, but it is to get the glory down. The key to the situation has been placed in the hands of the church, which, if we do not use to produce this result, will, we believe, make her responsible for locking up the storehouse of grace.

If we discard the Roman Catholic claim of apostolic succession, or an unbroken line from St. Peter to the present occupant of the Vatican, of personal depositary of authority to forgive sin or to exclude from the benefits of the atonement, then we are forced, in our effort to locate this "key" which Jesus deposited with His church, to look for something more practical and real. Among many other things which help or hinder the revival spirit, we would mention first, the relation of the heart to God.

Innocency opens the heavens: guilt chokes the avenues of divine glory. When relation's key turns the bolt of spiritual forces into the niche of innocence, supernal powers will be loosened and begin to flow: but when the opposite relation to God obtains, committing the spiritual nature to the clutch of guilt, revival efforts result in fruitlessness and the lost, like the prisoners which they are, continue the dolorous march of the damned.

Israel, in the high day of her glory, enjoying the inspiration of innocence, successfully forded the swol-

len Jordan and captured the fortified city of Jericho. When they faced the inferior forces defending Ai they were sorely defeated. What made the difference? God was with them at the Jordan and at Jericho. The powers of heaven were loosed at those places, but the army was bound at Ai. Service was hard and there was no liberty, no victory. Between the crumbling walls of Jericho and the assault on Ai, innocence had been replaced by guilt, locking up the whole situation.

David, the shepherd boy, clothed in innocence and armed only with a sling and stones, accomplished that which the King's trained army, clothed in a coat of mail could not do. If King Saul had erected a mourner's bench and led the way to it himself, humbly confessing and repenting of his sins, instead of Israel suffering reproach, the Philistine army would have trembled at the first approach of the army of the Lord, and melted like wax in a torrid sun.

Hear the Word of God: "Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God. And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight" (1 John 3:21, 22). This comprehensive statement needs no comment. We turn, for the reverse of this to Isa. 59:1-3: "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither is his ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear." "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

Again the operation of the Holy Spirit in the salvation of the lost is helped or hindered by the *contents* of the heart of those upon whom rests the responsibility of the work. If there is love abounding, there will be freedom, light and salvation; if hatred fills the heart, darkness will prevail and any sort of religious service will be tight. It is a task to sing, hard to preach and still more difficult to pray, where the hearts of those who represent the church are harboring grudges, entertaining jealousies and filled with hatred.

Love will find a way. "Love never faileth." This is a key that will loosen the exercises of divine worship and bring the glory down, liberating souls who will be loosed in heaven. If hatred abounds, it will lock up the hour of worship. We were engaged in revival services near Little Rock, Ark. The fight was hard and no one could be moved. A prominent citizen, holding official position in the church, whose heart was harboring grudges against some who he felt had treated him wrongfully, awoke to the fact that "He that hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." With a contrite spirit, he began making confessions and begging forgiveness of those involved, and while engaged in this, the heavens opened on him, and upon the congregation assembled. Strong men broke down and made their way to the altar. The hardest sinners in the community were saved and the people for miles around were wrought upon by the Holy Spirit, sweeping scores into the fountain.

That man held the key to the whole situation. He was blocking the revival and causing the damnation of many souls. O, beloved! Is there frost in your affections toward an individual anywhere? If there is, your religion is vain, and you may be hindering the efforts of others as they labor to carry forward the revival. Your services and evangelistic activities are unacceptable. Running through all your service is a stream of uncleanness which defiles and corrupts, until the Holy Spirit is grieved and forced to withdraw. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." If you would help instead of hinder the work of soul-saving, ask the Lord to help you wipe from your thought all malice and hatred for what you feel to be wrongs committed against you by others.

Love is the greatest thing in the world. If "knowledge is power," love is super-power. The power of knowledge may, like the mad steed or insane mentality, leave destruction and death in its wake, but love never does. Dr. John Timothy Stone says, "Knowledge without love enshrines reason and banishes faith." "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself," says Napoleon, "founded great empires; but upon what did the creation of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus Christ, alone, founded His empire upon love, and to this very day, millions are ready to die for Him." William Penn, who lived for many years in the midst of six warring Indian tribes in harmony and peace, assured his dusky brethren of the forest, "The God of heaven has written His law of love upon our hearts, by which we are taught and

commanded to love, to help and to do good to each other; and today we meet you in the broad pathway of love and good will, hoping no advantage may be taken on either side." While other colonists spent time and money building forts and supplying themselves with arms and ammunition, involving themselves in war and trouble, the flowers of peace and prosperity blossomed in the footprints of William Penn.

There is a legend that Hercules was once going along a narrow road when a strange looking animal appeared threateningly before him. Hercules struck him with his club and passed on, and was greatly surprised soon afterwards to see the animal approach yet more threateningly, now three times as large as before. Hercules struck it fast and furiously, but the harder and oftener he struck, the bigger and more frightful grew the monster, till it completely blocked the road. Then Pallas appeared to Hercules and warned him to stop. "The monster's name is Strife," she said. "Let it alone and it will soon become as little as it was at first." All strife and quarreling will certainly cease if one of the quarrelers let it alone.

The age-worn story of the old man who gave his boys a bundle of sticks with the request that they break them; and after each in turn had tried it and failed, he took the bundle apart and one by one broke the sticks before their eyes, is told again in the words of Holy Writ: "Their heart is divided: now shall they be found faulty; he shall break down their altars, he shall spoil their images" (Hosea 10:2). "Every

kingdom divided against itself shall not stand" (Matt. 12:25). "But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another" (Gal. 5:15).

Someone has said: "It is evident that the divisions which were among the Trojans made way for the overthrow by the Greeks; and like animosities among the Greeks brought them under the slavery of Philip. The feuds that were among the Assyrians, brought in the Persians; and the like among the Persians, subjected them to the Macedonians; and the contentions among Alexander's successors rendered them up to be swallowed by the Romans, one after another. Yea, the Roman Empire, itself, near the time when the Eastern and Western branches of it were hottest in contentions about the supremacy of their bishops and about images—behold the Goths and the Vandals destroyed the one and the Saracens and the Turks the other. The scandalous discords among the Jews exposed Jerusalem at length to their dreadful desolations by Titus Vespasian. The contentions of the Britons made the Romans conquerors. Afterwards the Saxons came in upon the divisions of the natives; and the contentions of the Saxons prepared the way for the Normans. And for religious differences it is known how Julian, the apostate, cherished those between the Catholics and the Donatists; saying, that no savage beast was so cruel against one another as the Christians; so that he expected thereby to ruin them all. There were famous and numerous churches in Africa, but by the contentions of the Man-

iches, then the Donatists, they are now extinguished."

It is related that two friends met. One inquired of the other how his church was prospering. "Not at all, I am sorry to say," was the answer, "our numbers are diminishing weekly." "Why, how is that? Has the wolf got into the fold." "Worse than that, I fear. If it were only the wolf that was worrying the flock, we might cherish the hope that we could get him driven out. The fact is, the sheep have taken to worrying each other, and our condition, therefore, could not be worse."

A little boy, seeing two nesting birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," was the answer. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be, for they are brothers." Would that this true and simple and natural logic were always borne in mind; then might the Christian nest be more peaceful, more like a family divine.

Melanchthon mourned in his day the divisions among Christians, and sought to bring them together by the parable of the war between the wolves and the dogs. The wolves were somewhat afraid for the dogs were many and strong and therefore they sent out a spy to observe them. On his return the scout said, "It is true the dogs are many, but there are not many mastiffs among them. There are dogs of so many sorts one can hardly count them; and as for the worst of them," said he, "they are little dogs which bark loudly, and cannot bite. However this did not cheer me so much," continued the wolf, "as this, that as

they came marching on, I observed that they were all snapping right and left at one another, and I could see clearly that they all hate the wolf, yet each dog hates every other dog and with all his heart." Is not this still true in many instances with professing Christians? Many are found snapping right and left at their brethren when they should save their teeth for the wolves.

Division, wrangling and prejudice eat out the heart of religion. It has been said that divisions are to churches what wars are to countries. Where the war is the ground lieth waste and untilled; none takes care of it. It is love that edifieth, but division pulleth down.

From 1 Cor. 3:1-3, we learn that all strife, envy and division grow in the fertile soil of carnality. Jesus taught, "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." When our words are swords our hearts are a slaughter house. When our words are false witness, the heart is a mint. If "By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned," be true, our standing at the judgment can be fore-read by taking account of our words, especially those relating to our fellows.

A beautiful flower—the wood sorrel—grows among the trees in some parts of England. It has shining green leaves and transparent balls with white veins. When it is gathered roughly or the evening dew falls, or the clouds begin to rain, the flower closes and droops; but when the air is bright and calm, it unfolds all its loveliness. Like this sensitive flower,

spirituality of mind, when touched by the rough hand of sin, or the cold dews of worldiness, or the noisy rain of strife, hides itself in the quietude of devout meditation, but when it feels the influence of sunny and serene piety, it expands in the beauty of holiness, the moral image of God.

Another thing that will help or hinder the revival is the *condition* of the heart. Humility tends to freedom; egotism to bondage. A humble heart operates to open the heavens upon the lost; a proud heart to choke the flow of blessings. Happy the evangelist who is called to labor in a church characterized by humility! Gabriel, himself, could not have a revival where egotism reigns.

In announcing the fundamental principles of success in His kingdom, Jesus said, "Blessed are the *poor in spirit* for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." In our relation to God, all are paupers, and to those who have come fully to a realization of that fact, He says, "The kingdom of heaven is yours. All of its resources are at your command. You are vested with authority to walk into its boundless storehouse and dispense its riches."

But this is a rare grace. Possibly few realize their real nothingness. It is sometimes said of certain individuals, "If I could buy him at what he is really worth and sell him for what he thinks he is worth, I would make a fortune." We fear there are few on whom no profit could be made. Paul, that mental giant, princely saint, and peer of apostles, seems to have had a vision of himself at one time, and cried

out, "I am less than the least of all saints." Oh, reader, if that was the size of his personal caliber, what about some of the rest of us? Were it not for our blunders and egotistical blotches, no doubt the records would have to be scanned quite closely to find us at all.

Two men met together at Mercy's shrine. One said, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess."

This fellow precipitated no glory. He locked up the heavens with his prayers. The other fellow would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast and said, "God, be merciful to me a sinner;" and showers of grace broke upon the scene.

What made the difference? Did God love the Publican better than He did the Pharisee? No! The Publican prayed through. Awakening to the fact that he possessed naught of merit, and filled with the shame of his poverty, he abdicated Egotism's throne, entered the lowly room of Humility and found it to be the vestibule to the treasure-house of Heaven.

Oh, Humility, jewel of priceless value! How shall we compass thee? When self becomes conscious of thy presence and desires to revel in thy power, for shame thou art gone! To be self-conscious is to be self-advertised, driving thee from thy hiding. Excessive humility becomes pride: pretended humility ceases to be humility. Humility grows nowhere only on the grave of pride. St. Augustine was asked what was the

greatest Christian grace, and answered, "Humility." "What is the second greatest Christian grace?" he was asked, and replied, "Humility." "What is the third?" and he replied, ""Humility."

Another key which locks or unlocks the forces of revival energy and salvation is the *purpose* of the heart. Sacrifice opens the heavens, selfishness locks the storehouse of God. Self-denial means to renounce all that competes with love or service to Christ. Every great revival has been characterized by extreme sacrifice. When Solomon dedicated the temple and the people witnessed that unusual manifestation of God's glory, which filled the temple and consumed the offering, they sacrificed 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep. The stingy croaker who said, "Big collections killed the meeting," surely had not read about this offering and the consequent revival. Placing the low estimated value of \$25.00 per head for oxen and \$4.00 per head for sheep, Solomon and his congregation made an offering that day of more than a million dollars.

Christianity is divided into two camps—liberal and conservative; aggressive and standpatters; those who make achievement their goal and those who husband energies and wealth for selfish purposes. One *seeks* the battle; the other is pulled to it if they ever get there. One wages an aggressive warfare, annoying, disturbing and defeating the enemy; the other presents a desultory fighting front. To the one, money is a means to an end—the evangelization of the world; to the other it is an opportunity for an investment, a savings account, assurance of ease in a future day.

We do not believe that our people have yet reached the New Testament standard of liberality. It may be, as some maintain, that we have "drawn on the people too heavily for money." As a church we are but a babe, hobbling about, learning to walk and may have made our mistakes; but it is not the amount of money we have raised that has hurt, so much as "assessments," and the manner in which we have gone about the matter. Inspiration to greater sacrifice, backed up by the spirit of intercession, replacing "assessments," might put us in an attitude where God would lead us out into undreamed of achievements. If we see Pentecost repeated, we must press on to that type of voluntary sacrifice which characterized the "Pentecostians." Our mission is to unlock the storehouse of God to the perishing millions of earth. Extreme sacrifice, glad, unbounded liberality must flow through all of our activities if we fulfill it. It is not ours to build and finance great organizations and to make a material showing; but to kindle revival fires throughout the world. Whatever hinders this one purpose must be dispensed with. To retrench in our sacrificing and giving, to permit any procedure that will tend to dry up the liberality of our people, may mean to turn the bolt in the wrong direction and drive out the revival spirit which has made us what we are, and set us about the building of a legalistic machine, which operates a sort of starvation soup-counter when God intended that we should be a banqueting house.

Covetousness, which is described by Paul as being idolatry, is one of the most defiant sins of the

present age. It has robbed evangelists of their power, hindered the prayers of the saints, wrecked homes, blighted honor, corrupted churches, engulfed statesmen, destroyed nations, and bathed extensive battlefields in human blood. An Arabian ruler, at the sack of his city, locked himself in his treasure house, where he starved to death, surrounded by his glittering gold. Multitudes have starved to death spiritually, locked up in the confines of covetousness, grasping insanely for that which is not (spiritual) bread and for that which satisfieth not.

In Luke's Gospel we read of a fellow whose farms yielded bountifully until his barns were filled to overflowing. What an opportunity he had to invest in eternal securities! Another crop was maturing and he had nowhere to store it. What was he to do? Being an Israelite, he had doubtless paid his tithes, and soothed his conscience to sleep with this fact, while piling up goods, as he thought, for himself. If he had been liberal and aggressive along evangelistic and missionary lines his barns would not have overflowed, no matter how bountifully his farms yielded. He would have become a channel of blessing to priceless souls, unlocking the treasure house to starving multitudes, but he piled up for himself that which God intended should be used for the extension of His kingdom on earth. And Jesus said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall these things be?" He lost his soul and left the fruit of his labor for the corruption of others, blocking the progress of the kingdom of God on earth.

That familiar passage in Malachi 3:10-11, tells us clearly that by bringing "all the tithes into the storehouse," we can "open the windows of heaven," precipitating a downpour of blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it. What does it mean to have windows of heaven opened upon us? The New Jerusalem that John saw coming down out of heaven was fifteen hundred miles each way and the same in height. This is so large that one corner would set on Maine, another on North Dakota, another on Texas and another on Florida. A window that would fit a building of such proportions would necessarily be large enough to contain a section of land, and the Lord said He would open more than one upon us. Glory to God!

The "master key" to heaven's storehouse is *intercession*. Indifference, its opposite, shuts out God's blessings more subtly and surely than almost anything else. When the heart life of God's people is intercession, revivals are inevitable, while a listless, prayerless church is a spawning ground for worldliness, infidelity and soul-destroying vices.

Prayerlessness is one of the leading curses of the age in which we are living. Soul travail—prevailing faith—is the cable over which the currents of divine energy flow from a fountain of love to a lost world. "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession" (Psa. 2:8). The inference is that *asking* must precede acquisition.

We doubt if there has ever been a genuine revival

of Holy Ghost religion that someone did not first wrestle with God and prevail in prayer for it. No one ever wrestled with God in prayer and prevailed that He did not answer. Sometimes the answer seems to be delayed, but He will not forget. This is taught in the parable of the widow and the unjust judge. Prominent among the many beautiful thoughts in this passage is the great necessity of the church constantly "troubling the throne." Though the judge feared not God nor regarded man, yet because this widow "troubleth me," he said, "I will avenge her." But after assuring us that God will avenge His own which *cry day and night* unto Him, there follows what sounds like a plaintive wail: "Nevertheless when the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth."

We read again in Isa. 59:16: "And he saw that there was no man and wondered that there was no intercessor." Jesus purchased salvation for the entire human race. His storehouse of grace is inexhaustible. A few have found the wondrous treasure, and to them He has given the key of intercession which opens the storehouse to others. After recording the fact that in case we do not labor to use this key and loose those that are bound, that they will be bound in heaven, is it any wonder that He expresses astonishment and wonder that there is "no intercessor"?

Two little boys strayed from home late in the afternoon. When a hurried search of the neighborhood did not reveal their whereabouts, the police were notified and a search of the city continued all night without success. Supper had been prepared but re-

mained on the table untouched, while the mother walked the floor, and wrung her hands moaning, "My boys are lost! My boys are lost!" As the dreary hours of the night dragged by, friends tried in vain to put her to bed. She would not retire. The morning, cold and gray in its dawning found her still refusing to take nourishment or sleep. Restlessly she paced the floor moaning, "My boys are lost!" Workmen, returning to an unfinished building, found the boys locked in a closet, which had been finished with an outside latch. Going inside, the door had blown shut and they were helplessly imprisoned. When the news was given out, whistles blew, bells rang, men wept and the mother collapsed. What caused the excitement? Two boys had been lost, and were found.

Oh, beloved, there are lost boys and girls in every city, town and hamlet. They are to be found in every city block and in almost every home; but I do not see many mothers walking the floor and crying over the situation. Not many communities are excited. There are not many untouched meals; not many are shedding tears because of lost souls. How we need a revival that will make the mudsills of perdition tremble! (I speak figuratively.) But it must begin at the pulpit, the choir, the proverbial amen corner. Before sinners groan, the church must groan. The church must see the condition of lost souls and become alarmed before the lost see it and become alarmed.

"Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall *our* cheeks be dry?

Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from *every* eye."

"For as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children" (Isa. 66:8). There are a few of us who have witnessed that awful scene as the mother has gone down to the border land of death to bring back life. O, what pain! What agony! What lingering! Will it never end? Life is dependent upon the labor of the mother. Faithfulness and endurance on her part will save the life of herself as well as the child. This, the text teaches, is the key to success in salvation work. This is the greatest need of the American church today. We have able evangelists, beautiful singers, excellent buildings, but where are the intercessors?

"I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none" (Ezek. 22:30).

John Knox stirred all Scotland and blest multitudes of souls; but it was not through intellectual powers alone. Hear him pray! "Give me Scotland or I die." The burden of a lost world was breaking his heart. He felt he could not live unless the Lord saved the people. He had entered the spirit of intercession—soul travail—which David knew when he wrote, "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

A minister met one of his members on the street one cold, wet morning. She was without wraps, umbrella or hat. Oblivious to the weather and her ex-

posed condition, the pastor at first thought she had suddenly lost her mind. He soon found that her little child had become separated from her and was somewhere on the street which was congested with the heavy traffic. She was awake to its danger, and this vision had caused her to forget some of her own comforts. Others passed by casually. Some listened listlessly to her inquiry and went their way carelessly. They were not possessed of the vision which was gripping the mother. She was alarmed. God grant us a fresh awakening all along the line, and a vision of the lost and their danger!

## CHAPTER X

### CHARACTER BUILDING

Salvation is the work of a moment; building character is the work of a life time. Salvation results from an application of the blood of Christ, through the faith of the recipient; but this benefit will be lost if it is not followed by a life of personal application by which all the members are successfully disciplined and devoted to righteousness. There is something sensational about the reception of a personal Christian experience; and humanity revels in the sensational. There is an element of the sensational even in Holy Ghost conviction, wherein the harrowing nature of sin is revealed to the soulish consciousness, along with personal depravity. Then when this is removed by an operation of divine grace, there is joy which human language cannot express. Countless numbers are attracted by this sensational element in the religion of Jesus Christ, embrace it enthusiastically, then wither quickly under the scorching rays of application's sun.

It is here that the church has lost in every age. If all those who have been converted had gone on unto the perfection of all the fruits of the Spirit, the remotest bounds of the world would long since have been shaken by the victorious tread of the royal army of Jehovah. It is possible that the ministry of the present holiness revival has placed too much emphasis on

the epochal in Christian experience to the neglect of development in that holiness received at the altar of prayer. It is not to those who have been converted, but "He that shall *endure* unto the end the same shall be saved." The promise of a crown is not to those who receive the experience of entire sanctification, but "Be thou *faithful* unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The epochal is the beginning. This is the work of the Holy Spirit, liberating human slaves from spiritual bondage. This is the indispensable work of divine grace which makes application to righteousness possible and the development of character feasible. The latter must follow, however, or the former will be lost. And here is where we fail. Our weakness is not in the "number at the altar." We report these by hundreds. It is in the every-day plod that the seeming hum-drum develops, of which many tire.

But, we insist, character is not developed at the altar. It is here that we receive deliverance from sin—spiritual emancipation. Reconstruction days must follow emancipation. After the "old man" has been "crucified," and the "body of sin destroyed," the instruction is given, "As ye have yielded your members servants to uncleanness and to iniquity unto iniquity; even so now yield your members servants to righteousness unto holiness" (Rom. 6:19).

In Mark 13:37 we read, "And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." These are the words of Jesus. He is preaching about His Second coming. If we would be ready when He comes, we must do more

than get blest. That is necessary, but in addition to this, we must watch. We must be on our guard. He does not teach us that we must sit in idleness and gaze blankly into space. Webster defines the word watch, as "to be awake," "to keep vigil," "to look with close attention at or on," etc. Its meaning is the opposite of being asleep. This must characterize those who develop in spiritual things, in preparation for the return of Christ. To the rest of the world, church members and professed disciples included, He will "come in an hour when ye think not."

Watch is a small word but means volumes. It touches every phase of life and involves all of our faculties and everything with which we have to do. It is composed of five letters, W-A-T-C-H. Among the many things we must bring and keep under scrutiny's eye, if we would develop, there are a few of major importance. In this connection we are going to let these five letters stand for those which are of importance.

We will let "W" stand for Words. If you would develop character and be ready when Jesus comes, keep vigil upon your words. It has been said that talk is cheap, but we take issue with the statement. No talk is cheap. It is the most expensive thing we can deal in. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks of silence. Words are like swords. Yea, even worse than swords, cutting deeper than swords ever cut. And, too, they have wings, more enduring than the dove let loose from Noah's ark. The poet has well said:

"Boys, flying kites, draw in their white winged birds,  
But you can't do that when you're flying words.  
Thoughts unexpressed, often fall back dead,  
But God, Himself, cannot recall them when they're  
said."

We have read somewhere of a cattleman who, in the days before banks were numerous, took a roll of bills and went away to buy cattle. On such errands, men were in constant danger of being robbed and murdered. When he did not return at the appointed time his wife became hysterical with anxiety. A man was found murdered and his picture appeared in the papers, whom she mistook for her husband, and later identified him in the morgue where she collapsed. Regaining consciousness, she ordered the undertaker to prepare the remains for burial. She selected an expensive casket and robe in keeping with his known wealth. At the grave, the sobbing wife said she would be bound to see him once more before he was put away. When the casket was opened there was a bandage about the jaws and she asked them to remove it. As they did so, the lower jaw dropped down and a full set of false teeth fell out. Immediately, the woman dried her tears, declared the man was not her husband, as he still had all his teeth and to the astonishment of the undertaker, said she would not be responsible for the funeral expenses. Filled with wrath he threw the casket into the hearse and rushed back to the morgue where he exchanged the expensive casket for a pine box which proved to be too short. As he crowded the remains into the box he muttered, "I don't care if you

are crowded. You might have had a respectable funeral if you had kept your mouth shut."

*The Kansas Buzz Saw* said, "After God had finished making the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire, He had some awful substance left of which He made the knocker. A knocker is a two-legged animal with a cork-screw soul, a water-soaked brain and a combination backbone of jelly and glue. Where other men have their hearts, he carries a tumor of decayed principles. When the knocker comes down the street, honest men turn their backs, the angels weep in heaven, and the devils shut the door of hell to keep him out. Therefore don't be a knocker. You can't saw wood with a hammer."

Our words are an index to the contents of the heart. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. 13:34). A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, talks good things, while an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart, talks evil things.

An evangelist and a salesman were riding together in a railway train. The conversation had lagged when the salesman said, "Listen at the racket those car wheels are making."

"I was just thinking about it," said the evangelist.

The salesman continued, "They are saying, 'Making money, making money.'"

"No! No!" said the minister. "They are saying, 'Halleluiah! Halleluiah!'"

The difference was in their hearts. One was filled with making money and the other with the praises of

God, and these things flowed out through their words.

And so it is with all of us. If salvation fills the heart, the conversation will drift into a religious vein as naturally as water seeks the ravine. If worldliness possesses the soul, we will talk about amusements, society, etc. When we are possessed with covetousness we will talk about money and hard times, and if we have permitted hatred to occupy the place that should be filled with the love of God, we will be cutting at someone and biting him behind his back. Examine your words and you will find out what is in your heart. When the physician calls to see the patient, he feels the pulse, watches the respiration, takes the temperature, thumps the chest and possibly the abdomen, and says, "Let me see your tongue." His diagnosis is based largely upon the condition of the tongue. If the tongue is ugly, undesirable to look at, he knows there is poison in the system that must be purged out if health and life are to be preserved. The trouble is not in the tongue, but a disordered condition is shown in the color of the tongue.

Suppose you let me see your tongue. Stick it out! Let us look at the domestic tongue. Is that tongue which we use around the husband, before the children and with the wife, of the proper color and hue? Let us go down to the family hearthstone and put the tongue which is in common use there, out into the open and see if it indicates any condition of disorder or that there is any poison present in any part of the moral nature. We might linger here long enough to examine the political tongue. "Diplomacy" may be

necessary in the conduct of state, but it smacks of deception. He who shall ascend and dwell in God's holy hill, "speaketh the truth in his heart." Then, there is the social tongue which often becomes badly colored. "I am glad to see you," is often a coloring, indicating the presence of falsehood. "Your hat is so cute and becoming," is often the same symptom.

Even in delivering the message of salvation, one should be pointed, and when we have spoken to the point, be silent. Splendid golden grain often remains untouched because the rush of this age will not grant the time required to separate the grain from the chaff in which it is handed out. One of the painful features of some religious services is the useless words attached to prayers, testimonies, and even sermons, which chill the ardor, grieve the Holy Spirit, worry the saints on whose hearts rests the burden of success, and disgust the unsaved. The tact for delivering the Lord's message and stopping when it *is* delivered, is a gem to be sought after and worn with grace. It is such a heavenly fashion that it is not likely to become common enough to be held in disdain.

One of the results, if not the fruitful source, of useless words is self-exaltation. Its manifestation should be an incentive to humiliation and heart-searching. Whether it is intentional or not, it is an effort to add, by human strength, that which we consider is lacking in God's divine economy.

Again, we will let "A" stand for *Actions*. If you would develop character, much attention must be given to actions. After all, the final test of virtue is in

the conduct. "Talk no more exceeding proudly; let not arrogance come out of your mouth: for the Lord is a God of knowledge and by him *actions* are weighed" (1 Sam. 2:3). It is not by ecclesiastical affiliation, long prayers, nor well-worded testimonies that we are to be judged, but "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Then, too, every act has a reflex action upon the actor. Psychology teaches that stimuli, reaching the brain over the sensory nerves, depart over the motor nerves, resulting in action and leaving a disturbed condition or path in the brain cells which tends to control and direct subsequent stimuli to the production of similar actions. Repetition of any particular sort of action forms a groove, so as to speak, in the brain, or in other words, causes the formation of associated nerve centers, and we find directly that it is difficult to avoid certain actions. Then we say we have a habit. Habit is nothing but the result of permitting impressions to take certain courses through the brain, developing conditions there which carry stimuli along certain channels to certain results. This process is similar to the way the gulley collects and controls the water on the hillside and carries it to a given point during every freshet.

To become discouraged, give up and backslide once, even though we should find favor again with the Lord, gives Satan a decided advantage in the conflicts which are to follow, and makes it easier for him to overcome us. On the other hand, every time we resist temptation and win a victory, we gain strength for subsequent battles. "We learn to do by doing," is as

true in character building as anywhere else. God does not make a machine out of us when He saves us. He breaks the bondage that made us slaves to sin; but we must "walk in the light," if we would continue to enjoy cleansing from sin.

It has been said, "The degree of love is the degree of fidelity." We believe this is true. No one has more religion than is manifested in practical life. The mother's devotion is measured by her love for her child. A loud profession is vain which is not backed up by practice. He who professes to be "all consecrated to Jesus," then neglects to bring his tithes into the storehouse and withholds offerings from the Lord is inconsistent, to say the least of it. Tithing is not an absolute proof of perfect consecration, but failure to pay tithes and offerings is an absolute proof that one is not consecrated to the Lord. It is easy to sing, "I'll go all the way with my Savior," but we find out whether we mean it or not when we meet with sore trials and face the difficult problems of life. Shouting may be part of the worship of the Lord, but "faith without works is dead." "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Crab apples hanging on a tree is a strong indication it is not a Jonathan apple tree. Unholy actions indicate that the condition within — the nature — is not holy.

We will let "T" stand for *Thoughts*. Keep a governor on your thoughts if you want to develop character. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." "Thought is the bud; action is the blossom; character is the fruit, and destiny is the harvest." Action fol-

lows thought as water follows the river courses. The Psalmist said, "Let the words of my mouth and the *meditation* of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O, Lord, my strength and my redeemer." Paul says, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, *think* on these things."

A suggestion has been known to change a life. It reversed the channel of thought and the course of action followed. Early training is recognized as the most powerful or fruitful training. That is because the thinking apparatus is being organized and life is thought in action and in words. How careful parents should be about suggestive literature, art, etc., especially when it is of an undesirable nature. A bad book may undo all your training. A nude picture or suggestive art may outweigh the work of the Sunday school. Tommy who had been carefully reared was permitted to spend the night with a chum. Another boy of questionable character joined them. His language was foul and his conversation was base. He dwelt upon the practice of the unlawful; and in this one night Tommy's mind was so corrupted that he was never the same. The pure lad who had always confided in his mother was changed into a shy, moody youngster, who shunned his mother for the association of the "gang."

Herein lies the baneful influence of the movies. Their most powerful thrills are connected with a por-

trayal of the sex life. The young mother frequents the movie while the foetus is developing. The babe is carried there while still at the breast and its earliest recollections are mingled with the picture which shows the unlawful contact of the sexes. We should not wonder when petting parties develop in our high schools and teen-age girls strike a pace of wickedness that was unknown outside the "restricted districts" before we had the movie. Their thoughts are set to evil and its practice is inevitable. I was being driven through Oklahoma by a pastor of a Nazarene church. As we approached Chandler, Okla., he pointed to a small patch of timber near the road and said, "A few weeks ago one of the best officers Oklahoma ever had was murdered there." I replied that it was awful to think men could become so depraved that they would murder officers who were known for their devotion to duty. I was shocked when he told me this officer was killed by two boys just thirteen years old. When I spoke of the pity of neglected childhood he told me that these two boys had good homes and were regular in their attendance of Sunday school. They went to a show on Saturday night. The setting was a detective story. The yeggmen secured the loot and made a successful get-a-way. They were trailed by detectives, cornered and in a running fight shot one officer down only to be cornered again and captured. These boys slept together that night and spent the Sabbath together after attending Sunday school. After dark on Sunday night, they broke into a hardware store where they secured a few dollars from the cash drawer, two revolvers each

and some ammunition. When the merchant discovered the burglary next morning, he made a report to the sheriff who secured bloodhounds and began trailing the bandits. It did not take them long to decide that the desperadoes were hiding in the timber which we had just passed. The officers surrounded the timber and began to close in cautiously. Finally the sheriff caught sight of the boys and recognized them. Thinking there was no danger from these Sunday school boys he exposed his body as he approached them, when one fired a bullet into the sheriff's heart.

Mature Christians should be careful about things which suggest an evil train of thought. I have been shocked to find in homes of people professing advanced spiritual light, books on Eddyism, Russellism, Christian Science and other systems of no-hellism and infidelity. Some people seem to think that anything that has a little Scripture in it is all right. The Devil quoted a lot of Scripture to Jesus, but he quoted it in a way to turn his thoughts in the wrong direction. People who are tangled with the "tongues" heresy and other ruinous errors are being greatly used of the Devil just now by giving healing prominence in their meetings. Good people, some prominent ministers, seem to think it is all right to have these deluded people pray for them to be healed of physical maladies. Others profess to be benefited by it, and they see nothing wrong in being anointed in their meetings. The evil comes through the train of thought which is started in the mind. I knew one lady who was once clear in the experience of entire sanctification. Failing to find

relief from a physical infirmity through the medical profession, she turned to a Christian Science practitioner. She did not believe in Christian Science, but thought it all right to let them treat her. She is not a believer in Christian Science today, but she has been loosed from her moorings. She has lost the Holy Ghost and is adrift.

We will let "C" stand for conscience. Regard for conscience is as necessary to character building as a plumb line or the square and compass to the mason. Conscience is the only thing about us that survived the fall. "Love not the world," is sufficient evidence that our affection is fallen. "The world by wisdom knew not God," and "The wisdom of the world is foolishness with God," reveal conclusively that reason is fallen; while "Renew a right spirit within me," indicates that the will has suffered the same calamity. Affection, will and judgment plead for sin, while conscience lashes in furious efforts to effect obedience. To reject the voice of conscience is to deaden its sensibility and destroy the only hope of finding the light of life. When conscience becomes "seared with a hot iron (1 Tim. 4:2), there is no soil left where the seed of the word can germinate, the soul is filled with "doctrines of devils," without God and without hope in the world.

God's people lose out because they do not give heed to divine messages registered in the conscience. I fear there is not as much concern for a clear conscience among us as there formerly was. Wearing jewelry and worldly dress were once a violation of our

conscience, but is indulged in now in many instances, with impunity. Likewise the desecration of the Sabbath by riding Sunday trains, patronizing Sunday newspapers, buying ice, milk, etc., on Sunday, does not wound our felicity as deeply, I fear, as in days of yore. If this is true, the situation is precarious. We have turned a deaf ear to protests of conscience in these matters, until they do not disturb us any longer. God has not changed His attitude toward these things. He undoubtedly speaks as loudly as ever, but our sensibility for registering His warnings has been destroyed.

Such a course does not strengthen but weakens character. It does not increase but destroys the fervor and power of the movement. Any revival or reform movement is strong according to the keenness and tenderness of its conscience. Sincerity, violated, becomes the fallen weakling, Guilt. Where strength was once exhibited in garments of innocency and ornaments of joy, its weakness is now advertised by its clothing of remorse and streamers of misery.

Professor Findley has well said, "Beings like ourselves, in a world like this, compounded of a soul and sense, wrought upon by wild, struggling forces within and without, require for tolerable existence, some ideal scheme of life, some law lodged in the understanding and informing the will. Otherwise we are lost at the outset, and bound for shipwreck as certainly as any vessel sailing into wintry seas without chart or compass, rudder or pilot. Morality is the chart, drafted by religion; rectitude is the compass; duty, the rudder;

and conscience the steersman at the helm. Only in this case, pilot and rudder are not things separate from the vessel; it is the ship of life itself, thrilling with intelligence and purpose in every part, that bends her forces to the direction of her course and wins her perilous way through the reefs and quicksands, against buffeting storms and treacherous currents, till she reaches the far haven where she would be."

The last letter in this little word, watch, is "H." We will let it stand for heart. The wise man said, "Keep thy heart with diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Every evil issues from the heart. It is not a change of politics the world needs but a change of heart. If you have discovered, while reading this, or at any other time, that there are irregularities in your life, remember that the seat of the trouble is not in your actions but in your nature. "Life will wear a rainbow if the heart keeps right." For every effect there is a corresponding cause. It is not the effect we should be disturbed about, so much, as that which causes the effect. The physician is not so much concerned about the fever, but the cause of the fever. He may take steps to reduce the fever, but he does not stop at that. He knows the fever will soon return unless the cause is removed. If the patient is suffering pain, he knows there is something causing the pain, and it is this cause which engages his attention primarily. He may use the needle to give temporary relief, but no sane physician would expect recovery until the cause, back of the pain, is removed.

In this principle will be found the foundation of

true Christian theology. Actions flow from nature. "From within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness; all these things proceed from within and defile the man" (Mark 7:21-23).

A hunter, thirsting for water, came upon a flowing brook. He thought to quench his thirst, but when he was about ready to drink from the flowing stream, the water became muddy and polluted. He waited patiently for it to clear up, but about the time he decided it was clear enough for him to drink, here came another sluice of mud. Another hunter approached him and inquired about why he seemed troubled. He explained that he was faint with thirst, but the stream would not get clear. He was waiting for it to clear up, but was about to die while he was waiting. Glancing up the little stream, his friend discovered there was a hog in the spring, the source of the stream. Just about the time the poor fellow got ready to drink, the hog turned over in the spring. "Well," said his friend, "run the hog out of the spring and the brook will soon be clear." There is no use trying to clear up the stream of life while the fountain is polluted. When our nature is purified the stream of life will flow out clean. It will be difficult to control the thought, words and actions, while the nature is corrupt. If these are not what they should be, it is because the heart is corrupt. It is commendable to labor to correct the irregularities, but perfect success will evade us until we

seek and obtain the cleansing of our nature from all sin.

When the Lord met Cain just before he slew Abel, He asked him why he was wroth, and added, "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? And if thou doest evil, sin lieth at thy door." Two stern truths are stated here. Cain was rejected because of his actions. Had he done well he would have been accepted the same as Abel. Prayers are accepted or rejected according to whether we live right or wrong. Then, if we do evil, "sin lieth at the door." The word, "lieth," we are told means croucheth, and the thought is a beast crouching ready to spring upon its prey. In mercy, no doubt, the Lord was trying to show Cain the passion, of which he was ignorant, as it lay dormant in his life, but which, unguarded, was soon to spring into tragical action. If you do evil it is because sin—the sin principle or nature—is crouching at the door.

In every heart that is not filled with the Holy Ghost, there crouches this sin nature, this spiritual beast, which may take full control of the individual, under provocation, as it did with Cain. Paul declares that this "Carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not the subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." As long as this evil can be felt stirring within, the soul is in danger of being destroyed. James tells us, "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways" (Jas. 1:8).

A merchant knelt about the family altar with his little family one morning and rejoiced in the manifest blessings of the Lord. He kissed his wife good-by and

went to his business. During the morning a customer approached his desk and in angry tones demanded why he had mailed him a statement showing an account of \$163.00 when he had not purchased that amount of goods. The merchant was humming, "O, how I love Jesus!"

Growing quiet, he said, "Well, we will turn to the ledger and see if there is any mistake." The account was examined and found to be as stated in the notice.

"Well," said the customer, "if you say I owe you that much, you are a liar!"

"Now," said the merchant, "you go on and think the matter over, come back some other time, and we will come to some satisfactory agreement."

With an oath and abusive language, the customer replied, "If you say I owe you that much, you are a liar and a thief."

"Don't you say that again," shouted the merchant.

"You are a liar and a thief!" shouted the customer.

The merchant jerked open a drawer, drew out a revolver and fired. As the man staggered, the merchant leaped from his desk, caught the man he had shot and cried, "My God! what have I done?"

He was arrested and convicted for murder. When he was leaving his home that morning, if his wife had said, "Now husband, don't murder any one today," he would have thought she was crazy. But that passion was crouching in his being at that time. The nature of sin, the carnal principle dormant, needed but

a provocation to arouse it to action. It took possession of him and moved him to commit the deed.

Watch the heart! If anger, impatience, jealousy, covetousness, pride, etc., are felt stirring within, there is danger ahead. Crucifixion of the "old man" is the only safety (Rom. 6:6). This experience will gauge the words, purify the actions, quiet the thoughts, and subdue all the faculties to obedience to the voice of God as it is registered in the conscience.

## CHAPTER XI

### INTERCESSION

In looking through the telescope of prophecy Isaiah saw (Isaiah 59:16) a time in which the Lord "wondered that there was no intercessor." We do not know that this is that age, but it does occur to the writer that one of the greatest needs of this hour is intercessors. Men and women who know how to prevail in prayer; who, through divine discipline, have learned how to throw themselves into the breach and, refusing to be denied, hold on until God answers by fire.

Real success in the work of God is not achieved through intellectual powers and literary training alone. Neither is it the fruit of oratory. Ministers, missionaries, and other religious workers are a success to the extent that they are able to prevail with God in secret — this far are they successful and no farther. This is the real battleground where the artillery of heaven is trained on the enemy's trenches until they are shaken to pieces. The public services are but the infantry charges that occupy the territory already made untenable for the enemy.

A glance at the photos which hang in the art galleries of Holy Writ is enough to make the heart yearn to drink deeper from the wells of supernatural vitality.

When Israel was halting and murmuring as they

journeyed through the wilderness and the enemy was about to possess the entire army, Moses, whose forty years of discipline in the solitary mountains of Horeb had prepared him for the conflict, fought the battle alone in the secret closet that defeated the forces of darkness and saved the day for the camp of Israel. I step to his tent door and gently pulling back the curtain look upon a scene that beggars description. Instead of preparing a sensational essay for the Sunday morning service, or for the preachers' meeting set to discuss, "How to Reach the Masses," he is on his knees with his hands raised toward heaven. Between groans I hear him sigh, "Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin . . . and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." Oh, when we reach the point where we feel this way about the work of the Lord and the sins of His people, our prayers will shake the mudsills of perdition, and the supernatural will be manifested.

Again, I listen at the prophet's door, and hear Jeremiah as he reaches the climax in prayer for one of his revivals. The burden for the chosen of God who were turning from Him to the lusts of the flesh, was weighing so heavily on his heart that pleasant waters had ceased to flow and life itself was counted dear no longer. Costly rugs, plush, easy chairs, table luxuries, bank accounts as well as the desire for human affiliation, have all been crowded from his vision as he gazes on the sinking wreck of the once majestic church of God. Did you hear him pray? "O that mine 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." "O that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of the wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from them! For they be all adulterers, and assembly of treacherous men."

I turn from this scene a moment to listen to the Apostle Paul. He is eloquent, learned, and refined; but still I hear him say, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ." And again, as the burden of an apostate church rolls upon his soul, the sentiments of his yearning heart find expression in language like this: "I could wish that myself were accursed for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." Oh, for the spirit of intercession! Our prayers stir neither heaven, earth, nor hell very much, until we are so weaned from easetaking and baptized into the misery and state of the lost about us that their condition becomes our condition. When this is our state the secret closet will witness extended vigils, and abundant tears, accompanied with groanings that can not be uttered.

Elijah retired to the lonely mountain and began praying for a revival upon Israel. After a season he ordered his servant to investigate conditions, call mourners, and see if there were any signs of a revival. There was a disheartening negative report; but Elijah felt the burden crushing his heart, so there was but one thing to do: pray until God answered. He sent his servant the second time and the third time, until

he had returned with the same report for the sixth time. Oh, it was a battle! No doubt that servant mentioned that this was a "burnt" district, and that they were wasting their time and energy there. No doubt he told Elijah that while God had answered his prayers in other matters, that it was useless for him to pray for rain when all the country was burnt up, and the streams were dry; but the burden was crushing the prophet, and this spurred him on to victory. As the servant returned the seventh time, he reported a cloud about the size of a man's hand. Elijah had prevailed. The burden rolled from his heart, and he was so light that he outran the chariots of King Ahab.

Prevailing prayer, or the prayer that goes clear through, is the touchstone to success in every phase of Christian work; the cable that ties a lost world and Omnipotence together; the lubrication, without which the wheels of ecclesiasticism lock and drag. To be able to pray through is more honorable than to be a Cicero or a Demosthenes; more to be desired than wealth, knowledge, or eloquence. They in whom this quality is lacking are fruitless and fireless.

Three things are necessary to intercession:

First, a burden. He who has no burden for souls will never pray through. In fact, they who feel no burden are in danger. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." An awful calamity overshadows professors who are not exercised over the fearful conditions that exist about us. The spirit of John Knox when he cried, "Give me Scotland or I die," always precedes prevailing prayer. Prayer without a burden is like a sail

without a breeze. The Syrophœnician woman felt it when she cried, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David, for my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil."

Second, persistence. They who prevail go in to win. They do not take "no" for an answer. They are the crowd who shout in the face of discouragement, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me, Lord." They are the descendants of Abraham, who made his sacrifice, and while the somber hues of nightfall hung a curtain of dreariness about it, beat back the jackals of doubt with a club of confidence until the fire of God came upon it. Persistence led blind Bartimeus forward through sightless night and ranting opposition until he broke into the noon day of unobstructed vision.

Third, the witness of faith. "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." This simple analysis of faith has been rendered by one scholar thus: "Faith is the ground of things hoped for, the assurance of things not seen." This is prevailing prayer in a nutshell. He who would pray through must first familiarize himself with the Word of God. He must have a foundation on which to stand. He must learn to plead the promises of God. If we study the Bible and store our minds with its many promises, we will have something to support our confidence in every hour of conflict.

But faith is not only a foundation, it is also assurance. It is the gift of God, wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost, and imparts an unmistakable con-

viction that the thing desired will come to pass. They who pray through would not thank Gabriel to come down and tell them the things they have been praying for have been granted. They have the assurance already. They are few who have learned to wait in the secret closet until they obtain the assurance. There are battlings and burdens to struggle with, things which few court or covet, but in the absence of which no one prays through. Someone has said that all commercial enterprises are conducted on faith. This is not so. They are conducted through confidence, which is but one element of faith. When we pray through, we have the seal of the Spirit in our hearts.

In one of the greatest camps we ever conducted, the services began at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning with less than a half dozen camps on the ground. A steady downpour of rain began about 12 o'clock, which continued without intermission until Sunday morning. During this period no other campers appeared, and no one could come to the services except the few who were camped on the ground. The outlook was gloomy, and the battle might have been lost had it not been for an old lady who repeatedly testified that victory was coming. She said, "Numbers of times, during the last few months I have become burdened for this meeting, retired to the woods and prayed through into shouting victory, and I know it is coming."

As the clouds began to break away Sunday morning, the people began pouring in from every quarter. By 11 o'clock a mass of people thronged the shed. After a short, simple sermon, a long altar was quickly

filled with earnest seekers, and more than a score were blest. This was repeated at 3 o'clock. At 6 two grove services were visited with such divine manifestations that a number were prostrated, and we wound up at the tabernacle with a regular conflagration. In one week about 400 were saved or sanctified, and over one hundred were healed of various maladies. Was this the result of the preaching or singing? No! That was but a factor. One old lady dared to pray through. We may not all be great pulpit orators but, by the grace of God, we can pray through, and bring things to pass.

## CHAPTER XII

### GROWTH IN GRACE

(Delivered at Decatur, Ill., May 25, 1924)

TEXT—"Finally, brethren, farewell!" (2 Cor. 13:11.)

The life of the ordinary evangelist is one of events. He is ushered into a community of strangers, where spirituality, often, is at a low ebb, apathy and stiffness abound, and worldliness is choking the channels of blessing. His motives are questioned and his methods criticized; but he fasts and prays, and with tears, pours out his soul in his gospel message. God answers prayer, conviction comes upon the people, the altar witnesses demonstrations of divine power and the salvation of souls. Acquaintances are made, friendships are formed, and about the time the association becomes pleasant there comes a doxology, a hand, shake, a "God bless you," the ringing of bells, the rattle of car wheels and he is off to another raw field to pass through the same ordeal again.

And so we have been in your midst. God has blessed us and we have grown in grace. Those who were worldly a few days ago are now rejoicing in the consciousness of sins forgiven; believers have been sanctified wholly and the church has been quickened. We have enjoyed your fellowship and hospitality and would be delighted to remain with you. Like Peter

and John at the transfiguration of Christ, we feel a desire to build tabernacles, and to drive down stakes of permanency; but in the secret chambers of solitude we hear the Macedonian cry, and, while the thought makes our hearts sad, we must say, "Finally, brethren, farewell."

Paul, the author of these words, had preached at Corinth three years. A metropolis, given up to voluptuousness; of commerce, mixed with immorality, had felt the impact of his dynamic ministry and from the haunts of sin numbers had fled for refuge to Jesus Christ. A powerful church was established before the apostle pressed on to other fields. After his departure schisms developed, impostors broke in upon the flock and the work was threatened with destruction. For the correction of these irregularities, he wrote the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Encouraged with the fruit it bore and desiring to establish them in the gospel of salvation, he sent this Second Epistle. This is his final word. They were his own, for he had "begotten them unto a lively hope." With his bowels of mercy yearning for their final redemption, he utters his last word, "Finally, brethren, farewell!"

It is possible that more is intended in this expression than we usually comprehend—more than just a parting word. He may have intended, in addition to expressing a parting word, to tell them also, in his absence, to *fare well*.

It is gratifying to notice, in this connection, that in the realm of grace and salvation, all can fare well.

Some things are denied the masses, being reserved for the favored classes. They may "corner" on bacon, beans and lard, but the door into the treasure house of the Lord offers entrance to rich and poor alike. Of the abundant supply there can be no doubt. The prophet Isaiah says:

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

That is pretty good fare. Listen to the Psalmist David: "The Lord is my shepherd and I *shall not want.*"

The Apostle Paul tells us something of this excellent fare which is set before the church, in Phil. 4:19: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

To receive the full force of this statement it is necessary to give particular attention to those words, "according to his riches." If a farmer should send word he was sending me a present according to his riches, naturally I would visualize a fat hen, or a turkey, or maybe a dressed shoat. That would be according to his riches. But if Mr. Ford should send word that he was sending me a present according to his riches, I would just as naturally visualize a Ford sedan. That would be in accordance with his riches.

Now, my Christian friends, God shall supply all your need according to His riches. My, what fare is set before us! If we do not prosper and become strong it is our fault. The table, supplied with bounties, is before us. Listen to Paul again:

“Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church, by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen” (Eph. 3:20, 21).

What other language could He use to express a larger abundance with which we are supplied? Look carefully at your most extravagant asking, analyze your wildest imaginations, and He is able to do above that. Not only is He able to do above that, but “abundantly” above it. That means He can do more than we have been asking and thinking, and it is not a strain on His resources. He can do so with abundance. Then He begs the language with which we express and receive ideas and says He can exceed even that.

Beloved, God wants His children to develop in Christian graces, and He has made ample provision for that development. Conversion and sanctification are not the end of salvation, they are the beginning. This is not graduation, but matriculation. Progress should become the watchword of everyone who has been blessed in this meeting; individual development should be the directing thought of every one who has been helped. If we fare well, it must be thus. To be

possessed of any other purpose will mean apostasy and ruin.

Growth is co-existent with life. The absence of development is certain evidence of decay and death. The giant oak, centuries old, bursts with new growth at certain seasons, throwing out fresh tendrils and becoming larger in every way. Commercial firms that do not show net gains become alarmed and institute diligent search for those things which choke the avenues of gain and threaten financial ruin. The human body continues a growth of cuticle, hair, nails, etc., which is arrested only by death.

And thus it is, also, with the soul. Cessation of development is great cause for alarm. An increase of faith, aggressive action, love, joy, peace, longsuffering, patience, etc., are symptoms of healthy spirituality, while their absence tells us of deception or other spiritual derangement. Therefore the wholesome exhortation: "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ" (2 Peter, 3:18).

But the thing we wish to discuss in this connection is how to grow in grace, how to fare well. It is useless to throw a valuable plant on the pavement and tell it to grow. It must be placed in suitable soil and surrounded with heat and moisture. There is no sense in placing a new born babe in a crib, and telling it to become a man and at the same time neglecting to supply it with those things which are necessary to growth and development. Growth in any realm is the result of harmonizing law or possessing certain elements. Development in the grace and knowledge of the Lord

and Savior is the nominal result of assimilating certain means of grace. The child does not have to make an effort to grow, but to observe the laws of health. Correspondingly, the child of God does not have to strain at an effort to grow. His increase or decrease in spiritual things follows his attention to or neglect of the means of grace as really as the bursting of the buds follows the coming of the summer sun.

If the child grows into manhood or womanhood, some things are indispensable. For instance, it must breathe, eat, digest its food and take exercise. These, also, have a perfect analogy in the spiritual life.

The child must breathe immediately upon birth and keep it up or die. Certain poisons arise from the action of the organs of the body that must be thrown off or life will be destroyed. Breathing is the process by which this poison is thrown off and in return brings in oxygen which purifies the vehicles which are used to carry the poison to the lungs.

What breathing is to the body, prayer is to the soul. Prayer is co-existent with spiritual life. A prayerless soul is spiritually dead. He may have been born of God at one time, but today's victories and today's cleansing will not suffice for the needs of tomorrow. "Give us *this day* our daily bread," is the pathway to development and ultimate success. As Israel could not gather manna for future necessities, and as the oxygen we draw in now is consumed by present needs, forcing us to depend on subsequent exercise for additional supplies, just so the praying we did in the struggle for pardon or holiness, bore fruit for the needs

of that hour, and is the beginning instead of the end of that exercise if spiritual life, health and growth are enjoyed.

When are we to pray? "Pray without ceasing" (1 Thes. 5:17). You say it is impossible? Not at all! Learn to live in an atmosphere of prayer. There should be certain times set apart for retirement, when nothing is allowed to detract the mind from the worship of God; but the soul that becomes a stalwart Christian soldier must learn the secret of praying in the regular engagements of life. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind [thought or imagination—margin] is *stayed* on thee" (Isa. 26:3).

Where are we to pray? "I will therefore that men pray everywhere" (1 Tim. 2:8). No one grows in grace, no one has a fat soul, who is not willing to pray anywhere and everywhere. No one becomes a spiritual giant who frequents places where prayer is not wont to be made. Apostasy, which has lined the church's pathway with its fearful wreckage, has come in, largely, through the door of prayerlessness. Public prayer is a means of grace; therefore pray in public when called upon or when an opportunity is offered. You may not be able to pray as eloquently as others, but we are not engaged in a praying contest. No one thinks of ceasing to breathe just because there are others whose respiration is more simple or scientific. Family prayer was part of the daily exercises of such spiritual giants as Elijah, David, Daniel and others. Therefore do not despise it unless you prefer weakness to strength.

In addition to all this, secret prayer is indispensable to spiritual growth. "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly" (Matt. 6:6). Every soul should have a place and time for secret prayer. Oh, the scarcity of this exercise! Is it any wonder that the glory is departing?

I must insist that yesterday's victories are not sufficient for today's needs. As yesterday's breathing will not purify the blood today, and today's breathing is essential to present existence and health, so the soul, by the action of faith, must draw purity from Christ today or die of its own pollution. "If we *walk* in the light as He is in the light . . . the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7). There is no safety, no cleansing in idleness. The non-praying professor is dying if not already dead. Sin is all about us if not in us. Demons throng the air. We are in constant contact with sin, and contaminated by it unless we continue to draw in the cleansing power of the blood of Christ, through a constant spirit of prayer.

A young lady was annoyed by a worldly young man who persisted in pressing his attentions upon her. She was too much of a lady to insult him and yet she felt that his worldly spirit was a baneful influence to her Christian experience. In her dilemma she sought counsel of her pastor. He advised her to be courteous to the fellow and entertain him until he announced his intention to go. Then she was advised to ask if

he could not remain just a few minutes longer, which he would readily do, of course. "Then," said the pastor, "go to the piano and sing, 'Are You Ready for the Judgment Day.' When the song is finished take down the Bible and read, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God,' and get on your knees and pray for him earnestly. He will give his heart to God or cease engaging your time, and you will grow in grace by the exercise."

The hen steals away to lay the egg and cackles only after the feat is accomplished. The battles that shape the world's history are fought out in the secret diplomatic chambers. The energy that lifts the giant dirigibles and keeps them in the air was discovered in the chemical laboratories. And so it is in the spiritual life. Great victories are won only in the secret closet. The public shouting is spurious that is not saturated with the Spirit of Jesus in Gethsemane.

Again, if the child is to enjoy healthy, normal growth, it must eat. It may breathe all right, but will soon die unless it takes nourishment. It is the same way with the child of God. Spiritual food is essential to life as well as development. The Sabbath school, the prayermeeting, the preached word, the Bible, religious books and journals are the table of the Lord, setting before us spiritual pabulum, and no more alarming symptom is presented by the American church than the lack of interest in these things.

A father sat reading his Sunday newspaper when the hour for Sunday school arrived. Looking over his glasses at Willie, his boy, busy with his toy train, he

said, "Son, brush your hair and run on to Sunday school."

"Papa," he replied, "why don't you go to Sunday school?"

"Run on, son," he said, "Papa's 'stablished."

The little fellow, studying words in school, had received some conception of the meaning of the word "established," but he had difficulty connecting his idea of its meaning with his father's attitude of indifference. He was bothered about it and heard but little his teacher said that morning. He dreamed about it that night and it was on his mind when he awoke the next morning.

There was no school next day, so the boy accompanied his father, who was a teamster. During the morning the mules balked, and nothing the father could do would induce them to pull. He slashed them with the lines, cut them with the whip, coaxed them and stroked their heads, but to no avail. They would not make an effort. Finally a happy thought struck Willie, and he exclaimed:

"O, Daddy, I know what's the matter with them."

"What is it?" he asked.

"They're 'stablished."

The Bible is woefully neglected, while the movie, the automobile and the radio are taking the people from the house of God. Multitudes have read the authors who have not made a careful study of the Bible. Some say it is dry and not interesting. What do you do when porterhouse steak seems dry and bread does not interest you? You become alarmed.

You know there is something wrong with you. Disorder threatens you and you consult a physician.

Physical bread is no more essential to physical health and growth than spiritual food is for the development of the soul. Show me the things you read and the places you frequent and I will write a striking essay on your character even though you are a stranger to me. When I enter a home and find journals of fiction, cheap novels and maybe a Bible which is conspicuous only for its size, used largely as a filing cabinet, as it is too large for children to handle and other members of the family have no time, I know that family does but little damage to Satan's kingdom and nothing to pull the lost out of sin, because they have no appetite, take no nourishment and cannot have health or strength. They may belong to a church, sing in the choir, or teach in the Sunday school, but they could not chase the weakest devil nor lift a soul from the mire. If they possess any spiritual life at all, they are weaklings and dwarfs.

The strapping, growing youth eats almost everything that is set before him. He does not miss a meal and is looking for occasional "hand-outs" or lunches between times. He is growing and full of energy which must find an outlet. He eats because he has an appetite; and is boundless in action which creates the appetite.

The family that is being felt in the realm of the spiritual is identified by numerous well-marked Bibles, whose pages are tear-stained and thumb soiled. The library, be it limited or extensive, is stocked with re-

ligious books and holiness periodicals. They cannot be induced to neglect Sunday school, prayermeetings and preaching services, because they are growing and must have spiritual food. They are giving off energy and must re-fuel.

If you have no appetite, if the Bible is dull to you, there is something wrong. Your spiritual system is deranged and you should consult the Great Physician or some of His representatives who have studied spiritual symptoms and know how to prescribe for them. I can give you a remedy which I feel sure will work in most cases of loss of appetite. Take equal parts of repentance, confession and restitution, mixed well with fasting and prayer. Take three-days-full at a dose. Three doses taken consecutively are guaranteed to give you an appetite for the Word of God, written as well as oral.

But we must do more than eat, if we would grow, we must also digest. The food we eat will prove a curse instead of a blessing if we do not digest it. Disorders, weakness and even death result from failure to digest the food taken into the stomach. Nature intended the food should mix with the gastric juices, be churned into atoms by the action of stomach, when it is picked up by the blood and deposited in the capillaries where it unites with and becomes a part of the body.

God's truth has a similar action upon the soul of man. That which we receive must be digested and assimilated or it will prove a curse instead of a blessing. It is a savor of life unto life or of death unto

death. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." I feel a very tender sympathy for a fellow whose physical digestive apparatus is out of order. I sat across the table from a man who was in that condition. I passed him some steak and he turned up his nose and with an expression of nausea, said, "No, I don't want any steak."

"Have some pork chops?" I asked.

"No, thank you!"

"Have some apple tarts, or some of this rich pastry?"

"No! No!" he insists.

Then, I inquire, "What will you have?"

"I will take some dry toast and boiled oatmeal."

Then I discover that the poor fellow is suffering from dyspepsia. If he should eat the strong, wholesome food that the growing, energetic, bouncing youth enjoys and thrives on, he could not digest it, and he would be forced to spit it up.

Very few digest and assimilate all the truth they receive. Scores of preachers dare not give their flock strong meat. Of course babes require the sincere milk, but many churches are filled with those who "ought to be teachers," but who are yet as weak as babes. They are dyspeptics and dwarfs. Such diet as holiness, practical consecration, hell fire and damnation, etc., is nauseating to them, and if the pastor should feed them on it, they would go down the street spitting it up with disgust. So he is forced to feed them on the skimmed milk of "water baptism," "final perseverance of the

saints," "interpretation of prophecy," "astronomy," "current news," etc.

To digest and assimilate food, I say, is for it to unite with and become a part of the body. To assimilate the truth of God is for it to unite with the moral faculties and become a part of the daily conduct. When, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish," is perfectly digested and assimilated, all the sins of the past will be confessed with contrition, restitution for past wickedness will be complete and the soul eternally set against disobedience and future neglect of Christian duty. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and "Jesus, also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood suffered without the gate," will open the floodgates for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which burns up the works of sin, making the heart a fit place for the enthroned Christ. While, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," will cause you to become a resistless missionary whose insatiable interest extends from where you stand to the ends of the earth.

Oh, that God would give us a greater appetite for strong meat, and a digestive apparatus that could convert it into spiritual bone and sinew! Some morsels might be somewhat "bitter to the mouth," but they will work out sweetness in the end.

In addition to all this, if we develop physically, we must take exercise. Put the babe in a straight-jacket where motion is impossible, and it will become a dwarf, if it does not die outright. Bind the child's

limb and it will remain small while that part of the body which is active, continues to grow.

I once had a schoolmate whose left arm was injured when he was about five years of age, and he could not use it. He carried it in a sling for months then hung it motionless at his side. He became an athlete, but that arm did not grow any more. It was so short that it was hidden in his sleeve, and most people thought he was minus an arm. They called him "One Arm Johnny." But he had two arms. His crippled arm had a perfectly formed hand. He did not use it and it was dwarfed.

I saw a mare grazing in the meadow, when her colt, which had been stretched in the sunshine near, leaped to its feet and started away as fast as its little legs would carry it. She paid no attention to it, though its actions indicated that it was running away. A hundred and fifty yards away, it stopped, wheeled around and sped by her, running in the opposite direction. The mare was not disturbed. The colt was just taking exercise, and the mare possessing "horse sense," knew that exercise was necessary to development.

The soul that develops in grace and knowledge must take exercise. He or she must exercise in song, prayer, testimony, exhortation, etc., or remain a weakling. They must get under the load and wrestle with the burden if development is to be known. The school-boy has his ball ground, athletic field and gymnasium, where he exercises for the development of his muscle. His classroom work gives opportunity to exercise and

develop the brain. The farmer needs no gymnasium, but instead he uses the hoe, cultivator, pitchfork, grubbing hoe, axe, etc.

The vineyard of the Lord and the world-wide, whitened harvest field, calling loudly for reapers, offers untold opportunities for spiritual exercise, while our trials and testings are a sort of spiritual gymnasium, permitted for the purpose of developing the latent powers within us. Those who expect to develop and desire God's best, must avail themselves of a variety of exercise. Lift at the prayermeeting, work in the Sunday school, pull in the regular services, get under the financial burdens, and "do with your might what your hands find to do."

You will gain or lose, too, by the way you meet your trials and temptations. Coupled with a surrendered will, they will polish and refine the character, for "Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." If we expect to get the intended benefit from them, we should meet them as a schoolboy meets the hour for the gymnasium work or athletic field. "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; but *rejoice*, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings" (1 Peter, 4:12, 13).

In Heb. 2:10 we read this remarkable statement concerning Jesus: "For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation *perfect through suffering*."

There is a perfection, then, that is known only through suffering. Jesus did not need perfection in the sense of cleansing from sin, for He was without sin. When we are cleansed from sin we are made holy in heart as well as in action, but there is a refining and polishing that is a large part of the development in holiness. If the similitude of Israel's passage from Egyptian bondage to the possession of Canaan holds good, much remains to be done after entering the land.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye are passed over Jordan into the land of Canaan; then ye shall drive out all the inhabitants of the land from before you, and destroy all their pictures, and destroy all their molten images, and quite pluck down all their high places. . . . But if ye will not drive out the inhabitants of the land from before you; then it shall come to pass, that those which ye let remain of them shall be pricks in your eyes, and thorns in your sides, and shall vex you in the land wherein ye dwell. Moreover it shall come to pass that I shall do unto you as I thought to do unto them" (Num. 33:51-56).

Whatever we maintain that these inhabitants represent in our own Christian experiences, it is something that we meet after we enter the land of abundance. Moreover they do not give way without giving battle. It seems clear that in our trials and testings we discover our weaknesses, and they can never be strengthened until they are discovered.

"Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are." Adam, the first, was too. What are those points?

Fleshly appetites, worldly ambition, and egotism. When Satan offered Eve the forbidden fruit, she "saw that it was good for food" (appealed to fleshly appetites), "pleasant to the eyes" (worldly ambition), "and a tree to be desired to make one wise" (egotism).

When he tempted the Son of God, he followed the same line: "Command this stone that it be made bread." (Fleshly appetite.) "Showed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. . . . If thou, therefore, wilt worship me, all shall be thine" (Worldly ambition). "And he brought him to the pinnacle of the temple, and said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence" (Egotism).

Every follower of Christ must pass the same way. He must take exercise along all these lines if he is to develop strength. God, in mercy, permits us to be tempted, tested and tried along all these lines for our good and His glory, saying, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape that ye may be able to bear it."

Fleshly appetites, a sense of pride and the desire to be something are all lawful if pursued in the will of God. But the professor of Christianity becomes an abomination (Prov. 15:8) in departing from God's will in any of these matters. They who reach the highest state of Christian perfection are possessed of the martyr spirit. They do not "give place to the Devil." They would die before they would depart from the will of the Lord. So as long as there is weakness in the will, leaving a probability for the Devil to

draw us away, the Lord will continue to permit temptations, and testings, in an effort to make us more determined at that point and thus He strengthens the will.

The blacksmith has a strong muscle in the forearm because he has put it to rigid use. The athlete is made strong by excessive "workouts." When the ax-man starts on a search for a tough piece of timber, he does not enter the dense forest, but seeks the unprotected tree which meets the storms that beat upon it from every side.

Polished souls, useful servants of the Most High, are those who have been buffeted, but who have "carried their cross with a smile." They have met their trials as the loyal soldier goes to battle, treating them as indispensable to the victory that must be won. He may be exercised thereby, but knows that this is a part of the bill of fare. "It must needs be that offenses come." But when they come, you will find that God is right there. Look to Him! Trust Him to keep you, maintaining a willingness to suffer anything He permits to overtake you. "In the hottest fire hold still, and gently whisper 'as God wills.'" In conflicts as well as in other things, "fare well!"