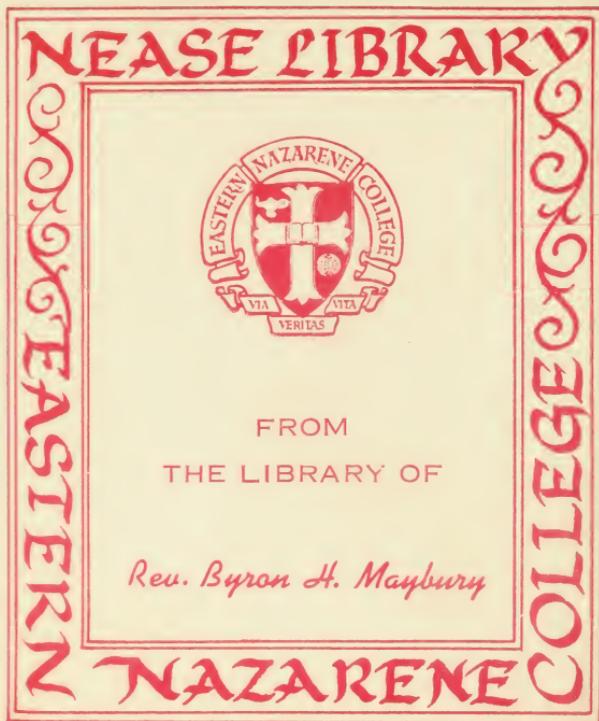


THE HOLY WAR

BY

SETH COOK REES

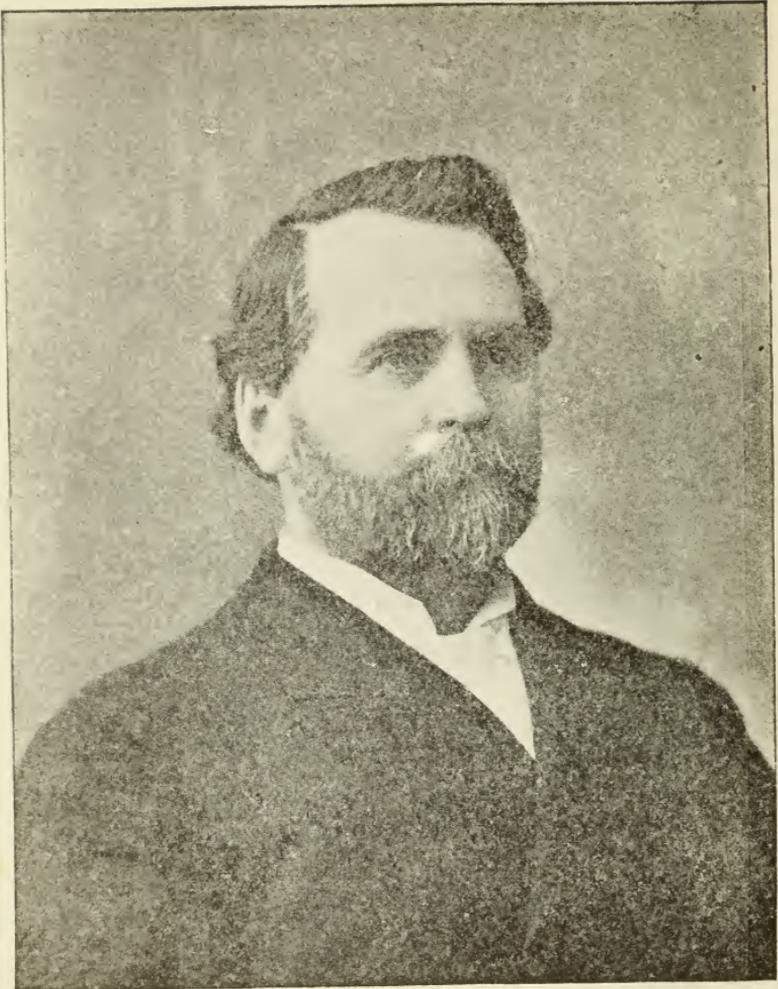
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Yours & His
Seth C. Rees

THE HOLY WAR

BY

SETH COOK REES

Author of
"The Ideal Pentecostal Church," and
"Fire from Heaven"



Put on the whole armour of God.—Eph 6: 11.



GOD'S BIBLE SCHOOL AND REVIVALIST
Cincinnati, Ohio.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE GOD OF BATTLE,

TO

ALL THE SOLDIERS OF "GOD'S GREAT
REVIVALIST FAMILY,"

AND

ALL WHO PROPAGATE A FULL GOSPEL
IN ALL THE WORLD.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

WITH

TENDER CHRISTIAN LOVE,

BY THE AUTHOR.

February 3, 1904.

PREFACE.

This book is composed of selections from the messages which I have felt that the Lord has given me for His Bible School and Campmeeting at Cincinnati. I have fasted, wept, and prayed that He might let me help believers as well as save sinners. I humbly record that thousands have fallen at the penitent form when these messages were given. I have no apology to offer for putting them in print. I only pray that God may make them a blessing to souls, and that the soldiers will be induced to press the battle in this Holy War. And God shall have all the Glory.

SETH C. REES.

CHICAGO, February 3, 1904.



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INTRODUCTION.

This is a time of war. National unrest and a general preparation for a deadly conflict, emphasize the fact of sin and its consequences. While we watch with interest the "signs of the times," as soldiers of Jesus Christ, we have no part in carnal warfare. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

"The Holy War" calls for soldiers true and tried. The enemy is no petty foe, but one whose hatred is bitter, whose experience is world-old, whose tactics are adroit, whose aim is deadly and whose ultimate purpose is utter ruin. He is a mighty foe, but opposed by an Almighty Leader. This Leader is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ, the "Captain of our salvation, made perfect through sufferings."

In the first great conflict with Satan, He won a complete victory and has never lost a battle.

The final outcome of this war is not problematical. All who engage in this war have complete armor, offensive and defensive. The available resources are equal to any emergency, and include "all our need."

All down the ages, whenever a battle has been fought, no matter how seemingly weak were the forces or how malignant and aggressive the foe, the warrior saints have come off "more than conquerors." Many of our comrades have been mustered out and belong no more to the church militant. We miss them. Their presence was an inspiration and their clarion cheers put fresh courage into us when the battle waxed hot.

Thank God, others are springing to the front. An army of young people is forming, true, trusty, tried. Some, long in the war, show age, but have no thought of retiring. They know not how to retreat. These salute the recruits and commend to them the stirring words of a conquering hero, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." The hosts are marshaling for a fearful conflict. Satan knows his time is short, and will not tamely

leave the field. Let every soldier be true to his Commander, go cheerfully to any place of peril or persecution, shout the victory in the face of the fiercest fight.

“Then cheer, my comrades, cheer,
The battle will soon be o’er.”

These sermons under God have blessed thousands of souls and cheered many a tired warrior. May the Holy Spirit accompany them in this form and make them an incentive to thousands more. “Finally my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.” When our day is done, we will shout as we leave the field, “I have fought a good fight.” We commend these pages to the soldiers of every land, praying God’s blessing upon the author, by whose side we have fought for more than a quarter of a century, and upon all who are enlisted in this “Holy War.”

JOHN PENNINGTON.

CINCINNATI, O., March 4, 1904.

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THE HOLY WAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOLY WAR.

“Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.” (Eph. 6, 10-11.)

The word war is pregnant with horror. It has associated with it everything that is terrible, horrific, heart-rending. The earth has groaned to its very center. Its surface has been crimsoned with blood again and again. When we think of the widowed mothers and orphans; when we think of the myriads of graves that mark the tread of earthly conquerors, enough to girdle the earth four hundred and forty times; when we attempt to measure the expense of war in money and bloodshed, we almost unconsciously find ourselves praying for the day when they shall beat

their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and the nations shall learn war no more. Thank God that day is coming!

Earthly conquerors have gained their fame through the shedding of blood, but our King is coming, the King of peace, and will reign over the earth without the shedding of the blood of a human being.

War is an awful thing. The world is bristling with bayonets. The nations of the earth are looking into each others faces across living walls of men in uniform. Ten million men stand to-day ready to fire into each others ranks at a word. All this is the product of sin, the work of the devil. As I walked through the cemetery yesterday, where about seven thousand souls are buried, at the National Encampment at Dayton, I thought of the awful devastation the devil has made. As I thought of the thousands groaning, crying and suffering on account of these things, my heart cried out for the time of peace, for the time of righteousness, for the time when the knowledge of the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Thank God it is

coming! All this war, all contention, all family quarrels, all domestic misunderstandings, all unkind words, and everything that would mar the peace, thank God, it is going to be at an end forever.

But we are in the greatest warfare of all the ages. We are called to be soldiers in a conflict, the issues of which are to astonish the assembled multitudes of the universe. All the inhabitants of multiplied thousands of worlds will stand with uncovered heads and witness the outcome of this great conflict in which you and I are engaged. As horrific as war is the Holy Ghost has frequently used military life, military appointments, and military rules as a type of our conflict in this great struggle against the powers of earth and hell. In this chapter, to which I call attention this afternoon, the Holy Ghost uses a figure familiar to all Bible students. The more we study it the deeper we enter into it the more it is developed and the more profoundly we are impressed that this warfare is the conflict of the ages. It is not only the battle of life but the battle of eternity. Thank God we are called to be

soldiers of the cross, followers of the Lamb; and with the assurance that all rebellion is going to be put down, and that the arch fiend, who has given all the trouble that they have ever had in heaven, and who was cast into the earth, and who has caused all the devastation and sorrow that this world has known, is going to be locked up in the bottomless pit forever. O, it is not going to be a thousand years only! This seems a long time, but all too short when we have nothing to do but live with the Lord and praise Him. Thank God, the time is coming when the glorious gospel shall triumph forever, and all the powers and forces of evil will be locked up where they can never again disturb or get at God's saints. Beloved, ours is a *real* conflict. No mere uniformed regiment; no mullen stalk fight; it is something that is real and will require all that God has provided for us in order that we may be successful in this warfare. A general never gains anything by allowing his army to undervalue the strength of the enemy. We never gain anything by dealing with sin and Satan flippantly or in a jocular way, as if to overcome and get the

victory was a little matter, or by speaking of Satan as we speak of other enemies. Beloved, we have a tremendous foe. He is not almighty, but he is so mighty that we must wear all the panoply of heaven if we are to stand against him. He is not almighty, but so mighty that it will take the Almighty God to stand between us and him all the time. God is our only protection against the clutches of Satan.

Beloved, have you got the armor on to-day? Are you in the harness? Can you be trusted? Could the Lord appoint you and then go off and come back again and find you at your post? How are we to know? We are to know by testings. Have you been tested? When the Lord came back did he find you there? There is an experience where God can trust us and we will stand, and "having done all, *stand.*" and then *stand*, and when there is nothing else to do just to *stand*. Glory to God! And so I find this afternoon in the message the Lord has given me, like calling your attention to the armor which He has provided for us. The Holy Ghost has used the

figure of the Roman armor and of the Roman soldier, and He knew what He was doing when He chose this figure to illustrate what we are to have, and what the results are to be. O, I thank God for that tenth verse, "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might;" then the Holy Ghost tells us how; "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Then He tells us this is necessary, for "we wrestle not against flesh and blood," that is we have no common foe, we wrestle against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness of this world, and wicked spirits as well, and in high places—in places where you would expect to find angels, you find devils; wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand in the evil day. This is an *evil* day. Say what you may it is a *very* evil day. While it is a day of blessedness and privilege to those who will be blessed, it is a day of awful apostasy, indescribable wickedness among those who have rejected the light. I would rather live to-day than at any time in

the world's history. It is the Saturday evening of this age. The triumph is in sight. But it is a day when wicked men and seducers are waxing worse and worse. It is a day when this world is on a mad rush toward hell. It is a day when the Church has gone into apostasy. It is a great surprise that preachers will tell us that the world is getting better, when we know that while all Protestantism was making three million professed converts among the heathen, the heathen have increased two hundred million. This is a day when eight hundred preachers a year leave the pulpit, go to law, to medicine, to merchandise, and to the devil. Take your pencil and paper and tell me how long it would take for Protestantism to save the world at the present rate. This is a day when not one person in ten professing Christians, knows anything about vital godliness and spirituality. Ministers and people are as destitute of a real knowledge of God and of spiritual things as if they had never heard the gospel. O, these are awful days! But, thank God there is an armor, there is an outfit in which the follower of the cross can conquer.

“He that endureth to the end shall be saved.” These are days when many have the form of godliness but are denying the power. The apostle said “from such turn away.” The time has come when we have to take to the caves and the dens and dugouts. A full gospel is driven to the halls and street corners, and brush arbors, and canvas tents. The synagogues, the temples and steeple houses will not receive it. We must stand shoulder to shoulder and go through with the King. Turn away from everything and every body who will not follow Jesus. The Holy Ghost not only calls us to put on the whole armor but tells us what it is, piece by piece.

The first is the girdle. The military girdle serves three purposes. First, to bind the loose flowing garments worn in those days, which otherwise would be a hindrance in battle. Second, to strengthen the loins; and third, as a protection or defense, often having a wide piece of brass attached to it. You remember that Elisha said to Gehazi, “Gird up thy loins and run to the house of the Shunamite.” And John the Baptist wore a strip of the skin of an

animal around his loins. The military girdle often had an ornament of either silver or brass. Our girdle is the girdle of *truth*. It will bind up all the loose and flowing graces, and strengthen us for the conflict. "Truth," that is what the Bible students are here for. This is where you dig truth like they dig gold in Colorado or the Klondike. Now, we must have the truth to save us from our early education, from our notions, from our prejudices, from our denominational proclivities. We must have something from which there can be no appeal, no mistake whatever.

We must fill our heads and our hearts and our mouths with this truth. Under the Mosaic dispensation they had it on their foreheads, on the front of the houses they lived in; they had the truth everywhere. They were commanded to teach it to their children; to quote it when they rose up and repeat it when they lay down; and no doubt they had it in their dreams and it was with them all night.

The "breastplate of righteousness" is *true holiness*. This piece covered the heart. A great many people have thought it was for

their heads. There is no breastplate for the head. The breastplate of righteousness was for the heart. It is the only thing that will protect the heart, that will turn away the shafts of evil, that will turn to one side the darts of Satan. A clean heart is not only clean but it is fortified, it is possessed, it is guarded. The angel of the Lord protects a clean heart. The Holy Ghost lives within. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about" clean people and protects them. If you are not sanctified wholly you ought to have nothing on hand until this work is accomplished.

Let us be sure we have our "peace" shoes on; "our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." It may seem strange that we go to war with peace shoes on. This is one of the paradoxes of the gospel. We war not with men but our war is with sin and with the devil. We hate sin; we dare to attack sin wherever we find it, whether in high places or low places, at the same time having the peace of God in us and covering us all over. Now, if we have not an experience in which we are kept under all circumstances, there is some-

thing radically wrong. In all our conflicts we must be kept placid within. It is the other man that must be disturbed. We must keep sweet. We may preach and pray and sing. Satan may be roaring on all sides but we are kept as peaceful as a Spring morning, and "He spreads a table before us in the presence of our enemies." Brother, have you got this peace? Are you saved so that when you deliver a message, and it stirs people up to answer back that it does not stir you up? Is the armor on? Is it comfortable? Does it chafe? If there is irritability there is a mistake somewhere.

Then you notice that we must have the sword. We must take the sword up by the handle and not by the blade. If we take it up by the blade we will cut ourselves; if we take it by the handle and wield it right we may have victory, no matter how hard the battle. This Word, backed up by the Holy Ghost, is sharper than any two edged sword. Beloved, I want you to feel that you are equipped. If you have on the whole armor of God you have nothing to fear, nothing to dread. You do not have to carry a fallen countenance.

You are ready for action, ready to die with the armor on. O, it is a wonderful privilege. I want to die on the fresh dirt of the breastworks of the enemy, doing my best at the front. How many in this school are ready for war? How many are ready, not only to live on hard tack, but to go without anything, and are willing to live or die any death for the sake of your Commander?

Preached at God's Bible School, Cincinnati.

CHAPTER II.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GOSPEL.

“The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me ; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek ; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God ; to comfort all that mourn.” (Isa. 61, 1-2.)

These words not only express the spirit of Christ but the spirit of His gospel and of all those who are truly His followers. Just at the time when through the healing of the sick, the casting out of devils, and the blessing everybody in sight, Christ was about to become popular in a certain locality, the disciples came to him and said, “All men seek for thee.” He answers, “Let us rise up and go to the next city ; it is time to be leaving” and on He went from city to city, from village to village, and from hamlet to hamlet, until within two years and a half He had walked through all the villages and towns of Galilee, Samaria and

Judea preaching the gospel everywhere. There have been a great many preachers who thought that the fact that certain localities received them well and wanted them to stay was an evidence that their work was there. Christ said, "It is time to be going." The spirit of the gospel and its author is that of evangelizing, is aggressive. The apostle Paul, the greatest warrior of all the past, pressed on to the regions beyond, and said, "Let us forget the things that are behind." This is the spirit that actuated Christ and when they made it comfortable for Him in any locality He was thinking about some other village, some other town, or some other city, or some other country. No doubt Martha and Mary made it very comfortable for Jesus. No doubt they were delighted to have Him. There were times when He had no place to lay His head, and spent the nights in the mountains, but He was always welcome in the home of Mary and Martha, and yet He did not spend much time there. He journeyed from place to place, from city to city. He was about His Father's business. It is easy for us to stay with our friends. It

is not always easy to get up and go among strangers. There is a tendency these times to settle down with comfort, with ease, with the people that love us, but the spirit of the gospel is aggressive and progressive and, hence, must either evangelize or crystalize and fossilize. People who have the spirit of the Master are everlastingly thinking about somebody *else*; another village, another hamlet, another humble home, another broken heart, another wrecked and ruined life; and when we get the spirit of Jesus we can hardly be content anywhere except in the blessing of humanity and the publishing of the glorious gospel of "good tidings."

Let us remember this morning, beloved, that while there are times when it is proper for us to come together and celebrate, and derive assistance from each other, the time will soon come for us to scatter; we will have to be going; we must get into the regions beyond and find those to whom the Lord wants us to carry this great message. There is something about Pentecost that, while it unites, it always scatters; if by no other means, by that of persecu-

tion. When the early Church received the Holy Ghost they soon received persecution enough to drive them everywhere, and under persecution some bold and daring spirits crossed the boundary lines and rushed over into ancient Britain and Germany and gave our ancestors the gospel and we are here this morning in this Tabernacle instead of sacrificing human lives in heathendom because somebody was persecuted, somebody crossed the boundary lines and pressed into the regions beyond, somebody left home with all that was near and dear to them that we might have the privileges we enjoy today. Our ancestors were not only idol worshipers but often mingled their worship with the shedding of human blood.

Do we owe anything? Have we any debt we ought to pay? Certainly it is for us who know the Holy Ghost and understand the spirit of the Master to realize that we are under obligations to carry the glad tidings, not only to our neighbors and friends, but to all the world. Somebody brought it to us, and we must take it to others. The spirit of our Master is of that push, that aggressive forward march which

has always characterized the deeply spiritual. He would say to this congregation this morning, "Go forward." It is the watch-word of the gospel in all time. Let the people rise up and pitch their tents in other fields. Your daughters must find their crowns in the slums. Your sons will find their thrones under the burning sun and on the sandy plains of foreign fields; and if ever we keep step with the spirit of my text we will walk and walk until we have fulfilled all that Jesus has planned for us. Yes, it is easier to stay with your relatives and friends but it may be better to turn your backs upon them and go out, "not knowing whither you go." Many preachers stay three years, four years, five years, because they are liked by the congregation they still hang on. Many a time they had better be up and gone. One of our greatest needs is this aggressive spirit of Jesus. Press out, press up, follow the water courses, and the ravines; seek the mountains, the slums; seek the jungles, and seek the lost everywhere. This prophecy is unquestionably the prophecy of the Son of man. "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me because He hath

annointed me to preach good tidings to the meek.”

This gospel is one of “*good tidings.*” Our mission is much the same as that of our Master. If He was commissioned to preach “good tidings,” so are we. I hope the Lord will somehow turn His hand upon us and preserve us from an unhappy presentation of the bone and skull side of the gospel until the people will be frightened from it. Of course there are things to endure, there is reproach, there will be persecution, but for all that it is a gospel of “good tidings.” The most glorious news that was ever carried into the world is this gospel of the Son of God. Then if it should bring some privation, it carries with it such good cheer, such sunshine, such flowers, such sweet perfume, such blessing of every kind that we almost forget our trials. We may weep or groan but we end up with a shout. We suffer but we rejoice. We are sorrowful yet always glad. We are in tribulation but never hurt. Our sorrows never hinder us. There is something about the gospel that is good tidings and I hope we will keep preach-

ing the mellow side of this gospel, for I have failed to find that Christ was ever severe except with hypocrites and church members who ought to have known better and were deceiving the people. His great heart of compassion was always deeply touched at the sight of suffering, and this gospel is a gospel of good things. Brother, when we come to you with this gospel you ought not to look down your nose, you ought not to look sad, you ought to look up and say, "Glory to God."

We often preach this gospel to people and at first they look sad. We tell them a little more and they begin to cry; and we keep on talking and they begin to scream, and they treat the subject as though it was something greatly to be dreaded. O, beloved, this gospel which has been deposited with us as His followers is His everlasting and most profound commission ever given to man. It is a gospel of glad news declaring the "acceptable year of the Lord." It is the jubilee, the fiftieth year. It is to end bondage, to end servitude, to put an end forever to all slavery. It is complete victory through Jesus Christ.

I love to preach this gospel because it helps people, it lifts their load and chases away their clouds, it seems to almost sing their sorrow into oblivion. I know people; I am intimately acquainted with them; I know they suffer but no one would ever suspect it in the public assemblies of the people. Their sorrow is hidden away and their joy, sunshine and smiles abound. So I want you to tell the people that this gospel brings good cheer. If it brings you a little persecution He will pour in the intoxication, the wine of the kingdom until you will hardly feel it. He will make you so drunk that while people are despising you and saying all manner of evil against you, you will rejoice and be exceeding glad. O, glory to God!

The next thought that I want to put especial emphasis upon is the fact that this gospel is for *all classes*. Especially for the poor, the common people, the neglected, the people who are down and cannot get up. The people who are held in disrepute by the world and the worldly churches. They are the people that we are to cheer. Thank God for a gospel that will cheer folks the darkest night that ever

was! It is awfully dark in this country. All about us people are feeling their way. One or two in a church, or two or three in a community. Common people, honest souls who are looking for light. Thank God we are commissioned to preach the gospel of "good tidings" to them.

Again, "He hath sent me to bind up the *broken hearted.*" You know we are inclined to suppose that things and people are as they seem. They are not. Nobody is as they seem to be until they are sanctified wholly. You meet people on the street and engage in conversation with them, and they will not disclose a single trace of the fact that they are broken hearted, but before they are two blocks from you, their breasts may be heaving with the deepest sorrow. There is a way that this world has of covering up the fact that it is broken hearted. People assume a frivolous and light hearted exterior, many times to cover up conviction, and their appearance of being without trouble is only to hide awful sorrow. Not only is this true among the poor but in palacial homes, on boulevards and avenues, in

every station in life there are broken-hearted people with heart aches and sorrows untold. Family difficulties that never can be healed but by the gospel of the Son of God, and if we do not carry this message to them their lives will be wrecked forever. We are commissioned this morning as servants of God, to preach this gospel to the broken-hearted. O, the sorrows that we meet in the slums, in the hotels, in the holes and hovels and cellars and garrets! The people who are tired of life; the people who are on the very verge of suicide! A gospel of cheer is their only salvation. That man who met with financial reverses and went and jumped into the lake might have been saved if he had heard this gospel. That woman who put an end to her life because she was disappointed would never have been disappointed if she had heard these good tidings. Ah, there is power in the gospel to bind up the broken-hearted, to renew ruined and wrecked lives, to restore the joy and sunlight of God's eternal grace to the soul until life is worth living and we will be glad to live it for other people.

The dear man in Chicago was in the employ

of the great Northwestern Railway Company. He met with many reverses. Sickness fastened itself upon him. He went to the hospital. After some weeks returned to his job. Was again taken down and sent to the hospital a second and third time. He was finally told that he must go to a higher altitude. His money was almost gone but being a railroad man, his pass was secured to Denver. Before he could recover strength a telegram announced the serious illness of his family. He returned home without health and without money, and it is well known that when a man's money is gone his friends are scare. His family was sick, his rent was due. His children were hungry. The only thing he had left in the world was a life insurance policy. He said: "I will give my family the benefit of this," and started to the lake intending to commit suicide. When within about three blocks of the lake he was passing the church where we were holding a convention. He heard the singing. He stood on the side walk and mused. There was a great struggle going on in his breast. Only three blocks away was

the lake, and the morgue. Up one flight of stairs was gospel singing. He first thought that he would go in, and then remembered that his family were hungry. He said: "No, I will hurry to the lake." What an awful conflict was going on between the powers of darkness and the Spirit of God. He finally said, "I will go up stairs and listen to this singing before I go down to the dock." I will not soon forget that hour. He threw himself down in a pew in the very rear end of the church, and as he threw his head down on the back of the pew in front of him and listened, he heard a gospel of good cheer. The Spirit of God seized him with awful conviction. When the altar call was made he came forward, yielded himself to God and was gloriously saved. He returned home with money enough to pay his rent and give his family a square meal. He soon brought his wife to the church and she was saved. Soon after he sought the baptism with the Holy Ghost and was sanctified wholly. He erected a family altar in a Christian home. He heard about divine healing and was anointed according to

the fifth of James. Jesus healed his body. He returned to his employment, and a more cheerful, happy home you will seldom find. This is a sample of what a gospel of good cheer will do wherever preached.

I want to remind you this morning that you do not know when you stand upon a street corner, or under a brush arbor, or in the pulpit, or in the mission to preach this gospel, who is listening to you. It may be some body who is dying for salvation. Some body who has reached his extremity. Thank God, if you will faithfully preach this gospel you will help people.

Little did I dream when Abe McPeak sat in the back pew so heavy hearted that he could not hold up his head, afraid and ashamed to look up, that we had in the audience such a character, such possibilities. The gospel is the same every where. God spoke to him on that back seat and sent the gospel at the right time to save him from a life of sin. You heard his testimony last Sunday night. God has saved, sanctified and kept him until the police officers have been forced to acknowledge that

his whole life has been changed and transformed. And they have been forced to take his photograph out of all the rogue's galleries in the country. You are continually rubbing up against people whom you will never meet again in a life time. You will never cross their path again. You will never have but one opportunity. If you do not have this gospel of good news with you, you may lose the chance of your life. God help the young preachers and evangelists, you are called to proclaim the glad tidings, to preach every time as if it were your last time, and your only chance to rescue men from sin and hell. O, thank God for the broken hearts that have been healed!

One November night a broken-hearted, disappointed, friendless, hopeless and homeless girl stood at the door of our Rescue Home in Chicago with a six weeks old infant in her arms and asked admission. Of course she was taken in, but as soon as she came under the power of this gospel there was such a transformation, such a change of heart and life, such a change in her spirit in every way that

to-day she is a charming, sanctified, Christian girl. She would grace any church in the land and this gospel of good news did it. O I wish we knew the power! I am sure we would not pass the hard cases by, for there are no cases too hard for this gospel of good tidings.

I am greatly burdened this morning that we may go from this campmeeting not to look for splendid things, not to look for favor either of the world, or of the church, but to look for souls. Hunt them out; run them down. Ask God to give you a nose that will scent hungry, saveable souls. Let us ask God to save time by putting us on the track of people who want salvation, instead of spending so much time upon those who will never get it. I am constantly coming in contact with hungry souls, and for years there has been an understanding between the Lord and myself, that I am not to go any where to hold meetings where there are no hungry people. It has been years since God has allowed me to go into a single locality where I have not witnessed a revival, a few souls saved at least. You say there are places where you can not

have a revival. Well, if there are I trust God to keep me away from them. I have been wonderfully blessed in finding the places where we can have revivals. I would not stay in a place, either as pastor or evangelist, where we could not have a revival, but would trust God to put me on the track of dying souls who would accept the truth. Life is short; our opportunities will soon be in the past; our chances will be no more. If we are going to rescue people from sin and hell we must do it quickly. Thank God we are commissioned to proclaim "liberty to the captives;" to undo the heavy burdens.

O there are burdened people here this morning! Some of you are carrying burdens that will hump your back and kill you finally if Jesus does not unbind them. When sanctified people are so burdened that they can not rest, He rests them. When you can not bear another thing the Lord comes in and He bears your burdens, lifts your loads, relieves and rests you, and you rejoice in the fact that He came for that very purpose. Brother, let Him carry your load. If I would carry mine I

would go to the coffin box in a hurry. Sister, unload on Him. Brother, there is nothing so dark in your life but Jesus can help you. It may be something you can hardly unbosom to your dearest friend, but Jesus knows about it, and He came to unbind and release and set free every burdened soul. Glory be to God forever! O this gospel is our commission. Let us preach it everywhere. Let us preach to those who are in prison, in bondage to appetite, in bondage to lust, lust for money, lust for the world, lust for fame; the people who love this world and yet wish they could get away from it.

Why, a wealthy man in Nebraska spent hours with me in a recent campmeeting, telling me how he loved money, and hated himself for loving it, but was powerless to help it. He is bound. He is the son of a banker, born with the lust for money. He said to me, "I despise this mercenary spirit; but how am I to get rid of it?" Thank God, I could tell him. There is a gospel that unbinds, that sets free. When you get this Blessing you can write checks just like you drink water.

You can bless the poor, you can help the fallen, you can nurse the sick, you can go any where, do anything for Jesus when you get this Blessing. Beloved, don't forget that this world is dying for this gospel. In the jungles, on the great thoroughfares of life, people are crowding their way through and hastening to the judgment. If we give them the "good tidings" we will have to hurry. "The opening of the prison to them that are bound." If ever He turned the apostles out of prison, He is turning men out of prison these days. Deliverance from the stocks, chains, or the guards, is no more real than is the deliverance from sin.

Many a time I stop and celebrate my deliverance from prison. Well do I remember the chains that bound me. Well do I remember the stocks on my feet. Well do I remember the ring that was on my tongue, and the bondage in which I lived. Thank God, every chain fell off! My feet and hands and tongue were loosed, the prison door was opened, and I walked out in the society of angels. Thousands of people of whom you have thought but little, are in the same condi-

tion today. Well do I remember of spending a whole Sunday in the woods alone, after a hilarious night in sin, as heartbroken and homeless as I felt I believe if there had been a saint there to turn some old log into a mourners bench and gotten me down on my knees, I would have been saved. But saints were very rare in that country. But few ever spoke to me about my soul. I did not know there was a better way. So when I walked away from sin, heartbroken, sick and nervous, there was nothing to do but to stray off alone and weep my sorrow out with myself. Had I known such a Christ as this I would have turned to Him. There are multitudes today in the same condition. They are as savable as I was; they are worth as much in the sight of God as any one, and we must give them a chance before they drop into the pit.

Notice, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me" to preach this gospel especially to the *poor*, to the masses. O my heart yearns over the bums and thugs, tramps and homeless men, who are down and cannot get up; over the harlots and jail birds who have lost every

thing and do not dream that there is a ray of hope. How my heart yearns over the three thousand fallen women in this country; the one hundred thousand men, women and children in prisons, jails and workhouses. The one hundred thousand bootblacks; the one hundred thousand newsboys; and two million and a half of homeless men. Many of the homeless, worthless, hopeless men have come from the best of families; are graduates from colleges and universities; have filled places of trust and honor, but sin has brought them down to the depths. The gospel is their only hope. There are thousands of poor waifs and friendless children for whom nobody has ever prayed in particular—not once. They are some mother's child, but nobody knows their name to-day except as "Jack," "Dick," "Bob," or some such nick name. There are hundreds of street urchins living on garbage and apple cores, any thing they can pick up. Some of them live by gathering cigar and cigarette butts. They might be saved. There are not many to do it. The holiness fighting preacher will not do it. The churches of these

times seem to have forgotten the poor. It requires money to secure a pew in the modern church, but there is a little boot-black down there you might pray and weep over until God saves him and sends him out to preach the gospel. Some who have been saved from houses of shame are so burdened for others who are where they used to be that they can hardly eat or sleep. God has rescued them and they feel that they must rescue others. This is why Jessie, who was saved from a life of sin in New York, could not rest until she had preached this gospel in the houses of sin until hundreds and hundreds had received this message. At the age of twentysix she had spent thirteen years in street life. She said, "My people are in bondage, I must declare this gospel of good news to them."

Never am I more affected than when in Harrison Police Station in Chicago, than when listening to Brother F. preach to the prisoners there. A little more than a year ago he was in the same condition; occupying one of those same cells, but one day one of our slum missionaries, a messenger of light, extended her

hand through the bars and offered to take his hand, but he ordered her to leave his cell-door; fortunately she had received the Holy Ghost, and instead of leaving she sank down in the filth on that stone floor and prayed for his salvation. She wept and prayed until she had the assurance that he would be saved. God touched his heart so that he received a card announcing the place of our meetings, and promised that when he was released he would come to the services. The promise was made to get rid of the missionary. A few days latter putting his hand in his pocket for a piece of tobacco he found the card which reminded him of his promise. A liquor dealer had paid his fine. He was walking the street with only ten cents in his pocket, had no place to go, so came to the service. It was that very night this gospel reached him, and at the altar in floods of tears, and cries of penitence, he was gloriously saved. He was a bartender, a pugilist, a drunkard; he could demand large pay because of his skill in mixing fine drinks. That night he was saved; it seemed almost too good to be true. He went out that

February night into a dark alley just back of the church, and kneeled down in several inches of snow and slush and prayed, and this was his prayer, "O God, if this is true, if I am converted, and you mean for me to live a Christian life, take away this appetite, for rum and tobacco," and like a flash the appetites were gone.

O that God will help us to see the possibilities of this gospel! The possibilities are limitless, they are boundless; let us rise up and preach it. Let us receive the Holy Ghost. Let us get away from our own interests, from our own selfishness, and help and bless some body else.

Do you know the worst I wish for some of you is that you would come to this altar and get so saved that you would never come to another altar while you live; so that you would never feel your pulse again to see if you have got the experience? There is a place beyond searching; there is a place beyond researching, beyond going for another baptism; a place where if Gabriel, himself, would come and tell you to search, you would

look him straight in the two eyes and say, "Glory to God!"

Why do I wish you such a blessing? It will put you perfectly at leisure from yourself. You will give no more precious time to tinkering with the running gear of your soul; no more time spent thumping yourself to see if you have the blessing. Glory to God, you will have all your time to rescue men and women from sin and shame! Imagine Paul, who said, "it is no more I" spending days and weeks searching and examining his own experience. Ye are dead. There is no more "I" to examine. There is not "I" enough to examine; not "I" enough to search. It is "no more I." It is *Christ*, and Christ says He has annointed me, He has commissioned me to preach the gospel to this dying world. People come to me and say "I want to go into the slum work." I ask them, "Are you sanctified wholly?" and before they have had time to answer they have answered. Their very hesitation is an answer. The Lord wants us to get done with ourselves and with our own interests, and have all our time to weep and pray over the lost.

CHAPTER III.

MONARCH BORN IN A STABLE.

“For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulders. His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon His kingdom, to order it, and establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever.”
Isa. 9, 6-7.

The old prophet here stood upon the mount of inspiration and looked down the dark valley of seven hundred and thirtyeight years and saw the coming of the Messiah. He gazed upon the circumstances of His birth, the trials and tests of His life, the awful dark tragedy of His death, and he breaks out in the language of an inspired prophet, “Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given.” As we think this morning, of all that it means, it breaks our hearts.

The circumstances of the birth of Jesus were quite unique. The birth of earthly kings is always attended by great royal display.

Lords wait in the antechamber, messengers are mounted at the door, ready to herald the news of the advent, from city to city. Great preparations of the most splendid character are always made for such an event; but here the prophet sees a monarch born in a country village barn. His parents had walked eighty miles, and were hotelled in a stable. Strangers among strangers, and surrounded by enemies, Jesus the King of kings, and Lord of lords was born. What a strange sight! The Creator of the universe, the God of all living, born among cattle, with no display and no reception and no recognition, and almost nobody to love Him. Just a few shepherds and a few wise people, some humble folks gathered about the manger. But for the fact that it seemed to interfere with the supposed rights of others it would never have been known a half dozen blocks away. Thank God, He was born under just such circumstances. It would be well for us to remind ourselves that real Christianity will never get beyond the stable and manger. Even in this age of culture and refinement.

It seems very strange that we should expect and demand the recognition of this world, that we should ever expect the favor of men when our Lord was born under those circumstances, and living under the frown instead of the favor those years, and was put to death by those who ought to have received Him and honored Him. I can not quite understand the great disappointment that some people seem to suffer when a little persecution comes to them. I am at a loss to know what some holiness papers mean by making so much of the fact that a holiness preacher is placed at a great disadvantage ecclesiastically, and possibly deposed and sent to the woods. What more should be expected? Is the servant above His Lord? Why should we expect places of ease, and comfort, and luxury, and favor in this world when our Lord came unto His own and was rejected? When he came as the light of the world they rose up and put out the light? When He came to bless men He was treated as a curse, and was hung between two thieves? God help us not to get too far from our position, and keep us to where we will remember

the crowd to which we belong. We are not of this world and this world can not love us, and it is absurd for us to expect the love or favor of the world, or worldly churches, so long as we are closely identified with the despised Nazarene. I fear the applause of men. I repudiate and revolt from everything that seems like the favor of the world. Our Lord did not have it, and we must somehow order our steps so we will escape it. We must go through this world without allowing it to pat us familiarly on the shoulder. I can hardly endure the familiar pat, or familiar expression, from men whose hearts I know to be against the Christ of my text.

So our blessed Savior in this glorious prophecy is given five illustrious names. O how replete, how full! How much there is in the description heaven has given us of our Lord! An attempt has been made to aid us to appreciate all that He is and all that he can be to us. He is "*Wonderful, Counselor.*" The word "Counselor" means one who is not only fitted to give advice, to stand near kings or princes to give counsel, but the word involves the

thought of giving wise counsel. A man may know a great deal, and may be able to express it and yet not be a good counselor. But our Christ has always been not only the counselor of His people, but He has the power to Divinely guide them and turn them and enable them to escape all they ought to escape, and come in contact with all they ought to have. He is a wonderful Counselor! Beloved, I love Him this morning because He gives counsel contrary to all human instructions, and often leads us in paths which we would never choose and our friends would never choose for us. He often leads us contrary to what is known as prudent, or where some folks would choose to call sanctified common sense, because He leads us many a time contrary to the judgment of our friends. He has always done this; He of His own choice takes the foolish things and often counsels that which would seem to this world to be foolish.

It must have seemed very foolish to the Canaanites to have folks marching around their city every day for a week, and then to march around seven times on the seventh day,

and then do nothing but blows a ram's horn and shout. They must have laughed over it; but that was God's way of accomplishing His purpose, and He does not have to go according to the counsels of earth. It has always seemed strange to people that a boy—just a lad—should be sent out against a giant with nothing but a shepherd's sling, but it was God's counsel and it was the wisdom of heaven.

It has never been accepted yet by the world nor by the schools, and nobody seems able to explain why He should choose twelve fishermen and commission them to evangelize the world when there stood Rome ruling the world; there sat Jerusalem in the height of her splendor; there was the Sanhedrin, it was all that man could wish, yet God's counsel was to go down along the shore and take some boys with fish scales all over their clothes, to stop the mouths of earth's counselors and give wisdom to the schools.

Don't you suppose, Beloved, that you are going to be lead according to the counsel of our Christ if you are going to follow the

schools or the counsel of ecclesiastical bodies. If you are going with Jesus, many times you will have to go so misunderstood and misrepresented that you will go weeping, but you will go smiling through your tears; you will go burdened but dancing with joy; you will go serious and steady, but you will go surely. If you will follow His counsel you will go forward, not ignoring or despising the counsel of your friends, but weighing it all with care, you will follow the Lord just the same.

Well, this counsel is wonderful because of His choice of instruments. Why, nobody would want the folks He takes. There is hardly anybody gets chosen anymore until other folks have gotten through with them. The counsel of the Son of God is to take the people and the things that are no good, "that no flesh should glory in His presence," and then whatever is accomplished the honor and glory will be given to Him; but if you will read the list and look over the roll of honor this morning, most of you would doubtless feel disappointed and feel that you are not in it. Some of you might feel very much humiliated

to find yourself counted out, but God's choice, and the counsels of heaven is that He should take the weak things, the things that are despised, the things that are not. Praise the Lord! He makes no mistake.

He is a "Wonderful Counselor," again because He not only counsels you as to how you should go but He says, "I will go with you, and see that you get through alright." If you were to go to Cairo and ask a native for a chart by which you might cross the desert, he would laugh at you; he would say, "I can not tell you how, but I will go and show you." He has been there and knows the way. God has not only given us the chart, He has not only shown us the way, but He has been over it Himself and has sent the Holy Ghost as the representative. There are finger-boards up, it is true; there are warnings, "Look out for the engine;" there are indications all along, but for fear we may overlook some of them He sends the Holy Ghost with us that we should not lose our way, and with the chart in hand—the Bible—and the Holy Ghost in our hearts, a common fool can go through safely.

The plan was conceived in the counsel chamber of the skies, but it has been given to us, and wherever people have followed the counsel they have landed safely without shipwreck.

Again, He is a "Wonderful Counselor," because there is nothing in our lives so intricate, so difficult, so insignificant, but that He cares; and there is never such a tangled skein but that He can untangle it. He is interested in all you do or say. Other folks would listen to you but they have not time. You may meet me on the way and want to enter into conversation, but often I have a dozen things just ahead of me, and I can't listen to you, and everybody may seem so busy that they cannot stop to listen, but Jesus always has time to stop and hear you through with every little thing. If you talk half an hour it is all right; if you talk three hours He likes it better. If you come to me, sometimes from force of circumstances, I am compelled to ask to be excused; but the Lord never does, He will hear you through. Never a tear gathers on your cheek, my sister, never a heartache, never a heave of your breast, but that the Son of God

knows about it, and is moved with compassion, and His great tender heart of love is ready to advise you in the little things, the difficult things, in the things you can hardly explain to your dearest friends, in the things you keep shut up in your own soul, and oftentimes it is proper that you should, and He will comfort you. Others sleep, but He stays awake all night and watches your interests. He sees how you act and how you feel in the severest trials that ever come to you; and He will untangle the most tangled circumstances, and pile it up in a straight pile like cordwood. If there is anything so knotty that you do not understand it now, He will make you feel as contented as if you did. Instead of being troubled about the mysterious you will say, "I will just leave that until the clouds part and He comes back again."

The next name is "*The Mighty God.*" What does this suggest? It suggests that He is not only capable of giving counsel but He is able to carry it into effect. He is able to advise, and He is able to execute. He can tell you what and how, and He is able to do it for

you. Some people can counsel us but they leave us counsellless. The Mighty God who framed the world; the God by whom all things exist this hour. We have Him. Why should we fear? Why should we tremble?

“What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms?”

The clouds gather, the thunders rumble, I almost get frightened. I sometimes feel like my whole frame was fairly quivering, then I remember some text like this, and I hide and rest and sleep like an infant. There is nothing to fear, my sister; do not be afraid. Brother, do not tremble; the Mighty God is ours and He will stand between us and all difficulties.

“*The Everlasting Father.*” What does this mean? It means that He can, not only do all that we have hinted at, but He can keep it up forever. He can, not only do it once, but again and again, and what He did for the prophets or martyrs He can do for us, and He is doing them for some of us. What He did for us yesterday He can do for us tomorrow; He is “the Everlasting Father.” Thank God for something that will not fail, for a salvation

that will never crumble! Mutability is written on everything about us. Stand where you will, everything is getting mossy and dingy; and everybody is getting wrinkled and gray; and everything is getting old. It only takes a few years to change the old homestead until you can hardly feel that it is the same place when you go back. You go into the old country church where you went when you were a child and you see but few people that you ever saw before. Everything is changing. Thank God we have a salvation that never changes. "The Everlasting Father!" How little the things of this earth have amounted to anyway. The great centers of this world, the boasted centers of power; the kingdoms and thrones and emperors of this earth—how they have gone down into oblivion! But how people who have had "the Everlasting Father" have scattered all their foes, outlived all their enemies, and blazed and burned and shone for God, and will go on forever. What is Pharoah this morning but a withered old mummy in a glass case in the British museum? Moses stands out as the

most illustrious character of all that century. What is Cæsar anyhow but a particle of dust that goes to make up old Rome, but Paul is preaching to millions and millions of people this hour. What has become of Nebuchadnezzar's grandeur? I am told that the exact site of his splendid magnificance can not be identified, but the prophecies of Daniel live on, and are just now reaching their most glorious fulfilment. Who in this audience can tell me the names of the ten unfaithful spies? Not one. But every school girl knows of Caleb and Joshua. The kingdoms of this world have fallen into decay but the smallest particles which have been truly Divine lives and will live forever. Many of the greatest men of earth are almost forgotten, but the men who have walked with God in the past, however humble, are walking with Him to-day over the hill-tops of glory and they will come with Him in the clouds when He comes back to this world. Thank God for something that will never get old—"the Everlasting Father."

I remember when I used to have a sense of

loneliness and regret for such a glorious opportunity as this Campmeeting to come to a close. How I dreaded for the meeting to conclude, but when I get to this thought that is burning in my soul this morning, and came to know the Christ of my text, it was all changed. The Cincinnati Campmeeting will never break up, these are days of triumph and of victory; and the very Person who makes this Campmeeting what it is, has promised to go home with everyone of us and make our homes, our kitchens, our parlors, our farms and places of business a Campmeeting, and He has promised to journey with us until the Lord comes back again. Holiness will never get old. People come to me and say, "Well, this is a wonderful meeting; I never saw anything like it." Well, it is under wonderful management. His name is "Wonderful." Every time I get a new glimpse of new scenes in the kingdom, I say, "It is wonderful." But why not? This is His name. Do you know our lives are not only to be filled with wonder, amazement, astonishment, and with things that the world does not understand, but it is

going to be wonderful forever. Don't you suppose for a minute that we are going to comprehend Heaven in half an hour. Do you suppose there will be no progress there? We are distinctly told that "to the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end." Not only what we have is to reap forever, but there is to be no end to the increase of it. Do you know we will add to it, the next day it will be doubled, and soon it will be multiplied; to the increase there shall be no end. This Campmeeting will never die.

Again, He is the "*Prince of Peace.*" This distinguishes our Christ from the kings and princes who have delighted in conquest and bloodshed, and have made themselves distinguished because they have loved that sort of thing. Our Christ is just the opposite: He loves peace, and He declares it everywhere He goes, and if he ever comes into your heart, He will not only give you peace, but He will be the "Prince of Peace" to sit on the throne and see that peace is observed, that there are no disturbers of peace in your soul, and that all the combined forces of earth and hell cannot

disturb the peace that comes into your breast. Just as He beckoned to the troubled sea; just as He speaks a word; just a look is enough; the "Prince of Peace" will hush and quiet all our fears and all disturbing elements will be paralyzed. The delegates from hell will find themselves stunned, paralyzed, held in powerless inaction when they come to attack us. They will find us under the reign of a "Prince of Peace." Glory to God for this Sabbath-like rest, this holy hush, this tranquil stillness that can never be explained! Thank the Lord it can never be taken from us.

When our Lord shall come again, the nations of the earth will beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and they will learn war no more. It will be a time of blessed, holy peace and quiet such as we have read and dreamed of all our lives. Let Him come in. He will take all your cares, answer all your questions, satisfy every longing, rest your tired soul, and you will sing and smile and laugh and will hardly know why, but the peace of God will flood your being, and every time a wave comes in it will

only cut deeper channels for fuller tides, and you will go on and on in this holy peace forever.

In connection with this I want to notice that "*the government is on His shoulders.*" Turn to the twentysecond chapter, twentysecond verse, and we find it declared that the keys of the house of David shall be upon His shoulder, and as the text says, "to His government there shall be no end." A key is that by which we unlock or fasten a house. To possess the key is to be in possession of the property. You sometimes surrender the property by giving up the key. To have the key, means a right to possess, or go in or go out, a right to shut and to open. The verse referred to says, "He shall open and no man shall shut; He shall shut and none shall open." Now, I am told that the ancient lock was a large wooden lock, and the keys were large and also made of wood. They were sometimes carried on the shoulder, and to see a man carrying a large wooden key meant that he had authority to unlock the treasury, that he had access to the storehouse where the treasures were kept, so

the Word says that the keys of the house of David are placed on the shoulder of Jesus. That means that He can unlock all the treasures of the skies; that He can get in to where all the resources are held in reserve; that He understands the whole combination; and when He walked out of Joseph's new tomb with the key of the house of David on His shoulder He practically said, "Come on, Beloved, I will let you in; come on, everything is purchased, and however it is locked, or however it is guarded I am able to unlock it. I will take you to where the gold is, to where the diamonds shine, where there are pearls of great price. Come, go with me when you are hungry, and I will take you to the cupboard." You can not think of anything that your soul may desire but that He is able to give it to you.

Come on, Beloved, let us go with Him; the keys are on His shoulder. Angels may seem to forbid you; men may say, "Do not trouble the Master;" but He says, "Come on. When I open no one can shut; when I shut none can open." Thank God this morning, He has

opened the treasures of the skies to my soul! How slow my heart has been to follow; by the grace of God I will quicken my pace, and I am making better time in this campmeeting than ever before. The more I am called to suffer, the more I am going to find among the supplies. Come on, poor soul; come on, sin-sick sinner, disappointed heart and He will make life worth living; He invites the hopeless of earth. Let everybody come and follow Him; He is just now about to turn the key; some of these days the lock will spring back, and the door will open wide, and we will be ushered into the presence of the King.

There have always been a few saints who were determined to follow Him so closely as to get the best things. There have always been a few, Elisha-like, who were determined to see Him and get the mantle. The key of the house of David is on His shoulder, and on His broad shoulder rests the government of the kingdom. Why, some people seem to think that they are almost too much for God to manage. They would not be if they would only give Him a chance. He who created us

is able to deliver us and guide us through all the minutia of life.

Sinner, receive Jesus. Believer, seek and find your Petecost. Saints, do not be discouraged. He who sends us against brazen walls will be there in time to batter them down. Let all who will receive and walk with Him. Open wide the door of your hearts and let the blessed Savior come in.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BESETTING SIN.

“Wherefore seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself lest ye, be wearied and faint in your minds.” Heb. 12: 1-4.

These first verses of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews gives us a description of the heavenly race which must be run with patience, looking unto Jesus. The world is full of races in these times. During the past year there have been hundreds of competitions, both by sea and by land. Some of them have been credible but, usually, they are most disreputable and demoralizing in their influences. They are entered into with all the zest of which human nature is capable. We have reached a time in the history of the world when many of our seminaries and universities give almost as

much time to training heels as heads. These worldly competitions have a strange fascination for almost all classes except the wholly sanctified.

Many of the evils of these days are but perversions of something good. A desire to excell in the best and highest things is quite lawful. God has planted in the human heart for wise purposes a desire to reach the highest excellence. The Apostle, who is the author of this text, some times speaks in a military style; and when he does he uses the strongest figures possible. For the most forceful illustration of the warfare against sin and Satan, as waged by a true Christian soldier.

But here he is speaking in a gymnastic style, and refers to the Olympic games and races, which were the customs of those times, as a figure of the Christian race and makes the strongest possible effort to apply this illustration to the principles which he has recorded in the previous chapter. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews is often called the pyramid of faith. It is a collection of the most wonderful things that have ever occurred in the history of

God's own people. He piles up in this, the eleventh chapter, the strongest characters—the men who have reached the highest experiences in Divine grace. We find that he begins at the beginning of all things and declares that it was by faith that all these mighty results were brought to pass. And the men who have stood head and shoulders above the rank and file in the realm of the spiritual life reached this eminence and accomplished what they did, and suffered what they endured, through faith. Such men as Abraham and Moses or Enoch, who walked with God three hundred years, are in this list. One after another of the holy prophets are mentioned, together with their startling exploits until he comes down to the days of Jesus and then turns and says, that all the wonderful things thus piled up were wrought through faith. He then regards this long list of heroes as a cloud of witnesses, watching our race. "Seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses let us lay aside every weight, running with patience the race that is set before us."

The Christian race is full of rugged realities.

There is a great deal about some people's religion that seems mostly emotion, gush or foam, but I do not see how anybody can walk through the eleventh chapter of Hebrews without being profoundly impressed with the fact that it means walking in a rugged way to go through with God. To face our foes and to enter upon this holy warfare means a perpetual conflict, an engagement with regiments of living foes. Enemies entirely too strong for us confront us at every forward step, but while we have the most powerful enemies to face we have the most glorious possibilities stretched out before us. Here we are called upon to run a race and I notice enough in this text to make me feel that we ought to be bent on this one thing. "This one thing I do." And if so every thing that would hinder must go. Anything that would impede our progress or that would in any wise hinder us from making the best possible time in this heavenly race must be laid aside. It is not enough that we are saved and sanctified. This is wonderful but it is not the ultimatum, it is only the beginning. We are to run the race

and run it creditably. To run it to win a prize. It is glorious beyond expression to be saved, to know that our names are written in heaven, to have a clear, keen, sweet consciousness that we are ready to enter into the city; but in this text there is more. A prize is held up, plaudits are to be sounded, scepters to be given, well dones announced, crowns to be bestowed, and the lasting fame of eternity may be ours through all the roll of coming centuries. There is something besides salvation for every man who wants it.

The apostle was saved from all sin but he said, "I must forget something and I must get something, a prize, a crown, something at the end of the race." There is something a man may loose and yet have salvation. There is something a man may miss and yet get into heaven. Paul had forgiveness of sins, he was sanctified wholly, but there was a something at the end of the race which induced him to do his best. There was something he might possess and so he says, "forgetting everything else, leaving everything else behind, I will press through

what ever comes but I must have this prize." I want to notice at this stage of my remarks that the racer was trained and prepared with great care by a trainer. Great preparations were made for these races. The runner often carried bags of sand for days before the race came off, that he might feel light footed and do his best. But he never ran with a bag of sand. He always laid everything aside before he ran the race. There are certain things we are called upon in this passage to lay aside.

I want to notice that we are to lay aside the sin that does so easily beset us. That besetting sin is inbred sin. Someone said the other day "my besetting sin is a hasty temper;" another has said, "mine is pride;" another has thought it is "selfishness," and so on, but this is a mistake. The besetting sin is inbred sin, and pride, temper, malice, selfishness, anger, etc., are the outgrowth or the outputtings of it. Inbred sin is responsible for the whole catalogue. It is the nest egg or the original stock of everything that is evil. "The upsetting sin" as the old lady said. The sin that causes a person to do unkind things. The

sin that keeps him from selfdenial and from being unselfish. Inbred sin is responsible for all the irregularities in the life of one who is a real Christian but is not yet sanctified. There are a great many people who have gone through the motions of getting it out and say they have gotten rid of it, but their life proves their mistake. Inbred sin will not relinquish its hold on the spiritual nature by mere hints or signs or resolutions. Do not think you can shout it out or frighten it away by a few jumps. Carnality fastens its awful fangs on the human soul and grips the very fiber of your being, and buries its talons in the innermost part of your moral nature. It will never let go until the mighty power of God comes upon the soul and bids it depart. Many are mistaken. There are people here this morning who think they have been sanctified who are not. Inbred sin is subtle, it is deceptive, it is persuasive.

Inbred sin is sometimes termed the Old Man, the body of sin. He will agree to put up with all sorts of treatment or discipline that it is possible to subject him to, if he is only

allowed to remain in the soul. He will agree to take the smallest and most inconvenient corner if he may only be allowed to stay. He dreads the thought of annihilation. He stoutly protests against cruelty and against being expelled.

The cross is a rugged way and he seeks something easier. But real crucifixion of the body of sin is the only cure for irregularities in Christian life. Thank God, it is possible to get the real thing. The baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire destroys carnality, settles us down and gives us a solidity found nowhere else.

This is what gives us weight; takes away all that is chaffy, frivolous and nonsensical. We are often deeply pained by a frivolity found among the so-called Holiness people. The entirely sanctified soul takes on solidity and moves with a sort of a spiritual poise and fixedness of purpose that causes him to keep on his way no matter what difficulties and trials he may be called to encounter.

“Lay aside the sin.” It is hard work to do it. It means a funeral. It means to be

crucified. It means to part with the thing that is nearest and dearest to your heart. The thing that you have coddled and nursed and hugged. God help us this morning to see, that if we are to run this race we must lay aside inbred sin.

I have seen many altar services where people are put through a sham process with shouting and singing, and when they get through the work will have to be done over again. If you get through by the Omnipotent energies of the Holy Ghost you will be free from inbred sin. I am so glad that He sanctified me, and that I laid aside every weight and the sin that did so easily beset me.

It is a great mistake to go forward to the altar to get rid of any particular sin, the thing to do is to get rid of inbred sin. If you can down and conquer yourself you will be able to down and conquer all that come up against you. We must have victory in our own souls before we can expect to conquer in the open field.

Again, I notice that we are not only to lay aside the sin, but there are weights. There

are many weights not sinful within themselves but they will impede our progress, and if we find that this is the case, they must be laid aside. The Holy Ghost will teach us how we ought to live and act. But we must never undertake to harness anybody else up to our practice in things not essential.

There are some things too heavy to carry and run well. A flowing wrapper or a morning robe may do for the chamber or rocking chair, but it would not be convenient to run a race in. There are some things we must lay aside. The Holy Ghost will tell us what they are. If we are going to run this race we must be at our best. Now the thought I want to impress is this, that we are not to stop at being saved and sanctified, shouting over this fact all the time, jumping up and down in a peck measure, but we want to get up and go out and get somewhere. We must make progress. It is a race and we must win. I say to you this morning, that if I can find anything in my heart or life that is hindering me from making the best time possible in this race, I will lay it aside.

It will take at least a two forty gait to make this race creditably. God's thought is to so fill us with the Holy Ghost that we can run this race with ease, with alacrity and speed.

I once read about two Irish chieftains, who both laid claim to a beautiful mountain lake. To settle the question of ownership a challenge was made of a race across the lake, and the one who first touched the opposite shore should be declared the owner. They rowed hard. The race was even until they were more than half across the lake, when one of the boats began to fall behind and the other was fast nearing the shore. Suddenly the one who was behind picked up a hatchet and cut off his hand, and taking it in the other hand threw it to the shore. With respect to his courage he was declared the owner. This is only a story which I read, but it illustrates my point. We must win the prize if we have to cut off our right hand, or pluck out a right eye. We must touch the shore. We must win the crown. The Bible announces that if your right eye offend you pluck it out, or if your right hand, cut it off. Anything that

impedes your progress you must lay aside, no matter what the cost.

Another thing I notice in this race the racer had no time to watch what was going on around him. He must live in constant application to the end in view. The galleries were crowded with people, but he had no time to glance at them. If you are going to make the best time you have got to keep your eyes off of people and surroundings. In a very important sense we have got to leave other people alone if we are going to succeed in this race.

Again, I notice it is a race of patience. When I begin to talk about "running" and "getting somewhere," and "doing something," somebody feels they must jump higher and make more noise, but that is not it. Our race is not a race of manliness so much as it is one of patience. It is not so much what we do as what we can suffer. Often we are making the best time when we are waiting upon God, and perhaps in the eyes of others are making little progress. Surrounded by a great deal of noise and demonstration there often

comes a temptation to some to think they must be doing the same way. This race is a race of patience and many a time I have made more progress by standing still to see the salvation of the Lord. There will be times when you will not feel like you are running, but you are, and these are the times when you outgrow your clothes. In the midst of the sorest trials, the deepest testings, the most painful conflicts, the most protracted sorrows, the things that seem to have no end, these may be the very things that are giving you spiritual development. I am talking to you right out of my own heart. There is a patient running of this race in which you will be making good time even when folks think you are backslidden. If we are making good time with the Lord it is enough. Oh, if He can look at us and say, "well done;" if He can say, "she hath done what she could." If the Lord can smile upon you in your coffinbox and say, "good and faithful servant," it will be well. It is not so much what we accomplish as where we are. Your race may largely be one of suffering, but if you patiently endure all and

suffer without complaint, you will certainly touch the other shore and win the crown.

Look at the characters piled up in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. They were sawn asunder, they were hung on hooks, they were crucified, some of them with their heads downward; they were boiled in oil and were better after they were boiled than before. Stripes, imprisonments, scourgings—Paul, this does not look much like victory, you being let down the wall of the city in a basket to save your life. But Paul cries out, “Thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph.” As much going down in a basket as up in a balloon. The lower down you go the higher up you are. It is not in how high you can jump, nor how loud you can shout. All there is in demonstration is simply the product of what you have in your soul and when it is regarded as more than this, it is a snare and a hindrance. The emotions you can only have for a time, but I am talking about something you can keep up forever.

I used to be afraid to get old until I had met a few old folks who had the blessing, then

I had no more fears. I am going to finish my course, I do not care how I feel. If I would thump myself to see how I feel, many times I would conclude that I had no religion, but I have something better to go by than that. We live by *faith*. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for;" and I would rather have the substance any time than the shadow. If a man has faith he can run through Monday, and over across Wednesday, and down through Friday and Saturday and have victory every step of the way.

Now, beloved, it is easy for you to shout just here, but do you know I am burdened. Do you know I have groans in my soul. Some of you were raised on farms and you know the difference in the sound of the rattle of a loaded or empty wagon. You know how on a cold wintry day a heavily loaded wagon starts to market, how she jingles. How different the sound is when she comes home empty. Beloved, I am concerned that our people should be loaded wagons and they should be burdened and carry this burden of souls until the Lord shall say, "you are running this race

with patience, looking unto Jesus." There were times in the life of Jesus when "for the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame." He was buffeted and rejected; He was spit upon and smitten; He wore the purple of derision, but despising the shame He hurried to the cross. He pressed His way through and accomplished the object of His undertaking. Many times they tried to kill Him; but He said, "My Father's work I must do." And He pushed through the forty days and nights in the wilderness; through the darkness of that awful night in the garden. He hurried through the judgment hall and hurried up to the cross. He pressed His way to where He could say, "It is finished." It was the joy that was set before Him that made Him forget everything; and when the multitudes were around Him, and they were weeping, He turned to them and said, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." He was so self denying and forgetful of all His own interests, His thought was all for others, and despising the shame He forgot everything and

suffered everything to save you and me. Beloved, let us go and do likewise.

We want to get through so the witnesses will not be ashamed of us. Now they are in the galleries of Heaven. He says they are witnesses. Talk about wondering whether Brother Knapp knows what is going on in this Bible School. If this text means anything it means that those who have gone before are witnessing our race. What is contained in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews is just like saying, "The galleries of heaven are full of just such men as I have mentioned here; Do your best." This is my translation. Oh, if we could just realize the fact that we are surrounded by those who have run the race and won the prize. A few years ago they were in the very race we are now running. A few years more and we will be where they are. It is only a short time. The race is short. We must succeed. "Looking unto Jesus."

You know these are days of awful testings. These are days when those who walk in the Holy Ghost have trials to bear that they never dreamed of. Hence there must be a continual

“looking unto Jesus.” We sometimes try to do too much; make too hard work of it. It is just by a look that we get the Blessing, and just by a look that we keep it. Considering Him. Not considering ourselves; not considering our trials; not considering our circumstances. Consider Him and you will be making time in the heavenly race.

I was burdened with a message for you this morning. Not for your sakes alone but for the people to whom you are going to preach. I want you to tell them it is a race and they must be up and at it. The young man, when he went to Jesus, laid aside his garment. He felt it might hinder him getting through the press. We must do likewise.

In conclusion I want to testify I am asking God to eliminate from me everything that impedes my progress. Entire sanctification is instantaneous in its reception, but there is so much to leave off, such a vast deal to learn, so much to be developed after we are sanctified, that in this sense it is a gradual work. If God can have His way with us He will bring out the rugged qualities and make us strong men and women to run a good race.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

“There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed.”
Josh. 13: 1.

The conquest of Canaan under the leadership of Joshua was a most striking type of the conquest of Christianity under the leadership of Christ, the Captain of our salvation.

It is one thing to cross the River Jordan and sing a song; it is another thing to enter in, and quite another thing to shout down the walls of Jericho, to stone Achan to death at Ai, to go on until it can be said that the whole land is possessed. At the time these words were uttered it could be truthfully said that the land of Canaan was subdued. The Southern kings and their power had been broken at Horeb, and the North countries had been subdued at the waters of Merom. But when it came to the individual possession of their individual inheritance the people were so slack that Joshua threw down a challenge and cried

out, "how long are ye slack to go up and possess the land which the Lord your God hath given to your fathers." Their hesitation is a striking picture, first, of the Christian age, and second of individual Christian experience. When we glance over the past we can not fail to note how slack, how reluctant Christianity has been to go up and possess the land, and to carry out the great commission of her glorified Head. How slack American Protestantism has been, and is, to publish the whole Bible to a lost world. After nineteen centuries, two thirds of the population of the earth are without a knowledge of Christ, and nine-tenths of the people are without salvation. With the awful increase of heathenism during the centuries of sin, with the neglected masses in so called Christendom, and darkness that can be felt on every hand, we must see how slow the professed Christian Church has been to go up and accomplish the purpose of God. God's purposes are most noble. He has some magnificent plans even for this old world if He only can find somebody who would carry them out, but in all the past ages it has occurred

again and again, that He has had to make much of sanctified individuality, and sometimes has had to take a single individual with whom to accomplish that, which the whole Church ought to have done. Many a time He has lifted, even from the masses, somebody who could stay the rising tide of spiritual death, and turn back the powers of darkness and publish a gospel that would save from sin, and give another generation a chance. All along the ages the reluctance of His people has been apparent. It is all about us to day. The necessity of this campmeeting, the fact that we are here as we are this morning is the result of almost universal lethargy and indifference about us. We are here from the force of circumstances. To see what the Lord will do and to see what can be done to carry out the great Commission so neglected by its professed friends. God have mercy on the empty profession of these times! Uncover deceit and bring such power upon us as will cause hypocrisy to cover its accursed head in everlasting shame. Lament these facts as we may, there is no earthly power that can change

them. God must make bare His arm, let the power of His gospel fall down upon us. He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto Him. This is not only a picture of the Church but a picture of individual Christian experience. Here questions will confront many of us that must be settled. God help us to meet them manfully and to settle them for the right. And "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." The weakness of the Christian Church is traceable to the fact that she has never received the Holy Ghost. The weakness of the so called Holiness movement is traceable to the fact that they have failed to recognize the Holy Ghost, and go on to possess the land. Many have doubtless received the Holy Ghost, but by ignoring His gifts and graces have grieved Him and quenched Him until He has withdrawn. The weakness of the Holiness movement and its inglorious defeat in many places is traceable to the fact that the people have failed to receive the gifts of the Spirit, have not recognized Him as Captain of the Lord's host, and have failed to keep Him in the front. Many

of us have desired to be leaders ourselves. We have called upon Him to help us when we ought to have recognized that the work was His, and we are the helpers. We have called upon Him in our emergencies when we ought to have recognized that He is the sole proprietor of all that concerns us. We have come to Him in times of trouble when we ought to have trusted Him to keep us out of trouble. Some have made the mistake of supposing that entire sanctification is the ultimatum of Christian experience when it is only the beginning of a triumphant, victorious, conquering tread which means to possess the land to the going down of the sun. Thousands have failed to keep step with God, and the worst thing that could be said about them is, that they are left behind. Many of them still profess holiness and testify to it straight, but they are certainly deserted, empty, and powerless, and making a disgraceful failure. Many forget that entire sanctification is not only instantaneous but gradual, and the gradual phase of this experience is sadly neglected in these days. It is instantaneous in its reception and the de-

struction of inbred sin takes place in a moment of time, and the coming of the Holy Ghost to His temple is sudden, but sanctification is gradual in its out workings and out puttings of the Spirit in every day life. While our hearts are made clean in a moment, our lives are conformed to His image as the years go by. This requires time, patience, labor, and waiting upon God, that the highest purposes of God may be accomplished in and through us and that we may possess the land.

The principles of the art of stenography may be learned in a comparatively short time, but the easy and rapid development and practical exercise of these principles requires time. There are a great many things in Christian experience that we can get in a moment which it may require years to learn how to use with perfect ease. Paul says, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therein to be content." I have *learned* them. Some things come by revelation and some things come by learning. Paul says, "I have learned how to be abased as well as how to abound." There are a great many people who are abased but they do not

know how, Paul says, "I know *how* to be abased." He knew how to have comforts, to have comfortable circumstances without allowing it to puff him up. On the other hand he knew how to be abased. He knew how to sleep on the floor of a dark, dingy room without complaining. He knew how to do it. It is one thing to have to do it and another to know how to do it. This gradual phase of Christian experience is so sadly neglected that many are shorn of their strength and have utterly failed to keep step with God. It was the Lord that said unto Joshua, "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed;" and at the time He uttered these words there were thirtyone headless sovereigns lying at Joshua's feet, and thirtyone mighty strongholds in his grasp, and yet there remaineth very much land to be possessed. They downed the representatives of the land they possessed, they had possessed the strongholds but God says, "Do not conclude that you have reached your climax." There are greater lengths to be traversed, and higher heights to be scaled. Go on to the going down of the sun. With

many of us our former education is against us, we have been wrongly instructed. It has been laid on in such thicknesses that the Holy Ghost must take it off in layers; layer by layer. Peter was such a Jew that he had to have a sheet experience to stretch his head after his heart had been made clean. If we will walk with God, we will go on to find tremendous things, things we have never dreamed. We will find the Lord talking to us about our body, and will be lead to trust Him with our physical condition, with our circumstances, with the strange providences that come into our lives, the things that never can be explained, and He will guide and protect us under awful pressure. In the most perplexing and trying surroundings, we will find the Holy Ghost hushing our soul's cry, singing some sweet song which will put us to sleep. To follow on, to know the Lord is to trust Him in the strangest and most aggravating circumstances. We may find ourselves enveloped in difficulties, trials and circumstantial darkness, yet singing like a nightingale, rejoicing evermore, and drinking from a fountain of such

depth that there is no possibility of exhaustion. The opposition to a whole Gospel in the so called holiness movement is traceable to the fact that the people have not kept step with the Holy Ghost. They may have had as genuine a Pentecost as any one, but if they object to anything between the lids of the Book it is because of a lack of acquaintance with the Author of the Book, and persisted in, will produce leanness of soul. If some of you who listen this morning had kept step with Him, He would have whispered to you about the picnic that is to take place in the skies. If you had walked in solitary retirement with the presence of the Lord, you would have known the secret of His coming back to earth again. With the real progressive saint there are times when friends have proven false, everything seems unfavorable, heartbroken, filled with sorrow inexpressible, suddenly the whole scene changes and He whispers to you about His coming back to pick you up and take you out of the coming tribulation and house you up in the New Jerusalem, where you shall not see the awful things which are

surely coming upon the inhabitants of this earth. Those who receive the Holy Ghost do not have to have much theology to know the value of salvation. They may need it to know how to tax the patience of the people with their dry sermons but they never need the theology of the schools to get the old fundamental truths from God. Man does not have to leave his business and glean libraries to make him orthodox. The Lord may have to knock out of him a lot of things the schools have put in, but He is able to do it. God not only scrapes the heart and enlarges the head but men with only a few ounces of brains have been used to accomplish more than the heavy weights in theology. The wholly sanctified see the city that is out of sight; comprehend the incomprehensible; understand the mysterious and know the things that the thousands of earth never know. The Lord will whisper secrets to you that would astonish lords, counselors, and kings of earth. If you walk with Him you will get acquainted with Him and His works. You will find great comfort and consolation in trials, in sorrow, in bereavement.

It is simply inexplicable. Nobody can understand it; but they who shut themselves up in the secret place of the Most High and talk with the Comforter and He bathes their souls in the water of life, and pours in the oil—the pure beaten oil, and they sit in His presence. If He seems to be silent at times they are not restless. There is something most satisfying about sitting in the silent presence of one whom you love. His comforting presence gives consolation and solidity; He holds us steady with remarkable fixedness while we go on to possess the land. Brother, sister, are you going on? Have you reached the banks of Jordan?

Canaan is spoken of as being bounded on the right and on the left, but in front of us there is no boundary line, it is to the going down of the sun. This glorious morning some of us are sitting upon the summit of a great blessing, but it only enables us to see another range, and when you reach the top of another peak, there are still other ranges, other heights of spiritual blessedness. You will go on bounding and bounding, and some of these days,

like bounding Paul, you will go bounding into the city of God.

There is something in this progressive, this arm to arm walk with the Holy Ghost, that is like nothing else in the universe. On and on, we do not stop with the downfall of any city, or the beheading of any king, we go on to obtain our individual inheritance. Let us lift up our eyes this morning and behold the magnitude of His purchase for us. Some of these times we will go over there where Achsah's blessing is found. When she was married, she requested her father, Caleb, to give her not only the Southland, which was her inheritance, but also "the upper and nether springs." The Southland was located under a burning sun, and often scorched with burning heat, but she succeeded in getting, not only the lower springs, but the upper springs, and from the springs in the mountains, fed by the constantly melting snow, she had waters that not only cooled and refreshed, but fertilized the Southland. When under the scorching sun her pools, rills, rivulets and brooks dried up, when the rills of the valley were no more, here came

the streams from the upper springs. They were never failing. The others would dry under torrid heat, but she had demanded springs which would never dry up no difference what came. Achsah was a most striking and beautiful type of this wonderful blessing of sanctification. O, there is a place, thank God, where we may, not only have the nether springs of earthly joys, companionship of friends and loved ones, of temporal blessings which the Lord bestows upon us, but when these are all gone, and every earthly joy is dried up, and the last human prop is fallen, then from the upper springs of God's bountiful ocean of love and grace will come the cool, refreshing streams upon our souls that will cause us to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

There are times with all of us when earthly springs fail; the joys of this earth will fade. I have known some who once lived in palacial homes, drove fine horses, and rode in splendid carriages, but their earthly resources have fled away and they are living in a humble cottage, but I find them with streaming eyes, with shin-

ing faces; I find them drinking of the springs that never fail, the upper spring. Thank God there is a place of never failing fountains! It is mountain water, it comes from the hill tops of Heaven, it comes from the streams that make glad the city of God. Here the saints are abundantly satisfied with the fatness of His house, and they drink of the rivers of His pleasure. The saints who have persevered through and who have accomplished the most for God have always had these springs. Abraham found them on Mt. Moriah. Moses found these springs among the hills of Midian. David found them when he had to flee for his life from the face of his enemies, and hide in caves and desert places. He drank, and drank, and drank, he sang about the rivers "the streams whereof make glad the city of God."

Isaiah, in the midst of the darkness and trials which surrounded his life, found these upper springs and sang of the glorious streams and fountains, and would break out sometimes and say, "with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Habakkuk

found these springs when the pastures were dry and sear; when the flocks had failed; when there was nothing in the herd or stall; when the crops were all dried up and there was nothing in the vineyard, he sat down under his own vine and fig tree and sang, "Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Paul and Silas found these springs in the old prison at Philippi, and they sang the doors open and sang the prisoner free, for they had these upper springs of never failing joy. John Bunyan found these springs in Bedford jail and said one day, "So they had me off to prison, I sat me down to write. I wrote and wrote, for joy did make me write." Mary Dyer found these springs on the scaffold on Boston Commons, and she drank and drank until her soul took its flight to the city of God. Her shining face, after she was in the coffin box, witnessed that she drank until she was intoxicated from the holy water of the upper springs beyond the stars. Beloved, don't mistake yourself. These springs are still running. Don't you believe that they are all dried up. Don't you believe

that a spontaneous Christian experience is a thing of the past. Christianity has not changed. They may tell you that we are less emotional, and that education has changed our feelings, but don't you believe it, sir. The spirit of this world has not changed and the spirit of the Gospel is the same forever. When the school men tell you that we have outgrown an emotional religion you just take another drink from the upper springs. When you are puzzled how to sufficiently thank God for what He has done for you, join the Psalmist and say, "I will take the cup of salvation." If the ponds and pools about you are empty, and the rills have gone dry, remember that you can drink from the upper springs and thirst no more.

In every age where men have accomplished the purpose of God in any marked way they have had to cut new channels. They have had to leave the old land marks, they have had to go alone. They have had to cut new channels for fuller tides. And, sir, if you are in this movement to have something merely ordinary, I can not go with you; but if this con-

gregation will join us in seeking something extraordinary, even if we have to cut new channels, to leave the old beaten paths and get out of the old ruts, to go the whole way with God, regardless of men or devils, I am with you forever. The men and movements who have accomplished the most for God have been those who have utterly ignored the beaten paths of a worldly religion, and have done things regarded as extreme, extravagant, unreasonable. They have never tried to make Christianity harmonize with human reason or human smartness. Abraham was a pioneer; Jonah was the first missionary to Nineveh; Moses had to turn his back upon all the learning of forty years and go out with nothing but a crooked stick. With all his knowledge of medicine, with all his learning, for he was laden with literary honors, he had to turn his back upon it and simply put a piece of brass upon a pole for folks to look at. Martin Luther, George Fox, John Wesley, and every one who has accomplished any great thing for God has had to go at it misunderstood, and has had to do seemingly outlandish and most ex-

treme things to accomplish the purpose of God, so, if we are going to go on we will have to cut new channels. New trials will come to us, very difficult things will appear before us, the enemy will accuse, plan, scheme and come from various quarters, but if we are going to walk with the Holy Ghost, thank God, we will possess the land. For one, Beloved, I am going on to possess the land. I have prayed and wept and written articles and preached about the coming Pentecost too long to back down when it comes. It is folly for us to write about it and tell about it and then get frightened when we see the billows of glory breaking in upon us. God is my witness, there is not in my soul a trace of compromise, and while I am here on earth and God gives me breath I am going to do my utmost against sin and to possess every foot of territory possible. Beloved, we are not back to Pentecostal power, we are not back to Pentecostal manifestations, but some of us are headed that way. We are going after the sunset. We see that "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." If squatters have taken

possession of our plains that is their lookout, we will have to look after our own affairs. They must retreat, we must possess the land. All we have to do is to put our foot on the territory and the Lord says we may have as much as we walk over. I purpose to walk myself to death. I must possess the land.

While in my room, before I came to this platform, I heard from the skies. I saw that for this campmeeting "there remaineth yet much land to be possessed." Somebody must take it. Somebody must pitch their tents that way. The coming of the Lord has been delayed because the land has not been possessed. One generation after the other has been swept off the earth. God is waiting until He can find a generation who will go up and possess the land. What if it might be us. It seems too exalted to be true, but I would like nothing better. I believe if God can have His way with it, this very movement, will finally bring about the consummation of this present age. Every seat at the marriage supper of the Lamb must be taken. The last seat may be taken soon, then our Lord will rise up, gird

Himself, and we will meet Him in the air and will go in to the marriage supper of the Lamb. I must be there.

You can not go up to possess the land unless you are in it, and you can not get in unless you are fully saved. So many will have to begin at the beginning. I have before me a lot of people who if they had given attention to the gradual phase of sanctification would have been years and years in advance of where they are, and instead of running in for repairs at every campmeeting, would be preaching and singing and shouting for God; perhaps on the other side of the world. I wish this morning you would go down and get something so that you would never have to go to an altar again. I wish you would get something so that if Gabriel himself should come down to preach to you he would have to go back and say, "I cannot get those folks to the altar." Shall we go on to possess the land and keep step with the Holy Ghost? You may have to drink from the spring under very peculiar circumstances and strange surroundings, but thank God, He will be with you. I feel

somehow like the Lord had put iron timbers in my soul. It is wonderful! If you keep step with God and He sees that you are going to have hard things, rugged things to encounter; He will put in some iron ribs. Glory to God! I feel like jumping. It is the progress of the saint, it is the united efforts of God's own people under the leadership of the Holy Ghost, that will cause this earth to feel the shock of an earthquake. When a sinner sees you rejoicing in God under great trial and perplexity, in great distress, when he sees you at such a time drinking at the springs that are out of sight, it is then he will call for a drink himself. He says, "That is the kind of religion I want." If we do not drink at such times God is watching and the sinner is watching; and if we do not sing, shine and shout in hard places, it will be against the interest of our King and His Kingdom which we claim to represent. O, God help us this morning to possess the land! I am looking out for another hill top. I am expecting to see another range. I am not considered very demonstrative, but if I have got to

turn somersaults, I am going on. Anything that is in the Holy Ghost is always in order. Have you new light? Could you take God for your body this morning? I believe some people here are going to loosen their grasp on things below and reach up and take a firmer hold on the things that never die. This world will pass away; it is to be consumed. We must have something that will not burn up. Let us rise up and go forward. Let us see the heights and depths. We are spoiled for this world anyhow. The Church can hardly endure us. We might just as well see what there is in salvation. If you find that you are not in the land will you not get up and go over? You can not afford to fail. Do not criticise; do not ask questions, but go up and go on. Do not talk about yourself; do not tell the Lord how much you have given up, and what you are doing, but tell Him how loving He is and what a fool you have been; how slow you have been, and how stupid. Do not go the altar and tell Him how much you have surrendered to Him. He knows that there is only a hand full of it anyhow, and I have heard

so much about what you have given up. It makes me sick at heart. I want to hear you talk more about God; about His resources, His willingness, His faithfulness. I want to hear you say that He is more willing to do it than you are to have it done.

CHAPTER VI.

MESSENGER OF THE COVENANT.

Behold, I will send My messenger and he shall prepare the way before Me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the Covenant, whom ye delight in: behold He shall come, saith the Lord of hosts. But who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth. Mal. 3: 1-4.

This is the very last message from the very last messenger of the Old Testament dispensation. His very name means "my messenger," and he was God's last messenger uttering His last message to that dispensation. When the echo of his voice had died in the distance that awful silence of four hundred years set in. Not a single word was heard from the lips of God from the time Malachi closed this last message until "He who had spoken in times past by His prophets spake unto us by His Son." O the appalling darkness of those four centuries! It is always distressingly dark in this world when God is silent. If we can not hear from God, there settles down upon us

such a gloom, such a silence, such an unbearable silence that people often wring their hands and tear their hair and walk through the streets, or wood, or open field and scream and cry, and yet to the echo of their voice there comes no answer. O the silence of God! What if He should not speak to your soul again? What if you should be standing upon the threshold of four centuries of appalling silence? Think of it! How glad we ought to be this afternoon that God ever speaks to us at all. I read that when Judas received the sop he immediately went out and it was night. It is always night when a soul goes out from the presence of God! O the blackness and darkness, of that awful night of gloom, that settles down upon the soul who can not hear from God! Those who have ever gone through the awful ordeal of crucifixion appreciate what I am saying when I speak of that distressing silence which proceeds the breaking of the day; that awful night that seems like it would never come to an end, the blackness and darkness which seems unbearable. How glad the soul when God speaks

again! O glory to His name, that He should speak to us at all!

This old prophet stood upon the heights of revelation and looked across the dark valley of four hundred years and saw the breaking of the day. While he announces the coming of Jesus and tried to turn the people back from their sin to repentance and to God, he calls attention to the fact that they grieved God, that they had insulted Him, that they had apostatized had gone away until God would speak to them no more. What an awful thing! Brother, if you are seeking God this afternoon the darkness in itself is enough, but supposing it should go on and on and increase, and century after century pass by and you should never hear a sound from God. It seems to me it would be hell itself. It certainly would be hell enough for me. I remember when I was seeking the blessing of entire sanctification I used to get away from my family, I used to go away from my friends, away out among the gigantic oaks, under the twinkling stars where I could hear nothing but the song of crickets, or now and then the

mournful cry of a whippoorwill, and even these seemed to deepen my conviction, and the very silence of those hours seemed as though it would kill me. I cried and screamed and rolled on the ground and plead with God. O what a thrilling sensation filled me! What a breaking of the day! What a sunlight in the East when God began to answer, when He began to whisper to my soul. I leaned forward to hearken to what He had to say. O what a mercy that He should speak to us! Again and again we are commanded to hearken. Whenever God has something to say, He has something worthy of our most profound attention. If God would speak to us today out of Heaven it would be something of great value. If it were only a single sentence we would do well to frame it and gild it and hang it on the walls of our souls forever. I want to notice this afternoon that the closing days of the dispensation of the prophets were strikingly typical of the closing days of the present age. As certainly as Adam failed in Eden, as certainly as the Antidiluvian age went out in judgment, as the Patriarchal family

sank into Egyptian darkness and bondage, as the conquests of Canaan ended in long captivity, as certainly as the old dispensation went out in blackness and darkness of four hundred years of awful night, so this present dispensation will end in apostasy and awful darkness. I know that people do not seem to see it; nobody seems to realize it but the truly spiritual. The average Christian does not have the slightest conception of the awful darkness that surrounds us; it is most distressing. Many a time the truly sanctified walk the streets or the fields with aching hearts and streaming eyes, crying to the Lord to come and put an end to this awful reign of sin. After Israel was restored from captivity they had a season of prosperity, but this they could not endure. How few people today are able to stand prosperity. More people become spiritual under deepest sorrow and severest trials than under prosperity. The old prophet stood up and called their attention to the fact that there had arisen among them a mercenary spirit, and all their free will service and all their self denial was a thing of the

past. "Why," he said, "we have reached the place where nobody will close the doors of the temple without a salary. We can not find anybody who will kindle a fire upon the altar without pay." We have reached a time now in spiritual declension when men are religious for mercenary gain, and people are members of the Church for what they can get out of it. Thousands of people are members of our worldly and popular churches for financial gain. The merchant patronizes the Church that the Church may patronize him. The tinner, or the saddler, or the shoemaker, on entering a village and settling down, enquires for the most popular Church, and attends service there that he may gain the patronage of the members. O these days of large salaries and no revivals, salaried organists, salaried choristers, paid singers, and no conversions! Do not these days resemble the days of Malachi? These mercenary times when it seems as if everybody wants big pay for everything they do for the Lord or for the Church. The awful apostasy of the closing days of this age is already upon us. God

help us to see that these are awful times, and that we have awful things to encounter, and that if we are going to stand, we will have to be girded with more than human strength; we must have something that will fix us so, no matter what the storm may be, nor how raging the billows, we will ride serenely on. We see that the old prophet calls their attention to a state of apostasy in which they have offered polluted bread. When the bread was too old for them to eat they offered it to the Lord. You can hardly imagine such a thing; but is it not a fact that the offerings of these days are simply, in many instances, what we do not need, or what we can conveniently do without. He says, "You have offered the blind and sacrificed the lame and the sick." They reached a place, in those days of spiritual declension, when they would hunt out a oneeyed animal, or one that went on three legs, or one that was sick or lame, for an offering unto the Lord. This seems ridiculous, but it is exactly what I am faced with all about me. The sacrifices and offerings of the people are lame and sick. They are not full, fat offerings, they are not

whole offerings, they are seldom free will offerings. I believe that one dollar of sanctified money will go further than ten dollars of sick money. A free will offering of one dollar, backed up by prayer and a holy life, is worth more than ten dollars raised by fairs, festivals, or bean suppers in the churches. Who of you would give a oneeyed or a lame animal to God? and yet is it not true that any who hold back any part of their tenth are making a lame offering? Is it not true that all who give grudgingly, or sparingly, are offering the halt, the lame and the blind? We are to give the very best and the very first fruits to God. Instead of that, many so called Holiness people are holding on to their dollars, and giving their pennies. God can receive the widow's mite but He never accepts the sick or the lame or the blemished offering. What God wants, in these days, is a selfdenying, self-sacrificing people. He asks for the best, not because He is in need, but because in giving it we show forth the intensity of our love and devotion to Him. Thank God, it is an experience that will cause us to bring the best,

the firstlings of the flocks, in fact all we have, and lay it down at His feet.

The prophet here is talking about the coming of the present dispensation. He is announced as the messenger of the Covenant the ushering in of the Holy Ghost dispensation: the grandest age of the world's history. Our privileges of today surpass everything that has ever been. I used to think that if I could have been with the Lord when He was here in person, and walked with Him from hamlet to hamlet, and from village to village, and listened to the gracious words that fell from His lips, that would have been a great privilege, but, beloved, the Holy Ghost opens our eyes to see that there is something even better than the dispensation of the Son. Something that towers above all the past and lifts us into the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. It is one of the grandest privileges of all the ages, and one can do more for God in one of these days than they could in fifty of the former. Everything is contributing to the possibilities of a sanctified Church. Everything seems to be working toward the objective point of getting

ready to evangelize the world. All mechanical invention, all recent developments, all modern discoveries, are meant to aid a sanctified Church in accomplishing the plan and purpose of her glorified Head. This is a fast age: an age when men will not wait for time: whether awake or asleep we are on the run. The other night I went to sleep in Chicago and woke up in Cincinnati. If the results of human genius could carry me three hundred miles while I was taking a nap, what could a sanctified Church do if she were adjusted to all the appliances and wisdom of Heaven. These are days of tremendous progress, days of lightning express trains. This old world is turned into one vast whispering gallery. I sit in my office and converse familiarly with my friends at great distances. O, if the saints of God were on fire and were up with the times, what we might accomplish. A man who knows the Holy Ghost can go into a closet here and pray a little prayer and hang up the receiver and go off and God will answer him in India, Africa, or Japan. O beloved, who shall abide the day of His coming? God has always used

certain symbols for the forceful illustration of His truth. Here we find that we are taught by the "fullers' soap," and the "refiner's fire. Soap, of course, goes with washing. That is the first blessing: the washing of regeneration. Fullers' soap is strong soap, and the washing of regeneration is a very strong washing. It not only removes all guilt, all the pollution of committed sin, but whatever remains of the depravity caused by committed sin, so there is nothing left in the human soul which has a good case of regeneration but the depravity that was born there originally. All the increase of human depravity which comes as a result of a long period of disobedience is taken away in this strong washing of regeneration. Then come the fire of the Holy Ghost. Water is for washing, but fire is for destroying. Beloved, if we get a good case of regeneration it does for us far more than is ordinarily believed. I understand that the fullers' soap not only removes the dirt and the grease, but takes the shrinkage out and fixes the cloth so that when the garment is cut it will remain

the same size as the pattern. This makes me know that a great many people have never been regenerated. They puff up, they shrink down, they are not reliable. There is a grace even before entire sanctification that makes us stand true to God. It is true it is with difficulty; it may sometimes be hard, but the regenerated man goes through with God and conquers, and this fallacy I love to repudiate, that we have got to get sanctified wholly in order to have victory. There is great victory and there can be no perpetual justification without tremendous victory over all the forces of evil. Who shall be able to stand when He appeareth for He is like a refiner's fire and like fullers' soap.

A few weeks ago I went through the smelters in Denver, Colorado. I started at the beginning where they were dumping whole car loads of Cripple Creek ore into the great furnaces, mixed with lime, stone, and other materials, tons and tons of it. It was black and dirty and did not look much like gold. They took me down to where the ladles were filled. I saw great ladles holding a half ton,

filled with beautiful flowing metal, and I said, "O that is fine!" They said, "That is no good," and they sent it off to the dump; hundreds and hundreds of tons they were dumping and called it slag. They would open the furnace and run out several hundred pounds of white, hot, flowing metal, but still they said, "That is only slag." I said, "Where is the gold?" They took me around on the other side and shewed me a little basin. It looked like it would hold about two quarts but was not half full. They said, "This is where the gold comes out." I said, "Is that all?" I waited a long time for the little basin to fill up sufficiently for them to mold a brick. I can never think of a gold smelter without thinking of tons and tons of slag, and only a few spoonfulls of gold. This all carried me back to when I went through the furnace being sanctified wholly. I remember the fire of separation revealed an alarming amount of dross and slag, and almost no gold at all. As one after another of my heart's idols were committed to the flames and carried to the dump, it seemed to me that there was nothing

worth saving. This is the way you feel when you are under fire. The baptism with the Holy Ghost will greatly decrease the bulk but greatly increase the value. The real stuff will stand the fire; the more you burn it the more it improves it. You can not injure gold by burning it. O beloved, this is what we want, something that will not burn. The judgment is coming; there is coming a test that will destroy everything that is combustible. The fire never comes until after we are saved. If it would it would destroy us entirely, but regeneration gives us a new nature, an indestructable nature, and that is why God holds back the fire for the second blessing. When God gives us the Divine nature then we will not burn, and when He turns on the fire it will only free us from everything that will burn. It is very humiliating to see nothing but a spoonful of gold, but it is a glorious relief to feel that the slag is gone. Glory to God! He wants everything about us that will burn consumed now. If we have been through the refiner's fire here, the fires of hell will not be able to take hold upon us hereafter. We do

not want false gold, we want the real thing ; we want something, the more you burn it the better it is ; the smaller it gets the more valuable it is. Who shall be able to stand? Nobody will be able to stand except those who have surrendered absolutely to God. If you hold onto a single thing, if you do not turn against yourself, you will never stand. Beloved, let us quit talking about ourselves, and go to talking about God. Honor God and He will honor you. The judgment is coming, Gabriel is coming to sound the trumpet, the world is going to be sanctified by a baptism of fire. We must be built of something that will not burn ; not wood, hay, or stubble, but gold, silver, and precious stones.

Then, I want to notice, beloved, that this blessing of entire sanctification is something that comes *suddenly*. He will come suddenly to *His* temple, not to yours. Abandon yourself to the Holy Ghost and talk about God's faithfulness, the certainty of His promises. Begin to reason with Him ; tell Him He never has failed and that He never can. Talk to Him about His faithfulness a little while ; wait

patiently for Him, and He will come. He will never come while you are all the time talking about your consecration; "I have consecrated," "I have given up all," "I will do anything; Lord, I, I, I." This will never bring the blessing. Get away from your great "I," and begin to talk about God. Tell Him how faithful He has been in the past, and how you expect Him to fulfil every word promised; tell Him how the Scriptures can not be broken, and when He sees that you really mean to trust Him, He will come and will not tarry. Very few people believe God; nobody hardly trusts Him fully. How seldom you hear anybody say a nice thing to the Lord. I heard a person say the other day, "I am trying my level best to believe the Lord will help us." What an awful thing! Suppose I should say to my wife, "I am trying my level best to believe what you say. I wish I could trust you; I am trying to put my confidence in you. Please help me to believe you." Shocking! God have mercy on us. O beloved, how can we dare to insult God by talking about our efforts to believe.

When the Holy Ghost comes He comes to stay. What if I had concluded He had left me every time my emotions subsided; that would leave me in a pickle. I do not want to feel like jumping over the moon all the time. I want to settle down in a rocking chair part of the time. I want to rest and the Holy Ghost rest us. We must not get into bondage to each other, or to each other's experience. Do not lay any plans at all; let the Holy Ghost do the whole business. He will come suddenly but He will stay gradually. If you should chance to sleep in a draft and wake up with a headache, and your religious emotions absent, you must not conclude you have backslidden. After the Lord says He has come to stay, He has come to stay. Sanctification is not a question of feeling it is a question of facts. If you have a good set of facts you can praise the Lord without feelings. Do not let the devil get you into a snare and browbeat you because you do not feel like someone else, or like you have felt at some other time. Remember God's covenant is to endure forever; an everlasting covenant. Unless you violate it, it will go un-

violated. A marriage covenant, if it is made right, is enough to last a lifetime. Nobody who is really married ever thinks of getting married again. All this Christian Endeavor idea of consecrating once a month is the worst of folly. The Holy Ghost comes to abide. You will not grieve Him without His letting you know it, and He will let you know it in time. He will be with you when you retire at night and when you wake in the morning. He will be with you in sickness and trouble, no matter what the emergency, He will always be there on time; He will never be late. When the waves are tossing, and it seems as if everything is going to fail, He may be in the other end of the ship asleep, but He will wake up in time. He is faithful and can not fail. Glory to His name forever!

CHAPTER VII.

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

“Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me.” Isa. 49: 16.

This was an answer to the cry of Israel, “The Lord hath forsaken me, and my God hath forgotten me.” It was an hour of distress, an hour of discouragement, but God lifted up His voice and made the announcement of my text. “The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.” God has always had infinite care of His own. Christ gave His life for the Church, as well as for the world, “that He might sanctify it and present it unto Himself a glorious Church without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.” When Israel has been discouraged, and cried, “The Lord hath forgotten me, my God hath forsaken me,” there always came back something helpful, something cheering as we find it in my text this morning, “Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me.”

In the previous verse He has called attention to the most constant, relentless affection that this world ever knows, the love of a mother, and then He undertakes to teach Israel and all the world that His love for you is infinitely greater than the affection of the fondest mother that ever lived. How I wish that we might believe it this morning! How it breaks our hearts as we come more and more to know that it is so. I notice in this text first, the announcement of His personal knowledge of each one of His children. That word "thee" suggest to me that He knows everyone of us by name, that we are not lost in the masses, or loved in the aggregate; we are not dashed in the billows of humanity upon the distant shores of destiny but singly and alone, God knows and loves everyone of us. It is a great comfort to remember that He knows us by name, and that the very hairs of our head are all numbered. As the oriental shepherd knows everyone of his flock of perhaps a thousand sheep by name, so that he only has to speak the name and it will lift its head and come, so we are known person-

ally, individually, every one of us singly and alone, known of the Lord. Sometimes we forget each other and fail to recognize each other when we meet, though we may have had sweet communion in other days, but God knows us and He never fails to recognize us, and if you meet somebody whom you think ought to know you and they do not seem to recognize you, remember that the Lord always knows you and knows where you are and never fails to recognize you or the cry of your voice, no difference how dark the hour or how strange and aggravating the circumstances. Glory to His precious name forever! He knows what you are doing and what you are suffering; He knows what you are capable of enduring and will see to it that there is never too much for you to bear.

Satan has great power but he is limited; he is not always able to bring into active use all his power and then he is limited in the use of what power he has. He is under certain restraints; there are certain barriers which he dare not cross. Our strength is measured so that Satan comes out against us with carefully

measured power, so that with every temptation there shall be a way of escape that we shall be able to bear it.

God not only has a personal knowledge of us, but a personal love for us. What greater proof can He give of His never failing affection and fidelity? He has employed the strongest figure possible for the forceful presentation of His truth, and yet how many there are who question His love, His faithfulness and care. The Lord help us to see that Satan can never confront us with difficulties or surround us with sorrow so deep but that there will be poured out upon us the warm tender affection of the compassionate Christ.

I have read recently where a mother followed her worthless, profligate son until he was incarcerated for life, then at the door of the prison she insisted upon having a little hut where she lived and spent her days as near to him as she was permitted, and when he was dead and buried in that prison yard she insisted upon her dead body being laid in the same place of shame, hoping that in death her bones might touch his unworthy dust. She

followed him and followed him until everybody said, "Let him go," but, no, her mother heart never released itself from him until it was still in death.

Now, in this text the comparison is drawn and the teaching is clear that there never has been any human affection approximating the tender, compassionate affection of God for His people. You may picture to yourself the deepest, most tender, most noble type of human affection and then dare to step out and believe that God loves you infinitely more than that. It occurs to me sometimes that if we believed more in His love we would bear ourselves more noble; if we had more confidence in His faithfulness we would be ashamed to ever intimate that it was possible for Him to fail. If we would study more carefully God's faithfulness to His people, in all generations, there would rise up in our souls a courage that would dare to believe in the face of every opposing element that God is with us and will see us through.

Sister, no difference how dark it may be, God loves you; no difference how the people

turn against you, He is your friend; no difference how things may pile up around you and how the tempest may rage, God will not forsake you, the God of Israel is moved with compassion at every sight of suffering. There is never a tear that hangs on your cheek, never a sigh, never a heave of your breast or a heart-ache but that the compassionate Christ sees and understands it all and is moved with great tenderness toward you, and as He wept over Jerusalem who rejected His love, if you are true to Him, His great heart yearns over and sorrows for you, and He wants to take away all your anxious care, discouraging sorrow and cause you to rejoice in His presence. He never failed Israel; it was Israel who failed Him. He says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Again, He not only knows and loves us but I notice that His care of us is *everlasting*. He says, you are "graven upon the palms of my hands." Praise God for something that will stand during all the roll of the centuries. Not printed, not written, not stamped—*graven, cut in*. Thank God for the privilege of having

our names in the palm of the hand of the Everlasting Father. This figure is doubtless taken from the Jewish custom. When in bondage and the city in ruins they used to put on their arms and on their hands pictures of Jerusalem, of its walls, and often look at them with tearful eyes. So He says, you are always before my eyes and held in everlasting remembrance. Just as an architect traces the details of a building and keeps it always before him while the building is in construction, so all the plans of your life are made out and held before Him in constant love and forgetfulness. A mother may be true, her affection may be as pure and as strong as earth can furnish but she may forget. But here is somebody who always has us in everlasting remembrance. We are kept right before His eyes all the time—graven upon the palms of His hands.

Brother, did you ever think that the plan of your life is mapped out before God, just as the plans of a building are mapped out before the chief mechanic? Did you know that the things that come to you if you are a child of God, come not by accident,

not by misfortune, but as a part of the Divine plan, and God will permit nothing to come but that He will work out for your good if you trust Him? Sometimes these things come in rough wrappings, but they should be accepted as a part of God's great plan for you and He will make them a blessing. He has the map, and if He is allowed, will guide you according to the Divine counsel of Heaven. He will send you to the places He wants you to go, and give you just the work He wants you to do, and though there will be difficulties and hindrances and trials, He will see to it that nothing comes that will not serve to develop your spiritual strength and help you best to glorify Him. How this takes away all fretting, unrest, and planning! For once it puts us where we have nothing to say. Our plans are made and our lines are in His hands, they fall unto us in pleasant places; they are made out in the counsel chamber of the skies where they are able to do everything and know all that lies in the future and they know how to guide us for our greatest good and His highest glory. We have nothing to fear.

The lesson is made the more striking when I remember, that at the very time He spoke these words, the walls of Jerusalem were down and the Temple in ruins, and yet He says, "Thy walls are continually before me." There will be times in your experience when it will seem like everything is down, when it will seem as though the Temple of God is in ruins, even in the Holiness movement as it stands today I see so many scisms, failures and splits, and splits of the splits, and failures in failures, that it makes me want to turn to a text like this, and throw my arm around it and hear the Lord say, "Thy walls are continually before me." How glad I am that He knows the walls are down; He knows the Temple is in ruins, He knows the people who once preached a full salvation have gone astray, some into scepticism, some into fanaticism, some into formalism, all sorts of isms are making inroads on every hand, but He says this morning, "Thy walls are continually before me." When all is down and there is no hope, Israel is discouraged, everything as black as night, He says, "I have graven you upon the palms

of my hands." "I know the walls are down but I love you, I will not forsake you, and the time will come when the walls will be built again." The time will come when the temple will be in good repair, and when the city—the New Jerusalem—will come down out of Heaven, and then we, arrayed as a bride adorned for her husband, will go up, enter in and be with the Lord forever. "The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His." God is good and I am going to trust Him. If the walls are down and the temple is filled with birds and beasts and bats and every unclean thing, God is all right and He has a people; He has folks who are written upon the palms of His hands. He is true to them and they are true to Him. Glory to God forever! Brother, the next time everything seems to be going to pieces and everybody seems to be failing, spread yourself out over this text and shout.

Yesterday was one of the most tearful days, from morning till night, that I have ever spent. I wept among strangers, I wept on the road;

I do not know what people thought, and it does not give me much concern, but as God was manifesting Himself and giving me such visions of His glory and of His faithfulness and undying love, I was lifted to realms where earth can not hinder and people are unable to obstruct the splendor of the vision. Glory to God!

The next thing suggested in the text is *intercession*. If our names are in the palms of His hands, these are the very hands He holds up in the presence of the Father when He prays for us. Remember that there is not an hour that Jesus is not there. He is there for you and for me; He prays for us. If I were passing through some strange, inexpressible sorrow, some heart rendering trial or test and I was in this room and could hear Brother Pennington and Brother Godbey in an adjoining room praying for me it would greatly strengthen me. If I could hear Brother Godbey, the dear old saint who has been a conqueror for so many years, say, "Lord bless Brother Rees," I should certainly feel blessed and would rise up with new strength to fight

the battle of the Lord. But do you know that just in the adjoining room, Jesus is praying for us? Though we are on earth, since we have been saved and sanctified it is the very vestibule of Heaven, just in the adjoining room, and Jesus is praying for us. In the hardest trial, in the longest strain ever permitted to come, Jesus with both hands uplifted is praying to the Father for you. If you could only hear Him it would help you out of the fog, you would put on strength in His name; and this suggests the thought of the atonement. When I see the names engraved in the palms of His hand, I know they must be closely identified with the nail prints—the Blood—for it was these very same hands that were pierced. The Father looks at your name, at the very same instant He sees the Blood. The atonement stands between you and difficulty, trial and the devil; between you and the coming judgment; between you and an offended God. There stands Jesus Christ with your name graven in the palm of His right hand, in the prints of the nails.

A poor soldier was courtmarshalled for de-

sersion. The judge was about to pass sentence when he stopped for a moment and said, "Is there anybody present who has anything to say for Jack." An old veteran stepped up, lifting his empty sleeve and stood there in silence for a moment, the tears rolling down his face, then only said, "He is my brother." The appeal was sufficient. The soldier had lost his arm in his country's service and he had a right to appeal for his brother's life. The sentence was cancelled and he was pardoned.

The howling wolves of earth and hell may be all around you but there is One who stands in the court of Heaven, who has a right to appeal for you. He has a right to throw back His sleeve and throw up His arm and show the prints of the nail, and your name graven in His hand and say, "Spare him for my sake." Thank God He is always heard. The Heavens may seem to be brass when you pray, but they never are when Jesus prays. It may seem that you can not get anything through, but there is somebody at work at the instrument at the other end of the line and He can make it plain to the Father. Christ is there; He knows how.

A little girl with her heart running over with affection for her sick father went through the garden and gathered a bouquet, but she was so small that she gathered not only flowers but red clover, white clover, some weeds and a mixture of things you could hardly call flowers. But her mother took it first, straightened it up, took out the weeds, made it presentable and returned it to the little girl. With childish glee she carried it to her father and he was delighted. We pray sometimes and get in some weeds. We mumble and mutter and stammer and ask for many things and if we should get all we ask for we would have a strange looking bouquet, but our prayers pass first through the hands of the Son of God and He takes out the weeds and grass and fixes them up so that the Father is delighted to see them. Glory to God for the intercession of Jesus Christ, for uplifted hands for a lost world and a saved Church!

Again, the thought of *confession* is suggested here. If you are on the palm of His hands and His hands are lifted up before the unveiled world and before the galleries of the

skies He confesses you in Heaven and on earth, to angels and to men. The Scriptures declare that when we confess Him in the presence of a wicked world, He confesses us in the presence of the angels of Heaven. When we honor Him here, He honors us there.

Sister, you may be small and unknown, your surroundings strange, and your sphere limited, the people may despise you. some probably will, if you are true to God, but you may be well known in the galleries of the skies, you may pose in the metropolis of the universe. The Son of God has already told the angels of Heaven about you. Many a time you have confessed Him with trembling and with tears, and He has gladly confessed you up there amidst the shouting of angels and the music of Heaven. If you never have much honor down here you may have it up there where honor is the most desirable. We are not asking for honor here. If there is anybody here who wants people to put flowers on your casket after you are dead, anybody who thinks of giving money or doing anything to perpetuate your name, I beg you to come to this altar and

get sanctified. After you get the blessing you will get such a view of eternal things, you will care for nothing that this world can bestow. You will want nothing but the recognition of God and the angels. It will be enough to stand with a company of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews and shout victory forever through the Blood. Glory be to God! O there is a great day coming!

I wish we could get through trying to get something and wondering whether we have it or not, fearing to go to sleep for fear we will lose it. There is a place we may come to where our names are graven on the palms of His hands. We may come to a place where it is easier to go on than to go back. Let us not fear to backslide. Let us go on forever.

Centuries ago a certain Mohammedan mosque was erected and had the name "Mohammed" placed in great letters over the door. A Christian architect had the construction of the building and before the plastering was put on, he had the name of "God" placed over the door, carved in the stone with this text: "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom," and then

the plaster covered it over. The building stood for centuries, the plastering finally fell off, the name of Mohammed was gone. The mosque stands today, and if you will visit it you will see the name of "God," and "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom." Everything that really comes from God is going to last forever. Everything that comes from man will perish and go into oblivion. I am delighted to announce to you this morning that there is a place of security from our own experience and our own interests where we will have both hands with which to pull men out of the fire. We do not have to be lean and hungry and needy; there is a place of plenty, a place of such absolute forgetfulness of your own concern and interests that you will be wholly absorbed in the salvation of souls, and your whole time and all your energy and every God given power will be poured out in seeking the lost.

A friend wrote me recently to drag my heart with a drag net and see if I had not let in selfishness, an unholy ambition, a desire to lead, and so forth. I said, "It has been

dragged; He has dragged it." If I should undertake it I would not know how. I have turned it all all over to Him long ago and promised to keep my hands off. He must look after all the searching, and must do all the keeping. I know very well I have put no pig in the well and I have no use for a drag net. It has been years since I have thumped myself to see if I was sanctified. My eyes are upon Him, and I purpose in my heart to follow the cloudy pillar by day and the firey cloud by night. If you will keep your eyes upon Him, you will be able to follow Him with great ease and pleasure, and He will see you safely through.

One more thought. As sure as Jesus went up, He is coming back again, and He will come with outspread hands, as He went up, so that He will not only announce the Holiness crowd to the angels but to the nations of the earth and they will know them who are true blue, who are the faithful ones who went through with Jesus. When He comes again His hands will be stretched out in blessing to the saints, and with judgment to the sinners. The na-

tions of the earth will then know who are faithful, and if you are sanctified wholly you can go into the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

Beloved, we can afford to wait for this announcement and for our vindication; we can afford to wait for recognition; the people do not have to believe now that we are sanctified. You can have the blessing when they think you have not got it and when they announce that you are backslidden. O the tender faithful love of a compassionate Christ can never break down! But, brother, you will have to get sanctified wholly to live with this crowd. You can hang on to the movement, you can have your name on the list and be covered with buttons, badges and ribbons and still folks will not know you, but if you will get the *real thing* you will have to put on no outward sign that people may know who you belong to. If God gives you the blessing and people refuse to believe it, it will only increase your joy that you know about it, and you will be so glad that you know you have it and that your name is written in the palm of His hands that you will not care to answer those who

doubt. The God who took me when I was between the plow handles, the God who took me when nobody else wanted me, when I was down and could not get up; He who took me when He knew I was nothing, is not going to drop me now. O glory to His name!

Beloved, is your name graven, is it cut in? There is a sort of a bearing, there is a sort of a polish that comes in court life; there is a sort of holy independence of the world that comes when you are fully surrendered to God and sanctified wholly so that people will generally understand that you have gotten through with the world and are going with God forever.

CHAPTER VIII.

LABORERS WITH GOD.

“For we are laborers together with God.” 1 Cor. 3: 9.

This is the announcement of the greatest partnership known in the history of time. It almost staggers our heads as well as thrills our hearts when we remember that there is a partnership, and that the God of the universe has taken us into the corporation—the worms of clay that we are. There is no explanation; it is beyond all human comprehension. The statement is brief, but it is a fact. In facts we may greatly rejoice.

There sat at one table in Exeter Hall, London, two thousand partners to partake of an annual dinner. They were members of an English publishing firm. They had adopted the plan of making all the employees partners in the business, and when they came together at their annual dinner it was a great sight. They represented a great firm, and it strikingly suggests to me a great time coming when not

merely two thousand but that number represented by the one hundred and fortyfour thousand, whatever that number may be, shall sit down to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. At that time, every partner in this great firm shall be recognized and shall have a seat at the table. That will be a great supper; a great day. When we remember that we are called with such an exalted calling, it gives us a very keen sense of our utter nothingness, and we never could feel like rising up to embrace our privileges but for the grace of God. In this holy partnership we are one; members of the same body. One is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren.

In every partnership there must be two parties; there must be two sides. In this there is a Divine and a human. What a mercy that God should ever have looked upon us and agreed to take us into partnership with Him! On each side there are conditions that must be met. There are certain things that transpire.

I glance first at the Divine side, and find that God takes us in when we are not only insolvent but we are in rebellion. He assumes

all our liabilities; He cancels the debt that stands against us, and establishes our credit at the bank of Heaven, just as if we had never squandered a cent. No difference what the catalogue of crime, no difference what the pollution or stain may be, the God of the universe takes us in and wipes it all out and gives us a commercial standing, a credit at the bank of Heaven, so that we are treated as though we had always belonged to the firm. We ought to worship God this morning. Just to think that He would take us up under such circumstances!

I heard of a noble business gentleman who had an employee who embezzled several sums of money from him but was finally brought to true repentance, and after a long struggle went to his employer, not only to confess but to suffer the penalty of the law, and in great humility he made his confession and closed by saying, "Of course I shall not expect you to keep me in your employment." After a pause the answer was, "No sir, I shall not keep you in my employment, but I will make you my partner for I know the value of such a

testimony, and the repentance that would bring such a confession." Not many men would act so nobly, but God always does.

When we confess our sin, He not only forgives us but He takes us into the greatest partnership of all the universe, and we sit at His elbow and are coworkers together with God.

Next thing, I notice on the Divine side, is that He furnishes all the capital stock for the transaction of just as much business as we are willing to do. It is not so always in earthly corporations. You take up the announcement of earthly corporations, and you often find the word "limited." When we asked the state of Rhode Island to incorporate us as Portsmouth Campmeeting Association, they limited our capital stock, and put the word "limited" on our papers, but God never does that. You can find such articles as this in the corporation papers: "God is able to make all grace abound toward you that ye always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound unto every good work." So that the capital stock with which we do business is bounded only by

our faith, there is no other limit. Brother, you can be a penny host or be a millionaire. You can go to sea in a ship and transact business in great waters, and behold wonders in the deep. God has placed within our grasp such possibilities and such exhaustless resources. All we have to do is to believe God and our resources are without limit. Glory to God forever!

Not only does God take us in and furnish everything but He gives us the Divine qualification for this work. He takes the hardest knot He can find for the finest polish. He takes the weakest things in the market with which to accomplish His greatest purposes. He gives us the Divine qualification so that it is no more a question of our natural abilities, it is not a question of appointments or of acquirements; it is a question of preparation, of the hand of God upon us. We prepare men by schools, by rhetoric, by philosophy, parchments; we turn out men supposedly to God's work. They often make a most disgraceful failure, but God turns His hand upon a servant, and though His hand may seem heavy He never

lets him up until he can come in victory, and run through a troop or jump over a wall, and successfully accomplish that to which he is sent.

God could have called the angels; they would have been glad to go. They do everything as a glad service; they fairly fly at His beck and call. All they want to know is that there is a chance to serve, and they are off, but God calls us unto this glorious partnership of carrying out the great commission, that of evangelizing the world. There is a human side, it is true, but there is not much of it. The most there is to it is to submit, to say "Yes" to God. The most there is, is to keep out of the way, and acquiesce in all that He does. We are called to the highest calling on record, and yet how slow people are to respond to it. It is a great wonder to me that He would call us at all, and a greater wonder, since He does, that we do not always respond. How can we hesitate? How can we procrastinate and move so slowly in responding to such a call? Thank God, many of us are learning to come quickly and run with alacrity on the errands of the Lord. All we want to know is His will and

purpose for us, and we gladly take our position in the ranks of this glorious army. Thank God for the privilege of being a coworker together with Him! There is such power in our united action. The smallest animals can build a coral island because there are so many of them. If we are one with each other and one with Him there is nothing that is impossible, and no weapon formed against us shall prosper, and every tongue that is lifted against us shall be paralyzed, and we shall know the conquerors tread from victory to victory, from strength to strength, and from glory to glory, until in eternal glory we have sat down together, the one hundred and fortyfour thousand in spotless white, to celebrate the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

We need this morning, not only united action on our part, but we need to cheer and help each other, recognizing that He is the sole proprietor and that we are His helpers. It goes very easy if we are helping Him. With this recognition we are so united, so yoked together that we will pull once, twice, always together. There is nothing that can stand in

our way. There come times in our work when things seem difficult. There come epochal periods when something tremendous must be done and it looks as if everything had been done that could be, but thank God, if we are one, victory is sure. If we are coworkers together with God we must recognize His work and distinguish between it and the works of man. If I am to work with Him I must find out where He is at work. I announce to you this morning that the blessed Holy Ghost who is preeminently active in the salvation of men in this last and Christian age has changed His center of operation, and He has moved into another territory. He has left certain fields, they are deserted, they are empty, there is nothing done in them. If you tarry in those deserted districts you can not be a coworker with God. The time was when He worked there. He has done His best in the great ecclesiastical bodies as they exist, or have existed in the past, but He is now in other fields.

When a young man or a young lady gets filled with the Holy Ghost, he or she usually makes for the slums or the Bible School, in prep-

aration for missionary work. They lose their relish for societies and organizations of the ecclesiastical bodies; they can no longer join in the socials, entertainments, fairs and bazars, so common in American Protestantism. God has a great center of operation from which center He is radiating, and streams of salvation are flowing in every direction. He no longer centers with the board of bishops, ecclesiastical convocations, or great institutions of learning. You will find Him now outside the camp, outside the gates, beyond the city limits, you will find Him in the hedges among the robbers and drunkards and friendless; and in the lanes with the harlots, the hopeless and homeless. He is at work on the frontier and back among the mountains and in the foreign fields; in humble little missions, under brush arbors and in tents, but the supposed centers, of supposed religious power, are destitute of the Holy Ghost and Holy Ghost revivals. That is why we say it is wasting time and squandering money and throwing away our energies to stay and try to work where God is not. You say, "Why does'nt He work there?" Well,

it is not my purpose to answer all your questions. There are reasons. One is, that the Holy Ghost does not stay where He is not wanted. He does not stay where He is insulted. He can not stay where He is not archbishop. He must hold the control and power; the reins must be left loosely in His hands. He will not work in human harness; He will not follow human plans; He does not submit to man made rules and regulations; though made by the learned doctors He will leave town before He will submit to such conditions. He will take a thug or a tramp or a bum, a man who has looked for work for twenty years and hoped he would never find it, and save and sanctify him and heal his body, and start a nucleus around which the powers of Heaven will gather, and sing and shout until there is a great revival.

Don't you believe, brother, that you are a coworker with God if you are thundering around on an empty battle field and there is nothing going on. I would rather sit up with a corpse that has been dead four days than to stay with many of the so-called churches of our

land. God has called us to keep step with Him. We must ascertain where He plants His battery, where there is a real engagement and go forth with Him to battle. If you want to fire blank cartridges and fool around with a popgun, and celebrate with fire crackers and hurt nobody and bring nothing to pass, you can do so, but you are certain to lose your reward. I am seeking to know what God will put His seal on. I can not afford to sanction what He does not endorse. Not even for the sake of schools, centers of learning, titles, or anything that the religious world may applaud or eulogize, not for a single moment can I afford to lag behind when I see that the pillar of fire has made advance. What we enjoy today has cost us too much, it is too sweet to our souls to change off now for a mere, empty, powerless form of religion. It is no time for you to tie yourself up to a dead ecclesiasticism which will mar your progress in Divine things. There is no hope of a resurrection of these dead bodies. This is why my heart is in the slums and in the jungles; this is why I have hope for the people who are down, and my whole soul and

being is being poured out to help them. We have approached the highway and hedge dispensation; we are right down in the Saturday evening of the world's history. We must go outside of our little Jerusalem and find the lepers lying in the hedges and lanes outside the gate. Show me a movement today of any sort that really has the Divine impress and the Divine stamp upon it, which is not giving especial attention to evangelizing the neglected masses. Where is such a movement? Not one can be found. Everything with the Divine stamp upon it, everyone who bears the image of the Master is going forth to seek the low, lost and neglected.

This is why we have a missionary day in this Campmeeting. This is why we are sending missionaries abroad, why we establish Rescue homes; this is why we have city missionaries who are willing to leave good salaries, deny themselves, suffer all sorts of exposure to pull people out of the fire, to save and get them ready for that great day when we are going to sit down together. Here you are, some of you, members of the great popular Churches,

pouring your money out to support them and the masses of the unsaved are not sought for, they are not helped, they are not wanted. The Church would pull her skirts about herself and spurn the thought of their coming into her best pews. You may fight against the organization of independent Holiness Churches if you like, but we are going to encourage it. We are organizing Churches that are willing to take in drunkards, harlots and tramps.

A thousand million heathen go into Christless graves every generation. Three hundred and fifty thousand fallen girls in this country without friends, without sympathy, without hope, and the churches running up their steeples, changing their pipe organs for something better, exchanging their pews for something more expensive, renting them for such prices that no common people can attend, and the girls and boys who are down and are going down in platoons have no chance. Many of them have never had a good chance; you have had a thousand. Would it not be consistent for you to give them a second chance. Many of them are in sin from force of circum-

stances ; they are helpless, hopeless and homeless, and there is not one Protestant Church in ten that is willing to take them in and give them recognition. There is no place where God so loves to work as among them. Am I going with God or am I going with the folks? Preachers and people singing and talking about rescuing the perishing and at the same time putting emphasis upon fundamental error, often expressed, frequently quoted, "A bird with a broken wing can never soar so high again," suggesting that if a woman is once down she can never rise again. It is as false as hell. It is as black as the back walls of damnation. It had its origin in the infernal pit among the damned creatures who are staggering their way through eternal night. We have a Gospel that can heal a broken wing, that can heal a broken limb, a broken heart, and a broken home and can renew and transform the most wrecked and ruined life that Satan ever spent his venom upon. We have a Gospel that will make a bird fly higher after its wing has been broken than before. A Gospel that will restore the year that the cater-

pillar and and canker worm hath eaten. A salvation that not only takes the sin away, but, thank God, it will cover the scars. It can take the lines of sin out of a woman's countenance. We have a Gospel, Sir, that has been misrepresented and consequently misunderstood. The cause is traceable to the fact that American Protestantism is backslidden from God.

You say that is too sweeping. My soul is stirred. I have been spending my Sundays when at home in the Harrison police station in Chicago where the Norway rat drinks out of the same pail of water and eats off of the same loaf of bread with the prisoner, and where the vermin are seen crawling on every hand; where I find eight men packed in one little cell about eight by ten feet, with no chance for more than two to lie down even by telescoping, and the other six must stand up all night or take their turn lying in the filth. I go through the different wards and as I see the state of affairs, the condition of the submerged classes, I say to you that when Stead was in this country from London, on his tour of investigation, and received such criticism by

the American press for what he published, he never exaggerated so far as I can learn, and yet your preacher that you are paying gets up and reads a little rose colored sermon about the world getting better. I say to you with measured tread, we are in an age when if a man is going to keep step with God he cannot remain in any sort of bondage, to any sort of ecclesiastical powers, but he must go with God, and rescue men and women as God has appointed him. I am not speaking particularly about Church membership. I have not time to deal with a thing so small, I am dealing with great principles and things that seem too large for my soul to set forth. If the people of God would unite in this work we might evangelize this world and bring about the coming of Jesus in a single decade, yet I am facing hundreds of people here this morning who will never accomplish much unless you discover where God is at work and where He wants you to invest your money. The Lord help us to lie on our faces and weep and fast and pray until we are sure of Divine guidance and of Divine success.

CHAPTER IX.

JOY AND STRENGTH.

“For the joy of the Lord is your strength.”

There is no greater difference between the Christian religion and other religions than in the matter of cheerfulness and joyfulness. The natural countenance of heathendom is gloomy and often very sad. Wherever you find the heathen at worship, they seem to have a veil over their faces; they are having a hard time. There is nothing about any other religion but the religion of Jesus Christ that is really joyous. The natural countenance of genuine New Testament religion is radiant. It is something that is joyful and happy and yet a great many people misunderstand what real joy is. They suppose that it is only transient and is absent when certain conditions and manifestations do not appear. The joy of the Lord is something as substantial as the Lord Himself, and does not depend upon outward circumstances, it does not depend upon

frames or moods or feelings or ecstasies. Some people imagine that there is no joy where there is no emotion, ecstasy or rapture. People are sometimes troubled just here and suppose that they have lost the joy of the Lord when they have lost the conscious feeling of ecstasy or intoxication. Not so; the joy of the Lord is something that abides in the heart in the midst of untold sorrow, under burdens that seem too heavy for us, when pressed above measure, when in perils—everywhere, no difference with what we are surrounded if we have the joy of the Lord it is our strength. We are commanded to “be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might,” and we have no right to be any other way.

What we claim in this movement is to be getting back to the Bible. We claim to be hunting for Bible principles, Bible practices, Bible experiences, and Bible results, and we are seeking to make the nearest possible approach to the Bible, to the Acts of the Apostles, to whatever the infant Church had when she was inaugurated under the personal leadership of the Holy Ghost, and we ought to look

diligently to see what is expected of a Holy Ghost Church. We ought to search the Acts of the Apostles especially, to know how near we are approaching the Bible standard and Apostolic practices, power and results. It is utterly impossible for us to succeed unless we have the joy of the Lord. This is more than happiness, more than rapture, and more than can be expressed by hallelujahs and shouts. These are the best we can do in the attempt to express it, but it is much deeper than all of these.

The man who has a clean life, a pure heart, and the Holy Ghost indwelling has a joy inexpressible. When he has done his best with hallelujahs, amens, etc., he feels that he has not uncorked his experience. Words are inadequate to express it, it may be with streaming eyes, it may be with groans that can not be uttered, it may be with carrying a yoke that is easy only because the Lord carries the heavy end of it. We are often allowed to be partakers of His sufferings for we must have enough to make us conscious that we are yoked up with Him. He lets enough suffering come as we go along that we may truly say

that we have tasted of the cup of which He drank, and are experiencing something through which He has passed. How we ought to praise the Lord for something that abides, for something that the mail can not change or unexpected telegrams can not affect.

Sometimes I have said to my wife, "It seems like my mail will turn me gray:" such startling disclosures, such strange revelations, such awful tales of woe, such wrecked homes, ruined families and blasted hopes; such divisions and subdivisions, even among so-called Holiness people, to which I do not wish to refer except to impress upon your minds that we are living in awful times and we need something that abides: something so deep, so permanent, so unshaken that we are strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

Beloved, we are going to have to face more rugged things. Most of this audience are young, life is before you, but rugged things are in your path, you will have to shoulder great responsibilities, you will have to face ranks of malicious and designing enemies. You will have something for this fight that when all

your friends are gone and there is nobody in reach that you can lay your hand upon; when you are so separated and isolated from everybody else that you feel absolutely alone you will have something that will undergird and support you in it all. Thank the Lord it is afforded in the joy of the Holy Ghost which is your strength.

You never saw anyone who was sad and gloomy who was strong. Sorrow, sadness, gloomy appearances affect others; this is catching, you can spread it through a whole family. So is joy and radiance catching, and is as spreading and more so than sadness. If you are joyful you will say hopeful things that will bless somebody. When you find people in awful straits God will make you a blessing to them. Having been in straits yourself you will be able to comfort them with the comfort wherewith God has comforted you, and having known joy in sorrow, having known strength in weakness, having been able to pull through long hard straits yourself you will be able to lift others and will know how to tide them over a crucial point. Let us look at some of

the things that may be expected when we receive the Holy Ghost and when this holy joy comes into our lives.

First, it makes us *strong*. We have no weakness to talk about. We have had our little time of weakness, but now we are strong in Him. It will add to your strength to talk about what He can do, to magnify and exalt Jesus. You will always grow weak talking about your own defeats, and your own lack, and your own weakness. It is far better to go to the great supply house of grace and help yourself to plenty instead of mentioning that you are weak or small and insignificant. Look God in the face and claim grace and faith enough to make you a giant to leap over a wall and run through troops, you will then accomplish the purpose of God. This we can do while we look with a steadfast gaze on the Christ of Calvary. A look is enough for the penitent; a look is sufficient for those who are seeking salvation, and when the struggle is over and the consecration is made and everything else is done then a single look is enough. No one ever gets the blessing of holiness or

any experience until they look. They can fuss around and roll in the straw and beat the bench or chew the carpet but they have got to get through and take a *look*. When we look at Jesus then the joy of the Lord comes pouring in. We must lean forward to see and hear what the Lord has to say, and that means to shut out all other voices, to shut out other people: that means not to look here and there, but in looking to Jesus you will get your strength. There is enough in a look to make you defeat a whole regiment of devils. There is strength in simply lifting your eyes.

When the Israelites were bitten, the pole with the brazen serpent was set up in the midst of the camp, in sight of every tent, and the only way to be healed, was to look. I suppose hundreds of them were just able to crawl to their tent doors and then they had only to lift their eyes and look. This is the great secret of success in the New Testament law, "looking," oblivious to everything else and everybody else—I mean in the sense that they do not hinder us. I do not mean that you get stoic and refuse counsel. Nobody in

the world is easier to approach or more willing to receive counsel than the man or woman who has received the Holy Ghost, but after we have received and weighed the counsel with courtesy and considered it with candor we still have to follow the Lord as He leads.

When battles are upon us we do not have to fight them ourselves but "looking unto Jesus" we find that He will fight them for us. When trials and testings are upon us and temptations multiply we only need to know how to "look." I have heard people say, "When trials come, I run to my closet;" but there are times when they will overtake you and you will not have time to get into your closet. There is a place where you can live in the element of prayer and in such close touch with the Son of God that when temptations overtake you on the street car, on the steamboat dock, or in the midst of business you will simply lift your eyes. They may fill with tears, and your friends may imagine you are in trouble but you are not, you are all right—"looking unto Jesus."

There is no pattern but Jesus, there is no

law but the Bible. We must take the New Testament as our rule of practice and Jesus as our only pattern. We must refuse to pattern after each other either in experience, not even demonstrations or emotions, in feelings or exhibitions of any kind. We can not measure ourselves by somebody else's life. Somebody else may have been longer on the emery wheel. They may have been sandpapered for years. The sin is taken out of our life in a moment of time but the corners and rough places are not all taken off at once. If you take a Christian for your pattern he may have been dressed down and shaped up and polished and God may have expended thousands of dollars worth of grace upon him before you get started, and the fact that he is somewhat ahead of you should not discourage you, but if you will have patience and trust Him, He will put you on the wheel too, and sandpaper and fix you up so you will shine as well as shout. We are not to compare ourselves with somebody who is six months ahead of us; we are to do our best to overtake them, but are not to be discouraged with the grace,

powers and capacities that God has placed in our own lives. Many a time we do not see the best there is in us. Sanctified people are not very fond of looking at themselves. Moses' face shone but he did not know it. When people are always looking at their own experiences or at somebody else's experience they will lose the shine. Our only business is to please Jesus. Keep this one thing before you, "This one thing I do forgetting the things that are behind, I *press*." The standard is Jesus, and we must keep our eyes fixed on Him, and while we look and listen the joy of the Lord will pour into our souls and we will take on Divine strength. Glory to His name!

If we get back to the Bible, and get the fruits of Pentecost, we will have developed in us such rugged qualities and such strength of purpose that no difference what comes we will face it. Pentecost is death to cowardise; Pentecost destroys all fear. If you are afraid to face your foes, when the test comes you will fail; but they who trust in the Lord shall never be confounded, they shall never fail,

never know defeat. Hallelujah! I say, that with the Holy Ghost failure is impossible and you can press your way through any crowd of enemies of any sort and triumph over every foe that dares to lift its head against you. Glory to God!

One of the most positive evidences of spiritual wreckage and ruin is the unscriptural and unwarrantable demand that everybody shall make certain demonstrations and practice certain gymnastic movements or else they have not the experience of full salvation. God has never intended that we should all be alike. He has never made two blades of grass alike or two leaves on a tree after exactly the same pattern. He does not want us to ape others in experiences or in manifestations. All He wants you to know is that you are clean, and are His, and that you will follow Him to the ends of the earth. When you are sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost you will know this, and the joy of the Lord will remain in your souls, and you will go from victory to victory, and from triumph to triumph, until you leap into the gates of the city of God. Halle-

lujah. I am glad the battle is on, and it will soon be over. I am glad the time will come when we will be through the fight. The digging will be done and we will shine and shout and live to the glory of God forever.

The Lord bless you, Beloved, let the joy flow. When you see somebody else blessed half to death do not try to work yourself up to be like that. If in their experience the joy is manifest through their shouts or through their heels, yours may flow just as strong through silent tears and suppressed, quiet hallelujahs. I am sure I do not know which is the best. Nothing is profitable unless it is inspired by the Spirit. Ordinarily I feel the least like jumping when others are doing the most of it. The times when I feel especially demonstrative is when I get among a lot of dead heads. When I am among those who think I must jump and shout or I have no salvation I usually feel very quiet.

Instead of trying to pattern after someone else if we can only fill two by four let us do it to the glory of God. I would rather fill two by four, and fill it full than to fill four by six only

half full. You will always feel awkward and out of place trying to fill somebody else's place, but if you fill your own you will feel comfortable and move with perfect ease. You are not your own any way: you are God's property and He has the responsibility. You will be satisfied with whatever the folks think about you, there will never be any running about to find out what they do think. You will not care what they think about your messages, they are not yours anyhow. If you understand that the whole business is the Lord's, and make or break, success or failure; if you can realize that He is responsible for the whole, you can afford anything that He can afford. Everyone who is sanctified wholly has his own music box. It may not always be musical to others, but you are satisfied. I have the joy of the Lord this morning. I also have some burdens, it is true, but why should I tell you about them or burden you with them? You have some burdens—perhaps enough; why listen to mine. I do not mean that we are never to go to each other with these things. I suppose that we ought to go

occasionally for counsel and advice, but we ought not to pour a whole reservoir of our individual burdens over on to somebody who has enough already. If you are having it hard, you are having it just like someone else had it, who was a hundred years ago exactly where you are. But they are in Heaven now, and it will not be long until you will be there too, and somebody else will be going through the same trials that you are today. If we are the Lord's it is no difference where we are, or what we are going through, we are headed for the Kingdom and we are going in. Praise the Lord!

CHAPTER X.

HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.

“For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.” 2 Pet. 1: 21.

We may trace Divine inspiration all the way back to Eden. God used to manifest His will to Adam and Eve in the garden and all through the antediluvian period we see that when a man wanted to have His will He was always glad to give it. All through the kingly period He had a few men who were called “holy men of God,” who communicated with Him, received and understood the will of Heaven. These “holy men” were called prophets, and here in the epistle of Peter they are referred to as “holy men of God”—as prophets—and it is said that they wrote the Scriptures “as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.”

The prophets were, as a rule, the most noble men who have ever lived. As a class, the

prophets were the most devout and illustrious characters of all the past. With but few exceptions the kings were wicked and lived in diolatry. The priesthood was almost as corrupt as the throne, but even in these apostate times when kings, priests and people were backlidden from God, He had some prophets who would stand up and rebuke sin, and work for the establishment of the Divinity and authority of God. As a rule, kings were not only corrupt themselves but they corrupted the kingdom. The prophets were holy men, the Bible says so. Thank God, that there has been some holy men. Some people tell us it is impossible to be holy, but if there had been no holy men during the Old Testament age you would find no reference to them in the New Testament. If Jesus had not known them to be holy He certainly would not have spoken of them as such.

Moses was called to break the throne of Pharaoh and overthrow the greatest empire of the past. He was called to lead His people out of bondage, but this commission was not given him until after he was a "holy man of God."

Before he was permitted to enter upon the most eventful period of his history he had to receive his Pentecost. Moses announced to the people that God would raise up one from among them "like unto me, Him shall ye hear." So Moses confessed that he was a prophet of God, was the great antitype of Him who was to come, for he says, "He shall be like unto me." God stands Moses out as a sample of what He could do in the way of holy men. Let us take courage and expect God to make us holy.

The great and good prophet Samuel was called out in the hour of his country's greatest need. He was anointed prophet and was the most brilliant light of that century. He was the Martin Luther of that age. When Israel was in bondage, and idolatry had come among her people and the preachers had drifted far from God, Elijah stepped out from behind the curtain of God's presence and dared to face the multitude and tell them that the God of the universe was the only one whom they should worship. He went forward fearing nothing but succeeding at every move he made.

Thank God for the baptism with fire that takes the fear out of a man and puts strength, courage and energy all through his being. It will make a man dare to tell ecclesiastical bodies the whole truth of God.

And there was Isaiah who stood true to God under the darkest and most aggravating circumstances. Isaiah announced the truth and stood by it until they sawed him asunder like a beef. He had received a message from God and dared to deliver it.

There was Jeremiah; when Jerusalem was fallen and there was little hope of her restoration he was true to announce God's message and denounce all forms of sin, and then weep over the lost until he was styled, "The weeping prophet." If God had such men in the past He certainly has need of them today. If a holy man was needed to overthrow the throne of Pharaoh, there is a greater need for a few who may be used to refute the number of false teachers and preachers of this time. God has need of some holy men and women as well, who fear not to declare the whole truth.

It was said of Samuel, "The Lord was with

him and none of his words fell to the ground." If the Lord is with you it is enough. Brother, if you can conduct yourself so that the Lord is with you and will go with you, He is quite sufficient. Where He does not go let us not go. God help us not to attempt a battle where the Lord is not at the front. So there were holy men, and they lived holy lives, and they all had awful and tremendous things to encounter. The prophets had to face kings and denounce their corruption. How few there are today who would dare to look a king in the face and tell him he was on the road to hell! The prophets, the holy men of God did. George Fox, the founder of the Quaker Church did this. They faced king's houses, conferences, synods, and the greatest centers of false religion. If they were moved by the Spirit thus to warn and rebuke, we wonder why nobody is called to this service today.

When a holy man came to Damascus the Jews were lying in wait to kill him. When he came to Antioch there was a coffin awaiting him there. When he performed a few miracles at Lystra the people were ready to worship

Him ; they said " he is a god," but he preached the truth to them and they took up stones to stone him. When he visits Jerusalem he is beaten and barely escapes with his life, and at Rome he loses his head and one of his last utterances was, "Thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph." O I love to read such passages. If other men have done so and come out victorious we may conquer too, but they were holy men—holy in heart, holy in life ; and do you know that holy men can never die? A holy man lives after he is dead. They are sometimes better dead than alive.

One of these old prophets had so much power that after he had been dead for years and all the flesh had dropped off of his bones, when a corpse was thrown into his sepulcher the moment it touched his bones it revived and stood upon its feet. So you see that the dry bones of Elisha had more life than American Protestantism has today.

If the Lord tarries, Brother Knapp's name will gradually drop out of this movement and after a few years more his name may be sel-

dom mentioned. Some other names may be more prominent in the minds of the people, but there will still be power in the holy life he lived, and hundreds of people will eventually think of him as a holy man and appreciate his loyalty to God more than they did when he lived. "Holy men of God"—I am truly glad there are such. They live to relieve the suffering, lift up the fallen, and bless everybody who will be blessed.

A walk through Custom House Place or Canal Street, in Chicago causes me to feel very strange as I think how little is ever done to relieve the suffering or better the condition of the poor unfortunates found there. I see what was once a man leaning against a barrel house. He is simply a sample of what the devil can do. He is an exhibition of the products of hell. I have said, "What if I had to associate with such souls forever!" There is something in my soul since God saved and sanctified me which fairly revolts from such society except for the purpose of helping and lifting them to their feet. Holy men are always glad to aid the fallen and restore the lost. It is hard

work now but let us be encouraged. There is a time coming when there will be no more fasting, no more weeping and prevailing prayer to get souls to turn to God. There will be one universal reign of peace and triumph.

Beloved, we are called to be "holy men." If there is a shrinkage in your soul this morning from being called a holy man you must seek and obtain your Pentecost. We are commissioned not only to preach it but to have it, to live it, to walk it, and talk it. We must live such holy, humble lives that our children will not need to fear to follow in our footsteps. You have no right to engage in conversation that you would shrink from having your lovely boy or charming daughter hear. It is common to excuse sin in the home, such as anger and unkindness, hasty words uttered under provocation, but, Beloved, you and I are expected to live so that our children will dare to put their feet in our tracks. If in conversation you use slang or any improper language, the children will use it too, and if you are unkind they will be the same. If you get angry they will excuse themselves for getting angry.

Beloved, we are not only called to a holy life but there is provision made for it. He would not call us to anything without first making provision for it. If we do not live holy it is because we do not have the experience. If holiness is not just as practical in the kitchen and dining room as in the parlor; if it is not just as practical on the farm, in the home, or on the railroad car as on the platform preaching, then it is worthless. I thank God that He has called us to holy living. The example of a holy man and his influence upon the community in which he lives is always a benediction. The effect of his character upon his children will be lasting. We had better leave our children an example of godliness than to leave them farms or bank stocks which it may take a lifetime to accumulate and which may damn their souls in hell forever. The influence of a godly example will never die. The boys may sometimes drift out of the path, or the girls may seem indifferent for a season, but I hold to the Old Book that says if we, "train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart

from it." A godly mother—a praying, weeping, sensible, loving mother, who lives holy before God and her children—her tears will never be wasted. The hours she spends in the closet will not be spent in vain.

Parents let me encourage you to walk uprightly, live your religion, live a life unspotted and without blame and some of these days your sons and daughters will come home though they may be a thousand miles away and deep down in sin. Pray on, weep on, believe on; your prayers will come home some night and bring your boys and girls with them.

One of the greatest prophets in the past approached a mother in distress and asked her what she had in the house. She replied, "Thine handmaid hath nothing in the house but a pot of oil," but there was a man of God there, and he prayed and his prayer reached the Throne. She gave the pot of oil to the Lord, and He returned her two boys. She asked the prophet what she should do with the oil and he said, "Sell it," and when she had prayed over it and sold it she found that she

had enough to pay all her debts and a permanent support beside.

I want to ask you parents this morning, "What have you in the house?" It may be a daughter who loves dress and the world and does not care much for holiness, but you can give her to the Lord and ask Him to save, sanctify and call her to soul winning. He will answer. She will go to India, Africa or Japan and some day will come back home, not with literary honors, but with sheaves of golden grain, and she will put a crown of glory on your head that will last forever. She will bless you in your old age because you gave up the pot of oil for God. Or it may be a son. If so give him over to God; give the whole household over to the Lord. Write it over the door, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." There may be objections at first, but where goes the head there goes the whole household. God has called us to live holy lives, to not only love our children but our neighbors' children, and He wants to extend our influence and give us greater victory than we have ever known. Some of us have

struggles and sorrows inexpressible, but some day the lost ones will come home.

If you could read the letters we receive from heartbroken parents, or if we could give you an idea of the joy in homes over this country where we have returned a wayward daughter to a heartbroken mother and sorrow stricken household you would better appreciate the power of a holy life. Imagine the joy around the fireside of that stricken home when the daughter who has been absent more than two years comes back saved and sanctified. The mother says, "For more than two years I have been weeping, praying and watching for her return. I have prayed every hour in the day and have watched and waited until late at night." And then, listen to the blessings which she pours upon those who have pushed their way down into the slums and rescued her wayward child. Some mothers send word for us to pray and search for their only girl. We pray and God directs. The girl is found, saved, and returned to her heartbroken mother. If you could witness the scene as they embrace each other and go down

to family prayers, it would break your heart. Parents, God will reward you for your heartaches, for your sleepless hours or your protracted waiting upon Him.

My text says there were holy men. Thank God there are holy men today. Brother, as long as you live, do not ever dare to lift your voice against holiness. God has sent me to warn you. If you do, it may be that it not only means the wrecking of your own life but that of others. I might tell you of the awful results of parents talking against holiness. I just want to warn you this morning that God has a few holy men and women, and that you must "touch not the Lord's anointed." Do not criticize, do not find fault, do not even insinuate in the presence of your children. If you do not receive this experience and practice it in your every day walk some of your loved ones will meet you at the Judgment, and they may burn forever because you failed. Let us practice what we preach, and let us awaken sleeping souls to a sense of their real danger.

I am talking to more than three hundred

people in this audience who are not saved at all. God help you. The destiny of your own children may be hanging upon your words and life. A holy testimony with a holy life back of it is something that all the armies of hell can not break down. God said to Job that he was a "perfect" man and under all his afflictions he had "sinned not."

Brother Sister, whatever of this message you may forget, I want you to remember the text. Forget me as soon as possible but remember the text forever. You can be a holy man or woman and God can give you the Holy Ghost and keep you in His Divine order. Some day you will thank God that a holiness preacher ever came your way. It is so in my case. I know now what I did not know then, that he came to our town because he was needed more than because he was wanted, for the Churches thought then as Churches do now, and many of them rejected the truth, but he endured hardness and pressed through opposition and carried the message to my soul. When I meet him on the hills of Heaven I shall thank him for his faithfulness in preach-

ing a faithful Gospel. Now, beloved, if you want this blessing come to the altar and get it. I will see that there are not two or three workers buzzing in your ears, and confounding you until you cannot pray. You shall have a good chance to get to God. Won't you come this morning? He is waiting to save, sanctify, and cause you to live a holy life. Praise the Lord!

CHAPTER XI.

THE GOOD SPIRIT OF THE LORD.

“Thou gavest, also, thy good Spirit to instruct them, and withheld not Thy manna from their mouth, and gavest them water for their thirst.” Neh. 9: 20.

“Thou gavest also Thy good Spirit to instruct them.” This is a statement of the fact that the Lord gave His Spirit to the patriarchs and prophets and leaders of these centuries before Christ. That those men who were always looked upon as so illustrious, so extraordinary, so miraculous in their lives, won their triumphs through grace, and their victories were due to the fact the Lord gave His “good Spirit” to instruct them. All their victories and achievements are traceable to this secret. It was the Spirit of the Lord who gave them their success. There are comparatively few today who are willing to give honor where honor is due. We hear much said of the triumph of human character and of human wisdom and of human genius, but none of

these can truthfully be said to have figured in the lives of the greatest men of the greatest times of the past. All they were and all that they did was due to the fact that God gave them His "good Spirit."

Take for instance the life of Joseph, the most faultless, and one of the most famous of Old Testament characters. All of his victories were owing to the fact that the Lord put His Spirit within Him. Hated by his brethren; sold from his home; reduced to the lowest place on earth; I see him with the wisdom that comes from God by the Spirit of God out of Heaven, and he leaps from Potiphar's kitchen to the throne of the mightiest empire of the past, simply because the Lord gave His "good Spirit." Look at him sitting in the dingy old cell; first hated and then forgotten, his heart true to God and righteousness, never breaking in his fidelity or integrity. See his face shedding a light that had never fallen upon those dingy old walls before. See him when misunderstood and misrepresented, down where nobody could touch him but God, and then hear the old king, himself, say to his

servants, "Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is!" Certainly He gave His good Spirit to instruct him. Joseph's triumph was not caused by what he was or what he did, it was because God was in him, working through him, and making him more than conqueror. It was because of the Divine, supernatural, energizing power of the "good Spirit."

Beloved, I wish we knew, as we may know, that everything hinges upon having the Holy Ghost. Everything depends upon the "good Spirit" of God. If we may have the hand of the Lord with us, that is enough. We may lose our friends, our homes, everything, but if the hand of the Lord is with us we can sit in a dingy old prison and He will make the stones in the walls shine like diamonds, and our songs of victory will ring through the corridors until the angels will join in the chorus.

When the Spirit of the Lord was upon Stephen, we are distinctly told that they were not able to resist the wisdom with which he spake. He was altogether unqualified until God touched him, but He sent him out against

the pride and wisdom of the synagogues, and He stopped the mouths of counselors and they were not able to resist the spirit and wisdom with which he spake.

Look at Moses. I see his little crude crib among the rushes on the bosom of the Nile with nobody to rock the cradle but the hand of God. I see his mother stoop over him and tuck him in his little crib and plant a kiss upon his cheek and push him out upon the waves. There he is divorced from all human dependences. Nobody left to look after him but God. No mother to tuck him up and kiss him that night, but the Lord came down and hovered over that little crib and put His almighty hand between him and evil, and the next time the curtain lifts I see him in Pharaoh's court, receiving royal attention, administered to by his mother and being trained for the mightiest work of those centuries, because the "good Spirit" of the Lord was with him. Beloved, there is no place so dark, no circumstances so forbidding, no situation so strained, but that when the Spirit of the Lord is upon us and with us victory is assured.

Joshua was a good, godly man. He was Moses' servant for forty years, and the man who has learned to serve and obey is most likely to be called to lead, so when Joshua received his second blessing, when the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire fell upon him, he went forth to lead one of the grandest exploits in all military history, and all his victories were only because the Spirit of the Lord was upon and within him. He was nothing but a servant trotting along by the side of Moses, but when Moses laid his hand upon him and the Spirit of God came upon him, he went forth to lead that army in a campaign of victories that never closed until thirtyone headless kings were at his feet, and thirtyone mighty cities in his grasp. Why? Only because the "good Spirit" of the Lord was in him. It was not his human wisdom, or human strength; it was not the triumph of any human power or magnetism, but the mighty triumph of the mighty God; and if you and I ever get to see God as He is, everything else will sink into insignificance, and more than that, we will never want anybody else but God to lead us,

to hold us and give us victory. O glory to His name! He who fought for Joshua in thirtyone mighty conflicts, and who gave him victory on every occasion will also fight for us and sepulcher all our foes. When the "good Spirit" of the Lord is upon you and in you, you will never know defeat. You will clean up everything you come to. It is an awful thing to shirk responsibility, or to ask God to excuse us; or to share the responsibility God lays upon us with anybody else.

God called Moses and promised him, that He would be unto him, mouth and wisdom, tongue and utterance, and would go before him and give him victory. People sometimes suppose that when Moses' request for a partnership was granted, and Aaron was taken in, that it was a great blessing, but this is very questionable, for while we find that Moses leaned upon Aaron as a prop, the prop broke at a most critical time, and while Moses was up in the mountain talking to God, Aaron made a golden calf, and the people bowed down to it; and it was Aaron's conduct that pierced Moses' heart through and through with awful

sorrow. Again he said, "This is to much for me, I am not able to bear it;" and he asked for a council of seventy to share the responsibility. God took him at his word and the seventy were appointed, but God took of His Spirit that was upon Moses, and put it upon the seventy. But did that help Moses any? It is true that the Spirit of the Lord rested upon seventyone then instead of one, but there was no more power upon the seventyone than there had been upon one before. God's plan was to have stood Moses up before the people, empower him with condensed lightning, and condensed wisdom and power, until he could have done the work of seventyone men. The glory and honor was divided until Moses' share was only one of seventyone. The council never proved a blessing. That was the start of the very Sanhedrim that crucified our Lord.

Beloved, let us not shrink from responsibility. Let us not draw back when God wants to send us to the front. Let us shoulder without hesitation every single thing that God puts upon us. It is an easy thing for us to lose our crown. We are warned faithfully, "Let no

man take thy crown." If we want to be at our very best we must go forth unhesitatingly; grasping every opportunity; cherishing the cross, and leaning upon God every step of the way. Beloved, if we can get the Holy Ghost to come into our hearts and take charge of everything, He will solve every difficult problem; He will untangle every tangled skein; and will make every intricate and difficult matter as plain as high noon. He will enter into the most minute details of life, and help us through them all. The "good Spirit" of the Lord may be with you just as much in swinging a pick as sitting on a throne. He may just as really help you at the kitchen sink, or at the wash tub, as in the drawing room, or on the platform.

The Man of Nazareth, who spent years of His life swinging a hammer, pushing a plane, or driving a saw, will never forget you, no difference how humble your work in life. No difference how mean our calling, we need and may have our Pentecost. There can be no real, constant victory until the Holy Ghost comes to abide. The "good Spirit" of the

Lord will insure victory through the most protracted tests. He will never leave nor forsake you. When people turn from you, trials multiply, and sorrows seem to crush you, in the midst of sickness and distress, when all from a human standpoint looks dark, then the Lord is with His truly sanctified children and whispers, "when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." It is at least intimated in this text that we shall go through the fire and the water; but when we do, thank God, we will not drown or burn. There will be something in us that will stand the storm. Away down in the basement of our souls, there will be a framework built of steel ribs and girders, and we will be upheld by the hand of Omnipotence. So strong and firm will He build us that no storms of hell will be able to break down the structure. Glory to God!

A sea worthy vessel may be tossed and rolled and tumbled, swinging over the tops of

the billows and down through the trough of an awful sea. She resists and throws off wave after wave, and rides serenely on without damage from the storm. This is one of the grandest pictures, to my mind, of a life that is permeated through and through with the "good Spirit" of God. The billows of the most agitated seas may sweep across your deck, and you may sometimes seem to be out of sight; the world may have forgotten you; in the small hours of the morning you may be slipping noiselessly about, watching the sick bed, in great suspense as to what the consequences are to be. All human voices and human sympathy are as silent as death; you look out upon the stars of the night; you are weary. Satan would tempt you that even your own friends have no feelings for you, but, thank God, the "good Spirit" of the Lord is there and rejoices over the victories that nobody knows but the King Himself. This "Spirit," spoken of in the twentieth verse of the ninth chapter of Nehemiah, is the mighty Spirit of the mighty God.

O, beloved, I wish we knew Him. I wish

that you would not only receive Him, but that people who have received Him, would cultivate His acquaintance. I wish you would court His favor; study His likes and dislikes. He is very sensitive; is most refined in His tastes. O, if we only knew how to please Him; how Devine the fellowship. Thank God, we may, and when we come to know Him, and get through with everything else and just step out in the power of His might, depending alone upon Him, He always gives glorious victory.

The "good Spirit" is *gentle*. He is not only symbolized by fire, but also by the dove. There are many striking symbols of the Holy Ghost. Sometimes He comes as a mighty rushing wind; sometimes as a cooing dove; sometimes He comes as a flame of fire; sometimes as a still, small voice. It is just as sweet to know Him in the one as in the other. After your heart is open to receive Him, if you love Him and know Him, it does not matter under what symbol He comes to you. You will understand it. All this confusion which we find around, all asking questions, all this wondering, comes from a lack of settled

conviction. When we get a settled conviction and come to know Him as God, He may come as a storm and we will stand upon our feet. He may come like the morning air and we will welcome Him, and when He comes we will cherish Him; we will embrace Him and will seek to know Him better.

Beloved, to know the Holy Ghost is not only to swing a meat ax in preaching. This may sometimes be necessary, but to know Him, means to weep and weep, like the red eyed Jeremiah until the proud and impenitent may reject us for our very tears. There is such a tenderness, and such a gentleness springing up when the Holy Spirit comes in. He not only transforms us but it seems as if the glory of God is setting upon every blade of grass; as if the trees were clapping their hands for joy. It sometimes seems that every cricket and insect that makes a noise is singing and rejoicing over this salvation. I am fond of demonstration when it is in the Spirit of the Lord. It is very refreshing to my soul, but what can be more refreshing than to see someone stand with streaming eyes and laugh-

ing, radiant countenance, weeping out the joy which the Holy Ghost has put in.

I have recently witnessed a campmeeting well nigh swept off of their feet by the tearful, laughing of a little woman who was saying "farewell" to friends, home and native land. She was headed for the sandy stretches of India, but her eyes were so full of tears, and her soul so full of laughter that she was unable to speak to the people. A more eloquent message I have never heard. It was truly uplifting.

Manifestations of the Spirit are many; they are various; they may come this way or that. We dare not lay down any rules for God. He will not follow rules or human regulations; but with all our demonstration let us never suppose that the deepest spirituality is in demonstration. Let us understand that the deepest spirituality is in letting God absolutely have His way with us. As willing to be still and be misunderstood when God puts a hush on our soul as to be misunderstood when He puts the shouts and demonstration upon us. If you shout, there will be somebody who will criticise

you. If you do not shout there will be somebody else who will think you have not got the victory. The thing we want is to be possessed with the "good Spirit" of the Lord.

O, beloved, I am looking for something more than I have seen manifested in this world yet. I am seeing something of it these days. Sometimes God comes down, takes hold of people and shakes them over hell. It is more of this mighty, griping conviction we want to see. Just at this time we are confronting a phase of fanaticism which rarely appears in the religious world. I refer to excessive demonstration, and to a spirit that would censure and denounce all who are not physically demonstrative. Sweet and refreshing as real Holy Ghost demonstration is, it is important that we shall not lay too much stress upon it. The devil can take advantage of human feelings, but what we want is something thousand fathoms deeper than shouts or gymnastic exercises. But the Holy Ghost can settle you down so that when the people attack you all you will do is say, "Hallelujah!" We can not defend ourselves if we are dead; we must be good corpses; we

must stay dead. A person can talk about a good corpse all day and there is no reply, no answer, no retaliation.

Now, beloved, the point I want to bring before you is, that what God gave to comparatively few men in the Old dispensation, He wants to pour out on all flesh today. Under the Old dispensation the multitudes stood outside the temple or tabernacle. They heard the jingle of bells and caught a glimpse of the pomegranates on the garment of the priest as he entered the holy place alone, but the masses did not come in touch with God.

He put His Spirit upon Moses, Elisha, Jeremiah, Isaiah, Hezekiah and others; all along down through the ages there have been some who have had His "good Spirit." But God promised that the time should come when He should pour His Spirit upon all flesh. What Moses found on Horeb, and Elijah found at Carmel, you may have today if you will meet the conditions. The coming of the "good Spirit" of the Lord will destroy all sin in the heart and fill you with perfect love. We "receive not the spirit of fear but of love and power and of

a sound mind." We stand before the world entirely sane for the first time in our lives when we are sanctified wholly. All who are not sanctified wholly are more or less insane. A sanctified man, full of the Holy Ghost, stands out before the world, yes, before three worlds, as God's representative, as a sample of God's goods, and he stands ready for inspection. If we are not ready to stand off somewhere and let all the sharpshooters of hell do their worst on us, we have not got the thing I am talking about. If somebody comes along and says, "You have not got it," that does not affect matters a particle. You have not time to defend. The real thing does not need any defense, but I feel sure this is Greek to most people. I am speaking to some now who are comparative strangers to these things, but it is coming. Before our Lord comes back to earth again, I believe there will be a real revival. I do not mean fanaticism; I do not mean mere noise; I mean that the gifts and graces of the Spirit will reappear as in the apostolic church and will be recognized by the real saints, and will be exercised to the bless-

ing of thousands. Many have received the Holy Ghost but have refused to receive His gifts. There seems to be a special aversion to the gift of healing among many who call themselves Holiness people. This is one of the gifts in the Pauline catalogue.

Beloved, I am preaching and praying and weeping and looking for a people who will swallow the whole Bible and go through with God. Beloved, let us not be afraid. If somebody has gone into fanaticism we must not draw back into the cold twilight of spiritual things. Let us not make a mistake here. He is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to those that seek than we are to give good gifts to our children. He wants to come and He will come and He will not tarry. He will come suddenly to His temple. He might come now; 'most any time. Look out! Glory to God! I believe He is coming! He comes when everything is ready. Some have received Him while washing dishes. Some while walking along the street. Some while lying in their beds, and have jumped out as if the bed was on fire. O let Him come! If He does not

come, there is a reason for it. He will never withhold His manna or the fruits of Canaan or the best things He has from us. He fed three million people in a barren wilderness where there was absolutely nothing in sight, to settle it forever that we do not have to depend on what we can see. If we know Him He will take care of us. He causes the lilies to grow and they are beautiful. The Lord has promised to make us like wrought gold. "The King's daughter shall be all glorious within."

Have you received Him? Do you believe He wants to come? Suppose He does come, will you consult Him? Will you court His favor? Will you study to please Him in every way? Many have questioned Him and He has left them. If the Lord tells me to go and do a thing, I would not question Him for the world. I would not ask Him one question for the price of my soul. I should fear that He would leave me. In all the severest sorrows and trials through which I have been called to pass, I have not asked Him one question. O glory to God! He wants to control us absolutely without questions. Shall we let Him? Be-

loved, receive Him just now, for Jesus' sake
and for your own soul's sake. Praise the
Lord!

CHAPTER XII.

THE RESURRECTION.

“And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James and Salome, had brought sweet spices that they might come and anoint Him. And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulcher at the rising of the sun. And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulcher? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away, for it was very great.” Mark 16: 1-4.

The company of devout, lovinghearted women who lingered at the cross, hurried to the sepulcher, and the words which we have read were some of their words as they journeyed to Joseph's new tomb. In the devotion and love of their hearts they were going to do their last and best for the Lord. They seemed to have almost forgotten that there were difficulties, possibly did not remember them until they were approaching the tomb, and then said among themselves: “Who shall roll us away the stone.” “For it was very great.” There were three almost insurmountable diffi-

culties in the way of these holy women, and their difficulties, at least, strikingly illustrate the difficulties which come in our way, and lie across our path.

First, there was the *stone*, and it was very great.

Second, there was the *Hebrew seal*. Who dared to break it?

Third, there was the *Roman guard*; and before they could render their loveservice these three must be overcome.

In every Christian life there are difficulties corresponding to these. The stone was inactive but obstinate, and too much for frail, tired women, who had passed through such a protracted strain. The stone well represents the inert, inactive obstacles that lie across our path, which seem impassable and yet do not attack us. They lie like a log or like some heavy weight, some immovable, some impassable obstacle in our way. It may be circumstances which go on for years without change. It may be an affliction that hangs like a black cloud over our way, and never seems to lift. Every person who would be a

real Christian finds that there are certain great difficulties, there are certain forbidding circumstances which it seems impossible for us to overcome, but the removal of the stone from the mouth of the sepulcher was a Divine guarantee that all our stonelike difficulties shall be taken away. The fact that this great stone was removed is security, is a pledge, it gives every man and woman of faith to understand that however great or heavy or sluggish our difficulties may be, however obstinate they may seem, they must give way at the touch of the resurrected Christ. I wish to help the people this morning, who are hindered by difficulties, those who succumb to opposition, to mountains that lie in your way; to circumstances which you are powerless to control. Thank God, the very greatness of the stone is a good reason why we should expect that He will take the matter in hand. The very greatness of the difficulty is a good reason why we should not attempt to manage it ourselves. Most people rush to God for aid only in great difficulties; they undertake to manage the small ones themselves.

A Christian merchant receives a telephone message that his suburban home is in flames. He hurries to the spot. His home is in ashes. His insurance ran out last week, but his family are saved. He gathers his little family around him and hurries to God and pours out his soul to Him. He breaks down and God comforts him and sustains him in a difficulty like that; but the same man, when a tired clerk, who has worked twelve hours for ten hours pay, comes ten minutes late in the morning, flies into a passion and sins against Heaven. He does not seem to be able to manage a little thing like that, and he does not trust God to keep him in the small matters.

I am glad sometimes that our difficulties are too much for us. I sometimes rejoice that it is a *great* stone, for if there is a *great* stone, if there is a *great* need, we are forced to find a *great* Christ. If our difficulties are beyond human help, then we apply to Him who never fails. The stone will be rolled away no difference how great it may be. The very greatness of it affords a great opportunity for a great God to display His power. This truth you must re-

member all through your Christian experience. I wish the saints knew how to let the Lord take care of the great stones; the inert and obstinate difficulties that we cannot manage. I wish we knew how to stand still and see the salvation of God.

The next difficulty was the *Hebrew Seal*. This was the seal of authority, of law. To break the seal was to break authority, to defy law. It is not very common that our Christian privileges are interfered with in these days, by civil law, but it is very often the case that we come up against things that are controled by the laws of nature, and they seem so forbidding that it is impossible for us to get through them without God. The resurrection of Jesus Christ is enough for the seal of authority. It is enough for law; it is enough for the suspension of natural law, that we may obtain the purpose of God, and know the best things which He has for us. Just as a watchmaker knows how to stop a watch as well as to start it; just as he knows how to turn the hands backward, so God knows how to turn the shadow back fifteen degrees on the dial of

Ahaz. God knows how to suspend all natural laws and bring in the supernatural, and bring deliverance in spite of every obstacle. When as good medical authority, as Boston could furnish, told me that my loved one was beyond the reach of human skill or aid, and that there was no human law or power by which he could be restored, the resurrected Christ stepped in, suspended natural law long enough to perform a miracle, and the sick one arose from his bed and called for something to eat. In all the miracles which are performed, there is a manifestation of the power of God in the suspension of natural laws. The Bible is filled with the history of cases where nobody could do anything until Jesus got there. Nothing could be done until the Lord came, and then the law of gravitation was nothing. The law of cause and effect was nothing. No difference what natural law stood in the way, the Author of all law said to it, "Step aside," and the work was accomplished. Glory to God! Laws often have to be reversed and set at naught, and in the resurrection of the Son of God we have a guarantee that we shall rise above all our foes.

Peter was in prison; the edict had gone forth; the sentence was passed. He was to be executed on the morrow; "but prayers were made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him." Behind that "but" was something more powerful than all Herod's armies; and when those prayers were answered another angel came down and stood in the prison. The light of Heaven filled all that dark dungeon. Peter stood on his feet; the chains fell from his limbs, and with an angel by his side he walked out of that jail. The first and second walls became as thin air, and he passed through without opening the doors; and when he came to the outer gate, which was so heavy that it took twenty men to swing it upon its hinges after it was unlatched, it opened of its own accord. Peter was free, and in less than a week Herod was a corrupting corpse. O beloved, there is nothing too great for our Christ. Even Darius could find no law by which Daniel could be relieved from going into the lions' den. He would have been glad to find some law of escape, but could find none. God had no difficulty in finding one. The author of the He-

brew seal says, "You have got to go in;" but the Author of all law says, "You must come out." It is this overcoming the laws of nature that makes it possible for a fellow to burn and not be scorched; that makes it possible for a man to be better after he has been boiled in oil than he was before. It is this that makes it possible when a poisonous snake has fastened itself upon one's hand to throw it off and go on to Rome. It is this power that lifts us above all human authorities, and makes it possible for us, "with a conqueror's tread to push ahead," and trust God to roll the sea away. I wish we knew Him. I wish we knew His greatness. We would certainly get through with magnifying our petty difficulties and trials. We would get through with our putting our faces up to the side of the room and whining like children. In the history of the Covenanters they tell us of times when the enemy was after them, and they were in the mountains when an attack was about to be made on them, there would settle down over their little assembly a mist that would hide

them from their enemies until they could escape to the ravines and caves and hide away.

John Payton tells us again and again of times when natural laws were suspended, prospects reversed, plans changed, and the victory came to him in the face of the worst things that could be imagined. O glory to God!

Who knows but that the prayers and the tears and the waiting upon God is suspending certain laws and certain rules this very hour, which gives us the privileges which we so greatly enjoy? All through your life there are going to be difficulties that seem insurmountable because natural laws are across your path, that to get victory at all will require a miracle. Thank God, the resurrected Christ can do it. He can break the Hebrew seal; He can break every stamp of authority that earth or hell puts forth.

Again, the third difficulty was the sturdy Roman guard. This may illustrate the active forces, the living powers that attack us. The things or persons that come against us with gnashing teeth, frowning countenances, and stentorian voices, demanding our surrender or

forbidding our progress. Thank God, there is deliverance from even the living, acting forces! Whether they be in the form of human beings, or be blackwinged demons from the pit, thank God, there is deliverance. Who does not know that every time we take a bold stand, or plant our feet on higher ground, the atmosphere fills with opposition, and our progress is challenged by ranks of living foes from the lower regions. They call for us to "Halt," but he who knows the resurrected Christ can look a regiment of devils in the face, and one throb of the pulse of the risen Lord coursing through your veins is enough to paralyze a sturdy Roman Guard, and put them on their faces while you shout the victory. So we are not going to be afraid of a regiment of devils any more than a Hebrew seal. We have a Christ who can go the rounds and clean up the whole outfit, and give us victory, no difference what our foes.

Brother, do you practice it? Is it a fact in your every day life? Do you have victory in those hours when it would seem that the hosts of earth and the legions of hell have agreed

against you? There is power in the resurrected Christ to stretch them out as unconscious as the Roman guard slept on the ground that morning. A difficulty is harmless while God has His hand on it. Under the Divine touch of a Divine Christ the Roman guard lay on their faces while the angel rolled away the stone. Beloved, if we have wisdom enough to keep Him between us and difficulties, if we have sense enough to trust Him, to make Him responsible, we will find His touch will answer all our needs and defeat all our enemies.

I notice in the lesson that the stone was not only against the women but it was against Christ. He was on the other side of it, and if He had to get out they certainly could get in. If we could remember that everything that is against us is against Him; that all our enemies are the enemies of Christ; if we will let Him deal with them as His, since they are His, He knows how to manage them, and we may simply commit the matter to Him and shout the victory through all. There are things that seem to be against us and that seem to be against Christ, but really and truly nothing can

stand against Him, and if He be for us who can be against us? O, I want to help somebody. O, that we might get a new vision of the power of God, of the resurrected Christ, and understand that He is more than a match for all the foes that earth and hell can bring against us. It is here I find my safety. If I could not hide away, many a time I would fall. Here is my hope; here is my victory. I keep my eye on an allconquering Christ, and they must down Him before they down me; and they are always paralyzed when they come into His presence.

Notice in the lesson that when these devout sisters called to mind, just as they were approaching the sepulcher, that there were difficulties, they did not turn back. Many of you would have said, "It is of no use to go any further. Mary, do you not remember how big that stone was?" The most of us would have turned back, but though they remembered the stone, the seal and the Roman guard, their hearts fired with devotion, love, and loyalty to their Christ, hurried them to the sepulcher where they were to find that the stone was

rolled away. How many times that has been true with us. We have thought about difficulties in the distance, we have thought about bridges that had to be crossed, we have looked ahead and imagined that there were lions in the way ; we saw great stones lying in our path ; we saw gum logs we never could split ; there have been circumstances that it seemed impossible to overcome ; but when we came to the place it was gone. Sir, if you will walk on, if you are faithful, just when you get over the top of the hill where the thing was, you will see that the stone has been rolled away.

Notice in the teaching of the lesson that God is always faithful to be there just in time ; not too soon, not a second too late—just in time. The stone had not been rolled away long, for the angel was still sitting upon it. How often Satan says, “Now, this thing is upon you and the time is short, and there are no signs of deliverance, and the Lord is going to fail you.” The devil says, “I know the Lord has never failed you in the past, but this is different, this is an emergency ; something must be done at once, and you see He is not

here." Ah, that is devil talk. God is always there just in time. Many a time faith has to walk right up against a stone. God does not waste any time, but He is there just the right minute to deliver us; just in time to display His wondrous power and grace.

Moses must lead the people into, what seems, the very jaws of death. There was no opening. Mountains were on either side, the roaring enemy in the rear, and the sea stretched out in front of them. The case looked hopeless, but God was there just in time.

Joshua's test of faith was even more severe. He had to make the priests put their feet in the water before there was anything done. God never fails. As faith is tested and you are true, the triumph is sure to come.

Notice that the stone was removed without their touch; without an effort; without drawing a sword. Don't you know, sir, there are certain things God does not want us to do? And when this is the case we are never stronger than when in the attitude of perfect silence. Paul says, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Some of the mightiest victories

come when we stand absolutely still and see what God will do. "Ye shall not fight in this battle." That does not mean that you shall not go forth, possibly with a ram's horn, or a shepherd's sling at some other time, but there may be occasions upon which you are only to stand still and sing a holy song. There will be times when the best thing in the world you can do is to do nothing. There will be times when the devil will try to hurry you and make you do a lot of things, hasty, unreasonable things, but you stand still and wait until God makes it plain.

Again, there was deliverance by a celestial messenger who sat upon the stone, as if to say, "My difficulties are my thrones;" Thank God they do come to this earth. They are represented in some places in the Bible as living down here. Jesus said, "They shall ascend and descend;" as much as to say they are already down here. How could they go up before they come down? The angels are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who are heirs of salvation." They are all about us today, no matter what the difficulties,

“the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him.”

Yes, there were other armies there that Sabbath morning beside the Roman guard. The armies which Elisha saw when one hundred and seventyfive thousand of his enemies fell in a single day; the armies which are in the galleries all about us, witnessing our conduct, and whenever we need assistance, are dispatched to aid and guard us. Where is the Christian who can not cite back to hairbreadth escapes; to times when you can not explain why you were not killed in some awful accident? The angel of God was there just in time to take care of you as you stood on the very precipice of ruin. How many of us can look back and remember times, even when we were sinners, and we cannot understand why it was that we did not drop into hell. Even then, God had the holy angels guarding us. If the Divine protection were withdrawn from the sinners in this audience while we preach, they would suddenly drop into hell.

Have you ever noticed how a man will live through a dozen things? You thought any

one of them would kill him ; it seems as if nothing can kill him ; and finally, some day, some little thing, utterly insignificant, the same he has passed many a time before, occurs, and he drops dead. O, there was a time when God was guarding and protecting him ; his cup of iniquity was not yet full, but the day came when the angels retired, and he was dead. It does not take much to snap the thread of life and send a man to hell when he has crossed the dead line, and there is no more hope of his turning to the Lord. O, we have a little idea what is going on overhead, just above us, but there are companies of angels with the saints, and there is a certain restraining, protecting power over the sinner for a time, for which they ought to stop and thank God. God help us to appreciate the company of angels who are delegated to journey with us here below. Sometimes we almost seem to feel their wings, and some of these times when we are passing through the severest trials, and it seems as if all hell were howling and raging against us, the angels of the Lord are fanning our brow, and we get unspeakably happy in the absence

of anything in the world to make us happy. If you get God, if you get the Holy Ghost and your Pentecost, you will get linked up to Heaven, and the angels are pledged to take care of you. Thank God, our Christ can lift us above difficulties as well as roll stones away.

I find no Lcriptural authority for saying that the stone was rolled away in order that Jesus might rise, because I find after the resurrection that He passed in and out through closed doors, and if He could do that, He could go through a stone just as well. And then I notice another thing, that when he appeared to Mary, He was not coming from the tomb but from the garden, where He had been taking a walk. The probability is that He got up long before the angel got there, and was walking about in the morning air. This proves to me that circumstances do not have to be taken out of the way: our Christ can go through them. It is a wonderful thing to have the stone rolled away, but I reckon it is even greater to be up and gone before the angel comes. When Jesus Christ went into Joseph's new tomb, He went in with the intention of

knocking the other end out of it; I believe He went out the other way, and by His resurrection has knocked the bottom out of all the graves, and guaranteed the resurrection of all the saints.

The entirely sanctified do not live on this side of the tomb, the dark death side, but on the resurrection side. I know there is a gloomy side to religion; there is a cheerless, gloomy, north side, but I know there is a sunny side, a tropical side where flowers bloom and birds sing, and we can bask in the sunlight of eternal glory. O, I wish the Church knew it—knew the resurrection side of life. Almost everybody is sitting on the north side of religion. They are chilly, their hands are cold, and their teeth chatter. O, I wish they could get around on the south side. Do you know, sirs, that the fact of the resurrection is the great hinge on which swings the whole plan of salvation. Do you know that as Christ arose, so will we get up, and there are not devils enough to keep us down? Do you know that as He got up in the early morning, sanctified saints are going to get up a thousand

years before the other folks? And we will walk out in the morning air. The delicious fragrance, the music that fills the air, the charming voices of the early morning, we will witness, and we will walk and sing and praise God a thousand years before the other folks are out of their graves. I can almost smell the fragrance of the morning air now. How bracing! There is something about it that puts the electricity, the elixir of life, that puts the hop, skip and jump in a man's soul. Glory to God!

If you will get sanctified wholly you will get up before the angel gets there, and I think the trumpet sound is going to be the sweetest music we have ever listened to. The trumpet that calls the nations of the dead in Christ to rise up and meet a glorified and descending Lord. The trumpet that calls the living saints to drop their mortality and be translated in the twinkling of an eye, and go to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. This is going to be the climax of the ages. This is the great day to which all other days are pointing. I am going to be there!

“And the stone was rolled away.” Do you want the blessing! He will roll away the stone, break the seal, speak to the guard. It would be tantalizing to preach to you this way if I did not know that you can have the blessing. I am sure I love you too much to tantalize you with something you cannot have. If you will meet the conditions God will break every Hebrew seal, roll away every stone, paralyze every guard, and this resurrection life coursing through your being will make you a giant, “strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.”

CHAPTER XIII.

“Let us therefore, as many of us as be perfect, be thus minded. Phil. 3, 8-15.

The word “perfect” when applied to salvation is so widely misunderstood that we are compelled to repeat again and again the New Testament line of teaching, and the New Testament thought with regard to what Christian perfection is.

You notice that the word “perfection” is used twice in the lesson which I have read.

First, referring to a perfection yet to be reached, a perfection yet deferred until the resurrection out from among the dead—the first resurrection.

Second, a perfection which the apostle professes that he has, and he addresses those who have the blessing and says, “Let as many as be perfect be thus minded.”

Men seek perfection with diligence in everything else but religion. They are desperately in earnest to reach perfection in agriculture,

science, art, invention, in fact everything but salvation. Men do not hesitate to use the term when applied to things temporal, material, or things perishing. They speak of a perfect day, a perfect machine, a perfect fit, a perfect gentleman, a perfect flower, in fact, you can hear the word almost everywhere until it comes to the great Gospel of our God, then when we talk about perfection men lift their hands in horror; they say that is going too far. Everybody understands, and especially those of you who have read something of theology, (and I hope you are not afraid to rub up against it) that the apostle here is not talking about absolute perfection, the perfection of God, for as we have been made perfect we will make progress not only here, but hereafter and to the increase there shall be no end, but for that we will never reach a place where we will approximate the perfection of God, nowhere is it promised that we are to be gods, and we want to be careful to stay where we belong. So we are not talking about the perfection from that standpoint but there is something required of us, a perfection we ought to have, and I trust

we may be able to get at an intelligent understanding of what God expects of us. The apostle here is not talking about perfection that comes from creation, but from redemption. All that you or I have, or ever will have, or be, we get through redemption. Our first parents had a perfection that was by creation, but they lost it, and the estate squandered we have never been able to regain. It was lost—absolutely lost. All that we have, or ever will have, we have through Jesus Christ, and around the cross clusters everything that is nearest and dearest to us this afternoon, and from it we must never wander a single step. There is no place on earth or in Heaven where we will get beyond the cross of Jesus Christ. The very privileges that we will enjoy through all the cycles of eternity are purchased through the Blood; and we will sing about the Blood age upon age as the centuries roll along. The Lamb that was slain, the Blood that was shed, the Christ that volunteered to lay down His life to redeem us, will forever be our theme. Glory to His name!

If this perfection is not the perfection of

creation then it cannot mean the perfection of our bodies or our minds. I am confident that serious error and sometimes shipwreck comes as result of misunderstanding God's salvation in this particular. Nowhere in the Word are you commanded or promised to have a perfect head. There is an idea abroad in these days that people have got to get saved so that they will make no mistakes. This is not true. It is not a perfection of mind but of spirit. The only perfection taught between the covers of the Book is that perfection of heart which comes when we are sanctified wholly and filled with perfect love. John Wesley was right when he said, "The only thing you can add to the experience of perfect love or entire sanctification is more love." The reception of the Holy Ghost is always subsequent to regeneration, always after conversion, is never one and the same with it. When we receive the Holy Ghost we receive a heart made free from sin and filled with perfect love, and when the Holy Ghost comes in and makes us perfect in heart; while he greatly aids our heads and corrects our erroneous thought and false teaching,

preserves us from mistakes in many matters, and while He enables us to see clearly things that seemed mystical and hard to be understood before, He does not give us perfect heads and he does not fix us up so that we do not make any mistakes.

The devil is an accuser of the brethren and he does not want anything better than to get us to accusing ourselves when there is no occasion, or accusing others when there is no evidence against them. If sin is removed from our hearts it is impossible for it to get back without our consent. For as a flaming sword guarded the gate of Eden after sin was driven out, so after we are cleansed from inbred sin, the Holy Ghost keeps guard at the gate and sin can never reenter the human soul without the consent of the will.

Some people seem to have an idea that they can get into sin unconsciously and unbeknown to themselves. Not at all. If you ever get into sin after you are saved, you get into it from your own choice, you go into it deliberately. There is no sin about ignorance. God means not only to give us perfect hearts but

to guard and preserve and keep us true to Himself. A child a few weeks old shows signs of anger and strikes at its mother. This would be sin if it had knowledge, but where there is no knowledge, no law, there can be no sin. The Blood stands for all mistakes. The Blood atones for the child up to the years of accountability, until that time he is held free from guilt though he is filled with carnality.

A mistake is not a sin and you will cripple your experience and weaken your influence by a confession of sin when it was only an unintentional mistake. Sin is a wilful transgression of the law of God. If a man sins he knows it. If the Holy Ghost does not let me know that I have sinned I will never believe it, no difference who charges me with it. I cannot take what people say about it. He will notify me when there is anything wrong. It is the will that is the king of the man. Where goes the will there goes the whole man. God says if any man willeth to do His will he shall know of the doctrine. Then if I will to do His will He has engaged to keep me from guilt and from the consequences of sin. So I

trust we will be careful about accusing ourselves or accusing others. "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, cleanses us from all sin."

There is no darkness, no real spiritual darkness unless there is willful transgression of God's law. There may be circumstantial or providential darkness and there may be no outlook from a human standpoint, but there is always a hole in the top; you can look up when you can look nowhere else

John was mistaken in his judgment when he thought that God's messenger was the angel of the Lord, and he was mistaken again in his practice when he got down and worshipped him. The messenger said, "No, don't do that. I am one of the Lord's servants. That is all."

Then we must recognize the fact that our treasure is in earthen vessels, and I do not believe it is a bad idea to exercise care about being too positive that the Lord is speaking to us or that the Lord is leading us. We often hear, "The Lord said this to me," and "The

Lord told me to do that," or "I dreamed a dream and the Lord told me in the night." Now, the Lord is not the only one that speaks to folks. The Holy Ghost does guide us, to be sure, but He has a threefold guidance, not always by a voice; He guides by providence, by the written Word, and by spiritual intuition or impressions made on our minds which are sometimes almost as clear as an audible voice. But as we are commanded to try the spirits so we must try the voices, for Satan often speaks, he is a ventriloquist and can throw his voice so as to sound as if he was in the center of your being and attempt to make you think that it is the Lord talking. Let us lie low at the feet of Jesus and try every spirit and every voice by the written Word. Some claim to get the voice by opening the Bible at random and other ways almost like lottery. I would not say that the Lord does not sometimes use such means, but they are certainly not always reliable. In these and other ways some have fallen into greivous mistakes.

It was all right for Gideon to put out the fleece and ask that it should be wet and the

ground around it dry and I think I can see reasons for his putting it out the second time and asking that it should be dry and the ground wet, but we are now in altogether a different dispensation and the Lord does not speak so much to us through signs as He does through His Word, Providences and the Spirit.

That was not a bad clause in the old Quaker discipline under which I was brought up in regard to being careful about the assertion that our messages were of Divine authority, rather allowing the message itself to be the evidence. If a thing is Divine, it will prove itself. Sometimes I have seen people label their messages before they were born and when they appeared they did not fill the bill. The Holy Ghost has all our interests at heart, and He will give us time to find out His will. It is not necessary for us to be in a hurry and run after strange voices. The best and solidest convictions are formed in solitary retirement with His presence. As a rule when you feel somebody driving you and pushing you, it is the devil, and should be looked on with suspicion at least. The Lord is so good

and kind that if you have any doubts about a matter He will give you time to weigh it, test it, hold it before Him until you get convictions born of Heaven, and feel settled in regard to it.

Again, I want to say it is not a perfection of service. There is a vast difference between a perfect heart filled with perfect love, controlled by the Holy Ghost, and a perfect service. We will never do a perfect service in this life. There is a vast difference between a perfect service and serving the Lord with a perfect heart.

I remember one time when I was pastor and my little boy was four or five years old, I sent him down the street for five distinct articles of merchandise. He was delighted to go shopping. In a little while he came back filled with childish glee, but was much mortified to find that he only had four bundles. His service was not perfect, but he had certainly rendered the service of a perfect heart, and it was just as satisfactory to me as if he had gotten the rest, so I kissed him and pressed him to my heart and praised him

The Lord has treated us that way so many times. We have started out with a perfect heart to do a perfect service and thought we would get it all done, but when we came in and laid down the bundles we found there was one missing; then the Lord has taken us up and caressed us and made us feel just as if we had done everything for the very best. What would He care about the amount of service anyhow, if it is done with a perfect heart? What did I care about the bundles that my little boy brought? I did not send him so much for the bundles as to give him the lesson. What I cared for was the perfect obedience of the child. What God cares is to see that your heart is perfect towards Him and that you are doing your best to do His will. It is just like Satan to come and talk to you about the fifth bundle and call your attention to your mistake and ask why you did not get the other bundle, but if you did your best the Lord says it is all right, and He may let us go shopping again some time, so remember there is a difference between the service of a perfect heart and a perfect service. Satan will

accuse you and charge you with everything that is bunglesome and awkward and when you have prayed in public your sentences were not completed and grammar incorrect, Satan whispers "What a fool you have made of yourself." No; you did not make a fool of yourself. You did not get all the bundles, but you did your best and you got enough to please the Lord. Sometimes when you have publicly testified, your heart was full and you broke down and wept and did not say all you intended or had thought to say. When you sit down the devil whispers, "What a fool you have made of yourself." No, you did not make a fool of yourself; you just forgot one of the bundles, and probably had all you could carry.

The experience of a perfect heart is not exempt from temptation. There is a difference between temptation and sin. There is a difference between impatience and being tempted to be impatient. I only referred to impatience as a sample of the many temptations that come to us. You cannot be tempted to impatience without having feelings very

similar to the feelings of impatience. The devil makes sanctified people feel as if they were very impatient sometimes when they are not. They should simply turn on him and tell him to take his goods and go. Tell him it did not originate in your heart for you do not grow that sort of fruit. Satan comes at sanctified people as an angel of light.

All of this going down every few days, one day you have the victory and the next day the dumps, is not New Testament piety, it is not salvation. The baptism with the Holy Ghost is a definite work; it occurs but once in a lifetime; never will be repeated unless you backslide. When the Holy Ghost comes it is to abide. The fact that you do not feel He is there is none of your business; it is your business to know that He has come in and has sanctified you wholly, and that you are walking in the light. If you know this there is no reason why you should dictate to Him how He should conduct Himself or cause you to feel. There is not power enough in earth or in hell to overthrow you while you remain utterly yielded to God. There are people who would

destroy you if they could, but they cannot. He opens and no man can shut. The sanctified are absolutely dead to flattery and to criticism.

What I have said of temptation will apply all the way around. How can you be tempted unless there is something similar to the thing itself? Many a time people have temptations often severe and they do create suffering but it is that we may know the fellowship of His sufferings. Did not Jesus suffer awful temptation in the garden? Did He not sweat great drops of blood? Yet He never had guilt for a moment. Beloved, no difference if sorrows untold, anguish inexpressible, and temptations that seem like torture sweep over you, there is no guilt, there is no pollution as long as the Holy Ghost abides. While you walk in the light and obey God the power of the evil one is paralyzed. There is only one chance for him to regain entrance into your being, and that is through the consent of your will.

Another result of this perfection is that it puts us where we will forget the things that are behind and press on towards the things that are before. He says to the Hebrews, "let

us go on to perfection;" that is to be sanctified wholly. Here he says, "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ our Lord." Let us get away from our experiences, think of something in the future. What can be accomplished if you run back every day to where we started from.

O for a race of men and women who will get beyond their own experiences and their own interests and commit it absolutely and forever to God. He will care for the deposit, He will keep it forever. Every time you take a spell of the dumps and go down you weaken your faith and injure your influence as a Christian. What would you think of an army of soldiers, just ready to face the foe, if two thirds of them would break ranks and go back for a canteen of water? What we want is to keep in line, stand shoulder to shoulder; be true to God and to each other. You can never gain anything by disturbing your experience, by examination or investigation. In your covenant you agreed to commit it to God forever.

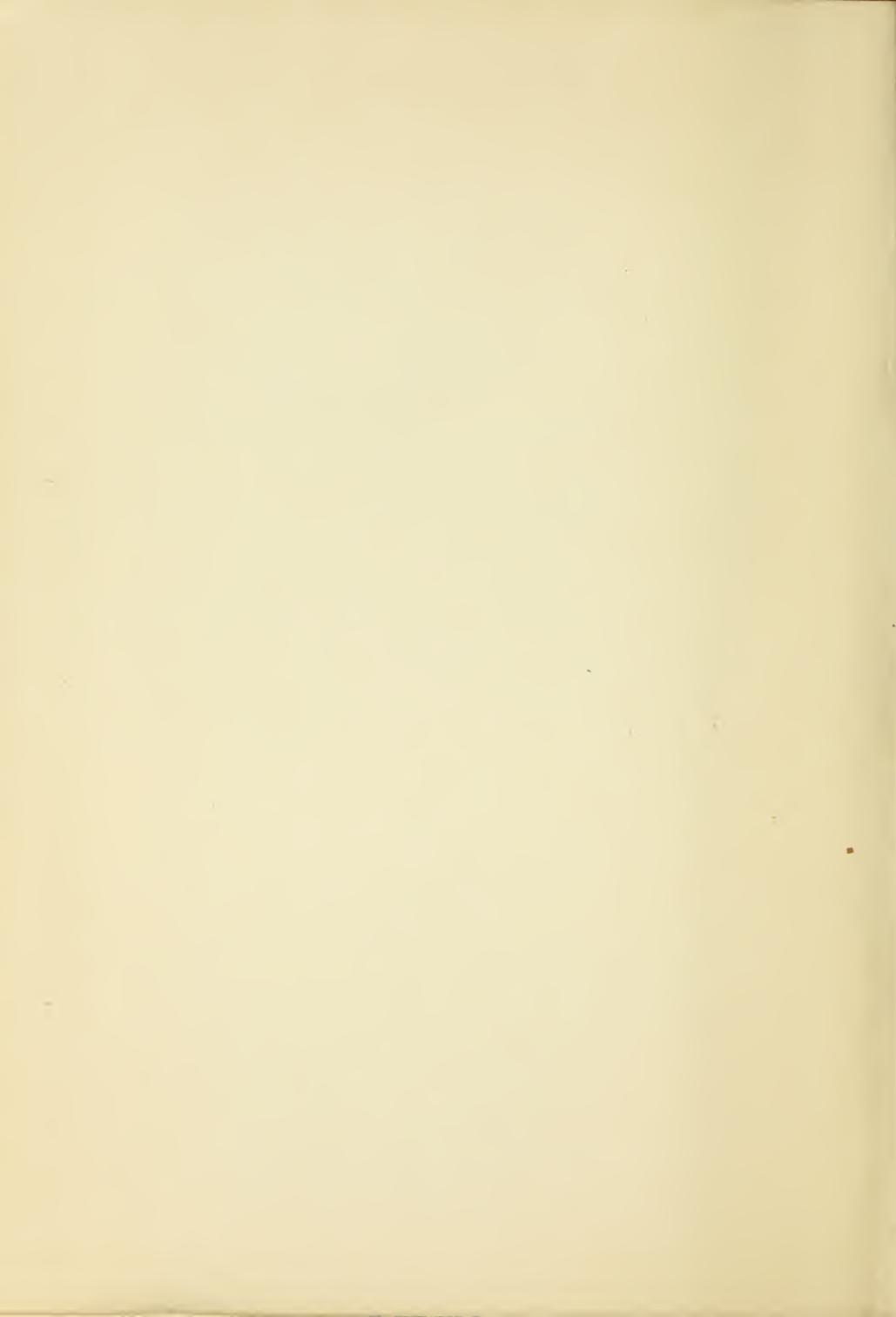
If my watch should be out of order I should take it to the watchmaker. He made it and he can fix it. When I got it he gave me a written guarantee that he would keep it in repair. He has the number of the watch and keeps the dates. Brother, God has the number of your soul; He has your name graven in His hand; He has given a written guarantee to keep the running gear of your soul in good order. Why not leave it with Him? I see a whole lot of people, spiritually speaking, setting their watches, tinkering with the hands. I have known people to carry a watch they had to set every day; always at work with the hands. The difficulty was in the inside; get the inside works right and the clock will strike twelve at noon. God wants us to live so that sinners will look at us any time and see the time of day. They could tell it on your face, and they will want to set their watches by you. This is what Paul said, "Set your watch by me; I have the right time; follow me as I follow Christ." He did not say, "I am afraid there is a cog out of one of my wheels," or

that "there is something wrong and if you set your time by me you will go astray." He said, "Here is the time of day; set your watch." Glory be to God! "I wish all your watches were just like mine, except this chain!" "I wish you had everything I have," said Paul, "except this watch chain.

With a perfect heart we must allow a good broad margin for each other and for the Holy Ghost, and we must not get critical either with ourselves or with others, but we must smile and sing and shout and go on and forget the past. Sometimes I have said to someone, "Are you sanctified?" "Well, brother Reese, I have got the victory today," and the very way they said it indicated that they expected to lose it tomorrow.

Brother, let the Holy Ghost abide; talk to Him as a person; court his favor; tell Him how glad you are of His presence; tell Him He is always welcome to the best chair in the house, and that he may always have the head of the table. Many imagine that He comes and goes like their feelings. Why, the Bible

teaches us better than that. His purpose is to stay and if we let Him, no one can drive Him from us. I purpose to let Him abide forever; do you? Glory to His name! Hallelujah!





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