

Chickens
Come Home
to Roost

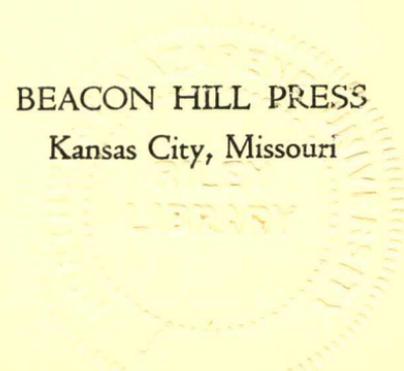
Bud Robinson

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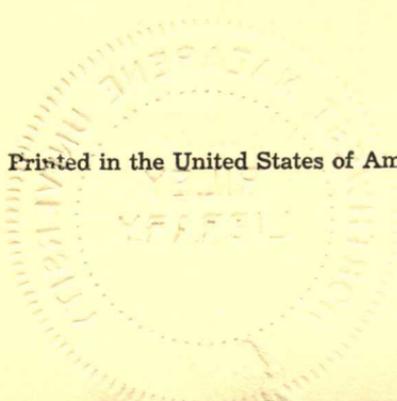
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Preface

It is a joy to know that another book is available of the messages and sayings of the late Bud Robinson. To provide a preface for this "labor of love" is indeed an honor for an "old-time" friend of the Robinsons.

It seems appropriate that during the Golden Anniversary year of the Church of the Nazarene there should come again a book compiling the utterances of one of the most loved and appreciated men of the half-century just past.

This book gives to the reader scriptural illustrations of human interest, shows clearly the fall of man, his wanderings in sin's wilderness, the offer of redemption through the gospel, and the way back to God and holiness of heart and life.

There is not only interesting reading in these pages but homespun philosophy mingled with orthodox theology. This book will stimulate faith on the part of those individuals who may be seeking "the more excellent way" and lead them into personal experience. It will confirm the faith of the sanctified and encourage them to hold fast their profession and increase their zeal for conquest in evangelism at home and abroad.

R. J. PLUMB

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Chickens Come Home to Roost

In the Book of Exodus, the first chapter and twenty-second verse, we read that Pharaoh commanded that Moses be drowned in the river Nile. But Moses being God's favorite child, and a child that was predestined to do a great work for God and for God's people, God's eye was on this remarkable boy. The reader will understand that this boy Moses was to give the law to the world. And when Pharaoh laid his plans to drown Moses, God was much displeased with Pharaoh's plan. We read that God had Pharaoh take Moses and educate him until he was taught in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and he was the most mighty man intellectually in the whole nation. After the education of Moses was complete we read again in the Book of Exodus, at the fourteenth chapter and twenty-seventh verse, that God had Moses drown Pharaoh, so we see that the very kind of death that Pharaoh planned for Moses, God and Moses planned for Pharaoh. So, my beloved, don't plan something evil for your neighbor, for it is possible that the very death that you plan for your neighbor, God will allow to come to you. For "chickens come home to roost."

HUNG ON HIS OWN SCAFFOLD

Again we read in the Book of Esther, in the fifth chapter and fourteenth verse, that Haman had a gallows built fifty cubits high, to hang Mordecai on. Mordecai was a holiness man and was a man with such spiritual insight that God's peculiar love and protection were thrown around this remarkable Jew. He was a man of great wisdom and piety, while Haman, sorry to say, had

neither one. But we see that the plans of Haman were all defeated; God's hand was with the holiness man and against the holiness fighter. So we read again in the seventh chapter of Esther and ninth verse that Haman himself was hanged on the same gallows that he had erected to hang Mordecai on. This is another proof of the fact that "chickens come home to roost." The reader will remember that Pharaoh planned to drown Moses, and God had Moses drown Pharaoh; now Haman built a gallows to hang Mordecai on, and God planned and worked the plan successfully, and to the surprise of everybody in Babylon, Mordecai hung Haman on the gallows that Haman built to hang Mordecai on.

CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP

We read again in the opening of the sixth chapter of Daniel that all the presidents and governors and princes had laid a plot that was very dirty and subtle. This scheme was so subtle that even the king was deceived by it. This plan was to catch Daniel, the only holy man in the city of Babylon at that time. These holiness fighters and holiness haters and God-rejecters pretended to be great friends of the king, and now they rushed to the king as though they were much interested in him and his affairs, and said, "O King, live forever!" Then they notified him that all the governors and princes and presidents desired to bring great honor to him, and now they said, "King, we want to pass a decree, and sign it with your ring, which is, according to the Medes and Persians, unchangeable. And this is the plan: for the next thirty days no man shall ask a petition of any god except thee, O King."

And the king, being completely caught with their guile, never once mistrusted their sincerity, but was blindly led into their scheme, passed the decree, and sealed it with his ring. Here is their piece of deception. And the decree was this, that if any man asked a petition in the

name of any other god except the king, he was to be cast into a den of lions. Now, reader, doesn't that look a good deal like the plans of a holiness fighter of the twentieth century? Where is there a man of any traveling experience that has not seen and heard just such dark, muddy, secret, mysterious plans worked out to get rid of some good, holy man or woman because of their beautiful testimony?

But, thank the Lord, we read that when Daniel knew that the decree had been signed, he went into his room, as he had been doing before, with his windows open toward Jerusalem, and on his knees he made his petition to Almighty God, three times a day, just as he had done before. And, behold, the governors and princes and presidents caught Daniel on his knees in prayer, and then they raised a shout and said, "We've got him! We set the trap for Daniel, and he is caught in it. The decree cannot be changed, therefore Daniel must go into the den of lions. We will get rid of this disturber of the peace of Zion." And it was made known to the king that Daniel was caught in prayer, asking petition from God instead of him. At that time this subtle, black, mysterious, unbelievable, unthinkable scheme of the governors and princes and presidents was made plain to the king. He saw that they had not only caught Daniel, but they had caught him, for he loved Daniel, and he never even suspected that their plans were to catch Daniel.

So we read that he labored until the going down of the sun that Daniel might be delivered. But as the decree had been signed and sealed with his own ring, the decree could not be changed. Therefore Daniel must go into the lions' den, and into the den of lions Daniel went.

But, bless your heart, we read immediately following that God had sent an angel, and had locked the lions' mouths, and so Daniel spent the night in the lions' den, and the king was so sad that he had all music and dancing and feasting suspended for the night. At break of day

he hurried to the lions' den, and cried with a loud voice and said, "O Daniel, has thy God delivered thee?" And Daniel shouted back, "O King, live forever! The God that I serve has delivered me," and Daniel came out of the lions' den without a mark on him. Then we read that the king had the governors and princes and presidents brought, and had them cast into the den of lions, and we read that the lions had the mastery of them and before they ever reached the bottom of the den their bones were broken. So we see again that "chickens come home to roost."

Beloved reader, don't forget this remarkable piece of history; keep it clear in your mind, that the death that Pharaoh planned for Moses, the same death came to Pharaoh; the death that Haman planned for Mordecai came to Haman; and the death the governors, princes, and presidents planned for Daniel came to them.

AND THE DOGS LICKED UP HIS BLOOD

We want to notice that in Genesis, ninth chapter sixth verse, God said, "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." God said it was because man was made in the image of God. As far as I can find, this is the only reason why one man shouldn't kill another, because God said that man was made in His image. And that proves that any being who is made in the image of God is not to be killed by man. Now we will see that these Scriptures were fulfilled, for we have just read that he that "sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

We read in I Kings, twenty-first chapter, that Ahab and Jezebel wanted to buy a vineyard that belonged to Naboth, and Naboth did not desire to sell his vineyard, and refused to take their offer, whereupon Queen Jezebel laid a plan whereby they might get Naboth's vineyard. She notified the leaders of Israel to proclaim a great feast. While the feast was on, they were to prefer charges

against Naboth, as though he had committed some bad crime, and take him out and stone him to death. They stoned him at the pool of Samaria, and the dogs licked up his blood. Whereupon Jezebel called Ahab, and told him to go down and take possession of Naboth's vineyard, for said she, "Naboth is dead, and is not alive."

God sent the prophet Elijah to meet Ahab at Naboth's vineyard, and Elijah said, "In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine" (I Kings 21:19). And we read that Ahab was killed in battle, and brought back to the pool of Samaria in a chariot. The blood was washed out of the chariot, and the dogs licked it up where they did the blood of Naboth.

Then Elijah declared again that the dogs would eat the flesh of Jezebel. We turn and read in II Kings, the ninth chapter and the thirty-sixth verse, that when Jehu was anointed king and went into Samaria and had a great feast, that Jezebel dressed up and looked down from the upper story at the young king. He commanded his servants to go up and pitch her out of the window head foremost into the streets and kill her. When his dinner was over, he told the servants to go and bury her, but, behold, the dogs had eaten her up, and nothing remained but her head and feet and palms of her hands. Then Jehu said, "This is the word of the Lord, that the dogs shall eat up Jezebel."

"Chickens come home to roost."

The River Jordan

I have just been reading and thinking and studying about the river Jordan. Some things in the last few years have become very interesting to me; one of the interesting things to me is this wonderful river that we call Jordan. There is no river in the world that has been talked of so much, and had so many beautiful things spoken and written about it as has this remarkable river.

It was the river Jordan that God drew a line through and cut off the waters and opened the way by which the Israelites might pass through from the wilderness into the land of Canaan. The reader will note that we have written elsewhere (*Crossing Jordan*) of the passage of the Israelites through this remarkable river—How they piled up twelve stones in the bottom of the river Jordan, and also took up twelve stones and laid them on their shoulders and carried them out from the bottom of this river, and laid them on the banks of Jordan for their public testimony. It was the river Jordan that Elijah smote with his overcoat, and the waters parted before him. It was the river Jordan also that the young Elisha smote with the same overcoat and said, "Where is the God of Elijah?" It was in the river Jordan that, later on in life, Elisha made the iron to swim. It was in the river Jordan that Naaman dipped seven times, and was cured of leprosy, and his flesh became as the flesh of a child. And behold it was in the river Jordan that John the Baptist baptized the Lord Jesus Christ, when the blessed Holy Ghost descended as a beautiful white dove, and abode upon Him. Evidently He was in the river, or nearby, when this wonderful transaction took place.

Some of the most wonderful events in sacred history occurred in connection with the river Jordan. The river Jordan has been a place where for the last century the tourists, pilgrims, and travelers have gone to look upon those wonderful waters. Today the river Jordan is one of the most interesting streams in the world to a New Testament Christian. We notice that this river has its source back in a beautiful mountain range. It makes its way down through the beautiful Jordan valley, and the stream is fed from the melted snows of Lebanon, and the bubbling springs along the Jordan valley.

It was in this valley where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob used to water their flocks. It was this beautiful Jordan valley that attracted the eye of the young man Lot when he broke with his uncle Abraham and pitched his tent toward Sodom. We read that he lifted up his eyes and beheld the Jordan valley. His prospects for a businessman were very bright then. He had a fine start, but what a sad ending!

But as interesting as this river is, there is something very sad about the river Jordan. After all that we have seen and heard that was beautiful, we now have to behold the river Jordan winding down through those lovely valleys and finally into the Dead Sea. The Dead Sea opens her mouth and swallows the river Jordan and, behold, this beautiful river of sparkling waters, full of life, becomes as dead as the Dead Sea. And though the river Jordan has been emptying itself into the Dead Sea for thousands of years, yet it has never been able to reform the Dead Sea. The sea is so dead now that no life can exist in it, and strange to say, the river Jordan is still emptying itself into this sea of death, and the Dead Sea is as dead now as it was two thousand years ago.

As I have studied this question I said again, "There is another picture of the American church. For the last fifty years, since the days of Dr. and Mrs. Phoebe Palmer,

the great holiness movement, which is full of life and juice and fire and unction and glory, and has been fed by the sparkling waters from the river of life, with hundreds of thousands saved and sanctified at her altars—this wonderful movement has emptied herself into the nominal church, just as the river Jordan empties itself into the Dead Sea.

Though hundreds of thousands from the holiness movement have gone into the nominal church, the leaders themselves confess that the church is deadlier now than she was twenty-five years ago. And, beloved, if that is the case, don't you see some marks of similarity between the river Jordan and the Dead Sea, and the holiness movement and the nominal church? Then we are made to wonder, Is there any hope? Will the river Jordan ever reform the Dead Sea? Will she ever bring her back to life? We must answer no! For although this beautiful river has flowed into this sea for thousands of years, there are still no signs of life. And while the holiness movement is still turning annually a flood of life and glory into the nominal church, Dead Sea-like, she opens her mouth and swallows them and they die just as dead as the institution.

Then we stop and ask again, "Is there any hope?" We will say, "Yes, when we look in another direction." It is this, for all hands to go to work and cut a new channel for the river Jordan, and turn her course down some other beautiful valley, and let this sparkling, fresh water flow out over the great valleys of that land, and irrigate the good soil that is lying dead. Then you will see life and not death. And now the hope of the holiness movement is that the channels shall be cut, and that she may be turned into a new valley, that she may irrigate these great fields in America and bring forth fruit to the glory of God and the good of humanity. For we see as long as the river Jordan empties into the Dead Sea, there is no hope of life; and as long as the holiness movement

empties itself into this great dead ecclesiastical body, it will just open its mouth, Dead Sea-like, and swallow up everything that has life; the thing it swallows will die just as dead as the thing that swallowed it.

And this all proves to me that there is great need of a new movement in this land; that God's holy people may unite in a great, progressive body to irrigate and fertilize and cultivate and spray and prune the great orchards that God is expecting us to plant out and cultivate. It can be done, and it ought to be done, and if we don't do it we will be the eternal losers, in this world and in the world to come. And I am ready to say with Joshua of old, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

But what if you should hear the river Jordan say, "Oh, no, let's not quit the old ship. Let us flow on into the Dead Sea; by and by we are going to reform the Dead Sea. Someday we will sit down on the banks of the Dead Sea and it will be alive with the beautiful black bass and rainbow trout and speckled perch and the buffalo and spotted rock." Now who believes that the Dead Sea will ever turn out such material as that?

There is a picture that I have had hanging on the walls of my memory for several years. I want you to read it, and then sit down and think it over and see what God says to you, and see if you don't think you had better throw your life and energy into the cutting of that new channel and trying to save the river Jordan from the hands of the Dead Sea. And I will meet you at the marriage supper of the Lamb, washed and robed, and ready for the feast. Amen!

This Great Salvation

In the second chapter of Hebrews and third verse we have one of the greatest questions that God ever asked man. The question is enough to scare a man to death. It is the unanswerable question, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Just why the Lord asked man a question he couldn't answer is a mystery, but still He did it. I suppose that neither our Heavenly Father nor man can answer the question. For if a man neglects the salvation of his soul there is no escape, for we read in Hebrews, ninth chapter, twenty-seventh verse, "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Therefore we are all headed toward that great day and we will have to go and stand before the King. It may be possible that we will find out that, through the goodness of our Heavenly Father, He asks us this question in order to wake us up, and to alarm and arouse our dead, slumbering consciences, that we might arise and bestir ourselves, and if possible make the escape from an eternal doom. But as we see there is no escape and we can't answer the question, thank the Lord there is still hope, for we can talk about the greatness of our salvation.

First, salvation is great because God himself is the Author of it, and everything God does is great. His little things are some of His greatest things. In the days of King Solomon they used the little red ants for their college presidents. And when Solomon met a lazy, trifling, good-for-nothing fellow he sent him off to college, and

when he got there he met a red ant, and Solomon said, "Learn wisdom." Again Solomon said, "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." The ant represents works, and the spider represents faith. Solomon said, "The ant layeth up her store in the harvest time, and the spider is in kings' palaces."

To show you that the ant had more sense than lots of men, in Jeremiah, eighth chapter, twentieth verse, Jeremiah said, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." So if the ant had sense enough to lay up his store in harvesttime, and man fails to do it, then the ant is more sensible than man. And the spider had taken hold with her little hands and had gotten into the palace of the king. The spider, being a representative of faith, takes hold with her hand and spins her web out of that which is invisible. No man can see with his physical eye the material that the spider uses in making her beautiful gown. And so faith is invisible, but by faith we take hold with our hands, and spiderlike, we finally weave us beautiful garments, the most beautiful things the human eye ever beheld, as they are woven by that which is invisible.

Now again the old Book says that our life is like the flying of the shuttle. There are two things about a shuttle. The first is it goes with great speed, but the most beautiful things about it is it pulls the thread as it travels along, and the threads are various colors. When we have trouble the shuttle pulls a black thread, when we have happiness it pulls a beautiful red thread, when we have joy it pulls a white thread, and when we are overflowing with love it pulls a beautiful blue thread. And when the garment has been woven, behold, we have all colors in it, and it takes these colors all mingled together to make the beautiful garment.

If it were all trouble the garment would be only of one color, or if it were all happiness it would be only of one color, but all of these, the different trials and bless-

ings mingled together, will make up the beautiful robe of righteousness that we are to weave with the hand of faith. And we will understand what Solomon meant when he said, "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." So we see that God's least things are some of His greatest things, and they teach us some of the most beautiful lessons as we journey from earth to heaven.

SALVATION IS GREAT BECAUSE IT IS BOTH A SECRET
AND A MYSTERY

In the twenty-fifth Psalm and fourteenth verse we read, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant." We next notice in the third chapter of Ephesians that St. Paul said that salvation is a mystery that hath been hid from the ages, but is now revealed by the Lord Jesus Christ. Now there is something peculiar and strange concerning secrets and a mystery. As strange as it is, they have always had a wonderful fascination to the human family. The average man or woman is loaded down with secrets. Men sit up at night and watch their secrets. Women have worn the soles off their shoes trotting over town looking for a secret. Some men have ridden the goat all night in search of a secret, and some women have looked for and trotted after the Eastern Star in the hope that they might hear or find out some secret. We find that salvation is both a secret and a mystery united, and we found that a secret and a mystery are not exactly the same. Yet they are so closely related that you can scarcely tell where one ends and the other begins. I can give you a plain, practical, common-sense illustration:

Along about the first night in the month of April a man goes out into his garden and plants an Irish potato. Nobody saw him plant it there, that was a secret. But two weeks later the potato comes up and the secret gets out. Two months later he goes to this potato hill and will

scratch out a washpan full of Irish potatoes. This one little potato multiplied itself into one dozen big potatoes. Now there is a mystery connected with the secret. But you say, "How can you apply this to a Christian experience?" Well, we will do this:

We will say that away back under the dispensation of the Father the plan was laid and the potato was planted; and when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, the potato came up, and the secret got out, as secrets generally do; and on the Day of Pentecost, when there were three thousand converted, that was "potato digging" day. There were the secret and the mystery united, and worked out so plain that if a man can get one idea through his "noggin," he can understand both a secret and a mystery.

THE COST OF THIS GREAT SALVATION

Another reason why salvation is the greatest thing in the world is because it cost more than anything else in the world. It is the only thing that ever cost much. But salvation cost God His Son, and Jesus Christ every drop of His blood, and thirty-three years' absence from His home, and it cost heaven its brightest Jewel. The beautiful city of God was without the Christ for thirty-three years. We can't imagine what heaven would be without Jesus, and yet the home of God had no Son in it for thirty-three long years.

During that time the Son of God walked the Judean hills and worked at the carpenter's trade to make His bread. He preached on the streets of the cities and slept on the mountainside at night. He did all this for a lost, perishing, doomed, hopeless world. Bless His name! He was in search of fallen humanity. Man had fallen and had lost his holy estate and the Son of God was in search of him, and thank God, He found him, and the beautiful story of the shepherd in search of his sheep is nothing more nor less than the Son of God looking for me.

Don't let us forget that the devil had the human family on the auctioneer's block and was bidding us off and buying us in for the express purpose of damning us forever. Thank God, Jesus appeared on the scene just in time to put in the highest bid and purchase a diamond in the rough, and bring home the lost sheep. It has been said that He bought man with the gold of His blood and the silver of His tears; therefore the redemption of man is the costliest thing in the world.

We have often heard people say that everything costs, that they had paid a hundred dollars for their cow. But God has said long ago that the gold is His and the cattle are His; therefore the cow really cost them nothing, for they paid for God's cow with God's money. But it is different when it comes to the price of your soul. For Jesus tasted death that we might taste of life; He became the Son of Man that we might become the sons and daughters of the Almighty. Jesus left heaven and came into this world that He might open up a way by which we could get out of this world and go into heaven. He put on humanity that we might put on divinity. When He bore the Roman scourge it was for you and for me. He had looked down from the throne and had seen men under the lash, but Jesus had never been whipped until He came to redeem us. He went under the lash and endured it in order that a way might be opened up by which man could get out of the life of sin and bondage into a life of freedom and happiness. Jesus had seen the human family without a home, but He was never without a home until He came to redeem us and then we hear those beautiful words, but, oh, so sad! "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Dear reader, isn't that strange talk for a person to use when He himself had built the world that He was walking on? and yet it was true. For we read His own words that He had created all things, and by Him all

things were created, and that He upholdeth all things by the right hand of His power, and yet He took the place of a pauper. When He was born into the world it was so arranged that He should be born in a wagon yard or a livery stable, that He was to work at the carpenter's trade, and pay His own taxes. He literally traveled through this world as a lonely Wanderer; and when He hung on the Cross, He was even refused a drink of water, and instead of a cup of cool, refreshing, sparkling water, He received a cup of gall. Yet this was the King of the world. The first crown He ever wore as a King was the crown of thorns.

While the world was trying to disgrace Him and heap shame and contempt on Him, their very attitude toward Jesus and His attitude toward them have won for Him a name that is above every other name. And today there is not an infidel club in the world but has to put on its billheads, when it announces its services, the birth of Jesus. I say, shame on an infidel club that denies Jesus Christ and yet can't hold an infidel meeting and get out its announcements but what it puts on every billhead the birth of the Son of God. Every note that is given in a bank and every deed to a tract of land and every mortgage that a man gives on his ranch or a team of mules would be worthless without the birth of Jesus Christ on it. And all of this makes me shout, bless God, when I think that Jesus Christ with all the derision that is heaped on Him is the most popular Being that ever was in this world, and to think that this wonderful Saviour is mine!

SALVATION IS GREAT BECAUSE IT OFFERS A REMEDY FOR SIN

Salvation is the only thing that is known to man that offers a remedy for sin. Man has tried many inventions; he has worked overtime to think out some plan that would put him on his feet and deliver him from an internal bondage and struggle that he has carried all of his life—but they have all failed. He has tried civil law

and civic righteousness, education and charitable institutions, and so far all remedies that man has ever invented have utterly failed. Some men for a remedy have denied that there was any sin; others have denied the existence of eternal punishment, hoping by so doing to find a remedy. Others have sneered at the devil and sworn until they were black in the face that he was not in existence; others have declared that we have a universal salvation, that all men will be saved, both good and bad.

Other men in their bewilderment and sad predicament have decided that only a special few, that they term the elect, will be saved; and they imagine that the elect will be saved, it matters not how mean they are, and that all the rest of the human family was long ago predestined to damnation and will be eternally lost, it matters not how good they are. But after all, this is no remedy for the curse of sin. So we see that all human inventions and man-made remedies are teetotal failures. We remember that King David said that his enemies had made them gods of their own; he said they had eyes and didn't see and had ears and didn't hear; he said they had throats and could not speak through them, and he said the sinners of his day were as bad off as the gods they had made. The reader will see that the man-made gods were only man's remedy to get rid of sin, and yet all have failed.

In our day we have a wonderful hurrah going on about the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Some preachers have even quit the pulpit and given up preaching Christ, and are going up and down the land lecturing on the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Then others have decided that the only God there is is the God that is in man, that man himself is a divine being and that he is able to handle the situation. But they have all gone down in defeat, and will go down, for there is but one remedy in all the wide, wide world and

that is the salvation offered to man through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, which is the only remedy for sin.

Salvation means deliverance from sin, and salvation is a double gift and a double blessing, because sin is a double tragedy and God provided a double remedy. In the fifty-first psalm, King David said, "Blot out my transgressions," and in the second verse he said, "Cleanse me from my sin," and we find that God provided a double remedy for this double disease, that is, pardon for the guilty, and cleansing for the believer. And in order to provide a double remedy, necessarily the atonement had to be doubled, for we find in Romans, fifth chapter, eighth verse, "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Here the reader will see the atonement reaching down to the sinner.

But in the next place we see the atonement reaching down to the church, for in Ephesians, fifth chapter, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth verses, we read, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." Here the reader will see the atonement reaching the church, and while the sinner needs pardon, the church needs cleansing, and thank God, we have the remedy for both through the shed blood of the crucified Son of God, which is the only remedy for sin in the whole world. Bless God, we have the remedy! We have got the goods, and in spite of an unbelieving church and a wicked world, we are delivering the goods just the same. Bless God!

SALVATION IS GREAT BECAUSE OF THE EXTENT OF IT

When we think of the extent of salvation our minds well-nigh reel and stagger, for we must evidently think

of the depth to which man has fallen and then to the heights of glory to which God intends to lift him. First we must see the new birth, and the idea of being born of the Spirit carries with it a wonderful mystery. How is it that one moment a man can be a guilty sinner and far out in a world of sin, and the next moment a truly regenerated believer and far up in the world of righteousness, and yet that takes place when a man is born of the Spirit! For St. Paul tells us in Colossians first chapter, thirteenth verse, that the meaning of the new birth is to be delivered from the power of darkness and to be translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son."

So there we see first that salvation means deliverance from the powers of darkness, and second, a translation out of the dark world into the Kingdom of light. For in John, eighth chapter, twelfth verse, Christ said, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." And the idea of the new birth is really something new in the world; while it looks to us like it is old because we have heard of it all of our lives, yet the new birth was never heard of in the world until Jesus was born.

When He introduced the subject to the great and learned Nicodemus, it was the most astonishing thing that ever entered the head of that wonderful Jewish teacher. I don't wonder that the doctor scratched his head and said, "How can these things be?" He had thought much of sin, but he didn't know how to get out of it. How new it was when Jesus said, "Nicodemus, the way to get out of sin is to be born out of it"! Nicodemus had thought that changing climates and changing localities and changing your surroundings and your environments was probably a good remedy, but all the changes he had made had had no effect in the world on his moral condition, and he never heard of a remedy until he met Jesus. Thank God, some of the rest of us have heard of that remedy, have accepted it, and have shouted our-

selves hoarse over the fact that, bless God, we have got it now.

So Jesus is the Author of the new birth. And it was something new under heaven. But it is just as new today as it was then, and our nation is now drifting to the place where many are rejecting the new birth because it is inexplicable by the theological teachers of our universities.

Beloved, when it comes to an explanation of the new birth the president of a university has no advantage over the washwoman. And for all this I say, "Glory to God!" That wonderful question of Nicodemus, "How can these things be?" is still ringing down over the hills of Judea, but it has reached down over the plains of earth, it has crossed the mighty deep. Beloved, an explanation of the new birth is not found under a plug hat, nor under the lapel of a double-breasted broadcloth coat. Thank God, it can be fully understood in the bosom of an uneducated man. One of the greatest mysteries connected with the salvation of a man's soul is seen in the fact that the unlearned knows as much about it as the cultured and brilliant.

I remember one morning when my heart was leaping for joy and bubbling over with the perfect love of God, a college president seemed to be insulted and with a look of defiance on his face he said to me, "Sir, you are just a gosling and have not shed off your down yet, and how dare you stand up and profess to be made perfect in love?" I said, "Doctor, I have been saved for twelve years, and if the Son of God can't make a man perfect in love in twelve years, I defy you to prove that He can do it in twelve thousand." The doctor failed to make good, and I kept the blessing, thank God.

But here is another little point that I don't want to forget while we are talking about the new birth. When Jesus said, "Ye must be born again," He absolutely left you without a choice. He didn't say you could take it or

let it alone and get to heaven. He said, "Ye *must*," and, beloved, if "ye *must*," then "ye *must*." And then He added this clause, "Without it ye cannot see the kingdom of God." And when the learned turn up their noses and sneer, God never modifies it nor rounds off the corners, and has never taken it back from that hour till this. It stands out there in letters of fire, and reaches down to the gates of hell and up to the beautiful walls of the city above, and will stand out for ever and ever and ever—"Ye must be born again, or ye cannot see the kingdom of God."

I used to sing in the Salvation Army:

*"How well I remember in sorrow's dark night
How the lamp of His love shed its beautiful light!
More grace He has given, and burdens removed,
And over and over His goodness I've proved.
And shall I turn back into the world?
Oh, no, not I, not I.
And shall I turn back into the world?
Oh, no, not I."*

Many a dark, drizzly night I have stood on the street corner and sung that song and beat the drum and called the wanderers to Jesus. I have seen them kneel on the cold, muddy streets and in less than a minute I have seen them born of the Spirit and translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the Kingdom of light. I have seen the tears plow a furrow down through their dirty faces. Thank God! Amen!

SALVATION IS GREAT BECAUSE OF THE FULLNESS OF THE BLESSING

Dear reader, we want you to see that a wonderful experience is promised to the sons and daughters of our Heavenly Father in the seventeenth and eighteenth verses of the fifth chapter of Ephesians. Now listen to these wonderful words of the inspired apostle: "Wherefore be

ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is. And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Here we have a direct command from the inspired apostle to be filled. It doesn't mean half full, or three-quarters, but to be full. And we must remember, and we do remember, and then we don't propose to forget, that the most beautiful life in the world is a Spirit-filled life. No life is so beautiful as the Spirit-filled life. No life is so useful as the Spirit-filled life.

In fact, the hope of your own soul and the hope of your family and the hope of your church of which you are a member, and the hope of the world in which you live, is only seen in this wonderful Spirit-filled life. No man is a success for God or himself who is not completely filled, led, and controlled by the Holy Ghost. Without the Holy Ghost we would be failures. Without Him we would be helpless; indeed, without Him we would be hopeless. But, thank God, with Him difficulties are saddle horses, surrounding circumstances are stepladders, and impossibilities are springboards to leap off and land right in the middle of a glorious victory.

"When the Holy Ghost comes," Christ said, "He will take the things of Mine and show them to you." More than that, He said, "When He is come, He will bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." He even went so far as to say, "For I will give you a mouth and a wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist" (Luke 21:15). This refers, of course, to the incoming of the blessed Holy Ghost, which is to do two things for you. First, He is to cleanse the temple, and second, He is to fill it. Then we might add a third clause and say that He is to rule it. For the Holy Ghost is today the Executive of the Godhead in this world. And the men of the church that stubbornly reject Him have closed every avenue of victory and have shut the door of hope and success in their own faces.

There is no institution in the world that is dead and more lifeless and hopeless than a church without the Holy Ghost. We can take the nominal church and we will see at a glance that they never had better buildings, their pews were never better made, their carpets are the best, their organs cannot be improved on, they have a beautiful ritual, and, bless your heart, they know it. They can sing a verse and the pastor and the official board, their choir leader and all the congregation can say, "AH-MEN," and draw it out as long as your arm, and stand up so precisely it looks like if they were to smile it would break their faces all to pieces, and they would ruin their religious service; and yet as beautiful as those things are, they are no more signs of life and juice and unction and glory, not a bit more, than if there were no such things in existence. The machinery is good, but there is no oil on it.

We might ask, "What is the matter with this wonderful institution?" No thinking man has to study for a minute to get the answer. They have just rejected the Holy Ghost, and they are running their institution without God. In many places we fear that He has taken His everlasting flight and He may never return. It is true that a church of this description will add members to its enrollment. They will send out cards beautifully printed; the very type itself is well set, the cards are gilt-edged. Some will sign them up and drop them in the collection basket; others will come in by hitting the trail. Many others will come in on Decision Day. And we are not abusing those methods; we are only stating that they can gather in members by those methods, but, beloved, does that look to you like an old-fashioned revival of heartfelt, Holy Ghost religion?

Sad to say that many of the people that come by those methods never go back to see how the institution is progressing. At a glance you can see they have no interest there because they have received nothing. But you let

the pastor preach a series of sermons on the awfulness of sin, the horrors of hell, the glory of heaven, and eternal life until conviction seizes the hearts of men. They will weep their way to a place of prayer, become really born again, and come into the church of Jesus Christ by the gateway of the new birth. Then her altars will be the most sacred place to them of any place in the world, and you can hardly keep them away from church.

Then later on let the pastor preach a series of sermons on the Spirit-filled life, the power of the incoming of the Holy Ghost, the burning, surging glory of the sanctified experience, the beauty of perfect love, and such glorious themes, until his entire church becomes so hungry for the fullness of the blessing that they will weep their way to a place of prayer, consecrate all, look up through their tears with simple faith, and receive the Holy Ghost. Beloved, you will have a church that will march through this old world, and the devil will weep as the angels rejoice while the saints shout for joy. This church will be composed of a company of sky-openers and fire-pullers, sin-killers, devil-drivers, trench-diggers, water-haulers; and it takes all of the above to make a true soldier, and the Spirit-filled life will make you a soldier of the Cross.

Bless God for the privilege of preaching this great salvation and seeing multiplied thousands pull till the skies open and dig till they strike water, and today they are feasting on the fat of the land, for they are living in the land of Canaan. You remember the beautiful song that we sing, that

*'Tis good to live in Canaan,
Where grapes of Eshcol grow,
'Tis good to live in Canaan
Where milk and honey flow.*

We will now act like the church where they all say, "AH-MEN." For, glory to Jesus, the word "Amen" means, "Yes, Lord, and I'll pay my part."

The Ideal Church

No doubt the readers of this book have heard a thousand times, and people of about every faith and order talk, about the ideal church, and you have often wondered what kind of church it was. Well, if you will listen to me a minute I believe I can tell you just exactly what kind of church an ideal church is.

God has given a whole Bible to a whole world, and in this Bible we find that God has provided a salvation from all sin for all men, provided through the atoning blood of a crucified Saviour. An ideal church is a church where the pastor preaches a whole Bible, and where the preacher himself is red-hot, for God said His ministers were a flame of fire. Again, God's ideal Sunday school superintendent in this ideal church is a man that is in perfect harmony with the Bible and with his pastor, and he is in perfect harmony with the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, so that makes the Sunday school superintendent blood-red. The Sunday school teachers in such a church would be a band of Blood-washed saints, and of course they would be snow-white and so filled with love and grace and glory that it would be perfectly easy for them to impart Bible truths to their classes.

And in an ideal church the official board is so upright in their dealings with their fellow man that their very lives might be said to be sky-blue, and the members of such a church as this would be as straight as a gunstick. And there would be so much glory in their souls that it would be continually shining through their faces

until you could take a rag and wipe enough heaven off the faces of such a pastor, Sunday school superintendent, teachers, official board, and membership that it would put sinners under conviction throughout the length and breadth of their community.

Then of course there would be a revival of old-time, heartfelt, Holy Ghost religion in that church the year round. And such a company would give one-tenth of their income to the Lord, and there would always be money in the treasury to pay all the running expenses of the church. There would never be such a thing heard of as a church entertainment; there would be no broken china, and no lost spoons, and no ice cream freezers to carry back home, and of course there would never be such a thing as a church fuss, and from such an institution would go out pastors and evangelists, and missionaries to all quarters of the earth would be sent out by such a body of believers.

Such a church as this would be an ideal church. And while probably you never saw one just like that, you have seen some people in probably every church that you know anything about that were just such people as we have described. You can see at a glance if every member in every church were like a few that you do know, we would have such a church as we have just described. And this brings up another thought.

We know that it is God's plan to save the world through the church, and every honest, thinking, serious man will have to admit that God cannot save the world through a worldly church. And that proves that it is God's plan to save the world through a holy church, and the hope of the world today is in the church. The hope of the church is in the amount of holiness it has in it, and the danger of the church is in the amount of worldliness it has in it. It is more than likely that every division that has ever been in the church was produced by worldliness in some and holiness in others.

For holiness and worldliness have never gotten along and never will. Therefore they can never be brought in harmony with each other and can never work together. The object of holiness is to leaven the whole lump and land them on the shores of eternal bliss, while the object of worldliness is to leaven the whole lump and sink the whole cargo into the pit of outer darkness. So, bless God, I am pulling for and hoping for an ideal church on earth. While I may never see one that everything in it is ideal, bless God, I have seen some that had some ideal members, and, bless God, that is encouraging.

The Tree That Is Dead at the Top

How strangely some things strike you that you have been accustomed to all your life! Yet under some conditions the thing will strike you in a new place, and you will be surprised and will wonder that you never saw it before.

To illustrate: One morning while walking through an apple orchard in the beautiful Boise valley in southern Idaho, I walked up to a large apple tree and, behold, all the top of it was dead, and ready to tumble down. The lower limbs, however, were alive and hanging full of beautiful Roman Beauties. And it struck me with such force that I stood and looked on with wonder and amazement. Of course I have seen many trees that were dead at the top, while there was life in the lower limbs, but on this occasion I stood bewildered and wondered at what I beheld. Here was one part of the tree dead and lifeless, and the other part alive and bearing fruit. The lower limbs were so full of the beautiful apples that they seemed to hang nearly to the ground, and no life or fruit at the top of the tree.

Well, I said to myself, here before me stands the nominal church, just as I have seen it in my travels. The great leaders of the church, who are the top of the institution, are not soul winners. They have gone out of the soul-saving business; many of them don't believe in conversion any more. They have not made an altar call in many years. They are too important to get down at a mourners' bench with a penitent sinner and help pray him through, and in that case they are like the apple tree. The

thing is dead at the top. Many more of the great leaders of our leading denominations are woefully tainted with higher criticism, and worse still, even with destructive criticism. They are wonderfully mixed up with Unitarianism, and have stubbornly rejected the atoning blood of a crucified Saviour. Others are tainted with Universalism, while sadder still, many others seem to have a warm side for Christian Science. And strange to say, even Jehovah's Witnesses have found a place in the top of this tree. We must admit that the only lifesaving crew in the church are the lower order of the ministers, or the laity, which the reader will see are the lower limbs on this tree.

But then another thought came into my mind that made me sad. It was this: I said, Now, if the top of the tree is dead, is the fruit on the lower limbs as sound and as nutritious as it would be if the top of the tree was full of life? Then I wondered if the decay from the dying top would eventually work down the tree until it would finally destroy the life that was in the lower limbs, and in my mind I saw it going on. I saw the tree die below the lower limbs and, behold, there stood before me a dead tree and no fruit on it at all. Yet there the tree was occupying the same ground it had occupied when alive and full of fruit.

I began to wonder: I said, How long will a man have to irrigate that tree and fertilize that soil to put life back into that tree? And at that time I remembered hearing a young man say, who was full of life and fire, "We are going to swing our church back to holiness; we are going to bring her back to life. We are laying plans now to irrigate that dead tree and fertilize her and prune her and spray her, and put her to bearing fruit again." And yet I have looked on with wonder, and the more the soil was cultivated and the better it was fertilized, the deader that tree became, until finally the lower limbs themselves had dropped off one at a time, and there stood before me a large trunk of a dead tree and, behold, the birds came and

built their nests under the bark and in its rotten wood, and the bugs and lizards and even the screech owls got into that rotten tree and made it their nest.

And in my mind I saw the large serpent coiled there, and I said, "How strange! That used to be a fruit-bearing tree. But, behold, death and decay got into the top of it and was allowed to remain until it destroyed the whole tree." A week later a layman in the church said to me, "I don't accept the doctrine and experience of holiness because our leaders reject it." And I said, "There is the tree that I saw in my vision. Death struck her in the top and was working toward the ground, and as surely and truly as the tree died at the top, it will not be a generation until every limb on that tree is dead and dropping off."

We might wind up by saying that unbelief in the pulpit will put unbelief in the pew; worldliness in the pulpit will put formalism in the pew; and if you discover a polar bear in the pulpit, you may look for icebergs in the pew. The polar bear must have ice. And how many times have I seen a church that was warm and on fire for God receive a learned doctor in their pulpit! He was as spiritually dead as the tree was literally dead, and it wouldn't be twelve months until he had cooled off and choked out and starved out the spiritual life of his entire flock, and now they are as dead and as worldly as he himself. This is one of the kind of the twentieth century.

Think of it, here is a congregation paying their preacher their hard-earned money to help them to live right, and get to heaven, and, behold he is undermining their faith in the deity of Jesus and the inspiration of the Scriptures, and he will finally rob them of their living faith, and rob them of heaven and populate hell with them.

Now let the reader look back and see if he can see anything in that tree that resembles the nominal church. And, beloved reader, if you have any spiritual life, this

picture that we have just shown you will just about scare you to death. And, beloved, you had better rise up in your God-given power, and by the grace of God, and the blood of Jesus Christ, and the power of the Holy Ghost, shake off all doubt and fear and flee to the outstretched arms of a loving, gentle, tender, sympathizing Jesus, "who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus 2:14).

The Fruits of Deception

In the twelfth chapter of the Book of Genesis we read that Abraham said of Sarah that she was his sister. In so saying he misrepresented the facts, for she was his wife, although she was his half sister. We will notice now the outcome of this case of deception. For in the twentieth chapter of the same book he got into another hard place, and said of his wife the second time, "She is my sister." You see, he misrepresented things twice, and we see the effect of the misrepresentation of the father on the son.

We read in the twenty-sixth chapter of Genesis that his son, Isaac, got into a hard place, and he said of his little wife, Rebecca, "She is my sister." There the mantle of the father had fallen on the son. But, beloved, "chickens come home to roost," for we read now, in the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis, that when Isaac was old and almost blind, his son Jacob covered himself with a goatskin and put on his brother Esau's clothes, and came in before the old father, Isaac, and, behold, he said, "I am your very son Esau." There is the sin handed down from the father to the son, and to the grandson. How strange that Jacob would cover himself with a goatskin in order to deceive his dying father! But God is faithful and will reward each man according to his deeds.

After Jacob deceived his father by putting on a goatskin and Esau's clothes, he swindled his brother, Esau, out of his birthright and his father's parting blessing. But we then read that Jacob left home and fled from the face of his brother, Esau. He went into a far country and hired himself out to a man whose name was Laban.

Laban was a relative of Jacob's grandfather Abraham, and now we see Laban comes into play at this time and takes a hand in deception. Jacob had fallen desperately in love with Laban's youngest daughter, Miss Rachel. He was so in love with this beautiful maiden that he finally contracted to work for her seven years. When the seven years were up and the great wedding day was set, behold, Laban covers Miss Leah with a heavy veil and presents her to Jacob for his daughter Rachel.

After the wedding ceremonies were all over, and Jacob was rejoicing in the fact that his seven years were up, and now he had his beautiful bride, Miss Rachel, behold, to his surprise, when the veil was removed, he found that Laban had deceived him and had given him Leah. Then no doubt his mind turned back to the day seven years before when he himself had put on a goat-skin and deceived his old father, and had gotten Esau's blessing and birthright.

We see again that the seed of deception is still bearing fruit in the family of Abraham, for as Jacob had deceived his father, now Laban had deceived him. But Jacob was desperately in love with Rachel, and signed another contract to work seven years longer for Rachel. Finally he succeeded and won the girl for whom he had worked fourteen years.

But we also read again in the thirty-first chapter of Genesis that during this period of time Laban deceived Jacob, not only in giving him Leah when he should have had Rachel, but also by changing his wages ten times. Also we read at this time that little Rachel came to the front and took a hand in the deception and stole one of her father's household gods and covered this god with household goods, and deceived the old man, and made him believe that she didn't have it.

But the end is not yet, for we read again in the thirty-seventh chapter of Genesis that Jacob's ten oldest sons were in the field, keeping their father's flocks, and little

Joseph and Benjamin were at home with their father. Jacob sent Joseph out to the field to see how his ten brothers were getting along. Joseph's brethren caught the lad Joseph, stripped him of the beautiful coat his father had made him, and killed a young goat and dipped Joseph's coat in the blood. They brought it to the father and said, "See if you can tell whether or not this is your son Joseph's coat." And Jacob said, "Yes, this is my son's coat, and no doubt an evil beast has torn him to pieces."

But while they were carrying the coat to their father, little Joseph, whom they had just sold to a company of Ishmaelites that were going into Egypt, was at that time on his way to Egypt. What a wonderful case of deception! Jacob killed a goat and put on its hide and deceived his father, and now his sons kill a goat and roll Joseph's beautiful coat in its blood, and deceive their father. We see again that the seed of deception that was sown in the great-grandfather of these young men is still bearing fruit.

But the end is not yet, for many years later we read in the forty-second chapter of Genesis that these same ten brethren that sold Joseph and dipped his coat in blood and deceived their father were now standing in the presence of the governor of Egypt. They didn't know that it was their little brother Joseph, for he treated them as spies, and had them put in prison. While they were in prison they talked between themselves, and said, "No doubt but this is our sin that has overtaken us, for the way we treated our little brother Joseph." Joseph heard their conversation and it almost broke his heart. He had to flee from their presence and go out where he could weep.

How strange this story all ends! Joseph is a type of Christ; his brothers represent a perishing world coming to Christ, seeking the bread of life. It also brings out the two works of grace. For when they went to Egypt the first time, they saw Joseph as a great ruler, and they got

their sacks full of corn. When they went to Egypt the second time they knew Joseph, then, as their brother, and they got several wagonloads of corn, and honey, and the good things of the land. So it is with the young convert. He sees Jesus Christ as the Ruler of the world, but when he is sanctified wholly he sees Jesus as his Elder Brother.

THE DECEITFULNESS OF PRIDE

The reader will remember that the wise man said, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." We have noticed that when a man gets on a tailor-made suit of clothes that is supposed to be all wool, he begins to puff, and strut, and swagger, and grin, and smile. Any man could see at a glance that the man is laboring under a delusion. He thinks that he is wearing new clothes, and he is too dull to know that he is wearing secondhand goods. He tells you that his suit is all wool, and tailor-made, and he doesn't seem to remember that the old wether wore that wool all last year, and never thought of taking the "swell head" once. But the gentleman threw that old sheep on the scaffold and sheared the wool off his back and made himself a suit of clothes. Today he has a bad case of the "swell head" because his clothes are all wool. Shame on a man that will take the wool off a sheep's back and put it on his own back, and take a bad case of the "swaggers," and seems to forget that his clothes are secondhand.

Again we have noticed some man with a pair of shop-made shoes on, and as he strutted, and showed off, and swaggered around, he was showing you his shop-made shoes. He had forgotten that he was wearing secondhand goods, that the old Jersey cow had worn that hide for the last seven or eight years, and never for a single time showed the spirit of pride. But this man knocked her in the head and pulled her hide off and tanned it. He made himself a pair of shoes to cover up the bunions

and corns on his toes, and now because his bare feet are covered with a cowhide he has got a bad case of the "swaggers." And as truly as "staggers" will kill a mule, the "swaggers" will kill a man. "Blind staggers" are no more fatal to a mule than "blind swaggers" are to a man.

Again I have noticed ladies with ostrich plumes in their hats, and they wanted the eyes of the community to behold their beauty and grandeur and glory. As they had stood before the mirror and beheld themselves, they seemed to think they had produced the feather. But, behold, an old ostrich wore those feathers all last year and never seemed to become proud or vain or to think that he himself was anything out of the ordinary. For an ostrich has got less sense than anything in the world, unless it is another creature that is trying to play the ostrich.

At other times we have seen a woman come into church with a silk dress on, and as she went down the aisle she wiggled and twisted exactly like a worm. She seemed to forget that the silkworm had been dressed in the silk before it ever reached her. But, strange as it seems to think of, this woman has the appearance of a worm as she wiggles. No doubt her object is to show that she is wearing imported goods, but she forgets that the goods are, nevertheless, secondhand.

The human family seem to forget that the sheep wore the wool before the man, the cow wore the hide before we got it, the ostrich wore the plume before the woman put it on her head, and the little worms made the silk before the woman ever wiggled down the aisle, cutting all the capers of a little, innocent worm.

When the pastor called on the silk-gowned lady to pray that morning, in a choked, smothered voice, she told the Lord that she was a poor weak worm of the dust. A few minutes earlier she was trying to play the silkworm, all of which reveals the pride that is hid away in the heart

of an unsanctified soul. Beloved, the wise man was right when he refers to pride as one of the great dangers of the human family, for it has often been said that "pride is not a misfortune, but a disease."

The Marks of the Loss of First Love

In Revelation, second chapter, fourth verse, Christ said to a certain church, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." The reader will notice that Christ doesn't say that you have lost your first love, but He says you have left your first love.

I used to think that it meant that we had lost the first love that came into our hearts when we were converted. But I don't think that is what He means at all. I think He means to teach here that this church had let their beautiful building, maybe their pipe organ, and hardwood pews, and Brussels carpets, and their well-organized choir, their splendid official board, and all the machinery of the church have the first place in their affections—Jesus had to take the second place. Therefore they had left their first love, and this proves to me that Jesus must have the first place or He will not be satisfied, and no thinking man would expect Him to be. Now, for a little while, let's you and me study together some of the marks of leaving the first love.

First, when Jesus hasn't got the first place, we get into religious bondage, and our religious work has the first place in our affections, and we get under bondage in serving the church instead of the Lord.

Second, when Jesus hasn't got the first place, we have no religious joy. We become dry and juiceless and toothless and powerless and dead, though we may be very active in church activities.

Third, when Jesus hasn't got the first place, we become critical, and it is so easy then to criticize every-

body in the world. If Christ is not on the throne, we will get on the throne, and then we are ready to criticize everybody that doesn't measure up to our ideal.

Fourth, when Christ hasn't the first place, there is a lack of secret prayer, and a prayerless life is a helpless life; and not only helpless but powerless. We must prevail with the Lord in secret prayer or we will not prevail at all. And there is nothing more dangerous to the life than to neglect secret prayer.

Fifth, when Jesus hasn't first place in our affections, we have no love for precious immortal souls, though we are busy in church work, and very active looking after the temple. Then it is not the love of souls that causes us to attend church, but the love of our own work and our institution. This is right within itself if it only bears the proper relationship to Christ.

Sixth, when Christ hasn't first place in our affections, we lose interest in the study of our Bibles, and the Bible becomes a dead letter to us. We spend many hours with the daily papers that would have been spent with our Bibles if Jesus had the first place.

Seventh, when Jesus hasn't first place in our affections, we find it very easy to stay away from prayer meetings, and to give the hours to worldly pleasures, and in looking after the affairs of this life. And we often make excuses for not going to the house of the Lord, when really the only excuse is that Jesus has lost His first place in our affections. Other things have the first place, and Jesus has the second place.

Eighth, when Jesus hasn't the first place in our affections, we will lose interest in the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification. We look on it as a kind of luxury that we can accept or reject according to our own will or wish. We become blind to the fact that sanctification is not a mere dessert that can be taken or let alone, after your meals, but it is the dinner itself. And if you

neglect it, the knicknack will be of no profit in the world to you. For a laboring man needs a dinner, and not a nickel's worth of ice cream.

Ninth, when Christ hasn't the first place in our affections, we will be more or less under the dominion of the man-fearing spirit. We will become cowardly and we will be afraid to stand for the truth for fear of popular opinion. We will be afraid to meet the frowns and the criticisms of the world and a backslidden church around us. And because of these things, when we are called on to testify, we will get up in an embarrassed manner and notify the speaker that we never speak in public, when at the same time on worldly matters we can talk two ways at once. All of this is because Jesus has lost the first place in our affections.

Tenth, when Jesus has lost the first place in our hearts, there will be a lack of watchfulness on our part, and we are at least liable to become too familiar with this old world. And we and the world will become so familiar that the world will rob us of what gold we have, and leave us nothing but a little brass.

Eleventh, when Jesus has lost the first place in our affections, we become stingy and tightfisted with our money that we ought to give the Lord. We rob God of His tenth and then rob Him of His offerings. Then we make ourselves believe that we have given all we are able to give.

Twelfth, when Jesus has lost the first place in our hearts, there will be a craving for worldly pleasures and worldly amusements. It will be easy to hang around the shows and circuses and theaters and frolics. All because Christ hasn't the first place!

Thirteenth, when Christ has lost the first place in our affections, we have no insight into the Word of God, and the Book becomes sealed, and its treasures are hidden, and if we try to quote scripture, we will become bunglers of the Word and not teachers of the Word.

Upheld

In Isaiah forty-first chapter, tenth verse, we read, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

One of the most beautiful thoughts brought out in this text is that we are upheld by the right hand of God. We couldn't think of falling if we realize that God's hand is beneath us, and that His everlasting arms are so entwined about us that we could never think of walking in a forbidden path. As long as God's hand is beneath us it would be impossible for the devil to set a snare and catch us by the foot.

If all church members could just realize that God's hand was beneath them, not another one of them would ever be found in the ballroom. And such a thing as happened the other night in a ballroom in a city where I was holding a meeting would never happen again. A young lady that was a Sunday school teacher in a large church was waltzing on the ballroom floor, and making one of the whirls, she fell and the back of her head struck the hardwood floor, and fractured her skull. She was taken up unconscious between nine and ten o'clock at night and died the next morning at six, never regaining her consciousness.

Nobody could possibly believe that that young woman was upheld by the right hand of God. We will have to admit that the devil set a snare and led her into it and threw her down on the floor and broke her head in order that he might disgrace the church of Jesus Christ, and

put a Sunday school teacher out of commission, and probably keep her out of heaven forever. At least the outlook is doubtful. Of course we will hope for the better. We trust that some way God intervened and saved her soul, but the best construction that can be put on it in this world is that if she escaped the outer darkness it was merely by the skin of her teeth. It will look to the world like she died a backslider, and it doesn't look like a woman enjoying the fellowship and companionship with Jesus would ever dream of breaking her skull on a ballroom floor.

My sympathy goes out to the pastor that would have to conduct the funeral service over the dead body of one of his members that had fallen and broken her head in a big ball. We have no idea what a preacher could say; in fact, there is nothing the poor man could say. I suppose he could take for a text, "Will not the judge of all the earth do right?" and leave her soul in the hands of God, and commit her body to the ground. But if he did his duty in trying to preach the funeral he was almost compelled to warn his people against the dance. That preacher must know that that young lady had taken her hands out of God's hand, and for the time being turned away from the leadership of Jesus, the companionship of saints, the protecting power of the Holy Ghost, and yielded to the subtle temptation of the devil for a big night's carousal in the ballroom.

The reader will remember that this is not the only ballroom tragedy. We read in an old Book of a king who gave a ball to a thousand of his lords and concubines. They danced and drank wine until they were wild and frenzied. Then to defy the God of heaven they sent to the church of God and brought the golden vessels and drank wine out of them. While the dance was going on we read that an army had come from a foreign nation, had cut a channel and turned the course of a river. They went under the walls of the city and captured it during the night,

and before the break of day we read that the king was slain. The dance halls and ballrooms have slain their millions.

I would judge that the ballroom has done as much to rob the church of Jesus Christ of its life and glory and unction as any other one institution that the devil has gotten up. I was preaching in another city when a young lady sang in the choir on Sunday morning, and just before the preacher preached she sang a beautiful solo. But on the previous Thursday night she danced the most of the night wearing a mask in a big hall four blocks from where I was preaching. Between twelve and one o'clock a man came in with big horns and a long wire tail and had his mask so arranged that he could blow fire out through what looked to be a nose. The young woman screamed that her hubby had come, and this church solo singer ran into the arms of the devil. As he blew fire in her face, she screamed and they waltzed together over the big parlor until it was said to have been the most enjoyable occasion that had been pulled off in the community the whole season. I preached a few nights after this disgraceful transaction and said that a woman like that would disgrace a street harlot to keep company with her. Behold, after that I heard that her pastor was there and heard the sermon I delivered, and I do hope that he was, for maybe the word reached her that one preacher in town thought she was a disgrace to the cause of Jesus Christ.

Could any sane man or woman on earth believe that that woman was upheld by the right hand of God? Could any thinking man believe that His everlasting arms were beneath her? Could any sane person think she was led by the Holy Ghost? Could any reasonable person believe that that woman was on good ground? Our old fathers used to pray and thank God that they were on praying grounds and pleading terms with God. Beloved, can you believe that that young woman was on such grounds?

No, verily. No reasonable person can believe that that is the road that leads to the city in the skies. No man or woman of ordinary intelligence would think that that young woman was bringing glory to the name of Jesus, when she was waltzing in the arms of the devil and screaming and yelling. How different it would have been if she had been upheld with the right hand of God!

Beloved, there is no safer place in this world than to keep in God's hands; there is nothing so dangerous as to get out. Let us have an understanding that we will allow our gracious Heavenly Father to place His blessed, protecting hand beneath us and uphold us. I will join you at the throne and meet you at the Marriage Supper and rejoice with you forever, and then while eternity unfolds we can rejoice together.

Under His Wings

Dear reader, for a few minutes let's you and me look at the thirty-sixth psalm and seventh and eighth verses: "How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures."

Here we have everything that we need to make us happy as we journey through this world. First, we notice that we are to have God's love and kindness. In the second place we are to abide in the shadow of God's wing. Just think how secure a man is if he is under the wings of the Almighty. There is not a devil in the pit or out of it that could get on the top of a building at night and throw a brickbat off on the man's head if he is under God's wing. That is the best protection that a man could have in the whole wide, wide world. Third, we notice that a man shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of God's house. Here we have the abundance of fat things, which means spiritual food, spiritual protection, thank God! The abiding Comforter, the Holy Ghost! It means that God will touch our hearts and we will love right; He will touch our brains and we will think right; He will touch our eyes and we will see right; He will touch our ears and we will hear right. All that is included in a house of fat things. In the fourth place we notice that we are to drink out of a river of pleasure.

We know today that the world has gone pleasure-mad. There is no scheme that hell can concoct to enter-

tain a lost world that the devil hasn't pulled off during this generation, and sorry to say, he has not only captured the world as we see them in their mad rush seeking pleasure, but he has actually invaded the house of God and has well-nigh captured both pulpit and pew. Series of lectures are put on now in the great churches sometimes running for two weeks on such subjects as "Government Ownership," "Five Cents' Worth of Beef Liver," "One Feather from the Tail of the Dog That Flew at the Tramp." "Will the Future Woman Marry?" Such degrading subjects along now with the moving picture reels are taking the place of the preaching of the gospel of the Son of God. When the church members can't find as much frolicking going on at the church as they desire, they even go to places that are very, very questionable. There is a kind of shadow that hangs over such places that would make a saint tremble in his soul to be found there, but cold, dead, formal church members are often seen around such questionable places. For six thousand years they have been on such searches for pleasure but will never overtake it, but will die on the trail, and many without God. Just think of it, God has said that His people will drink out of a river of pleasure. I judge that the real meaning of this statement is that God will give His people such quantities of satisfaction that He even compares it to a river. This is said by some to be satisfied satisfaction. For He has just said that we will be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of His house, and then He adds, "and drinking out of a river of pleasure," which is without a doubt the best condition a soul could be in, in this world.

Guided by His Eye

Just a word to the sons and daughters of Adam—I suppose just about everybody now believes that Adam and Eve were our grandfather and grandmother. Well, of course, the crowd that believes that we came from the tadpole probably would resent that statement, so as I am very broad and liberal I will allow the plug hat brigade to keep their own record.

But here is what I want to talk to you about. I have just read in the thirty-second psalm and eighth verse the wonderful words of the Lord. Notice them: "I will guide thee with mine eye." Well, thank the Lord! How beautiful it is in the Lord to be willing to guide us with His eye! In the days in which we live the very land is flooded with new "isms" and "schisms," new doctrines and heresies, and wildfire, fanaticism, religious crooks and bums, religious down-and-outs—thousands of them morally too crooked to sleep in the roundhouse. They are too crooked to build a rail fence. They are not even straight enough to look at the rainbow. Many of them are as slick as eels and as squirmy as water moccasins. But they have just had a new revelation from the Lord, and they have just struck a new religious craze, and now they are out in full blast to deliver the goods.

But we are not surprised at the new heresies when we see the dead formality in the church, for dead formalism breeds heresy. In these awful days to realize that God will guide us through this troublesome world with His eye is a consolation to us that ought to make us shout for the next thousand years. And with this wonderful

text before us, it is too late now in the history of the world for a man to say he doesn't know where to go and what to believe. For we have it in the above declaration that God put himself on record and has declared emphatically that He will guide us with His eye. I believe from the depth of my soul that I have been able to get to the right place at the right time and in the right way for the past forty years now, for just forty years ago I met Jesus on the frontiers of Texas, and He kicked the devil out of my heart, and pitched him over the back yard fence. He set up His kingdom in my soul, and gave me such a chunk of sunshine and glory that I have been climbing around over it and finding new things and beautiful things in my chunk of sunshine for the last forty years. When I think of the fact that God is still guiding me with His eye, I have nothing to fear, nothing to lose, nothing to be uneasy about, just walk as Jesus walked and rest and abide in Him. His will is my will, and the way that He has provided is so much better than I could have provided for myself that it almost tickles me to death to think that I have so much in my favor.

The reader will remember that upon one occasion Jesus said to the brokenhearted disciples as He was leaving them, "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." But away back before that the Psalmist had said that "I will guide thee with mine eye." When a man is guided with the eye of the Lord, he will get to the place that God intended him to go to just exactly on time, and he will fit into the place when he gets there, just like the stripes fit in the rainbow. God looked in the direction that He wanted me to go, then He looked at me, and I hit the trail a-running. Thank the Lord, for these forty years, by being led by His Spirit, upheld by His hand, protected by a wall of fire, and guided by His eye, I have been able to keep off the breakers. Many have been the plans that the devil has laid to defeat and wreck me, but just as often as the devil laid a plan to de-

feat me, God laid a plan to protect me. When the devil stepped up and laid down a temptation before me, Jesus walked up and laid down a way of escape by the side of it, and the Holy Spirit whispered in my soul, "This is the way, walk ye in it." And by listening to His voice and obeying His commands, thank God, I stand before Him today with His wings over my head, and with His everlasting arms beneath me, and with His love in my soul. It is beautiful, it is glorious, it is beyond description. It looks like it is too good to be true, but thank God it is so.

Graven on the Palms of His Hands

To the saints and faithful in Christ Jesus: Greetings to you from Isaiah, forty-ninth chapter, sixteenth verse. Well now, beloved, it might be profitable to you and me to just read Isaiah, forty-ninth chapter, sixteenth verse, and see what a wonderful statement that inspired man has left here on the pages of sacred history. Listen to His words: "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." Beloved, for a number of years I quoted that scripture and I thought it said that *our names* were graven on the palms of His hands and I so quoted that for a number of years. But to my surprise, I read it one day as it really is, and it said, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands," and for a few minutes I was disappointed in the reading of this wonderful verse, but when I had time to think for a moment, I saw that there are hundreds and thousands of people by the same name, but there are no two that look alike. For instance, I know of two Henry Morrisons, and two Will Huffs, and two Jim Joneses, and at least a half dozen John Smiths, but there are no two who look alike.

If it said our names, we might have gotten into trouble at the judgment day, for every one of us would have thought, It was me. But when I saw the wonderful, wonderful thought, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands," it made my very heart leap for joy to think that God didn't have to look over at Texas or down in Mexico or over in England to find me. He just looks on the palms of His hands and sees me there, and when I

thought of it in that light my heart was made to leap for joy. Of course there are people by my name, but no man can stand up at the judgment and say that he is me, and his name will cut no figure in that case. They might change my name after I got to heaven, but that doesn't matter after I am there myself. It matters not what they call me, just so they call me in time to get in. There is so much difference between a man and his name. It makes but little difference as to what you call him, but what he is means everything.

And today I rejoice in the fact that God has graven us on the palms of His hands. I think when I see myself on God's hand at the judgment day that I will have enough to shout over for a million years. It will be something like a man beholding his own face in a looking glass, and thank the Lord, there we can shine and shout forever. And then we remember the words of the Lord Jesus when He said upon one occasion, referring to His disciples, and the fact that the devil was trying to destroy them, "No man shall pluck them out of my hands." That gives us pretty much the same idea as the vision of Isaiah. He evidently saw us graven on the palms of the hands of God the Father. And now the blessed Christ comes along and tells us that no man or power, sinners or devils, can pluck a true disciple out of His hand. I have heard people refer to this and use it as a scripture that taught the impossibility of falling away, but there is no scripture here that teaches that a man could not cast himself away if he desired, but it does teach that no man or devil can take me out of God's hand and destroy me over my protest.

We know the devil is a mighty devil, but we know the devil hasn't power enough to make any man in the world do wrong if the man has no desire to do wrong. The devil may tempt a man and that is as far as he can go with it. The temptation may be a fierce one, but even that doesn't say I have to yield, for God has said, "With every

temptation I will make a way for your escape," and then He said emphatically, "I will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear." Bless God, when the artilleries of hell are turned loose on me, all heaven is ready to stand by me and back me up.

No man has to do wrong if he doesn't want to, for which I say, "Amen!" and, "Glory to God in the highest!" Beloved, just think of it! God has grace enough, power enough, love enough, and sympathy enough to so fill us and undergird us, and uphold us, that there is not a devil in the pit that can come over on God's territory and capture us and take us over on his side of the fence, unless we ourselves desire to go over. Bless God, the more I know about God, the less I care about the devil; and the more I see in righteousness and holiness and perfect love, the less I see in this old world and the plans and schemes of the devil. The best that the devil has ever been able to get up is awfully poor dope. He can get up lying and stealing and cussing and drinking and fighting and adultery. That is one line of sin in a low, vile order. But he can get up other plans such as secret orders, fraternities, circuses, shows, theaters, ballrooms, card parties, big suppers, moving picture reels, big blowouts in general, and the best construction you can put on it, it produces fret and worry, sorrow, sadness, and disappointment. None of it has ever satisfied a human soul, and it never can and never will. But bless God, you think of a man graven on the palms of God's hands and with the beautiful promise that no man or devil can pluck us out of the hands of Jesus. Brother, we have something that is worth paying the taxes on. This is worth holding on to with a death grip. Bless God, I have got my eye on the road, and I am scratching gravel toward heaven. Amen! Bless His name! We've got the goods.

Wandering

We have noticed the Israelites entering Canaan and how happy they were. But we might do well to stop and consider a few minutes the real condition of the great multitudes in the churches who have refused to go into Canaan. For a scriptural text we might use Deuteronomy 1:19, "And we came to Kadesh-barnea." We have heard it said by scholarly gentlemen that Kadesh means "holiness," and Barnea means "wandering."

And we have often noticed in our short life that some church members come to the light of scriptural holiness and refuse to go in and receive this beautiful experience. Like Israel of old, they turn back and begin to wander, which in a sense means "milling." The Israelites between the crossing of the Red Sea and the crossing of Jordan spent forty years going round and round, crossing their trails and often camping on their same old campground.

So it is with tens of thousands of the people today. They remember well when they were converted, and they came up to a great holiness camp meeting, and heard the light, and the devil said, "Not today," and they turned back, and they are not as near the happy land today as they were ten years ago. Beloved, it is a dangerous thing to refuse to walk in the light when God throws it across your pathway. But as they are very active in church work, the devil tells them they are making progress. The Israelites, we remember, did not stop and sit down; they traveled all the time, but at the end of forty years they were no nearer Canaan than when they started.

The Israelites had many good times before they got to Canaan. Just after they crossed the Red Sea they had a great hallelujah praise meeting, led by Miriam. Here we see the Salvation Army lassie for the first time. Miss Miriam played the tambourine, and danced before the Lord, and sang, "The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." This is a typical Salvation Army meeting, for the Army has been the only people in our country that took all the good tunes they could gather up and put their own words to them and sang them to the glory of God. We see Miriam making her song as she went.

After the great praise meeting the Lord led them over the hills toward Canaan, and they struck camp in a place called Marah. The word Marah means "bitter," for they had a bitter well to drink out of. When they cried, "Bitter, bitter, bitter!" Moses cut a limb off the tree, and threw it into the well, and it sweetened the water. From this we find that a Christian doesn't run long after he is converted until he has to drink out of a bitter well. This is his first real test, and God tests every convert.

From Marah, Moses led them over the hill to another camp which is called Elim. Elim is very different from Marah. At Elim they found twelve wells of pleasant or sweet water. They also found threescore and ten palm trees. Here we notice some marks of a Christian experience. There are twelve months in the year and there were twelve sweet wells. We ought to drink out of a sweet well every month in the year. There were threescore and ten palm trees, and the Lord said, "Your allotted time is to be threescore and ten years." So we see we have a sweet well for every month and a palm tree for every year.

The historians tell us that the palm tree is the most useful tree in the world, that it has been put to three hundred and sixty-five different purposes. The palm tree is so useful and represents the Christian life in such a remarkable way that our beloved Brother W. E. Shepard

has written one of the most beautiful books I have ever read, on *The Palm Tree Blessing*. We find we have three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and we notice now that we have a sweet well for every month, and a palm tree for each year, and something useful for each day in the year. Well, beloved, at a glance you can see that the above statement will knock in the head the idea of being religious on Sunday and then crooked on Monday. But real salvation will make us just as religious on Monday as we are on Sunday.

But as great and as glorious and as beautiful as these experiences are, they were all this side of the land of Canaan. We have often heard people say they have been blessed a thousand times, therefore they didn't believe in the second blessing. Beloved, if you have received a thousand blessings, surely you ought to be willing for us to have two—the first and second—and then, according to your testimony, you are still nine hundred and ninety-eight ahead of us. I don't see why you should set up a howl because we have received two. But yet, beloved, like the Israelites, these people that have been blessed so many times, and had a shouting spell today, are liable to have a wandering spell tomorrow. For you will remember that as great as their sweet well and palm trees were, they were by no means in the land of Canaan.

Another beautiful experience the Israelites had before they got into the land of Canaan was seen in this beautiful fact: they received manna from heaven which was white like coriander seed, and the taste like wafers made with honey. This beautiful manna was a type of the witness of the Spirit, for we read that it was angels' food, and sent to the Israelites from heaven. But from the reading of the book we note that at times they had trouble with this manna. They seemed to put some of it in a crock, or wooden bucket, or iron kettle and it soured, and the worms got in it. The reader will notice that the trouble was not with the manna, but with the kind of

vessel they were keeping it in. So it is with the justified man. He would not have any trouble with his justification, but he is trying to keep it in an unsanctified heart, and we have often heard a man say that he is a poor, weak worm of the dust, and when he would do good, evil was present and hindered him. O beloved, the worms have gotten into his manna. But God commanded Moses to tell Aaron to gather up an omer of this manna and put it into a golden pot, and it would keep sweet to the rising generations, that the nations round about them might see the bread that He had fed them on in the wilderness. This golden pot and heavenly manna are a beautiful type of full salvation. The golden pot is a type of the sanctified heart, for gold stands for purity, and the manna is a type of the Holy Spirit; so there is a purified heart, filled with the Holy Spirit. God gave them this that they might understand what beautiful things He had for them later on, and what rich treasures He had for them reserved up in the land of Canaan.

But after their sweet well and palm trees and golden pot and manna, they did all of their wandering. They became restless and dissatisfied and discouraged and disheartened, and wanted to go back into Egypt and get onions and garlic and leeks and cucumbers, all of which are a type of an unsanctified heart. We have seen the wanderings of the Israelites so wonderfully fulfilled and carried out by the nominal church members that today the average life of the average church member is a complete repetition of the wanderings of the Israelites.

Crossing Jordan

My dearly beloved, I believe it would be interesting to you and me to study together for a little while the crossing of the Israelites from that dreary stroll in the wilderness, through the beautiful river Jordan, over into the lovely Canaan land. We read in Joshua 3:17, "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites . . . were passed clean over Jordan."

First, we want to notice that there was no crossing of the Israelites until they had broken camp. We see that a man must break camp and leave the old crowd before he can cross Jordan and get into the land of Canaan.

Second, we notice that the water did not divide until the feet of the priests had struck the brim of the water. It is just so with us; we must start by faith, and faith alone.

Third, when their feet struck the brim of the water, the waters were cut off from the waters, and the lower waters were dried up and the upper waters were backed up.

Fourth, while the priests were standing on dry land in the bottom of the river Jordan, God commanded Joshua to command the people to take twelve stones and pile them up in the river Jordan. This was to be a hidden, secret testimony that was hid from the eyes of man. For the Lord knew that the waters would soon cover the twelve stones. But it is a fact that every man that crosses Jordan has a beautiful hidden testimony that is hid from the eyes of a grinning, giggling, hateful, scornful world.

Fifth, they were to take up twelve stones from out of the bottom of Jordan and put them on their shoulders, and carry them up and pile them on the banks of Jordan. This was to be a public testimony, for this pile of stones on dry land was where everybody could behold it. So that proves that every man is to have two testimonies: one hidden and the other public. All this was to prove they had crossed over Jordan and were now on the Canaan side of life.

Sixth, they struck camp over in Canaan and it was known to all the dwellers in the land that the Israelites were now in Canaan, and in possession of their own country.

Seventh, when the Israelites crossed the river Jordan, God seemed to draw a line through the river, and the waters above the line backed up, we read, "very far from the city of Adam," and the little city on the banks of Jordan that was called Adam was overflowed and drowned out, and the city has never been rebuilt. So it is with us. When we make the second crossing, the city of Adam in us is destroyed with the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, and it is God's will and plan and purpose with us that that old city shall never be rebuilt. Well, amen, thank the Lord! I remember when the city of Adam was destroyed in me. I felt the fire burning, and I saw the smoke curling, and I saw the devil running, and I was leaping in the air, praising God that the "old man" was dead. I went to my own funeral, and there wasn't but one mourner there, and that was the devil. And while the devil howled and growled, and said it wouldn't last, and it was all a delusion, and there was nothing to it, and nobody had ever had it, and that I couldn't live it, I sat down and laughed and cried, and praised God that I had traded off nothing and gotten everything. From that day to this, I have been as happy as a bald-headed bumblebee in a hundred acres of red-top clover.

In my visions I have seen rainbows, and orange blossoms, and clover fields; I have heard the birds singing, and have seen bees sipping honey from the clover blossoms. I have had a bee gum in the back yard of my soul that I haven't robbed this spring, and my bees have swarmed every week for thirty years, and my pancake tree is loaded to the water line and my honey pond is deep enough to swim in, and I don't call the devil "Colonel" any more; I just call him devil, for he is one, and he knows he is, and I won't take it back. Amen! I ring off right here.

Seven Confessions

In studying our Bible we find there were seven men in the Old and New Testaments that had much to do with sacred history who made the most fearful confessions that ever fell from the lips of men. Yet there was but one of these men that received any benefit from his confession.

We first notice King Pharaoh; we find his confession recorded in Exodus 10:16. His confession consisted of three words. Here is the confession as it fell from his lips: "I have sinned." And yet as fearful as his confession was and as far-reaching, and as horrible as the consequences of that confession were to that man, yet he held on to his sins, until they put him in the bottom of the Red Sea. Though he made his confession, he received no benefit in the world from it.

We next notice a prophet whose name was Balaam. In Numbers 22:34 Balaam said, "I have sinned." His confession was an honest one; but as truly as Pharaoh had his heart set on keeping the Israelites in bondage, Balaam had his eye on Balak's gold. This prophet was out of God's order, and he went to curse Israel for Balak, over the protest of the Lord. But on his way, the reader will remember, God sent an angel out to meet him, and a number of times when the donkey that Balaam rode came to the angel he was turned to the right or left. While the donkey beheld the angel, Balaam did not see it.

It seems a little strange that at times a dumb brute has a greater spiritual vision than a backslidden preacher, but nevertheless this was the case with this man Balaam. When God couldn't do anything else with

Balaam, He had the dumb beast that he rode speak to him in man's voice, and then Balaam made his fearful confession. It was those three fearful words, "I have sinned." Nevertheless he kept his eye on Balak's gold until fifteen hundred years later God had St. Peter preach Balaam's funeral. In Peter's discourse he said, "Balaam died, the lover of the wages of unrighteousness." The reader will notice that Pharaoh and Balaam made the same confession, and yet both died sinners.

We next notice a man whose name was Achan. We read this man's wonderful history in the Book of Joshua, recorded in the seventh chapter and the twentieth verse. We notice that Achan had disobeyed God and had stolen a Babylonish garment, a wedge of gold, and a few shekels of silver. He held on to these things that he had stolen until he defeated the army of Israel, disgraced the cause that they represented, grieved the Lord, caused thirty-six of his own brethren to be put to death, his wife and children to be destroyed, and he himself was taken into the valley of Achor and stoned to death. But we find that Achan had made the same fearful and awful confession that Pharaoh and Balaam had made. He said, "I have sinned," but he held on to his crookedness until it damned him. Beloved, when will we learn a lesson from these fearful and awful consequences of holding on to sins until they wreck and ruin precious and immortal souls?

The reader will see that these three men made the same confession and neither of them received any benefit. My judgment is that each of them made an honest confession, but nevertheless each man held on to the sins he had confessed until they destroyed him.

We will next notice King Saul. In I Samuel 26:21 Saul said, "I have sinned," but he held on to his disobedience, and carried jealousy in his heart. He laid plans to murder another man and so grieved God that God would talk to Him no more. The reader will notice that Saul made the same confession that the other three

had made. But don't forget, beloved, that Saul held on to his sins, though he had confessed them, until he fell on his own sword and ended his own life on Mount Gilboa. He was Israel's first king. He was chosen over God's protest and had a good start, but a fearful and awful ending. He held on to his sins until it was too late to get back to God.

Our next man that made this fearful confession was a man whose name was Shimei. We read of him in II Samuel 19:20. Shimei said, "I have sinned," but he held on to his sins, and his crookedness, and his skulduggery until he was finally put to death by King Solomon, died in disgrace, and left a blotch on Israel. Although his confession was honest, he did not forsake his sins, and they finally destroyed him. I am convinced that every reader of this page can call to mind some friend or neighbor, or maybe some relative, who to their knowledge has made honest confessions time and again, but yet never did forsake his sins. Finally his sins destroyed and damned him.

We next notice probably one of the saddest characters described in the Holy Scriptures. This is Judas Iscariot. We read in Matthew 27:4 these same three fearful words, "I have sinned," and yet while Judas confessed his sins, he held on to the thirty pieces of silver, until Christ was captured and tried before Pilate and Herod. He had worn the crown of thorns and purple robe; He endured the Roman scourge; He had been beaten and was spit upon, mocked, and hissed at as He staggered under the Cross, and was finally nailed to the Cross. The earth had reeled and staggered, and darkness like a nightmare had settled down over the Judean hills. The Son of God had begged for water and had been refused, and could have only a cup of gall. Hardened sinners had wagged their heads and said, "Truly this was a righteous man." And yet, beloved, up to this time Judas was still holding on to those thirty pieces of silver. What a horrible

thought, to think that a man of good intelligence will hold on to that which is perishable until he loses that which is eternal! Yet we find that Pharaoh, Balaam, Achan, King Saul, Shimei, and Judas Iscariot, all six, have done that very thing.

We next notice the prodigal son. This is the only man out of the seven who confessed and received any benefit. We read, in the fifteenth chapter of Luke and the eighteenth verse, the words of the poor prodigal. "I have sinned." But the prodigal did more than confess. No sooner had he made his confession to himself and the hog pen than he resolved to arise, retrace his steps, go back to his father's house, and make the same confession there that he had made in the hog pen. So we hear him say, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." Thank God, he left the hog pen, and took up his lonely march, clothed in rags, facing a wrecked life, and carrying a guilty conscience, but headed in the right direction.

Beloved, think of this, we next read that his father saw him when he was a great way off, and ran to meet him, and when the father met the wayward boy he fell on his neck and kissed him. The poor, dirty, ragged boy undertook to make the same confession to his father that he had made in the hog pen. But his father kissed him and pulled him to his bosom, and, bless God, the past record of the prodigal son was blotted out. What a wonderful picture of God's love! Here we see such beautiful marks of the love of God as He deals with a penitent soul.

We first notice that the father ran to meet him. No man can read of the old father running to meet this returning prodigal and fail to see the wonderful interest that the father felt in his heart for that beloved boy. In the second place, we can see the old father's arms around his boy, and he pulls him to his bosom. You can just see

the old white locks hanging over the boy's shoulder, and the tears as they trickle down over the white beard. In the third place, we see the old father planting the kiss of reconciliation on the face of his boy. There the father and the son were reconciled. In the fourth place, we see the old father putting a beautiful robe on this returning boy. Beloved, there is the robe of righteousness that our Heavenly Father will hand over to every returning prodigal. This is a beautiful gospel robe. It meant the dark past was blotted out; the future before him was shining bright. But, in the fifth place, we notice that the old father had them to bring a pair of shoes and put them upon his boy. Thank God, here we see a splendid pair of gospel shoes, and now the poor prodigal that was barefooted is "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

In the sixth place, we notice that the old father put a ring on the hand of this boy. He now had his kiss of reconciliation, the beautiful robe of righteousness, the splendid gospel shoes, and just think of this, it was sealed with the father's ring, as it was placed upon the hand of the prodigal boy. Now we notice the seventh thing that took place. Listen now, you will hear the old father testify. Here is his testimony, "This, my son, was lost, but he is found; he was dead, but he is alive forevermore; I have received him safe and sound." A spiritually minded man can see that all of the above marks of these wonderful steps in divine things make up a clear-cut case of salvation from sin.

But we not only believe in the first work of grace, but, with John Wesley, believe in the second blessing, properly so called. And now we want to prove to the reader that, though this young man had received so much, there was still room for a second blessing, for the old father now gives the command, "Let the fatted calf be killed, and let us make him a feast." And the next time we see the old boy he not only had the kiss of reconciliation, and the robe of righteousness, and the gospel shoes,

and his diamond ring on, but, bless your heart, he had beef gravy all over his face. The music was rolling, and the old boy was dancing, and they were making merry. Now, beloved, don't you see that after this man had left the pigpen, and had made his confession, and had received the kiss, and a robe, and a pair of shoes, and a ring, and had received his father's testimony, that he was sound and was alive? Yet up to this time the fatted calf was still kicking up his heels in the barnyard, showing that the boy didn't get the second blessing until after he had gotten the first.

And there is another point right there that can be noticed just at this time; while the music and dancing was going on, the elder son returned from the field, and raised a fuss with his father, and got mad, and would not go to the feast. His old father went out and entreated him, but the last account we have of the elder brother he was not in the banquet hall, but was on the outside with a spell of anger and sulk. Doesn't that look a great deal to you like the nominal church of the twentieth century? How many times have the readers seen some poor, wayward boy get gloriously converted, and some few months later get powerfully sanctified? Then just see the elders of the church, who ought to be at the feast, taking part and eating tenderloin steak and dancing before the Lord, turn away and begin to fuss, and accuse their Heavenly Father, and call the returning prodigal hard names. How many times I have seen the story of the prodigal son fulfilled! They are well-nigh without number.

But, thank the Lord, the old prodigal sure did get the goods, and no make-believe about it. I have always admired the man that will make his confession and go to the bottom in order that God may bring him back to the top, for after all, the way up is down. Praise the Lord, from whom all blessings flow!

Something New

One morning, after reading a few chapters in the Bible and having a season of prayer, I sat down and opened my Bible, and said, "Dear Lord, I want You to show me something new in my Bible today; I want to see something that I never saw before in this Book." And the Lord impressed me that He would give me something new. So my mind was directed to turn to the Book of Genesis and look at the first word in the Bible, and as I sat there and looked at it, it seemed so strange that a word with only two letters in it should start a book so great and grand and glorious as the Bible. It was the word *in*.

I thought, That is not new, because I have known that word all the time. But the Lord directed my mind to look at the last word in the Book of Genesis, and the last word was the word *Egypt*, and He had me put the two words together and it read, *In Egypt*. I said, "I thank Thee, Lord, for I didn't know that the last word was *Egypt*." Then I remembered that God's people started in Eden and landed in Egypt.

But just then the Lord directed my mind to turn and look at the first word in the Book of Exodus, and it stood out so large and beautiful—the word *now*. He then directed my mind to the last word of the Book of Exodus, and it was the word *journey*, and then my mind was directed to these four words, and they stood out before me like letters of fire—*In Egypt now journey*. And I said, "Lord, I thank Thee once more for something new."

Then He directed my mind to look at the first word in the Book of Leviticus, and it was the word *and*. And I turned and looked at the last word of this book, and it was the words *mount Sinai*; then He had me put it all together, and it read, *In Egypt now journey and go to mount Sinai*, for there the Lord was to give them the law.

He then had me to turn and look at the first word in the Book of Numbers, and it was the word *and*, but I looked at the last word in the Book of Numbers, and it was the word *Jericho*. Then the Lord directed my mind to put these words together and read it, and there it stood before me so beautiful—"In Egypt now journey and go to mount Sinai and receive the law; cross Jordan and take Jericho."

But the Lord was not quite through with this wonderful discovery that He had revealed to me, so He directed my mind to the first word in the Book of Deuteronomy, and to my surprise I found this word, *these*; and I turned and looked at the last word of that book, and found the word *Israel*, and then I remembered it was *these Israelites* that were to make that wonderful journey from the land of Egypt to the land of Canaan.

Then I said, "Lord, I thank Thee for something new." And then I remembered that not only the Israelites, but that the world itself, had left the Garden of Eden and had wandered into the dark land of Egyptian bondage. But thank the Lord, as truly as He led Israel out of Egypt into Canaan, He is able today to lead every sinner from the land of bondage into the land of perfect rest.

The Morning Glory and the Glory of the Morning

Two names so much alike and yet how different they often are! To illustrate, take the "morning glory" and the "glory of the morning." The morning glory is a beautiful little flower that blooms out on the little climbing vines that are often planted about the doors of our homes. The little vine will climb the twine string until it reaches the top of the porch and then the lovely little vine will cover the top of the porch, and the flowers will hang in great clusters down over the doorway. Early in the morning while the dew is on, the whole porch will be covered with lovely flowers, and as long as the morning stays cool and fresh, the flowers could not be more beautiful—all colors, red and white and blue and purple, dazzling in the early morning sunlight.

As soon as the dew dries off, the morning glories are ready to drop from their tiny little stems, and wither up in the heat; but while the dew is on, they are so lovely and so beautiful that somebody called them morning glories, and that lovely name got out on them. It has stuck to them like a postage stamp sticks to the envelope. It would make me feel sad if the morning glories were called by some other name. When you see the morning glories in bloom you know that the dear Lord has been in the community, for no man could mix his colors to make the vine so dark and green and fresh, and yet red and white and purple, and, oh, those dark blue ones, how they dance and shine in the morning sunlight! When I

look at them I just want to run and jump right into the middle of the vine and get my arms full of those lovely little friends of mine, and plant a dozen kisses on their dainty little faces, and when they raise their tiny but beautiful little heads to heaven all damp with the morning dew, you just have to stop and look at them. They command you like so many commanding officers, and I just dare you to go by and not say, "Good morning, morning glories." If you love the Lord you will feel like taking off your hat to them, for you are in the presence of perfection and beauty and loveliness. They look like Jesus had spent the night with them. You feel that He had joined in with them and sung a morning lullaby, given them a parting kiss, withdrawn just a little way, and was looking through the morning sunlight at a cluster of morning glories.

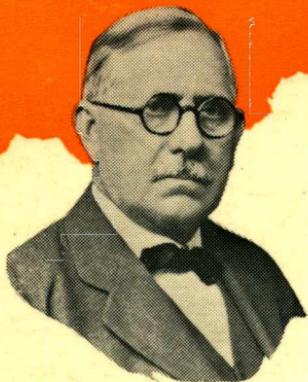
But there is a great difference between the morning glory and the glory of the morning. The glory of the morning is brought into display by the rising of the sun, as that fiery charger rolls up over the blue dome and shakes sparks of living fire from his outstretched wings. We stand in awe and are made to wonder at the glory and power of our God, the Builder of the heavens and earth, and thank God, the Creator of the universe. How strange, how refreshing, how marvelous, how glorious! Are you surprised that this wonderful hour is called the morning? King Solomon said, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?"

Just watch that fiery chariot as he climbs the mountain peaks, and throws handfuls of morning light down into that valley. Do you wonder that the lambs are bleating and the birds are singing and the brooks are humming their morning tune? Do you wonder that the hens are cackling and the calves are bawling, and the pups are barking? Just listen as the girls play that organ. It sounds like a brand-new one. Listen to the boys in the back yard as they whoop and yell, as they stand on

their feet one minute and their heads the next. What does it all mean? Why, man, this is the glory of the morning. Take another look and you will see mountains of floating clouds and they will smile on you as you wave them a happy good morning. But the next moment you will see what looks to be tons of granulated sugar, and trainloads of whipped cream, and you will feel like throwing your hat in the air and shouting to the top of your voice that the angels are having whipped cream for breakfast, and all nature joins in a great praise meeting.

And we just look up and say, "Glory to God!" and hardly know why we said it. Well, we just had to say it, for it said itself; that was our expression of the "glory of the morning." But as we stand and gaze on the wonder of this glory we hear the humming of the bees and we see them out at the daybreak gathering honey from the clover blossoms and their little heads are wet with the morning dew as they have soused them through the dew-drops, gathering their morning meal.

Praise the Lord for the glory of the morning, and praise Him for the morning glory!



Bud Robinson's Daily Prayer

O Lord, give me a backbone as big as a saw log,
And ribs like the sleepers under the church floor.
Put iron shoes on me and galvanized breeches,
And give me a rhinoceros hide for a skin;
And hang a wagonload of determination up
in the gable end of my soul.

And help me to sign the contract to fight the devil
as long as I have got a fist, and
bite him as long as I've got a tooth,
and then gum him till I die.

All this I ask for Christ's sake.

Amen.