

THE CHRISTIAN'S CHALLENGE

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The Christian's Challenge

by

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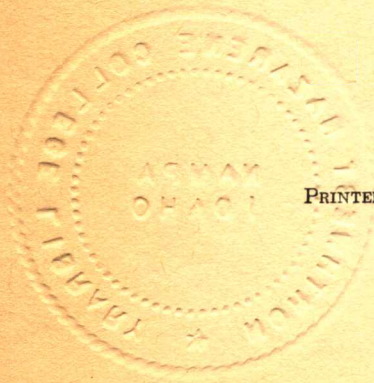


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To Ruth
Companion, wife, mother, helpmate

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Introduction

I knew Dr. L. A. Reed from my college days. A number of times we were closely associated in the work of the Kingdom. I found him to be one of the most versatile men I have ever met.

If Dr. Reed were needed to play a hymn, he could do it. The same was true as to leading a congregation in song, singing a special, giving a reading, performing a marriage ceremony with dignity, presiding over a religious worship service with distinction, or serving as a master of ceremonies at a banquet. Also, he could teach a Sunday-school class, a college class in biology, or one in seminary in homiletics. He could defend his methods or views in a district or general assembly. Yes, many of us have seen him perform these varied activities. In addition, I have seen him mingle with all classes of people and win their respect and love. He fought disease for years and did not lose his courage or sense of humor. He loved life, God, and the Church of the Nazarene. He was a faithful friend and a very considerate husband and father. Dr. Reed possessed a many-sided personality. But no talent he had surpassed his gift for preaching. Here he was at his best. Here all of his abilities converged. He was most at home as he stood before a congregation and proclaimed the everlasting gospel of the Christ he loved so much.

What, then, could be a more fitting way to perpetuate his memory than to publish a book of his sermons? Listen to their titles: Christian Providence—The Lord Doth Go Before Thee; Christian Spirit—"And He Went a Little Farther"; Christian Holiness—The Spirit's Purg-
ing; The Spirit's Infilling, The Spirit's Baptism, The

Spirit's Establishment, and The Spirit's Delay; Christian Memorial—"The Memory of the Just Is Blessed"; Christian Evangelism—Multitudes in the Valley, God's Call to a Decadent People; Christian Biography—Barabbas; Christian Youth—If I Were Eighteen Again, and Pentecostal Possibilities of Youth. These subjects are challenging.

STEPHEN S. WHITE

In Memoriam

Louis A. Reed—Minister of Christian Holiness

Looking up the dormitory staircase at old Peniel College in 1910, a broad-shouldered, raven-haired eighteen-year-old watched a lovely Texan lass descend, and thought to himself, That is the girl I'll marry, and he did! This forthrightness in character, which later was so many times exhibited in personal integrity and courage, characterized a man who for forty-three years preached the gospel of holiness in the Church of the Nazarene.

He was a fearless minister of the gospel. He thought it more important to be true to himself and to God than to compromise to shallow experience, and found that truth and honesty were the greatest expedients. He entered heartily into the crusade for the acceptance of storehouse tithing and the unified budget and lived to see these two great principles undergird a growing missionary program around the world.

Suffering from diabetes the last thirty-one years of his life, he demonstrated a tremendous courage, regulating his life and quietly fighting the affliction without complaint.

"To understand 'L. A.,'" observed Dr. Hugh Benner, "one has to think of him in the light of his consuming passion, and this was to preach the gospel. Whatever he was doing, he always considered himself a preacher. He was called to preach and he loved to preach. As a preacher, he was thorough, Biblical, clean, definite, and his messages varied in content and form."

He was tied to the beginnings of the church through study and association with R. T. Williams, C. E. Cornell,

J. B. Chapman, C. A. McConnell, A. M. Hills, and P. F. Bresee, who ordained him to the ministry. He added to those precedents the vigorous pastoral leadership which invariably gave him large preaching congregations.

The pastorate and the teaching of pastoral preaching and practices were his first loves. It is in this field that he made his greatest contribution to the Kingdom. Serving in Oakland, California; Long Beach, California; Kansas City, Missouri; Pasadena, California; and Chicago, Illinois, he was loved by his people and respected by the communities he served.

He loved his family, was devoted to his wife, and considerate of the interests of his home. Away from home, he was anxious to return, and in later years was never happier than to have his children and grandchildren close by. Scientist, musician, and preacher—it is interesting that each of his children emphasized one of these phases of his own career.

I remember well, while a student at Bethany-Peniel College, telling him in a dormitory room how God had called me into the ministry. His eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Well, Son, you know Mother and I have never suggested that you preach, but I am mighty proud that God has spoken to your heart." His was a tender spirit and, though hard on spiritual hypocrisy, he forgave easily and with facility.

Born in 1892 in Brooklyn, New York, he was the only child of Grace and Louis Reed, his father being a post office inspector in New York City. He was educated in the "old school," studying the elements of Greek and Hebrew in his early years, and completing his secondary education at Pentecostal Collegiate Institute (Eastern Nazarene College), where he was converted, called to preach, and sanctified. Seven converts responded to his first sermon, delivered at the age of seventeen, in the little town of Ponnagansett, Rhode Island.

Following his graduation from P.C.I. he enrolled in Drew Theological Seminary in Madison, New Jersey, where, ironically, he studied at the graduate level for nearly a year before the registrar discovered that he did not have any undergraduate work to his credit.

He graduated with the Ph.B. degree from Peniel College, Peniel, Texas, received his M.A. degree in zoology from the University of Southern California, and later did graduate work at Drew, Brown, and Columbia universities, where he completed his residence requirements for the doctorate. Pasadena College conferred upon him the degree Bachelor of Divinity; and his alma mater, Bethany-Peniel College, honored him with the Doctor of Divinity degree in 1937.

Louis Reed will probably be remembered as a seminary professor in the field of preaching and practics. His wide experience and long service as pastor, educator, writer, and preacher fitted him admirably for the position as first professor of preaching and pastoral practics at the Nazarene Theological Seminary in Kansas City, Missouri.

He was passionately interested in an educated ministry filled with the Holy Spirit, giving the message of Christian holiness with urgency and intelligence. For years he had talked of the project and quickly prepared himself for the challenge. He was elected to the board of the Seminary by the General Assembly in 1944 and later elected to the faculty upon the recommendation of Dr. Hugh Benner, first president of the graduate school.

He entered the Seminary when seminaries in general were not giving too much attention to the field of practics and preaching, requiring few hours for matriculation or graduation. But he determined to develop a department both in quality and scope which would make his students deeply sensitive to their calling, men who believed in

holiness and qualified to serve the church. The whole curriculum of the department pointed to this end. Both Yale and Boston universities spoke highly of the emphasis.

That his ministry was a success at the Seminary is witnessed by the scores of ministers the world over who, over a period of seven years, were trained in his classes and counseled in his office and home.

The secret of his effective teaching was a great heart. He *gave himself* as well as his material to his students. He aimed to develop individuals within the scope of their own capacity and ability. The men with the least ability carried the greatest challenge for him, and he often pointed to the progress they made.

The Seminary men loved him. Paul Helm, president of the Student Association, said of him: "Dr. Reed was like one of those majestic giants. . . . He walked upright and uprightly. His chin always was high and his shoulders thrown back. . . . He was professor, friend, and brother. . . . When a fellow had a problem, none was a better friend than Dr. Reed. When he greeted someone on the telephone, he would say, 'This is Brother Reed.' This was more than a traditional greeting with him. He always stood ready to be a *brother*."

Dear to his heart was the *Preacher's Magazine*, which he edited from 1949. Under his leadership this workbook for ministers spread to many denominations and carried a variety of material from theology, Biblical literature, and philosophy of religion to pastoral counseling, practices, and preaching.

The Lord took him when he was on his way to dedicate a grandson in Chicago and to hold an evangelistic campaign in Columbus, Ohio. He rests in Kansas City, on a beautiful hillside overlooking the community he loved, and beside his lifelong friend, R. T. Williams.

But beyond any tribute that could be paid Louis Reed is the love of his family, for he was our father, "our dad." He was one of those rare specimens of manhood who became the ideal of his family. He could help the one with her music, the second with his science, and the third with his preaching. He was proud when we were proud, and hurt when we were hurt. He was never too tired to play or counsel and traveled thousands of miles to be with his family, scattered from western Canada to New York City.

We never had an occasion to question his integrity or spirit. He taught that we were to be great-spirited men full of Christian love and true to Christian ideals. He "took" a great deal in his life, for his dynamic personality spoke of deep conviction. Though disappointed and discouraged many times, he had the rare ability to soar above problems and drive ahead to certain ideals.

He was honored in death by the beautiful presence of the unseen Spirit of Christ, but loved in life by a family who saw him at his best—*Our Dad!*

O. F. R.

Christian Providence

And the Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; . . .

—Deuteronomy 31:8

The Lord Doth Go Before Thee

As the year 1952 was about to be ushered in, I asked of our Lord that He would guide me to a thought of scripture upon which I could place my trust and confidence during the unwinding days of the coming year.

Upon opening the Word of God, my eye was directed to a verse which has thrilled me many times during the past months and it still thrills me with its promise of assurance. Listen to its magic, taken from the lips of Moses, the ancient lawgiver, as he turned the scepter of leadership to his successor, Joshua. They must have been tremendously meaningful to him, and we sincerely pray that they shall carry meaning for you, for they are just as forceful now as they were then. Hear them! "The Lord, he it is that doth go before thee."

We learn in the study of psychology that no experience is entirely new; that we continually build upon old experiences, old images, and previous associations. The old saying that there is "nothing new under the sun" is probably based upon the interpretation of this psychological fact, that all new experiences have their incipency in some previous incident.

But today we are really face to face with a new experience in the form of unexplored time. A new year, a new term, a new month, week, or day is before us. There are new pages upon which we will write; there will be new opportunities to improve or to lose; lives

of others to influence in a big, generous way; a shining, glorious road to travel; a great adventure before us. Little do we appreciate this glorious year ahead or the wealth of its significance.

If the world should stand, historians of the future will list 1945 as the turning period from the electric age to the atomic age. Tremendous powers which have been at our disposal and used for both advancement and destruction have been cast into the scientific scrap heap of the ages, and newly discovered atomic energies will take their place, either loaded with promise or catastrophic in fear. God grant the former will be true. A new era has dawned on the horizon of our lives and we have been privileged to be listed with those of antiquity whose generations have witnessed revolutionary changes.

But we can testify that there is romance in the beginning of things. There is a challenge that brings out the very best in us. The road of the past might have been a rough one, no doubt, beset with problems difficult of solution, but we have obtained from it the strength and ability to cope with the future.

Not many years back we heard a great deal about the molding and shaping power of environment, but there is one environment that interests me tremendously at this new season, and that is the environment of God.

Are we vexed by the memories of the past? Remember that God hath beset us behind as well as before.

Do we dread the storms of doubt that assail us and the fury of diabolical elements above us? Remember again, "The shadow of His wing is over us."

Are we disquieted because of the unknown future? Do we feel restless and insecure and troubled? "The Lord, he it is that doth go before thee." Take this motto with you. There is none better in the entire Word of God.

Good wishes at this season of the year are thoughtful and kind, but they might also be vain. Resolutions are good, but how quickly so many have broken them! But when we waken in the morning, we can say to ourselves, "God is ahead of us today," and we will immediately be filled with hope and courage, and sustained for the tasks which lie in the hours ahead.

If, when you are out walking, someone should tell you of a loved friend who had gone on a little ahead, would you not quicken your pace, set out immediately to overtake him, and forget the path behind? So our precious Christ, whose very name is love, has gone on before us as we travel this road which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day," and there is nothing in this world like God before us to quicken and invigorate us on our journey: "The Lord, he it is that doth go before thee."

In these words there is a sense of safety. It banishes unnumbered fears and shadows to know that God is on ahead. When our President travels, elaborate precautions are taken. The tracks are tested; traffic is side-tracked; the pilot engine goes on before. It is not enough that the secret service men surround him, even on the presidential train, but he must also be guarded by those who go on before.

So it is with every Christian, who has been made a king through Him who loved us, thus wonderfully augmenting our sense of safety by the prevenient wisdom of our loving Lord.

There are many dangerous journeys which might be taken but there is none quite so dangerous as the journey of life. We are surrounded to the very end by innumerable risks, and a thousand devilish hands are snatching at our crown. So it is then we realize, through the time of trial and testing, how powerful and peaceful and blessed are the prearrangements of a Father God.

If we fall, "He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." When we turn and behold the "sorry tangle" of our past, He comforts us with His grace. But when we think of the tomorrow and the unknown future, with all of its surprises and possibilities, with all of its provoking anxieties and disappointments which our enemy would thrust upon us, then comes to us the blessed word of God, "The Lord, he it is that doth go before thee."

I have also found that there is meaning in everything that comes to me. And many times, as I have anticipated events with dread and question, I find upon arrival that Someone has prepared the way. What looked like a roaring lion in the road turned out to be a toothless feline, chained by the Master's will. I have never had one reason to doubt or one cause to question the evidence that Someone had gone before me. God with us gives us the joy of peace, but God before us gives us the joy of preparation. When one awakens to this type of love, he can face anything and everything with fortitude.

Can you not hear the Christ saying to His disciples, "Let not your heart be troubled . . . I go to prepare a place for you"? Yes, in every tomorrow, God is shaping, arranging, ordering, hindering, and even weighing the future burden, as over against our strength and smoothing out the pathway for our coming feet. So "leave the unknown future in the Master's hands; whether sad or joyful, Jesus [already] understands"; for "the Lord, he it is that doth go before thee."

But there is a thought which I must propose in passing, and that is the radiant hope suggested to our heart by the text. No man can ever be hopeless for the future who lives with faith in a prevenient God.

Hope is essential to the well-being of life. Without hope, we can neither live nor serve. Some hopes have not the strength of foundation as that of which we are

thinking today. Some are like the snow bridges which one might see spanning the higher Alpine crevices. They cross those short spaces in their fantastic beauty and might be safe enough for the practiced mountaineer, but they would not be safe for the throngs nor for the unpracticed climber. For common men and common women, one wants a far more solid bridge than that.

So the one thing in life that is of real, vital moment is to have a hope that is secure, to know that life is not in vain, to know that confusion will not be at the terminus of our journey. Thank God, we are not fighting uncertainly; we are not beating the air; our toil is not mockery. If there is no Kingdom into which we shall be ushered, in the bright and glorious dawning rewarding our services, then, let us "eat, drink, and be merry," for tomorrow we die. But if we believe in a prevenient God, hope is born, courage is renewed, and our labors are not in vain. God in the past is the source of peace; God in the present is the source of strength; but God in the future is the source of hope.

There is a beautiful figure in one of Wordsworth's poems of a bird that is swept from Norway by a storm. It battles against the tempest with desperate effort, eager to win its way back to its Norwegian nest. But all in vain. At last it yields, thinking it will be carried to its death. But the storm carries it to sunny England with its green meadows and forest glades.

How many have been like that little voyager, fretting and fighting against the will of God, thinking that all was lost as you were carried on by the storms of adversity! But finally you ceased your battling and, behold, you were wafted to a rich country of green pastures and still waters. "The Lord, he it is that doth go before thee."

Christian Spirit

And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.

—Matthew 26:39

"And He Went a Little Farther"

This week is called Passion Week. Let us also give it the name of Gethsemane Week, for we find the Master in the Garden with His disciples, needing a fellowship and companionship, but finding it only in a limited sense. Just when He needed these disciples the most, they failed Him. They slept when they should have prayed; they napped when they should have watched. Jesus had to go into the recesses of the Garden alone, and face His battle of life and death alone. Then came the betrayal, when all forsook Him and fled. No one to die with Him, only two thieves! No one to stand by His side in the judgment hall; no one to support Him in His mighty struggle in prayer, as He went a little farther, and shed as it were great drops of blood in the agony of that inner garden!

But how much farther did He go?

He went farther than the law. He was just putting into practice the philosophy which He had been teaching the people for three years and, because He did, it elicited from the lips of St. Paul those words found in the Book of Romans, the eighth chapter: "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for

sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

So Jesus went farther than the law and the Jewish religion, just as He has gone farther than the ceremonial religion of our day. He went so far that He walked right into the hearts of men, dethroning and casting out sin, as written in the same passage, in order that we might be made free from the dominion of sin. In this Gethsemane Week, let us get an introspective vision; let us look inwardly and gaze upon ourselves and see if our service comes merely from lips, or if it is just an attitude toward the Master, or have we been actually changed by power divine?

He went farther than charity goes. Philanthropy and good will and human brotherhood are not the primary things for which Christ died. These elements are merely the accompaniment to the greater work that He came to do. To be charitable and to do good unto men is one of the expressions of the Christian religion, but it is not nearly approaching the sum total of the religion of Jesus Christ, nor even approaching the fringe of its meaning. What I am talking about goes much farther than individual self-righteousness or pharisaical righteousness.

I am sure you remember reading in the Bible about the Pharisee who went down to the Temple to pray, and in his self-righteous way placed himself ahead of other men, saying that he was glad he was not like this poor publican; bragging about his fasting twice each week and also that he had paid his tithes. I want you to notice in passing that possibly this Pharisee did more than the average church member does today. He went to church; he fasted regularly; he prayed in public; he paid his tithes—and yet he was condemned by the Christ.

But the poor publican in that same Temple was not rehearsing his virtues before the Lord, but in humility,

and with bowed head and cast-down eyes, he humbly yet earnestly prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and we have the testimony of Jesus himself, who declared that this poor, heartbroken man went down to his house justified in the sight of God. And if you all will go just a little farther than your ceremonies, than your works, then you will touch God and He will touch you, and your religion will immediately become personal, and you will find a foundation upon which you can place your feet. Yes, Jesus went farther than human substitutional religion. Because He went a little farther, we have the fruits of His sacrificial spirit in His salvation here, and life everlasting in the eternities to come.

We can readily observe *the benefits of His having gone a little farther*. He has given to the human family a divine remedy for sin. It is a mockery of His suffering and death to deny that He solved the sin problem, for that is what He came to this earth to do, to save sinners. He also gave a new dispensation to the Church, saving it from formalism and ceremony and giving it life and power. He also effected an international religion. The religion of Jesus Christ is for the black, yellow, red, brown, and white. He is not just the Saviour of the Caucasian; He is the Saviour of the world. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," is the breadth and scope of His gospel.

His having gone a little farther calls for a few imperative reactions on the part of every Christian today. It calls upon us for a little closer fellowship with Him. Christ has never put His thoughts into a thesis of philosophy or metaphysics. He has interpreted life by His own life, and set forth His ways in precepts, principles, and example. He himself is the Example, and His Word gives the precept and principle whereby we might approach the likeness of the Example. I am afraid the reason why the world seems to have so little confidence in

the Church is that they see all too few professing Christians who are like the One they call their Master.

*Oh, for a closer walk with Thee,
So that men everywhere might see
The loving Saviour by our side,
Guiding, protecting, whate'er betide!*

In this day of pressure, sorrow, and suffering; this day of tensions, fears, anxieties, and dread, we need a fellowship which we can get from no other source but Jesus Christ. There is no other spring of comfort. Have we forgotten so soon those days of terror when the messenger came to our door and we read that yellow slip of paper with the message which said: "We regret to inform you . . . killed in action; missing in action; wounded in action . . ."? Then the agony of soul began. But after the flood of tears had begun to subside, and the heart hurt had eased just a little, we went a little farther into the Garden with Jesus and prayed just one word that He prayed. Shall I tell you what that word is? Do you wish to hear me speak the one magic word that He used? Here it is—*nevertheless!* "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." Such resignation can come about only by a closer fellowship with Jesus, for He was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

Draw up closer to the heart of God today, my friends. Feel those pulsations of love and sympathy and comfort, which will make for you a sanctuary wherever you find *Him*. Discover in Him the fulfillment of the needs of your life. Take Him into your business, into the school-room; take Him into the shop and the factory; take Him into the office and into your friendly circle; take Him into your social group, into your home, and into the homes of your neighbors; take Him with you wherever

you go, and never allow any mundane influence to detach you from such a fellowship with Christ. Friends, let us go a little farther and get a little closer to Him today.

Gethsemane is really the Christian's holy of holies, for it is here that the world has witnessed the first and finest exhibition of genuine heroism. Someone has said, "The first law of all heroism is the courage to go on when others are left behind." So when Jesus went a little farther, went beyond the reach of human help and pity, while His dearest followers went to sleep, He won the right to enter the circle of the world's greatest heroes.

This picture of the lonely Sufferer in the Garden has become one of the mightiest redemptive forces in the life of the race. Here we see Him deserted by His friends, and not only facing death, but setting himself singlehanded against the sin of the whole world. Here we see Him falling on His face before the Father and reaching the climax of His loneliness. He had prayed for others but, hearken, now He is praying for himself. In doing this and in yielding himself for the salvation of the race, He went a little farther. That "little farther" brought Him all the way to Calvary and there they crucified Him.

Because He gave all, we receive all. Because He gave himself, we now have His spiritual presence. If men are to be saved, it must be because we will go a little farther. Yes, even go so far as to die for His cause, if need be. Are we any better than our Lord? Is sacrifice a word that carried with it implications that are too exacting upon us? If men are to be redeemed through us, then we must have the same sacrificial spirit which drove our Lord to Golgotha's hill and to the middle cross. His day of loneliness and betrayal ended in a day of victory, and that story is ever the same.

This strange, splendid heroism of Gethsemane comes to us today, to us who are not worthy of such great sacrificial devotion. This unworthy day when we play with the issues of life and death; when men sit around a table and prescribe the destinies of nations to suit their formula or their fears; with the madness, and the preparations for a cold war; the godless show of empire with its tawdry tinsel and pomp; with the trappings and boastings of authoritarian power, with its tyranny and contempt for subject nations; our own ghastly show of commercialized pleasure with its fearsome harlotry; with our drinking hells and taverns, gambling dens and corruption; with the frenzied whirl of money-getting, accompanied by perversions of mind and heart; with exploitation, scalp-hunting, strikes, and reckless flouting of law!

Yes, but even in the midst of all this we can still give the Christian message and tell men that the solution of all their problems is found in Gethsemane, in Calvary, and in the empty tomb. Because Christ went a little farther, men can still be redeemed and possess peace in the midst of chaos.

*He went a little farther
All alone,
Into the darkest night
This world has known.
The ancient olive trees a vigil kept;
Disciples slept.*

*To go a little farther,
To a tree,
That stretched its cruel arms
O'er Calvary;
No other could have suffered in the stead
Of Him who bled.*

A famous divine, Norman Vincent Peale, in the course of world travel, stopped at the cathedral at Venice. When eyes got accustomed to the gloom he saw niches high in the wall, and in them statues of the saints. Thinking of the saints led to reflections on his own life and his past transgressions. Suddenly he realized that these "saints" had been men of sin and sorrow equally with him, and yet here they were glorified in statue in this sacred cathedral.

"Moses, you remember the time you lost your temper badly even in the presence of God. What right have you to be in this church?"

Ans.—"I remember only too sadly. I repented, but let me tell you that I stood at last on the top of the mountain and saw into the Land of Promise."

"David, don't you recall the time you committed adultery and murder as well? Surely you have no right to be in this church."

Ans.—"Yes, I well remember. I repented with bitter tears. My penitential psalms will show that. But I caught a glimpse as I looked forward to my greater Son, the Christ."

"Peter, you remember your promise, that you would die with Him. And yet you ran away in the hour of danger. And not only that, but you lied and you cursed in your lying. What right have you to be in this cathedral?"

Ans.—"Yes, I remember. How I have grieved over my sins! But after that I fully surrendered and I followed Him, even to a cross and death."

(Peale) "Yes, and even so with my sins. He has blotted them out and remembers them against me no more, forever."

And even so, my friend, with yours and mine and with the sins of the whole world. All this because "he went a little farther"!

Christian Holiness

For this is the will of God, even your sanctification, . . . ”

—I Thessalonians 4:3

The Spirit's Purging

The human personality needs purging. Everyone recognizes that in the substratum of our being there lurks a nature which is not only prone to evil but is responsible for the sin, distress, and difficulty in which many find themselves. Freud calls it the seething cauldron of instinctual drives. E. Stanley Jones calls it the cellar of the soul. St. Paul calls it the carnal mind, which is "enmity against God . . . not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." With such a nature man finds himself in a dilemma.

But in this day of mental and spiritual ill health, the psychoanalyst and psychiatrist have taken over. Many times they do a good job when only mental adjustments need to be made. In this postwar period, with disappointment and disillusionment causing pressure and stress, the minds of men and women seem to be unable to stand the strain, and hence the assistance of the mental doctor is solicited.

However, there is a common agreement among many psychologists that a majority of the mental, moral, and physical ills which are suffered by mankind are due to what we believe to be the bondage of sin. The great Emancipator, Jesus Christ, came into this world to solve the problem of evil, and men everywhere are beginning to realize that there is still healing in the touch of this Great Physician.

Dr. William S. Sadler of Chicago (psychiatrist) has made a very significant statement, to which everyone should give heed. He says, "The sincere acceptance of the principles and teachings of Christ with respect to

the life of mental peace and joy, the life of unselfish thought and clean living, would at once wipe out more than one-half of the difficulties, diseases, and sorrows of the human race." In other words, more than one-half of the present afflictions of mankind could be prevented by the tremendous healing power of actually living up to the personal and practical spirit of the real teachings of Jesus.

In the light of society's present needs, why is it we do not lay at the feet of this Christ of God our follies, duplicities, lies, and deceits, and, accepting forgiveness from the hand of our Saviour, adjust ourselves to the reality which we can find in Him? I am sure, friend, this is just what you are seeking today. You are seeking reality. You are sick and tired of any ecclesiasticism which would hold out a promise in the form of the Bread of Life and in its stead give a stone. Your mind may be in a disordered state. This very moment you may be wondering about the dilemma in which you find yourself, not knowing which way to turn. Life seems to be nothing but vanity and fiction to you, and all your grasping has obtained nothing but a will-o'-the-wisp.

There is help, my friend, for your mental and moral disorders, yes, and even many times your physical troubles. They can be adjusted by our Christ. But you ask, "How is this done?" First, with a sense of guilt because of your sins and transgressions, and believing that only Christ can help you in this frustrated area, pray to Him for forgiveness. Have faith that He will do it, and He will answer your petition and remove the feeling of guilt, and through a sense of forgiveness will bring peace to your troubled heart.

But soon you will sense within you something which is opposed to your spiritual well-being. There is a nature which forgiveness does not touch. But do not lose heart,

for Calvary has solved this problem. Understand! It is a problem of evil.

The psychiatrist says that there are seven deadly sins, namely, pride, envy, anger, avarice, sloth, gluttony, and lust. St. Paul breaks them down into seventeen deadly levels, showing all the unclean phases of a heart which possesses propensity to evil. But the Holy Spirit can come and purge your inner life, and in place of all these carnal traits He gives love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance. Theologians call it sanctification, meaning the act of making holy. This is the work of the Holy Spirit. Then fears of death and fears of the future disappear.

Listen to what the Bible has to say about this important matter. Hear the cry of the Psalmist, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Again, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Also, after speaking of the redemption through the ancient sacrifices, St. Paul says in the Hebrew letter, "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" And also that classical promise, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

I can remember as a high school student placing a handful of iron filings on a large paper. Indiscriminately they were scattered over its surface. Then I slowly moved a strong magnet over the undersurface of the paper, and at once each little hairlike piece of metal arranged itself in a very orderly manner across the surface of that sheet, just like a miniature army standing at attention. This is what the Holy Spirit of God will do for your disordered, chaotic life, my friend. It is the power

of the Spirit of God and His alone that can order the mind and purge the morals and even bring the physical frame under the benefits of His healing touch.

I am reminded of that beautiful hymn, written by a man who had been bereft and sorely distressed by the vicissitudes of life, but he came to the right Person for the purging of his heart and mind and in the midst of the experiences which so sorely tested him he found a peace which caused him to compose these striking lines:

*All my life was wrecked by sin and strife;
Discord filled my heart with pain.
Jesus swept across those broken strings,
Stirred those slumbering chords again.*

*Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Sweetest name I know,
Fills my every longing,
Keeps me singing as I go.*

The Spirit's Infilling

Accompanying the cleansing of the Holy Spirit is the filling of the Spirit. It is one thing to cleanse a vessel from all defilement, but it is another to fill it to the brim with the precious oil of the Spirit.

In the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians, the fifth chapter and the eighteenth verse, we are urged to "be filled with the Spirit."

In the Acts of the Apostles the second chapter, describing the scene at Pentecost, tells how they were "all filled with the Holy Ghost." After the cleansing out, the soul must be filled. It cannot be left empty. "Nature abhors a vacuum," and this is also the truth as far as grace is concerned.

A person cannot be filled with the Spirit when he is filled with something else. If you are full of your own selfish interests or worldly pleasure, then there is no room for the Spirit. But if you are, through the baptism with the Holy Spirit, purged of these carnal interests, then there is room for the filling of the Holy Ghost. However both cannot remain, in their fullness. Either an evil nature occupies the space or the Holy Spirit occupies the space. The two cannot occupy the same space at the same time; this is a law of physics and also pertains to any similar situation.

When in answer to the prayer of faith the Holy Spirit comes and consumes sin and cleanses the temple, He does not go away and leave us, but He fills the heart with himself. He remains to be a continual, ever-present, abiding Guest. Infinite Deity condescending to dwell in the sanctified human heart is indeed a stupendous but very real thought.

Friends, are you wholly consecrated to God? Is it your desire that the ever-blessed Spirit come in and abide with you, not as a transient Visitor, but as a permanent Guest? Then all you have to do is to open the door, hand over to Him the keys, then ask in faith for Him to come in and remain. If you will do as is suggested by Whittier's beautiful poetic lines:

*The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun,*

then you may rest assured that the Sun of Righteousness, through the Holy Spirit, will come into your heart, sweep out everything that is antagonistic to Him, and make His dwelling place with you. Nothing but sin will be able to dislodge Him. He will fill you, energize you, and make your life useful, active, and joyous in His blessed service. By Christ's baptism with the Holy Spirit you are in-

stantaneously filled; and if you do not grieve Him by unbelief or disobedience, you remain filled. You might not always be conscious from your feelings of this beautiful Presence, but remember Christ dwells in our hearts by faith and not by feeling. If you are true to Him, then He is always present whether your emotional nature responds to His presence or not.

You may not always have rapture and ecstasy; in fact, I am sure you will not. At times you may be almost or quite devoid of ecstatic sensations; but learn to regard this blessed Holy Spirit as a constant, indwelling Presence. Look upon Him in faith as an ever-present Guide, Keeper, Comforter, Counselor, and Sanctifier. "Be filled with the Spirit."

It is a fact that the Holy Spirit seldom repeats himself, at least in most particulars in the experience of different individuals or of the same individual at different occasions. In the personal experience of some, the Holy Spirit comes as a veritable "rushing mighty wind," and, as it were, a fiery baptism; but with others, He is like the still, small voice and the silent blessing of the divine love being shed abroad in the heart. The main thing is to let Him have His own way. Be passive in His hands as the vessel in the hands of the potter. Do not expect or desire the experience of someone else; only desire to be filled with the Holy Spirit. However, to prevent perplexity, I will say that I believe entire sanctification and the filling of the Spirit have such a definite relation to each other that whosoever has one also has the other.

If you are sanctified wholly, you are filled with the Spirit. If you are filled with the Spirit, you are sanctified wholly, whether the filling be a conscious one or by faith. As Dugan Clark says: "On these four pillars, justification and regeneration on the one hand, and entire sanctification and the fullness of the Spirit on the

other, stands the glorious temple of full salvation, while the pillars themselves are founded upon the eternal Rock—the Rock of Ages—Christ Jesus our Lord.”

Let it be also understood that accompanying this cleansing of the heart is the enduement of power. This was the result of the command of Jesus that they should “tarry . . . in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.” They were not to attempt to go into all the world and preach until they were enabled to do so. It was under this power just given that Peter rose on the Day of Pentecost and preached such a marvelous sermon of burning utterances to that assembled multitude that three thousand souls were converted on that day.

Now let it be further understood that this power does not consist of eloquence or learning, nor is it personal magnetism nor psychological force; it is very possible and actually so, that it is given to those who are destitute of all such physical and mental aids. It is a power given us in order that we might first live a clean, sanctified life; and, second, that we might have the courage and power to fulfill the great commission of the evangelizing of the world. Just as the Church cannot be the light of the world without this enduement with power, no more can the individual believers. Ministers of the gospel, Sabbath school teachers, church officers, Christian workers, missionaries at home and abroad, in short, every Christian believer, should earnestly seek and pray for the baptism with the Holy Ghost in order that this twofold purpose might be realized. This experience is not confined alone to the apostolic age, as some people would make you believe, but it is for the Church of Christ and all of its members in all times.

I want at this point to be strictly accurate and scriptural and say that we should not speak of many baptisms.

We should not enumerate a baptism of love, nor a baptism of power, nor a baptism of work, nor a baptism of common sense, nor a fresh baptism every time our hearts are warmed, but the one baptism which cleanseth and endureth and abideth. You may receive many girdings and fillings for some special service, but these are entirely different from the baptism received which purifies the heart and endues with power and fills with the Spirit.

Again, when you are thus filled with the Holy Spirit, He will permeate every avenue and channel of your entire being. Your intellect will be influenced through the communication of truth directly or instrumentally, but chiefly through the written Word of God or through the preached Word or by widening your apprehension and also by strengthening your comprehension of the accompaniments of salvation. With this will also come the spirit of discernment, so you will be able to distinguish between the false and the true, the precious and the vile, between what is of God and what is of Satan. You will know the Shepherd's voice and refuse to listen to the hireling's call. You will be able to differentiate between the subtle serpent, the roaring lion, or the angel of light.

Furthermore, the Spirit will regulate your sensibilities so that you will have the right kind and the right amount of feeling. Religion does not consist of emotion, but it is accompanied by feeling, and it is not to be discarded or even undervalued in its proper place. Such discernment keeps one from fanaticism or hysteria. If your faith is fixed on Jesus and He has full control, He will take care of your feelings just as He watches over your outward circumstances. Whether your feelings are rapturous or whether they are depressed, just look to Jesus and praise Him. "Keep your faith right and your feelings will take care of themselves," is a well-spoken axiom by a religious writer. But remember this, a religion which is all feeling will result in wildfire and fanat-

icism. The happy medium is found in the religion of faith. Be filled with the Spirit and you will have all the joy and all the emotion that are best for you.

Finally, the Spirit, when He comes in His fullness, will regulate your volitions. The will, which so frequently is enslaved to the lower and baser propensities of our nature, will rule all of our powers. Through the Holy Spirit, Jesus makes this mysterious part of our constitution entirely free. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." When you are filled with the Holy Ghost you are enabled to continuously will what God wills. We say with Frances Ridley Havergal,

*Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.*

I admonish you, "Be filled with the Spirit." "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." Your soul will be lifted in ecstasy as you realize that your life is being governed and guided by the precious Spirit of God. Tasks take on a new significance when we are prompted to give willing service. A passionate love for the souls of men creates a new vision controlled and guided by this indwelling Guest. If you are an unsanctified believer, don't let another hour pass until you become a sincere seeker for the Holy Spirit. Make this quest consume your waking thoughts. Make it the business of your daily devotions until He floods your soul with the ecstasies of His presence. Die out to carnal sin in order that you might be resurrected in this new life of the Spirit. Men never backslide while they are on their knees. As one has said, "The devil trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees."

Don't stop until you are emptied of carnal self and filled with the Holy Ghost. Even though you may be in some far corner of the world, pray with me that the Holy Spirit might come into your life and fill you now.

The Spirit's Baptism

Among the last commands of the Saviour prior to His final ascension was one that they should not depart from Jerusalem until they had received the promise of the Father, which they had heard from Him, promising that, in response to their tarrying, they would be "baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

A week and a half later this was verified and fulfilled, when they were "all filled with the Holy Ghost." Not only the believers at Pentecost received this baptism, but also the Samaritan Christians, as well as Cornelius and his company, and the Ephesian believers, who all were baptized subsequent to their acceptance of Christ as their Saviour and to their becoming followers of the Lord Jesus. The sublime and beneficent results of this baptism have never been questioned, although there has been much speculation concerning the type of work wrought in the hearts of men by the Holy Ghost. We know that Peter, in his defense before the Council at Jerusalem, in showing that the Gentiles had received the Holy Spirit as well as the Jews, said that the Lord had put no difference between the Jew and the Gentile, giving to them the same outpouring with the same result, e.g., "purifying their hearts by faith."

We believe that Calvary solved the problem of evil, and Pentecost provided the power to live a Christian life. Both the Holy Scriptures and all human experience testify to the fact that there is something within us, even from our earliest infancy, which gives us a bias or tendency toward the wrong, which, just as soon as we come to years of moral understanding and responsibility, inclines us to accept the evil in preference to the good, to yield to temptation and to say yes to Satan and no

to God. Paul calls this the sin that dwelleth in us. It is the inborn tendency to evil which the whole human race has inherited from our first parents in their fallen condition. It is sin, as distinguished from sins. Sin is singular, but sins are plural. Sin is the root while sins are the fruits. Sin is the inward cause; sins are the outward effects. Sin is as old as the human race, while sins have been committed by us only in our short lifetime. Sin is a terrible disease; sins are the symptoms. Sin needs to be removed, or cleansed or destroyed or burned up; sins need forgiveness or pardon. Hence we can readily observe that there is a being of sin back of the doing of sin. An old English writer has remarked, "A man is not a sinner simply because he does evil; he does evil because he is a sinner." Man is a sinner by nature. You may train him and surround him with all kinds of good influences, but evil will still come out of him, because it is in him.

When a man is converted it is his sins which are pardoned and forgiven. Guilt and condemnation had pressed heavily upon him because of these iniquities, because of his innumerable, positive, overt transgressions against God. These may be classified as sins of omission and sins of commission; secret sins and open sins; sins against God and sins against man. These he wants to have pardoned. He exclaims with David, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." Always, God generously hears and answers the prayer of the penitent sinner. This is called justification. God for Christ's sake looks upon him as though he had not sinned. He is now admitted into the rights and privileges of a righteous man. At the same time he is regenerated and adopted and receives the witness of the Spirit that he is a child of God. Of such a one we say, He is converted.

Homer Rodeheaver and Oswald J. Smith have so expressively given to us this happy sentiment in their hymn, which reads:

*So men today have found the Saviour able,
They could not conquer passion, lust, and sin;
Their broken hearts had left them sad and lonely,
Then Jesus came and dwelt Himself within.*

*When Jesus comes, the tempter's power is broken;
When Jesus comes, the tears are wiped away.
He takes the gloom and fills the life with glory,
For all is changed, when Jesus comes to stay.*

And so his sins are washed away in the blood of Jesus Christ—removed as far as the east is from the west—and never again brought into remembrance against him. But that old sin still remains in the heart. It exists but does not reign. Its power is broken, so that by the grace of God and constant watchfulness and prayer it is kept in subjection. The converted man may and should be kept from all committed sin. If a man keeps sinning and keeps claiming to be converted—his is a spurious conversion if it does not preserve its possessor from actual sinning. But an act of forgiveness does not rid one of the actual principle of evil. It requires an additional and subsequent work of grace to destroy this body of sin; and when one is the subject of this second experience, he becomes thereby a sanctified and holy man. When he receives the baptism with the Holy Spirit his heart is cleansed from carnality, and he enters into the experience of holiness.

Do you not find, my converted friend, the rising of sinful thoughts or passions or desires within your heart which you feel are contrary to God's law? It may be

pride, anger, self-will, unlawful appetite, envy, jealousy, covetousness, or selfish ambition. You know that, whatever be the form of the evil fruit, it springs from the corrupt tree. These evil tendencies can be suppressed through watchfulness and prayer; they may not break out into overt acts of wrong, but you are very sensitive to a great struggle within—you strive to master your evil nature while the old man struggles to break his bonds. Hence a conflict arises in the soul between a desire to do right and good on the one hand, and the unceasing, hindering presence of evil on the other. As someone said, "Such individuals 'boil' even if they do not 'boil over.'"

Is this unceasing conflict with the evil tendencies of nature the best experience that the Christian can possess? Must we go all through life with this inner strife depressing our souls? Is the cry of the seventh of Romans unanswered, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Of course not! The answer comes in the eighth chapter, "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." The blood of Jesus Christ is not only sufficient to pardon but it also cleanseth us from all sin.

After the disciples were baptized with the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost, we find numerous New Testament references and injunctions and commands which are addressed to Christian believers which in reality echo the Upper Room experience. These commands are to be holy, to be perfect, to be sanctified wholly, to crucify the flesh, to be delivered wholly from the carnal mind, to be dead to sin. And, thanks be to God, there are thousands of witnesses in every age since Pentecost until this present hour who gladly testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth them from all sin and that the God of peace sanctifies them wholly.

Hear me, Christian friend. Do not place this baptism too far away from your conversion. Whenever you sense the need of a holy heart, you should at once seek and find this priceless blessing of heart purity. This is the time God is willing and desirous of giving it to you. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"

I am very conscious of the fact that some Christians and some churches believe that this experience of holiness can be obtained only at the hour of death. But hear me, death is no sanctifier. If Jesus is our Sanctification and the Holy Spirit our Sanctifier, why should the work be postponed until the very end of our lives? Does not God want a holy people on earth as well as in heaven? Is He not able to separate sin from the soul? If He is not able, where is His omnipotence? If He is not willing, where is His own holiness? How long does God wish us to continue in a sinful state? It is not only logical but scriptural that sanctification in its entirety prepares us, not only for death and heaven, but also for life and for work. Therefore, seek and find holiness as a gift of God now.

How shall you seek and how shall you find? First, make an unalterable and a complete consecration to God. This means, in the words of an English periodical, to receive what Christ gives, to lack what He withholds, to relinquish what He takes, to suffer what He inflicts, to be what He requires, to do what He commands. Lay everything upon the altar—past, present, future; friends, time, earthly store; ambitions, plans, desires—and then lay yourself on the altar a willing sacrifice, and God has promised to sanctify the gift. In this state of complete consecration to Him, you ask for a clean heart. This is according to His will. Believe therefore, on the authority of God's Word, and in due time—in most

instances, very shortly—you will have the evidence in the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, witnessing with your spirit that the work is done.

Lift your cry to God. He will surely hear you.

The Spirit's Establishment

In the Epistle of Paul to the Colossians we read of his admonishing them to be "rooted and built up in him [Christ], and stablished in the faith." This same Christian objective should still receive much of our attention and prayerful striving.

Everyone will readily admit that there is a lamentable instability among Christians everywhere. Many are being troubled over this point or that; letting go of their hold upon God and too often falling back and backsliding; or even taming down their testimony and losing their grip which they had so victoriously obtained through the help of the Holy Spirit.

Some fail in growth and establishment in their experience for want of definiteness in their testimony. They did not have an out-and-out regeneration or sanctification and never definitely and positively avowed their stand as wholehearted Christians. Now you can hardly regard your experience as being definite until you have received the witness of the Spirit, whether it be for regeneration or sanctification. One cannot go long without this blessed witness; and if you are not sure about it, beseech God in living faith for such a witness and claim His promise for the same, for humanity has the right to give Divinity no rest until this request is granted.

The cause for most lack of establishment is want of faith. Love is in proportion to faith. If you believe in

Christ just a little, you will love Him in proportion; if you believe Him much, then you love Him much; if you have a perfect faith in Him which expels all your doubts, then you will love Him with a perfect love which brooks no rivalries. If you have a feeble faith, then bring your will power to bear. Take yourself in hand! Realize with a heart filled with gratitude what a tremendous sacrifice it took to consummate your salvation. Strive to believe, will to believe, determine to believe.

You do no violence to the laws of your mental constitution when you take this attitude of initiative. That is the reason why there should be very little time between the time of your conversion and that of your sanctification, because a child in grace believes more easily. If you wait, then Satan will get hold of your believing power and if possible he will paralyze it, and even prevent you from using it until it grows weak and powerless. Plant your feet upon the promises of God's Word. Declare to three worlds your determination to believe God. And by this constant exercising of your faith in Christ and your love to Him you will deepen and broaden and expand and take root and become established in God's grace and holiness.

Further, to become established you must keep a bright testimony. We are overcomers, so says the Word, "by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their [our] testimony." When we are saved and sanctified it is through the Blood. If we continue, our testimony will have much to do with the rooting process. Remember, you are a priest and a king; Christ is the King on the throne of your soul, and you reign with Him, though He is supreme. Your priesthood is not like that of old, where offerings were made of bulls and of goats, which cannot take away sin; but your priesthood is a spiritual one. You have been saved and sanctified through the offering of the body of Christ, and, as the Scriptures say,

"By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name." This is testimony and witnessing.

Men today are saying that it matters not what we believe, just as long as a man does right. But that is a fallacy, for doing is the result of being. If you believe right you will be right, and if you be right you will do right. Wasn't it Jesus who said that a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit? Hence the doing that represents the reaction of being is found in the fruit of our lips, testimony, and the fruit of our lives, or our conduct. You cannot disassociate your conduct from your religion, and while you thus do exploits for your Master you develop and become more firmly established in the faith.

It would be absurd to suggest that just because a child is in perfect health it cannot grow to be a larger person and a stronger youth. In carrying out the analogy, it is just as preposterous to suggest that because a heart is made holy and one's love perfected there is no longer any room for growth and establishment. It has been said, and it is almost axiomatic, that "sound health, whether of body or soul, is one of the indispensable conditions of rapid and successful growth." There is much land ahead to be possessed. If we keep trusting and believing and growing, each year will find us three hundred and sixty-five days ahead of our position the preceding year, until God shall call us home to His glory where "we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

In the sanctified life, "every stopping place," as someone has remarked, "is a new starting place." It is just as the Bible has prophesied it will be, an advance from glory to glory, until, as Paul speaks in his address to the Ephesians, "we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

In the verse which we first stated in which Paul urges the Church to be rooted and built up in Christ, we find an expressive variety of metaphor. The first is the figure of the tree being rooted in the earth. The second is the building upon strong foundations. In the first metaphor, every fiber of our souls must entwine around Christ. The roots of our lives are hidden with Christ in God, and thus we become so established that the gales of testing and temptation cannot uproot our souls.

I read of a tree that grows in the West Indies which combines both of the figures of our text. In the magnificent silk-cotton tree, scientifically known as the *Eriodendron*, we see enormous trunks sometimes rising eighty or a hundred feet before they send forth any of their huge branches. The wide-spreading roots secure the safety of the vast superstructure from the wildest hurricane. But around the base of the trunk there rise above the roots massive buttresses whereby the tree is "built up" (notice our quote), "built up" to still greater stability. Thus we may be "rooted and built up" in Christ, and we may defy the storms and grow stronger and stronger, bringing forth much fruit for our Master and Lord.

But the crux of this entire question of being rooted and established is found in our devotional life. Great numbers of people fail in their effort because they do not constantly go to the source from which comes their supply of strength. The storehouse is full. Listen to what the Word says, "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Here is abundance for every devotional need which the heart may experience. It is a mighty rebuke to backsliding.

There are two dangers which every Christian faces in his prayer life which can be avoided by carefully guarding that marvelous presence of the Holy Spirit in our lives, and by doing nothing to grieve Him away.

The first, one has been pleased to call intellectual preoccupation. By this we mean, allowing our minds to be occupied with so many things that Christ is crowded out of our thinking. Many times the legitimate things of life will crowd in upon us, and will keep us so busy that eventually we will become "too busy to be religious." Many a person has lost his soul by not being watchful of the place Christ should hold in his mind and heart. You must take time to be holy. Be careful of the morning watch. Take time to read the Word. Do not let anything interfere with the most important practice of your life.

It is said that Queen Victoria invited General Gordon to an occasion in his honor and it was to be held on Wednesday night. Now it was General Gordon's custom to attend prayer meeting on that night, and so he graciously excused himself, as he could not allow anything to interfere with his religious life. This was not discourtesy; it was just faithfulness and loyalty to his Lord. You, too, must be just as careful if you are to become rooted, builded, and established in Christ.

The second danger in our devotional life is what is called emotional unreality. To illustrate this, we will tell of a man who one time decided that he was going to get alone thirty minutes each day with God and spend that time in communion with his Lord. This he did, but at the end of that period he decided to stop, for he said that he could not stand being alone for that length of time in each twenty-four hours. It was too bad that he had a sense of being alone, for he was not only alone, but there was a keen sense of an absence of a Presence with him.

The religion of Jesus Christ is one of the most real experiences of life if the presence of the Holy Spirit is with you. When He goes with you into the secret place of prayer, then you have conscious emotional reality as you commune with Him and He communes with you.

Stay on your knees until you are conscious that He has heard you, and the only way that you can be conscious of this is to have the further consciousness that you have heard from Him.

*Whisper a prayer in the morning, just at the break of day.
Why fear the fight, in your battle for right, when you
know He will lead all the way?*

*Whisper a prayer at the noontime, pause in the midst of
the throng,*

*Look unto Him who can conquer all sin; in thy weakness,
in Him thou art strong.*

*Whisper a prayer at twilight, after the day's work is done;
No other friend will prove true to the end like Jesus, the
Crucified One.*

*Whisper a prayer; even a whisper He'll hear over there.
Victory is thine in His love so sublime when to Jesus you
whisper a prayer.*

In closing, let us urge you to become rooted and built up and made steadfast in Christ by keeping your testimony bright, by being active in the service of the Master, and by being faithful in your devotional life. The Holy Spirit will smile upon you, dwell in you, and empower you to be just what He wants you to be.

The Spirit's Delay

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come . . .

—Acts 2:1

It has always been somewhat of a conviction with me that it took more time than it should have taken for the 120 people in the Upper Room to come to the necessary point of unity and agreement. Since then, others have taken even longer, while many have more quickly,

through a proper consecration and obedience, met the conditions which brought a Pentecost to their souls. The failure of the individual is the cause of the delay.

Everything depends upon Christians' availing themselves of all the privileges of grace. As to those who claim Christ as their Saviour, too much emphasis cannot be laid upon their taking advantage of the availableness of the Holy Spirit. The continuity of our Christian religion depends upon it; the very consciousness of our religion depends upon it. The functioning of our religion depends upon the Holy Spirit's coming into our lives in all of His fullness; of course, the holy character of our religion depends upon this emphasis; also the reputation of our religion depends upon this enduement; and our entire world outlook will be darkened unless the blessings of holiness and power be obtained by professing Christians of this day. In fact, the very life of our religion is found in tarrying until we be "endued with power from on high."

The present anemic condition of the Church predicts a failure even to meet the postwar challenge of a restless world. If ever there was needed an empowerment to live holy lives and do heroic deeds for our Master, the present chaotic condition of the world suggests that the time is now. The Church needs Pentecost. You, my listening friends, constitute the Church; and, if you know Jesus Christ as your Saviour, then you need this Pentecost. The longer you delay it, so much longer will the Church be weak and inadequate. Jesus Christ is the saving Agent, while the Holy Spirit is the sanctifying and empowering Agent.

The word Pentecost is meaningless only as it designates one of the Jewish harvest feasts; but since it happened to be the day when the Holy Spirit descended upon the 120 disciples in the Upper Room, it has taken

on a significance which is not eclipsed by any other religious experience.

Before this day, the disciples exhibited quarrelsome, envious, position-seeking dispositions; but after Pentecost, they became flames of fire, evangelizing wherever they went, and accused by one heathen community of turning the world upside down. Even Peter, who denied his Lord and was as much of a traitor as Judas, after Pentecost stepped to the front and preached that marvelous sermon which resulted in 3,000 souls' finding the Christ.

Choose almost any religious leader of history, investigate his life, listen to his testimony, and you will find that at some time or other, subsequent to his conversion, the Holy Spirit came and gave him the unction which has caused his name to be placed among the worthies of antiquity. Such is the case even in these modern days. Seek out any religious leader who is actually winning men to the Master, and you will find that at some point in his spiritual career he sensed a need for a divine support which he did not possess and, as he petitioned the Lord for help, the Holy Spirit came upon him.

Regardless of the shibboleth which might designate your affiliation and denominational connections, unless the Holy Ghost has come upon you your service will be faulty; your effort will be powerless and weak, and discouragement will eventually dog your footsteps. Since God has made His indwelling Spirit available, why delay making this intimate acquaintance, when His holy presence is so essential?

Society seems to have typified the very definition of worldliness, because it has organized itself without thought of God and the spiritual life. If the church organizes with the same thoughtlessness relative to God and the advanced spiritual life which He desires to give,

then the church and its adherents will be no better than the world itself and just as powerless in opposing evil and sinfulness. I am making an appeal to every hearer today, first to give your heart to Jesus Christ if you have not done so, and then to go on to that point of consecration where it will be possible for this blessed Third Person of the adorable Trinity to fully occupy your body, mind, and spirit.

A little more than a generation ago Germanic rationalism swept like a conflagration through the universities of the continent and finally throughout America. Evangelical faith was ridiculed and skeptical philosophy of a so-called intellectualism took its place. From those roots in the university life of Germany there sprang a sympathetic affiliation with the Nazi ideology which has bathed our world in blood and spread death and destruction on every hand. There has come a lull in these faith-destroying agencies in our university life, because thousands of her undergraduates and alumni have discovered that there is a God who cares, that there is a Deity with whom they must reckon, that there is a spiritual force which has changed the lives of natives in the South Seas, whose morality has put to shame the claims of a civilized soldiery. Let us not return to a philosophy which eliminates Christ and claims that there is no possibility of change because of a supernatural touch.

At one time our educators said, "Give us compulsory education and we will eliminate ignorance, poverty, and war." Yes, we gave them this incentive and what did they give in return? We have had the greatest war that we ever have experienced; we still have poverty and ignorance. I do not decry education, but it cannot save a sinful world. John 3:16 and kindred texts are still the heart of life's greatest philosophy. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have ever-

lasting life." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And a thousand other texts show what God will do for the person who persists in being all that God wants him to be.

The condition of the times is just as corrupt as those days following the life of Jesus Christ. There are leaders in prominent places, politically, socially, and religiously, who are just as sinful as Nero, who must be cast down. There are volumes as black and diabolical as those burned at Ephesus, which should be burned on the public squares of our cities today. Hypocrisy persists which is just as revolting as it was at Rome. There are sins now in the open which are just as flagrant and vile as those of Simon Magus, which should be challenged. But where is the dynamic to do all this? Where is the power? Where is the ability to meet this emergency? I say it is found in Pentecost, in the baptism with the Holy Spirit. Just as it brought the needed results then, so will it bring the needed results now.

Everyone who fails individually to go to the Upper Room is delaying Pentecost. Society is not going to be cleansed by a reformation which begins at the fringe and works toward the inner heart. It must begin in men's hearts and work outward. Men need to be more than reformed; they need to be transformed by the power of the Holy Ghost.

The Church must turn back today with a renaissance of preaching, to inform the people just what Pentecost means. In order to accomplish this, the ministry as well as the laity must tarry until they "be endued with power from on high." I do not refer to any fanatical demonstration, but I do refer to a baptism which will purify our hearts and empower us to accomplish the Christian task, even as it did the disciples on that great day when the Holy Spirit came upon them.

Let us pray for such a blessing. Let us fast, if need be, for such an outpouring. Let every listener today make this an individual matter. Let us go to our knees! Every minute of delay means that souls are dying, and every minute under His anointing means the salvation of other needy hearts.

Pentecost is God's answer to the chaos of this day. America should lead the world spiritually as well as politically and economically. When the spiritual forces of this nation disintegrate, we will be thrown into the religious scrap heap of history. God grant that such a day will never come, but the prevention of such an eventuality depends upon you and me. The unction of Pentecost is the equipment furnished by Christ for just such times as these. I pray that we might avail ourselves of such spiritual privileges and not delay the rehabilitation of our hearts in setting up a sound spiritual economy in our great nation.

Make today your Pentecost! Seek Christ as your Saviour and your Sanctifier, and in getting Him you will obtain life's greatest good, and its empowering blessing.

Christian Memorial

The memory of the just is blessed: . . .

—Proverbs 10:7

(Preached at the First Church of the Nazarene, Chicago, Illinois, at the occasion of the Memorial Service of Frank Berry, who lost his life in the A.A.F. during World War II.)

"The Memory of the Just Is Blessed"

The memory of a just and righteous life is like a lasting, fragrant perfume. The most important element in posthumous reputation is character. Wealth, reputation, position, genius, and many other like characters are the first to fade after death. Even dazzling renown soon tarnishes unless it is preserved by higher moral qualities. The reputation of Napoleon is envied by very few, while the memory of a certain Palestinian Jew still shakes a continent when his words are quoted, for the life of St. Paul was supported by Christian character. In all events, in that inner circle where a man would most care for his reputation, moral character takes its rightful place. It is better to be loved at home than to be admired abroad; it is better to leave a fragrant memory for goodness in one's own circle than to leave sorrow in the home and reap grand honors in the outside world.

We may gain great good by contemplating the beauty of good lives. If we cherish the memory of those who have gone to "join the choir invisible," we may be helped to emulate their noble qualities. In reality, it is a duty for us to cherish the memory of the just. It is true that the more admirable and loving a man is, the greater is our loss when he is taken from us.

It is also true that they are blessed who lose the worthiest and the best. For the sorrow we feel at such a loss is a very sacred thing; it comes from God himself; it can be borne with divine grace expressing itself in simple and pure resignation; it is unembittered with painful regrets; it works for the renewal and purification of our spirit and character. It is also attended with a very precious mitigation; for we have a pure and holy joy in the recollection of what the departed one was, what he did, how he labored and triumphed, how many hearts he comforted, how many lives he brightened, what he was to each one of us.

And these remembrances of the life of Frank Berry bring sunshine over the shadowed fields; they sweeten the bitter cup; they replace mourning with joy and bring beauty for ashes; they give "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Let us hereby resolve that, whatever else we may leave behind, we will bequeath the memory of a just and righteous character, for this is the richest legacy our successors could receive.

In the present world conflict, this is the first time that a loss by death directly touches the lives of so many in our church. Frank was known by all, loved by all, admired by all, and enjoyed and appreciated by us all. Even though just a young man of eighteen summers when he sailed away from us, yet his smiles and laughter, his pleasing personality, and his amiable disposition captured our hearts and left not one enemy in the ranks of his host of friends. This is readily explained, for behind his genial personality there were a faith in God, a Christian home training, and a heredity, all of which might well be coveted in this day of questionable relationships. No one could be jealous of any honor which we might accord our departed laddie. Any honor we might give him today is deserved and well earned. These flowers could never find a sweeter use than when they

shed their fragrance in this memorial service. Our warmest eulogies will but lamely voice our praise. Memory is the mother of gratitude. Let us not then be ungrateful, for ours is an immortal debt. However, the implication of our text in its relationship to the fact of a memorial implies rather strongly that preceding memory there is an aspect of suffering. To remember one suggests that he or she has been taken from us. The transition from reality to memory inevitably carries with it the pain and bereavement associated with separation. Sometimes our entire perspective is ravaged by these grievous incidents. Many times the enemy of our souls uses them to misinterpret the acts and permissions of God.

Sometimes the lessons of life may be learned in no other way than through the loss of those whom we love. By these tragic experiences we are driven into the arms of God, which is just where He wants us. Harassing grief may drive us like birds tossed in the tempest to take shelter in His love. Shaken loose by the storm winds of pain, we are driven from habitations where we dwell so easily content with the things that perish. Sometimes God allows us by these emotional shocks to be buffeted fire clay; to be dashed to earth midst the rocks and torrents; bruised, broken, and torn, so that at last, with shattered wings, we creep into the hollow of our Saviour's hand.

Such seems to be the case with Frank's friends and loved ones. But let us not forget Frank's side of this tragedy. Already he has discovered an all-repaying, all-redeeming, all-glorifying delight in the presence of His Lord and Master, a joy of which he dreamed not; a love infinitely surpassing all earthly loves and a rest in an eternal home forever. And we would pray this morning that, in God's own time, He might grant to us all this same experience, not alone in the eternity to come, but a sense of shelter now during this present storm of grief.

I feel like following an ancient custom of a certain regiment that always kept the names of their honored dead at the head of their roll; and when the names were called, an orderly stepped forward and responded, "Absent, but accounted for. They are with their Lord." The roll of such is growing longer, but it should be a great source of comfort to us if we can say, "Absent, but accounted for. They are with their Lord." No man is lost to us whom heaven has gained.

The memory of such a life as we are memorializing today should give us greater impetus to do right than any other incentive. Of course, we do not want a "great song" or any glamorous outburst, for we are living today in the shadow of the precious price being paid in this war; a price that adds up to the breathless total of unreturning feet, of vacant chairs, of invalid bodies, and of shadowed homes. No, all we want is this precious memory, and that we have. All over this world, from that superb shrine by the Potomac where rests the body of the unknown soldier of twenty-five years ago, there are hallowed spots out to the ever-widening circle of distant islands, where rest the humble remains of our youthful heroes. These remind us of the ancient patriarch who "gave command concerning his bones," not that they might be worshiped as relics, but that they should be carried in advance and be deposited in the destination of the people of God, as a mute witness of the fidelity of God's purposes. When Israel and Judah remembered the bones of Joseph, they said within themselves, "He brought us out; and we shall never go back to the beggarly and slavish elements of captivity." Would to God that the memory of our dead would bring us to God! Suffering should bring us to the Saviour. Peter thus admonished, "After that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

But this text from God's Word refers to only one class of people, that is, just or righteous ones. I would rather have the invisible shaft of character rising from the midst of my home community than to have my bust chiseled in marble and placed in the Hall of Fame. The just man, the righteous man, the man with holy character, that is the man whom we will remember. The memory of a coward dies with the withering grass that is thrown upon his coffin, but not so with the servant of the Lord.

The ancient Romans placed the statues and busts of their distinguished ancestors in the vestibules of their houses, that they and their children might be reminded of and led to imitate their noble deeds. There is no doubt that the influence of this practice was most happy upon the living, awakening in many breasts high and noble aspirations. The young grew up to reverence the worthies whose statues they daily saw, and to emulate the qualities which gave to their ancestors such lasting fame.

In these days we have no busts of honored ancestors in the porches of our dwellings, but we have something more impressive on such a day and in such a service as this. We have noble character as well as heroic deeds. We shall remember Frank's twenty-odd successful missions over enemy lines. We shall remember that when the command was given to "abandon ship" he is reported to have remained behind and lingered while he comforted and directed the panic-stricken. But far more important than these, or from the practices which flowed from the old Roman custom, will be the fine character of this youthful Christian. Christian character pays dividends.

*Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way,
And sorrows may come, to beckon us home,
Our precious Redeemer each toil will repay;
It pays to serve Jesus each day.*

Frank was not only a Christian patriot but he was a Blood-washed Christian; a follower of our God, who was crucified on the middle cross of Golgotha. Whether you die on Flanders' fields or whether you die in Chicago, it is only the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, that can cleanse your heart from sin.

There are many patriots among the armed forces of our nation, but there are fewer Christian patriots. Would to God that our people could see the importance of first being Christians and then being patriots, for in any society that expects to triumph Christ must be first! This is also true with the individual; for if we relegate Christ to a secondary position in our lives, then even in seeming triumph we are, nevertheless, in defeat.

Words are shallow and superficial at such a time as this. I wish that, as pastor, I could say something that would take away the feeling of loss and despair. The sense of the first will always be with you, though time as a healing agent will soften the impact of the sudden transition. However, despair need not grip your hearts, for it cannot live in the heart that possesses hope. Our hope is in God. Frank has made the harbor at last, and I can readily imagine that his bark sailed in triumph through the harbor entrance to the glistening shore.

Be faithful; be true to God; someday you will go to him and there will be a grand family reunion. Such a meeting depends no longer upon him, but upon you. Let us determine in our hearts that, whatever the vicissitudes of life, we will keep our eyes fixed on that eternal city whose Ruler and Maker is God; the city where they need no sun, for the Lamb of God is the light thereof.

The only place where happiness seems to be associated with bereavement is in the Christian faith. The verse, "The memory of the just is blessed," brings this final thought to us. The word blessed in reality means "happy." Is such an experience really possible? Yes, for only the

Christian can catch a gleam of the over-all picture of the Christian life. I do not need any stretch of imagination to visualize the days to come, when the memory of this life and this character will bring a smile of contentment to even the immediate family of this boy. To think that we had the privilege of having him live with us for nineteen years with no besmirching sin to mar that memory! This, I say, should give us a great sense of comfort even now, with his departure at such close range.

Many a sentimentalist, both ancient and modern, has dwelt on the dark shades of life. But not so with the Christian; for, although with the apostle we allow that there are afflictions and sorrows sufficient in number even to make the true believer "groan, being burdened," yet we allow of no depression of spirit but what is consistent with solid and substantial and habitual happiness in God. If today Frank should stand up and look from the embattlements of heaven and observe our tears, if there is such a thing as wonder in heaven, then I am sure he is wondering why we are weeping. But I am sure he appreciates our human weaknesses and sympathizes with us in our suffering. But would he come back? He might were the Master to command it. But when we reach heaven, the closest associations of earth will fade from view when we become surrounded with the glory of our resurrected Christ. In the words of King David, who reversed the religious custom in that, when his son died, he rose up and broke his fast instead of starting a fast, we can find great comfort and happiness in the same sentiment, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Frank is supremely happy in the glory of his eternal reward. Let us renew our vow that we shall make that eternal city also.

There is a duty to which everyone here today is obligated, and of which many in our fair land do not seem to be conscious, namely, that of making our patriotism

Christian. Love of country is not only a natural sentiment in every true heart, but it is right in the sight of God. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." These were the words of one loyal both to God and to his native land.

Christ, too, was a Patriot; and a religion without patriotism is not inspired by Christ. Christ loved His nation. He came first for His own people, preached first to them, and wept when they would not attend to the things that would make for their peace. The gospel exalts patriotism to a Christian virtue whenever it is held in a Christian. Understand me, please; patriotism will not save you; it takes more than human blood shed on a battlefield of Europe or Asia to wash away one's sins. Patriotism is a virtue; it is not a Saviour. Only the blood of the slain Lamb of God on Calvary's cross can gain a man entrance into the eternal heaven of God.

The one who generally suffers most is the mother. She suffers in silence. Frank's mother, who is so affectionately known in our Christian fellowship, has and is suffering silently. I have often wondered what a mother thinks, how she feels, what she ponders.

Recently a friend in a distant city wrote a beautiful poem on the occasion of the home-going of one of our Nazarene servicemen. He made it a "Mother's Soliloquy." I have taken the liberty of changing this poem to suit the occasion of this memorial and so the final words of my message to you this morning will come, not from the preacher, but from Frank's mother. Listen as she speaks:

*He was one of the thousands in navy blue
Who marched with firm, steady tread
Away from home and its friendships
Where the path in duty had led;*

And some who watched all the thousands
Gave never a thought or a care,
But me! ah, me! it was different—
It was my boy a-flying out there.

Why, a few days ago he went laughing
Where'er his fancy did roam
With Don and Gene and Marilyn
Through the rooms of our old-fashioned home.
But the hours have sped swiftly before us
That memory today doth unbare,
As I think of the thousands a-passing
When my boy was flying out there.

Back there I thought all the worrying
I did was 'cause he was young.
I could think of the time in the distance
When anxiety's race would be run;
The house would then be in order,
And work each member would share;
But I found I couldn't quit worrying
While my boy was flying out there.

Then it came, the thing I had dreaded
Since the day he had sailed away
To the dangers that lurked in the distance,
Where the enemy still held his sway.
A telegram! Ah, who knows the heartache,
The pain all loved ones must bear
Of those whose boys wear the navy blue,
And sail with the thousands out there?

I had realized, of course, there were losses
Of soldiers, when battles are fought
On Saipan, on Guam, on Tarawa,
Whose blood those islets have bought.

But the casualty lists of the papers
All strange to my eyes did appear
Till now, yes, now it is different;
It's my boy whose name I see here.

Now I know how thousands are feeling
Whose sons are lost in the fray.
I can talk in a far different language,
Since I suffer like them here today.
How I yearn right now for my laddie,
Whose body the ocean has borne,
Out there off grim Iwo Jima,
At his side not a loved one to mourn!

Can I find comfort and solace?
Can Frank's place ever be filled?
Will the seas that trouble my sailing
At last be peacefully stilled?
Only dimly I faintly can see it,
A star—a glimmer of light—
My Christ, who once stilled the tempest,
Can pilot my bark in the night.

I'm glad that Frank knew the Master;
I'm glad I taught him to pray;
I'm glad I heard his confession
That "Christ is my Saviour today!"
That thought alone brings me comfort
To which there is no compare,
For I'll see him among the thousands
Who again come marching up there.

Christian Evangelism

Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: . . .

—Joel 3:14

Multitudes in the Valley

This utterance, from one of the shortest prophecies of ancient scripture, delivered in such massive, suggestive, and significant language, involves more than just a passing statement of the itinerant man of God.

It is not only the indictment of a recalcitrant people, but it has a definite relationship to all men everywhere and in all time. Whether from the lips of the accomplished Joel, whose vividness of description and picturesqueness of diction were unsurpassed even by Isaiah, or whether it be from the lips of the humble messenger of this hour, these words embrace an involvement and a message to which it would be well for all to take heed.

Would that we had time to break down this admonition and investigate its root meaning, for there are words in question which are very extensive in their implications. However, if we were to give an interpretative translation of the verse, it might read as follows: "Multitudes, multitudes cut off in the valley, for the day of judgment draws near for those cut off in the valley."

Rather than this being a narrative, it is a picture. In one part the prophet has a vision and shows the multitudes of the nations pouring in one continuous stream into the fatal valley, while in the other compartment of the picture the Lord Jehovah is seen in the awfulness of His majesty and in the fearfulness of His judgments on the wicked.

It is an accepted fact that law and retribution are present as perpetual factors in human history. This is true of nations, as we have had cause to observe in the recent world holocaust. God is the Ruler of nations! We now understand history to the extent that it has become growingly evident that deep-seated moral causes underlie and explain the changes, the rise, the decline, and the fall of peoples.

Individual life is equally within the province of God's retributive judgment. It has been proved by history that the prosperity of the wicked shall not last forever. We have no right to infer from particular sufferings, particular sins; but the fact of God's moral rule cannot be questioned by anyone, and not even for a moment should one forget that God still operates in the affairs of men.

Do you realize how fortunate you are to be on the probation side of eternity? You still have the opportunity of deciding that Christ shall be enthroned in your life. He always precedes His judgments with the gracious invitation from His loving heart. Even in the case of our text the prophet first invites, then indicts. Before the words of our text announce the fact that the judgment day is imminent, he says, "Therefore also now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning: and rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness." With the yearning spirit, He speaks to earth's multitudes and longingly waits for a decision, as a mother waits for the return of an erring child.

God has complimented the human race by so creating us that we have the power of choice. We can accept or reject; we can decide for right or wrong; through this free agency we can save our souls or damn our souls; the final decision is in our hands. Today God accompan-

ies a wonderful opportunity with a gracious invitation and leaves the decision to you. How sad that multitudes—yea, multitudes of earth's millions—have not as yet recognized the loving Christ of Galilee as their Master and Lord. Don't any longer be a Christ rejecter but come to a decision for your Lord and Saviour and say that eternal "YES" which will adopt you into the family of faith and give you a rightful place in the household of the redeemed.

Although it is evident that retribution is sometimes deferred, yet its final consummation cannot be evaded, for "the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand." Your conscience may assure you that, although for a season you may escape the deserved penalties due to your misdeeds, a time of reckoning will come.

A study of the old Hebrew prophets points to a day of the Lord in which the inequalities of life shall be corrected, in which the truth shall be made manifest, in which every man shall receive a judgment according to his works. Indeed, I believe that the future judgment occupied a more prominent position in the preaching and teaching of the prophets as well as the apostles than it holds in Christian teaching of the present time.

In that day, the day of the Lord, the day for which all days were made, multitudes shall be gathered, the righteous Judge shall administer His awful functions with sublime publicity and upon principles of unquestionable rectitude.

My text says the day of the Lord is near. In that final day, it will be too late for a decision. The angel shall have declared that time shall be no more. Character will be fixed. Just the direction you are going when death overtakes you will be the direction you will take in eternity. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still . . . he that is holy, let him be holy still," says John the Revelator. If your sins have been forgiven and your decision

has been made for right, then your soul will mount up into the heavenlies, for the direction of righteousness is always up. But if you are still in your sins and you have persistently refused the overtures of mercy and you are headed in a downward direction, then eternity will find you going farther away from the loving mercies of a kind Saviour.

Ask your soul the question in the words of the hymn writer, Haldor Lillenas, in his poetic soliloquy:

*O soul of mine, canst thou count the cost
Of a life misspent, of a soul that's lost?
Of the wasted years and the bitter tears,
Of a life of sin, O soul of mine?*

*O soul of mine, life thy Maker gave,
Life that does not end at the open grave.
Life eternal, free, God bestowed on thee;
Let that life be His, O soul of mine.*

Be serious with yourself. Come to a decision at once. Do not delay the hour of your salvation. Time is passing rapidly. The great day of the Lord approaches. We urge you; we warn you; we beseech you; make a decision now. Don't be lost with the multitudes who are cut off in the valley, just because they put off their decision until it was too late.

But just as that day is the day of doom for the sinner, so it is a day of hope for the Christian. If His appearing will strike terror to the hearts of His enemies, His coming will inspire hope in the hearts of His own followers. Should the material universe be frightened into nothingness and melt away at His approach, even then His people will be strong with hope in Him, for nothing can "separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

You are in one or the other of these separated groups. You are either lost in the valley of judgment, or your hope is fixed in anticipation of that great day which shall bring you into the presence of your Lord.

"Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision." In that day the line of demarcation will be so distinct that the divine person of Christ will attract all who have the true steel of righteousness, to the eternal heavens above; while the dross of sin will be left behind untouched and unenlightened by the departure of the saints. "Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cockcrow, or in the morning."

These words of the Master have been so fittingly changed from the message of prose to that of poetry that we wish our readers to benefit by the inspiration of an unknown author. Listen to Him speak in the closing lines of this poem:

*So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say,
"Surely it is the shining of His face,"
And look into the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea,
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.*

*And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working at my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
If He is come;*

*And the angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
And He will come."*

"And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

God's Call to a Decadent People

Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, . . . ? (Ezek. 33:11.)

At thirty years of age, 575 years before Christ, the youthful preacher of ancient times began his vocation as a seer, when only a part of his nation was left on its native soil. Sin had swept millions into the jaws of death and the remainder were quickly slipping into eternity. God sent one more prophet to them, one more voice crying out a warning, one last effort to bring them to their senses before it was everlastingly too late. Listen to Ezekiel as he cries his warning in the immoral night of his decadent age: "Turn ye, turn ye . . . ; for why will ye die . . . ?"

The crowning proof of God's great compassion toward the erring children of men is in His stooping to plead with men's prejudices and pride. Divinity on His knees to humanity! Just the reverse of what it should be!

In these few words of the prophet's heart cry we observe just two thoughts: the divine admonition and the divine interrogation.

This divine admonition is a summons to repentance, and the only true sign of repentance is one's turning away from his evil ways. It is not, therefore, the feeling of a certain amount of emotion, for this is not always at one's command. Neither is it a certain amount of good works done or sacred services performed, for this can

only be the issue of time. It is not an attitude of reform or making vows. It is a decision to turn from sin at the command and behest of Christ. It is the turning of the heart, and of the will, to God and righteousness; it is the act of the soul by which it turns from its evil course of godlessness and wrongdoing, and turns to the Divine Father with the full and fixed intention of henceforth serving Him in the ways of righteousness. God is summoning you to do that which any and every soul may do, and should do, without a day's delay.

The only true sign of repentance is to turn away from sin. To rightabout-face. It is not regret for consequences, penalties, and exposure of sin. That is not true repentance. Real repentance produces a voluntary turning from and making restitution for sin. The old Spartans had a peculiar philosophy which is represented in the trial of the young Spartan lad who was accused of stealing a fox. He denied the charge as he stood before the judge, while all the time the fox was hidden under his tunic; and, although it was gnawing at his vitals, he admitted no sin in the theft as long as he was not discovered. Some moderns I have known seem to have imbibed this Spartan philosophy. But a true attitude of a real penitent will cause him to have a repulsion toward sin. He will not want to go near its haunts; he will despise it as a venomous serpent. He will dread it. In fact, this attitude is the only salvation for our race.

You who are listening in your homes, face the fact of sin squarely and honestly. Don't whitewash your conduct, but "seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." I believe that Uncle Sam needs to go to his knees. By naming him I mean every man, woman, and child, from the highest in the affairs of our nation to its most humble citizen; we need to go on our knees before God and respond to this summons to national repentance. I sometimes wonder at the good-

ness and mercy of God. When I think of our dear nation, this marvelous America, which we all love; when I think of the degradation and sin she has allowed, I marvel at a God who would so guide our destinies that we have come through victorious in history's greatest struggle. When I see sin rampant, I wonder why He has placed the world's safety in our hands. With liquor taverns dotting our cities and hamlets by the thousands; with our citizens throwing their money away by the millions in gambling joints and race tracks; with unholy greed controlling the conduct of both capital and labor; with the demon of inordinate desire, impassioned by liquor which he finds on almost every doorstep, reaching his slimy hand into the sacred precincts of our dwellings, causing sorrow and death, is it not time that we should be called to repentance? Oh, how I wish that my voice could go to every corner of this war-tired world, and ring out the challenge of my text, "Turn ye! Turn ye!" It is just as pertinent today as it was 2,520 years ago. They were no more sinful than this nation is now. God help us to respond to this call of repentance, make an altar in our own homes and fall to our knees and beg Christ to pardon and forgive.

But there is here also a gracious and powerful appeal, "Why will ye die?" Why should we die when death means so great and so sad a sacrifice: the loss of a human soul, capable of such blessedness and beauty on the one hand, and of such baseness and such misery on the other hand? God has done great things to save us, has so loved us as to give His only begotten Son to die for us and by His death to restore us. This way of eternal life is free and open to all. "Whosoever believeth . . . should not perish, but have everlasting life." Spiritual death is so needless! The opportunity to avoid it is still at hand. Unless we do heed the call to repentance, then we will be compelled to reckon with God. God warns through

His providences; sometimes He warns through visions and dreams; sometimes it is through the church and the ministry; oftentimes it is through one's conscience; sometimes it is through the death of others.

Called to conduct a funeral, I found myself in a little room at the morticians, and on a small table lay the still, lifeless form of a tiny rosebud of a baby. Just two people were in attendance, the young father and mother. Seeing that it was no time for formality, I sat down beside the brokenhearted couple. The youthful mother was weeping almost hysterically, while the father showed bitterness and hardness in his face. When I endeavored to comfort them, the father turned to me and said, "What have I done that this should come to me? I do not deserve this loss." And in hard language he accused God of being unfaithful to him. Hesitatingly, I halted his abusive words, and asked him one question, "What have you done that should warrant God's allowing you to keep this precious child?" Finally with tears in his eyes, which were tears of repentance, he poured out his sorrow to me, and right there in that little room this couple gave their hearts to God.

No doubt there are many within the sound of my voice in whose homes there are windows adorned with gold stars. There are hundreds of thousands of them in America. Every one represents a broken heart. God has endeavored to speak to us through the medium of these shining stars, but have we listened? Has sorrow drowned our repentance or has it brought us to repentance? "Why will ye die?" It seems by our indifference to God's appeal that we are sealing our doom and committing moral suicide. Thousands have been trained to believe that through religious acts of penance they can disassociate their religion from their conduct. But God says, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Every man and woman stands upon his own feet before God. No human being can represent you. Repentance is an individual matter. You can pray to Christ directly, and get an answer of forgiveness direct from Him. God's promise is, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." In spite of the skeptics' claims, the crimson stream from Calvary is still efficacious. Men's hearts need to be washed by this crimson flow. Society is not changed by reformation on the outside, but by transformation on the inside. Legislation cannot change men, but the blood of Jesus Christ can. Right now, while you are sitting by your radio—in your home or in your barracks—lift your heart to our Lord in prayer and even these simple words, breathed in conscious sincerity from your heart, "O God, be merciful to me and forgive me," will command the attention of a loving Saviour, and He will whisper both forgiveness and peace to your weary soul. "Why will ye die?" Oh, "Why *will* ye die?" When the crimson cross is so near by, oh, "Why will ye die?" While the organ is playing this grand old hymn which echoes the question of our text, make a kneeling place by your chair, or even by your bedside, and call upon the name of the Lord and He will hear you, for "him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." You men of ours in the service, you lads and lassies on the continent, men and women of America, will you give your hearts to God? We have achieved a military victory, but that is not enough. That is not sufficient. You must help us bring our nation back to God, that *our* children and *your* children may have a peaceful and Christian land in which to live.

Christian Biography

Thrice I saw Him! But it was enough . . . He is my Christ.

Barabbas

I had seen the Master only three times, but the vision of His calm, noble countenance can never be erased from my mind. Having been dragged from prison, from the darkness of the lowest dungeon into the brightness of the Hall of Justice, I had been cast down on the cold, marble floor at the feet of Pilate. Someone was standing right by my prone body, and as I slowly traced His figure with my eyes, past hands bound with thongs, my gaze reached His wonderful face. His head was erect and He seemed to be the embodiment of strength and beauty. I could have pleaded for such a captive, for He seemed to be as one of the gods, as He stood there in innocent majesty.

But the governor motioned for the guards to take me out and, before I could protest, I was thrust into the bosom of a mob who frothed their hate with impotent rage against One whom I later learned had proved His love by deeds of kindness upon their bodies and by words of healing upon their souls. This Passover throng was mad with blood lust. They were screaming their hate for the crucifixion of this Man with the calm, majestic bearing, whose bonds seemed to be unaccustomed and outrageous. But my mind was filled with the picture of that serene, Godlike face. My body was weak through the months of imprisonment and I was tossed about by this wild mob like a ship in the midst of a tempestuous storm. I was buffeted by the throng and cast aside at

an alley entrance like a wrecked vessel on some rocky shore.

Yes, they crucified Him! After hours of agony, through weakness of the flesh, I dragged myself up the sloping sides of the Hill of the Skull; there I beheld Him . . . but He was dead! Rushing clouds galloped across the heavens, infrequently revealing the golden face of a veiled, disappearing sun. The tempest had washed the hill clear of its human burden and only a centurion, with a guard from his legion, were visible. Very soon a small group of men came and, lifting a ladder to the crossbeam, tenderly removed the nails from the hands and feet of the Victim. Wrapping the lacerated body in a sheet, they gently carried it down the hill past Hezekiah's Pool, into the valley, where they laid Him in a rock tomb, newly hewn from the steep slope of the canyon wall. In the twilight, the Temple on Mt. Moriah towered behind us, while facing the tomb, across the narrow valley, were the Mariamne and the Phasaelius towers on the great wall, behind which could be seen the Palace of Herod in the City of David. I slipped away into an olive grove nearby and watched them close the tomb, with the help of a new guard of soldiers, who in turn placed the Roman seal on the circular stone and then stood guard. The sad procession of brokenhearted mourners wended their weary way into the gloom of the night that had fallen over Jerusalem.

It seemed that my eyes were riveted on that tomb and my feet were glued to the ground. There was a fascination for the scene that gripped me. I could not leave. Sensing a weariness approaching, I leaned, sitting against one of the fig trees. Fatigue soon became the victor—I slept.

It was late in the afternoon when I awoke, startled and chagrined that my eyes could have closed when such important events were transpiring. The sun was almost

to the horizon. The soldiers were still standing guard. Darkness finally covered the earth. Hunger gnawed at my vitals. I groped among the leaves of the fig tree and found enough ripe fruit to satisfy me and again sat down to continue my vigil near the tomb.

The soldiers had thrust two smoking torches in the ground and the flickering light cast weird shadows on the canyon walls above the tomb. As the hours passed, a spirit of expectancy seized me. The night was only half gone and yet it seemed as though the sun was about to rise, as if a new day was beginning to dawn. And yet it was not a light that was natural. It seemed as though a gigantic halo was covering the earth. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not dreaming.

Then suddenly the entire heaven was filled with the sound of the rushing of multitudes; it appeared as though a silver sun was reflecting its beams from the silvery wings of a host of celestial beings. They were everywhere. Strange but wonderful music filled the air. Once in a while I caught a volume of Hosannas as from a choral choir of thousands of voices. The legionnaires were so frightened they became as dead men, for the brightness of ten suns surrounded the tomb's entrance and, even with the protection from the leaves of the fig trees, the intense points of light almost blinded me.

Angelic beings hovered o'er the entrance to the tomb and gently and quietly the stone moved back, appearing to be untouched. As the opening was revealed a burst of light, even transcending that around the valley, illuminated the figure of the Man I had seen on the cross, who came forth. I could watch no longer, for my eyes would have burned out with the glory, but the singing became louder until the harmony was as if a universe of musicians were bursting forth with praises at the coronation of a king.

Voices out of the early morning twilight brought me to consciousness and there in the open space near the tomb I saw Him. Kneeling before Him was a woman. She was endeavoring to embrace His feet but, protesting, He stepped back, and His words were kind and tender-hearted. His being was so very attractive. It seemed to be more than human. It was as if some radiance illuminated Him in the near darkness. There seemed to be some magnetism about Him and I found myself creeping out of the shadows of the fig grove, tremblingly approaching this One whom I now knew to be a God.

I would have gone faster had I known that I might not be privileged to worship Him as did this woman, but I caught just a few of His words and I have never forgotten them. They seemed to close His conversation with her. They were, "But go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."

Then as I gazed upon Him, He did not appear to see me approaching. The woman turned as she heard my footsteps, and fear seemed to seize her, for I was disheveled, gaunt, and hungry. She was a beautiful woman; her face seemed to be transfigured like the body of this Jesus. She turned back to look at her Lord and He was not there. Just as she looked at me and I glanced at her, He had disappeared. Both of us stood there in amazement, but my tongue was tied. It was she who broke the silence.

She asked, "Wast thou seeking Him?"

I found strength and courage to answer at last and said, "I would have worshiped Him with thee had He stayed."

"He was my Rabbi," she continued. "Now He is my God. I must hurry to the disciples, for they are borne down with sorrow. If thou wouldst see Him, travel north to Galilee. There thou wilt meet Him."

Galilee! Too distant to travel on an empty stomach! Where could I turn for food and shelter? I remembered the old meeting place of my fellow robbers, yet robbery was not in my heart. Anyone who had been as near the Nazarene as I, could not stoop to such brigandry again. Yet I was hungry, and no one claimed me as a friend except those marauders.

Entering Jerusalem at the Jaffa Gate, I made my way to the sewer cellar hard by the outer wall of the Temple. As I had anticipated, the band was assembled. They were surprised, yet glad when they saw me and welcomed me back to their circle. They saw that I was famished and placed before me food and drink. When I had satisfied my hunger, the leader, Constantius, told me their plans and said that, because of the tumult caused by the Nazarene's crucifixion, the Roman legions were unwatchful. Fear seemed to be upon all the crowds who had come to the Passover Feast and thousands were even now streaming out of the city gates on their homeward way. They sensed some impending catastrophe because of the slaying of an innocent Man. Now was the time to strike and rob the wealthy Jews as they returned home. It was the chance of a lifetime for them to gain back their losses, for of late the soldiers had kept close watch in order to capture the gang and put a stop to their pillaging. Also they had suffered a loss of two whom the Romans had crucified with the Nazarene, and three others were killed when the soldiers had ambushed them at the time I was captured and imprisoned.

When they had finished speaking, I told them that I was no longer going with them, that I had decided to cast my lot with the disciples of the Nazarene. Instantly there was a howl of rage and anger. They would have killed me, I believe, had we not been so closely knit in comradeship. So they thrust me out of the sewer hiding place, and again I found myself outside the Temple wall.

It was still early but the streets were beginning to fill with people and, not wishing to come too near any of the guards and not wishing to be recognized by anyone, for I feared I might be rearrested, I slipped down the side streets and, approaching the Damascus gate, covered my face with my mantle and, mingling with the bustling throng of travelers, started over the highway toward Galilee.

The food I had eaten strengthened me, yet not for long. Imprisonment with little nourishment had taken its toll. Frequently I was compelled to rest. The late afternoon found me sitting by the roadside with only four and a half miles of my journey completed. I despaired of ever traveling the sixty miles to Galilee. I was determined, however, to see the Nazarene at least once more and, if He would allow me, I would become one of His followers.

I had just decided that when the next people came along I would beg for food or beg a coin with which to buy bread, when three men came around the bend of the dusty road, below the hill upon which I sat. As they approached I could see that they were discussing something of interest. I remembered having seen them before, but where? As they approached they spied me and my condition must have aroused sympathy within their hearts. Kindness spread over their faces. I begged for food or money, but they said they had neither but if I would go with them just one mile further, beyond the hill, they would stop at the home of a friend, where food and shelter would be provided.

One stayed behind to go more slowly with me, but the other two went ahead to announce our coming. I expected this to be the hardest mile I had ever traveled, but the kindly man at my elbow not only sought to aid me in walking but comforted me with words of kind-

ness. He reminded me so much of the Nazarene. Strength seemed to come into my limbs.

As we drew near to the village, our former companions guided us to a little white house by the side of the highway, and there they tenderly placed me on a cot, while fish, vegetables, and fruit were laid on the table. Two women served us while two men sat at the table with the three who had so kindly brought me to this hospitable roof. Quietness brooded over our repast. I was reclining on a couch next to the kind man who had helped me over the last mile. We all sat there expectantly, when suddenly, as if a great shaft from the setting sun had struck his figure, my kind helper became radiant with a strange light, just like the Nazarene that very same morning in the valley of tombs outside Jerusalem's walls. Yes! now I recognized Him. Not waiting for an invitation, not sensing any weariness, I sprang from my cot and knelt by His couch with my head to the floor in worship and humility. At last I could worship. My heart throbbed with a strange ecstasy; I prayed for His blessing. He was not long in responding to the plea of my heavily burdened heart.

I knew not what the others were doing; all I knew was that there was an unbroken calm around that table. Then with a voice that seemed to come out of the past He said, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. My peace I give unto thee!"

Then it seemed as though His voice was directed to the heavens as He added, "Father, accept another lost sheep of the house of Israel. Rise, Barabbas, and eat."

He was standing beside His couch, and I had barely risen to my knees, when again He spoke and everyone was still and listening, "Father, bless this food as My children partake of it. Amen." As He gave the last word of the benediction, we were all silent in amazement; for, instead of the Master, there was just a breath of moving

light which seemed gradually to drift into nothingness, and we were alone.

Cleopas was the first to speak: "Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"

"It seemed as if the prophet Isaiah was interpreting the truth," said his companion. "But now we know it was Jesus. And remember how He insisted on helping our wayworn traveler the last mile to Emmaus? It was just like the Master. May His name be praised!"

"Did He call thee Barabbas?" asked Cleopas. "Perchance thou art related to the one who was released by Pilate? Art thou acquainted with all these terrible happenings of recent days?"

With head bowed in shame I acknowledge that I was the same Barabbas. I feared they would shun me because of my past, but Cleopas came swiftly to my side and embraced me, saying: "Feel not so, Barabbas! We all have sinned. The Master's benediction upon thee has made thee one of us. Let us eat the meal blessed by our Saviour, for the morrow must see us on our way."

I am in Galilee! A hired scribe is penning these words. He doubts their truth, I am sure, for frequently he looks with questioning eyes, as if doubting the veracity of my confession. Thrice I saw Him! But it was enough. I am now His follower and He is my Christ.

Christian Youth

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, . . .
—Ecclesiastes 12:1

If I Were Eighteen Again

Young person, you have the benefit of history behind you; hence you are more responsible than any of your predecessors. Your background is rich with the lore of your forefathers and the traditions of your church. It would seem presumptuous that I should give you advice, but I do not hesitate to give counsel, for the years pass quickly and the gray of my hair tells me that life inevitably passes.

You will be told that these are the best years of your life. Don't believe it. They may be some of the most significant but, we pray, not the best. They should come later.

When one can look in retrospection, he can see the mistakes made and the blunders fostered. As a young man I was ambitious to be normal, with the same opportunities for my wife and family as any other red-blooded man. I repudiated the idea that a minister and his children must be different from the families of consecrated laymen and held for my children the same ambitions that any other men held for theirs.

But you ask, "Mr. Reed, what would you do if you had to do it all over again? What if you were eighteen?" This is my answer!

I would guide my life by some fundamental convictions. Such words as God, truth, right, law, immortality represent great sweeping convictions which have guided

the Christian community from the days of our Master. A man without convictions is as unsteady as a door on one hinge.

A man once approached me on the street with his fallacious religious literature and tried unsuccessfully to turn me away from convictions embedded in my consciousness from the days of my youth. He must have thought me to be a shallow thinker if he thought his pamphlets could so quickly turn me away from my settled convictions.

We must learn that right is right regardless. God will not ask us in that great day of judgment, "To what sect did you belong? What church held your membership?" He will enquire, however, "Did you love right and hate wrong?"

When I was a young man the use of tobacco was not so universal as it is now. I have never used it. My wife and children have never used it. I would be chagrined if they did. But at college there was a young lady by the name of Molly who was liked and courted by all of the young men. One lad, an inveterate smoker, remarked that he could date Molly at any time he chose to make the date, and a wager was struck among the fellows. Molly, however, was a girl of strong convictions and, when he called, she refused to go out with him. What if others do laugh to scorn? The young person who retains his fundamental Christian convictions will enjoy the "last laugh." Be strong in your convictions!

I would train my mind on thoughts of depth and quality. Modern thinking is generally like its music. The swing and the jazz of this age are quite like our thinking—nothing fundamental or solid. Now is the time to discipline oneself mentally as well as spiritually. I think that I would learn something of the classics by becoming familiar and on talking terms with men such as Shake-

speare, Kipling, Tennyson, Bunyan, Scott, and other American and English poets, dramatists, and essayists.

I would learn to appreciate good music of the religious and secular type, until I could sit at the feet of a symphonic choir and orchestra and drink in the goodness that their interpretation created.

I would memorize some of the great hymn poems of the Church and secure an old Methodist hymnal to familiarize myself with the lovely and meaningful lines of Wesleyan tradition.

I would know as much as possible of the Word of God. The man who does not read the Bible is uneducated. It is the world's supreme classic. Starting with the beautiful and dramatic poetry of Job and Deborah and continuing through to the awesome prophecies of John, the Bible is filled to overflowing with the world's greatest literature. Apart from its revelation, it is literature at its best. You cannot be at your best without an intimate knowledge of the great passages of the Word of God.

What can compare with the great Elohistic classic—the 121st psalm?

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.*

*He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.*

*The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.*

*The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out
And thy coming in from this time forth,
And even for evermore.*

I would have a choice friend or two among older people. Young men are for war, but old men are for counsel. We cannot do without either, and each cannot do very well without the other. We should all respect age and its counsel and admonition. Do you want to live long? Then, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." In this way we achieve the stamp of maturity and acquire common sense.

I would crowd at least one kind act into each day of my existence. The good deed that the boy scout pledges himself to do daily is psychologically sound for Christian character and produces an outreach for service that every young Christian needs. The plus-factor that is introduced into unexpected kindnesses will do something for a young person that no other discipline will do. The deed is not alone Christlike, but it creates friends and dissolves animosities. No day is too busy, no person so occupied, that he cannot look for an opportunity to be kind and courteous.

I would read the four Gospels periodically. Every Christian life centers in Jesus Christ. His words constitute the greatest literature of truth in the world. The best of the Christian philosophy is epitomized in the Sermon on the Mount. The life of Christ should inspire every young heart to that ideal which he is and represents. His birth and youth should be a challenge to holy living and sensitive discipleship; His ministry of teaching and healing, a challenge to growth and faith; His passion and death, a challenge to spiritual depth and understanding;

His resurrection, a challenge to optimism and joyous expectation of His coming again.

I would begin my life with a clear conception and conviction of the sovereign value of my soul in the sight of God. Your soul is of infinite value in the sight of God. Don't treat its salvation so lightly that one would think it were valueless. Jesus realized the value of a human soul when He observed, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Young person, add to all your knowledge the wealth of your city, state, nation, and world. Think of the multiplied billions of dollars' worth of wealth that is represented in the yet undiscovered resources of this old globe, place in your mind all that the mind is able to conceive—yet one soul is of infinitely more value than all that can be grasped. The human personality—you—are of intrinsic worth in the sight of our infinite Father. I would not allow any circumstances to fog the conviction of personal value so as to modify spiritual value and soul conviction.

I would give the best of my life to Jesus Christ, the best of my youth and the flower of my years, the best of my strength with its power for service, the best of my mature years with its contribution to His Church and kingdom. This you owe and this you must do to be at your best in the kind of world we live in.

*Give of your best to the Master,
Give of the strength of your youth;
Clad in salvation's full armor,
Join in the battle for truth.
Jesus has set the example;
Dauntless was He, young and brave.
Give Him your loyal devotion.
Give Him the best that you have.*

Pentecostal Possibilities of Youth

The possibilities of Pentecost refer to all people, but there is a special significance in relation to youth. Such scriptures as, "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy . . . your young men shall see visions," show that in this age and dispensation of the Holy Spirit youth has a very important place. This is the age of youth. In the areas of commerce, economics, society, war, and religion, youth has taken the helm. Of course, any man the age of the speaker is young; but when we observe what Pentecost did to the disciples, men who were between the ages of seventeen and forty, we can appreciate what it can do for men of today.

The possibilities of Pentecost have never fully been realized. In every field of living, men are developing the necessary attitudes for success. Education is compulsory. Specialization is a necessity. It seems as though emphasis is being placed upon all professions except morality and religion. We are interested in development of the mind and body but the soul is lost. Behold our nation—mightiest on earth! Yet the heart is corrupt and our capital seething with scandal. To really clean house would be too revealing and involve the elect. Old King Alcohol still has his heyday. Bribes pass from hand to hand. Gambling robs hard-working men and women of billions. God has made adequate provision for the advance of the soul and spirit through Pentecost, but men are rejecting the Third Person of the Trinity and hence possibilities are neglected which otherwise might bring spiritual health to humanity.

We often say, "All things are possible to them that believe," but who is believing? We also say, "All things are possible under the touch of Pentecost," but why do we hold back from the experience of Pentecost, the coming of the Holy Spirit, sanctification and cleansing?

Merv Rosell, speaking in Kansas City on the subject of the infilling of the Holy Spirit, made this challenge at the end of the service: "I would call it sanctification if I dared, but some of you would object. Whatever your terminology, let us remember that the Holy Spirit must be considered by every Christian." Three hundred heads of families responded to consecrate their lives to God and seek the Spirit's infilling.

Tonight, I wish to show briefly some of the possibilities of Pentecost which are reasonable and within the grasp of every young person.

Pentecost is the only guarantee of a positive testimony. The work of the laity is to build the church. They must first be endued with a power which will give a moral and spiritual courage to witness for Christ. Pentecost provides that power. Experience provides a positiveness to testimony. It isn't, "I presume," or, "I hope," or, "Maybe so," but with Pauline positiveness, "*I know.*" The world today is waiting, not only for a positive message, but for a positive dynamic to back up the message. Pentecost provides that dynamic.

Pentecost is your only hope for religious fervor. We have become so formal and feelingless that if we were to lose what we have we would not be conscious of the loss. Feeling and emotion are God's avenue of approach to the human heart. You cannot isolate the intellectual from the emotional without being detrimental to all the processes of the self. I place no premium on feeling, and yet of what value is religion that you cannot enjoy? Emotion without the accompaniments of intellect is fanaticism; but intellect without feeling is cold formalism. And who really wants either one? When we become Christ-centered, there is a consciousness of Christ's presence realized in the yielding, believing, and accepting of our precious Lord. There is no such "animal" as a sour, unhappy, consecrated Christian.

Pentecost is the only source of a world vision. As the Holy Spirit comes and moves in our hearts, our vision increases. As the Spirit is refused, the vision fades. Those men and women who are doing the most for the salvation of all mankind are those who have caught the vision for the needs of mankind. Before World War II, I received six invitations to preach in Japan. One college wrote, "We are not interested in your ideas about Christ, but Christ himself is the message that we desire to hear." The only dynamic that will give us a proper vision of the world's greatest need in Christ is the dynamic of the Holy Spirit in a modern Pentecost.

Pentecost is the only method for the intensification of all the essential elements of grace. The fruit of the Spirit is expected of every new child of God, but intensified under the power of the Spirit-filled life. If justification gives grace (divine favor), sanctification brings more abundant grace. If the first gives life in the Spirit, the second gives the fullness of that life. If the first introduces love for God and man, the second perfects that love after the visitation of the Spirit. All the fruits of the Spirit are enlarged under the experience of Pentecost. Mercy, kindness, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness are all intensified under Pentecost.

Pentecost is the only dynamic for this age. This is the age of the Holy Spirit. No other plan, power, or program is adequate for this age. Education, social transformation, economic reform must all come as a result of the work of the Holy Spirit rather than as a prelude to His coming. God has no other plan for the work of the Church than through the power of the Third Person of the Trinity.

Most of our young people face life with optimism and courage. They have not as yet discovered that experience tempers and tones, that ambitions are modified and extinguished, that accommodation becomes the rule rather

than the exception, that the greatest frontier left in the universe is in the realm of the spiritual.

If such is true, and we believe that it is, it becomes of paramount importance that the high school and college graduate face the world with the spirit of a new Pentecost, the power to be what God wants him to be, a courageous and triumphant Christian in this age.

It is the only hope for carrying on successfully the work of the Church. Either this generation honors the Holy Spirit or the Church fails. Nations were destroyed because they did not recognize Jehovah. The Jews were dispersed and have become a scattered nation because they did not recognize their Messiah. The men of old refused the First Person of the Trinity. The Jews refused the Second Person of the Trinity. And if the Church of today refuses the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Trinity, it is lost.

At one time the problem was in the hands of the priesthood as the people stood in mass and waited for God to accept the offering in the holy of holies. Christ's crucifixion changed all that. Today, every young man and woman stands as a priest in his own right, individually responsible before God. Christ is the Lamb that was slain. The offering has been made once and for all. The veil is rent in twain and we stand on our own feet before God. *You, young man, are what you want to be, because you have the power through God's grace to become what you desire to be.*

Every religious leader of any consequence has experienced a second touch. Graham, Moody, Spurgeon, Sunday, Finney, and others will corroborate my statement. God is no respecter of persons. My plea tonight is that we will make our bedside an altar, and there consecrate everything to the Lord—past, present, future; body, mind, soul; friends, time, earthly store; ambitions, plans, wishes; all that you are and ever hope to be. Such

a consecration can be made for eternity and God. The Holy Spirit will accept the consecration and fill your life with His presence, doing two things for you: (1) He will give you power to live a clean and righteous life; (2) He will give you power to give full service with joy and gladness. From the humblest layman to the most cultured minister, the Holy Spirit is ready and willing to cleanse the heart and fill that heart with His presence.