A BASKET OF CANAAN FRUIT
By Ivan L. Flynn

Author Of
Midnight Revel
Sizzling Sayings
Leafing Of The Fig Tree
Lot's Wrong Move
The Mad Man Of The Hills
Apples Of Gold, Etc., Etc.

Pentecostal Publishing Co.
Louisville, Kentucky

Copyright, 1945 By I. L. Flynn

*     *     *     *     *     *     *

Digital Edition 06/15/07
By Holiness Data Ministry

*     *     *     *     *     *     *

CONTENTS

About The Copyright
Preface
Introduction
A Testimony
Dedication
Scripture Lesson
A Basket Of Canaan Fruit

01 -- Fruit One, Apple -- "Love"
02 -- Fruit Two, Grapes -- "Joy"
03 -- Fruit Three, Dates -- "Peace"
04 -- Fruit Four, Orange -- "Long Suffering"
05 -- Fruit Five, Olive -- "Kindness"
06 -- Fruit Six, Plum -- "Goodness"
07 -- Fruit Seven, Pomegranate -- "Faith"
08 -- Fruit Eight, Figs -- "Meekness"
09 -- Fruit Nine, Mulberry -- "Temperance"

Conclusion

* * * * * * *

ABOUT THE COPYRIGHT

During searches performed at the U.S. Copyright Office Search Site on 06/15/07 no evidence was found of a current copyright for the printed edition of this book. However, the reader is herewith informed that HDM has the copyright for this digital edition. -- Duane V. Maxey, Chandler, Arizona, June 6, 2007.

* * * * * * *

PREFACE

I have read your manuscript with pleasure. You have done well to enforce and illustrate the sweet graces of the Holy Spirit, and I feel quite sure that many will be greatly helped by reading your book.

The method is simple, clear and helpful. The language is so natural that many trusting hearts will be led to seek for deeper manifestation of divine grace in practical living. We need truth put up in the common language of the people. May this truth here set forth have a wide circulation.

John W. Goodwin
General Superintendent Emeritus
Church Of The Nazarene

* * * * * * *
INTRODUCTION

For more than twenty years I have felt an urge to place this book on the market, but during a busy pastorate I seemed not to have had time to get the manuscript ready. Now after waiting on the Lord, I am sending this book forth to the reading public, and hope it will be as great a blessing to the readers as it has been for me to write it. I am further hoping that every reader who is not "possessing the land," may soon move in and begin gathering the delicious "Fruits of Canaan."

The Author

* * * * * * *

A TESTIMONY

After reading the manuscript for this valuable book and assimilating some of the rich, spiritual food therein; I have tightened my bridle reins and girted my Bronco for a more fruitful race in the vineyard of God's service. I challenge anyone, who wishes to locate themselves as a Christian and grow in knowledge and grace with God and man, to avail themselves of the opportunity of reading this valuable book; so full of the rich truths and graces of God that we all need to be a fruitful worker.

Major O. B. Kelley

* * * * * * *

DEDICATION

To the saints among whom we have worshipped and labored with for the past thirty years, who have given evidence they are dwellers in the Canaan land of full salvation, this work is affectionately dedicated by the author.

* * * * * * *

SCRIPTURE LESSON

"And it shall be, when thou art come in unto the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance, and possessest it, and dwellest therein; that thou shalt take of the first of all the fruit of the earth, which thou shalt bring of thy land that the Lord thy God giveth thee, and shalt put it in a basket, and shalt go unto the place which the Lord thy God shall choose to place his name there. And thou shalt go unto the priest that shall be in those days, and say unto him, I profess this day unto the Lord thy God, that I am come unto the country which the Lord sware unto our fathers for to give us. And the priest shall take the basket out of thine hand, and
set it down before the Lord thy God. And thou shalt speak and say before the Lord thy God . . . The Lord brought us forth out of Egypt . . . And he hath brought us into this place, and hath given us this land, even a land that floweth with milk and honey. And now, behold, I have brought the firstfruits of the land, which thou, O Lord, hast given me. And thou shalt set it before the Lord thy God, and worship before the Lord thy God and thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given thee, and unto thine house."--Deuteronomy 26:1-11.

*     *     *     *     *     *     *

A BASKET OF CANAAN FRUIT

"Now being made free from sin, and become servants to God -- love servants, or servants who love to serve -- ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Romans 6:22.

Riding a train on a hot sultry day, the air is stuffy. Drowsiness settles over the passengers. The train seems to be just creeping along. Will it ever get to the end of the journey? The newsboy passes through the coach with drooping shoulders and a basket of fruit on his arm. In a dull, sleepy voice he calls out his fruits that makes you more sleepy. You are glad when he leaves the car, and you hope he will never return.

After a while the scene changes. The train comes to a stop. Some get off, and others get on. You see your news vender get off with his luggage. He is gone, you hope, for good.

The train starts, and you settle down to the same lethargic condition. When you are nearly asleep, the car door opens with a bang? A rich, cheery voice calls out, "Fruits, fruits!" Your fruit vender? No, another! He stands erect, and his voice is arousing. On his arm is a basket of fruit. He calls, "Nice cold, eatable fruit, just off the ice. Get some of it. It will refresh you and put new life and energy into you! Buy some!" And on he goes telling about his fine fruits. You see the big yellow oranges, the fine red apples. The grapes look delicious, and the bananas are fat and well ripened.

People are straightening up in their seats. Pocketbooks are springing open, and people are buying. After eating the fruit, they are looking better. You hold your hand up and motion for him to come back to you. He sees you and nods his head. Pretty soon he looks your way and says, "I have sold out this basket, but I have plenty more just as good. I will be back with another basket full in a jiffy." Away he goes and soon returns with more fruit. You buy a supply, eat your fill, and settle down to read and think how good you feel and how pleasant everybody seems. What makes the difference? Did not the other fellow have the same kind of fruit, and just as cold? Yes, yes, but the half-hearted way he presented his wares didn't entice you to buy.
Have you not seen folks present their religion in that same half-hearted way that appealed to no one? But a pleasant, cheery, happy demeanor surely draws others to "taste" the fruit you show in your life.

Moses' association with the Lord on the mount and on the journeys, and hearing him describe the land of Canaan with its rich fruits, made him desirous to go over into the goodly land. Hear what the Word has to say of that land: "A land which the Lord thy God careth for: the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year to the end of the year," Deut. 11:12. "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Moses talked much about the riches of Canaan. He told the people when they got over into that country, which the Lord would give them, and were fully settled and possessed the land, they should take of the first fruit of the land and put it into a basket and go unto the priest and show it unto him and set it down and say, "I profess this day unto the Lord thy God, that I am come unto the country which the Lord sware unto our fathers for to give us." This was the land that raised the Canaan Fruit!

Now a tree does not bring forth of itself. It must have help, and that help must come from without the tree. There are two elements that help produce the fruit; the sap and the sun.

The tree draws up and drinks from the earth that which we call sap. In this sap comes the different minerals which enriches the fruit and gives it its flavor and sustaining value as a food. Then fruit must have sunshine. The sunshine on the fruit ripens it and gives it color and aids also its flavor.

The Holy Ghost comes into our hearts and mellows and fructifies our lives. Jesus, through the Holy Ghost, is the source of our fruit bearing, and He desires that we bring forth "much fruit." If we fail to produce fruit that is acceptable, we are in danger of being cut off and "cast into the fire."

Fruit is useful. It was the first food given to man back in the days of his innocency. We read that in that better world there will be trees growing on both sides of the river of life, bearing twelve manner of fruit, each month. Fruit is strengthening. It is healthy. It is appetizing. It is plentiful, yet valuable, and in some form or other, can be found wherever man has gone.

Fruit is grown on the outside of the tree, though formed, or produced on the inside. Everybody sees it. The tree loaded down with rich, ripe fruit is noticeable to all the passersby. They will stop and gaze at the luscious fruit, and the full low-bending limbs, with its inviting colors, which seem to say, "Come and help yourself." The tree doesn't have to call out to behold its fruit; all will see it out there, even though it be in the back yard, or orchard. If you are bearing the right fruit of
Canaan, you will not have to advertise yourself to the world, the world will behold you and see the beautiful spirit of the Master and say, "Sirs, we would see Jesus?"

The land of Canaan typifies full salvation. The fruit that grows there typifies the "fruit" the Spirit produces in the Christian's life who has been cleansed and filled with the Spirit. Nothing is said of fruit growing in the wilderness, which typifies regeneration. It is Canaan, the land of rest -- soul rest, with its refreshing springs, its verdant hills, its rich valleys, its streams flowing freely with "milk and honey," and its fruits a luxury at every meal, a "shadow of good things to come!"

It is a land of plenty. No need of any starving to death, or going hungry. It is for all. It is for you. Help yourself. Eat and be full. A story is told of Bishop Joseph F. Berry, that once while attending a General Conference in New York City, he became tired of the business of the sessions and went out for a walk. He came to a corner where there was a great fruit stand. Literally there were barrels of apples, peaches, plums and various other kinds of fruit piled up in fantastic shapes. Near the fruit-stand stood a little urchin looking at the fruit with his mouth watering. The Bishop asked the boy, "How would you like to have all the fruit on that stand you could eat?" The little fellow looked the Bishop over and then said, "I have lived too long around here to be fooled by such a looking guy as you are." The Bishop said to the owner of the stand, "Give this boy all the fruit he can eat." The boy filled every pocket, the lining of his coat and his shirt bosom, and walked off with all he could carry. The bill amounted to four dollars and sixty cents.

Bishop Berry said he saw in that poor little white-faced boy a photograph of himself as he was spiritually. As the little fellow left he found himself running to the hotel and to his room, and falling down on his knees, he cried, "O God, I will starve no more, I am going to fill up," and he did, "With all the fullness of God."

The fruit was to be the evidence that the Israelites dwelt in the land of Canaan. The Israelite came to the priest with his basket of fruit. He presented it with the declaration: "I am come -- dwelling now -- in the country," which the Lord had given them. His testimony was all right, but did he have the evidence? The priest must search to see. He takes the basket and begins to look through it.

We may profess that we are living in the land of Canaan of Full Salvation, but have we the fruit? Do we exhibit the "fruit" of Galatians 5:22, 23, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

The priest reaches into the basket of fruit of the Israelite and begins to bring it to light. He holds each variety up and gazes at it. The fruit that was brought must be the best Canaan could produce, flawless and without a speck; it must be perfect.
The priest brings out an apple, a big juicy one. Not a flaw, not a blemish, a "perfect" apple. It is solid. It will keep a long time if kept in the proper place and handled right. You know an apple when you see it. They are easily recognized. When you see an apple on a tree, you know it is an apple tree. The apple is one of the oldest known fruits. Wherever man has traveled, there the apple has gone. The apple is a strengthening, refreshing, staple food. In the fruit of the Spirit, it compares with "Love," the first fruit mentioned by Paul in the cluster of graces that compose the "Fruit of the Spirit."

How firm is love. Not easily moved or disturbed, it is not mixed with human irritation called jealousy. As the apple gives life, and health, and strength, so when Divine Love comes into our hearts, there is imparted new life, soul health and strength. See that timid, trembling saint! He, or she, can hardly stand up to testify, but let the sanctifying grace come into their soul, and what strength of character greets the world! This Divine Love puts its arm around the vilest sinner and lifts him up to Jesus, to respectability, and gives a character that "outshines the sun."

The thrilling story of the transforming power of Love is told by Begbie in "Twice Born Men." "Old born drunk" was literally born drunk. He was born when his mother was in a drunken stupor. During the first year of his life, while nursing him, the mother was continually drunk. At nine months old his mother taught him to drink whiskey from a spoon. At five he was a confirmed drunkard, tottering as he walked. At seven to ten, delirium tremens had laid hold of him. At twelve he would chase the snakes from his boots and out of his bed. At twenty he was more of a beast than a man. At twenty-five he was naught but a skeleton, more dead than alive. At about this time, one night he staggered down a street of London, falling from side to side, leaning against buildings and lampposts until finally he stopped on a corner near which the Salvation Army was holding a street meeting. Joe, who years before had been a noted drunkard in that section, was speaking. He said in tones of fervency, "I was once like you men. I knew the horror of drink, and the fire of passion. I knew what it was to run the snakes from my bed. But one day Jesus came into my heart and converted me. And now I am happy. You too can be happy." The band started playing, as the workers marched into their hall. "Old born drunk" had something break within his soul, the last spark of manhood and of divinity flared up. He tottered down the street to the hall, walked in and began to stagger to the front of the building. The words of that old hymn struck his ears--

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

He stumbled in until he fell across the altar. Lifting his head, he cried, "Make me like Joe. Make me like Joe." He didn't know what he wanted, or whom he wanted...
to help him; all he knew was that he wanted what Joe had. After the workers had prayed with him, he said, "I have been made like Joe." After a bath, a hair cut and a shave, he was put to bed. The next morning when he arose, he said that he was going back to sell his papers in the saloons. But the officers of the Army said that he must not go, for the appetite for drink would take hold of him again and he would fall. All he said was, "I have been made like Joe." He went with his papers, under his arms, and in a feeble voice said, "Buy, men, from 'Old born drunk,' that's been made like Joe." The bartender said, "Like who?" And then he remembered the story of Joe's conversion. "Old born drunk" was grabbed and thrown to the floor, and they literally poured whiskey and beer down his throat, in his eyes, in his nose, and ears. He spat it out, rubbed his eyes, arose and said, "I have been made like Joe." All they could do would not entice him back in the old way. He lived a sober life and glorified God by his fervent spirit.

The "Love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, "lifts us up and makes us sons of God." It reaches out to save a lost world. When this love comes into your heart you love everybody, of every color, in every land. It burns like fire in your heart, as John the Baptist said it would. (Matt. 3:11).

John Wesley was once attacked by a mob. They knocked out the lights and stampeded the congregation, and seizing Wesley, dragged him away into a back alley, and beat him until they thought he was dead. Lying there in his blood until day, he thought with the poet:

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

"Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend of grace,
To help me on to God?

"Sure I must fight if i would reign;
Increase my courage Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

There is nothing like this Divine Love here, or anywhere else, except in that land of fadeless light where its effulgence is breathed like the air we breathe here!

Divine Love is the very opposite to carnality. The sinner is self-centered, living to please self, to gratify self. The Christian is Christ-centered, living to please Jesus only, and loving all mankind alike.
There is a plant which grows only in the Republic of Brazil called the Brazilian Lliana. It is a creeper, sprouting from a small seed. It is also very prolific, and holds tenaciously to life. When of sufficient advancement, it will proceed to grow in a definite direction. If it comes in contact with a rock, it will grow over it. If it meets a tree it will entwine its vines to the very uppermost bough and then re-twine itself down the trunk and continue on its way. If a dwelling stands in its path, it will climb over the roof and down the opposite side. If a river or stream obstructs its growth, it will burrow into the ground underneath the river bed and come up on the opposite shore. One plant is on record as growing under a river nearly a mile wide. If you cut the vine in two, both of the severed ends will take root in the ground. Once it is rooted, you cannot dig it out, and even if dynamited, the rootlets, driven afar by the wind and blast, will start new plants where they light. This is typical of this Divine Love. Nothing can obstruct its onward march as it conquers the heart of men. There is no tribulation too great to crush it and no test to strong to overcome it.

Such love! When you possess it you cannot mistreat even your worst enemy. Love is never exacting, it gives rather than takes. A Christian filled with this Divine Love is known wherever you see him!

* * * * * * *

02 -- FRUIT TWO, THE GRAPE -- "JOY"

The priest next takes out a bunch of grapes. They are the kind that Caleb and Joshua carried back to the Israelites, who were camped in the wilderness, as an evidence they had been in the land, and it produced an abundant crop.

The priest puts one in his mouth, he crushes it between his teeth. The juice spreads all over his face; Yes, it is genuine. It is a real Eschol, Canaan grown grape. So the "Fruit of the Spirit is . . . "Joy."

When the pure love of God comes into the heart, it produces joy. Joy is a component part of our religion. When the cleansed heart is filled with the Holy Ghost, the recipient, like the new married bride, seems to put all earthly cares to the wind, and just rejoices. Haven't you seen them come up from the altar, or into the meeting, after just receiving the Blessing! How their faces shine! They are bubbling over with pure joy. No wonder it is said: "Joy is love overflowing!"

As the grape is found in every clime, on trains, in confectioneries, so wherever you find a Spirit-filled Christian, you find a joyful Christian. "For the joy of the Lord is your strength." And it is not hard to follow the admonition of Paul to "Rejoice evermore." Whether you see the joy manifested or not, it is there. It is in the heart, because the Holy Ghost is in the heart, and He produces joy; it is part of the "fruit."
Salvation in its incipient form of Regeneration brings joy; but sanctification brings "Fullness of joy." You can lose your joy, and evidence of your salvation, for David lost his joy and prayed earnestly that it might be restored to him.

I read an article once on Pharaoh's Dream: "And the ill favored and lean kine did eat up the seven well favored and fat kine . . . and the thin ears swallowed up the seven rank and full ears." Gen, 41:4-7. The article said: There is a warning for us in that dream, just as it stands: It is possible for the best years of our life, the best experiences, the best victories won, the best services rendered, to be swallowed up by times of failure, defeat, dishonor and uselessness in the kingdom. Some men's lives of rare promise and rare achievement have ended so. It is awful to think of, but it is true. Yet it is never necessary. S. D. Gordon has said, "The only assurance of safety against this tragedy is fresh touches with God daily, hourly." The blessed, fruitful, victorious experiences of yesterday are not only of no value to me today, but they will actually be eaten up or reversed by today's failures, unless they serve as incentives to still better, richer experiences today. "Fresh touch with God." By abiding in Christ alone, will we keep the lean kine and the thin ears out of our life. "The kingdom of God is . . . joy in the Holy Ghost."

Not all joy is Christian joy. There is the unnatural joy. Unnatural joy is the exhilaration resulting from application of stimulants to the nervous system. It was Lord Bacon who said, "Drunkenness is intense pleasure." That is the secret of the fascination of the fatal cup. It stirs a delirious, fading and fatal joy, which for the moment, lifts the soul to ecstatic heights, and then Satan-like, it plunges its victim into the depths of despair. The opium eater, the tobacco slave, day-dream they are having joy when it only ends in the scorpion's sting.

There is a mere animal joy that comes by reason of a healthy body, a full stomach, or the joy of success, when the barn is full and money in the bank. There is the intellectual joy because the student has mastered a difficult problem. The approval of a good conscience brings a gladness to the one who does his known duty. You may revel in a joy because you have helped someone in need by your money or service. We don't altogether depreciate this animal joy when it comes by honest means. But only those who have joyed in the Lord, in the full blessing of the Holy Ghost, know the true heights of joy. Mr. Wesley says of this joy: "It will feast our soul with such peace and joy in God as will blot out the remembrance of everything that we called peace or joy before." Oh, the transcending joy of one filled with "all the fullness of God." It is a fruit of the Spirit. It brings a cheerful disposition, a merry heart, and a radiant temper. The early Christians had this when they "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods." A great library of books was being consumed by fire. The owner, who possessed this joy, said, "Thank God, it is not some poor man's house." The prophet had this when he said, ""Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."
Habakkuk's Hymn Of Praise

The fig tree does not blossom,
No luscious fruit 'twill bring
To cheer me on my weary road,
And yet -- I still shall sing

The vineyard still will slake my thirst--
But stay -- its fruit is gone!
No cluster cool with morning dew
What now, my soul? SING ON!

The olives, too, their amber strength
To my lean soul refuse;
And yet, they leave me strong who leave
Naught but His strength to choose.

The fields stand parched and barren
O'er every lovely thing,
Drought, pestilence, and mildew reign--
Bow low, my soul -- BUT SING!

Flocks too, and herds, all riches gone!
Does this reward my choice?
My empty soul His fullness has--
IN GOD I WILL REJOICE!

-- Anonymous

* * * * * * *

03 -- FRUIT THREE, THE DATE -- "PEACE"

The priest now brings out a handful of dates, fully ripened, just gathered from the tree. They are sweet, like the ambrosia of the skies. Dates come from a species of the palm tree. They flourish out in the desert, just like they do in the fertile valley. They go down until they strike water and produce an abundance of fruit. They are very productive. The fruit ripens while the tree is still blooming. Dates are a delicious food, sweet as sugar, and are very sustaining. You can live on dates a long time.

Peace comes next as a "Fruit of the Spirit." How sweet is peace, the peace that God gives! It has been the song of bards for centuries past.

"Far away in the depths of my spirit tonight,
Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm;
In celestial like strains it unceasingly falls
O'er my soul like an infinite calm.

"Peace, peace, wonderful peace,
Coming down from the Father above;
Sweep over my spirit forever I pray,
In fathomless billows of love."

Or as another poet puts it:

"'Tis a kingdom of peace;
He is reigning within,
It shall ever increase in my soul;
We possess it right here when
He saves from all sin
And 'twill last while the ages shall roll."

A Christian has peace wherever you put him. Set him out in the midst of trials, and difficulties, and troubles of all kinds, and when those around him are going down, those who have this peace are standing steadfast.

A boat was crossing the Atlantic Ocean on its way to America. A terrible storm came rushing down on the boat. It appeared that all might be lost any hour. Most all were greatly disturbed. Some of the passengers found a woman in her room quietly sitting down, composed and serene.

They asked, "Woman, don't you know a terrible storm is on?"

She smiled as she answered, "Yes, I know we are in danger of sinking most any hour."

"Then why," they inquired, "aren't you praying and asking God to save us?"

With calmness of a May morning, she answered, "Yes, I know we are in grave danger of sinking in this terrible storm. But you know," and her face lit up, "I was just thinking a while ago, I only had two children, both girls. Martha lives in New York City, while Mary went to Heaven some years ago." And she said, "I don't know which I want to see first!"

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." "Peace," then "is love resting, or reposing." It sweetens the disposition, and gives strength to its possessor, like the eating of the honey-comb by Jonathan when he was fighting the battle for Israel.
We are told that in some of the old English castles, wells were found deep down among the foundations. In times of siege, water was thus provided so that if the enemy cut off the supply from the stream which commonly supplied them, that they might not suffer a famine. With this supply in their own wells, the defenders suffered no lack of pure, fresh water. So with the Christian in whom the peace of God has come. He is not dependent upon an outside condition or circumstances, for he has within his own breast the hidden wells of joy and peace." He sings:

"I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away."

When the waves beat high on the little boat on the Galilee waters, amidst the crashings of the thunder, the torrid lightning flashes, and the raging winds; when it appeared all would be lost, Jesus arose as the Master of the turbulent nature and softly, but compellingly commanded, "Peace, be still!" And there was a great calm. When He speaks "Peace" to our troubled heart there will come a calmness like the waters of placid Galilee! This can be maintained if our minds are "stayed" on Him! Back in the days of His flesh, and just before His crucifixion, He said, "My peace, I give unto you." And did ever anyone have such peace as the Master manifested during His sojourn here on earth? He was never ruffled, nor perturbed. He was never uneasy where the next meal was coming from, nor what the folks were saying, or planning on doing against Him. His was "Perfect Peace." And this peace may be ours. Says James 3:18, "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace." As if the apostle would say: "Your crop of righteousness (holiness) is sown while you abide in peace, or the peace abides in you." Then how important that we maintain the fruit of peace!

Paul soared to unmeasured heights when he wrote to the church at Philippi -- and for us also: "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Paul admitted he did not know how this was done, but he knew it worked.

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

"Far, far away the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee!

04 -- FRUIT FOUR, THE ORANGE -- "LONGSUFFERING"

As the priest pulls out the fruit from the basket, he brings out a big golden orange. The orange is not mentioned in the Bible, but they must have grown in that land for they thrive there and are plentiful today, as also the lemon. The orange is a delightful golden color, and usually has about nine juicy divisions. Because of its color -- golden -- the Romans called it aurum, or aurantium -- gold.

What could be more "Golden" than longsuffering-suffering a long time for others! It is "Love enduring," or "Love reposing."

This longsuffering is beautifully brought out in the picture Peter draws of God's patience during the antediluvian days, while Noah was building the ark. If it had not been for His pity, or longsuffering for the work of His hands, He would have smitten the whole human race for their wickedness. But He bore with them, as He did when they whipped and cursed, and falsely accused His Son, then nailed Him to the cross to die the most ignominious death known to man.

This "Longsuffering" isn't stoicism. The stoic said: "Pain shall not make us groan. Danger shall not appall us. Peril shall not intimidate. The shocks and ills of life shall not disturb our equanimity. Bereavement and losses may come; but they shall not move us." The American Indian could sing his war-song in the midst of the most cruel death, and never let out a groan, nor flinch for pain. That is not the kind of long-suffering we are speaking about. The Stoic and the Indian had no inward grace to quiet them in the hour of their trial or pain. The Christian has. When the Holy Spirit comes into the heart to make His abode, His fruit will be . . . "Long-suffering."

Long-suffering is the safeguard of all the other graces. It matters not how much you claim, how much joy you might express, unless you prove by your quiet, patient, long-suffering, the world would see nothing in you to desire what you profess.

Joseph sold into slavery, falsely accused, cruelly suffered imprisonment, until the iron of God's word went into his very soul, is a lovely type of long-suffering. Hear Paul as he recounts some of the things that came into his life: "In labor more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prison more frequent, in death often, of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils by the heathen, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among
false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." And in it all Paul was long-suffering and patient.

A little girl was found by a missionary, asleep on a doorstep. He awakened her, and said, "Why are you sleeping here in this drizzling rain?' She replied, "Because my father has turned me out of doors. He is a drunkard, and I am waiting until he falls asleep; then I will go back into the house."

The next morning the drunken father awakened from his stupor, and saw his little girl preparing breakfast; said, "Mary, why do you stay with me?"

"Oh," she said, "Father, I love you; and before mother died she said that I must never leave you. She said that the rum fiend would sometime go out of you, and then you would be good and kind to me. She said I must never leave you, and father, I never will."

The spirit manifested by this little girl we recognize the Spirit that strove with us and finally brought us into the banqueting house of our Father.

Long-suffering is patience. Patience is the need of all Christians. If there is a special need above others for the Christians of this day, it is patience. Impatience and a hasty spirit have caused more wrecks and break-downs in the church and homes than any two other causes among Christians. The lack of patience in the home in dealing with children, have caused many a son and daughter to go out from home to become scoffers of religion, and a menace to society. It is said that Bob Ingersoll's father was a preacher; and it was the mistreatment he gave his wife during the prenatal, and after the birth, that made Bob Ingersoll a scoffing infidel. If this is true, what will be the shame of that preacher-father when he gives an account in that Great Day up yonder!

What is "Long-suffering," if it is not bearing patiently the things that come across our lives? Certainly we ought to try to correct them, but we will never prove our Canaan possession with such show of impatience as we sometimes see manifested among Christians!

Jesus' command was, "Go the second mile." Under the Roman law a soldier or officer, could draft the help of any individual he chanced to meet to assist him in carrying his load one mile; but no farther. But Jesus says if you want to win that soldier -- or any individual -- to your religion and compass his salvation, when you get to the end of the first mile, don't throw down your load, if ever so heavy, and walk away, saying, "You can't make me do -- or go -- any farther." Simply shift the load to the other shoulder and kindly say with a smile, "You are tired, and this load is pretty heavy, I'll go with you another mile." That soldier would not pay much attention to your religious talk on that first mile journey. But when you volunteer to
go -- do -- more than is required of you-he will consider your claim that you have something he needs.

The "second mile" will cool the temper, and quiet the nagging tongue. It only has to be tried to be proven. Says a writer: "I knew a woman who corrected her child for its misbehavior, and then, while she was all wrought up, she spanked all the family, innocent or guilty, alike!" Oh, Long-suffering! Oh, patience!

*     *     *     *     *     *     *

05 -- FRUIT FIVE, THE OLIVE -- "KINDNESS"

The priest in his inspection of the "basket of fruit," finds the olive. The tree from which the olive was taken was an evergreen, and has been called the "king of trees," in the holy land. It was also called the "tree of abundance," the "gift of Heaven," and the "poor man's tree." It is a tree that demands attention, and if neglected will cease to bear. The "Cherubims' Moses made for the Tabernacle were made from the olive tree. They were in the "Inner place," or "Holy of Holies," and were a type of full redemption of "spirit, and soul, and body."

Many think the etymology of the word "olive," hints of health. It has been said the olive is God's special provision for the prevention of fever in hot countries. It therefore suggests prevention. The oil was used for many purposes. It was a long lived tree and held tenaciously to life. The tree grows and thrives in any soil, the rocky as well as the very best soil. The olive therefore is a beautiful symbol of "gentleness!" As the olive was called the "gift of Heaven," so kindness -- gentleness -- is mentioned as a "fruit of the Spirit," and comes down from Heaven, as a gift from the heavenly Father. In First Corinthians, thirteenth chapter, the apostle says, "Love is kind." Jesus says, "God is kind" to all, to the thankful and unthankful. Colossians 3:12, "Put on kindness." Peter would have us "Add . . . brotherly kindness." The sum total is: God is kind, we should be kind to be like Him; love is kind, and gentleness, a "Fruit of the Spirit."

As the olive is beneficial for the body, curing old sores, so "gentleness -- kindness" -- will heal old church "sores!" neighborhood "sores;" family "sores," and old sores between friends, or friend and enemy. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," said the good Book. Hear John Wesley: "Some are wanting in gentleness. They resist evil, instead of turning the other cheek. They do not receive reproach with gentleness; no, nor even reproof. Nay, they are not able to bear contradiction, without the appearance, at least, of resentment. If they are reproved or contradicted, they answer with harshness; with loud voice, or with an angry tone, or in sharp, surly manner. They speak sharply or roughly to their inferiors."

I have known a number of preachers, some church leaders, who were so harsh in their language and treatment of others, especially those who disagreed with them, on even minor questions, that it seemed God had to set them aside from
His work, and some are almost "castaways." Gentleness is "love submitting;" is "love resisting not;" is "love in her own sweet voice and manners."

Gentleness is a mark of greatness. David said. "Thy gentleness hath made me great." The Bible goes on to say the "Wisdom that is from above is . . . gentle, easy to be entreated."

Gentleness is a passive virtue. You see in Jesus this spirit of non-resistance. When they "reviled Him, He reviled not again." They "rejected Him, but He threatened not." "Kindness is love in action; it is love on exhibition," writes Prof. A. S. London. He goes on to say, "It is sometimes thought that kindness is on the level with weakness or softness, but this is not true. Abraham Lincoln was a kind, tender man. He stopped a regiment of men to take a pig from the crack of a fence. At one time he put a little bird back in its nest and said, 'I could not have slept tonight had I left the little bird out of its nest.' Harshness is weakness, but kindness is an element of greatness."

A kind heart is a gem of rare beauty. God can easily get to the kind-hearted person. David committed a most grievous sin, a double sin, enough to damn the average soul, but David got back. One secret was David's heart of kindness. When as king of all Israel and his kingdom well established, instead of doing away with the household of Saul, the first king of Israel, he sent and brought the direct heir of the throne to his own house and made him one of his family, set him down by his side to eat at the same table. Hear what David said: "And the king (David) said, is there not yet any of the household of Saul, that I might show the kindness of God unto him?" 2 Samuel 9:3. Jesus, centuries later taught, "Love ye your enemies; and do good, and lend hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for he is kind unto the thankful and to the evil." And Jesus was "the express image of God." He was kind to all who would let Him. He prayed for His enemies who took His life. Sidney Lanier once wrote:

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forespent, forespent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forespent with love and shame.

"But the trees they had a mind to Him,  
The olives they were not blind to Him,  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,  
When into the woods He came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content--  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame.
"When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came."

Many, before they testify to being an inhabitant of Canaan, should examine their "Basket of fruit!"

Jesus showed the tenderness of His nature and the kindness of His soul when He went about doing good. He halted the great Passover caravan on their way to Jerusalem, to help poor, blind and helpless Bartimæus. He touched the untouchable lepers and healed their putrefying bodies. He arrested the arresting officers to give Him time to heal an ear that had been cut off from one of His enemies. He forgot for a time His own pain and suffering to give salvation to a dying thief by His side, so we can sing:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

When suffering almost unendurable pain and misery, He thought of and spoke tenderly to His mother and beloved disciples. He prayed for the very ones that nailed Him to the cross. It was His nature, nothing else would satisfy the cry of His soul. Then "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'

*     *     *     *     *     *     *

06 -- FRUIT SIX, THE PLUM -- "GOODNESS"

Out from the basket comes a big, full-meated plum. How big those Canaan plums must have been! It is beautiful. It is sweet to the taste, flavored with that Canaan soil-minerals. Press it a little, and out comes that life-sustaining food of the tree!

The plum is an all-around fruit. Good any time, and for many purposes. It can be served in many ways: even whole, as a dessert. It can be used for preserves, pies, jellies and jams. To make it more palatable, it must have sugar added. So the inspired apostle wrote, "The fruit of the Spirit is love... goodness." When your "goodness" is sweetened with "love" it becomes more valuable to you and those to whom you minister.

"Goodness," says one, "Is love working: love regarding others." How unselfish is this fruit "goodness!" Hear what John Wesley says of it: "It is mild, sweet, soft and loving at all times, in their spirit, in their words, in their looks and
air, in the whole of their behavior; and that to all, high and low, rich and poor, without respect of persons; particularly to them that are out of the way, to opposers, and those of their own household."

This goodness is more than passive goodness, it is active goodness, it is "doing" good-ness; doing something for others. It is written of Jesus, that He "went about doing good." It is said of Job that he would send his agents over the country with provisions for the poor, and then to be sure that none had been overlooked, he would saddle his own camel and hunt around until all had been helped. Do you not think that is what Job meant when he said, "I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame." Do you get the import of his words? When he saw a blind man trying to find his way across the crowded street, he took him by the arm and led him to his destination. A lame boy is trying to make his way home from the market. Job espies him. He picks him up with his strong arms and says, "My boy, I will be your feet today." Don't you know there is something that welled up in that boy's throat that when they got home, he could hardly speak! And Job went back up the street singing:

"We find many people who can't understand
Why we are so happy and free;
We've crossed over Jordan to Canaan's fair land,
And this is like Heaven to me."

But Job is not through speaking yet: "I was a father to the poor: and the cause I knew not I searched out." Did you ever hear such language? Almost unbelievable! But it must be so, or God would never have it in His Book.

A traveling man once became tired of life. On a Sunday morning as the church bells were ringing out an invitation to "Come and worship thy Creator," this traveling man left his hotel, being in a city far from home, to hunt a secluded grove where he could hang himself and "end it all." As he walked out on the street he met the crowds going to church. He thought each one he met could see the rope he had concealed under his coat. He left the main street and went down an alley. He shortly found himself among the poorest class of the city. He was greatly surprised at the evident poverty of the people. As he continued on his way to carry out his purpose of self-destruction, he was attracted by moans that came from a near-by building. He went to the entrance and knocked, but got no response, except sobs of someone that must be in great distress. He pushed the door open and entered, and soon discovered the cause of the weeping. A very sick woman lay on the bed. Several hungry children stood near the sick woman sobbing. On a pallet in one corner of the room, lay the husband and father, cold in death. The man soon found out the story. No money to buy provisions, and bury the dead. The undertaker refused to come without money in hand to pay the expenses. The traveling man hastily assured the woman he would take care of the situation. He quickly summoned an undertaker, assuring him he would pay all bills. The doctor was called, and the grocer soon supplied the hungry with choice foods, and in
ministering to the needy as a good Samaritan, he found peace and happiness, which he could not find in his own selfishness.

How much more happiness there would be if we would let our "goodness" go out in service for those in need! Not only would the recipient be blessed, but the "doer" would be doubly blessed.

A merchant came to a minister once and asked him to tell him where he could find Heaven. The merchant was somewhat skeptical, and rather asked the question to embarrass the minister. The minister replied, "I have an urgent call for some groceries for a poor family, if you will kindly supply their need, and bring me the bill tomorrow, I will be glad to answer your question." The merchant consented to deliver a basket of groceries to the poor family. The next day the merchant returned to the minister, and with radiant face said, "You need not answer my question about where Heaven is, I found out yesterday; I have it here in my heart." In ministering to those in need he found Jesus, and "Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven there!"

The ancient alchemists searched for the secret to turn the baser metals into gold. They never discovered the secret. But the one who is willing to give himself unstinted, in both service and means, has the secret of true happiness. This will be the elixir that brings gladness, that is akin to health. The Holy Scriptures say, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Again, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." And again, "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

* * * * * * * * *

07 -- FRUIT SEVEN, THE POMEGRANATE -- "FAITH"

The priest finds the pomegranate in the basket. This fruit grew abundantly in Canaan, and was one of the fruits Caleb and Joshua brought back to Israel camped in the wilderness after they had spied out Canaan. The pillars of the Temple were ornamented with pomegranates. Upon the hem of the High Priest's robe were pomegranates and bells. The bells represented testimony, and the pomegranates representing fruit, they are a prolific multiplier. We are told that one seed multiplies a thousand-fold. The pomegranates that Caleb and Joshua brought back represented the many branches of faith, while the grapes they returned with represented the results of the faith, "joy."

We have chosen the pomegranate to represent faith. Strictly speaking there is but "one" faith, yet faith must be exercised for each particular need. There is Saving Faith, Sanctifying Faith, Keeping Faith, "for we walk by faith." Then there is Healing Faith, and Supplying Faith. Like the pomegranate, it can be multiplied indefinitely. Faith must be multiplying, expanding and ever increasing. It must be constant. It must never waver, for when your faith "wabbles" you lose momentum; you lose ground, you will have to pick up your speed to catch up where you let down in your faith. Faith is "love believing; love relying." Faith holds on during the
storm, like Paul when on the trembling boat and the storm-raging sea. No sun, no
moon, no stars for fourteen days and nights, and all around were in despair of their
lives, with the darkness intense, he stood out before that forlorn crowd and
shouted, "Sirs, I believe God." Paul acted like he believed it. Before the storm
abated the least, before any sign of a lull, he sat down, said grace, and ate his
breakfast. Hallelujah! this is faith! Faith, as someone describes, is stepping out of
the boat onto the water that may be a mile deep, yet as though it were solid water.
Says John Wesley, "If this faith does not work by love, if it does not produce
universal holiness, if it does not bring forth lowliness, meekness.... let us have ever
so much faith, and be our faith ever so strong, it will never save us from hell unless
it saves us from all unholy tempers, from pride, passion, impatience; from all anger,
bitterness; from discontent, murmuring, fretfulness and peevishness. We (who
profess holiness) are of all men most inexcusable if, having been so frequently
guarded against that strong delusion, we still indulge any of these tempers, and
dream we are in the way to Heaven!"

By their faith, Christians, like pomegranates, multiply themselves by winning
another to Jesus, that they might reap their increase, some thirty-fold, some sixty-
fold and some a hundred-fold!

Years ago, the superintendent of a Full Gospel Mission in the city of
Philadelphia, one Sunday morning was called to the front to speak to a lady. She
told him her story. Her only son, tired of home life, desired to go out into the world,
where he would be free to do as he pleased. Over the protests of his mother, he left.
She told him as he was leaving, she would pray for him every day, and if he ever
needed help, pray to his mother's God. "Two days ago," she said, "I felt impressed
to come and find my boy." She had arrived in the city that morning and had come
direct to the Mission.

The Sunday school was in session when she got there. She asked the
superintendent to call for her boy from the platform, for she believed he was there.
The superintendent went to the platform and after the Sunday school had re-
assembled, stepped forward and called out the young man's name. No one
answered. The superintendent seemed puzzled. He knew God would not send that
poor widow to this city on a wild-goose chase. He stepped from the platform and
walked down the side of the building to the main entrance of the Mission. As he
passed on, a young man, almost hid behind a column of the building asked him
who he was calling. The superintendent replied, "You know what his name is, you
are the boy." The boy admitted he was. He was taken to a side room, and his mother
sent for. The boy was black and filthy from riding the rods of a freight train into the
city. Arriving that morning he had come straight to the Mission. The superintendent
stood between the boy and the door until the mother entered the room, then
stepped aside. With a glad cry the mother grabbed that dirty, ragged young man,
and there in the room alone with his mother, the prodigal told the story of his
wandering for more than two years, until away out in Oregon, something or
someone told him to go to Philadelphia. In the Mission service that morning, he
gave himself to God and went back home with his mother to live for God, and to take care of her.

The mother had prayed and got the assurance, and believed, and would not be denied, and her "lost" boy was returned to her.

* * * * * * *

08 -- FRUIT EIGHT, THE FIGS -- "MEEKNESS"

Certainly the basket contained figs! They grow so luxuriously in Canaan, and are so sweet. The tree on which the figs grow is very unassuming. Like the grace they represent in this book, "Meekness," as one of the most beautiful ingredients of the "Fruit of the Spirit." It is "love" suffering without murmuring; love resigning." This "fruit" of meekness may be deep in the basket, and not seen by very many, passed up by others as "weakly and cowardly," but if you have it in your "basket" the All-seeing Eye of the Great High Priest will see it, and the people around you will discover it, though it be in the very bottom, for there is where it will be found. Not "vaunting" itself. It is written of Moses that he "was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." We are told that the Greek word used for meekness is the same word that is used in speaking of "taming a wild horse." When we tame a wild horse, he is brought under subjection until he is gentle, harmless and docile. When God wants to "tame" us, to make us meek, He takes the "wildness" out of us. Like the untamed animal, we cannot be used to a very great extent for His glory, until we are absolutely brought under subjection. Meek and humble means one falling down before the master or king, in supplication for his life, or his need. The meaning is "low on the ground." The meek spirit will bring the individual where God can use him.

From the mission field comes this story: "Some years ago a colporteur endeavored to persuade a soldier to buy a Gospel, when the soldier started an argument, and, becoming angry, grossly insulted the colporteur. The latter did not retaliate, but meekly bore the indignity. A Chinese, passing at the time paused, and listened to the talk, and was so impressed by the forbearance of the colporteur that he was led to sympathize with him, and then to purchase a Gospel. He took the little book home and read it carefully, and then decided to become a Christian. He is now a minister of the gospel. Who knows how much good influence was set in motion by that patient, meek colporteur?

Peter writing of adorning says, "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning . . . but let it be the hidden man of the heart . . . even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." Jesus inviting the sinner to come to Him offered Himself as "meek and lowly in heart." Hear Paul describe Jesus: "Now I Paul, myself, beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ..."
In patiently suffering persecution, sneers and scoffs and hard things said about us; in enduring hardships without murmurings, will bring us the grace of meekness. Many good people can do well when their needs are well supplied, but when they look into the empty flour barrel, they become uneasy, disturbed, distrustful and fretful. It was the complaining and murmuring of the Israelites with their temporal, every-day conditions, that brought the judgment of God upon them. The same complaining, fretting, murmuring today will bring at least poverty of spirit upon those who indulge in it. If we are walking in all the light we have, living clean, worshipful lives before God, and believing Romans 8:28, "That all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose," we will find that He will bring us out "more than conquerors."

Christians should ever keep in mind that as long as we are in this world we are liable to severe trials, testings and adversities. God permits those things to come upon us, to make us meek and to mellow our disposition, and give us sympathy for others who suffer. Says the inspired apostle: "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them, and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves in the body." Do not fret, do not complain because of your lot in life. Refrain from murmuring, lest you grieve God. Be submissive to all His leading; He will exalt you in due time.

Back in the days of the open saloons, some workers were conducting a street service in front of a saloon. The saloon-keeper objected and resented the meeting. He instructed the colored janitor to sweep the floor. He swept the filth up to the front door, and stopped. The saloon-keeper called to him to sweep it out. He swept it out on the sidewalk, and again stopped. The old saloon-keeper was furious and yelled with an oath to sweep it into the street. The Negro knew to do so would mean to sweep it on the kneeling Christians as they were praying. That is what the old wicked saloon-keeper wanted. The janitor refused.

The enraged booze dispenser kicked the Negro aside, grabbed the broom and swept the accumulated filth and stench out into the street, and all over the praying workers. The workers, having their eyes closed, in prayer, didn't know what was taking place until the dirt and filth began raining upon them. It soiled their clothing terribly. They arose, brushed off the dirt the best they could, and began singing, as if nothing had happened to them. The saloon-keeper went back into his building and behind the bar and stood looking through the window at the Christian workers, as he chewed fiercely on a cigar. The workers closed their service with a prayer for the saloon-keeper and his family, not even hinting at what he had done to them. As the workers were engaged in conversation with those who had gathered and saw what had been done, the saloon man went to the door and motioned to the leader and his wife. They entered the saloon where he was. He inquired, "Do you people practice what you preach?" They answered, "Undoubtedly we do." As he turned around and started toward the back of the building, he said, "Come this way." They followed him back through two doors, he stopped at the third and pushed it open,
pointing to a corner of the room he said, "There's your job." The workers entered. They found a girl on a straw pallet on the floor. They beheld one of the saddest sights they had ever witnessed before. The girl was only nineteen years of age, with disheveled hair, sunken cheeks, and deformed body; a malignant case of tuberculosis. She was asleep. The woman worker knelt by the side of the germ-infested form on the straw, and brushed back her once beautiful golden hair with tender strokes. The girl was probably dreaming of other days, perhaps of mother, for she murmured "mother!" as she half opened her eyes. Then seemingly remembering where she was, she pushed the woman's hand aside and said, "Who are you?" The worker replied, "A friend!" The girl tried to draw away as she said, "No, you are not, I have no friends." The good woman replied, "Yes, I am your friend, darling, and we are going to take you to a good home for sick people, where you can get well again." And she did get well through the prayers of God's saints, and died in Africa, as missionary. When the old saloon-keeper, who had been watching it all, saw what had taken place, he muttered as he turned to leave, a tear coursing down his cheek, "If I ever get religion I want that kind." Love suffereth long and is kind.

Patience is "love on the anvil, bearing blow after blow of suffering."

* * * * * * *

09 -- FRUIT NINE, THE MULBERRY -- "TEMPERANCE"

In God's wise provision for us, He has given us a variety of fruits which have, each of their peculiar acid for the human body. These several acids are necessary for our system. Each also has its different flavors. So when Israel entered Canaan under the visible leadership of Joshua, they found such a variety as would suit, not only their taste, but their physical need also.

The Mulberry trees grew plentifully in Canaan. It was the mulberry tree that God told David he would hear "a going" in its tops, and for him to go forth and smite the Philistines. In the New Testament it is called the "sycamine." Luke 17:6.

You can easily eat too many mulberries, therefore you must eat them moderately. Then Paul would have us be "Temperate in all things." It is very fitting to put "Temperance" last in the list of the graces as the "Fruit of the Spirit."

Excess in anything is harmful. To give way excessively to the flesh or mind, will bring harmful results. Many religious persons give way excessively to their emotions when the ecstatic is not of the Spirit, but purely human.

The fanatic gives way to his emotions and is easily led into wrong interpretations of God's purpose for us. The fanatic seems to consider human manifestations as a mark of piety.
We should be temperate in our eating, in our sleeping, in our deportment, and in our conversation. Most people talk too much of things not pertaining to God or eternal verities. Temperance is the "governor" on the machinery to hold it down and not let it run wild.

Hear John Wesley again, of some Christians of his day: "They use neither fasting nor abstinence; or they prefer -- (which are so many sorts of intemperance) - - that preaching, reading or conversation which gives them transient joy or comfort, before that which brings godly sorrow, or instruction in righteousness. Such joy is not sanctified; it does not tend to, nor terminate in the crucifixion of the heart. Such faith does not center in God, but rather self."

From the tenor of the Scriptures it is plain that God has committed unto us His gifts and graces for His glory, for His cause, and the good of others about us, as well as for our own selves. To misuse, or neglect His endowments, will bring upon us a severe judgment. The man in the parable that failed to use the talent that was entrusted to him, received a severe castigation from his Lord. Balaam had the gift of prophecy. He misused it by seeking self-aggrandizement. And for that sin he died in battle among the enemies of God.

Dr. J. B. Chapman in an editorial in the Herald of Holiness, on the subject of "Temperance of the Holy," says: "The evangelical law of God prohibits evil and enjoins moderation in the uses of good and necessary things. One cannot be temperate in lying, stealing or drunkenness, or in the doing of any kind of sin; for any amount of such is excessive. But although labor is honorable, under ordinary circumstances, over-work is sinful. One's business life may be honest, but too great devotion to it makes one an idolater. Eating and drinking are necessary to life and health and strength, but gluttony is a vice and a sin. Good, clean conversation is right, but even then a multiplication of words may become a snare to the soul.

"But the benefits of grace are commensurate with the demands of the evangelical law; so that temperance is more than a practice: it enters into the deepest emotions and touches the most secret springs of character and life. Sin is the wild usurper of the soul's throne and scepter and is the source of excess and want of self-control, while holiness is the fountain of temperance and the nucleus from which radiates the force of a well-ordered life. Holiness includes not only divine acceptance of an adjusted will, but also the purifying of the affections which are exalted to supreme love for God. The holy have no love for sin and they serve God because they love Him and His service; they can do what they want to do because they want to do right.

"But the force of temperance and self-control in the lives of the holy is revealed in that they have joy that is not levity, seriousness that is not sadness, plainness that is not severity, grief that is not anguish, sorrow that is not despair, care that is not anxiety, faith that is not presumption, hope that is not always
ecstasy, work that is not toil, charity that is not weakness, boldness that is not foolhardiness, and stamina that is not stubbornness.

"Holy men do not commit suicide because of depression, and they do not quit praying because the devil has let them alone for an hour. They do not give up because the task is difficult, and they do not dash for the end of the rainbow expecting to find a pot of gold. It is contrary to the spirit and tendency of holiness to do anything hasty or spectacular, for holiness is Temperance!"

*     *     *     *     *     *     *

CONCLUSION

If you owned an orchard of very fine trees, and the trees began to shed their leaves in the late spring or early summer, and the premature fruit fall to the ground, evidently you would conclude that something was wrong with your fruit trees. Instead of having a lot of ripe, juicy fruit, you would only find a lot of scrawny, bitter, knotty, wormy fruit; you would readily judge that there was a cause and you would hunt for that cause, and seek a remedy.

You might go out in your orchard and pull up the weeds, dig around the trees, and even tear up the ground with team and plow, which would be good and proper in its place, but that would not kill the tree disease. You would prune the trees, scrape off the dead bark and wood, and kill the infection that was ruining your trees, for you want fruit!

The Lord desires fruit of us. But when He comes to most of us, He finds us weak and vacillating; half dead, producing little or no fruit. He wants to cut off and purge us of the old dead habits, and kill the sin-breeding-germ, so we can bring forth "much fruit."

But unlike the fruit tree in the orchard, which cannot resist nor complain, we can resist the Great orchardist, when He desires to effect the cure of our little fruit bearing. We refuse to let Him remove the "larvæ" -- the "coddling moth;" the "scale;" the "blotch;" the "fire-blight;" the "brown-rot;" the "scab fungus;" the "black rot;" "rust," the "leaf-hopper;" the "mildew," or whatever the orchardist may call the "cause."

That there is a cause is self-evident to any thinking Christian. The every-day life of the average Christian fails to show very extensively the fruit mentioned in the Scriptures. Why is this so?

In the heart of every unsanctified Christian is the sin-germ-infection called the "carnal mind," that blights and dwarfs the spiritual life of the possessor. This "carnal mind" is "enmity against God;" -- more than an enemy -- it is the essence of all bad. Its potency like leaven in a measure of meal, will permeate the whole life
unless destroyed. God has made ample provision for the removing of this sin-causing-fungus. That remedy is the Blood of Jesus Christ, applied to the heart by the baptism with the Holy Ghost. Thus the blood and the Holy Ghost fire, burn out, destroy, remove, take away, eradicate the sin-germ of the "old man" out of the heart, cleansing the whole, and He takes up His abode in the purified heart. The joy of that hour -- and all the hours after -- if the possessor will retain Him by watchfulness, prayer and a continued devotion to Him, will be beyond any earthly joy.

Then the "fruit" mentioned in the foregoing pages will appear in Four consecrated life, and like the saints told about in the Ninety-first Psalm, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like the cedar in Lebanon... They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing."

Over in the State of Arkansas a number of years ago, a difficulty arose between a white man and a Negro. The Negro slew the white man in a most brutal way, then in his frenzy, he terribly mutilated his victim, almost beyond recognition. The Negro was soon caught and tried, and condemned to die in the electric chair. He was sent to the penitentiary to await the day of execution. The chaplain tried to do something for the condemned man that would bring him to repentance. But for awhile it was of no avail. The chaplain says he was the most brutal looking Negro he ever saw. He would curse and fume at the name of Jesus, or religion. Months wore by as efforts were made to have the sentence reversed, or modified. Finally the chaplain noticed that a little Gospel portion -- the Gospel of John -- he had left on the window sill of the condemned prisoner's cell, had been removed.

One day as the chaplain passed the cell of the condemned Negro, the prisoner called to him and said, "Say, chaplain, can you 'splain about this Man in this little book (showing the Gospel of John), that says He will forgive all sin?" The chaplain was only too glad to tell him about Jesus. They talked long that day about what Jesus could do for poor sinful man. For a number of days the chaplain would instruct and pray with the condemned man. One morning as the Chaplain approached the death cell, he saw the Negro on his cot reading. When the Negro saw the chaplain, he leaped to his feet and grabbed the chaplain's hand as he said, "I'se has it, I'se has it." His countenance showed it. His face was radiant. Instead of the dark scowl that had been on his face ever since he came, it shone like a full moon! The Negro said, "I prayed all last night. 'Bout daylight this morning, someone came into my cell and lit it up. He was such a bright looking One. I was not afraid of Him. He looked at me and says, 'Your sins are all gone, you can go to Heben when you die!' I fell on my face at His feet and just laughed and laughed, and when I quit laughing and rose up, He was gone, but I'se has it here in my heart."

Several weeks went by. Finally the Court of Criminal Appeals issued its syllabus that the Negro must die on a certain date. The chaplain and warden carried the news to the condemned man. He was quiet a moment, then exclaimed, "Bless de Lord, 'tis His will. I'se glad to do His will." The few weeks ahead were happy
weeks for the chaplain and condemned Negro; weeks of fellowship. The night came when the execution must take place. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, the warden and chaplain, with a few witnesses, among them a reporter for the daily press, went to the condemned Negro’s cell to read the death warrant. The Negro bowed his head and said, "The will of de Lord be done." The death-march was begun. A cigar was offered the Negro that he might chew it to deaden his sensibilities of pain. But he refused it. The chaplain said there was more nervousness among that little crowd of officers and witnesses than he had ever seen before, or since, at an execution. The Negro was perfectly calm, so composed that it almost frightened the chaplain. As they slowly made their way toward the death chamber, the condemned Negro threw back his head and in a deep melodious voice, such as is characteristic of the southern Negro who has salvation, sang, "And He walks with me, and He talks with me, and He tells me I am His own." The death chamber was reached. The Negro was soon strapped in the death-chair. The warden asked if he had anything to say. He told them how sorry he was of his past life, and asked all to forgive him, and said he was ready to meet Jesus. The black cap was pulled over his eyes, the switch was pulled, a quivering of the flesh, a swelling of the muscles, a life was snuffed out, a soul went to be with Jesus, "washed in the Blood of the Lamb." A glorious testimony that "The Blood cleanseth from all sin!"

* * * * * * *

THE END