

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1998 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with
the restrictions stated in the B4Ucopy.txt file on this CD.

* * * * *

A VOICE IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR

By Glenn Griffith

Messages Preached
By Glenn Griffith
1200 S. Clay Street
Denver 19, Colorado

Compiled for Printing
By Donald Hughes

Printed Book: No Date -- No Copyright

* * * * *

Digital Edition 05/08/98
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

A PICTURE OF GLENN GRIFFITH

A picture of Glenn Griffith with two other well-known holiness evangelists is included with this publication as hdm0649.jpg. This graphic file can be opened in any program capable of displaying JPEG graphics.

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION

God's chosen way of making His immortal truth mighty is by the revelation of saving truth in the Person of Jesus Christ. In order to reveal Himself to all men and holy angels "The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory." No man in any age past or present shall ever see God apart from the revelation of His Person as revealed in His adorable Son, Who said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." The sole manifestation of the Heavenly Father to any created being will always be through the only begotten Son, in Whom "dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

Man is in himself a great revelation of God's works in creation. But a true Christian is a marvelous manifestation of God's work in the new creation. It is written, "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works." It has pleased the Son of God to call men to preach the glorious Gospel of full salvation. His chosen ministers are laborers together with Him. They are His workmen and His witnesses in proclaiming the saving truth of Jesus.

It has been my great privilege to know Rev. Glenn Griffith for many years. I know him to be a faithful preacher of the Gospel of redeeming grace under the anointing of the Holy Ghost. The readers of this book of sermons written in words proceeding out of a holy heart will be edified and enlarged in spiritual life. The subjects chosen by Rev. Griffith are timely and Scriptural. They are needed to turn men "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith" in Christ.

T . M. Anderson

* * * * *

PERSONAL EXPRESSION
(Rev. Glenn Griffith)

God's man is born in the crucible. His life and his profoundest convictions are born in the burdened and tearful agony of his spirit. This critical hour calls for men of apostolic mold, preachers who are heroic, stalwart, soldierly, saintly. The man gives the power to the sermon. Only as the preacher has made himself a man and a saint can he proclaim with constant unction and fervency and power the message which will marshal God's militant church in an hour of tragic dispersion. In the message and the spirit of Rev. Glenn Griffith, we find that constraining power. These messages were preached by a man among men, clothed with humility, with royal bearing, and yet with the simplicity and sweetness of a child. Here is the open heart of a hearty, heroic, compassionate and fearless martyr who is helping to shape this awakening holiness generation. The expressions of this heart are not the products of a learned grammarian, but rather, they contain a rugged eloquence as they flow from a man great in faith, love and fidelity to God.

R. C. Boynton

* * * * *

The messages in this book are printed as Bro. Glenn Griffith preached them. They were taped at holiness camp meetings across the country. The recordings were made by different people and were put in the book form by the request of many preachers and laymen. No attempt at literary excellence is claimed.

All the typing was done by Anna DeCola of Rock Island, Illinois.

Donald Hughes
Vivian, Illinois

* * * * *

CONTENTS

- 1
THE FALL AND REDEMPTION OF MAN
John 1:29; I Cor. 15:21, 22

- 2
STANDING IN THE CRUCIBLE
Jer. 18:4; Matt. 27:34-54

- 3
REVIVAL
Luke 22:41, 42

- 4
CAN THESE BONES LIVE?
I Kings 17:1-4; I Kings 18:1; Ezek. 37:1-14

- 5
TRUE HOLINESS
Num. 32:1-5, 20; Deut. 13; I Cor. 13; Eph. 4:22-24

- 6
THE BLURRED GOSPEL
II Cor. 4:1-7

- 7
SEARCHING FOR AN INTERCESSOR
Ezek. 22:23-31; John 19:1-5

- 8
SANCTIFY THEM
John 16:7-13

- 9
GOD'S HOLY PLACE
Eccl. 8:6-11

- 10
THE WAY OF APOSTASY
Heb. 4:9-16

- 11

TRIBULATION JUDGMENT

Rev. 6:12-17

* * * * *

Message 1

THE FALL AND REDEMPTION OF MAN

I Corinthians 15:21, 22, John 1:29

Two portions of Scripture tonight. One in the 15th chapter of I Corinthians, two verses -- 21 and 22. "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

First chapter of John, the 20th verse, please. Read with me. "The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Read through vs. 34.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin (singular in number) of the world."

John, the writer of this Book, said in his first letter of his epistle, "The whole world lieth in wickedness," speaking of this carnal sin and atmosphere. Another said that "Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." That's an atmosphere that's created in an influence by this monster sin and that, when you pronounce it, sounds like the voice of the serpent as he crawled down the steep of time, when God cast him out of heaven for his disobedience to Him. As he entered into the highways of living humanity, pressed through the portals of the garden of holiness, methinks I see this creature that once was a shining star and close to God Himself, now creeping close to the habitation of God's man and his woman, his wife, Eve, as he pressed through the portals of this beautiful garden, slinking among the trees, those two unaware of his presence until, no doubt, in his beauty and his attraction, he stood upright before them. Now he pressed his case, introduced himself to the woman and called her attention to how wise she might be and who this garden might belong to and the freedom that they might have. She said that God gave them freedom and they could eat of anything in the garden but this one tree, and the enemy smiled in his subtle way and fooled the woman and gave her to eat. She took of the fruit and as she bit into the apple, according to his word, something happened to Eve. She gave to her husband and he became a transgressor. And as he partook of the apple, for the first time a hush fell over the garden and death stalked into its gates; for the first time, no doubt, a leaf fell from one of the beautiful trees, and the fragrance of its flowers that were pure and perfect was wafted away on the departing breezes. Sin had entered in and crushed the masterpiece that God had made.

As Adam and Eve turned their backs on God, when He discovered them in the shadows of the garden and drove them out of the gate and put an angel with a flaming sword there to keep them from getting back in and partaking of the tree of life until they could become everlasting sinners, God saw the trail of the old serpent and placed a curse upon him and said, "Upon thy belly thou shalt crawl and the dirt of the earth shall be thy food." And from that moment until this night that we are here gathered in this tabernacle, in the path of that old slithering monster serpent as he glides in his subtlety down through the ways of the human family there has been everything that

sickness and death and sin and hell could impose on men. The breeze of the whole earth seems to be contaminated and the world becomes acquainted with sorrow.

Every family felt the sting from the awful poison of sin injected into the blood stream, the moral plasma of the soul, until the soul of man died within his bosom. Every mountain with its shivering perpendicular granite walls is a picture of decay and death that came when sin entered in every tree that loses its leaves. It seemed that all of civilization felt the touch and contamination of this evil monster, and it will until God overcomes it, until even the animals that lived in peace took on the nature of the savage lion of today or his like. And just outside the garden, the first murder that ever was heard of was committed. And so the bloody trail and the evil trail of the serpent of sin -- S-I-N traveled on and drew men into it. It brought Adam and Eve out of the garden and it dwarfed their stamina and warped their judgment and talked to them and influenced them until the devil and carnal nature became their counselor instead of the One that walked in the garden and gave them counsel in the cool of the day. They became wanderers upon the face of the earth. And as humanity, as it sprang from the law of generation, began to multiply upon the earth, sin increased not only in its subtlety but its awful degradation and developed to the superlative degree until human tongue can't explain how deep men have gone into sin.

No eye could look upon the scene that God looks upon, and if it weren't for His infinite mercy, He couldn't. For sin was the cause of the building of every hospital. Sin erected every scaffold. Sin built the first jail and the first penitentiary. Sin brought into existence the gas chamber and the electric chair. Sin brought it all in. Sin set the first deathbed in a hospital. Sin raced the fevered blood through the veins and the arteries of humanity until their hearts failed within them and they went out to meet their God unprepared. Sin is the cause of it all. Sin drew the first blood in this universe, and only blood can answer the question and solve the difficulty. Sin is the cause of it all.

Who can stand the deathbeds, where the emaciated and the sick and famished lie, with fever pumping blood through their veins like liquid fire? You can hear the groan. If God would just lift the curtain until we could hear every groan and feel the very pulse of every sick person everywhere in the universe -- if you could push the beds end to end -- there is no heart, there is no physical man that could stand the awful wail of broken, suffering humanity that carnality has caused.

But, you know, it is not only human suffering, for if God could tear away the covering of the bosom of lost humanity and uncover the seething, writhing serpents of jealousy, malice, and covetousness, grudges and unforgiveness, and the wickedness and the darkness and blackness of hell in the heart that men have inherited from that awful fall of man, no life would be safe and no heart could stand the awful scene that would be unfolded. You could go to yonder asylum and turn loose the multiplied millions of driveling idiots, and emaciated men, and the alcoholics, and rip open the bars of the padded cells of this universe and drive out the many millions of suffering men who have lost their balance mentally because of sin, but no mind could stand the pressure and no heart could stand to see the result of sin. Yet God in His mercy has looked upon us these years and centuries, and God is the only One that can look upon it in mercy.

It became so bad that it looked as though the end of the trail had come and God in His mercy tried to wash it away with water and flooded the entire world, but water couldn't drown the monster sin. It lived after the flood had subsided and the old ark had anchored itself and man again wandered out on the face of the earth. The seed of sin was still in the bosoms of men, and again it multiplied itself as the people multiplied until God framed a law and put a tabernacle in the wilderness and got men out of Egypt and into Canaan. There on the plains in that wilderness on the way to Canaan, God made a law to straighten men out and tried to control this thing that had wrecked humanity. But, brother, that thing "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." "For to be carnally minded is death" (not physical death but eternal death), and death is abiding in every heart that is unsanctified. What did it care for the law of God? It trampled His law underfoot until man dared to challenge the one whom God had reappointed as His mouthpiece -- Moses -- and set him aside, defying him and said, "Who are you and since when did you become a prince that you could command us to come up and worship? Thou art more holy than we. We will not come up." That thing that shook its shaggy head and slapped God in the face when He gave the law said, "We will not come up," and they offered their kind of worship and dared to mimic God with hypocritical religion and false profession, bringing strange fire and offering it on the altar that was holy. And God had put a curse upon false holiness and false testimony.

You would be surprised at the things that God has placed His curse upon in the hearts of men until they will never awaken again to His call. On that morning when Moses felt that surge and undercurrent of disobedience and rebellion in the hearts of the people, he saw them collecting over yonder in a little group by themselves, and God spoke to him. They challenged Moses through Aaron, and Moses felt the full impact of the awful disobedience to the law of God, and he said, "Oh, my God, if You do anything to them now, let it be directly from God; let it be done in some unnatural way until they will know that God has done it and not man. I tell you, we need to know some of the manifestations of the power of God. We need to feel the awfulness of His presence in Holy Ghost conviction as well as the mercy and the love of God. We need the fear of God instilled in this careless, wicked generation as never before. And God said, "Moses, you'd better tell all that are going to stand by the will of God to get away from that crowd. Separate yourselves from them." He is still saying that. And Moses called out and sent word, but about 260 stayed with Korah and Dathan. Instantaneously, like a flash of lightning, God clave the earth in the midst of that holiness fighting crowd that refused to mind God's holy law, that refused to go with the will of God. And the Scripture tells us that they went alive quickly into the pit. But earth cannot swallow sin! Death will not do away with sin! The grave can't bury sin. It wasn't deep enough to stifle and do away with the monster sin, for it traveled on its wasteful wake as it slithered its way until the world became a graveyard and men became so filled with wicked habits that the world turned into darkness.

It looked as though there was not a ray of hope. Hell had taken over, and death had seemed to supplant the mighty work of God, and the Ark of the Covenant disappeared and nobody knows where it is. It is gone. The will of God is now the Ark of the Covenant. In the darkness of that hour over 2,000 years ago, it seemed the very breezes that fanned the bosom of the earth were breezes of hopelessness. It looked as though God in His infinite anger against the world had gathered up hope and mercy and buried them in the graveyard of the world. There wasn't a ray of hope. It seemed that humanity was so bound and entirely depraved until when they looked up, the sky was leaden, and they looked into the face of an angry God; and when they looked ahead there was

nothing waiting but a judgment against wicked men -- already God had said, "Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." Death was everywhere and the tombstone to God's masterpiece was set up in the picture of carnality and it was saying, "Alas, my brother!" I tell you, that was a tremendous hour and it looked as though that God would never speak. The worship of the church or temple, as it was called in that day, had dwindled down to such a low ebb that it was filled with Pharisees and Sadducees whose hearts were full of the bones of murdered prophets and they had tried to stifle the mouthpiece of God (Moses). These filled the important places in the temple worship and took up the power of the Ecclesia and controlled the church and gave out the law. But in their hearts they hated the law of God themselves.

Hopelessness was the graveyard of the slumbering mass of humanity! Not a hope. Not a shadow of mercy. But one morning!!! What a morning!!! A stranger appeared who had been "filled with the Holy Ghost" from his birth. Now he began to walk across the horizon of hopeless humanity. The people looked at him, the curious figure. Why was he? Where did he come from? And who was he? That was the query. Oh, if they had only known that that peculiar strange character carried the most vital message that had ever been carried to a world that was buried in sin, they would have had a different attitude. They looked at him as he feasted on locusts and wild honey and never went into a dry-goods store -- but killed a sheep or a lamb and clothed himself. He wandered upon the plains of old Judea, when he began to cry "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." What is his message? "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." What is his message? "Make his paths straight, repent, every one of you, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." And about that time out on the banks of Jordan where that crowd had gathered from the cities and towns of Judea, having closed their stores and come out to hear John preach, according to Scripture, he said, "Just a moment. Give me your attention everyone. I have come for one purpose." Then he moved his hand and the crowd opened the pathway back yonder, and he made his way down toward the river Jordan. And John said, "I have got something to tell and this is why I am here. I am not He, but I am one to introduce Him to a broken world. 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'" (Glorious Savior!) And that glorious Savior started out on the trip; made His way to the gateway of the old graveyard of humanity and bowed His head, His heart beating with soul travail. An angel flew down and said, "What is your burden?" "Oh, the poor lost world!" and the burden grew on Him as He gathered every broken heart and carried every sin and found that which had caused humanity to suffer -- the trail of the old serpent. No wonder when He got to the end of the trail He had such a wonderful testimony, for everywhere the serpent had gone, there went the bruised feet of the Son of God, the Lamb, who gathered up the broken pieces of humanity and bound up their wounds and bathed their souls and healed the blind and caused the deaf to hear and the lame to leap like an hart and the tongue of the dumb to sing. He gathered up the wounds of humanity and took every sin into His heart until it was wounded and broken. He gathered up the deep wounds of humanity and went wherever sin had gone. He gathered up the wreckage and bore it until it formed a cross that was ugly and cruel which shaped itself upon His labored back, broken and bruised and cut with the lashes of hateful men, who hated God and hated the One that carried the cross for them. But He carried the cross for us purposely. Out from the darkness of the graveyard of the world there appeared this broken Man, referred to by the prophet in those words, "When we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him."

"He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with

grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Wonderful One, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, the Governor of the universe, the Daystar! Hallelujah! The attractiveness to the wise men, the magnet of eternity, the fountain filled with blood, the fountain opened in the House of David for sin and uncleanness! Christ, the Lamb that was slain before the foundation of the world! He is coming up the hills of suffering, through Pilate's hall where broken men plead for mercy, where a pagan governor said, "Behold the man!" Hallelujah! With His bloody garments! Yes, the old pagan said, "Here is a man that can answer as a perfect man for every man. He is come from the struggle."

That was a perfect sacrifice for humanity, and as He carried that cross up the hillside (pray for me if you will) rough and steep, with not a friend on earth, they had to get whatever one they could get to carry it when He fell exhausted. His backslidden disciples had deserted Him and fled. Everyone was afraid to stand by the Son of God. He suffered alone. He walked alone. He blessed people alone. He multiplied the food for a multitude alone. He turned the water into the wine of the kingdom until men could drink from the draught, and God could make them blessed in His presence. And as He scaled the hill, the old serpent (seeing that His end was near), hate gleaming from those two beady eyes that have looked in the faces of every lost man and woman of this human race, thought he had the Son of God cornered. But as He plodded up the hill He was helped by Simon from the darkened country. And then His hands were nailed and the serpent could have full access to a helpless man. My God, I hope you see it!

With every vestige of strength gone, with not a supporter on earth, there on the top of old Golgotha, the old hill of the skull, where I saw with my eyes and walked over with my unworthy feet and cried my unworthy tears, they dropped His cross in the ugly chasm of the hill of granite. As it hit the bottom and tore and rent His hands and feet, the serpent coiled himself around that cross for sin will never die of human power. He wound himself around that cross and saw the helpless Son of man. "He is helpless now," "I will get rid of Him forever" -- and the crowd out there were clapping their hands, and they said, "He is the one that told us." The Gadarenes were there -- He had made it hard on their dirty business, He had made them quit working on Sunday. He uncovered every unclean business, and they were there to mock Him. They clapped their hands and threw dirt in the air and said, "Away with Him now; that old blasphemer will soon be gone." The doctors were there and they pulled their little old collars together and straightened up in their dignity and said, "I told you so." And that old serpent, as he threw back his head, showed his fangs. But that supernatural One, crucified in the human but alive within Himself, stretched forth His mighty hands and extracted the fang that would have finished off humanity, and let it sink in His own heart, the bosom of God.

Where else can a sinner weep out his burden? Where else could a man filled with carnality go for refuge? No wonder the song writer said, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee, Let the water and the blood, from Thy wounded side which flowed, be of sin the double cure; save from wrath and make me pure." Christ took sin and nailed carnality to the cross. God lived but sin died, and in that moment the Scripture was fulfilled -- "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die" -- were left to go to their graveyard -- "even so in Christ shall all be made alive." He looked out across this old universe with the death struggle of sin, dying in His quivering form, and then looked up and said, "It is finished." Not a defeated one, but a conqueror. Sin had died and now man can have power over sin through Jesus Christ our Lord.

But, you know, the scene was not through, for He looked up and saw that crowd of men, when sin had been overcome -- He saw that crowd of men with their hissing voices and ugly looks and grimaces upon their faces, shaking their heads and throwing dirt in the air, and He realized they were suffering from the sting of sin. And He looked up and said, as his final prayer, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," and gave up the ghost. His head bowed itself upon His bosom and the old Pharisees gathered together and said, "He is dead," and the doctor nudged the one next to him and said, "He is dead," and that talk was whispered around among the crowd until the children ran up and touched His hands and said, "He is dead." And the mother of Jesus down at the foot of the cross, weeping, saw His head fall on His bosom that had been nurtured on her own bosom, was convinced He was dead, and wept. John, under the consultation and counsel of Jesus before He died, took Mary to his home and cared for her.

Could I break the continuity of thought just a moment to say what I want to say for His glory? Remember, there is just One -- the Man -- there is one mediator between God and man; one Man, M-A-N, Jesus Christ. There is no woman -- God. John took care of the mother of Jesus, and nobody has to take care of God. It is just as impossible for Catholics to go to heaven as it is for demons of hell to go to heaven, unless they repent and denounce Catholicism.

Jesus Christ is the Conqueror. He raised His head that day and said, "Forgive them" -- and they had the opportunity to be forgiven.

I tell you, they took Him down, and even old Joseph from Arimathea and the one who called Him by night carried Him down to that new-made grave where no man had slumbered or slept or been buried. I put my unworthy feet on the threshold of that tomb. His tomb. I saw it with these two eyes. There is no doubt in my mind that there is the tomb in the Gordon's garden just around the bluff of the hill from old Mt. Calvary. You know, they took Him and wrapped Him in the finest of linen. No doubt the widow that ran the little store on the corner dug way back in the shelf and found that priceless piece of cloth that they wrapped Him in. She said, "This is about all I can do for our Lord, for I loved Him, too." And they wrapped Him and put the napkin about His head and placed Him in the tomb, and then the devil rolled a rock up to the tomb and said, "We will seal Him up forever." The devil thought He was dead, and hell rejoiced. They said, "He is dead." But heaven never quit its clatter for the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed and the graves were shaken until after His resurrection, dead men got out of their graves and walked the streets. God was on the subterranean battleground, brother.

While they shut the rock on the front of the grave, there was commotion on the inside. Jesus took the napkin from around His brow and set off the wrapping of humanity and piled it neatly in the tomb and said, "Now I will finish the task that is before Me here." And He started down the tunnel of everlasting darkness and found Abraham and his crowd that lived by faith back yonder, and He conquered death, hell and the grave. Dead men were raised from the dead by the women who prayed; and the armies of the aliens were defeated by praying men, and Jesus, the Son of God, with the nail prints in His hands, walked down to the old prison and said, "Oh, Abraham, the prophecy has been fulfilled. No longer do you live by faith in the law but by the faith of Jesus Christ in His precious blood." But He wasn't through. He went on down beyond Paradise, He went on down to the bowels of everlasting darkness on the trail of death -- that monster that the serpent brought into this world -- and He chased death to the corner of his domain. God said that He overcame death, and took from his hands the keys of death. Then He walked over to the other side of the darkness of his domain and took hold of the blistering gates of damnation and hell and said, "It is not too hot for My hands to handle," and took the keys of hell and kicked it shut and said, "Men don't need to go there if they don't want to." And they don't have to go there tonight if they don't want to. He came back up the same old tunnel with the keys of hell and death in His hands, and He walked up to the gateway in triumph, no longer on the trail of the serpent that was dead. He had been overcome and death and hell had been defeated.

You don't need to think that about Easter if you don't want to, but it isn't any fallacy to me, for when He came up and walked in the earth, God sent an old-fashioned earthquake and knocked the old rock over.

He stood there. He stood in the gateway of the grave that is open tonight to take care of every sin and every heartache and every defeat and every bit of carnality. You can bury them in the tomb of the Lord. He stood there and smiled and raised those hands with the keys and He said, "'Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.' 'I am the resurrection and the life.' Down yonder there lies the old serpent, down yonder death is under control, the gates of hell are locked and they are at My command. He that 'believeth in me shall never die,' but shall pass 'from death unto life.'" He said, the same One that stepped down through the golden candlesticks, "John, tell the church that I am the One that was dead," "Paul, I am the Lord; and I have in My hand the keys of death and hell. You don't need to die." And the world woke up and the churches began to be built and the mourner's bench, and men began to forgive each other. Hallelujah!

God was beginning to renovate this world and men began to live like they did in the Garden of Eden, except they didn't have a perfect body and a perfect mind; but they loved God, they walked through the quagmire of sin and kept the will of God.

Job got it on the old ash heap until God witnessed, until the devil gave up. God said, "I heard Job testify a moment ago." "In all this did not Job sin with his lips." Then let false prophets preach sinning religion, false faith healers commercialize His precious blood by their TV shows, etc., . . . but I have found a better treasure, One that delivered me from sin and the devil. Have you found Him tonight?

I have watched them come from the darkened regions of the graveyard of sin, habit-bound, hopeless, until there wasn't enough will power, only just barely enough for God to get a hand-hold

of them. I have seen them stagger to the altar, fall over under conviction, and pray for mercy, "My God," until within an hour or two, I have seen them get up, sobered-up and dry-eyed, and stand as straight as I am. God saved them from sin. He turned Billy Sunday loose from a Salvation Army meeting until he shook the United States, shook every bootlegger and every saloon keeper, dried up the cities and put the 18th amendment in the Constitution and waited for an old drunken bum to be elected President so he could condemn the whole thing, but God in His infinite mercy resurrected the dead man. He found Mary Magdalene with a hopeless life, cast out seven devils and gave her the Easter message. She was in the garden looking for Him.

There is One who walks the aisles of this church tonight that I want to introduce to you just before I close. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." This is the One who must be manifested to Israel. He was manifested to destroy the works of the devil, and if you don't have Him you don't have life. If you have Him you have life. "He that hath the Son hath life." "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart," and the law condemns us and brings us to the fact we are sinners. But, turn, look across the valley and there is another hill, Calvary, that forgives and blots out and forgets and gives you the victory over sin, the flesh and the devil. I present Christ to you tonight. This is my message that God gave me. I want to tell you that He is able to do exceedingly abundantly for you if you will let Him work in you.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Let us pray!

* * * * *

Message 2

STANDING IN THE CRUCIBLE

"They gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall: and when he had tasted thereof, he would not drink." Matthew 27.34

Let us pray.

Our Heavenly Father, Thou dost know the purpose of our life. Thou dost know the reach of our message and the need of every soul that is here. My heart is burdened, and I pray Thee, Lord, that today before the camp meeting comes to its close many will have wept their way through to victory. Thou dost know the confusing things that have come and gone in our minds today. If we preach, Thou will have to help us. Let the benediction of God be upon this crowd and the unction and anointing of God come upon the preacher. Oh, Jesus, help us to be faithful as we stand between the living and the dead. Give us, Lord, one more time the ability to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Give us a spirit of yielding in the crowd. Give us the spirit of honesty, Lord, of sincerity and consistency in religion. Help us to preach as if we were to face it in the next hour and a half, and help men to listen as though they would meet it at midnight tonight. Oh, God, put Thine arms around this great camp meeting crowd and around this preacher and shut us in with Thee for these next minutes. Terminate this service with victory according to the Holy Ghost. Let Holy Ghost conviction intensify on the needy and Holy Ghost concern intensify on the saints of God, and

we'll praise Thee for every accomplishment of this service. We ask it in Jesus' precious Name and for His sake. Amen.

I feel this afternoon that God has laid this message on my heart. There is something in this Scripture that we holiness folk need to know. Begin reading with the 34th verse of the 27th chapter of Matthew through the 54th verse. Did you ever see this picture of the crowd of church leaders and drunken soldiers watching to see what Christ would do in this crucial moment?

There is a verse of Scripture in the 18th chapter of Jeremiah that I want to use as a contemporary text. "And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it" (Jer. 18:4).

I want to speak to you on standing or failing in the crucible. They tell me that the crucible is the hollow in the bottom of the great heated furnace. After they have wheeled in the carload of slag mixed with metals and a lot of things that are not to be kept, the fire of that furnace melts the alloy and breaks up the slag until only pure metal runs into the bottom or the crucible.

The crucible also stands for the testing place of the Christian. This is made in Pentecostal fires. It melts the unholiness out of his life. Like the pure metals they can use to build bridges and other metal structure and the gold that never tarnishes, so the Christian must go through the crucible and stand the fire until God can melt him and mold him into the vessel that He wants to make to meet the need of this hour and stand in the gap for this lost, suffering generation of needy souls.

There is a text in Proverbs that says, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." This crucible is the testing place of everything on earth. God has used it as the testing place of His Christians. As men stood the test in the crucible, they refused to yield to the things that were around about them. They refused to take on the color even though they suffered, though they ran the gauntlet of persecution of every generation for which they were directly responsible. The Christians that we know today are purchased by the blood of Jesus Christ, and His love has been proven by the footprints stained with the blood of martyrs that refused to fail in the crucible. We talk about Christianity, and we love to preach holiness as a second definite work of grace -- and there is an experience that will keep a person in the crucible. We can sign a card; we can make many resolutions; we can join the church. But in that moment when God depends on us and in that moment when poor, broken, lost humanity depends upon us, if there are any bubbles in the steel or any flaw in our Christian experience, it is going to show in that moment. And when I fail, the people fail; for the preacher is the watchman in the tower.

They tell about a great bridge in the eastern part of the United States that carries not only the railroad trains and the fast mail trains, but lifted up by the same girders is the highway where hundreds of cars drive over. One day while the heavily loaded train was rolling over, one of the girders gave way. There was a crash and the train toppled into the murky waters of destruction. It was discovered, when the dead were tolled and the wreckage was gathered up, that within the girder there was a bubble. It hadn't had enough fire. It needed to be put in the fire again. Because it failed in the crucible, it caused destruction and death and sorrow. I am trying to say that there is only one kind of Christianity and that is the Christ-centered Christianity. That is the Christ that never fails. Holiness will take out the bubbles and take out the unholiness and take out the failures

that are within us and take out that which would turn in the crucial moment and become a coward. The reason why I'm here this afternoon is because men and women back in the days of old didn't fail in the crucible. You can watch across the pages of history and you will see that there were some things that did fail; but from Abraham to John the Baptist, God had some men and women that refused to yield.

You can read the history -- and what a glorious page of history is that 11th chapter of Hebrews! Note the march of those men. By faith. By faith. By faith Moses did this. They stood the test. The writer said, "What more could I say?" for time wouldn't allow to speak of Gideon and Barak and Jephthah and the prophets. Women received their dead back to life again. Alien armies were defeated. The heroes of faith were persecuted. They were driven from their homes. Their enemies emptied their clothes closets, they emptied their storage for food. They drove them into the mountains. The faithful were forced to clothe themselves with the skins of beasts and eat locusts and wild honey, but they never quit. They never yielded. They stood true to the trust they had inherited. They believed that God was able to do exceeding abundantly above all they asked or thought. They took God at His word and marched on. They had no word called "defeat" written in their vocabulary. They fought till they died. They refused to compromise, not accepting deliverance that they might have a better resurrection.

We have a great heritage in this country of ours. I know that the only time God's people ever got into captivity or failed to win a battle was when somebody failed in the crucible and failed in the test of fire. You can take the Children of Israel at Kadesh-barnea. It was because they failed in the crucible that millions of men wandered out into the wilderness of sin and bleached their bones in the land of sin. They refused. They failed when God counted on them. They failed when Moses counted on them. They failed even though God made a law -- if man hadn't failed in the crucible all would have been well. The law is holy and righteous and good. But man trifled with God's law. And because it couldn't deliver him of an evil conscience the law failed? No Man failed in the crucible. He refused the law and it couldn't make him what he ought to be. The carnal mind is enmity against God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

In the crucible of your life carnality will make you fail. If there had always been somebody to light the light, what a revival could have happened back in the yesterdays -- and even today, what a revival could take place if men would only stand true in the crucible Anybody can shout when the walls of Jericho fall down, but the crucible is in the march around the town before the first stone at the top begins to jiggle. Anybody can water the cattle and the horses and the sheep when the water holes have been opened up by a young man by the name of Shamgar. Anybody can shout the victory when the banners are waving. Anybody can have the victory in a camp meeting like this. But in the sweaty prayer room, in the wrestling of the prophet of God to get a message for the people, back behind the closed door, is where the crucible is. . . .

The greatest and mightiest men that ever walked the paths of God -- we call them the major prophets and the minor prophets -- were stoned. They were put in slime pits -- Isaiah was put in a hollow log and sawed asunder. But they wouldn't quit. I'm trying to give you a picture of a Christian. The blood of Jesus Christ never bought a church member. The blood of Jesus Christ and the dynamic baptism of the Holy Ghost never sanctified a stick. -- he makes men out of men and women out of women. It not only purifies, but it puts the go in them It not only refines their

character and burns up the pollution of the soul but it baptizes them with a fire of love and passion that is hotter than any fire that was ever kindled in this world

But the Israelites stoned the prophets that God sent to them. What if the prophets had failed? History would have been rubbed out in those crucial spots. Somebody held the light. Somebody suffered and held true. You can trail them on down. After the Children of Israel had broken the law and had failed until God almost wiped them off the earth, had it not been for the intercession of Moses, He'd have destroyed the whole crowd.

Then He gave them the Ark of the Covenant, the type of the Holy Ghost, and said they should keep it and no man touch it. In it was a pot of manna and a budded rod of Aaron. In it was God's will and it sat there on the mercy seat which the cherubim of heaven fanned with their wings and guarded. But they let the Ark of the Covenant get away, and no one knows where it is today. They became the defeated ones. They failed to mind God. One fellow put his hand on it and died. Another let it get away to another camp. You listen to me, God Almighty is not interested in denominations. He is not interested in churches. He is not interested in statues and images of Mary. He is interested in the blessed Holy Ghost dwelling in the hearts of men. It is the Holy Ghost that the devil is fighting today. Satan had his fight with Jesus and failed. Now he is fighting the Holy Ghost.

The Israelites fought against God. They failed so many times until God could hardly find a remnant sometimes to pick up, until 400 years of darkness settled down on this old world as though God would never speak again. Not because God didn't love a lost world. His benevolent heart was breaking all the time. But because men failed in the crucible. He couldn't trust man. He would bring man back and then he would go away again. Judah and Israel, the twin sisters, failed Him so many times that He called them harlots.

When Solomon built his temple and dedicated it, it looked as though Israel would walk in David's precepts and commandments and would not fail; yet there came 400 years of darkness with a temple worship that was not only formality, it was commercialized blasphemy. It looked as though the world was in darkness, but God had His Maccabees, a little group of holy folk that suffered and suffered and suffered persecutions. They stood true in this crucible of fire.

I'm trying to tell you that this thing we profess costs something. If you think you can run to an altar and put up your lily-white hands and say, "This is Christianity," you are mistaken. It cost the bloody drops of the life of the Son of God. God is a God of justice, and Jesus Christ was the only One that could satisfy justice. He paid the price. He never failed in that dark hour. Praise God!

When the priesthood was gone and the temple had become a place of pigeon sellers and dealers in merchandise -- the racketeers of the holiness movement -- when the church lost its power and the priest lost his sanctity, the church became a shamble. God remembered. O merciful God, expressed in the body and life of Thy Son! What would we do today without Jesus? But yonder on the horizon of the day of darkness men ran about seeking but finding nothing. They were doing everything under the guise of religion until they were called "graveyards." They were called mausoleums for they were full of the prophets' bones. Don't ever accuse a holiness person of being

a Pharisee. A Pharisee is a compromiser. A Pharisee never professed holiness. A Pharisee never was sanctified. A Pharisee never even accepted Jesus Christ. He was just an old temple worshiper. Men will accuse the old-fashioned holiness folks. They will say holiness people are Pharisees that make the outside of the platter clean while the inside is corrupt and full of dead men's bones. Let me ask you whose bones were in those tombs. I'll tell you. They were full of old-fashioned holiness preachers -- Isaiah and Jeremiah and others.

God sent one whose footsteps sounded in the darkness, whose name was John. He said he was not the Light that could penetrate the darkness but he was a witness of that Light. Hallelujah! Out there John feasted on locusts and wild honey and drank water from pure fountains. He declared and introduced the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Jesus, the "Lamb," had never seen a cross yet, but God said through His sufferings -- His sacrifice -- even He was made perfect in suffering. The trip to the cross is where the test is doing its work even to the Son of man. How men tried to keep Him from the cross. Listen! If this world can keep a man from getting on his cross of self-crucifixion and offering himself a living sacrifice, that's what will defeat him in the crucible. If it can keep folks from getting sanctified wholly and from crucifying the old man, God is defeated and the message is defeated and the preacher is defeated. It is the cross that brings the victory. It is the crucible, and the cross is the crucible. Look how men tried to block the footsteps of the Son of God -- to keep Him from mounting old Golgotha to die for lost humanity. But He said, "They can't kill me for I was born for this hour."

What were we born for? To sit around and make excuses? We sit around and tease God to bless us and we don't give up anything. I'm talking about an eternal God that took time out to draw your attention to the fact that He could purify your soul. He could forgive every sin if you would turn from your wicked ways and seek Him.

Persecution such as had never been heard of before arose when Christ walked the dusty roads of life. All hell was aroused. He was astounding to everyone in every one of His activities. He confounded the doctors. One said, "Never man spake like this man." Another coming from the storm-centered Galilee rushed up the bank and said, "Even the elements -- even the waves obey Him. There never was one like Him."

You can live in the basement of your soul and dabble with the things of time and join the church and line up with your manual and conference and line up with backslidden ecclesiastics. I want to tell you, though, that salvation begins at the cross. This costs something. What if Jesus Christ had failed in the crucible?

"An highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there." Jesus preached it and didn't quit. When the spittle was running down His face in the shadows of that fateful night and when betrayal was in the air, an angel touched Him. He could have called a legion of angels to His rescue, but He suffered and climbed up on the cross. Betrayal always comes from within the church. The traitor is always in

the home army and that is what is defeating. The traitor is the religious termite within the holiness movement.

The traitor, Judas, took the 30 pieces of silver, but he is ranting in the dismal dungeons of the damned today. He tried to get rid of the betrayal price and so will others some day if they don't stop and listen to God and repent. Christ's enemies cornered Him and tortured Him even though He did kindness everywhere He went. They put Him in Pilate's hall, gave Him an illegal trial; and He said, "I am the Son of God." Another time He said, "I am the bread of life. Except you eat of my body and drink of my blood you are not my children." They all forsook Him and said it was a hard saying. What am I talking about? A crucible! You can take your stand when the crowd is cheering you on, but how about yonder where they hate holiness and they want to know if you have the blessing? What does it mean in the shop when Jesus Christ walks in through a testimony and says, "I am the Son of God; I can sanctify the heart; I suffered without the gate that I might sanctify the people with my own blood," and you slip out and hurry back to your machine and keep your mouth shut?

You go down to the ten-cent store and you say, "I've got to compromise in order to keep my job." There He is behind the counter needing a witness. Oh, He didn't have any on the way to the cross. There was Simon Peter, right when the Son of man was suffering everything that the Son of man could suffer. Peter said, "I'll never leave You nor forsake You. No, I'll follow You to prison and to death." Jesus said, "Satan hath desired you to sift you as wheat." What? Put you in the crucible. There by the side of that worldly group he was afraid to take his stand for the Lord. There was one that failed in the crucible.

When the right price came along, Judas sold out. What would it take for you to backslide? What would it take for you to give up that shouting experience, that weeping experience you have? Failed in the crucible! Judas is pacing the back alley of hell today. He condemned Jesus Christ and criticized the little woman who loved Him and poured out her love through the broken alabaster box. Judas said, "Why all this waste?" Is that what you think when God calls you for something? Some have talents enough so they could earn \$700 a week singing on TV. Why all this waste to go and sing in a holiness crowd? Why wear long hair and put up with hard scrabble and live in the sawdust? Come on! Failing in the crucible! Don't forget that those who are making millions a year are going to face the crucible one of these days. They failed in the crucible when God counted on them the most.

Someone went by and spit in Christ's face. Outside, the soldiers were looking for a thornbush. I've seen them in Nevada. The ugly thornbush. They are twisted and gnarled -- an awful thing. Some of you have been out there and know what I am talking about. Long thorns and as big around as my little finger and come to a very sharp point. The soldiers platted a crown on Him. Another slipped up behind Him with a scarf and blindfolded Him. They couldn't look in the eyes of Jesus and attack Him. This communistic committee that smeared and tried to rob Jesus Christ of His immaculate conception and God of His authority and the Holy Ghost of the inspiration of the Bible can't look Him in the face. They looked one day and their eyes went out. They are as much damned now as they will be a million years hence. They sinned the unpardonable sin. They sinned against the Holy Ghost who inspired this Bible. You can trifle around with those fellows and give them compliments for the work they went to when they translated the Revised Standard Version

Bible; but let's be consistent and go back and give compliments to Judas Iscariot. He didn't have a lot of fun betraying Jesus. Let's give Judas credit if that crowd needs credit. You say, "What are you talking about?" I'm talking about the crucible that settles our destiny. If we fail in that crucible, it is all lost.

When Jesus was blindfolded, one came along and slapped Him in the face and said, "If Thou be the Son of God, prophesy who slapped you." To make a long story short the treadmill of suffering in the crucible is a long weary trail. I'm not reflecting on these boys. Don't you think for a minute I am. I love these boys. But I want the world to know I'm not afraid to say what I said. I've had to go alone. If you are going through the crucible, you'll have to go alone, too. You won't take the crowd with you. Jesus climbed the hill and staggered under the load, but He didn't quit. When they got Him to the top, they laid Him down on that old brutal cross; and they stretched forth His hands that had blessed thousands of people in the working of miracles. Divinity submitting to humanity was stretched out on a cross that they hewed out of timber that He had created. The spikes that they drove through His hands and feet were taken from the quarries and the smelters and the hills that He had created and had put iron in. Divinity -- God -- submitted that He might catch sin and carry sin to the tree. There they nailed Him to the cross, and then raised it and dropped it with a thud into the granite hill of Golgotha until the bowels of hell were shaken. The elements of earth, in His dying hour, shook and trembled. The sun that He had spun forth from His infinite fingers, took the shawl of those storm clouds and wrapped a shroud about His face to hide His suffering. The angelic, winged troops from the banisters of heaven, including the angels of mercy, watched, for it looked like hope was dying; it looked like hope was going and the light was about out. The disappointment became greater and greater for He dropped His head. Then the rocks, that He had made with His own fingers, were rent -- and men stood aghast and rebuked. God shook the graves out in the graveyards, after His resurrection, until men got up out of their graves and walked into the city. "What are you talking about?" I'm talking about the time that the world thought they could kill God. They nailed Him there on the cross, and He hung in the blistering sunshine until the old black ravens of despair flew by and stretched their necks and thought He was dead. They wagged their heads and said, "He's dead." It looked as though all hope was gone. A brokenhearted mother with her arms around the foot of the cross looked up with a tear-stained face even though she had pondered all these things in her heart. Friend and foe alike thought He was dead. He had gone through Gethsemane. He mounted the hill of Calvary. He drank the cup of death, but He wasn't dead. He was paying the price. He was in the crucible. They wouldn't let Him alone even when He was on the cross. They walked by, glad that He was gone so He couldn't torment them again. One said, "If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." He didn't come down. Thank God! Another said, "If You are the Son of God, let Him deliver You now." He didn't say a word. He was taking the old principle of sin and nailing it to the cross.

While the world looked on, with His head bowed upon His bosom, He said, "It is finished." He slipped out of the body, and they buried His bones; but He was gone already. He had business to prove Himself. There stood that drunken, staggering group of soldiers. Listen, the drunkard will come nearer looking at God and seeing Him in victory than a lot of church members will. That old drunken centurion heard the rumblings of the thunder of God's eternal wrath and saw that the sun had swathed its face in the clouds of the storm and the rocks were in agitation in anger

against the awful crime that was committed. And that old drunken centurion staggered to his feet and touched his comrade on the shoulder and said, "Truly this was the Son of God."

Down yonder in Pilate's hall the old pagan governor saw Him marching with an old blindfold over His eyes and the spittle running down His face and the blood stream running down His lacerated back, and said, "Behold the man!" He was a perfect man and perfect God. He was a perfect man on trial and a perfect God on Calvary. Hallelujah! They can't kill God. Hallelujah! While the funeral march was on, He went down into the subterranean chambers of the damned, got on the trail of death and never got off the trail until He throttled death in the corner of his dark domain and overcame him. Hallelujah! He walked to every graveyard in the world and gave hope to the spirits in prison that one time had lived but wouldn't be perfect unless Jesus came. He walked to the blistering gates of hell and took the keys from the shining gates and scaled again the heights and stood at an open grave, a Conquering Christ. He never failed in the crucible.

Jesus didn't stay on the cross. Humanity and sin were hanging there, but Divinity went on to victory. He called that little group on that Easter morning. He gathered those 12 disciples for the final picture. See them praying out there on the hill by Bethany, looking up, watching the form of the One they loved ascending into heaven. He had told them to forget the kingdoms of the world, to forget about whether the Jews were in charge of Palestine or the Romans. But that is not what I'm talking about. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." He said, "Don't worry about Me, but don't you leave Jerusalem until you have received the promise of the Father." On that wonderful day, 50 days after the crucifixion, He slipped down the banister of eternity and moved into the life of every man, woman, boy and girl that would obey Him.

No longer did the death clouds appear around the hillsides. The Holy Spirit came suddenly, like a mighty rushing wind from heaven and filled the upper room. Tongues like as of fire sat on every head, and the disciples went out the door with Christ living in them. "Christ in you, the hope of glory!" Now listen! That church went out sanctified wholly. They had a responsibility upon them. God put the church in the crucible. This thing is horn in the fire and the Blood, and is preserved by the blood of martyrs and the testimony of the saints. We are in the crucible this moment. They died that day in the upper chamber. They died to sin and died to this world; but when they got out in the blistering and contrary winds and pressure, they did not fail. We are in the crucible this very moment. Will we fail?

Yes, they had their educational institutions, and they are educating our boys now. They are getting A.B.'s and D.D.'s and PH.D's and LL.D's, and getting educated and educated and educated, spending millions and millions of dollars for education and great buildings and great organs to play and great choirs to sing. They are going after everything in the world that humanity can find. They put on crusades and great conventions. They are doing a great splash as far as humanity is concerned but they failed in the crucible. You think this is something I have just heard about. No, sir! I haven't lived 60 years for nothing. Call me what you want to. I'm going to be faithful to that crowd and my ministry. They took our boys to school, to their little accredited places and taught them schoolroom ethics and molded their personalities, and 9 out of 10 of them couldn't make a success in the ministry in the first place. They educated those boys, and many of them started out

with fire and a red-hot testimony. Our girls went there with long hair and long sleeves -- they were old-fashioned girls. They came back with bobbed hair and no glory, and we couldn't do anything with them. That is the reason they have no standards. That is the reason why we can't preach on the externals and worldliness. It is because the ministry has failed in the crucible. When the ministry fails, the church goes down. When the ministry failed, the church went down. I'm going to say some pretty plain things, but God is my Judge this afternoon. If this is the last sermon I ever preach, I'm ready to go to heaven. I want you to know that.

When the church fails, womanhood fails -- poor drooping womanhood. She is like an angel with her wings smeared with coal dust, drooping, unfed and unclothed. No self-respect. I'm talking generally now. Thank God for the holiness women that have an experience and love God. Remember, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the generation. Oh, motherhood, you hear me today. They would rather have a poodle dog than a baby in the home. You listen to me. They are sending out preachers and preachers' wives that don't intend to have any family. They are trying to tell us that they can go to the mission fields and preach holiness over the country if they are not cumbered with children. Then they had better quit murdering and stay single. We are trying to run the holiness movement with the blood of the innocent dripping from their fingers while they revel and revel on in legalized prostitution, and try to make folks think they are saved and sanctified and can govern their families and can space their children. You don't like that, a lot of you; but that is what's the matter with the holiness movement. I can't point too strong a finger at young men and women. I lay it at a backslidden ministry. When the ministry failed and ecclesiasticism took over, I never said much about it until it took some of the best boys I ever knew. Some that I loved as I loved my own life's blood were building for eternity, but pressure came from ecclesiasticism. If you are going with us, you must adjust to us, and, brother, they lost their message, some of them. They aren't pastoring the little churches. They are pastoring the big churches. Oh, ecclesiasticism that failed in the crucible!

That is the reason our people can sit out in the pews when you preach on carnality and never move a bit. That is the reason why you can mention the television and you can mention the picture show and wedding rings and bobbed hair and modest dress, and they will just tell you to go jump in the lake. I'll tell you where it started. It started in the pulpit. I've lived in this holiness movement for 30 years. I can remember when every preacher that I ever knew went out and preached a full Gospel. They went out and they didn't call it ranting and rambling and preaching on non-essentials. Everything used to be essential in the holiness movement, and we had the fire.

They tried to pour cold water on me. They tried to choke me down but I'm going to finish up like I started. I may not finish up where I started, but I'm going to finish up like I started. I believe God has got enough old-fashioned folks. If He hasn't got enough of them, He has another flock of ravens and He'll feed us and see us through. I know some of you will say, "He is preaching against our church." Well, if your church is guilty, that's so.

Failed in the ministry! Failed in the ministry! We can take them -- goat riders and tobacco chewers, jewelry lovers and divorcees and everything else. Try to make excuses for divorcees, folks that are all mixed up 3 or 4 times! They have 2 or 3 living husbands and expect me to preach and wink at it and just let it go. I'm not going to do it. The biggest farce that is portrayed on the screens of today is the divorce question. God said, "What . . . God hath joined together, let not man

put asunder." You are married till you die. You say, "I'm involved. What am I going to do?" Mind God. You say, "Brother Griffith, won't the liar be forgiven?" Yes. "Won't the thief be forgiven?" Yes. But the liar has got to quit lying and the thief has got to quit stealing. And you've got to quit adultery. "What are you talking about, Brother Griffith?" I'm talking about failing in the crucible. If this thing is holy, then divorce is not holy. If this thing is holy, then childless homes are not holy. I believe in allowance and God knows my heart. I know there are some who don't have the privilege, but they would love to raise a family more than anything in the world. Then there are these little whippersnappers running all over the country who come and take the widow's money. They preach 10 sermons just like turning a record, then go out and have a picnic and buy the best clothes. I know some of them who live like millionaires. The pastor is paid \$100 or \$150 a week. I'm not talking about one church alone. They are generally all alike. It doesn't make any difference. A lot of good men are under the pressure of ecclesiasticism and high-powered diplomacy that says, "Now be wise, don't be a fool. If you'd quit preaching on a few things you could fill the big churches." I don't say this to brag, but I have preached in as big churches as any of them. To God be the glory.

You say, "What are you talking about?" I'm talking about standing in the crucible. Oh, God help us. Because they failed in the crucible, this poor old world is lost.

Here's another indictment. How many families are getting in to the revival meetings -- new families? I'm not talking about warmed-over holiness folks. I'm talking about the drunkard out there who has never been saved, that merchant out there who has never been saved. How many of them come in and get saved and join the church? It seems that the biggest churches could count them on one hand. What is the matter? The church failed in the crucible. They exchanged the Holy Ghost for basketball and amusement and entertainment. The pastors have become the captains and the cultured and the entertainers. Young men who are going to preach are trained to be football players and wrestlers and baseball players, captains of little leagues. So-called holiness preachers! What's the matter? Failed in the crucible! My God, we are almost at the second coming of the Lord.

Talk about the delinquency of the day. The rolls of delinquency are all smeared with children of backslidden preachers and little butterfly pastors' wives. These wives haven't prayed for so long. All they go along with their husbands for is just to be dressed up and to be a doll. Who wants to go to such preachers or their wives with their problems? What young couple will go to them with their personal problems when they tell all the rest of the crowd about it at midnight down at the drugstore? They never pray. Oh, they say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," but they can't pray a sweaty prayer. They wouldn't dare get down on both knees. They are dressed up too good. I've never said a word, I've never written a letter, I've never gotten up and given any sarcastic speech, in betraying anyone's confidence. I'm pouring out my soul this afternoon. This is my soul. I feel sorry for all of them. What we need is a revival among the holiness ministry. Oh, you say, "The preachers will throw you overboard." No, the preachers that want to go with me won't -- not the good preachers. And the others never did like me anyhow. Our folks wait out there in the church expecting something -- expecting something from God -- and they let them drift. Then they get in a meeting like this and find out they are starved to death and half-backslidden, and go to the altar and dig and scratch gravel; then if they aren't careful they'll go right back. Brother Broadmind comes around and says, "Well, I suppose you went down to the meeting and they put foolish notions in your head. Those are just men's opinions." No, it is truth, nor opinions! "What's the

matter with you, Brother Griffith?" I'm responsible to this generation. God called me to be a watchman on the tower. God calls His ministers to be watchmen on the towers of Israel. He calls His men to be born on the cross. Christianity was born on a cross. It's going to have to live on a cross. It will die on a cross. If Christianity ever comes down off the cross, we'll never prove that Jesus is the Son of God. If the devil can get us down off the cross and lead us away from the crucified life, and get us down in the basement of worldliness and our human opinions and measuring ourselves in a comparable religion with everybody else, we'll never see this lost world shaken for God.

Oh, there is a man and a woman out yonder dying, fatally injured and totally deprived. They are looking for a Good Samaritan to come along. Dying on the very eve of the coming of Jesus, and the folks have no burden for prayer. If the preacher isn't a man of prayer, you can't expect the folks to pray with a burden. I'm not making excuses. We ought to pray anyhow. I'm not upholding carnality and lethargy and laziness in the laity, but I want to tell you I've found across the land that if I'd lead them in the garden of prayer, most of my people would follow me there. Failed in the crucible! Put on our camp meetings; have a big shouting time; have a lot of stringed instruments out on the platform and strum and play! They haven't prayed through and had the anointing for so long they don't know what the anointing would be. I saw one couple that had 14 different instruments. She was so delicate and dainty that she had to put on kid gloves so she wouldn't mar her beautiful hands as she milked those dog collar bells like you'd milk a cow at supper time. Her husband would brag on her -- what a wonderful wife he had. "What a wonderful husband I have! What a wonderful church we have! What a wonderful ministry we have!" How long has it been since they have reflected what a wonderful Christ we have and what a wonderful Holy Ghost we have? What is the matter? We've failed in the crucible. I don't care if a fellow can play a guitar or a piano. I'll tell you that you can't substitute talent for prayer. Listen, I know a young people's camp where on the last Sunday night, just before it was time for the preacher to preach and the music to start, they took 2 mattresses out of the young people's tent and put them up on the platform behind the pulpit. Two boys got up there and put on a wrestling match. The evangelist was the referee. Isn't that reverence! I've been pretty well across the holiness movement and I've met all the crowd -- a cross section of this country. I'll tell you what we need. We need an old-fashioned, Holy Ghost awakening. I wish I could paint it blacker.

Since I've been on this camp ground, I guarantee there have been 30 people who have come to me and said, "Brother Griffith, what in the world are we going to do?" How do I know? Why? Because the ministry has failed in the crucible. And the church has failed in the crucible. The testimonies have failed in the crucible. The secret prayer has failed in the crucible. Testimonies are about as weak as water. The prayer meeting has failed in the crucible. About all folks can say is, "I thank the Lord for what He means to me," and the world staggers on and hell has enlarged herself and opened her mouth without measure. 150,000 people have gone out into eternity since I stood on this platform yesterday at this time. [don't know how it was with their souls, but 98% of them went out unprepared. Why? Because the church and the ministry and the laity failed in the crucible.

What can we do? I can read it better than I can quote it. The vessel that He made of clay -- that is humanity, the crowd He started off with whom He called the Israelites of God, to whom He said, "If you will keep my statutes and do them, you will be unto me a peculiar nation and I will

bless you above all nations and no nation shall stand before you." Someone says, "I have discovered that my vessel is marred and weak even while working in the vineyard. The girder is broken down and the structure that held up the bridge of safety for this generation to cross over and get out of the world and get out of sin has broken down." There is only one hope. Listen! "Marred in the hand of the potter" (marred while working for Him), "so he made it again." I would that God could make some of us again. I know this is a straight message. I know that preachers are listening and I'm preaching to preachers and to dads and mothers. I'm preaching to everybody. If God could find a crowd; if God could find an individual who wouldn't be too proud to come back, be like clay in the potter's hand, and say, "Lord, I've missed it. My children are wayward. I can't pray like I used to pray. The Bible doesn't read to me like it once did. I want God to make me over again." If God could find someone humble enough to just get out of his seat and let God make him over again.

One time Moses looked over the Children of Israel and God said, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry . . . and I am come down to deliver them." Then He said to Solomon as he prayed that dedicatory prayer, "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves" (yes, let me make them over) "and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

I've never told this from a public platform yet, but I'm talking about being in the crucible and what it means to be true in the crucible. In the First World War, just a little while before the 11th of October, 1918, my division, the 35th Division, was placed to guard the flank, the right flank of the great line that swagged way back. The English were on the north guarding it. My company was fighting to hold the little town of Manhuelles, France. It was a fierce battle -- those opposing us were trying to break that anchoring place. They shot everything at that regiment and company and division that they had. Right beside you, one could hear men gurgling, struggling and dying. It became so hot that the leader of our company, the first lieutenant (the captain had already been killed) grew afraid and went down in the company headquarters' dugout and wouldn't come out. There we were without orders, and the men stampeded. We had new men who had never been under fire before. My runner and I finally made it down through that bullet-infested place, with shells falling, and found that the lieutenant wouldn't do anything. He turned to me and said, "Sergeant, you go out and form the line." Well, that meant something. Something in my heart rebelled. Something in me said, "I'm not going to do it. That's your responsibility." But I want to tell you something. If leaders won't do it, then somebody else has to do it.

I got hold of a buddy's hand. We were just young men, about 21 years of age. We went up the stair-steps and took the signal pistols. The men were afraid to shoot them out in the open. They shot them up in the roof, and the machine gun company back there couldn't see the signal light, and the artillery couldn't see either. We weren't getting a bit of cover. We weren't getting help at all. But we had two signal shots left. And we fired them and threw the pistol away and ran back to where we belonged, back yonder on the other end of the line. I don't know how we did it, but we got machine guns -- one on one flank and the other on the other flank -- and formed a battle line before those boys whom we could see in the lurid light of bursting shells and varied lights. There they were across the street, and those boys were stampeding and throwing their guns away. One of my good friends, John Bell, was hit full in the face with shrapnel. His face was all bloody and he handed me his gun with warm blood running down the stock and said, "Take this, Griff, I won't

need this where I'm going." A second lieutenant who had never been under fire came to me and said, "Griff, tell me what to do and I'll stand by you." Oh, it is in the crucible where friends are counted, beloved. And so it was in that awful place of bursting shell and screaming men who would have run right into the heart of the bombardment and have been killed and the town would have been lost to the enemy. The first time in my life I ever pushed a bayonet into a man's stomach -- a boy scared nearly to death -- I said, "If you don't get into that trench you are a dead man." There was no place to run. Bombs were falling just behind us. They had misjudged our position and the bombs were falling about a half or a quarter of a mile in back of us. I knew if those boys ever ran back they would be killed. It wasn't because I was brave. I was trembling like a leaf and my voice trembled when I talked. In me there was something that wanted to run, but something was saying, "Fight -- cowards run!" When that fellow turned around and started to run, I boosted him into that trench and those men filed into the trench. We talked to those boys, while scared ourselves, until they calmed down and took their rifles and lined up against that little bank and held off the enemy until many of them were killed. Listen! In me there was something that said, "Run, save your life. Get out of here. You are no more responsible than anybody else." I remembered back in Kansas in the old passenger train when my old gray-haired Dad shook hands with me. He was a veteran of the Civil War. Dad said, "Glenn, I don't know what's before you, but it's awful. Whatever is your duty, will you do it?" I shook hands with my Dad and looked him straight in the eyes that were steel gray and said, "I'll do my best." That came to me as vividly as if he were right there on the battlefield, and I said, "There is only one time to die." I settled it and said, "I'm not worth any more than any of the rest of these boys," for I knew if I got through the battle I was going back and would have to face my father.

Listen to me! One of these days -- let the quitter compromise and the church apostatize -- but one of these days our Father who sent us out to do something, to be faithful to our duty, to be faithful to prayer and to be faithful to this generation of lost humanity, will call us to give an account. We can dodge the issue here. We can save ourselves. We can come down from the cross, but we are going to meet our Heavenly Father one of these days. Oh, he that "will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."

I read in the Bible that there is a way out. We don't have to fail in the crucible. His blood covers us and the power of the Holy Ghost sustains us on the battlefield. If you are trying to save your life, you'll lose your life; you'll lose your influence and you'll lose your soul. I'd rather go to heaven from a log cabin with no floors in it and have victory and draw in a few souls that are seeking God, than to lose my message and lose the burden and lose the Holy Ghost and die without God in the end.

Over there in the first chapter of John it says, "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." I know this is a challenge, but I'd give almost anything under the sun if some folks back there would believe the Gospel. Would you let God remake you this afternoon, preacher? Folks, that have drifted from God, would you let God make you again on the wheel?

Many of you have missed it. You haven't minded God. You haven't been blessed for three months. Some of you haven't read your Bible for months and yet you profess two works of grace. You've failed in the crucible. You have failed at the family altar. You have failed in the prayer

meeting. You usually get to church on Sunday morning and think you are a Christian. Oh, no! You have failed in the crucible. Will you let God put you on the cross? If you will, come on.

Let us pray while souls come to the altar.

* * * * *

Message 3 REVIVAL

"And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done." Luke 22:41-42

I have mentioned to you that revival is the vision of our people and our preaching. Revival. Revival. We have heard it all of our lives. We have listened to it in prayer meeting. We have heard people pray about it in the prayer services. We have heard preachers announce it time after time. Most of us here have heard it many times. But beloved, it has been a long, long time since we have really had an old-fashioned revival. There seems to be in the consciousness of this generation of leaders and church people that God would overlook a lot of things that He has set as a standard of His victory and unity. They seem to think that we can overrun and blur those lines that God lays out until God overlooks them. We can just pray, "O God, give us an old-fashioned revival," and think He will overlook things like humanity overlooks them and come down and give us an old-fashioned miraculous revival like He did in the past. God doesn't do that. The thing that bothers me is the statement He made in II Chronicles: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." That statement is just as definite now for us as it ever was. If God could get His people to humble themselves. There has never been a revival but what somebody died within himself. He paid the price. This is the picture and the revelation of the first revival, the beginning of the cause of the first revival we ever had.

Jesus, the Son of God, and yet the Son of man, made Himself the pattern that a revival would cost. We know that the blood of Jesus Christ is divine. Our blood would never serve for that purpose, but the intercession part of it -- the human channel part of it. Somebody has got to take somebody else's place. Somebody has to take upon himself somebody else's sickness if he is healed. Somebody is going to have to suffer with the sinner if he is forgiven. I have never gotten such a picture of intercession as I have just lately. If there is no intercessor, there is no revival. If there is no travail of soul, there is no new birth. It doesn't make any difference what else we do; talent, organization -- that is all cast aside; but somebody must walk a little farther. Somebody must go farther than the ordinary crowd. We were not called out just to change geographical location. We were not called out to what name we are, the name doesn't mean a thing in the world. But God has called some folks out, not just to have a change and rejoice. We rejoiced a long time because we were out. It is time now to rejoice about something else. We are going to have to do some digging to get to that place of rejoicing.

If Zion doesn't travail, there isn't any revival. I can look back over 15 or 20 years, speaking generally. I haven't seen an old-fashioned revival except where people went in the valley of the shadow of death and carried the load and brought forth around an altar of prayer. That means humiliation of self. There must be a self-crucifixion.

I have been reading so much on Bible characters lately. These had not collectively alone to go down, but individually. There is Isaiah. You can look upon him as an aristocrat, but Isaiah had to die. You can get his picture in the 6th chapter of Isaiah. The aristocrat had to go almost naked and barefooted for 3 years before the crowd of Israel to humble them down. And Hosea, that prophet that I love to study, married a harlot that he could prove that the heavenly husband would take back his adulterous bride if she would return. Jeremiah was never allowed to get married that he might teach the people the danger of those years of captivity. Moses who was educated in Egypt, Moses had to take a shepherd's place, stagger out in the wilderness of the desert and forget all about his life at the royal court that God could have a mouthpiece to tell the story and the fate of Pharaoh. It doesn't take so much brain, it takes a big heart. It doesn't take so much phrasing, but it takes a life to be given.

He makes the statement, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." We may talk about the doctrine, we may tell about great crowds that we have had, but it still remains the same, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." There is no fruitage. That is the way it is with our lives.

I thought about that little path between that stone cast, what took place in the Savior's heart as He walked that last 50 or 60 yards, possibly 90 yards away. That is a good throw. It takes a good ball thrower to throw a ball 100 yards. I presume it was about 80 yards. But what were the emotions in His heart and the burden that was crushing! He hadn't gotten to the cross yet. In that garden He was cutting out a path that you and I must walk if we expect a revival.

I am not talking about just a religious stir, I am talking about a revival of getting back to repentance where Holy Ghost conviction will come and convict folks with such desperation that they will be afraid not to pay the price, they will confess things out that they never did confess, straighten out and make restitution they never would unless God scared the life out of them. That will never come unless it comes with the solitary walk. What He saw in that walk is what I have been praying about. I have never reached that point yet. I am still digging to get there.

He saw a man go out that He had entrusted with an inner office, He had given him the treasurership. He saw him standing there knowing in His heart, the Son of God, that he was going out to sell Him. But you know, up to the last moment when Judas stood on the threshold, this broken-hearted Son of God carrying the burden, never accused him of the thing. It seemed He protected Judas until he stood there on the threshold, and He said, "That thou doest, do quickly." That broke His heart. You know, beloved, we are living in a time when it is so easy to sell Jesus. You don't have to say a word. Living in a time that if we could just vary a little the Sabbath question, we could bring in a lot of things. Just like the Japanese persecutors said to those boys that refused to bow, "You don't have to put your faces clear to the ground to let us know what you mean, just nod your head a little." But that spoils the victory, that closes the hands of God, that breaks the heart of the Son of God. Beloved, God is holy, and every part of His program is holy,

and His blood makes men holy, and His Holy Spirit lives in the holy heart and that is His temple, and God expects us to keep it holy regardless of all that comes or goes or what suffers. But He realized there was a man that had walked with Him 3V2 years that was going out there for a price of 30 pieces of silver and sell Him down the river as it were.

It wasn't the 30 pieces of silver, it wasn't how much he sold Him for. That wasn't it. The thing that broke the heart of the Son of God as He carried the load on that stone's throw visit was the fact that he had any price at all, that he would settle for any cost. You young folks are going to be tempted to sell Him. Somebody may look holy, may look wise, may look awful good, may look like he knows more than you do. You stick with this old Book. Don't you sell God down the river. If you are on the pinnacle of success and you make the decision between taking the log cabin, or taking the lower seat, you take the low seat and keep God. This thing is not settled in legislature halls. We are going to settle up at the judgment seat. We are going to make our decision and we are going to answer for every decision we have made. There is no doubt in my mind, if Judas could call back that hour -- imagine him passing the roads of damnation today, he is doing it right now -- he would give 10 million worlds if he hadn't sold Jesus; if he could give back those 30 pieces of silver that have pricked him like barbs, if he could throw them out and embrace the foot of the cross and say, "Jesus, I wouldn't sell You for anything in the world." He will never do it.

But you know, it is not the big blunders that men make that rob them of the victory, that make a difference between an answer and soul winning. It is the little things we think don't amount to anything, and the first thing you know the devil has cheated us out of a thing until we are empty-handed and empty-hearted. We may preach, we may sing, but it will never generate a revival. I have never seen one come yet but what men and women tarried out there in the place of prayer. They went clear to the limit until there wasn't a speck they could find between them and God, until they could put their feet on the promise and claim it and say, "Oh, God," and hold on until morning, and still hold on. I tell you, communities were stirred. I can tell you of a revival that stands out so vividly in my mind. That revival has been since 1912 and there are still results over there. People will never get away from that revival, but it was purchased because men and women had no price. Men laughed at that bunch of Methodists, they mocked at them when they prayed all night and fasted two or three days at a time. But the Christians won the town, the souls and families.

Beloved, we need a revival now. We need it in our family. I want to pay the price. I want to go through whatever it costs. You can just imagine what you will meet when you start on that round of intercession. The thing that struck me, that sunk me almost -- it came just as vividly to me, as plain as it could be. . . . This illustration will tell you what I mean.

I know a man who prayed. He got a burden for a woman with consumption -- tuberculosis. He prayed for her until God, the Holy Ghost, spoke to him and said, "Would you die for her, would you enter into the death road for her?" She was given up by doctors, there was no hope. And all of a sudden as I thought about that, I realized the intercessor loved that person so much, he had to be so interested in the one he was praying for, that in his own soul he suffered just what that soul was suffering. And so one takes the burden, whether disease or the awful result of sin, until he will suffer in his own soul yet still hold on. And there in that gap, and as he stands in the gap, he gets

hold of God's hand and the promise and a hold of that poor lost soul. Somehow he becomes the intercessor and brings the two together. It costs something.

There is not a child in this building, not a person in this house, that is saved and sanctified but somebody went into the death road of prayer to bring them forth. There are a lot of folks that profess. But there is not any Christian but what somebody had to walk that stone's throw and carry that travailing soul. God said so. And when Jesus walked that road, He saw Glenn Griffith and everybody else with all the sin. Imagine you and me now in this modern day out there in the garden praying, "O God, give us a revival."

And here's this delinquency problem. There were 3 boys, 10, 12, 14, beating an old man to death -- and they got \$13 from him. The little boy, 8 years old, stood out there watching while the others beat him to death. Here I am, here you are. That is the crowd you are going to have to save, to preach to, to have to carry a burden for. There they are out there walking, in that awful picture of lost faith in God. Families that are broken, and always they are wrecked by loose living and liquor and no conscience about cigarettes or anything else. But there is the crowd God has called this wonderful group of young people to preach to. We have got to have a revival.

How much would you give of yourself? What soul do you love well enough that you would enter the death walk with Jesus? Of course, that is pretty close, but we are living pretty close to the end of time. My little star is going to soon be set. It appears I haven't loafed on the job, but I am afraid I have. I promised God I would go double time back there. I'll tell you, we are facing things, children, that no generation faced in all history. We must have God in a different manner, more than ordinary. You hear this, preachers, I am not talking to you as an old minister. But I am not an amateur at this job. I am an amateur at some things I would like to reach and get hold of. God is expecting us to have an old-fashioned revival now. But if you are going to go all the way, they are going to laugh at you. Some of your close friends are going to laugh at you. Some of those you think have old-fashioned religion are going to scoff and tell you [that] you have gone too far. I am not pleading for fanaticism, but pleading for somebody that will die, say "Yes" to the whole will of Jesus.

We talk about standards -- we talk about bobbed hair, all of that. God knows, if you go where I am telling you, everything else will line up; I am not worried about that thing, but I am worried about broken-hearted preachers; I am talking about their having a concern that will pull them out on the solitary walk until they will let the burden pile in on them and say, "All right, if I can carry it. Jesus fell under the cross. This was His cross. These were the things that were His cross. These are the things that He recognizes.

There were His preachers out there asleep. There was the crowd He left outside the gate. They were not concerned about what He was doing. There was only One carrying the burden. He was the Son of man. He brought the revival. That is the only pattern I know where we can claim a revival. Let them laugh. Let them do what they please but I am going to go with God.

We are going to have to live clean. If we get rid of sin ourselves and humble ourselves, God will help us to get somebody free. You just mark the trail of revivals the last few years and you will see maybe 50 or 100 at the altar, but how many of them stay with it? I am not a fatalist and

not a Calvinist by any means, but I tell you, there are very few people that really get through -- get genuinely sanctified, that die to the world and die to their family and die to their friends and die to their plans and ambitions, to everything until God resurrects them to newness of life. There are very few of them that wither on the vine. I believe that with all of my heart. The trouble is, somewhere back there, they didn't see what they ought to see when Jesus walked, when they were under conviction. They just didn't go all the way through and repent, and when it comes to the same walk down there in life and God lays the responsibility on them, they are going to come up to that point and that is as far as they are going to go.

Consequently, we are preaching to a generation that a lot of folks who went before us smoothed over until the Sabbath doesn't mean a thing on earth. They just say, "Well, work if you want to; that has to be done." But God said, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." If we don't keep it, God won't answer our prayer -- according to His Word. As He walked, He saw all this -- a burdenless church. How could a church that is asleep carry a burden? You can't carry a burden when you are asleep. You can't have a vision when you are asleep. I believe it is the burden of this faculty to move for God. Every one of you has gone deeper, the problems have caused you to go deep, the dark nights and the things that you have faced have either driven you to the Bible or your knees, or else cooled you off and you have taken the wrong attitude. We are living in that hour of decision when we are going to do one thing or do the other. We are going all the way or fizzle out.

Right now in the church that I love they are having square dances. Whoever could have told me that 25 years ago. I would have said, "You are crazy, it can't happen." It is happening fast now. You would be surprised at the carelessness that we find over this country where we are beginning to neglect spiritual things and we think, "Well, well, well." We emphasize hair, and emphasize a lot of other things. I don't want our people to be known as a bunch of Pharisees, a bunch of compromisers. I want our group to be known as a group of broken-hearted preachers and laity-burden bearers. I would rather die than compromise. You know that. But this world is dying for a little bit of compassion -- genuine compassion. I want to see somebody out there carrying the load, not saying much about it but praying for that lost crowd and for that one who is not measuring up, praying until God can put men under such conviction they will get down on their knees and pray through. You would be surprised at how much is buried 'way back on that shelf behind the door. People have been consoled by this, "You are good folks and have talent," and a lot of things. You would be surprised how long God's arm is when He reaches 'way back there and gets hold of something. That is when the proposition is going to pay. "Will I pay the price or will I dodge it and profess until everybody thinks I am all right?" Oh, we need a revival, beloved, we need a revival!

We need a revival right there in the gate. The test of discipleship is not in talent. The test of discipleship is not in preaching, nor in oratory, nor in singing and all that. They all fit in. But the test of discipleship is in the gate of travail. If we miss it there, we have missed it everywhere. In that place a church is born. In that place a soul is born. As we enter in, it does two things. It not only gets conviction on that crowd out there, but it helps me, it deepens me, gives me a clearer conception of the eternal city, gives me a firmer footing on the Rock of Ages, gives me a little firmer grasp on God's promises. We can get to the place where we say, "I just know, I feel like God wants to melt us up and give us the victory"; until we can take the atmosphere like a fan and

fan away the chaff. Lord, I don't know what somebody else is going to do, but I know what I am going to do. God can give us a revival. He is omnipotent.

The final thing. I don't believe there is going to be a world-wide revival. Maybe that is a poor prophecy. I don't believe it. I don't believe in the Latter Day Rain people. I don't believe in their doctrines. I just believe it is going to get worse and worse, wicked men deceiving themselves and being deceived. I believe wherever we are we can generate a revival if we will pay the price. We can't stand in the gap or the Judgment for some other group, some other man, some other woman, some other boy or girl. We can stand there clean. We can do our best to generate a revival. God is going to save the folks we pray for and will heal the people we have prayed for. But everybody is not going this way. Holiness is not any more popular now than it was when Jesus died on the cross. People are not going to receive it like many are "receiving" it nowadays. They must go through that same old-fashioned channel just like they did back there when the thing started.

I am going from Dan to Beer-sheba, unburdening my heart. You can say what you please. God is expecting us to have a revival. The Blood has never lost its power, and the Holy Ghost is just as faithful as in times past and I have just as much sense as I ever had. I trust I have a little more. I don't care what condition the world is in, God can save men. I want God to get me to the place where I can really believe Him and pay the price. He is the answer to this mixed-up generation right today. I believe God can do something for this generation as He did for any other generation. The only thing is He needs some folks that will humble themselves.

We are going to have to humble ourselves a little more than any other generation because we are more prosperous, we are farther down the line since Jesus' day, we have reached the acme as far as science is concerned. We are built upon a superficial proposition and for God to find men and women to take the way with the Holy Ghost is going to be hard on them. I don't mean we are traveling any other route, but we are living in a realm where we are naturally proud. If we are going to have a revival like we ought to have and must have, we are going to have to become as near like the early church as we can.

I am just opening up, but you take the Scripture in the Acts of the Apostles where it says folks brought their sick and laid them in the street and prayed that their shadow might fall upon them. What could your shadow do? Paul said, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ that I may manifest his life in my mortal flesh." That doesn't sound like chaff does it? That doesn't sound like making excuses for a lot of things. It was the reason why they had revivals. I read the other day, where Peter went in where Tabitha was dead. Peter put everyone out and shut the door and called earnestly on God, and then he opened the door in a little bit and said, "Come in, folks." When they came back, Tabitha arose. And Peter presented her to them alive. Does that sound like a fairy tale to you folks? Those are the things that make the difference between old-fashioned second blessing burden and just the way we are traveling now.

A fellow told me the other day they had a revival in a certain place and 10 days after the revival (over 10,000 were saved in this revival) he and 600 preachers made a canvass with their group over town. They could not find one out of that group that had said they were saved that ever made it known to any church, ever joined any society. They couldn't find a one. Now, beloved,

here is what I am trying to say. Those 10,000 are going to be harder to fool the next time, and when old-fashioned preacher -- like I believe you boys and girls are going to be that are called to preach -- go out to win those souls, it will be harder than if nobody ever preached to them. We ought to cut our swath clean while we are cutting and have one or two get through rather than 500 cry a little. It will cost prayer, it will cost us something.

I thought I would tell you something this morning. I know that I am a long way from success in my life, but I know some things across the church that, when problems came, taught me God in the degree that I do know Him. I know that in that little church where I was pastor, they said nobody could ever have a revival, nobody could ever take anybody into the church. I was too ignorant. I didn't even hardly know the relation between the Old and New Testament. I never had read the Bible through, yet. But I knew this -- that prayer and fasting could bring things to pass. That was my plan. That was my outline. I suppose for the seven years that I was pastor, two days every week, sometimes three, I spent without food and water that I might get God. It wasn't a sad life. God said, "Get up in street meeting." They told me I would go to jail. No, I didn't go to jail. There are a lot of things the devil will tell you to scare you. If God could get some folks determined, they are going to have a revival. I'll tell you if God could get folks that determined -- God can help you to have it. I don't know how many meals you have missed. You can't pray unless you fast. I don't mean leave off the donut, leave off the dessert. You are going to have to do without your meals, not because somebody else is doing it. Make up your mind you are going to take that solitary walk.

Those things that you see, you will find are the things that will make you holy. Get to the place where you touch a holy God. When you go without food, God takes you to a lot of places -- you walk in a strange land where most folks don't go, people never understand, where you drink of a spring that has never been drunk from before. God reveals Himself to the ones that want His will.

You have read that Scripture -- "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." "Why, Lord, haven't we had great revivals? Haven't we done this?" He will say, "I never knew you. You weren't doing my work. You just got people into the church, the physical church."

I tell you, God is looking for some folks to live in that undercurrent place where the tree has been planted -- the roots are in the water -- where you can give your life for somebody else's life. I know as well as I am standing here this morning that it never fails. Never. Never. You tell God something and keep your word with Him and God will never fail you. He will never do it. I am so sick and tired of commonplace religion I don't know what to do. I tell you, folks, there is so much sham and so much lightness. But we can't win the race unless we take the hard way, and if you are not willing to go God's way, then get out of the picture because this is going to be terrific. It is not going to get any easier to preach old-fashioned holiness. It is going to get harder. You are going to have more persecution than Glenn Griffith had. God called you for this hour. He knew He could mold you and you could stand the test. You are going to suffer. We may suffer physically. I don't know. What are we going to do? Are we going to fizzle out and be as other institutions are or is this little group one that God can count on?

There is one sad thing I left out. Jesus went back the third time but did not try to wake the disciples. He went that third time and said, "Sleep on now." To me that would be the awfulest words He ever pronounced. "Go ahead, now. I take my hands off. Do what you want to do. Run your program. Go ahead." He said, "The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."

Have you been praying, children, secretly? God knows when you have been praying and fasting in the public. But that is not where He makes the soul; not where He brings revivals. He brings revivals in that intercessory crowd out in the secret place where God can shape you up and sift you over, cull this out and mark that out. Lots of times it will be when you won't know it that God gets the glory, but the multitudes will be fed from your life and you didn't think you had anything to offer. God will bless you.

I don't know if something is bothering you -- the general situation of this world. There is only one thing to do. Go to God. There is only one way I know we can mount the storm and bridge the gap and keep the glory down and that is if God can find enough of His people that will really pray and fast and mind God and walk in the light. He can solve a lot of things, give us the victory. The flags will still be waving when the sun goes down. We can't solve things by legislation. You can't have revivals that way. You can get on your knees before God and let Him go through your heart -- all doors are open to every room of your soul -- and God will come. I wonder if out in this group somebody would like to come, not just raise the hand. God wants you to be an intercessor.

* * * * *

Message 4

CAN THESE BONES LIVE?

Ezekiel 37:1-14 I Kings 17:1-4 I Kings 18:1

The first Scripture is a challenge to a preacher. What a tremendous challenge it was when God asked Ezekiel in the valley of lost hope and the graveyard of humanity, entirely depraved, "Can these bones live?" He wanted that preacher to see the task as it was. When Ezekiel looked at that valley of dry bones, he said, "Lo, they were very dry." God wanted Ezekiel to know he couldn't cure that crowd with a little social gospel. Too many times we talk about preaching the positive. God showed Ezekiel the worst. I believe He gave him a picture of the difficult task that was before him.

God is not going to tell us it is an easy way. God is not going to show the preacher that it will be an easy job, that he is preaching in a high-collared place. God wants him to know it is a job that only the supernatural can do. I tell you if any preacher looks at this job of preaching and takes it on as a vocation, he has missed it 10,000 miles. He is going to disappoint a lot of people and come to the close of the day without victory and without pleasing God.

God has shown us if we haven't got a clear vision of lost humanity; if we haven't faced the fact of death in the heart, for to be carnally minded is death; if we haven't discovered that death scene of the soul of the unsanctified people; if we haven't realized the depth into which men have fallen -- then we cannot carry the Gospel that reaches the ailment and cures it completely. If we

think that it is sufficient to talk to folks and have them raise their right hand and sign a card and join the church and be baptized, we are off the trail.

God never told Ezekiel about what kind of place he was going to live in; but the first question He asked him was about the task that was before him. God said, "Can these bones live?" and Ezekiel said, "Oh, Lord God, thou knowest." I want you to know when God turned to Ezekiel, if he had been any other individual than an especially called man, I don't believe he could have answered. He would have been discouraged when he looked at that valley of dry bones. But God had already had Ezekiel in the secret place of the Most High -- he had seen the whirlwind come out of the north and the thunder and lightning and those moving supernatural creatures in the atmosphere above him. The Spirit of God was moving. God meant that the man called of God must live in the supernatural. He must know that his task can't be done with human elements. It can't be done with brain power, and it can't be done with education. God knows we need a good solid education if we can get it and keep the blessing. God had Ezekiel in the supernatural until He could speak to him, and there was that rainbow of victory and that moving in the ethereal -- those creatures moving within themselves. Where the Spirit went, those creatures moved. Men and women ought not to attempt to preach the Gospel except they have a supernatural call and a supernatural experience with God.

This experience of regeneration is not a mental assent to a doctrine. You can't get it in the schoolroom. You are going to get out there where the creatures are moving, where the supernatural is, where only God can talk to your heart. You don't form preachers in schoolrooms. You don't form them because they have natural ability. You don't form them because they come from good environment. God speaks to the shepherd out yonder and lets him feel the mighty power, the omnipresence, the omniscience, the majesty of God. He wants Ezekiel to come to that place where he knows God, after all, is the power. He is the One that fills eternity. He walks out to the river Chebar and God speaks to him there. When he saw the power and majesty of God, Ezekiel fell like one that was dead upon the bank and God, the Spirit, picked him up and stood him on his feet. We have got to have Spirit-filled men. We must have men that know God. There is no place in the church for folks who are not Spirit-filled. There is a place out there where human feet may go. They take off the shoes they are wearing. Moses puts on the shoes that God gives him. He is walking on holy ground. There are giants for you to slay. There are lions' dens to go through and Jerichos to tear down. There are fiery furnaces to try you. There are jailhouses and stocks and bonds to put you in. That wonderful Apostle of old said, "A great door . . . is opened unto me, but there are many adversaries." There is only one man who will make a success; and that is the one who lives where the whirlwind comes, where God has been able to take him in His hand and, behind the scene, molded him into the vessel He wanted him to be.

Brother Elijah talked to Ahab and condemned him and said, "There will never be any more rain upon this earth except at my word." But God took him and put His arm around him and said, "I want you to hide yourself." That is the secret place, isn't it? That is where the supernatural is taking place. That is where most folks never go. Most folks learn in books. Most folks learn with association. Most folks think they can do it because it is printed. But God takes His man and hides him -- He hides His Elijah and hides His Apostle Paul and hides His Moses. He took Elijah and hid him and said, "I want you to get out on that hard scrabble circuit. It is strictly dry, but the water will flow. I am going to feed you with ravens up there." You will not amount to much as a preacher

until you have prayed the ravens over the hill and some manna from heaven and prayed shoes on the children's feet. It is not a soft-kneed, namby-pamby, slipshod, polished ministry of this day. That wouldn't stir the fuzz on a gander's nose. That is not going to do it.

There are dry bones all over this world. This is a dead generation. It is the deepest-dyed, most sinful generation that ever lived. They have gone deeper in depravity in the blazing light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. There is nothing more that God can reveal, neither of the awfulness of sin nor the power of deliverance in God's heart. God has revealed everything to this generation, and yet here we are, in this mighty conference, recognizing that the harvest is out. You talk about Ezekiel's dry bones. You talk about the pond going dry for Elijah. God is going to find a group of preachers He can hide away. They forget themselves, forget everything, and get out there where the supernatural is moving until they can look upon the bones and say, "Glory to God! God can put muscles on them. He can make them live." There is power in Christ. I believe that God, in this old dry-desert generation, with sin all over the country, can send somebody out that sees the need; and He can raise up a mighty army. I believe, beloved, that though now they turn so much to the training of the mind, God trains the heart. If we could only look down the corridors of the past and see the suffering of the men and women who sowed the Gospel seed, and gave the fruitage to us as an heritage! We are not the sowers. We are the harvesters. The seed has been sown and fertilized with the dead bodies and the flowing spirit of men and women who paid the price. The harvest time is now and a storm is coming on.

If God ever needed men and women to go into the secret place of the Most High and hear the whispering of the voices of the cherubim and seraphim saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, heaven and earth are filled with His glory," it is now. We would forget the human elements and forget our own personalities and forget everything else -- as the singer sang so beautifully this afternoon, in "Let me lose myself." Let me rub myself out. Let me get back where God can put me on like a cloak, and I can be like a broken pitcher and a flashing candle and hear the voice of the Lord and the trumpet of the Lord and Gideon, until the Midianites flee away. Not with carnal weapons but with supernatural. Not superhuman, but supernatural.

That is not an easy place to go. But if you answer the call of God . . . I have never yet felt as though I ought to stand in the pulpit. Why men and women play with the call to the ministry is more than I have ever been able to realize. They go into the pulpit with a shallow experience and tell jokes and move the hearts of the people with a little religious entertainment and thrill and put it off as though that would hold the church. They sing, "Live Close to the Cross." The fountain of Calvary flows through the midst of this experience -- living close to the cross. A broken heart, a broken body, Christ, lived in this atmosphere. No joke about the ministry. No puns to make about the ministry. Brother, it is life or death. It is heaven or hell. It is not just for now. It is eternal death or eternal life. God put the choice in your hands. If He can hide you away, He can use you. If you are not willing to be hidden, He can't use you. I tell you this afternoon, if you don't have a supernatural experience, if you don't have an experience with God in the background, you will never make it. You are going to have to go to God before He will show you the dry bones. That is the experience of regeneration that is as clear as daylight until there is no doubt. You can instruct seekers at an altar, at the family altar; or in the home, if you are called, to pray for the sick. You can tell them you know "when it happened." You can lead some soul to an old-fashioned

experience of regeneration, and there would be no doubt in your mind. It is not a theoretical concept. It is a glorious experience of old-fashioned salvation.

If you have never felt the blessed Holy Ghost save you and cleanse your nature and get hold of that old self with that jealous nature, that nature of pride and bullheadedness and selfishness and greed, whatever may be there, until you feel Him pull out the dragons one at a time, you are a loser. He speaks in the 35th chapter of Isaiah of the place where the dragons lay, being planted with reeds and rushes, and a highway was there. If you have never probed the depth of carnality, you don't know where the foundations of holiness are laid. If you have gone down and God has taken the dragons out of your heart, delivered you until the songs of holiness were found in your soul, you felt as though you were walking on the highway with the redeemed. Isaiah said, "The unclean thing shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men though fools, shall not err therein." No lions shall be there. No ravenous beast shall go up there. Just the redeemed ones can walk there. If that experience isn't an actuality in your heart, you have missed it.

It is out there in that supernatural atmosphere that God calls His men. He doesn't go in the schoolroom necessarily. He found an Amos out in the desert herding sheep, in the secret place, out in the solitudes. He said, "Amos, I have got a definite word I want you to know. I am going to give you the text." You are not going to get it out of Handfuls on Purpose. You'd better throw Handfuls on Purpose away and get heart holiness. Those old sermons in there are so dry. The reason why preachers use it is because they just want what somebody else had. The Lord said, "Amos, I have something for you to tell this crowd." "Elijah, I have a message I want you to tell this crowd." Where did He tell them? In the secret place. After Elijah had been eating ravens' food, after he had been down in Zarephath and had seen the meal go down to where there was only a handful left and had seen the oil in the cruise go down to where there was just a drop left, God said, "I want you to go to Samaria. There is the path. Don't go down and get some little soft subject to speak on, and just get along with the folks. They are dying. They have broken My law." And Isaiah told the king, "I have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord." He said, "Amos, tell the people, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'" Oh, Brother, don't be afraid to preach the same sermon over if God puts it on your heart and pours the dew of heaven upon it. Go ahead and preach it. But keep it fresh. Get out there where the dew of Hermon can fall on it.

I get sick of these shallow directions to ministers. I never dreamed, Brother Dodd, I would get instructions like this. No, sir. God said, "The task is in the heart of God." His is the task of sacrifice. You know that. You are going to have to press your way. You are going to have to get out there where God can talk to you. God said, "Preach the word, Ezekiel. You prophesy unto these bones. Say, 'Ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord!'" Not about the 100th anniversary of George Washington's life. Not see a panorama view of the Korean war. "I want you to tell them, 'Hear the word of the Lord.'" He told Paul in that 4th chapter of II Timothy where I got my call, "Preach the word; be instant in season." Get ready to do it any time. Keep your cup full and running over. You are going to get out in the valley of dry bones and there is not going to be anybody setting you off.

It isn't your good little sermon that is going to accomplish anything for God. It is the Word of God. You be a Bible preacher. You preach the Word. Let the other fellow preach three minutes.

Let him preach a little doctrine of his own if he wants to, but you stick to the Bible. You are not going to stir the people. The Word is going to Stir them. God said, "Prophecy to these bones. Say, 'I am going to put life in you.'" There wasn't an "Amen" said. He said, "There is going to be life in them." The ten-day revival was almost over, but he just kept on preaching. "Old dry bones, hear the Word of the Lord. God said He would put life in you!" And lol! don't know whether it was his firstly, secondly or thirdly, but lo! God in the Word said that the bones began to move. Ezekiel saw the sinews begin to come, he saw the nerves begin to enter and the blood vessels and hair to grow, even on the women. It will grow, when you get alive. But the bones were still dead. They just looked like they were alive. God said, "I will put the spirit in them." Nobody had to get them up to the altar and say, "Now, honey, you look better." You didn't have to get them up to the altar and say, "Now, honey, we want you to pray." They stood up and the Lord said, not Ezekiel, the Lord said, "This is the mighty army of Israel." The Lord is trying to resurrect an army. We are not Midianites, nor Parasites, nor Jebusites, nor Nazarites. We are a new thing under the sun. God can do something for you and me if we never come from the same crowd. He can weld us all together, He can take us out to a valley of dry bones and there is going to be a moving. God is beginning to move us. When we get moved enough, then we are going to move the people. I could preach a lot more. The time is leaving us here.

We are a supernatural crowd. We were born in an atmosphere that is close to the cross. We know about the desolated place, the secret place, where the man of God is formed. He is not forged on an anvil in a blacksmith's shop. God takes him out to the secret place and God makes him. When he goes forth he knows Who sent him. If you are not sure of your call, don't go.

I would rather go to the Judgment with the Hottentot in Africa than to go when I wasn't called. There are tens of thousands today who never have been called. They have been called by their professor, they have been called by their pastor, they have been called by a doting mother or an oversensitive dad. You'd better answer the call to go out there in the desert; out there where, Brother, all you can hear is the cough of a coyote and the rattle of a rattlesnake, out there in the desolate place, in the secret place. That is where God calls His men. If you are not a pray-er, you are not a preacher. If you can't let God mold you, if you don't love to pray, something is wrong with your spiritual appetite. God can do something supernatural for you if you will get in the secret place. It was out from there that David came. It was out from there that Samson came when he was strong and the Spirit of God was on him. You are going to have to wear some calluses on your knees if you succeed. The devil may fight. But down there on your knees you can carry the biggest load. You can see farther than you can see in any other position. The dying souls will move you to the core until an hour will pass by and you will not realize it. We are not smart. It is God who works in us. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." We could just stretch out the panorama of achievements and miracles performed by God's men. Every last one of them had a wonderful experience. Elijah had it. Ezekiel had it. The Three Hebrew Children had it. Paul and all the rest of the saints had it. No man that has never had this experience has ever done much for God. Christians are not going to be counted alike. The Bible says one was given five talents, another two, and another, one. You can invest what you have and God will accept you, if you preach the truth; and you will be surprised what God can do with your life if you will give it to Him. Forget about whether you are going to be smart or not. Be more worried about whether you are a holy man. Get hold of the horns of the altar and say, "O God, you know all about every problem." If you have a problem right now, pray it through. If old Grandma Carnality and Brother

Broadmind are trying to take you over, you get out in that secret place and say, "Lord, you know about it, and about Sister Proudheart and Brother Moneybag and all the rest." You just go ahead, and when all are gone, there will descend on you a mighty rushing wind from heaven. The devil will get out and that thing that looked like a blazing wall mounting before you will be gone and another Jericho will be taken.

God said, "You have not called me. I called you." "I have chosen you . . . that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

* * * * *

Message 5

TRUE HOLINESS

Deuteronomy 13 Numbers 32:1-5, 20 I Corinthians 13

Text: Ephesians 4:22, 23, 24

"And that ye put on the new man; which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Ephesians 4:24

I want to speak to you on that one thought, "True Holiness." I want to go back and use the 32nd chapter of Numbers as a background, giving the shadow or type and set it against the experience of holiness as taught in the New Testament. God told Moses that there was only one place His people could be happy, and that was in Canaan. When He delivered the people of Israel, He said, "I have seen the affliction of my people. I have heard their groanings and I am come down to deliver them. Come now and I will send thee." And Moses brought them out and God said, "I want to bring them out that I might bring them in over here." There is only one thing that will satisfy God and that is the experience of entire sanctification. The only way the Israelites could satisfy God was to move into Canaan.

Between Canaan and the Red Sea there is a land that belongs to no one. Even a regenerated life is up and down, more or less. A regenerated man is a double-minded man, fighting a battle within himself. He is in no shape to be a soldier, to conquer . . . to slay giants, to move out and do anything. He is constantly fighting within himself, trying to get himself to the place where he can please God. The Apostle said, "When I want to do good, that old evil thing is there. There are things I want to do, but I feel that evil thing that keeps me from doing good. It is no longer I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. There is another law that wars against the law of my mind. When I want to please God, I don't have the grace to do it." Those are my own words, but that is the meaning of the Scripture.

What was the matter with Israel? Two and a half tribes came up to Moses. They are trying to get a place for their cattle and sheep. But God is constantly urging Moses on. None of the Children of Israel will have an inheritance except they cross Jordan, so the tribes make a promise. They said, "We will go before the army, go to war, and do all of these things if you will let us stay on this side Jordan where there is a good place for cattle." Any place this side of Jordan may be good for cattle, but it is not good for God's sheep. Any place this side of holiness may be good for

"cattle" -- for the things of the world that live in the basement of the soul, but they are not good for God's holy people. They can't live there. So God formed a No-Man's Land. I could preach this morning about the No-Man's Land of the Bible, but I am not going to do that. I am going to stick to my text, "True Holiness."

In that land between the Red Sea and the River Jordan is the land of Sin, the wilderness. God constantly tries to hurry the Children of Israel across. If they don't go across, it is a constant defensive warfare, constant murmuring. It is a constant up-and-down life. That is the life of regeneration. There the Israelites complained about food and God gave them food. They complained about water, and He performed a miracle and gave them water. He put shoes on their feet that never wore out as long as they walked in the light and pressed their way toward Jordan. God made every arrangement and supplied every need as long as they walked toward Jordan; but when they stopped, God stopped. As long as you walk in the light and press your case and move in toward Canaan, God will encourage you. God will give you victory. If you walk in the light He will cleanse you all the way; but when you cease to walk in the light, then you get in trouble and are going to continue to get in trouble.

There is no place but Canaan that will please God. It is the will of God, even your sanctification -- God demands that. It cost the life of the Son of God, for that was the plan of God's redemption, that through Him a man might be saved -- not only his soul, but his body. One of these days we are going to see that third work of grace worked out in the experience of "glorification." God redeemed man and made it possible that man could have complete deliverance, not only on the sin question -- on a great day to come God is going to bring the bodies of the saints out of the graves and then take those saints back to heaven not only sanctified, but glorified, body, soul and spirit.

Now I am going to give to you the things that are not true holiness." Every one of these tribes professed just as much as the other tribes did. They professed to follow God just as much as the others but they didn't do it. And God said, "If you don't do it, 'be sure your sin will find you out. Old carnality will uncover you somewhere. The devil must not want me to preach this message this morning.

Jesus help us. Bless these precious people and help me, Lord. Oh, God, we need an old-fashioned revival across this country and we need it badly. Give us some folks that will dare to get sanctified, some people that will press their way into Canaan, some folks that will move in toward the fire and let God mold them and make them what they ought to be. We have no other desire than to see this come to pass. We have no other motive than to preach the Gospel; and while we preach to others, we are preaching to ourselves. We have grown by leaps and bounds this last year; and we have pressed in and found that bitter tree in the Garden of Gethsemane. But we need to see more of the power of God, His presence manifest. So help us this morning, dear Lord, and settle down on us in the camp meeting until God can move and have His way.

In the First World War there was a No-Man's Land between the two enemies. God is battling against the devil and there are two forces. The U. S. Allies were battling against Germany and there were two lines. Between those lines was a place called No-Man's Land. Nobody claimed it.

It didn't belong to anybody. You don't claim any land in that regenerated experience. Between the time you cross the Red Sea of Regeneration and the time you get sanctified, it is a battleground for both the enemy and the troops of your own nature. One night one side owns it and the next night the other side takes possession. It is a field contest and in that battle in No-Man's Land it is a constant battle of defensive warfare.

In those trenches of hog wire we could sleep but little. They were lousy with cooties. Nothing there was conducive to encouragement to the soldiers, to their good health; but they were expected to remain in them. They would run out and bathe and while they were doing that, there were snipers who would snipe them off. As long as you are fighting defensive warfare, the devil is picking some off with a sniper. You are going to have to press on over, or no ground will be gained. Nearly every time you look at your church roll somebody has backslidden. You didn't have a revival. The contest was not on right. Men were dying but you were not winning any victory.

There came a time when the armies in the First World War put on the offensive. Jack Pershing said, "We will have the American soldiers together or we will go home." I am trying to tell you, while we were fighting in that battle in No-Man's Land, our patrols would go out. Perhaps it would be a reconnaissance patrol or a combat patrol, with maybe five, six, or three men; one to get information, the other to take a point or bring back evidence or to capture a soldier. Out there is the most dangerous place in the world. Not a rabbit lives there. We see no birds. The trees have been shattered by shell fire. The shell fire and machine guns of both sides are focused on No-Man's Land. There is constant danger there. They have traps in No-Man's Land. You get there and see a space two feet wide, more or less. It looks as though we have found a secret path to get to the enemy's lines, to get the information and win the victory. You start in that fenced off alley-way and it turns off this way and back the other way and then that way until it gets the soldier tangled up and lost in the darkness of the night. The first thing you know he can't find his way out. It is a trap in No-Man's Land. When the sun comes up the Germans see American soldiers, or Americans see Germans, trapped; and there are machine guns focused on the traps. The enemy mows down the soldiers in there and hangs them over the fence of that barbed wire trap.

I am trying to tell you this: This old world, religiously, is full of traps. It is in the No-Man's land where they are. It is between the time when you get regenerated and sanctified. The devil doesn't care much if men get saved if he can get them tangled up so they don't get sanctified. If he can get them in a trap, he has them defeated. We are in the greatest contest between the forces of righteousness and the forces of unrighteousness; the anti-God is fighting against God, and carnality is fighting against the Holy Ghost. The heart of the human being is the No-Man's Land. In there, a contest is going on. It is the one to whom we yield our lives as instruments whom we obey. God has us in the contest. Listen, there is a true holiness. There is a Land that is fairer than day. You are going to have to cross over No-Man's Land, and you are going to have to press on the offensive until there is no No-Man's Land. When Pershing got his army started, the men never stopped until they ended up in the woods, until the enemy surrendered unconditionally. You know all about the First World War.

I am telling you about the religious situation. Here we are today. Never was there a wider No-Man's Land than there is today. There is every kind of holiness under the sun. There are people

who think this is it and will start down this way and seek at this altar. Others think that is it and they start down that way and seek. And all the time that the church is fighting in the No-Man's Land and getting tangled up in all these things, the world presses on to the Judgment and goes to hell without God.

I am going to give you a few pictures. Don't settle any judgment until we are through. A work of grace starts at the altar. There is the battle line. I wish we would realize that more in this camp. Here is the battleground. Every dollar you put into this camp, the reason why you called this preacher and these singers, Brother and Sister Cook, all centers around that altar. If we miss it at the altar, we have lost the battle. If we can't get people through at the altar, we are the losers. We have lost every dollar and every sweat-drop, and just prayed around. But right there at the altar, is where the contest is on. No-Man's Land is wider than that altar. It may be wide enough to stretch from one neighbor's house to another's to fix up some things. It may stretch out until it leads you by the door of the Tongues' meeting. There the battle is on.

God says, "Will you do this?" and "Will you do that?" If men will walk in the light -- I am as honest as I know how to be -- if you want to know the will of God, you can know the doctrine. If you want to know. I am going to call God the truth and every man a liar. If you will only dig deep enough! You can get so desperate you won't notice the sharp rocks you are kneeling on. That is desperate old-fashioned conviction. I want to drop this in. I knelt, when I was in such desperation trying to get saved -- not sanctified -- in the sand dunes. I got so desperate between services, I knelt down in clusters of sand burrs. They are not easy to kneel in. They are sharp and there are many of them. I was so desperate about my soul that they were as soft as a cushion to me when I knelt down. There was a bigger storm in my soul, sharper than a sand burr. I prayed until the night service. The old bell rang and I started to get up. The burrs had worked through the trousers into my knees almost to the bone, and I discovered then that I had been kneeling in sand burrs. That was the first time I had noticed them. I wanted God to get to my heart. You can find Him if you want to cross the No-Man's Land. You can get over, and there is no excuse. You can tell us it is a matter . . . and make excuses and give alibis for your weakness and all that. But God can take a weak man and make him strong. He can cast seven devils out of a Mary Magdalene and give her the Easter message. He can take a Lazarus out of the grave and confound the whole neighborhood.

Here is the crowd that started to the altar. We'll let this crowd be over here and another over there. Both profess to be holiness folks. They testify, and you don't dare tell them they don't have it. Here is a crowd that no doubt God dealt with in that battle in No-Man's Land. And they got mixed up. Some thought it all went to clothes. Some thought if you just dressed from your collar bone down to your ankle, that was it. That goes with it, but that is not it. Don't look at me like an old cow looks at her last year's calf. I tell you they just feel clothes and standards are it. They push it wherever they go. It doesn't make any difference who comes to the altar. They say if you take your necktie off, or leave it on, you will get the blessing. If you have a pearl button on, get it off and get the blessing. I am not talking about the folks that wear clothes. I am talking about this crowd. We need clothes and you will find that out before I get through. That is the point with a lot of so-called holiness folks, and you can't get them to pray. They are already graduated. They don't have any burden for a lost world. They are not concerned about backsliding a half dozen times. They aren't worried about the young person who is trying to get his feet down. I am going to tell you this! If some of you parents would melt up and prove to your children that you love them, they

wouldn't have such a hard time. You live before them as you should. You get hot when the testimony meeting is on, you do some personal work when the altar call is given. You do something.

That is where the danger is now. Am I too hard? I am telling the truth. I tell you, we haven't got long to tell it. I may preach too far above you, but if you knew how the sun is going down in this day of grace and here you are and here I am. You are on my hands and I am on your hands. God help the people and God help the preacher.

You know, some of the people pay their bills and maybe they fast twice a week. Most of them don't. Some fuss about the tithe question. Some pay their tithe. They live clean and are respected to a degree as far as morality is concerned -- they are respected in the community where they live. But they are proud, and that is their religion. You hold it there. That is all they preach. They don't need God for anything that they do. A lady will put clothes on, but you don't need religion to put clothes on. And a gentleman doesn't need religion to be a gentleman. He doesn't have to dress after Elvis Presley. Why? He is a gentleman. He is not an idiot. He is a gentleman. There are a lot of good old-fashioned women who don't profess a bit of grace, who are more modest than a lot of so-called holiness people. I can take you to some of their doors. One mother won't come to the door without rolling her sleeves down -- clear down. But that is not salvation.

Some folks say they are saved and sanctified but they are not winning anybody. Folks are looking at them and say, "If that is all." No spirit, no compassion, no love, no concern. Just -- "Look at me. Glory to God!" I am not getting too many Amens. That is one brand of so-called holiness at which you and I are looking, and so is the poor old sinner and the woman who has lost her way in the night. That is the kind of holiness they are looking at, too.

Another crowd over here comes the same way. They might have gotten saved, but they got tangled up in No-Man's Land. No standards at all. You can do anything -- play ping pong in the church and have banquets in the church, no sleeves at all, not even cap sleeves, rings, paint, lipstick, and everything else. They all profess to be holiness folks, and they are. You can't deny it. If you walk up to one brother and say, "If you let God melt you up good, I would believe in your religion," he would give you to understand he has as good religion as you have. I heard a woman in a missionary service sing one of my favorite missionary songs. She sang, "Ready to Go," and she didn't have a sign of a sleeve in her dress. Her arm was a limb. It hung down. Around her neck were two strands of pearls and she had ear bobs in her ears and not much hair. She got up and sang, "Ready to go, ready to stay, ready to do Thy will." I didn't resent her, Brother Wolfgang. I will tell you how I felt. I saw that worldliness and thought of the old mother church and wanted to get close to God. When the woman started to sing, I wanted to get under the rug, crawl under the seat. Have I been wrong all my life? Is that all Jesus can do for folks? Is that all?

People say "saved and sanctified." You may hear preachers, maybe in your own church, who will give you to understand that women with rings and all the rest have a good experience. They have religion. They may have religion, but they don't have salvation. All say they are holiness folks, and some of them have positions in your churches.

I preached at a Preachers' Convention in the Northwest. I am not going to tell you where because some of the folks who attended are here. They are good folks and that is why they are here. They want something different. I preached in the morning to preachers and in the afternoon to preachers and at night I preached holiness to a mixed audience. I am not usually so observant, but I never saw a woman that I figured was old enough to hold a district office who had long hair. I called my wife's attention to it. I don't mean they had "hypocrite" hair cuts. They just cut it off short up here. If I were going to bob hair, I would bob hair! One pastor's wife, all stirred up after a revival, said, "Brother Griffith, just what is long hair?" Well, I said, "Daughter, that is hair that the scissors have not been on." She softened down and walked away.

They are all business folks. Now listen. This crowd over here says, "That is a bunch of old fogies. They just chew the fat and throw clubs and snowballs." This crowd over here says, "That crowd doesn't have a speck of religion -- they are as nude as Greta Garbo. That preacher looks like Clark Gable." They just do that back and forth, and that is the trouble all over the world today. While they are talking and fuming and feuding one another, the poor lost generation goes to hell unprayed for. Neither one has religion. That crowd doesn't need a bit of God to carry on their program and this crowd doesn't need a bit of God to carry on their program. That is not holiness there and this is not holiness over here. They may have started that way, but they got into a trap in No-Man's Land. Some hard-nosed fellow with a couple of books under his arms started this crowd; he didn't have the blessing and they caught his spirit. This crowd were the Clark Gable type, and they said, "Now we are going to have a wonderful time. We are going to have a pot-luck supper. And the two teams, the 'Episcopalians' and the . . . are going to play a game of basketball. After that we are going to have a softball game between our own children. We are going to get the boys off the streets and entertain them. We are going to build a basketball court and a gymnasium and a fellowship hall that costs 80 or 90 thousand dollars. We are going to have a place to entertain our young folks." This crowd nearly died when they saw that going on. They just nearly had a conniption fit. This crowd said, "Yah, yah, yah." A poor lost soul out there is trying to find a way. Oh, my God, there he is. He has broken the law of God and has a habit he wants to get rid of and God condemns him. He goes to this church, and the preacher says, "Bless God, there is a stranger in the house. Bless God, he will get one load if he never gets another," and he unloads both barrels of rusty nails and crowbars and everything else. Sure enough, he missed him; and he didn't come back. When a hungry fellow comes to an altar, what does the crowd do? They go to praying, and pretty soon they sing some little swing cowboy song, some little hillbilly music. I am not exaggerating. There are sinners seeking God. And these two brands of holiness both said, "We are 'true holiness,' " but they never were.

You know, another crowd started to the altar. I believe they got saved. They saw another alley that looked like there was going to be a way through, and they ended up in a Tongues' meeting where they charmed snakes. Sister Blabber began to blab. Brother Grumbler began to grumble. They got interpreted the same way. How do you know? I just know. "If we can just get that bunch down to the altar and get them to speak in another tongue." If you haven't read that August issue of our paper, you read it. The third person that got out of Tongues in my thirty-three years of ministry was Sister Jones. We were in a meeting in -- and Sister Jones' confession was that "the tongues" was something she had to be delivered of. I tell you the Tongues' crowd have a lot of folks fooled. They go to the Tongues' meetings in droves. Why? They never preach on carnality. No, sir! Just so you can speak in another tongue, an unknown tongue, if you please. That means it isn't any

language. If it is an unknown tongue, it is not known, neither by God nor man. You look at me as though you don't like it. It doesn't make any difference to me whether you do or not. Holiness! There is that fellow who got bitten with a rattlesnake in the Kentucky Mountains. He was going to prove that Jesus was the Christ. He nearly died. For about three weeks he swelled at the mouth. He picked out that Scripture in the 16th chapter of Mark, "And these signs shall follow them that believe." He said if snakes would bite them, they wouldn't die. I say to that crowd if they are going to do one thing without dying, let me find some cyanide poison and see if they can take that stuff. The man's body swelled, his arms, his chest, his throat. A picture of how he was swollen was shown in the Louisville Courier Journal. There were headlines about him. And there was a story about the holiness folks in the mountains. The man got over the snake bite. I want to tell you the history of that verse in the 16th chapter of Mark. There was a little humpback by the name of Paul who was on the way to Rome, and was shipwrecked. The passengers got to the island on a spar or a piece of cordwood. That preacher who wasn't drowned got some wood to start a fire so he could start a street meeting, and when he reached down to get a stick, an asp stung him. The natives said he had a devil, but he flipped the asp off and it didn't swell up. Then they said, "He is a god." "No," he said, "I am just an old-fashioned, second blessing holiness preacher," and he had a revival and got the tribe converted.

There are three kinds of groups now. And they all profess to be holiness folks. But you can talk in 17,000 languages and it will never make you any more holy. Paul cleared that matter up. He said, "Though I speak with the tongues of men." He was afraid that wouldn't be strong enough to convince the people and he stepped over in the divine and said, "the tongues of men and of angels." Then he said, "If I don't have this experience of divine love, I become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Amen. In that realm is where your great healing meetings come. A lot of folks send money to these faith healers. . . . But I want to tell you something. If you trace them back, every last one belongs to this last crowd I mentioned. Every last one is a Tongues' preacher. I have the documented proof. They will get \$20,000 from people -- will charge each \$1.00 to stand in their healing line. Did God ever charge for a drop of blood? Did Jesus ever say, "Come on; everybody, get all Judea and Samaria, and get all you can out in Mesopotamia, wherever you can find them. We are going to have a healing service. Tell them when they come they are going to have to put a dollar in the offering"? That is exactly what is being done. A woman in Pennsylvania, a mother of a family, got in front of the TV. Have you ever heard of healing on TV, on a wicked thing like that? That crowd that is on TV, like Greta Garbo! Aren't we gullible folks? The Lord has no more to do with a healing service on that than the thing has to do with making a bed in a bedroom. Why that is so. That thing is rotten -- 99% of it is rotten, and the other per cent stinks. Some little old preacher gets up and salves your conscience. He doesn't preach enough to stir the fuzz on a gander's nose. Yet the folks "Oh" and "Ah" and "Oh." I am trying to tell you about No-Man's land. Some of you don't believe me.

So they go down to California. "We are going to Billy's meeting." Go over there and pin him right down. He will tell you that you can get it so good you can't backslide. Calvinism is just as much a delusion as Tongue-ism is. It will damn just as many people. It is a blind alley. It is a trap in No-Man's Land. Not a one of its followers believes in heart purity. Not a one of them believes in second-blessing holiness. They talk about being Spirit-filled but they don't talk about the sin question being settled. I'll tell you, beloved, God never lets the thing alone. That is why He put those two words in the 4th chapter of Ephesians, "true holiness." There it is.

I just quoted the first verse of the 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians to you. Read it in your tent. "If there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer of dreams and give thee a sign or wonder." That is what Oral is going to do. "We are going to do some healing. We are going to have great signs of wonder. And I am going to save a billion people this year." "And the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them; Thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams: for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul. Ye shall walk after the Lord your God, and fear him and keep his commandments, and obey his voice and ye shall serve him and cleave unto him" (Deuteronomy 13:1-4). Read that whole chapter. It will open your eyes.

We are living in that awful hour when there is everything under the sun to deceive the very elect. While some people may not appreciate what I am saying, the time will come when they will appreciate it. We are in that hour when the devil is loose and everything that can be is called holiness. That kind of holiness has become popular. Turn to the 13th chapter of I Corinthians. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels" -- and have not this experience, I am nothing. The last verse of the 12th chapter says, "Covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way." This is it. If I have not the experience of divine love, "I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy" -- that is the biggest, the first one on the list -- "and understand all mysteries" -- though I have the power to solve all mysteries in the universe -- "and have all knowledge" -- if I graduated from the cemetery (seminary) from every land and clime, have all the A.B.'s, M.A.'s A.M.'s D.D.'s and LL.D.'s (he has been "long, long dead"), "all knowledge" -- and have not divine love, I am nothing. "Though I have all faith" -- a lot of folks have a hard time about faith. They think if you pray and pray and pray you will have faith. No! No! Obey, Obey. That is the path that leads to faith. It doesn't do a bit of good for a lot of folks to come to the altar. They know what they have to do before they come to the altar. Why don't they go and do it? "Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains" -- and have not the experience of divine love, "I am nothing." "Though I bestow all my goods" -- this gets the social gospel, the modern holiness crowd. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor" -- not just that stale loaf of bread and broken-legged chicken and the potatoes you have sorted over. "And though I give my body to be burned" and have not this experience of divine love, "it profiteth me nothing."

Divine love suffers. Put it in the fire and it will suffer while it is burning. Put it in the wind of persecution and it will suffer. It will stand the test. It suffers long. And it is kind while it suffers. No slapback. No punch back. It just suffers. You say, "Are you sure?" You read it there. I am talking about the thing Jesus died for, not the thing Oral drummed up, not the thing the fellow said, "Put a black hat on your head," but the one Jesus died for, and you will suffer for. We need clothes, and if you get what I am talking about you will have all this crowd has, but you will have beyond that. You will have a tender heart. We want all they have. We want clothes and all, but we have to have something that persuades us; something that Paul spoke about, "the love that constrains," that true holiness that suffers long and is kind.

I have heard folks use this expression in church, "My little brats. I have the meanest kids you ever saw. My boy did this and my boy did that." Right out in the public they say that.

Old-fashioned holiness suffers long and keeps its mouth shut. Did you ever hear anybody say, "You don't know the kind of beast I am living with; he is just an old beast"? Right out in public. Old-fashioned second blessing holiness suffers and is kind. He said, "You just don't know what an old nagger I have. She just nags from morning till night." Well, tribulation worketh patience. Everybody that is going along with me say, Amen. Old-fashioned second blessing holiness suffers long and is kind. I have seen it worked out in a practical way. I heard a man testify, "I have never drawn a sober breath for twenty-seven years. He got saved the last night of the meeting, and he put his arms around his wife. She was in her room with the door shut when he went to the mourner's bench. She had been three or four days fasting. And her husband knelt down and prayed through. He said, "Never once did I come home not drunk. My friends. dropped me. If my wife wasn't able; to help me, she would get the neighbor -- he was kind enough to. help her. My wife always had a pot of soup or coffee or both ready for me while she was waiting for me to come home. She would sit by the bed after she got me to bed. Sometimes I would wallow in my own vomit. She would clean me up and feed me and when I had had enough food she would put her hand on me and plead and say, 'My God, have mercy on my drunken husband,' and pray me to sleep. She is the one." Are you listening? That woman got to God. Her husband is in heaven now.

I know a red-haired woman. Her husband dragged her one-third of the way across the floor by her red hair until he felt it pulling away and he looked and saw hair on his fingers. Where was she going? Prayer meeting. Did she go? Yes. She took her two little girls and went on to prayer meeting. She got to the door and said, "Don't you want to go with us?" and he said "No!" and pushed the door shut. Six weeks later Clarence told me this. Charlotte never told me. She was in the prayer meeting and gave a glorious testimony. Her girls looked up at her. I think they said, "I'll get old-time religion. I believe in her religion." I saw Clarence cry and she told me how mean he had been. "If she had wavered and given in a bit; I don't know where I would be tonight."

Divine bye suffers long. It suffers though the friend cheated you and the merchant told you he put stuff in your car and charged you for it and never put it in. Did you go home when the rotten potato was in the sack and say, "I am going to give him a piece of my mind"? Or did you throw it away and go down and invite him out Sunday school? Divine love. I am talking about true holiness.

Put off the old conversation, the old man with all his deeds. Put on the new man which is created after righteousness and true holiness That would convince the world He said, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me There is no life, no testimony no sermon that speaks louder than old-fashioned second blessing holiness

In the little town where I was raised was old Grandpa Prescott, my first Sunday School teacher He carried mail He was the postmaster in the little town of about 250 About two trains stopped every day There was a hook on a post with the mail sack hung on it and the train came down and caught it -- the mail clerk would kick one off He met those two trains One time in the cowboy town that: is all I knew, just to live among the cowboys -- on a Saturday afternoon, the town was full of cowboys about half drunk. Old Dad Prescott came along with the mail sack. And a big cowboy saw the man coming, and reached down and got a handful of hay, without saying a word. He wanted to make a laugh for the crowd, and when he saw the fellow approach he shoved that straw up in his beard and said, "Old man, you have straw in your whiskers," and he pulled out

a dozen whiskers. I was just a boy then. But I saw the blood trickle down and saw the tears. Dad Prescott looked up at that fellow and said, "The Lord help you, Brother," and stooped down and got his mail sack. You know, that was a Federal offense. That cowboy had attacked one of Uncle Sam's boys. Grandpa Prescott put the sack on his shoulders and waited for the train. He didn't go over on the other side of the street after he got the next sack. Why should he? He just picked up the sack and started out the same side of the street. When he got down in front of the . . . there was a different cowboy. It was the same one, but he had a different tune. I saw him take that ten-gallon hat off, tears on his cheeks, put his arm around Grandpa and I heard him say, "Dad, I am so sorry I acted like a fool," and he was crying. There wasn't any laughing. All had their heads down. Old man Prescott reached up and said, "I knew you didn't mean it," or something like that. Old Bud said, "Dad, if I ever get religion, I want your kind."

What are you talking about, Brother Griffith? Holiness suffers long and is kind. We could do something for the Lord in this day if we were not so sentimental and our feelings were not hurt so quickly, if there were not so much flesh. God could burn it out. We could stir this generation over our country. We could do something for this lost generation. God is waiting. He said, "This is why I gave My Son." This is why He was manifest, that He might destroy the works of the devil. I would like to meet somebody here at the altar who would rather get sanctified than have dinner. God can take you and purify you -- He can take out that old disposition. How many believe that is true holiness?

* * * * *

Message 6

THE BLURRED GOSPEL

II Corinthians 4:1-7

"But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." II Corinthians 4:3, 4

This seems to be a hopeless text. It is a picture of two crowds of people. It pictures the Gospel and a crowd that has blurred the Gospel, for the Gospel can't be hidden. It penetrates the density of heathenism and brings light to the pagan who never heard it before. It shines to the uttermost parts of the earth. It shines from a ten-cent counter and looks out, shining, from the pages of a Bible which you can buy for twenty cents. It shines its way through hymns until children can hum the chorus and sing the words, "He lives, Christ Jesus lives today." The one who is shut in, who can't get to church and goes about the home in a wheel chair, catches it over the air waves -- "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins." It goes to the great congregations in every form that God has ever given capacity to human beings.

The Gospel shines forth. There isn't anything that can hide the Gospel, but one person can do it. I am the only one who can blur the Gospel. I am the only one who can hide it; and if it be hidden, it is to them that are lost, whom the carnal mind has blinded, those who believe not that Jesus died on the cross and that His blood can make the vilest clean. They look at it, listen to it' feel it in the atmosphere of the church, hear it in the prayers and groans of God's people, and see it

glisten in the tears of a burden-bearing church. But the impostor who robbed Adam of his inheritance has robbed us of the life that is ours until we have lost our way in the midst of blazing light. Never has the Gospel shed forth a brighter light than today. And if God punished "the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation," how shall we escape if we neglect this great salvation?

Jesus spoke one of His saddest utterances with bowed head and burdened heart as He looked upon men who were reared in the church. Many were members of the Sanhedrin. He said, "How often would I have gathered thy children, together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

Right in the midst of the brightest light that ever shone, the optic nerve of the soul is being put out by the prince of the power of the air. Within the heart the shade is drawn and the brightness of the Gospel is blurred until it doesn't mean a thing any more. In the midst of a praying people, the light has gone out.

There is hope for the drunkard who never heard the Gospel and for the heathen in Africa. God is not particularly speaking to them. And no matter how deeply a person has gone in sin, if he will catch the light, act on the urge of his heart and leave the crowd and make a struggle to get to God, the strong arms of the Lion of the tribe of Judah will pull him to His bosom and kiss away the burden, lift his cares, break the evil habits and give him the victory. But what can God do when a man has looked at light until his sight is gone? What can God do with a man after He has pulled at the heart strings until his heart is as hard as stone? He has moved upon his emotions until that man is moved no more. He can sit in the intensity of a revival meeting, nod his head and go away a lost soul. God's hands are tied.

My heart is burdened more for the crowd that is blind and doesn't know it than for the rest of the world. This crowd says they believe in religion, and yet they do nothing about it. They say they believe in holiness and will support it, but never get saved and sanctified. They never move out for God. They sit at ease in the blazing fire of holiness. The Gospel is preached; and they settle down behind light and cull out what they don't want. They think they are going to heaven in spite of the fact they are not obeying the Bible. They say, "I am going to heaven, but I don't have to keep the commandments." They think God will be fooled and they are particular individuals whom God is going to overlook. But God commanded all men EVERYWHERE to repent. There is no ignorance today. Man is spiritually blind; though walking around with two good physical eyes, his heart that once was moved is now dead, and like lead in his bosom. His neck is stiff and God can't move him. He is not afraid of God nor the Judgment. He goes right on singing the songs of Zion and saying to himself, "I am saved and sanctified but I'm not going to mind God. I'm not going to believe the Book. Let the preacher preach. I'll take what I want. That is just his opinion. That is just what he thinks about it."

This is the blind crowd, the saddest crowd on earth. If they will be honest with their hearts, they know they are living a lie. And they are just as much doomed as if they were in hell today, as long as they keep that attitude.

A friend and I were out in the great Chamberlain Basin trailing a wounded elk. In the density of that forest we trailed the blood marks of the elk, hoping that we would find where he would fall. The sun started to hide behind the western horizon. And then we came to ourselves, for as we looked around we realized that we were lost. We knew that somewhere were our saddle horses, but we didn't know where. We had gotten lost in what we were doing. There are those today who are lost, who are so wrapped up in this world and what they are doing that they have forgotten God; and the light is gone. We discovered that we were lost, but we were just as much lost an hour before that time. There is a way out for the person who discovers that he is lost; but there is no hope for the one whose eyes are blinded, his mind stifled, his heart hardened, his fear of God broken, and the fire in his soul gone out. He doesn't know he is lost. When we realized we were lost in that great Chamberlain Basin, we began to make our way back through the brambles, over the dead-fall. The clouds began to gather, and the darkness of the Northwest forest settled down. Only God could help us out, and only God can help that soul that is lost today. We built a fire and rested, not getting stampeded, for we knew the forest, having been raised in that sort of thing. We knew that daylight would bring the sense of direction. But there is no daylight to the man who is already lost spiritually.

If you are not moved, God, in His Word, cannot arrest you until you start minding Him on big things and little things. You are in a dangerous place. You are not lost in the Chamberlain Basin or in the storm at sea; but you are lost while walking around enjoying pleasures, sitting on the seat of a great church, and while listening to the song "Amazing Grace." You are lost in the midst of light. Lost as God gives you babies in your home. The old carnal nature has blinded people until they don't believe that God means what He says. Somewhere, while we enjoy ourselves, a man staggers in the recesses of the damned who said, "I have played the fool." "God has departed from me and answereth me no more." I wonder if the poet knew what he was writing when he penned those words, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest of these are, 'it might have been.'" Almost he went to an altar one night, but didn't make it. He slipped through the gates, drifted out into the hopelessness and darkness of the night.

There is a hell. I'm not talking about the Jehovah Witness grave, for God said He would bury death and hell in the lake of fire that will never be quenched, that will burn forever and forever. You can argue about what the grave is and call it anything you want to, but there is coming a time when you will know there is a hell, as God has said. There is no one in hell who will want the price that it took to sell a redeeming Savior. You can find no one in hell who can relieve you. If we could open the door just one little crack, it would be easy to know what to do, if tonight's sunset were the last and tomorrow, the last day. If we could just see into a bottomless hell, and let God touch our ears until we could hear the wails of lost men and women who didn't do as much against God as some folks that live in the city where we are! Yet men and women think the preacher is going crazy and ranting. I would to God that He would lead us up sometime to the slippery banks of the pit that burns with fire and brimstone, not figuratively, until we could smell, as it were, the sulfuric fumes of eternal damnation and let us hear the wails of weary souls that will never cease to roam in the confines of hell. As Judas and Pilate will never be able to wash their hands, neither will you, sinner or unsanctified Christian. You either have Christ's blood on your hands today or you have His blood applied to your heart. If His blood is on your heart, it will cover you in the Day of Judgment and God will pass over you. But with the blood on Pilate's hands, nothing can avail.

Voltaire, the one who said he would have the Bible in the museum in a few years, and whose house today is the British Bible Society, rushed from his room and staggered until his own nurse was frightened and couldn't stay in the room as the blood ran from his face, eyes and nostrils. He said, "Oh! don't leave me now. Oh, don't let me be with this blood on my hands. If I could languish on the blistering coals of the hell that I denied, a million years, if it would just bring me closer to where I could pray, I could gladly do it; but a million years will bring me no closer." Now is the time to pray. Today is the day of salvation. Harden not your heart.

While we have this opportunity of coming to God there are souls behind the wall of eternity gnawing their tongues. They may have had the same opportunity we had one time, but the god of this world blinded them to light, and now it is too late. If we could call one back and ask him why he went to hell, he would say, "I sat in the midst of light until my eyes went out and I couldn't see my condition. I had my way and said 'No' to God too many times. God, as He said He would do, has turned me over to the fruits of my own way." Souls have waded through tears of the saints, godly mothers, husbands and wives. One man said to me, "Don't bother about praying for me." I took hold of his shoulder and said, "My friend, if I thought you knew what you were saying, I'd let you go on; but you don't know what is behind the door of eternity and I do." I took time out and tried to picture a little of the pandemonium of hell and said, "That is why I want to pray for you. You are blind and don't know it. I am trying to get you out of the hands of the god of this world so that the God of heaven can get hold of you." He said, "Thank you, preacher. Go ahead and pray."

Back where I was raised there was an institution for folks who were not as bright as some of us are. I presume they will make it into heaven without grace as they don't have the power to think. They are feeble-minded folks. One night that institution caught on fire, and those poor idiots didn't know what to do. They saw the crackling fire, saw the leaping flames, and danced with glee. They were rounded up by the firemen and police. All of the inmates were outside. The ones who looked after that institution took hold of hands and formed a great circle around the jumping, dancing inmates, to keep them from breaking back into the fire. Soon they were reinforced by other men. But in spite of all that could be done, some ran back and were destroyed in the fire. God has surrounded lost men with faithful hands in prayer to keep them from plunging into eternal hell fire. You may be pressing hard to break the circle, son, daughter, husband, wife; but you had better consider well before you are lost forever. You can plunge into the fountain and be saved tonight. Will you?

* * * * *

Message 7

SEARCHING FOR AN INTERCESSOR

Ezekiel 22:23-31 John 19:1-5

"And I sought for a man among them that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me." Ezekiel 22:30 And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!" John 19:5

O God, our Father, the opportunity is great and the possibilities are wonderful. How we thank Thee for the fountain that was opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness. We are glad for the Holy Ghost that led us to that fountain and persuaded us to turn our back on everything else and see the One Who started the everlasting stream of salvation; but, Father, there is responsibility with that which is tremendous tonight. We pray that Thou will gather us together close to Thy side. Lay Thy hand upon the preacher, that his speaking may be Thy message and reach the preachers and people who listen. What we want is Thy will for this particular time. What we want is the awakening of the people by the Holy Ghost. Oh, God, we plead for the intensifying of Thy presence in this service, the intensifying of Thy anointing on the preaching and the clarifying of the message until all understand it. Breathe upon us tonight. Defeat every design of the enemy and give us an old-fashioned holiness meeting tonight. Bless everyone here. May there be in all hearts the presence of Thy Spirit. May the supernatural lead us tonight. Give us from Thy hand exactly what we need. We will be careful to praise Thee and give Thee the glory. In Jesus' name, Amen.

I want the Holy Ghost to have His way. Unless the Holy Ghost helps me, I can't preach. I believe there is a message for this hour, and I want that message to be to me first and then to everyone congregated in the sanctuary tonight. I want to dwell on these two thoughts taken from the Scripture reading. In Ezekiel, God said, "I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me." Pilate said, "Behold the man."

Let us view man after God had breathed into his nostrils the breath of life-man made of dirt, but God making the difference. If you could take a position with the holy Trinity and watch man as he stood there the first morning, perfect in every way, you would see that he was pleasing to God. There was no blemish upon him. There was nothing to mar him in any way. His mind was perfect to the extent that God could trust him with naming all the creatures of the universe. He was perfect in his physical being. No disease could fasten itself upon him. He was perfect in God's image. After he stood there that wonderful day in the presence of the One Who made him, God looked upon him and said, "Very good."

Think how man was deceived and deliberately walked from the presence of God, abused a personal choice to associate with God forever, moved into the shadows after he had sinned against God in his heart.

Watch him as he goes from the gate of the garden from which God had to drive him. God had to place the seraphim at the gate with the sword swinging in every direction for fear that Adam would come back and find the tree of life and be a sinner forever. Behold him as he goes down the steps of time, blinded, disease taking hold of him. No longer is he perfect. No longer is his vision clear. No longer are his shoulders squared to face the issues of holiness. You can see even the whole surroundings begin to take on the aspect of death; for in that hour when man, God's masterpiece, turned his back on God, it seemed that the sun went out and all heaven mourned and death slipped into the world and took possession. As man went down the pathway of disobedience, every tree seemed to say, "I am dying, too, because of that." Regardless of where man went, death was everywhere. Disease and suffering were everywhere. Regardless of what man did to try to make an adjustment, he could not rub out the stain and the reality that death was everywhere. Man walked the path of death and destruction.

Then he walked farther from God. His affections wandered farther and he became so debased that when God looked and saw it become worse and worse, He repented that He had ever stooped and took up the earth and made man. In His mercy, I believe, He opened the fountains of the deep and let the mighty rain fall and let the waters flood the earth that He made, to wash away the monstrous thing of sin. But water could not wash away the sin. As man began to repopulate the earth, again sin became terrible. God looked and found men in the alien country with brutal taskmasters who tried to make them do tasks they were unable to perform. God sent a man to rescue them from their misery. In that hour of their rescue, God gave them a law. But law could not reach deep enough. They looked Moses in the face and said, "We are as holy as he." God then tried another thing. He clave the earth to swallow up the iniquity; but the earth cannot swallow the depravity of man. As he stood with every law broken and his own body vexed with the devil and afflictions and diseases, habits were fastened upon his own body which he could not break. And in that shell of man were smoldering anger, hatred, and jealousy.

Man has traveled a dangerous road, away from God, and away from holiness, until you would never say today, to look at him, that he was once in the presence of God. Here we find him at the bottom of the ladder. You can hear the drunkard's wailing and that of those in the asylum saying, "This is the result." This is man. Everyone in the asylums and bawdy houses and rescue homes and penitentiaries is but a picture of the result of sin. The result of sin on God's masterpiece is tremendous. And man cannot lift himself out of his trouble. Humanity can only lift so high. We can lift the sinner no higher.

Then a second point. That God could find a man to stand in the gap! Law could not change men, water could not wash it away, earth could not hide it. But in that glorious midnight hour, Christ came in a humble way. The people never recognized Him. As He grew in stature and wisdom, they marveled at His wisdom at the age of twelve years. They said later, "Never man spake like this man." They could not understand Him. Christ stilled the storm and quieted the hearts of the fearful disciples. He healed the demoniac in the tombs of Gadara, and he sat at the feet of Christ clothed and in his right mind. But it takes more than overcoming a storm to rescue the individual from sin. It takes more than healing the body -- it takes more than helping the physical, to rescue that individual. It seemed that Christ walked every step of the way man ever stepped. There was no dungeon so dark that He did not enter in His unspotted purity and rescue the one He was after. But He came to His own and they did not want Him. They admitted He was a great Teacher. One man, when he was convinced of the wisdom and divinity of Jesus Christ, came to Him in the midnight hour. So blind was Nicodemus that he said, "Good Master, we know that thou art a teacher come from God." But Christ was more than a teacher, more than one who came from God. The people saw Him by the seaside giving out loaves and fishes, but He could do more than even that to rescue the one He was after. It took more than that. Though God had to send His Son, His only Begotten, He came. He came to His church and said, "It looks as though this ought to be a help to the one we are after." But when He got there, there were men with their tables set and seeking place or prestige or something else. And the Son of man had to take the lash and drive them out and receive to Himself the stripes of the multitude. The path of the rescuer is not easy. But the hardness of the way never stopped the progress of God's plan. Never did Christ complain. Never a murmur did He make though He passed through the worst form of suffering that man ever had to endure.

When God looked for a man, He wanted someone who could encompass the entire need of a human being. He needed more than mentality. He needed more than a perfect body. The need required more than that.

On that glorious night when Christ came to the end of the trail, He gathered what few He could who believed on Him, away from their nets and associates, and kept them with Him till He could reveal His divinity to them. But God said there had to be some of the human to do this rescue job.

Isaiah said He was a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him: He was despised, and we esteemed him not. . . . But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." He was loaded with the burden, crushed with the sin of everyone, mortified with the sin that humanity could not see. He took the cup and after He had sipped, He gave it to His disciples and said, "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The Lamb wasn't slain yet but the picture soon turned to reality. The elements soon became the fact. Christ and His disciples went out in the night to the hill of Olivet. Some of them didn't go very far in the Garden; some went a little farther; and some went beyond. But Christ went out yonder to the gates of Death where the burden crushed Him until He fell on His face and said, "My Father, if there is any way to finish the task of rescuing those dead in trespasses and sin, if there is any way to put Thy arms around this blinded human race and bring them to Thee, all right; but Thy will be done." He stood at the head of the human race that was blinded with sin and drank the cup of death. His heart was crushed with the insults of the religious. When He returned to the disciples, who had had more than one touch of the Master and had closely associated with Him, He found them asleep. While they slumbered, the crowd had gathered. The soldiers laid hold on Him, not recognizing Him as a rescuer of men. He was sold. If no one had ever sold the Rescuer this world would have a different face tonight. The atmosphere would be different. Even the church in which we work, the state in which we live and we love, the nation we adore, and the world, would be different.

There, in that moment when His own disciples forsook Him and fled, without a murmur, without a complaint, He started down the hill like a galley slave. The two soldiers took Him before the governor. And there He stood before that pagan governor. Outside were the religious men and women and the educated people. But they did not recognize Him as Christ. They said, "Away with him, away with him, crucify him." The soldiers platted a crown of thorns and put it on His head. They took His garment from His back, scourged Him till He was bloody, walked up to Him in all of His suffering and spat on Him and slapped Him with their hands. They looked at Him and asked, "Art thou a king then?" He said only, "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born." The church did not know it. Pilate turned to the crowd and said, "Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?" They said, "Barabbas." Pilate said to them, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" They all said to him, "Let him be crucified." Pilate asked, "Why, what evil hath he done? . . . I find in him no fault at all." But they said, "Away with him." That pagan governor's wife sent a note to Pilate saying, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream."

Amid the torment and persecution and all the rest of it, an angel came down and said, "Jesus, You don't have to take that if You don't want to." Jesus didn't have to look far back in His memory to see an angel slay an army of 185,000. Jesus said to the angel, "I appreciate your coming, but I must rescue man. The job will never be done, the task will not be performed, and my Father will not be glorified, if I do not do it." So Jesus went on. He climbed the hill. The burden that crushed Him was not on His back but in His broken, bleeding heart. He couldn't carry the cross. They propped Him up and helped Him to the top of the hill. At the top of the hill, He realized the depth of sin that man had gone into as He lifted His head and listened to that howling, yelling, angry, jealous, selfish crowd.

Christ trod the world, perfect before God and spotless before man. Outside the gate carnality could be washed away. Earth and darkness couldn't hide it and the law couldn't reach it. Where these failed, the everlasting sacrifice succeeded, accepting the cup for all time. But it was not enough just to come to make the sacrifice. The sacrifice was made, but that was not enough. He had to get someone to accept it.

Men thought He was killed. He went down into the shades of death, into the very depths of hell, and took the keys and overcame death, the monster. You listen to me! I am trying to say to you that He found man -- not in the garden of holiness, not in the perfection of soul, but debauched from his head to his feet. And He rescued man, He put a pure spirit into him. In spite of man's poor judgment Christ could stand him up, a monument of grace. It was one thing for the devil to wreck a holy man, but it was a greater thing, after the devil had done his worst, for Jesus to pick him out of the scrap heap and set him up to live a holy life.

Jesus not only lifted man up, and saved and sanctified him, but His prayer was, "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world. And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified." He sent those men whom He had rescued. I am talking about those who tarried in the upper room. Our God found those who could carry the message because of the Divine Man. In that upper room He gave a commission that has never been fully carried out. He said, "You are going to walk in My footsteps and carry out the commission of rescuing men and women." And not only has Jesus Christ saved them, but down through every trial and test, He has held men steady. He can hold you steady and keep you on fire. There is no cooling off when the Holy Ghost comes in and lives and abides in the heart.

You have read the testimonies of the martyrs in the Inquisition. You have read of the millions who have suffered in the past. But even this very night the same God sees a seething graveyard and is looking for a man. Christ came and He said, "I want you to tell them this is the job. The governments have gone their own way. The leadership has become estranged from God, but let the man I have rescued and sanctified keep on the way I have started him."

I call your attention to Livingstone when he said, "I don't think of evaluating anything but in its relationship to the kingdom of God." Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey, but his heart was laid in the heart of Africa. People begged Livingstone to stay in England and carry on his project; they said if he didn't he would be laid on the shelf. He answered, "Just so that shelf is Africa." Either the Bible Is true or it is not. What is your motive? What is your motive in being a

preacher? To save yourself? To live a long time? To make a lot of friends? If you go with Him, you will go alone. The birds have nests and the foxes have holes, but you are fortunate to have a place to lay your head. Some may say, "I have put \$500 in that place." God gave His Son. "I have worn my body out." Jesus gave His life. "I have paid my tithe and can't give any more." Jesus gave the last drop of blood He had and it took it all to get to you and to me. My prayer is, "O God, make me like Thee." I can't say more. It Would seem like mockery for: me to say more.

Dr. Godbey said, "O God, if You need a martyr, choose me." When he got to the end of the line, God had helped him to be an overcomer. When Paul stood at the grave, he said, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" God fixed man up when he was rescued, to live forever -- not only to get spiritual life, but to keep it.

Out yonder, what are the nations doing? Looking for a man They are looking for leadership. Away out in Japan, over yonder in India, they are shaking hands with the missionaries and saying, "Farewell, the hour has come." Looking for a man! At a great conference of leaders, a returned missionary received a letter that changed his message. These words were written, "The hour has come." The speaker turned to that crowd of superintendents and pastors and said, "That means just this. Those native workers we left behind are facing the firing squads." The letter continued, "Farewell. It will mean my life, but I will never cease to proclaim the Gospel story." The burdened speaker said, "The challenge is no longer 'Do or Die,' but it has come to the hour when it is 'Do and Die.'" God began to take me back over the trail and showed me how little I had done, what a little distance I had gone in the fields of thorns and thistles and death to rescue lost humanity. He began to take me along a course of sorrow for souls and said, "Can you follow it?" That night I said, "If I know my heart, yes, Lord."

What is our mission? What is our motive for living? What is our motive for being a leader? Is it to build a hedge around us? Is it to give ourselves or to withhold? Situations will clear, horizons will be flung back when we answer the challenge. There is no time now to throw rocks at glass houses. God said, "Because I couldn't find someone to stand in the gap, I have to pour out my indignation." O God, breathe upon us."

There is a glorious ending to this thing. After Paul said in First Thessalonians, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," we read, "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together . . . and so shall we ever be with the Lord." We can talk about beautiful sermons and a good program and being in a certain circle, but that isn't it. But it is, "Will we stand in the gap?"

Let us pray.

* * * * *

Message 8
SANCTIFY THEM
John 16:7-13

Lord, You know how weak we are. You know we can't preach unless You help us. Oh, God, give us words to say. Search hearts and give us the victory. Give us some folks who will step out from where they are to mind God. May God move in among us now. Touch my heart. Give me that peculiar unction. Intensify conviction, Lord, and give to us victory through the blood of Jesus Christ, and we'll praise Thee for every soul that responds to the call of God. We ask it in Jesus' Name and for His sake. Amen.

Turn to the 16th chapter of John for the first Scripture, please. Begin reading with the 7th verse.

Emergencies arise. Christ's disciples had followed Him for approximately three and a half years. They followed Him afar off. They were border-line Christians. I believe every last one of them was saved because Jesus said none of them was lost. "I have kept them in thy name: those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition; that the scripture might be fulfilled." Look at that crowd of disciples on the final moment before Jesus' departure. You are reminded of a father leaving his home, or a sick mother who has given her life a sacrifice for her children. We bend our ears down to catch the last word of a departing loved one whom we will never meet again until we meet in that world of love and peace. Jesus Christ, about to speak His last words, sifts over the important events of His life and the important words He had spoken. He must now commit trust to His disciples. He said, "I go away; greater things than I do will you do because I go to my Father." He must send the promise of the Father to this group of disciples. The hope of the world now is wrapped up in the obedience of those disciples. What they do now God depends upon; and a lost world depends upon. Jesus Christ now is committing the Gospel to them. Paul spoke of it when he said, "We were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel." God entrusts to the individual who will dare to go to the upper room and be purified the remedy for sin. Divine deliverance is entrusted in human hands! God works through earthen vessels that the power of God might be manifested in our mortal bodies. "That they may know him and the fellowship of his sufferings and the power of his resurrection." Jesus Christ is giving the disciples their last credentials. He is trying to tell them what to do. And if they obey Him, the hope of the Day Star still rises and shines, the hope of the world is still bright. But if they fail God!

I heard one of my good friends give this illustration. Angels greeted Jesus behind the fleecy clouds as He ascended. An angel on the reception committee said to Jesus, "Master, who will carry out the command of the great commission which You have given?" Jesus stepped to the edge of the fleecy cloud and said, "Those men whom you see down there. They will carry out My commandment and My commission." The angel bowed his head and said, "But, Jesus, You made such a great sacrifice. You gave up heaven and the greatest jewel of every crown there ever was -- the pearl of great price. You gave up everything. You shed Your precious blood and suffered and took the shame outside the gate, where robbers assembled, and the stench of putrefying and decaying flesh reached the nostrils of men from the valley of Hinnom. It cost so much. Suppose they don't do it?" But He said, "They will do it." God has confidence in a convert. If a man really gets converted, he will seek to become sanctified. When the light shines, he has such an appetite that he is hungry for the blessing of God. God wants to take out of him that contrary thing; that thing which will defy Him. When he wants to do good, evil is present. He says, "I don't want to do wrong," but that ugly thing inside makes him do wrong. If he gets really saved -- really regenerated -- he is hungry for holiness. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for

they shall be filled." God gave His Son to save the world, and Jesus suffered outside the gate that He might sanctify the people with His own blood. It is a double gift. God gave His Son, and Jesus gave Himself. Jesus spilled His blood that He might destroy the works of the devil.

In the illustration the angel said, "Suppose they won't do it. What other plan do You have?" The Master bowed His head in silence and said, "I have no other plan."

Without holiness, "no man shall see the Lord." "Where there is no vision, the people perish." If the church refuses to get sanctified, then there will be no men who will see God. They will be under the judgment of everlasting condemnation. Without holiness in this world, without life reflecting the glorious experience of divine grace called sanctification, this world will die in darkness; and no man will see God. It is the oil in the vessel that lights up the midnight hour. In the parable of the ten virgins, five were wise and five were foolish. The five who had oil in their vessels, when they trimmed their lamps, were the ones that went in to the marriage at midnight. The ones who did not have it were shut without in the darkness, never to have another ray of light or another ray of hope. You can sit around on the benches of holiness camp meetings and holiness churches and fail to get sanctified. Many folks have sat around until they have lost their regeneration, and they have come back to an altar and begged God to sanctify them when they needed to repent and get reclaimed.

Some people are bothered about things. God knows we have all preached about things. But things won't bother you when you get regenerated. God will forgive every sin. He will break every habit. He will take the curse out of your heart and take it off your lips. Hallelujah! He will cure you of your iniquity. He will give you the victory. He will cover your sins with His blood and give them to the angels of everlasting forgetfulness to take them as far as the east is from the west. I don't know how far that is, but He will remember them against you no more forever and forever. When you are born again, you will want the holiness of God. You will want to press in close to God. If there is no iniquity in your heart, no worldliness that you have to give up, no restitution or confession to make -- you will want to get in close to God.

Adam and Eve communed with God in the cool of the day, and they were holy, a perfect creation. And the garden was holy -- the flowers were holy. There wasn't a thing in the whole world but what was holy. Adam and Eve loved to talk with God. But when iniquity came and the germ of sin was injected into the moral plasma of their souls, they ran from God. They hid from God. Men have been hiding ever since, and God has been calling from time immemorial, "Adam, where art thou?"

Jesus Christ knew the failings and the failures of every man. He knew the weaknesses of carnality. He knew that the old serpent's egg hatching out in the human heart brought in all the little traits of carnality -- jealousy and pride -- that motivate men to do the things that are wrong. He knew the disciples could not carry out the commission in their carnal condition. A tremendous responsibility goes with the blessing of holiness.

I know they will wrest the Scriptures in telling you about dispensational things that are justified. The atonement is universalized. The question of Pentecost on the hill of Sinai is answered, and all of that; but I tell you, this is a personal experience. Christ wasn't dealing with

continents. He wasn't dealing with theology. He wasn't dealing with schools. He wasn't dealing with families. He was dealing with individuals, and He said, "Don't you leave Jerusalem until you are sanctified wholly." They were the last words this world will ever hear Him say until He comes again. The last words He ever spoke audibly in this world were for every Christian to go up into that upper room and never leave until they are sanctified wholly. That ought to start the march of Christians to the altar. They ought not to have to wait for an altar call. They ought to get out of their seats and get rid of that old thing that is in their hearts that defeats them. The very fact that folks don't want to get rid of it proves that they aren't even saved. They don't even have a real case of regeneration.

You'll not fuss over TV, the dress and hair question, the money question, the Sabbath question -- you'll not fuss over it one minute if you are regenerated. God expects you and me to get sanctified. I remember my little Pennsylvania Dutch mother's last words. She said, "Glenn, you love Jesus Christ with all your heart. Preach Him. Don't you fail. Don't you compromise. And I'll be waiting for you." My Methodist class leader Dad died at 82 years. My mother died at 91. My dad said, "Glenn, you preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified." The angels fanned the air when my older brother, a holiness preacher, went to heaven. (I'm the only one left.) He said, "The devil doesn't like us, but Dad said preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified. And I'll be waiting for you over there." You go along with all you want to go along with, but I expect to be among that number when the saints are gathered in. Hallelujah! There is something wrong in the heart of humanity when they fail.

There is old Simon Peter. He is a big fisherman. His shoulders are square; his fists are double. He is a fellow with whom you would like to pal. He is one of the crowd. But, oh, Simon Peter had a weakness. It doesn't make any difference how big we are -- or how little. Little old hunchbacked Paul turned the world upside down. Big old Simon Peter was scared of a rooster when he crowed. He warmed himself by the enemy's fire. Simon Peter testified one time when it looked like the world had come to an end and the sun had gone out, when Judas Iscariot stood on the threshold of the door, a betrayer of His Lord. The disciples said, "Lord, is it I?" Simon Peter said, "Lord, I'll never forsake You, though they all forsake You. I'll go to prison and to death, but I'll never leave You." But Jesus said, "Simon, before the rooster crows, you will deny me three times." There were awful things down in that carnal heart that Simon had not discovered. There is that old denying principle that keeps you from shouting the victory in a camp meeting.

We are not tested in the camp meeting. That isn't where we are tried. We all more or less agree on this doctrine. We may have difference of opinion, but for the most part, the crowd believes in second blessing holiness. Camp meeting is not where the test is. Everybody there is on your band wagon. Everybody shouts you on. When you are with the men in the shop, where they are cursing and telling dirty stories, and where you are making money and paying your tithe and standing by the message of holiness, is where you are persecuted. There is where it takes strength to raise your hand and say, "Glory to God, I'm one of His." Out yonder in the school, the devil is mad, and they are teaching everything else but morality and righteousness. That is where our girls have to go. They wear long hair and try to be modest and step in among a group who have never been taught. They come from drunkards' homes and millionaires' homes, and our little girls have come out of another world. Hallelujah! They belong to another world -- another kingdom. The world can't set the fashions for God's children. No, sir! God has a womanhood that is purified.

There are no carnal-hearted, proud-hearted individuals in God's kingdom. They have been washed in the blood of the Lamb. A holiness girl walks down the halls of that institution where they laugh and mock, and she testifies for Jesus. And I've seen it more than once -- I have seen them win the highest honors and get the best jobs out of the schools.

I saw three seniors at a Camp Meeting. Those precious children were there, trying to lead the singing. The other crowd made fun of those children on the high school platform. They were having graduation exercises and doing all that goes along with that period of time. These three students didn't inform them. Hell doesn't inform you what it is going to do. The devil does not tell you of his strategy. He will do anything to bring pressure and cause God's people to back up and fail God in the crucial moment -- in that hour when God depends on you; in that hour when you are needed most -- in that hour when there is a need for someone to stand up and be counted. That is the trouble with a lot of folks today. They are afraid to stand up and be counted. They are afraid to bare their bosoms to the arrows that fly by night and the pestilence that wasteth at noonday. Some would rather sneak away home than mind God, and go out and do something. This is the hour. God wants witnesses who will fight the good fight of faith. I saw those two girls and that blond-haired boy. I didn't meet them in the service, but I met them after. They said in that last chapel service the principal and the professor and the faculty and all of the seniors on the platform put on a mock prayer meeting. They got down on their knees and said, "Glory to God! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" And they tried to pray. They mocked at that kind of religion, but they never swayed the faith of those youngsters. Glory to God! They had the blessing. They took all they could. But when the crowd got through praying, the big blond boy looked at the girls. He said, "Let's go," and they just marched right down from the platform. They didn't compromise. They didn't even ask the professor to dismiss them from the exercise. They just walked down off the stage and down the main aisle and out. One of the teachers at the door said, "You are the biggest bunch of fools I have ever seen." One of these students graduated with the highest honors in the school. The boy was made valedictorian of his class. That teacher mocked at their religion and giggled at the crowd to which they belonged. The big blond boy and the two girls with tears in their eyes said, "We are satisfied. It is the best crowd on earth." He stood up and said tenderly, "Jesus saves me this morning and sanctifies me by His grace."

It isn't our hair, but it is the reproach of the cross that causes folk to be afraid to stand and hide when the pressure is on. There are men across this country who are afraid, almost, to be caught with me. Why? If you are ashamed of me, don't shake hands with me. My footprints have been made all over this country, and I challenge anyone to find a crooked trail anywhere. God's grace has been sufficient. Thirty-two years ago, the mercy of God reached me. I was away down and almost lost forever. I didn't know where I was going and thought that God would never call me again. In His tenderness, He reached down and picked me up out of the miry clay. Do you think I'm going to fail Him for a worldly crowd? I'm going to travel with the crowd who is following the meek and lowly Nazarene.

Simon Peter, with all of his braggadocio, warmed himself by somebody else's fire. Simon denied his Master. Down in his heart he knew what he should be doing. You know where you belong. You know. I'm not preaching for the visible church. I'm preaching for the invisible church. We are living in the blazing light of the Gospel and yet folks are going blind. We are living in a time when it takes more and more courage. It takes sanctified courage. Perfect love casteth out

fear. I'm not talking about praying in public or crawling into a shell and saying you can't testify. God will make a soldier out of you or a foot racer or a wrestler. I'm talking about something that takes blood and conscience. I'm talking about something that unravels that old black ugly thing in your heart and takes it out, and takes all the cowardice out, until you will stand by the Lord and you will stand by your friends until you win. That is the kind of holiness Jesus purchased.

He said, "They will scatter you across the face of God's earth. They will drive you out of the tabernacle and out of the synagogue. You are in for it." He said, "I told you this so when the time comes you won't be offended." That old denying spirit. It is more than human timidity -- it is carnality. It was carnality in Simon Peter that betrayed Jesus. You show me a time after he was sanctified where he ever wavered a minute. Simon Peter doesn't have anything weak or cowardly about him now. He is out there waving his hands and preaching. Hallelujah! God had sanctified him.

They give you just a little cold shoulder, just a wink of the eye, just turn aside as if you didn't see them pass by. Then when they are cornered, they say, "Oh I appreciate you. I believe what you preach." That old denying spirit! Why don't you come out here and show up? You'll never do it. You will live in the shadows until you get that old thing taken out. You will never stand for Jesus Christ with a crown on His head and spittle running down His face. Isaiah said, "When we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. . . . But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all . . . he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." I'm glad I'm following Him. I'm glad He is beyond the church. I'm glad He is beyond diplomacy and sentimentalism.

You can say, "I wouldn't deny Him," but He knows the secrets of men. He knew those disciples weren't ready to go out on the great commission. He knew they would go to sleep in the garden of prayer. He knew some of them would be down serving pot-luck suppers in the basement of the church. The biggest part of them are running a social program while the world is wrapped in sin. Folks with white gloves will never work much. They have to save the banker. Jesus said the common folks are the ones who will hear the Gospel gladly.

Another disciple by the name of Thomas never did know where he was. There are folks today who don't know where they are. Some go to mass evangelism. Some drive 500 miles to hear the so-called healer pray for them. They are all mixed up. Thomas doubted Jesus. He never did have a good experience. "How do I know? I'm not sure. I wish I could testify like John. I wish I could testify like those girls." You can. You can testify with them. You came to the altar and there was the old question mark. Do you know what that question mark was? Unbelief. That is what kept you out of the rest that God gives to the saved of this earth. I have good news to tell you. The Holy Ghost can burn that question mark out. If you have the courage, if you will furnish the creature, He will furnish the fire to burn the question mark out. Hallelujah! You must have the witness. If you have the Blesser in you, He is the witness. The blessing comes by faith. Amen! Faith is the gift of God. You hear some folks say, "Take it by faith; take it by faith." Take nothing! You can't take it by

faith. It is given. As if a person could come to an altar and work himself up. You can't get the Holy Ghost that way. You will find folks all over the country who preach that doctrine, but it is not Scriptural. Some folks have fooled around and rejected light until they don't know where they are.

Christian Science heals and mental telepathy heals. Healing is not what Jesus died for. He came to suffer outside the gate to sanctify the hearts of believers. For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil.

This generation may be within ten hours or five hours of the tribulation, and most of them are members of some church. But they are fooled by every wind of doctrine. They had better come to an altar of prayer and die out to price and die out to everything else -- die out to their mothers and die out to their wives. You'd better mind God. You'd better let God put fire on your sacrifice and everything that goes up in the smoke. Bid it good-bye. When He comes, He'll lead you into all truth. He said, "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance." So, I'm going to stick with God. Let God be true and every man a liar. They have talked so much and they have gossiped so much and pulled the preacher across the table so many times and broken his heart.

God remembered a watermelon patch which I visited when I was a boy, and God brought me back to it. That was eighteen or twenty years afterward. God just led me right back to the owner's home and helped me to pay for melons and confess I was a thief. Too many things are making folks dodge the issue of Holy Ghost obedience. No wonder they have a question mark!

I remember reading of that day when Jesus slipped into the room where the windows were all shut and the doors were all closed. Only the disciples were there. Thomas had said, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." But Jesus said, "Come over here, Thomas. I want you to put your fingers into the nail prints and thrust your hands into My side." When Thomas drew his hand from the side of the Master, he threw up his hands. "Oh, my Lord and my God!" Now, Lord means even more than Savior. It means that He possesses a man entirely who owns Him Lord. He is a love slave to the Lord forever and forever. I tell you, Jesus said, "Thomas, you believe Me because you have felt Me. Blessed are they that believe on Me and never saw Me." Hallelujah!

Thirty-two years ago Christ came down through the men's tent at Wichita, Kansas, and lifted my burden. I never saw Him, but I knew the burden was gone. I knew the sin question was settled. I never smoked another cigarette and it seemed like a dream that I ever had a nasty thing like that in my fingers. But God cleaned me up and took the curse out of my heart and cleaned me of my carnal mind and took dirty stories out of my mind. Don't tell me you don't know when God does something for you.

You can't show me a place where Thomas ever backed down after he was sanctified. He was found shot through with arrows from a bunch of pagan Indians in a little brush arbor across international boundaries.

It has been thought John was a great man, and he was. But he was just as full of carnality as any of the rest of the disciples. He had just as much devil in him as Simon Peter did. People can

point their fingers at Judas and Simon Peter, Thomas and all the rest of them, but John had just as much of the devil in him as any of the rest of them did. He and his little brother James maneuvered around and said, "Do you reckon we are going to end up off the Board this year? I just don't feel like I can pray much unless James is with me, you know." He said, "Jesus, when you come to the kingdom, which side will you let me be on? Who will be the greatest?" Jesus picked up a little child, and said, "He that would be greater, let him become as this little child." "I want you to know, I'm a charter member of this church. I'm a charter member of this camp meeting association. I've been here a long time, you know. Let me show you my sore thumb. Oh, my sore thumb! They have treated me awful." James said, "You go and ask Jesus what position He is going to work us into." John said, "Let's go and talk to our mother first." And they called their mother in and they cried on her shoulder. Mother said, "Bless you, boys. I don't think they have treated you right." Mother had a carnal spell. I want to see God get some folks sanctified and politics burned out. This old generation is tired of carnality. This world is going to hell and there is nothing but the salvation of Jesus Christ and the baptism with the Holy Ghost that can deliver men and women. If I would compromise with you, I would be unfaithful.

The disciples said, "Master, we were coming down the road the other day and we saw a group of folks over there; and they prayed fire down. What will we do? Pray fire down on them?" How many ever read that in the Bible? Jesus said, "No, if they aren't against us, they are for us." Poor me! "When You come into the kingdom will You let me be on the right hand or place me on the left?" Jesus said, "Really, I'll tell you, men, that really is not my place to give. But I'll tell you something. When we get the job all done and the harvest is in, my Father will put us all in the right place."

Then Christ said, "I'll tell you, boys, of a place you can have. I was going down the road the other day and I saw the priest all dressed up with his collar on backwards and some didn't have any on. As I was watching there, I saw a poor man whom the robbers had beaten and left for dead -- fatally injured." That is a picture of entire depravity. That is the picture of a man that is wrecked with carnality and sin -- left there to die in the blistering sun. The world didn't care. "I saw the priest come by and look at him and say, 'Poor man. But I've got to get down to the Lion's Club and down to the Rotary Club luncheon and I haven't got time. Poor fellow! I've just got to hurry on to my job. I've got an appointment.'" An appointment? Say, priest, what did God call you for anyway? The Scriptures say we shall be saved by the foolishness of preaching. How shall they hear without a preacher. And he passed the poor broken piece of humanity by.

And then the Levite came along (the church board), supposed to make up the prayer meeting crowd. But he had much to do. "Now, James, we must go down and plan the Easter cantata. We've got to get robes. We must have our Easter program and our Christmas program. And we must sell calendars for the poor Lord. We just don't have time. Why, there is that poor fellow. Look at him there. Do you suppose we'll have time to help him? Well, I'll tell you, you get that program ready and everything else ready. Old Sister Proud Heart and Brother Money Bag and Brother Broad Mind will be looking for us. We have to report back to that committee." And they passed by on the other side.

There was one who came along -- busier than all of them put together. That man never looked at his watch. He never made an excuse. He got down on his knees and got his first aid kit

(the balm of Gilead), lifted up the mans bloody, dirty head, and bathed it with refreshing water; and he placed his head on his arm and bathed his fevered brow and wiped the dirt out of his eyes so his vision could be clear; and he rubbed his hair back and took the balm of Gilead and dressed his wounds the best he could. He never looked at his watch to see how long it took him to do it. But he picked the poor man up and put him on his own beast and got hold of the reins and led the donkey. God will lead the way for humanity to get to the soul hospital. The kind friend checked on the injured man every little bit to see how he was getting along. He said, "Son, I'm going to take you down to Eternity's hospital. Down there the blessed Holy Ghost will heal you." He has the best Blood in the world. He can give one blood transfusion that will cure and never fails -- enough for every soul. You don't have to have it lettered and put in a certain place. Jesus Christ walked into the hospital and said, "'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.' Now if that is not enough, I am coming back soon and will take full charge."

Jesus said, "I'm going away. These are my last words. You go to the upper room. I want to give you a task. You said you wanted a place." He said, "Come over here and sit down," and He girded Himself with a towel and God washed humanity's feet. The thing that breaks my heart this afternoon is, Who is going to wash poor footsore humanity's feet? They go by this camp meeting. They go by every church. Scarcely any of them stop. Who? The lost, depraved, sinful, habit-bound folks. They can't break away from sin. They go by the church, but the church is too busy with its programs, and the priest is too busy with his appointments, and the church board is too busy with its plans. And poor lost humanity lies out there to die. God said, "I'm looking for the crowd that will wash humanity's feet." That is what He is looking for today.

Nothing but holy men will bathe humanity's feet. Jesus said to the people, "Do you see that little house up there on the hill? There is an upper room in it. I want everybody in this crowd who will be courageous enough and who believes I'm Jesus Christ the Son of God to go there. You believe that I came to break the curse and power of sin. Don't worry about nations -- don't worry about whether or not Communism is going to take over America." He said, "I'm talking about another kingdom that the Communists can't get their hands on. I'm not talking about temporal things. I'm talking about a building that is not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He said, "I want you to lift your gaze. If you go to that upper room, I'll give you the paraphernalia and the credentials to go out and bless a lost world. Ye shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem (that is your home town) and in all Judea (that is the surrounding community), and then you can go out into Samaria (that place that fights holiness and doesn't believe in it). You show the right spirit out there and suffer for it and I can trust you to the end of the earth. Just go up there and get sanctified."

I wonder if the Master's last words are ringing in your ears. Will you go to the upper room or go away? He is calling today. I pray as you come that every unholy thing in your lives will be consumed with holy fire. Did you ever stop to think of the tragedy if those disciples had refused to go to the upper room? The question is today, What will the tragedy be if you don't get the victory?

Let us pray.

* * * * *

Message 9

GOD'S HOLY PLACE

Scripture: Ecclesiastes 8:6-11

"And so I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done." Eccl. 8:10

To you this may be a strange portion of Scripture to use on the closing Sunday morning, but I believe that the Holy Ghost has led me specifically and directly to this 10th verse in the text of the Scripture.

"And I saw the wicked buried who had come and gone from the place of the holy." Interesting things are in that text and they are eternal things. God has had a holy place where He has met with every man somewhere, sometime, in every dispensation and in every generation -- from the time that Abel built his first little altar and offered the best that he had from his flock down to Abraham's altar. Back there, Cain made a mistake and offered less and missed it and died a vagabond in this earth. Abraham's altar was erected every time he pitched a camp. From there to the tabernacle in the wilderness men could come and their sins could be forgiven. God has placed these holy places across the expanse of time for every generation to meet with God at the proper moment -- from Abraham's altar to that magnificent building, Solomon's temple. Yet in that holy place, built at such a tremendous cost, one day the Son of God took the cat-o'-nine-tails and chased from its holy corridors men who sold and commercialized the Gospel.

Jesus Christ walked the face of this earth and held street meetings in every place He stopped. It was a holy place. In the city where He went, He cried with a broken heart, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you." And as He moved around that beautiful sea of Galilee to the city of the Capernaum, He lifted up His voice again with a wail and said, "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee." He entered into the beautiful city of Jerusalem, looked down from the hilltop, and said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

What marvelous places there are where humanity has met with God! But our text refers to a wicked class of people. We think of the wicked as men who are libertines, drunkards, etc., out in extreme sinfulness. But the crowd the preacher saw moving away from the holy place was a different kind of wicked people. They had seen the light. They had sat in the place where God moved upon their hearts. They knew what they ought to do. The preacher standing at the foot of the grave as he wrote this, the wise man of the earth, said, "I saw the wicked come and I saw them go, and I saw them buried. I saw them come to the holy place. I saw them go, where God said they would go, into everlasting punishment. I saw them buried." The last hope was buried as the clod rolled in upon the graves. Oh, what a scene!

And yet such a scene occurs every day of our lives. It is taking place in this camp meeting and every other camp. Somebody is going to go out the doors of the camp meeting the last time with hope in his heart. We talk about the marvelous grace of God and His mercies that are unbounded and the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost, and He is tremendously faithful. It is recorded in the first chapter of Revelation, regarding the Laodicean Church, that little by little they pushed Christ outside of the Church and still He called in His faithfulness and knocked on the door and said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." And yet, with the cost of all that God had paid men, He said, "I saw them come. I saw the flash of light. I saw them get the Word. I saw their faces flush and their heads drop under conviction. I saw them moved upon tremendously by the Holy Spirit. And I saw them get up and move away and they are gone."

Yes, wonderful opportunities, wonderful privileges, but what an eternal responsibility! What will you gain if you gain the whole world? You may have every opportunity in the world and take advantage of all of them, but without God you will lose your soul. Even down to this hour in which we live, God has many, many holy places -- more than ever before.

I think of this wonderful tabernacle in which we are assembled this morning. I have been here only three years, but I can remember how it has grown. The blessing of the Lord has been upon it, and at times the Holy Ghost has come, Brother Norman, and crowned the mercy seat and covered it with Shekinah glory and men have sought and found God. I think of the sacrifice and the cost it took to build this -- the investment of lives and talents and money. It was put here for a specific purpose. It was put here and dedicated for one thing and that is to be God's Holy Place. It is for every man, woman, boy and girl, that is interested in it, who lift up their hearts and invite Him to come in and do His office work. Oh, the wonderful places God has raised! No doubt some have already gone to heaven from this congregation. Some have invested in the place down here in Florida, dedicated for God's Word to be preached. The altar was put in it and every beautiful equipment for one specified purpose -- a meeting place for God and lost humanity, where voices in song and testimony and prayer plead for the Holy Spirit to come and inhabit His tabernacle until conviction comes, and men can see the light and find their way to a fountain filled with blood. Hallelujah for the holy places that God has put on purpose before the face of every man. He has swung the crowd between you and me and eternity and the Judgment.

There are interesting things about the holy place of God. When you stop to think, every place is a petition inviting God to come. Every testimony rings out its glad welcome for the Holy Spirit to come. You look down there and do not see anybody in the pulpit. You see the pulpit here -- Christ is in the pulpit. Every bit of furniture has been dedicated and money given to create atmosphere and comfort so that every man, woman, boy and girl can get the light and do what God wants them to do. The open Bible. It doesn't contain the Word of God. It is the Word of God. It is the inspired Word of God; the divine authority within it spreads out God's omniscience and His omnipresence. God, in the Word, is expressed to this crowd when they meet in here with the open Bible. Behind it stands a man that has been called time after time. Many men have stood behind the pulpit in this tabernacle and God has ordained them to preach the Gospel. Every man who stands behind the pulpit must present to the credential committee the credential of character that God has

saved him and sanctified him and called him to preach. God have mercy on the preacher who would stand behind the holy desk and not be holy, made so by the blood of Jesus Christ.

God has arranged from a holy Bethel to a holy building for men and women to get to God. As the minister preaches the Word, he preaches with a burden, inviting God and begging Him to meet the need of every person in that building. The prayer goes up to the throne of God and the prayer meeting pleads with God to move today upon the camp ground -- God's holy place. The people assemble. Into that atmosphere comes that holy, unearthly presence of God. Who can describe it? You can't see Him but you know He is there. Oh, blessed be the name of the Lord! The Holy One that is high and lifted up has come in answer to the beck and call and the devotion and worship of men and women who want Him to come for one specific purpose. Not just to come to His holy place but to meet the people who come. He slips down the aisle and among the pews as the preacher preaches or the singers sing or the people pray. He touches one here and one there. He reveals to them eternity and the value of their souls. He talks to them about the thing they need to do. He never misses it.

The Scripture says when He is come, He will "bring all things to your remembrance." "He will guide you into all truth." He is the Wisdom of God, the Executive of God today. He runs every errand God sends Him to do. He carries out the will of God as far as divinity is concerned in this hour. This is the Holy Ghost dispensation and He is living in the temples not made with hands. He lives in an atmosphere where hearts go out that are filled with the Holy Ghost and plead for convicting power to come.

Then, the most holy place that I know of is an altar of prayer. The altar has been taken out in some places. But to me the holiest place on earth is an altar in God's holy place. There are more things settled there than any place I know of on this earth. Settled for time and eternity at that old-fashioned altar where God meets with man. As it was in the old tabernacle, there behind the cherubim, the high priest standing on the other side, the blood was sprinkled on the altar and God talked to man over the altar, so in this day the broken-hearted sinner, the unsanctified Christian, makes his way to a place of prayer, and that unseen, unearthly One who meets man's need, talks to him, and brings to light everything that needs to be brought to light, while He humbles him and brings him to the point of being a little child who can enter into the kingdom of heaven. "Except ye . . . become as little children, ye shall not enter into . . . heaven." He can take the man with gray hair back down the line until he is a little boy as far as credulity and interest and love and sincerity are concerned, until again, like a boy, he can look up and say, "O God, if there is anything else, show me," and God will crown the mercy seat.

God has supplied a place for you and me to come and repent of our sins and get rid of a past that is as black as midnight, and burdens that are too heavy to bear. There is no hope, but all of a sudden, at an altar of prayer, God reveals, God touches, and quicker than a flash, the blessed Holy Spirit, by faith, brings the Blood and applies it to the heart and a sinner has been born. He has been converted. He has been brought into the kingdom and his sins are all gone. He leaps to his feet, free from evil habits and from the devil and free from the old path until he can sing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Hallelujah! No other place is like that on earth. That is the holy place.

God called. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." "Come." "Come . . . without money and without price." Christ said that one that is heavy-burdened, let him come. "Come... let us reason together . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Come to the place of the holy. The singer sings, the preacher persuades, the prayer prays for men. I pray that they will come. Come to the place of the holy.

Oh, my friend, the cost through the centuries! Who knows how many folks have had footsteps to lead them down to a place of decision, and God opened their hearts and revealed to them their hearts. There is the holy place we heard about the other night. When Isaiah got in that holy place, there, in faithfulness, God revealed Himself first as holy and then He revealed to Isaiah his unclean lips and his iniquitous condition, until there in that holy place, Isaiah made the proper decision and said, "Woe is me," and he fell on his face. He said, "I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people with unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King." Oh, that holy place in that moment when doctrine drifts away; in that moment when relationships on earth fade away and God looks down in a man's or woman's heart and sees all the secrets; and yet though He reveals their sins, He reveals Calvary that is flowing with blood that can cover them. Oh, what a Savior! What a place! What an opportunity! What a God! What a fountain! My heavenly Father, to think a person can walk on holy ground, walk in a holy atmosphere, sit down in the seats that are dedicated to a holy place, pick up a hymn book that has been dedicated to the holy place and sing hymns that speak of the Blood and the faithfulness of God. Oh, brother, every excuse, every alibi, every fence torn down, every back turned away, God sees as they are. I have seen people stand under conviction. My heart would go out to them and I would go back to them and start to plead. Sometimes before I would get there, sometimes before other personal workers could get there, in that atmosphere so charged with the presence of God, conviction became so intense you could hear a pin drop; and in the silence of that hour and moment, that Wonderful One would slip down to that young woman, that young man, that mother, that dad, and tell them things that only they could hear. He doesn't tell everybody. He talks to you and me in the holy place of God and every one of us knows when it is He. There may be 10,000 voices calling. There may be bells ringing and the world on fire, but that still small voice we hear above the din and above the storm and above the battle going on inside our heart -- Jesus speaks. Jesus speaks, "Oh, won't you go?" He doesn't come to cold churches. He doesn't come to unholy places where He isn't wanted, to hearts that don't want Him. He doesn't come to a home that doesn't want Him. But in that atmosphere where He is made welcome, He comes.

He has been waiting for us. He was here before the crowd ever got here, waiting to be invited. Waiting to be solicited, waiting until we wanted something done for our souls. He is not dealing with cattle and sheep but with that precious treasure that God so loved "that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." God is dealing with the crowd that God the Son came to seek and save.

They came. I have seen them come. I have seen them go away. I remember one time I stopped a young man at the door after we had pleaded with him. I took hold of the lapels of his coat, persuaded or tried to persuade him that he ought not to go out that door. I felt a strange emotion in my heart that told me it might be a dangerous trail he would follow. I will just tell you this -- though you procrastinate on God's mercy, He may leave just like He left 10,000 other folks. One time He may come. One time in an atmosphere like this, there was a governor and a king. Paul

stopped them and one said, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." The other said, "At a more convenient season I will call for thee." One was not persuaded and the other never had another chance. Paul the messenger of light and hope of salvation never came again. On the shores of Gadara there was one who could not be chained in the tomb. Men said he was crazy. He was mad. He burst the chains asunder. Then Jesus spoke. And the man was found, clothed and in his right mind. But the opportunity came to Gadara, not just to the man in the tomb. Because Christ stopped the town's unclean business, for the hog business was unclean to the Jews, and because He cast the devils into the swine and the pigs went into the sea, they got on their knees and though they saw what He had done to the Gadarene, they said, "Get out of these parts." He never came again.

I believe with all my heart that men and women that have become so accustomed to God's holy place and God's holy atmosphere and God's mighty working in that atmosphere are dried up and dead spiritually as much as if they were already in their graves. There are men and women who haven't reached the age of fifty in this generation in which we live that are just as much damned as if they had been in hell a thousand years. They will never get moved again. Why? Because they came and listened and God moved. But they said, "Not tonight," and went away. Don't you think you are turning the preacher down when you come to the holy place. You never came to see the preacher. Back of the revival and back of the plans of the camp, there is the Holy Ghost. This is a Holy Ghost meeting. This is a Holy Ghost dispensation. You are dealing with the Holy Spirit, and the man or woman who refuses Him, loses his hope of heaven. Men and women all over the country today who never swear an oath, who pay their tithes, go to church, carry on religious exercises and activities, have bloody footsteps (read the 29th verse of the 5th chapter of Hebrews). They have trodden underfoot the Son of God. That isn't all. They sat down in that atmosphere and counted the blood of the covenant wherewith they are sanctified, an unholy thing -- a common thing. That is just common -- you can take it or leave it. That isn't all they did in that atmosphere of the holy place. They not only counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, but struck God in the face and did despite to the Spirit that convicted them and shook their head and walked out and let God go. "Brother Griffith, it's just a little thing." What do you mean little" when you ignore the blood of Jesus Christ? What do you mean when God comes and you can shrug Him off? What do you mean when you ignore the Holy One that paid the price for your holiness and yet you just carelessly shove Him aside and go away? He came like a dove and I am afraid that is the way He is going to leave you -- silently, He will shake His wings and depart. When He comes to the consciences of men and women, how do they treat Him? He comes to reprove. He comes to save and sanctify. He comes in an atmosphere just like this.

Men and women despise the Holy Spirit. Oh, they never said that much out loud. You can go out to a city I went to about two months ago, which has a population of about 300,000, maybe 400,000 by now. A man took me to a place down there. We knocked on the door of a private office, and my friend introduced me to a fine-looking gentleman and noble-looking lady. We spent all afternoon until supper time shaking hands with men and women. Wonderful-looking people. They smiled and were very courteous. When we moved out of those offices and started home, my dear friend said to me, "Glenn, do you know who those folks were with whom I made you acquainted this afternoon?" I said, "Some of them, I think I know." I thought he meant their names. "No, I didn't mean their names. Every man, woman, and young person that I introduced to you this afternoon was at one time a preacher or preacher's wife or Sunday school Superintendent or Sunday school Superintendent's wife or a Young People's President or a Young People's

President's wife or a Sunday school teacher. They were in some office in a holiness church, but they are backslidden. You can't get them to church any more. They never will come. They will lie to me. I tried to get them out to church and they promised me they would come to church, but they never will come." Why? "I saw the wicked come and go, and they are gone."

But you and I are here. I have seen men and women come to this holy place and the altar and pray a little while. Are you praying for me? This isn't fun to preach this way. They came to the altar under old-fashioned conviction. God was faithful and people were faithful and they got down and prayed. Apparently they prayed. Some of them might have shed a few tears, but pretty soon the tears dried up and their heads went down and nobody could tell them to get them up, not even God, not even the Holy Ghost. They prayed, and finally they got up, and some of them professed, and the rest got up from the holy place, the altar, and went away. Some of them came back. God was good enough between revivals to have mercy. The next revival came. He came again. The next revival came. He came again. When, in that holy atmosphere with that holy Visitor Jesus Christ, will He make His last visit? There is a time when men won't trifle with truth. Why? They looked for it but did not find it, though they sought it earnestly with tears. They can cry, but they will shed crocodile tears. "He shed tears but found no place" for repentance. "He found no place" where he could get hold of anything to help him. He had come to the place of the holy and made a wrong decision in an atmosphere that was holy; he had said to God, "Not now," and went away until he came and God wasn't there. One man tried to call up Samuel after Samuel had done his best for those whom he was responsible for, and had passed to his reward. In more than one place did a king seek God and God had mercy. But Saul had played with truth and "forced" himself -- forced worship -- forced decision. But there was no God and no emotion, no pull. And Samuel said, "Why have you called me up? Why have you troubled me, seeing that God has become your enemy?" Don't think this generation is going to go to the Judgment without paying for their great places of worship all over the country, where folks have prayed and waded through tears and through sacrifice. Don't think that God won't call folks into judgment for doing that. They came to the place of the holy, and the preacher standing at the foot of the grave said, "I saw them come. I saw this one go. Poor thing." That is the saddest picture on earth.

Am I talking too long? You listen. I knew a middle-aged lady. No, she wasn't middle-aged. She wasn't more than 30, and she was very talented in our church. She had especial ability to influence young folks, but she influenced them the wrong way. She was a leader, naturally a leader. She would come to an altar but never pray through. She would profess every time, but the fire never fell. There is a spark when the fire falls. You know, I became alarmed about that lady. A lot of preachers instruct the folks and they get along with them and pat them on the back. I knew this lady wasn't ready to meet God. Her husband would give me the shirt off his back -- he would fill my tank with gas; but he was a sinner. I talked with him one day, just once. He said, "Don't ever bring that up. If I could see more of that at home. . . . You are the only one I ever told that to. I have got one of the best little women in this world, but she is not going the way you think she is going." I knew it. I never told him I knew it. He took off his old hat and I prayed with him. One Sunday in a rally of young people, I told my wife we would soon be leaving that place. I wanted to be faithful to the lady, and so we went to a Sunday school room and I unburdened my heart to her. She was very courteous for she was a nice lady, a cultured lady. We talked and she moved over to the door of the Sunday school room and said, "Thank you, Brother Griffith, but I am all right," and closed the conversation. Three times we did that. It was not in the Sunday school the last time. We were

up at her house and she knew why we had come. My heart was breaking. Listen! God is faithful. I knew what God could do with her if He could have her and I knew what the devil was using her to do. We knocked on the door and slipped in. I said, "I presume you know why we are here." I said, "This is the third time God won't let me rest until I come. I want to talk to you about that secret thing, whatever it is. You know what it is and God knows. Why don't you go to the bottom and surrender and just go all-out for God?" You know what she did? She took the little finger and dabbed her eyes. That is the way they do it nowadays. She dabbed imaginary tears, moved over by the door, quietly opened it and said, "I am glad you called, but I am all right." That meant for us to go. I am no hillbilly but I knew she wanted us to leave. We got out and when I settled down in the seat behind the wheel, God said, "That is enough," and the burden was gone. It wasn't but a very few weeks until I stood in the pulpit with her casket covered and banked with flowers, for she was a popular lady. There beneath those flowers, I saw a departed hope. As I stood at the foot of that grave, after I had preached my heart out, and as the boys gathered up the contraptions, and the sun went down, I saw the wicked buried. They come with all the opportunities that the hour presents. I saw her come. She would pray a while at the altar and say, "I am all right, Brother Griffith." I would say, "I am afraid you are stopping short. You have got off here too many times." What could you do? Your arms were tied. I saw that same lady slip through these fingers. I saw her buried.

I read in my Bible where it says the wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God. My Sunday school teacher, my influential member of the church -- where? In hell. Why? She came to the place of the holy, came again and came again, but she died in the midnight with an unearthly scream that I will never forget the longest day I live, and she went out to meet God lost. She got right up from the holiest place on earth and went out into eternity.

I am glad, beloved, that you don't have to do that. I was in a service one morning and I saw a fine lady just about the age of this lady. She was over here on this side. I saw her with tears running down her cheeks. She was twisting her handkerchief and standing there. I motioned, and she came stumbling with tears, knelt and prayed and cried and beat the altar with her little white hand. I saw a big man get up, a handsome fellow, and make his way down the aisle, crying and weeping and he knelt over here. The altar service proceeded and pretty soon I saw her look around. Back there was a little boy about ten years of age and a little girl just about three -- somewhere in that bracket of age. They were crying as though their hearts would break. I saw the woman look. She was looking for someone. Strange as it may seem, this handsome fellow arose and looked around. Their eyes met. I saw them move over to that holy altar. I saw them move right over in front of the pulpit and those two children. I don't know what they said. I never asked. But I saw the little boy and girl coming down the aisle crying. That boy went over and got hold of his daddy's coattail and said, "O Daddy, you can come home now, can't you. We can have good times like we used to have." I saw that little girl pull her mother's dress as she said, "O Mommy, daddy can come home now." Right there before my eyes at that old-fashioned altar, I saw a home welded together by the eternal grace of God. The children jumped up and down, they were so happy. I saw in the holy place of God eternal things. That couple found Christ in the holy place.

Bless your heart, you can come. You don't have to go away without God. I want to tell you one more incident of that same meeting. I saw a woman coming down the aisle blinded with tears. She knelt here. She just prayed and prayed and prayed. Pretty soon somebody else stumbled out into the aisle and the women knelt close together. They must have prayed about forty-five minutes.

All of a sudden they were prayed out, and they sat down when they got through and looked at each other just a moment, right there together. Before, one sat 'way over here and the other would get 'way over there. Both were "sanctified." There they were. I heard this -- this is all I heard for the rest was covered with bubbles and bubbles of tears: "Oh, it was my fault," one said, and I think the other lady said, "Oh, no, it's my fault." One said, "Oh, what fools we have been to live all this time and profess to be religious." They just hugged each other. We had a second altar service when the crowd got together for they were influential folks in the church. When they melted up where? In the holy place. In the holy of holies, around an altar of prayer. Oh, brother, there isn't anything that God can't do at an altar if He can find someone who will yield to God.

My sermon is done. The water is troubled. We stand and sit in the holy place. Time has slipped away, but eternity is coming.

* * * * *

Message 10

THE WAY OF APOSTASY

Hebrews 4:9-16

One verse of Scripture in the 4th chapter of the New Testament and then one from the Old Testament. "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God," and, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." The Mississippi River flows in one solid body, gliding along through these United States of ours, until it gets close to the Gulf of Mexico, and then the same river begins to branch off in fingers called the Delta. Where there was one body to begin with, it spreads out into a tree-like and root-like feature that is called the Delta. So there is the river of life and that river, that way that men may think is right, often ends in eternal death. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways" -- plural in number -- "of death." "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

In this Scripture in the 4th chapter of Hebrews, two rests are pictured. There is a rest of soul and there is that millennial rest. A thousand years we shall rest when God the Son shall reign with a rod of iron, and peace shall be everywhere, and the lion shall lay down by the lamb and the child shall play on the cockatrice' nest. But the Scripture refers more particularly to the rest of the soul. There remaineth a rest. It is the will of God. And the dangerous trail that I have been talking about is the way of apostasy.

As careful as men can be in their thinking, they can drift down the way of apostasy until there is no way to get back. They will drift out to that point of "No Return." A man may never swear an oath, may never steal a dollar or a dime, yet with his constant procrastination in finding the center of God's will, may go blind in the light. Christ said, "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you." "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." A man can lose his way in the brilliant light, the glorious light, of Jesus Christ if he procrastinates with an opportunity and turns it down, pushes it aside, and says, "Some other time." Pharaoh said, "Tomorrow," but he missed it forever; and, beloved, the apostate does not go over the trail again -- once he is gone, he will never return. That is the sad ending.

The Apostle begins in the first chapter, "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son," Jesus Christ, who purchased this rest of soul for us. In the second chapter, the very first verse, says, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." So the first advice to us is, when a man gets the light of holiness, God expects him to go on, for He said, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip." It means there is a danger that when that lifeline is flung by, a man may grab at it carelessly and, thinking there is another time to catch it, let it slip. The Apostle goes on down the second chapter to say, "If the word spoken by angels was stedfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect" or put off "so great salvation?" There is no chance.

The most dangerous trail is the trail of procrastination. The roughest road to hell will be paved with Holy Ghost conviction. The darkest road to hell will be lighted up with rejected light, and down it goes the apostate for he saw the light but turned down God, and he carelessly let the meeting slip by. What would we answer if the Holy Ghost tonight could ask us the question deep in our souls, "How many times has Christ in His honesty and faithfulness and longsuffering thrown out the lifeline, put us under conviction, and given us a chance to be redeemed and to turn from the life of sin"? -- a question that sometimes carelessly we shifted aside, we let it slip.

I tell you, beloved, in this sentence here, it means if the opportunity to find salvation is gone, you may never grasp it again. Every man that turns down the call of God may think that he has a way to be saved, but the way that seemeth right unto a man, and the judgment that seemeth right unto a man, and the reasoning of his finite mind that seems sensible at the time, may be the avenue that leads to eternal death. God help us tonight. Do you know, somebody may be sitting on the seat next to you who may be getting his last call. The Holy Ghost may be flinging the lifeline to him, and he may let it slip and go by. He may never get another chance and go down the murky waters of death.

Beloved, the Book of Hebrews is a Book of warning. No Book in the Bible has more holiness preaching in it than the Book of Hebrews. No Book emphasizes the fact of the will of God and the need of the soul and the emphatic commandment of God to get holiness than Hebrews. It says, without holiness, "no man shall see the Lord." "God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness."

Many times I have seen folks come to an altar and pray a while and then just get up and go away as much as to say, "Well, there will be another time when I can come," but, beloved, that other time may never come. If tonight I had the power invested in me so that I could reach down and throw back the trap door of hell, and ask the ones who missed the way why they are there, there would be an answer from the mighty multitude of voices in the dark domains of the damned, saying, "One night God put me under conviction, one night the Holy Ghost called, but I thought I had another time and I said, 'Not tonight. Some other time.' And I went out of the meeting with hope dying in my bosom and I did not know it."

There was a man who was strong when the Spirit of God dwelt with him, but there came a time when he was weak though he thought he was alright. He said, "I will get up and shake myself as at other times." But Samson could not even shake himself. Men bored his eyes out -- and the light that once flashed was gone. They bound him until no longer he was free to go where he wished. The only church he could join was the formal church. The power of God was gone. The light of the Gospel was gone. And Samson trod a weary road, his eyesight gone, and bound and tied, he was at the mercy of a gainsaying world, working around the prison house, subject to the law of humanity. You listen -- "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed," for the One who purchased us is the One who suffered outside the gate that He might sanctify the people with His own blood. He is calling us tonight with every voice He is able to congregate and He gives the Holy Ghost to raise the voice of warning and counsel and persuasion. We'd better be careful lest that slip and we never get another chance.

If you notice in the 4th chapter of Hebrews, the Apostle said, "Let us therefore labour," let us struggle, let us wrestle, "let us labour to enter into that rest." That word "labour" is a strong word. It is as strong as the word that the doctor used when he called my father and when he called me one day and wanted to know if that little mother was in labor to bring birth, to bring life into this world. "Therefore, let us labour to enter into that rest." If we want to be born of God, if we want that rest, we are going to have to labor. We must strive to enter in at the straight gate. But "many . . . will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "Many are called, but few are chosen." Many will try to enter in but will fail in repentance of sin. They will fail to make their restitution in the fight against the forces of darkness. They will give up and say, "There is no use," and walk out, and the promise never comes back. In the first verse of the 4th chapter it says, "Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." I am trying to tell you "there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

A man takes a little step farther down the stream of apostasy until God again sets him up and says, "We ought to fear." We ought to tremble lest we come short of the promise left us of entering into rest. The Scripture says, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." "Lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."

How many times, perhaps, it has happened in this revival that folks came and prayed a while, almost into the kingdom, and then the Holy Ghost, in His faithfulness, brought something to their consciousness -- God showed them some plan to give up or talent to put on the altar or something to do. But they threw up their hands and quit praying, their heads went down, and they left the altar -- got off the gangplank of promise. My friends, it is as if God would slip a gangplank under a man who is about to sink in the ocean and a voice from the ship reaches him, the voice of the pilot, "Get on! Get on!" but the man hesitates, then says, "No need" -- and he comes short of the promise, and misses salvation forever.

What multiplied thousands of people there are who almost got in! I'll never forget the voice of one man who had another chance, but he did not take it. God called him in a meeting. When he was sick -- he thought it might be his last time to be saved -- he said, "Almost, I went to the altar."

He almost went, but didn't go. He almost went. I saw my friend in Kansas as he lay on the cooling board. I looked at his body, 6 feet tall, just a few hours before in perfect health. The undertaker, with his white sleeves rolled up, was trying to get the blood that had been burned by 22,000 volts of electricity, out of his veins. He looked at me when I told him how many times that man had promised, if God would heal his little baby he would go with God, but he never did. He just put it off, and put it off, and there he lay. My heart was broken. He was one of the best friends I had, for God gave me even sinful friends who would fill my tank with gas and would buy oil -- they would give me the shirt off their back, but some of them I couldn't win, and I wept over them. This friend had promised me he would go to church if God would heal his boy. But he didn't, and now I stood there, tears running down my cheeks as I looked at that man. The undertaker said, "Brother Griffith, he just missed it by one service. Sunday night." Sunday morning he could have come. He said, "I will come Sunday night," but Sunday night never arrived in this world for him. Somewhere in the domains of hell, Sunday night found him, out yonder pacing the desolate regions of the forgotten world where God never goes and an angel never flies. My good friend! Oh, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, we should seem to come short of it!

Almost in repetition of that, is a verse in the 12th chapter of Hebrews. It reads, "Looking diligently," searching diligently "lest any man fail of the grace of God." That means you can stop short of it -- you can fail to go through because of that old root of bitterness that springs up and troubles you and thereby many are defiled. Just a verse before that it says, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Looking diligently! Every time I read that Scripture, I can see that little woman in the New Testament who moved everything, apparently, in her household that she might find that lost coin. Oh, my friend, how seriously have you looked for God, how seriously have you sought for the Holy Ghost? How seriously have you sought to find rest for your soul? Have you done without your meals, have you said, "My God, I will not take another drink of water until I find rest for my soul -- and I am as serious tonight as I know how to be"? I tell you, if God could bring us to really realize that if we don't get sanctified when we have the light, and we are going to die without God, there would be a swift movement to an altar of prayer.

Oh, my friend, how many times have you diligently sought God to get the victory -- you sought God and uncovered sin and were not holding back, nor trying to argue with God as to whether this was wrong or that was wrong, but you were trying to give Him something you didn't even know anything about? You had given God all you knew and were willing to go to the end of the earth, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, and you wrestled on and struggled on and groaned on and wept on until your voice grew hoarse, your body grew tired and worn. And finally you knelt, and then you walked, and then you lay down, and you prayed and begged God for fear you would lose your life. "Seeking diligently" lest any man almost make the shore, and then go down into the murky waters to be lost.

Right down here in Lake Michigan, two boys, one a preacher's boy, with a newly made yacht, scampered about over the lake. They made the yacht. One boy had perfected it and they were having a great time. You folks know more about Lake Michigan than I do -- they tell me it can suddenly cloud up and a squall rise in just no time. These boys lost in their sport, lost in their fun in sailing that yacht, never saw the ominous clouds gather, never saw nor heard the rumbling, if there was any thunder. But all of a sudden the waves became white caps and that placid bosom of

the lake became a tossing, tempestuous sea, and there that little yacht, like a toothpick in the Mississippi River, was hurled here and there. And before long the boys were thrown clear of the little yacht and the storm hid it from them. They were both good swimmers, of course, but there was no place to swim to. They only had hope that somehow they could strike a rock buoy, with a landing on top of it, a mark that steers ships down the channel. All they had was hope they could find one of them, climb up on it and wait until a boat could come and rescue them. One boy, an excellent swimmer, in the providence of God did find that stone, those piles of stones cemented, or however they are fixed with the light buoy on top of it. And he clung to it, and climbed it as hurriedly as he could. As soon as he got his breath and the water from his lungs that he had sucked in, he began to look out for his buddy. He saw him going high in the water. Anybody that has swum knows when a man fights the water, he is taking water into his lungs -- he is in the last fight, he is in the last struggle. The boy who had reached safety got down as far as he could get on the stone, held on and cupped his hands and called to his buddy, urging him on, encouraging him on, and the boy said it looked as though he was going to make it. He gave a lunge, and his friend called, "One more stroke," but he fell short and he sank in the murky waters of Lake Michigan -- they never found his body. I am thinking about one who has missed the promise. I am thinking about one who ought to be afraid he would miss it.

I don't know too much about fear. I know about natural fear, an emotion of the body in the human being. But what eternal fear is, I don't know. What is it that God sees out yonder ahead of everyone of us -- "lest, the promise being left us" we don't get a hold of it, lest we fail of the grace of God because we don't plow clear through? When the First World War came -- and I have used this illustration a good many times in these last thirty years -- I will never forget that dark night when men were dying everywhere. You could hear one boy's gasp, the death gurgle in his throat. Some were calling, "Mother!" and some were calling, "Buddy!" and they died. The only light we had was the light of bursting shells, the light that the enemy let down so that they could view the trenches and turn the machine guns on us. But that night, with men dying everywhere, God impressed the fact upon me that I was called to preach, and He brought to my remembrance the time back yonder in 1912 when I was saved by His blood and He called me to preach. I did not get sanctified, for I heard no holiness messages, and I backslid and went to war to forget my soul. But in that midnight hour, with death all around me, cold sweat on my body, I promised God that I would serve Him. If my hair could stand on end, it was standing, for my scalp was sore, and there were goose pimples all over my body. I wasn't so much afraid of natural death. I had signed my application, I had signed my life away to Uncle Sam, and when a man goes to the battlefield, he can expect to die, he can expect to give his life. That is what he goes out for -- to fight and win, or die. In that moment there was a fear that gripped me beyond conception. No, it wasn't normal death I was afraid of, but I was afraid to meet that One on the other side of death Who had saved me and called me to preach -- and I had fallen short, I had missed it. I had failed. And I promised God if He would get me out of there and get me home, the first time He woke me up I would mind God, and I did. But I thought He would never again move me. I thought He would never call me. But He called me through my little Donnelle, my little baby girl, my little girl I loved better than my life's blood. She would crawl up to the screen when she would hear my footsteps -- she couldn't walk yet. She would stand there and jump up and down. She knew my footsteps. And you know, God had to break my heart to get me to serve Him. Oh, God, I hope You don't have to do somebody else that way. But God knew the last tender cord with which He could save my soul. I tell you God will do anything to save you. God will take your baby. God will take your beloved mother -- whatever

it will take to get you in the will of God. He will try everything possible so that you will not fail of the grace of God, before He lets you alone, so that you will not fail of the grace of God and go to hell.

Little Donnelle, I will never forget when I saw the jerking of her muscles. I knew death had set in, and by her little bed I got down on my knees and said, "O God, my heart is crushed! I will do what you want me to do, I will be what you want me to be." God in His mercy came back there and warmed my heart, gave me a chance. What a slim chance it was, that it took the life of my baby that I loved so much, in order to break me up and melt me! I don't know what it is going to take to melt some folks. Not up here (head), but down in their hearts. They are thinking about up here (head), but I mean for God to stir them down here. "Lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." How diligently have you sought God?

Lest that root of bitterness, lest that trait of carnality that you haven't confessed out, spring up and trouble you, keep you in turmoil -- and the carnal mind does that. It is a trouble-maker and a storm-raiser in your bosom. Because you are troubled, you trouble somebody else. The lame are turned out of the way. Oh, that time when you wanted to hold that thing down, and one day it slipped out before you knew it, and you had a flash of disposition or a running fit -- anger and selfishness were evident to the folks around you. Obey God now, lest you miss the call of God forever, and lest that root of bitterness spring up and ruin you.

I have told this story, I have a hundred such stories. I can tell. A little girl -- about three years old -- wanted to listen over the telephone and her mother scolded her. She said, "You can't do it." Her mother spanked her, sent her away to play and went on with her sewing. The little girl came back and took the receiver off the telephone -- it seemed she had found something so attractive. That mother saw her do it the third time, and as she jammed the receiver back on the phone, and then picked it up she said, "Take it then!" -- and she hit the little girl on the temple. That little girl wilted to the floor never to say "Mama" any more. As quickly as she had fallen, that mother remembered the Holy Ghost had talked to her in a camp meeting not too long before but she had said, "I got it all at once" and that she "was alright." But now as she picked up the baby, so nervous and hysterical, she couldn't call over the telephone but ran out into the yard carrying her little limp baby and screaming, until a neighbor called for help, but the little girl was gone. I tell you, beloved, it might not be that the trait of carnality which brought tragedy to this mother, bothers you, but there is that old root of bitterness in your heart, which may spring up and trouble you and thereby many be defiled. "Lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you seem to come short of it." My prayer is that you will pray clear through and mind the Holy Ghost.

But, you know, coming short of the rest isn't the end of the apostate way that leads to eternal death. There is another step. You can find it in the 10th chapter of the Hebrews, the 29th verse. You can read up to that 29th verse -- it goes back to Moses' time when if a man broke one of God's laws, under two or three witnesses, he was stoned to death. "Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God (love of God)?" Back yonder there was just a slip. The next it was a coming short of" -- the people didn't plow through. The next, they were not concerned about looking -- the searcher was no longer diligent. But now, the farther down the trail of apostasy they go, the more reckless they become. A man tramples under his feet -- not walks over -- but tramples under his feet the Son of God. Who is

the Son of God? He is the expressed love of the Father which He gave for this world -- "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son"! and when you trample the love of God under your feet, you dry up your emotional nature, for God is love. The sinner has trampled under his feet the love of God that could have saved him and covered a multitude of sins, but he went on recklessly and ran short of the grace of God. He said, "Some other time." He didn't stop as he traveled down the road of apostasy, for not only did he trample under foot the Son of God but he counted, he figured the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy or common thing. That scholar yonder who is the author and chairman of this committee on the Revised Standard Version said that the blood of Jesus Christ was no more efficacious for sin than any other human blood. A university teacher, if you please. "The blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified." God came, and the old apostates sit out there and they profess to know God, they all profess religion. I tell you now, the unsanctified man sat down and figured and said, "I don't have to get sanctified and go crazy about this" as the holiness people tried to get him to die out to pride and die out to the other carnal traits. The devil and that old carnal nature said "No" -- and he counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing. (Remember that the "life" is in the "blood.")

The sinner has gone so far now, there is just one more step. Father, Son and Holy Ghost -- the Triune Godhead! "There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." The last chance in that 29th verse, you can read it, is the point of no return. For he not only trampled underneath his feet the body of the Son of God (love of God), and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing (life of God), but he did despite to the Spirit of grace, he despised the Holy Ghost (the soul of God), that trinity of the Godhead. He doesn't go to the Bible to find out where he is. He is not going to read the Bible for his counsel. Why? He has come to the end of his trail. You can't move him anymore. There are preachers in the pulpit today, men and women of holiness churches, that never will be moved again. Why? Because down in their hearts they said, "No." They are raising their hands and testifying, when they were not trying to be clean. They have shaken their fists in God's face and said, "I despise the covenant. I despise the Holy Ghost. I wish you would not have wakened me up." And the apostate travels out into an endless night where there is no hand to restrain him, no voice to call him. If I could tell you tonight the fears that lurk in this heart of mine, what I saw in my cabin of the general picture of this day, I tell you, there are some folks that are just as much dead to God as they would be if they had been in eternity a thousand years. They will never be stirred. They have already said "No" to God. They have said "No" to Christ. They have said "No" to the Holy Ghost. And there is no other hand to reach them. They have heard the death sentence.

There is a way that seemeth right unto men. Wise men, wise women (so-called). Old Sister Humility was laughed at. She had left the crowd and paid the price and did what God wanted her to do. She lived right. She looked right -- she dressed right -- and talked right. They laughed at her and now she is out beyond helping them. But there is the apostate soul. She was too proud to go to an altar. She had too much self-pride. Men and women have too much covered up. And they are dying in their souls tonight. Just keep on traveling on that road, my dear friend, and it will lead to eternal death. We have tried to warn you these days we have been here. You have had the best preachers in the world to tell you about the way to life. This may be the trail's end, at this altar tonight.

Over yonder in Washington, D. C., there is a star on a wall, just about the height of a man's heart. One day the great president of our country, President James Garfield, walked into the depot and there was Mr. Charles Guiteau, who pulled his pistol behind the old pot-bellied stove and shot Garfield until he slumped down to the floor. There was the bullet mark on the wall, the death-mark of President Garfield. A star was put on the wall, and it's still there if the old depot is still there. That death mark -- that is the last spot Garfield ever lived. Wouldn't it be a sad thing if somehow the Holy Ghost could put a star up on one of these altars and say, "There is the last place a soul lived. This is the death place for somebody."

My friend and I were out hunting in the Northwest, in that great country, in the mountain area. That is big country, tremendously big. In the shadows of the evening, those great huge mountains take on the likeness of one another. It is so easy to get lost. We were out there hunting elk one night. We went out the night before, arose early, but we didn't find any elk that day. So we compromised with ourselves and said, "We will take a deer home if we can find one." We searched and just before sundown, perhaps a couple of hours, we saw a herd of deer -- five, I think, in the group. Knowing how to stalk a deer, for we were raised in that country, we separated, promising to meet each other at a certain place. And so we crept up until we had fair gunshot distance. We knew the nature of the deer, we knew they were being alerted and soon would bound away. At a signal, we both lifted our rifles and shot, knowing at once we had hit a deer. We saw two deer fall to the ground. We heard the thud when the bullet struck the deer. We knew the deer we hit had been badly hurt. But no sooner did they hit the ground than they bounded up again and into a crop of willows. They were close to the river -- the Eagle River there flowed swift and dangerous, and they jumped in there, just the other side of the willow trees. But we knew they had been hard hit. We felt they had a death wound in their heart and side for that is where we were aiming. We crept up to the willows and he went one way and I another. As I came around the edge of the willows, I saw the little doe that I had shot, that had been so spry and full of life -- and no longer was she alert. She came out with her head down. She walked slowly. Those sensitive ears were hanging down. Her eyes were glassy. She was making for the river. I yelled, but that animal that just a few minutes before would have bounded back into the willows, paid no attention. She had the death wound of an enemy. An enemy had wounded her to death. I took my hat off and threw it at her and yelled. She never saw or heard a thing. The death wound. I laid my rifle down and grabbed her hind legs and dragged her back, and when she went to the ground she was gone. The death wound. I have told you the story of a deer, but I have also told you the story of a soul. The enemy has given it its death wound until it has passed by the last barrier of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. You may be on your way to the River, with the death wound of Sin.

Don't let anybody tell you it is not necessary to get sanctified. Without sanctification no man will see the Lord. God gave His Son and the Holy Ghost came to tell us about Him. I want to give you a picture to back up what I said. Not just another deer story. There wandered one out from the presence of Samuel one time, out on a starless night, a hopeless night. Who could comfort a man that had lost his soul? Saul -- a man with many chances, now with the death wound from his enemy -- staggered on until his cupbearers and his armor-bearer said, "O King, is there something we can do? Can't you eat something?" They offered him everything. But a man that is dead in his soul doesn't care for anything. He just wandered out under the stars and away out there with his armor-bearer, he said, "I have played the fool. I have erred exceedingly. God hath departed from me and answereth me no more." It is the trail of the apostate in the ways of death.

Esau in Hebrews, the 13th chapter, is looking -- forever looking. Back yonder he received the death wound of his enemy. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and the Holy Ghost in Hebrews called him a fornicator. He prayed but he couldn't get in earnest -- could not touch God. He never went to a liberal church. He was trying to find the old altars where his forefathers used to pray, where they said, "If I could only get melted up." But he sought, and though he sought it with tears, he found no place where he could repent. He wandered on. And he will wander on forever.

Judas, with thirty pieces of silver, convicted, said, "I have sinned in that I betrayed innocent blood," and ran back to the temple and threw the silver down on the cobblestone porch. But the priest swept it up and said, "Take it, take it! We don't want your money." He walked out into the night, a dead man. Walking out, where? Down past the trial. He heard the raving and railing, as Pilate had Christ before him, and that mob was saying "Crucify Him," until, no doubt, he stuck his fingers in his ears and ran down the cobblestone street of Jerusalem and out to the point of no return. He took the sash cord that girded about his robe, tied it about his neck, on the point of no return, threw it over a tree, and the sash broke. His bowels gushed out. To this very day there is not a tree, there is not a house there. It is a field of blood. It is where a soul that rejected Christ wandered out with the death wound.

There is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the end are the ways of death. Oh, God, help us some way, that we may never try to draw away from this message.

Will you get out of your seat tonight and come to the altar? Let us come while He still moves us and warms our hearts. Let us pray.

* * * * *

Message 11
TRIBULATION JUDGMENT
Revelation 6:12-17

"For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

I wish you would read with me tonight this Scripture lesson. I promised God if He would put it on me in every revival until I either get too old to preach or Jesus came or I became incapacitate, I would bring a message of this nature and this Scripture. It is timely. It is the Scripture for the day. The text is "For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" Bow your heads, please, for a moment of prayer.

"Blessed Jesus, if ever you gathered a crowd in your arms and drew them to your bosom, do it tonight. We know Thou hast blessed the preachers, the servants of God across the centuries. We need that extra touch of God tonight. Give to thy servant sense of direction in thought and wisdom. Above all, Jesus, give us clearness of thinking, a warm heart and a message for this crowd. We are not asking Thee to give us a sermon. We are asking Thee for a message that will reach the hearts of men and women, boys and girls. Help them to press their way to a fountain filled with blood ere it be too late. O God, how near we are to this hour of the wrath of God we do

not know, but we believe it would be possible that it could be closer to us than the walls of this tabernacle. We could be closer to it than the next sunrise. Oh, God, put Holy Ghost conviction upon the unsaved and the unsanctified, and a deep soul burden upon the saints of God; put holy unction upon the preacher and give victory through the blood to the people that are here within the sound of this voice, and we'll praise Thee for every response to the call of God. We ask it in Jesus' Name and for His sake. Amen.

"For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" I have never read in the Word of God where God speaks of great days but that He speaks of this day -- the Day of the Lord, "the great day." This is the only great Day in the mind of God mentioned in the Book, so far as I know. When I stop to consider the days that I have noticed across the pages of secular history and sacred writ, I can recall many tremendous days -- great days. But I have never found as emphatic a statement about a day as this one.

As far as I am concerned, when God made this vast universe and hung the planetary system in space and every star in its true orbit, that was a great day. There never was a greater day before. It was a tremendous day when He opened up chaos and reflected the light from His glory that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and climaxed His creation with the making of His masterpiece -- man -- and placed before Him as the finished product of His creation, to whom He gave dominion over the whole world.

You can walk with God through other days. In Moses' mountain top experience when God came down, hidden with the clouds for a garment, and rivening thunders and flashing lightnings shook God's universe, God gave a law, and the Holy Ghost wrote it in letters of fire. Nobody has ever been able to change that law, and every civilized nation under the sun patterns their law after that Decalogue. That was a tremendous day! Perhaps 600,000 people stood at the base of that mountain that morning and were afraid to move. It is said their loins smote together. There was only one who pressed his way through the thick darkness where God was, and he was the "Lawgiver," Moses. That law circumscribed the human -- all human deportment; and, if men could have kept it, it could have been the redemption of manhood and humanity. But they could not keep it.

Follow the footprints of omnipotence, and you can trail God to another hill -- Calvary. To my mind, that is the greatest day there ever was. That was when the Saviour took the place of the sinner. That was when the Son of God and the Son of man in that dual personality died on a barren hill, hung on a cross, nailed with cruel nails. While mocking, jeering humanity, lost and entirely depraved, reviled Him and pushed the sponge of bitterness to His lips, He drank the cup of death for every man. That day the Day Star arose, and hope came to a world of sin. That day my redemption was purchased. That day, outside the gate, He suffered and shed His own blood that I might be sanctified. That was a tremendous day, but God never called it great.

Forty days after the resurrection of Christ, men saw Him Slip behind the fleecy cloud. He rode in the chariot into the portals of the City and took His place on the right hand of God, the Father. His message and His mission on earth were fulfilled with His own blood that He spilled on Calvary. On His knees, He pled for lost humanity, for the blood was on the altar and He became the High Priest and the Intercessor between lost humanity and God. "They could be forgiven now,

and the law that was once on stone could be transferred and written on the fleshly tablets of men's hearts; and their consciences could be purged, something that the ashes of an heifer or the blood of a bull or a goat could never do. But now the Lamb of God could wash away every stain, cover every sin until God the Father could never see it, bury it so deep it would be forgotten and remembered no more against men forever. What a day! But God never called it great.

Then in the upper room that day, where cowards, denying apostles and men who had never stood the test were gathered to pray, God came and moved into the human soul. He came to abide in the heart of every obedient Christian in the upper room who surrendered his will to Him. He made brave men out of cowards, and witnesses out of men who had never made an altar call nor stood on a street corner and given a testimony. But now they went everywhere and spoke in a language that every man in 17 nations could understand, and everyone declared, "What is this?" "How hear we every man in our own tongue wherein we were born?" Nothing unknown about it. God had given them a language of Canaan and all men who would mind God would receive the key to the language -- they could understand it and find their way to the fountain filled with blood and could have their sins washed away. What a day that was when God sent out the witnesses and said, "Go everywhere and preach the Gospel to every creature"! But God never called it great.

Two men with glistening raiment said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner"; and He is coming back one of these days. The singers have sung about it; poets have written poems about it; preachers have declared it; the ones who have overcome through the name of Jesus and by the blood of the Lamb have testified to it. And the apostles in the Word of God talked about His soon coming and warned men to prepare for the midnight hour. What a day it will be when the graveyards turn wrong-side out! Everyone who died in the Lord -- those asleep in Jesus -- God will bring to be reunited with the glorified body. In the twinkling of an eye this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. They that are alive shall remain until they that are dead in Christ shall arise and both will be caught up to be with Him forever. What an occasion! What a day! Hallelujah! I'm living for it. I have no ambitions for any other day. I expect to be among that bloodwashed crowd when the saints are gathered in. I expect to stand on the hill of Zion and see them come from the east and the west and the north and the south and sit down in the kingdom of heaven with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and all the saints of old, the prophets of all ages, the disciples and the apostles, and the preaching ministry that has been faithful and refused to compromise in the day in which we live. Hallelujah! The saints of all ages, washed in Jesus' blood, will be on that glorious march. David will tune up his harp and lead the procession. Jesus said, "I'll lead the way up the steeps of life and present my children before the throne, without blame and without blemish, to my Father in heaven." That is going to be a glorious day. But God never called it great. He never said a word about its greatness.

But one moment after, one minute later -- not a day, not a week -- is the beginning of the Day that I want to preach about tonight. The "great day of his wrath" is come. Suddenly, the love of the Lamb turns to wrath. That dyke that has been built up to keep the wrath of a just God from breaking across this world that is bathed in sin and wallowing in iniquity, will hold no longer. The will of humanity is set against God until it has reached that superlative degree of hatred today called Communism. Infidelity doesn't believe there is a God. The agnostic is not sure -- he doesn't know that there is a God. But Communism is a multiplication of both. It shakes its fist in the face of

God -- it hates God. It is the ultimate of carnality. Its day is here now. The fists of unbelief and rebellion have struck God in the teeth. They have desecrated His Word. They have belched out blasphemous statements which are nauseating to God and are a stench in His nostrils. They have mocked the blood of His Son. They have laughed and done despite to the Spirit of grace. But, there will be a summing up of all the days that make up the great day of grace -- the hilltops, the valleys, the Mt. Moriahs, the Sinais, the Gardens of Gethsemane, the Calvarys. All these will be summed up when the evening time is come. And another Day will dawn. We may be looking in the last sunset of the day of grace. This sunset, this night, may be the last sundown of the dispensation of grace. It may never grace the eastern hills: again. Men with hope tonight may have their hope blasted at midnight. The ones who have procrastinated, who have put off God and set aside the counsel of the Holy Ghost may be beggars tomorrow for a place to pray. They are like Esau who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. They go out with Peter but they can't repent. No. They cannot change their minds. It takes an infinite God -- the Trinity -- to save souls. It takes the Father to show mercy to sinners, the Second Person to cover them with His blood, and the blessed Holy Ghost, the Third Person, to awaken them, but He's gone -- the Trinity is gone. The fountain is empty. No blood on the altar. No priest can lift an intercessory prayer. No Christ is on the cross. No message is sounded in the pulpit from an ununctioned preacher. The church bell hangs idle in the belfry, lonely with spider webs on the clapper. The prayer meetings with the groans in them have become silent. The hymn books that graced the pulpits and the choirs that sang of the Blood, that sang of the cross, that told of a Savior, are gone, and every page of any book where a Scripture has been written has been torn out by the infinite hand of God: Every Bible in a ten-cent store and the book store, every statement of Scripture that is inspired, is gone. This is the revelation of God, and the Revelator is come back to gather up everything, even His bride. Don't try to tell me tonight that the Holy Ghost is like a dew or like an influence that settles down upon the world. The only place the Holy Ghost ever was or ever will be is in the heart of a man or woman who has said "Yes" to the will of God. He never came to put a moonbeam in sparkling splendor upon the side of canyon walls. He never lived in a moonbeam or in the dew on a blade of grass or in the fragrance of a rose. He came to take up His abiding place within your heart and mine.

He said, "Know ye not that ye are the sanctuary of the Holy Ghost and he that defileth the sanctuary, or the temple, him will God destroy." You listen to me When the Church leaves this world, the Holy Ghost leaves with it He doesn't leave by degrees. When He goes He is gone. And the saints are going back to join the God of the universe and rejoice over the marriage of the Son. They are going to take care of the nuptials of the Son of the living God while the world wallows on in the darkness as one that God has forgotten. There they are -- the beasts that bear the holy creatures, and there are the five and twenty elders. They are discussing the matter about the coming occasion, and they have a little book. I wonder if It could be the revelation that we call the Word of God; and they have it there and they say, "Who is worthy to open this book? Who is worthy to read the contents of this book?" And someone gets the attention of the chairman of the committee and says, "The Lamb, He is worthy." The Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world, He is worthy. Bless His Name! He opened the Book to me through the Holy Ghost. He made it plain enough to me that I could get out of sin. He broke every chain of sin, He broke every bond of iniquity. He took away all the evil habits. He took the cursing out of my heart and the crying from my lips, took evil thoughts out of my mind and set me free by the glorious salvation that was purchased back yonder on the hilltop of Calvary.

But now, in the Trinity, my sins are gone. It is the Three-in-One God now. Men tried to do away with the Trinity. Maybe I am taking a little bit too much time right here, but what I am saying is fundamental anyhow. There may be a lot of people who think they can make excuses for that contemptible manuscript called the Revised Standard Version. Just one statement will clear your mind if you are a Christian and an Arminian in theology. You turn to I John, the fifth chapter and the 7th verse, and you'll find that it reads like this in the King James Version: "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one." It doesn't say they might be one, but it says "these three are one." And the next verse goes on to say, "There are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood: and these three agree in one." Now, referring to the Revised Standard Version, with just one sweep of the pen or the eraser those two verses are completely wiped out and substituted, this without an explanation or a footnote or one word as to why the translators changed it. This is all they put in: "The Spirit is the witness, for the Spirit is truth." When a man or woman takes the foundation of Christianity out of the Bible, there is nothing left. If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do? That is the subtlety of the Revised Standard translators. It was a deliberate design of Satan. The only cornerstone of our belief is the Trinity. We believe in the triune God, and when the crowd takes the Trinity away with one sweep of the pen, Beloved, you go ahead and read it, but I'd rather read the Montgomery Ward catalogue. The Trinity is gone. They ran Him out. They said, "We don't want God. We are not going to be disciplined. We aren't going to make our children mind Him. We are going to let our children run like they want to. We are going to teach our children in our schools. We are going to educate our children to be corrupt in their morals. We're going to teach them how to love each other when they are seven years old in the first grade. We are going to teach them how to dance in the first and second grades. We are going to dress the teenagers and put them out before the public display on the campus of our high schools and our grammar schools. We are going to teach them the intimate contacts of the body that bring on immorality. We are going to educate them to do that." That is what the educational system teaches, and we are paying taxes while they teach it.

The world is in a mess. They don't want God. They don't want the law. That is why there is so much fuss about what these brethren have been preaching about. Hair is not the question -- hair is part of the question. If you won't mind God on a little thing like that, you won't mind Him on a big thing. It is not a question of what it is. It is a question of carnal rebellion. It is your will against the will of God and you are not going to mind Him. You'll give the preacher to understand that that is his opinion and you don't have to follow it. Do you want to go to hell? I didn't take preaching as a job. I ran from it and backslid for ten years. God called me to preach. It was either preach or burn. I'm going to preach; I'm not going to burn.

In that moment, when the day of grace is changed to the great day of God's wrath, Jesus Christ the High Priest, gets off His knees. He does not go back to Abraham's faith. He gets off His knees. The Intercessor is not there. Did you ever read the Scripture that says Jesus is our Intercessor. Some people may be praying to Mary the mother of God tonight. I don't know. God bless you, I have no rocks to throw at the people, but let me tell you something: There is just one intermediary between God and man, the Man, Christ Jesus. That does away with all female gods. I say this because it is the truth and not to reflect on people. It is impossible for a man or woman to go to heaven and be a thorough Catholic. They must denounce Catholicism if they go to heaven.

They must worship Jesus Christ. You say, "Why are you preaching that way?" Because, my text says, "The great day of God's wrath is come."

The Book of Revelation does not say God the Father opened the book and the seals. It wasn't Michael. But the One, who opened the book and opened the seals was the Lamb. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Mercy, love and truth were wrapped up in Jesus' mortal frame. But by humanity's denying Him, defying God, and resisting the Holy Ghost, the Trinity has been grieved. In the Day of which we speak God is gone and the Lamb is no longer on the altar of sacrifice. It is not the wrath of God then but the wrath of the Lamb. You folks who are talking about so many getting saved in the tribulation (we are going to bring that up a minute), hear me now. Every one of the plagues that come are not an exhibition of the wrath of God the Father, but of the wrath of the Lamb who died that we might live. He is the One who sends every plague, who blows every trumpet, who breaks every seal in the tribulation and who sends the seven last plagues upon the unruly, unholy, ungodly world -- and it may start at midnight tonight. There in the fifth chapter of Revelation it says a red horse appeared whose rider was given power to take peace from the earth. I'm not a speculative prophet, and I wouldn't say it -- wouldn't dare say it -- that that was Russia. But whoever that rider is, he has a big sword in his hand, and he is taking peace from the earth. In your honesty tonight, can you name one little principality -- there is Menton, over on the southern fringe of France, 36 miles square, the smallest principality in the world -- can you show me one where there is peace tonight? There isn't a country, there isn't a nation, but what it has miles of belching war heads filled with atomic or hydrogen energy, their mouths gaping at the heart of humanity. Soldiers are everywhere on active duty. The United States of America hasn't been at peace since the Second World War was declared. We are in a state of war right this minute. War -- and that means bloodshed.

I saw the Marne River run red with blood in the First World War. You could take your mess kit cup and dip up water that was red with blood. Boys were shot and bayoneted and fell from the pontoon bridges. Men of all nationalities that were in that war, plunged in there by the hundreds, shot by machine gunners. And there, in the river, floated their bleeding, dead bodies. Add all the wars; sap every bit of blood from every river and every battlefield and add it together and it still would not be as bloody as the earth when the red horse and his rider gives out instruction that peace be taken from the earth. Who gives him that power? The Lamb.

Oh, you say, does God get angry? He is angry every day with the sinners. In due time their feet shall slide. Already the instruments of death are set in motion. Only the mercy of Christ stands like a steel wall between the wrath of God and lost humanity. When He is gone there is nothing to protect them.

The next rider comes out on the black horse. The rider has a pair of balances in his hand. He goes about to tell you whether you can buy or whether you can't. He sells a measure of wheat for a penny and three measures of barley for a penny, and hurts not the wine or the oil. You can't buy when you want to on that occasion. The rider weighs on. The government tells you whether you can raise cattle or corn or cotton. It would rather pay you the parity, than feed the people. And so famine breaks out. While you and I sit and stand in this great tabernacle, the greatest famine the world has ever known is going on in more nations than one. Eight hundred million people in

Oriental countries are starving tonight. They are eating bark and eating leaves and pulling up the grass roots. Some are living in the Far North where they freeze to death, many of them, every day. Now add all the famines. But they can never equal this famine. Why? The Great Day of His Wrath is come. No mercy -- wrath!

You remember Brother Amos said in the day in which we live it will not be a dearth of food or water, but when young men and young women will wander from the east and from the west and from the north and the south hungering for the Word. People are not getting the Word today. They are getting little seasoned sermonettes. They are getting little essays written down on Saturday night, taken from "Handfuls on Purpose," and written by some lazy, carnal-hearted preachers and given out to a hungry multitude. Dying for the Word of life which they are not getting! A famine of old-time religion! Never were people so hungry as they are tonight. I am not talking about hearsay. I can't enter the portals of a tabernacle or a church anywhere in the United States where I have been in the last five years, and preach, but what scores come and say they don't hear it like that any more. "It has been twenty years since we've heard that old-time preaching." I heard a man make a statement in a camp meeting when I preached on the Judgment. He got up, one of my co-workers, and said, "That is the first message of a co-worker, that I have worked with in this denomination, that has preached on the wrath of God or the Judgment that I can remember in twenty years." Dying for the Word! People come around and pat folks on the back and their carnal hearts say, "Now, what's wrong with the TV?" And they knuckle down and say, "Well, of course, it is no worse than the radio if you just know how to plug it in and plug it out and plug it in and plug it out." And when they get so lazy they can't do that any more they put the switch on the chair and all they have to do is sit there and plug it on and plug it off. But they don't do it. Oh, you say, "We do it." Oh, no you won't. You may for the first week or two, but your old heart will become so absorbed you will be watching everything on it.

There is another horse that shows up -- a pale horse -- and he that rides him is death and hell follows behind him. To them was given power to kill a fourth part of the earth with the sword and with the wild beasts of the field. Read it there in the 5th chapter. Don't think this Day is not coming. It is close. As far as the promises of God are concerned, it is closer than from this preacher to that wall. Anytime it could come. The echo of the last faint footsteps will not die out through the years of rebellious generations until the day of His wrath will creep in like a fog underneath and drive the world to chaos. Then God stops everything.

I must say this. People are not afraid of death any more. No, sir! If I had time to give you illustrations I could do it. There is one that I can give you in one minute. There was a highway triple tragedy and some high school students in hot rods -- three carloads of them -- saw the ambulances and heard the sirens. One of my friends was getting his tank filled with gas, and the station attendant shut the pump off and said, "Let's go see where the accident is." They jumped in his car, the filling station manager, too; and they rushed out to the accident. When they got there, the hot rods were already there and the ambulance had just barely pulled up. With jeans on and a boy's shirt and a boy's bob was a 13-year-old girl. The people gathered there and looked and finally the preacher, my friend, said he heard the man gasp with an awful gurgle in his throat. The little 13-year-old girl said, "Well, he's dead; come on, let's go see what another one is doing." Death doesn't scare anybody.

In the First World War in Belleau Woods one could walk three kilometers on dead bodies, there were so many dead; but that won't fill the bill when death steals over every land when this Day comes. No morgue can hold the caskets. There will be dead everywhere. Across this world, every fourth man -- one, two, three, four -- every fourth one. How do you know? The Bible says so. The Great Day of His Wrath is come. Things are beginning to happen. But God stops the whole procession and has angels stand on the four corners of the earth to keep back the winds from blowing until He seals the Jews. God said to the angel, "I want you to go down and take this seal and seal 144,000 Jews." I am saying God will turn His mercy from the Gentiles back to the Jews. You cannot Scripturally deny it. The Gentiles have run from salvation. They have grieved and caused the Holy Ghost to leave this world. They have grieved Him away. God sealed 12,000 in their foreheads out of each of the 12 tribes. You can read the 9th chapter of Revelation, where the plagues are turned loose. God said, "I want you to torment every man that does not have the seal of God on his forehead," and He said, "They repented not of their sorceries and their thieving and their murdering and their whoremongering." They didn't repent. You can't show me in the Book of Revelation where any soul ever repented. I'm sticking by the Book. You are either going through the door, Jesus Christ, or you are not going to get in. NOW is the accepted time. TODAY is the day of grace. TODAY is the day of salvation. "Harden not your heart as in the day of provocation." I'm sticking with Scripture. I'm not sticking with speculative prophecy. I'm sticking with the Scripture. There is no other name under heaven whereby we must be saved. "I am the door," says Christ. He that enters in shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture; but if he goes up by any other way, he comes as a thief and a robber. "I am the way, the truth and the life," says Christ. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

No Christ in the tribulation. No Holy Ghost in the tribulation. No one to put you under conviction. No Blood to cover your sins. You tell me how you can get to God. But the only ones who can get to Him in the tribulation period are those back under the Abrahamic covenant -- those old Jews -- children of Abraham. God will save a remnant. I don't know if the 144,000 of Revelation is a figure of speech or if 144,000 is the exact number, but I know there are that many, by the Word of God. The Great Day of His Wrath is come. You can't live on fiction or speculation. You had better line up with this old Book. You had better get Scripturally sanctified, Scripturally saved.

The 8th chapter says that seven angels stood out before the throne. One of them blew a trumpet and seven thunders rumbled. When He started to write the book, God said, "Seal up those things which the seven thunders uttered," lest they be too awful to reveal. One angel blew the trumpet and another angel took the censer and filled it with fire off the altar and threw it upon the earth; and there were earthquakes, thunderings and lightnings from heaven, and wormwood (I can't give you one-fiftieth of the awful torments; I don't have time). And there were awful plagues. These will come upon people that are sitting on holiness benches with the opportunity to get saved and sanctified and go with God, but who neglect it. I haven't time to go into detail, but I want to tell you one thing that it seems would run me frantic.

In the 8th chapter again, the last verse says, "And I beheld, and heard an angel flying in the sun. And he said I heard voices saying, Woe, woe, woe to the inhabitants of the earth by reason of the other voices of the trumpet of the three angels, which are yet to sound." I don't know how you feel, but, out in the stillness of this night air, if I heard a strange angelic being speak in a peculiar

heavenly language and voice unearthly saying, "Woe, woe, woe," I know how I would feel. The plagues I have spoken of get worse as they are poured out upon the earth.

Turn to the 9th chapter. We read that a great angel came down and unlocked the bottomless pit, and out of the smoke from that belching furnace came locusts upon the earth. So black was the air with them that it hid the sun. It says that those locusts had the faces of men and the teeth of lions and the hair of women. Why didn't it say simply "hair"? It says "hair like women." Read it in the 9th chapter. Don't let the devil kid you. There is a difference between women's hair and men's hair. The locusts were given instructions not to hurt the trees or the grass, and nobody but those men and those people that didn't have the seal in their foreheads. And in that Day men shall seek death but death shall flee from them. "What are you talking about, Brother Griffith?" I'm talking about how God reverses the law of nature until men will want to die and can't. Why? Because the Great Day of His Wrath is come. When Jesus comes back to this earth, He not only comes to receive the saints -- His bride -- but He comes to bring judgments on the earth.

That man -- oh, that critical, compromising preacher -- who is all puffed up because he has two or three little letters added to his name! His head is full of books and he has a heart full of nothing and a will full of stubbornness and a disposition to compromise with evil. I'll tell you, that man who would cheat and break up a home and seduce a girl, who would break the chastity of the home, who would trample Christ's blood under his feet behind the pulpit, will pay for his guilt. Those who have lost the burden to pray around the altar -- that group of folks called church members who have more time to play than to pray, who have more time to feast than they have to fast -- the time is coming when they will regret all of those things.

The Bible tells us that locusts were given power to torment men, and the torment of these locusts was like that of a scorpion when he strikes a man. My dear friend Prescott Beale said, "Brother Griffith, a scorpion delivers the most excruciating pain to the nervous system than any sting on earth." He says scarcely ever does it kill the victim, but there is no way to ease or stop the pain until it has run its course. Men go crazy with it. The locusts strike like a scorpion for five months the men who are guilty of hidden sins -- those things that have never been uncovered, and those women who are full of pride but deny it and say, "Oh, there is no harm in this." Somebody is going to be caught in the mesh of the plagues that are coming. It is not going to be the saints. They are going to be gone.

A sinner takes the six-shooter from his pocket. I could tell you of bankers and lawyers that I knew at one time. I can see one of them hanging out there between the columns of his southern -- built home in the county seat of Butler, Kansas, spinning around slowly in the sun. He had run to the end of the gauntlet. He had said, "I've got to get out of this mess" -- he had wrecked his secretary down in the bank -- a beautiful 16-year-old girl -- and he couldn't face it. But there will come a time when everyone will face life's record. They can't die. God said you couldn't die. God's anger is aroused. There is nothing to hold back the floodtide of God's eternal wrath. There will come a Day when men wouldn't be ashamed to walk down the long aisles of the tabernacle. Instead of being ashamed of bending over an altar, they would be glad to crawl under the altar if they could find a place of mercy. But there will be no mercy in the period of tribulation. There will be only God's wrath on those who ran from old-fashioned holiness and mocked at old-fashioned holiness preaching. The Day will come when men would plead on their hands and knees and rub

the elbows out of their coats and the knees out of their trousers, going from city to city, to find a place where God could put a prayer in their heart.

There will be no prayer meetings in the tribulation. That woman, that girl, who got off the beaten path of decent society and tried to cover up, will take the cup, but they can't die. That man with the six-shooter blows the side of his head off, and the brains run out, and the pain is excruciating -- just as much pain as if he could die -- but he can't die. Why? Because God said he can't. I can read it to you out of the Bible.

There is that woman who thought she was so wise she could put it over on the folks -- with her smile and with her beautiful face and form and a little twitch of the shoulder she would keep the traffic cop of eternity from putting her under arrest. But there is one traffic cop she will not get by. She takes a draught of poison or a handful of sleeping tablets and says, "I don't want to be left behind in the awful tribulation, to suffer on and on." But she can drink carbolic acid and formaldehyde by the quart if she can hold it, and she can take a barrel of sleeping tablets if her stomach will hold them -- the powerful action will only eat away the membranes of her body; the pain will live on. She will suffer and suffer and suffer. But she can't die. Why? Because the Great Day of His Wrath is come and God said, "Stop it!" I'm not talking about the Judgment. I'm talking about the front porch that leads to the Judgment.

Turn to the 10th chapter of Revelation. I can't go farther than the 10th. I wish I could go to the 19th. My subject goes that far. But take the 10th chapter. It says that a mighty angel came down and stood, one foot on the land and the other on the sea, and he told about the greatness and majesty of God -- that He was the ruler and the Lord of all the earth, all that were above the earth and all beneath the earth and all in the sea. The angel had a voice that roared like a lion; and when he roared, seven angels stepped forward and seven more plagues began to break upon the earth. There in the solitudes of eternity God changed the calendar forever. With one foot on the land and the other foot on the sea, this mighty angel, whose face shone like the sun and whose feet were like brass burned in a furnace, raised his hand and with a voice that roared like a lion said, "Time shall be no more." From then on the events will all be in eternity. Tear your calendars from the wall. God doesn't need calendars. With God a thousand years is as a day, and a day is as a thousand years. Throw your watches away. You won't need them any more. The only clock that runs is God's that hangs in the center of gravity in eternity, its pendulum swinging forever and forever.

There will be a Day when you will wish you had made your decision in the light of eternity. You have covered up sin -- you have covered up carnality -- and you have fought against the call of God, deliberately holding back, but it is too late to repent now. Eternity prevails. A Day -- how long will it last? And the sun is heated until it burns men's eyes from their sockets. The very grains of dust turn to lice and cover the bodies lying in the blistering sun. Blains break out on the bodies. Men are crying for water. God shakes the mighty heavens, and hail mingled with blood and fire falls. Hail that weighs 75 pounds falls upon the tormented people. To suffer how long? Forever and forever. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

If you think the tribulation is bad, what will hell be? Turn back to my Scripture lesson and I'm through. This is the conclusion of the whole matter. John said, "I saw a great earthquake."

There isn't one that you hear about today but what is great. There is hardly anything that happens any more by routine or in the normal rule of things. You take the last hurricane we had. The Gulf of Mexico never was as tempestuous in its history. The Kansas River flooded, and we never heard of such a flood before. It destroyed farms by the hundreds of acres, and the damage hasn't been fixed yet. Cyclones have covered up white folks and colored folks down there in Cameron, Louisiana. Many never will be found until they come forth at the Judgment. Oh, what earthquakes, too! But we haven't seen anything yet. The sun reeled in its socket and "became as black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood." I'm reading from the Bible. Men can talk about shadows and types, and talk about Greek roots and Hebrew phrases, and try to give you a different interpretation, but the Bible says right here that the moon became as blood. That's not a shadow. The stars fell from heaven to the earth like untimely figs falling from a fig tree. You can hardly shake the figs off a fig tree. I have tried to do it when they were green. "As a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind."

Listen! Every mountain! (God, have mercy! Does that register in your brain?) Every mountain! Yes, that means those Smokies; that means the Rockies, and the Andes and the Himalayas and the Appenines and the Cascades, and all the rest of the mountain ranges. Every single mountain will be moved out of its place. The Andes, 25,000 feet high, will be flattened out. The Hawaiian Islands will bathe their heads beneath the sea. I presume about that time the nonchalant light rejecter will be waltzing around and sneering, "Well, a little rough!" I suppose he'll be able to stand. I don't suppose that quaking mountains and sinking islands will touch him or move his feelings. I suppose men will be indifferent and sit on the benches and say, "Well, not tonight." "Who shall be able to stand?" I believe there will be such a pandemonium and melee, such yells of horror, screams of fear, that only an angry God could witness the scene.

God tells us about that category of men. They are all of that crowd that is too proud to go to an altar of prayer. The business man is too busy. But God said, "the kings of the earth" -- the ones who entertained the great popular evangelist, made him welcome in their throne room, ate with him in their palaces -- "the kings of the earth and the great men . . . and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains." Oh, the dens! You can't get the great of the earth to a holiness meeting. They don't have time, and they are too great. But now where are they?

I've lived in the West nearly all my life, and I know pretty well the habits of nearly every animal and bird in the West. There in the dens is the old hibernating, filthy bear who lives like a hog in his own filth. Who will chase the old hibernating bear out of his den? The kings of the earth, the great men, and the bondmen who loan you money and steal from you. They tell you they will lend you money at 5 per cent interest and before you get it all paid, you have paid about 14 per cent. They rob the poor, but there will come a time when they can't even buy a nest in a bear's den. The old catamount, the old mountain lion, that crawls in the hot afternoon up underneath the sheltering rock in the Rocky Mountains, draws its tail in the crevice, straightens out its feet and stretches back there and sleeps in the shade, will be driven off by the great men. They want his den. They would be glad if the lion would tear them to pieces, but the lion won't do it. Why? God is not through with them yet. The Day of His Wrath is come. The great men chase out the little fawn from its hidingplace, the little deer there among the willows of the valleys and canyons of the mountains -- they chase them out of their nests and crawl in themselves. GREAT MEN!

But that isn't all. In the dens and caves of the mountains, they are going to pray -- not to God, not to the Lamb, but to the rocks. Listen to this! "And (they) said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us." They cried and prayed, but not for mercy. I walked out six miles west of the little city of Canon City, Colorado -- carried my lunch out there and took my Testament. I went out to the gash between the mountains. There are 1500 feet between the bottom of the high extension bridge -- that swinging bridge, the highest one in the world -- and the Rio Grande Railroad and the old rolling Arkansas River. I looked up at the jagged, penetrating walls of solid granite -- those towering heights -- and it seemed to me that I could see where there had been an avalanche. Trees had been knocked aside by great boulders that weighed tons. And I said, "Oh, God, is it possible that civilized men and women from Canon City, Montrose and Salida, Colorado, will be in this Royal Gorge praying to the granite cliffs to fall upon them?" And God told me on my knees in impressive language that down in the Black Canyon that is deeper than the Royal Gorge there will be those who will be praying for the great gash to close and hide them.

Out close to Homestead, Idaho, where there is such an argument going on over Hell's Canyon Dam, a mile deep, in that tremendous darkened gash that looks like the dismal clouds of damnation in the bottom, there will be people praying -- from Homestead and Baker and LaGrande, Oregon, and from towns all over that country. They will be out there where the roaring Snake river belches and roars and rips its way through the creases of the mountains and valleys. My God, what a motley crowd! Canyons full of men, full of people! Out in the caves of animals men are hiding. What for? To hide them "from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

John 3:16 does not mean anything any more. For one time God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, but you rejected Him and crucified Him and grieved His Spirit and grieved Him away from the world. "Hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne." That isn't the worst part of it -- but also "from THE WRATH OF THE LAMB."

I have just one more question to ask you. Did you ever see a lamb angry? I saw a jack rabbit's mother protect her little family, but I have never seen a lamb fight back. The Holy Ghost descended upon the Lamb in the beginning, but now His love is turned to wrath. I've known a lot of folks whom I wish I had never known -- I wish I had never had the sad experience of hearing their belated stories. Talk about love -- God's love -- turning to wrath! I'll be talking about divine love in a moment. I know of one young man that came home from the Second World War. He had been away for two or two and a half years. He was intensely in love with a girl who had given herself for better or for worse. How do you know when you take the vow if it is going to be for better or for worse? But you take it, and you had better keep it -- "Through sickness and health, for better or for worse, I do." He thought if he got off five days early he'd slip into town and surprise the folks and what a happy reunion they'd have. So he slipped into the little town, down by the little old ball park where he used to play ball when he was a boy, and on down the main Street and past the old courthouse. As he was passing by a tavern he glanced in -- and he saw in the shadow a familiar person. He said, "No, no, no, no. That couldn't be she." But it was, there in the dim, lurid red light. He looked again. He wasn't convinced. He dropped his duffel bag on the sidewalk, thumbed the latch, and moved in. When he had satisfied himself that it was she, all the romance and all the love and compassion and longing for her and all the pent-up emotions that make a man love a woman

died in his breast. He turned with a bowed head, opened the door, reached into the duffel bag and got out a 45-automatic that he had used in the War. He pushed the door open. He was a warrior now. Love had gone and hate had entered. Wrath! Do you know what wrath is? It is hate on fire. It is the superlative of madness. The young man slipped in back of the booth and never let the girl see who he was. He fired and she slumped in the seat. He went out and threw the old "45" down on the sidewalk and then he walked down to the chief of police whom he had known ever since he'd been a boy. He said, "I just killed my wife in the arms of another man. Take me and do something with me before I do something to myself."

"Hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." One day He suffered outside the gate. He loved us when we were unlovable. When we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Oh, He said, "Come now, and let us reason together . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." But now love is gone and wrath has entered in. Hide me from the wrath of the Lamb! I want to ask you this question, "Who is afraid?" You say, "You think you'll scare me into going to the altar tonight. I don't believe a word you say." I didn't say the most of it. I gave it to you out of this Bible. "Who shall be able to stand?"

I'll give you one short illustration. A man who was sick on his bed had every opportunity in the world to get salvation. There are very few folks in this tabernacle tonight but what have had more than one opportunity to mind God. Most of us have. You know whether you are sanctified tonight or not. You know if you are saved. You know if you have drifted. The man I was telling you about came to the end suddenly -- he never knew that he was as sick as he was. He began to call for prayer; and he called for the pastor about whom he had talked. The pastor talked with him, and then went down to start a revival and asked the evangelist to call on him. The evangelist said, "I'll take the meeting tonight and you pray with him. I will stop by when the meeting is over." The pastor prayed and the evangelist prayed for the sick man. Midnight came and one o'clock came and the man on the bed with a hoarse voice prayed, "Oh, God, come back! Oh, God, don't leave me now!" until you could hardly distinguish what he was saying. About half past two o'clock he raised himself upon his elbow, gripped the hands of the preachers and said, "No need to pray any more. I've prayed and prayed and prayed and prayed and prayed up to the door, and the door is shut."

I'm happy to say the fountain is still open in the house of David for sin and uncleanness.

Blessed Holy Ghost, there is a man at the altar who needs God. He is the product of the day in which we live. God, have mercy! There are others here, precious folks who have had light, and not walked in it. Lord, we've done the best we knew how. If these people just knew how near is the day of His wrath. If they knew they had just one hour, would they do what they are doing now? Or would they make their way to a place of prayer? If they knew that midnight would be the end of time, what would they do with this hour? Judgment-bound, we all are. Oh, precious boy or girl who may be facing a call, the one who has drifted from God, the one who has lost his hold, the one who has looked at hypocrites and inconsistent Christians and has been defeated. Oh, God, we must strive to enter in at the strait gate! So many shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able. Put Thy arms around this crowd. Thy arm is not short yet that Thou cannot save. Oh, God, stand by us in this vital hour. Somebody may be hanging between the living and the dead. Somebody may be getting his last call.

Will they come now?

* * * * *

THE END