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SYMPHONIES OF PRAISE

By Floyd William Nease

Late President and Professor of
Philosophy and Theology in
Eastern Nazarene College

Introduction by the
R. T. Williams,
One of the
General Superintendents of
The Church of the Nazarene

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DEDICATED

To The Memory Of
A Holy Life Consistently Lived
The Radiance Of Which Will Continue
Long After These His Impassioned
Messages Have Been Silenced

* * * * *

[ONE OF THE CHAPTERS OMITTED: Chapter 11 of the printed book, entitled, "Life Through Death," apparently was not a sermon by Floyd Nease. An asterisk-footnote read: *From Boston Preachers. Used by permission -- Fleming H. Revell Company. Therefore, not knowing the copyright status of this sermon, and not being certain how to do copyright searches on it, I have omitted this chapter from this digital edition. Instead, what were chapters 12-15 have been numbered chapters 11-14 respectively. -- DVM]

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INTRODUCTION

To those who knew Dr. Floyd W. Nease personally, this volume will need no introduction. To those who never met him, his own writings will be a far more effective introduction than anything I could ever say. Both the character and the intelligence of Dr. Nease guarantee a very high class production in thought and expression. His writings will reveal the very highest type of manhood in this or any other age, and thought that will enlighten, inspire and grip both mind and heart.

Every one that ever heard Dr. Nease speak from a public platform will rejoice to know that some of his strong, logical and God inspired messages have been put into print. All others will feel the same after they have read his sermons and addresses.

Dr. Nease was a Christian gentleman of the highest order, always courteous and kind, whose life and spirit were transparent and Christ-like, He was a scholar and a student. He was a product of the college and of the university, but still a student ever learning and advancing. He was not all intellect. He had that rare and most desirable combination of mind and heart. He was brilliant but with his brilliancy there was the warming influence of a great affection for God and man.

For him to die seems an unexplainable and irreparable tragedy, but we rejoice that some of his great soul and life has crystallized in this volume. Not only in the minds and hearts of his

friends will he live, but through these messages he will speak and make felt the impact of his life upon us all.

Doubtless this book will have, and must have, a wide circulation for it will be an inspiration and blessing to everyone who reads it.

R. T. Williams

* * * * *

FOREWORD

Because I have had the privilege of knowing as no one else could know the sincerity of his love for Christ and the earnestness of his passion for the kingdom, I wish to share with those who knew and loved my husband, as well as with others who never heard him preach, a few of the many messages he has been delivering through the years. He loved to preach; he was never so much at home as when in the pulpit; and, best of all, what he preached, in the pulpit, he lived every day.

Some of the sermons you have heard; others may be new to you. Some were written in full by Mr. Nease himself; others have been compiled from his notes by those who knew him well, and we trust they reproduce truly the original spirit and delivery.

The sole purpose of printing the book is to perpetuate and spread his influence. The years of his active ministry were few; his ambitions for the work of God were great. We trust that these sermons may be one agency through which he being dead may yet speak.

Madeline N. Nease

* * * * *

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

Fourteen years have elapsed since the publication of the first edition of "Symphonies of Praise." Testimonies persist until now that through the medium of these messages the Holy Spirit has led many hungry hearts into definite Christian experience as well as the enrichment of the spiritual life.

Repeated and insistent have been the requests from ministers and laymen for another edition. We have delayed until now the compliance with these entreaties.

Wartime shortages have necessitated the use of thinner paper, narrower margins and more words to the page. In conforming to government regulations the content of the message has not been abbreviated. This book is complete and unabridged. The only change is in size and appearance.

We send this second edition of "Symphonies of Praise" on its mission praying that it like its predecessor shall be used by the Holy Spirit.

O. J. N.

* * * * *

Chapter 1

THE LIFE SKETCH OF A RADIANT PERSONALITY

The determining factors of a worthy life are not wealth or prestige, education or position, but rather those spiritual influences that often antedate the character itself. Paul writing to Timothy reminds him that the faith he enjoys had its inception in his grandmother Lois and its development in his mother Eunice. When one of our great statesmen was asked when one ought to start training a child, he replied, "One hundred years before he is born."

Floyd William Nease was born at Vassar, Michigan. Next to his conversion at an early age, he owed more to his godly parentage than any other one factor of his effective life. His father, William O. Nease, a minister of the gospel, was of an intense religious nature that found its expression and exercise in the practical direction of the home life of his family. Prolonged seasons of prayer in which earnest petitions, watered with fervent tears and punctuated by shouts of joy, were very often the outcome of a morning season of worship.

Father Nease, while actuated by an unusual fervency of love for his children, exacted a discipline of obedience that was often attended by severe punishment upon the offender. He scrutinized not only the acts and conversation of his children, but the passions and motives that prompted them, stating that to be guilty of uncontrolled anger was as wrong in the sight of God as to swear, or to lie, or to steal. Such studied discrimination developed a keen and exacting conscience in the members of the home circle.

Floyd's mother, Agnes Wotring Nease, a woman of even tempers, high ideals and noble ambitions, surrounded her family with an atmosphere of purity, faith and nobility that made a lasting contribution to the character of those for whom she was responsible.

This combination of rigid discipline and true nobility under a careful Christian atmosphere gendered in the life of her son a background for religious and intellectual achievement that bears direct relation to the enriched life that he lived.

The subject of this sketch was the second child of a family of four -- in all, three boys and a girl. He showed the usual reaction of a normal child in his contact with family and neighbor associates. Quick to sense injustice in a flash of temper he would resist it, but would as quickly subside to forgiving congeniality. Always a lover of the outdoors he early turned to athletics, and while never permitted by his parents to go to excess, he was ever one to be reckoned with on the field where skill and daring were involved. This developed in him a sense of fair play and a physique that called forth comment from neighbors and friends.

Living the life of a son of an itinerant minister, he was constantly thrown in the company of groups of new people, never until the later years of his life did he overcome a shyness and reserve that was often mistaken at first acquaintance for a sense of aloofness. Those who knew him best as youth and adult knew him to be possessed of a humility that was simple but genuine.

Under the definite Christian atmosphere of his parents' godly home, and under the piercing ray of truth, to which he was frequently subjected by his parents who were regular attendants at revivals and campmeetings, he was early led to seek the Lord. Many times as a child his heart was moved upon by the Spirit of grace and he would be found among those seeking the Lord.

While not given to the usual vacillation so common to youth, yet he dated the religious crisis of his life to a camp meeting held in Owosso, Michigan, when about sixteen years of age, under the preaching of Rev. George B. Kulp. He found his way to the crude altar of prayer and there kneeling in the straw wept his way to pardon and adoption. Often have I heard him tell it, how the oak covered hill where the camp was located, appeared to him to have broken out into the fresh verdure of spring and all the world seemed to have tuned itself to the happy melody of his heart's new found rapture.

Not long after that time under the ministry of Rev. Charles H. Stalker in a little Holiness church of the city of Owosso, where his parents had come to live, he sought and received the baptism with the Holy Ghost in a quiet but complete dedication of his life to the will and service of God. These crises in his life proved to be an epoch from which he never swerved living in unbroken fellowship with God from the time of these experiences to the hour of his translation. Secret prayer maintained a prominent place in his life even in these early years. Often his voice could be heard, as the evening shadows fell, in prayer. In his room alone he held communion with his God. This practice explains the reason for his unbroken walk with God.

It was at this time that he gave testimony of a call to preach the gospel, and began the task of fitting himself for his life service in a business-like manner that would have done justice to one of older years. He was given his first license to preach in 1911 and the same year was graduated from the high school department of the Bible Holiness Seminary of Owosso, Michigan, of which his father was founder and president.

There awoke within him an insatiable desire for knowledge, reading and studying being as much a part of his life as the eating of meals. Soon after his graduation from high school, he faced squarely the problem of further education. Many of the ministers of the Holiness Movement of Michigan had been thrust out into the work of the ministry from behind the plow and from other menial vocations of life, and therefore, while they felt strong the urge to soulwinning, they had very little appreciation of preparation for that holy calling.

When the problem was under advisement, there were moments when Floyd Nease felt his utter lack of preparation for an adequate service, and then when those well meaning brethren gathered about him and reminded him that three souls went into eternity every time the watch ticked, he would sense the urgency of the gospel so keenly that again and again he was to the point of going into the ministry immediately rather than seeking further education.

It was at this time that Rev. George B. Kulp of Battle Creek, Michigan, a friend of the family of many years standing and an able minister of the gospel, providentially sensed the young man's situation and advised him to close his ears to all else but adequate preparation for his life calling. Rev. Kulp's counsel became the deciding factor and as a result Floyd Nease and his oldest brother bade their parents good-bye in October of 1913 and took their way to Pasadena, California, to attend a Holiness College, an institution under the auspices of the Church of the Nazarene, then known as the Nazarene University.

The two years and a half spent in this institution were filled with a multiplicity of experiences that indicated the rare soul material that composed his personality. His parents' inability to do financially for him as they desired, made it necessary for him to work his way. He literally fulfilled the Scripture, "Doing with his might what his hands found to do," feeling no task too humble, or labor too difficult if it might aid him in obtaining the much coveted education. The religious fires burned high the first two years of his stay in the Nazarene University, and his contribution of spiritual fervency played no little part in making it the outstanding revival in the history of that college. His soul ablaze with evangelistic fervor, he went out from the institution into various nearby churches and mission halls preaching nearly every Sabbath. His preparation period was divided between work and evangelistic endeavor, for more and more the passion of his heart became a consuming flame to do the work of an evangelist.

As a student, he was a careful untiring plodder, spending time over his books when other students were either on the recreation field or in the social hall with their friends. He felt that it was the little things and the brief margins of life that had finally to do with success. Due to an operation for appendicitis which took place in the summer of 1915, he was out of college during the school year of 1915-16. He was not however, content to be idle and took the pastorate of a mission church in the city of Phoenix, Arizona. An elementary day school had been established in connection with this church, and it was here that he further developed his teaching aptitude, which had at first indicated itself while teaching at the Bible Holiness Seminary during the last year of his attendance upon that institution.

The year of pastorate in Phoenix, Arizona, was one resplendent with victory in gospel presentation and in the winning of souls to Christ. His parents had now come to live with him and they told of his devotion to Christ, indicated not only by glowing testimonies but by hours spent alone pouring over his Bible and communing with God.

The following year he returned to Pasadena to complete his college degree. An unfortunate occurrence in the conduct of the institution that year made it seem wise to him to change schools, which he did in mid-year, graduating the following June from the University of Southern California. In the meantime he had joined the Church of the Nazarene (1917) and accepted the pastorate of the Grand Avenue Church in Los Angeles, of that denomination. Here again, his parents joined him, his mother making a home for him while his father spent his time in the evangelistic field. During his pastorate, he continued to attend the University of Southern California receiving in June of 1918, the degrees of Master of Arts and the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the Nazarene University in Pasadena. Older members of the Grand Avenue Church still testify of the eloquent messages and the spiritual passion of this budding minister of the gospel.

On June 23rd, of 1918, he was ordained a minister of the Church of the Nazarene at the Southern California District Assembly held in the First Church of Pasadena. He was deeply impressed by the solemn charge given him by General Superintendent H. F. Reynolds, that if ever he ceased to be true to the essential doctrines of the church, he should at once return his parchments. Often in later years he referred to that charge, and in all his preaching he was loyal to his vows.

In September of 1919 he accepted a call from Eastern Nazarene College under President Fred J. Shields, where he served the institution as Professor of Philosophy and Theology, and as Registrar and Dean of Men. In 1923, upon the resignation of President Shields, Mr. Nease was elected acting President of the college, and in 1924 he became President, which office he held until his death.

It is no ordinary compliment to his stability and singleness of purpose when we say that the love affairs of his life were few. Ever a courteous gentleman in the presence of ladies, yet few were the close friendships he formed with members of the fair sex. In 1921 his path crossed that of Miss Madeline A. Nostrand. Their friendship ripened into an ennobling love which was consummated by their marriage in the Church of the Nazarene at Malden, Massachusetts, August 29, 1922. Their home life was spent in a house planned and largely builded by his own hands, and deepened into a devotion that made his home the brightest spot of his life. Two beautiful children were born to them, Stephen Wesley and Helen Munro, which children were the objects of their father's ardent affection, How he loved his home! When he returned from the trips which his life as an educator and evangelist exacted of him, he would walk through every room and say to his wife, "Well, dear, I have seen many finer homes, but none that looks so good to me."

While wrapped up in educational work, his soul was constantly drawn toward evangelistic activities, and very often he would express to his most intimate friends the conviction that he would sooner or later bid adieu to the educational field and enter an evangelistic career. Here he was an outstanding success, a prince among preachers, a platform man of rare ability and a soulwinner of unusual worth. His evangelistic calls brought him in contact with some of the rarest souls of the Holiness Movement in camp meeting and church campaigns.

His early experience and training helped to make him the leader that he became, having with his brother worked his way through school, he developed under those trying experiences much of the courage, versatility and resourcefulness which he manifested in later years. In his chapel talks to his students, he often told of his father's threefold purpose for his boys: first, to get them into the actual experience of full salvation; second, to give them a guarded Christian education; third, to teach them to work with their hands. The wholesome, rounded, useful life lived by President Nease indicated the effectiveness of his father's worthy purpose.

His exacting labors as minister and educator did not deter him from the continuing of his studies. He attended Boston University, where in 1924 he received the degree of Master of Sacred Theology. At the time of his death he had finished his work for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Drew University with the exception of one-half year's residence. A letter of appreciation

received from the Dean of the Faculty of Drew University by his wife after his death, indicated the high esteem in which outstanding men with whom he associated regarded him.

He was in no sense a vacillator. He came to the little college in Wollaston to stay until the work was established. He invested every energy in the college for he had caught a true vision of its possibilities. Repeatedly in times of stress and strain he was tempted to go to some easier and apparently more fruitful field, but he held steady, and before his death saw Eastern Nazarene College established in the favor of the community and recognized by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. His death came as a sudden shock to all, and as one of the papers of his home city expressed it in an editorial at the time of his death, "New England education, the church denomination for whom he had long been a loyal and earnest worker, the struggling little college whose renaissance he had successfully undertaken, and this community all deplore the passing of President Floyd W. Nease." "He put his institution ahead of himself. He was not an opportunist. Though he has passed on, the memory of him, of his activities, of his faith will endure." "His college has to share his memory with those who cherish learning, with the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and in particular with his fellow citizens of Quincy."

The church generally, of which he was a member, had come to recognize his ability as educator, minister, writer and executive and prophesied for him a future of responsibility and honor. In 1928 he was made a member of the General Board of Education of the Church of the Nazarene, and in 1929 was elected chairman of that Board.

Ambitious for the work of God and the institution that was his immediate responsibility, he was ever pushing forward that he might "apprehend that for which he was apprehended by Jesus Christ." Yet, for personal position or advancement he held no craving. He was elected District Superintendent of the New England District of the Church of the Nazarene in May of 1929, which office he resigned within a few hours feeling he must carry on in the work of Eastern Nazarene College. His associates in that institution told of a memorable prayer that their President prayed at a faculty prayermeeting in September, 1930. He rehearsed the history of God's leading for the institution; he told the Lord that now it must either go forward or backward, and there claimed victory for the college. That prayer marked the turning point of the several interests of Eastern Nazarene College. A few weeks later, Governor Allen signed the charter empowering the college to grant degrees, and in a few more weeks the most marvelous revival in the history of that institution visited them, and three or four months later while walking admiringly through the library and laboratories of the new Fowler Administration Building, President Nease said, "I can hardly make it seem true; at last one of my life-long dreams has been realized." He was acutely conscious that God Himself had intervened answering his own heart cry and thrust the institution out into new territory.

President Nease died in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, while he was engaged in a campaign to raise money for the Forward Movement of the College, including the erection of the splendid new Administration Building, dedicated just a month before. The diagnosis was acute pancreatitis, with heart failure following an operation, but doctors and friends agree that without doubt his death was hastened by the extraordinary strain and pressure occasioned by the Forward Movement of the institution. He had said when finances were coming hard and the burdens severe, that he had heard the still small voice from above saying, "Only be strong and very courageous."

He died as triumphantly as he had lived. Word from his nurse during his last illness reported that as he was moved to the hospital he said, "Well, this may mean the New Jerusalem." Before the operation he told the doctor, "If anything happens, tell them I am ready." And later, "Be sure to tell them everything is all right, I am satisfied."

Floyd William Nease:

Born to mortality, December 21, 1893;

Born to immortality, October 26, 1930.

How old must a man live to be in order to round out and finish his life? It isn't the length of time a man lives that determines the completeness of his life! President Nease was cut off from human activity when approaching thirty-seven, and yet we see his life a symmetrical piece of Christian character, holy influence and blessed achievement. Jesus Christ died on the cross at thirty-three, crying, "It is finished -- the work that Thou gavest me to do." Ah, there is the secret. That life, however brief, is a perfect whole which is built about the will of God.

After the funeral services held in the auditorium of Eastern Nazarene College and attended by more than fifteen hundred people, while the city was draped in mourning, he was laid to rest amid the historical patriots of the old Mount Wollaston cemetery. His body awaits the trumpet call to newness of life, while his triumphant spirit tries the realities of the gospel he preached, and his influence lives on in the lives of those he touched. We affix a poem written to his memory by Professor Bertha Munro, Dean of the College and one of his closest associates in the work of the College he loved.

Fall'n in the midst of battle,
He who led us on.
He caught the vision splendid,
Followed to death the Man with the drawn sword.
His conflict now is ended;
Dismayed, we listen for his cheering word;
The battle rages still -- but he is gone.

Fall'n in the midst of battle;
Yet he lives on.
His spirit free, undaunted --
His steady faith, his tread of victory,
His love of truth, clear seeing.

Courage for right, and kindly sympathy --
That spirit cannot die. He is not gone.
Fall'n in the midst of battle --
Beyond the veil
The gates are opened wide!
For him a thousand silver trumpets sound;

He sees the Christ he loved;
On Zion Hill he awaits us, vict'ry-crowned.
He still leads on -- through grace we will not fail.

* * * * *

Chapter 2 THE SYMPHONY OF PRAISE

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name." -- Psalm 102:1.

Among the wonderful organs of the human body which excel both in structure and in function is the tongue. This is the organ of speech and taken in conjunction with the vocal cords and their auxiliary muscular apparatus, represents that which perhaps is the greatest of man's powers, the ability possessed by him alone of all the creation of God with which we have acquaintance, to express his ideas and desires and emotions in audible form.

It is through the power of speech that the separateness of human personality is broken. The boundaries which part one human spirit from another are crossed through this ability to "take a cluster of air-waves, beating in more or less intense vibrations on the membrane of the ear and make it a vehicle of all the heights of thought, the depths and tenderness of emotion, the linked processes of reason."

And yet in the very greatness of the tongue lies the foundation of its failure. With such a tremendous function to perform, such a range of emotions to express, such a breadth of ideas to voice and such a variety of processes to symbolize yet all its remarkable powers are found inadequate and at times perplexingly futile. Who has not discovered that in the face of even the most ordinary emotions, speech is weak and inexpressive, and when the surges of mastering longings and passions flood the soul the door of speech is utterly closed and the utterances of the voice are abandoned, while the imprisoned soul seeks in vain for a mode of expression worthy of its deepest soundings and its highest flights. Not until we learn the language of the "new song" will expression really express and the personality in its true grandeur stand revealed to its fellows.

And here it was that the Psalmist found himself. Face to face with the matchless mercy and goodness of God, grasping at last the glories of God's holy name, his heart was stirred to an obligation of praise far too great to be discouraged by faltering lips of clay, and in his effort to declare his worship and adoration he calls upon his soul, all his powers, the full group of his faculties, the whole symphony of his heart to join in the refrain. We shall enumerate some of the contributors to the symphony of praise and indicate the contributions of each.

Bless the Lord, O my soul and all my perceptions, bless His holy name. In his earliest ministry the Great Shepherd was ever finding for His disciples proofs of the Father's presence and love in the grass of the field, in the lily's silver chalice, in the sunset's bursting coronet, in the sparrow's busy chirping and in the fields and nature about. He it was who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," yea, they do see God, for

"Earth's crowned with heaven
And every common bush's afire with God."

And nothing helps one to see God in the world about him, to sense that "in him we live and move and have our being." like a good heart and a soul purified from the astigmatic nature of inbred sin.

Yes, we may see God now. "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers" then I begin to see man in his right perspective and one can not see God even in the majesty of the starry heavens unless God is within -- unless Christ is crowned in his heart. What we see depends on what we are.

One who is filled with "the holy name," the holy nature of God, will find in the most common duties of life, the most ordinary happenings of life, the messages of his Lord to him. The grand old Bishop Berkeley became so filled with the conception of God's nearness and constant presence that he felt that the "whole choir of heaven and the furniture of earth" constitute the divine language by which God communicates with His children.

Sin in the heart makes a man a stranger in the "land which the Lord God" has given him. Sin blinds the eyes so that he cannot see God, sin deafens the ears so that the voice of God is indistinguishable, sin deadens the sensibilities so that no man who has not known the full virtue of the "cleansing stream" can call upon "all that is within him to bless" the holy name of God.

Within the full meaning of the declaration of the text, we may find the further admonition "bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all my memories bless his holy name." Memory has been likened to a picture gallery adorned with the incidents, scenes and transactions of our yesterdays. The memory of a righteous man may be compared to a treasure vault into which he may bring the precious stores of the years for safe keeping or it may be said to resemble a library containing records of the accounts of hours past and from which, at will, one may review the achievements and progresses of a departed hour. How fortunate the man, indeed how "wise unto salvation" is he who has so ordered his life that all his memories, from the glad hour of his new birth will bless the holy name of his God.

The memories of personal relationship to God may sing his praises now and forever; memories of hours of conviction, of patient wooing, of loving admonition from the Holy Spirit, of the glorious moment when the yielded heart passed from death unto life, or when the consecrated soul sang,

"The cleansing stream I see, I see,
I plunge and O it cleanseth me."

When the recollection of such epochal events breaks in upon us with their culminating significance, they give "songs in the night" and fill the day with deepest praise. It is the song of Moses and the Lamb which we are to sing in the "beautiful city of gold," but that Moses will not be the leader of a group of Israelites some hundreds of years ago; the Moses of that song will also be John Smith, or Sarah Jones, or Floyd Nease, and when we "crown him Lord of all" we will all

take our turn to bring out of the storehouses of memory and declare to amazed and wondering angels, and to adoring and worshipping saints, that "He redeemed us from" -- from -- from our lost estate.

And then the Ebenezers declaring that "hitherto hath the Lord helped us" lift their testifying heads from regeneration's portal to heaven's gate. Look at Joshua! An unblazed trail ahead, walled cities and unforeseen dangers in the path, but the assurance is "as I was with Moses so will I be with thee." The vision of Ebenezers burst on the new leader's sight and he knows that against every Pharaoh is assured the power of Jehovah, against every Red Sea is to be reckoned the breath of God to part the waters, for famine there is bread from heaven, for serpents there is a healing look at the "brazen serpent" and the memories pointing their fingers at the Ebenezers assure him that there is "yet very much land ahead" not to be desired, longed for or yearned after, but "to be possessed."

We know some men and women who have talked with God for thirty -- forty -- fifty or more years. Poor, they are, in the possession of this world's goods, but rich -- how rich -- in memories of divine assistance and providential grace. Could we interrogate a Paul, or a Wesley, or a Bresee in the twilight of his life's warfare for God, would he not declare that "at eventide it is light?" Whence the illumination? Ah, yes! it shines from the cross of Christ symbolizing on the one hand the years when there stood by them "the angel of God" and said, "be of good cheer" and on the other hand, anticipation of joys to come, so that the crossing over is in the full light of the presence of God which attended their lives over the years passed and of the assurance of his smile for the ages which are to come.

And even one's imaginations may bless the Lord. For youth, time looms large. For age, eternity fills all the horizon. For each, God has a way of so filling anticipations with Himself that "all things are of God." How glorious it is for the youth to have every ambition and purpose and objective centered in God! The future holds naught but good for him whose center of spiritual gravitation and the circumference of whose hopes and plans are the will of God. How transcendently wonderful is the lure of "the world to come" to the ripe old saint who has proved the promises, tested the provisions of grace and found no failure in them. Thus memory joins hand with anticipations of the future in time and in eternity and both together sing "bless the Lord."

Nothing but the "blood of the everlasting covenant" can cleanse a sinful man's heart so that the "thoughts and imaginations" of his heart will be pure from evil, but God's grace makes provision for such a purification. At the fountain heads of man's nature the greatest work of redemption is accomplished so that the very nature of the man is changed and the springs which gave forth bitter waters will send forth naught but the sweet waters of full salvation. In this full realization one can know that "a new heart" has been given him.

"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good --
A copy, Lord, of thine."

The center of a man's soul lies close to his emotions. Nature is no more certainly determined than through examination of desire. There can be no doubt that all human values have their root in feelings and our judgments of value, our preferences, choices, aversions, spring spontaneously from the depths of our feelings. Evil passions are dominated by feeling, selfishness asserts itself pre-eminently in feeling, the inability of man to enjoy righteousness and true holiness and to desire the will of God are all testimonials to the wrongness of man's heart. But the Psalmist leaves no exemption of any element in his heart and so he demands that his emotions, his desires, his innermost feelings must not only be acceptable unto God, but must be so in agreement with his holy nature as to "bless his name."

Crucifixion, to use St. Paul's figure, is nowhere more certainly a requisite than in the rectification of one's emotional nature. There are some emotions which must be crucified -- must be eradicated so that they shall never raise their foul heads or stir up "roots of bitterness" in the heart. And this is where all human efforts fail. What can reformation do in the face of desire? Nothing. What can education do in the face of the imperious "I want?" Nothing. What can all the human religions, the 'isms and 'ologies of finite concoction do when they join issue with the evil desire as it springs unheralded from the "deep water" of the soul? All the histories of such efforts give illustration of their impotency. But there is a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness which can deal with desire and can purge from the soul, however evil by heredity and acquirement, all that is impure in the realm of emotion, and all that would not be at home in heaven in the sphere of desire. Hallelujah!

"O precious is that flow
That washes white as snow,
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

Such an experience, John Wesley called Christian Perfection, and ever asserted that such completeness consisted pre-eminently in perfection in love. St. Paul, long before guided by divine illumination, declared "the end of the commandment is, love out of a pure heart." Certainly! Cleanse the affections and the heart is "cleansed white" for out of them are the issues of life, In the glorious hour of entire sanctification the emotions can join with perceptions, memory and imagination in "blessing His holy name."

How glad we may all be that redemption completely meets the fullest requirements of man! If there is a function of man's mind which unguided has ever led him astray more than another it would seem to be reason. The tragic spectacle of wreckage along the pathway of thought is appalling. Yet reason's path, when it does not lose its way in the maze of irrationality, leads to God and the quest for deity is the highest quest of thought. How vain is that philosophy which cannot find God. Spurred by that unquenchable thirst for knowledge which every awakened soul knows, scores, yea hundreds of men of the keenest intellectual power have come to the "end of the trail" and found not God, but chaos and confusion, so that among them we hear the lamentations, "I find neither God above or soul within," "all is but the changeless flow of unguided matter in motion," "the abyss is the only fatherhood to be found," "God, if there be a God, is unknowable, impersonal, unfeeling, unapproachable."

And yet revelation gives to us God, our heavenly Father, creating, preserving, loving, redeeming his creatures. And reason guided by faith can find God. Yes, God can be known and reason, finite and fallible though it may be, can "feel after HIM" and find Him, for He is not far from any humble soul and He dwelleth with such as be of a contrite spirit. Reason too can join in the symphony of the heart and praise God.

We may look but once more within the soul and find that in the truly consecrated heart the Will -- that which symbolizes the whole personality in the choosing activity -- can be in perfect alignment with the will of God. What we need is not men and women with no will of their own, neither do we want weakened and feeble wills to make stalwart Christians, our times demand the strongest, staunchest, most determined character with the will in complete accord with that of God. "I come to do the will of God." These are the words of every Christ-follower, or every Christian. Ranking with selfishness and pride in the evil trio, and springing from the same tap root of sin is rebellion which is a will in contrariety to God. "I will not" is the attitude of the sinful heart to Jehovah, and there is no power in heaven, earth or hell which can coerce the human volition, Here man is more potent than his God and for a little season can run his own course in defiance of his Maker. And all the human alchemies of earth cannot change the will. Only a heart freely surrendering his will to God, can find such a change in his nature that his volitional activities all lie within the sweet will of God. Then one's life can ever be the willing of God's purposes.

For young and old the only hope of eternal happiness lies in the harmonization of the will with the nature of God. Not resignation in the extreme mystical sense, not obliteration, but a strengthened, unwavering and eternal determination in agreement with the "holy name of God."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul and ALL that is within me bless His holy name." What a symphony of praise! This is the highest good in life sought by sage and philosopher and human prophet in vain, but found in the sanctified heart cleansed by the power of the blood and kept clean by the power of an endless life.

What a blissful state of the soul when in answer to the eternal question "What is man's highest good, his fullest duty, the realization of his greatest powers?" the whole symphony of the heart responds "to know God and to glorify Him forever."

The eye answers, "my highest good is to see God's face."

The ear responds, "my highest good is to hear God's voice."

The tongue asserts, "my highest good is to announce God's praises."

The sensibilities agree, "my highest good is to feel Him nigh."

The memory affirms, "my highest good is to be filled with recollections of His grace."

The imagination replies, "my highest good is to contemplate the future of His will."

The reason pronounces, "my highest good is to know God and His son Jesus Christ."

The emotions declare, "our highest good is to love God and love as he loves."

The will proclaims, "my highest good is to obey God and realize his purpose for me."

Thus from the entire soul as from a great symphony orchestra the single theme played by the full instrumentation of the soul is this complete harmony within, and agreement with the heart and nature of the Creator of the soul.

This is holiness of heart. This is the state of heaven and gives citizenship in the eternal city. Find me a soul with such a state and I will find for you the citizen of another world, even while traversing this one, a heart in which the work of redeeming grace has been accomplished, and there remains only the perfection in love which follows heart holiness. Such a provision is worthy of a Deity, nothing short of it truly reflects His nature and dignity.

John Wesley, whose Journal for May 24, 1738, records his conversion, writes for Tuesday, December 25, 1744, after a deepening experience of grace in the preceding days, "I felt such awe and tender sense of the presence of God as greatly confirmed me therein, so that God was before me all the day long. I sought and found Him in every place and could truly say when I lay down at night, 'Now I have lived a day.'" O my brother, O my sister, there is a life where with

"Heart made pure and garments white
And Christ enthroned within,"

You can "live a day," a week, a year, a life time, forever, in the harmony of purity of heart and the assurance of heavenly security.

"It is for us all today
If we trust and truly pray;
Consecrate to Christ your all
And upon the Savior call,
Bless God! it is for us all today."

* * * * *

Chapter 3 THE PRESENCE DYNAMIC

"And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, fear not." Rev. 1:17.

The words of the text were spoken by John the Beloved, John the exile on Patmos, John awaiting the martyrdom of boiling oil. Solitary on the barren little island -- twenty-three miles long it was, by two or three miles wide -- John was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day. Communing in spirit with His Lord, lost in blessed memories, he saw the vision and passed it on to us. "I heard a Great Voice," he cries, But this was not the first time that Voice had been heard on earth. In the

impenetrable eternities, when there was no star, no sun, no moon, no firmament, the same voice had spoken in Creation and Chaos had obeyed. "Let there be Light," this Voice commanded, "and there was Light" (Gen. 1:3). "Let us make Man in our image" (Gen. 1:26) -- it spoke again, and man became a living soul by the divine fiat. For "all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made" (John 1:3). That was the Voice of authority.

"I heard a Great Voice."

This voice spoke again in Redemption -- provisional redemption for all mankind. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" -- Matthew heard His gracious invitation. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" -- John heard Him thus unhesitatingly proclaim His mission on earth. In the garden the Voice broke in agonizing intercession; "Not my will, but thine be done." On the Cross that Voice cried out of the blackness of the sinner's night, separated from His Father by the guilt of all the world; "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken Me?" And then the same Voice, broken but triumphant, pronounced the most momentous words ever uttered on earth, "It is finished!" Redemption is purchased for every son of Adam's race! This was the Voice of the suffering Redeemer.

The Voice spoke in Personal Salvation. To the sick at the pool it said, "Wilt thou be made whole?" To the leper it responded, "I will; be thou clean." To the paralytic it commanded, "Arise and stand upon thy feet;" to the maiden who lay dead, "Talitha Cumi." "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise!" Amen! The sinful woman heard that Voice saying "Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven." To the ears of the woman taken in adultery it came, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." Zacchaeus heard it call his name; "Make haste and come down, for this day I must abide at thy house." The troubled disciples heard that Voice above the surge of the tempest: "Be not afraid; it is I". Peace, be still." Great is the Voice of creation, great is the Voice of healing, great is the Voice that opens the eye or unstops the deaf ear, that loosens the tongue of the dumb or casts out the evil spirit. But greatest of all voices is the Voice of Pardon. "Who can forgive sins but God?"

That same Voice was the voice of resurrection. Lazarus, dead four days, heard His voice and came out of the tomb. And "those that be in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth." The grave cannot hold its prey; tombs of stone, rivets of brass will burst asunder when He speaks the word of command. For He has conquered Death. And that Voice is the Voice of Destiny, One day every soul shall hear its accents pronounce the solemn, final words: "Come, ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you. Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Well might John say, "I heard a Great Voice."

Have you heard this Voice speaking to you in pardon? Have you heard it in times of sorrow, in danger, in perplexity? We forget the voices of dearest friends; we may forget even the voices of departed loved ones, but never, never, this Voice. Once hears His voice and be forever spoiled for all false guides. "My sheep hear my voice, but they know not the voice of a stranger." Amen! Next, John says: "He laid His Right Hand upon me" (Rev. 1:17). "I felt His touch."

Blessed touch! A mother touches the fretting child and he is still. A father lays his hand on the head of the frightened child, and he is no longer afraid. The sculptor lays his hand on the cold block of marble and it lives forever as a masterpiece. The artist lays his hand on the canvas and it glows with the colors of the New Jerusalem. The musician lays his hand on the instrument and melodies and harmonies akin to those of heaven entrance the soul of the hearer. The educator lays his hand upon the child and he becomes a Gladstone or an Eliot. The lover touches the unlovely and the fires of affection burn and graces flower.

But when Christ touches, the fever of living subsides, turbulent souls are stilled, frightened spirits are made courageous, stony hearts are quickened into immortal life. Unpromising, bare lives are made beautiful with the colors of a heavenly artistry; discordant souls bring forth melodies of peace; those who lack wisdom are made wise unto salvation; those who love not glow with an affection that is from above.

If I can but have His right hand upon me, I am invincible.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

The touch of the departed loved one lingers with us for a time in memory but becomes unreal and is powerless. His touch is with us ever!

"I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." His promise is sure. "I will hold thy right hand, saying, Fear not; I will help thee." Glory!

"Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
There is grace and power
For each trying hour
In the touch of His hand on mine.

The story is told of the unknown musician who asked to be allowed to play on a great organ, As he played the strains were so melodious, the keys perfectly under control, the harmonies so rare, that all the listeners were amazed. As he left his seat, the master said simply in response to the astonished praise, "I should be able, for I made the organ." Small wonder that the touch of Christ can evoke melody from human lives that now are dumb. He is the Master Builder as well as the Master Musician; He made the life and under His control its faculties are harmonized in glorious activity.

"We do know that we know him," (I John 2:3) says John again. "I know whom I have believed," echoes Paul. "I know Him!" We do not know each other here. All of us wear masks. Like the hooded brothers of the Ku Klux Klan, like the revelers at a masked ball, like Hawthorne's clergyman who wore always a black veil, hiding his features, we go about with our inmost souls hidden from one another. We may wish to be sincere, but the "fleshly screen" always hides much of motive, purpose, thought and feeling. But we can know Him. With Him it is not body speaking to

body, but heart to heart, In our dealings with Him -- "Spirit with spirit can meet Closer is He than breathing, Nearer than hands and feet."

Yes, Spirit with spirit, Self with self, Personality with personality. We can know Christ! "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Are you scanty in this world's goods? This Friend was born and was buried as a pauper, yet He always brought blessing. Are you sick? This Friend healed all manner of diseases, opened eyes, cleansed lepers, stopped funeral processions and never failed. Are you friendless? This Friend was deserted in the hour of His greatest need, was denied vehemently and with curses by His most loyal follower, yet He triumphed. Are you weak? This Friend is omnipotent. Are you fearful of the future? The future and the past are alike open to Him, Are you misunderstood? He understands. Amen!

"I know him," says Paul, "and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him." "None of these things move me" -- for I know Him. 'I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' "I have suffered the loss of all things -- that I may know him."

Know Him! Know Him! That knowledge is the summum bonum of life.

"More about Jesus let me know,
More of His love to others show,
More of His saving fullness see,
More of His love who died for me. "

The old saint when dying with eyes dim and memory failing, was asked by the nurse, "Do you know me?"

She shook her head.

"Do you know this man?" (pointing to her son).

"No."

"Do you know Jesus?"

"Yes, yes," was the response. "Jesus, precious Jesus I i know Jesus."

If you know Jesus, that knowledge will stay with you when all other knowledge has gone. It will go with you to the end; it will lighten the hour of death and bear you up in the chill waters of the river.

"And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead." That vision of the Christ! That "seeing him who is invisible!"

I saw Him in the past, And that look changed me completely. When the Israelites looked to the brazen serpent in the wilderness, one look meant life, When I saw Jesus lifted on the cross --

dead in trespasses though I was -- just one look, and I lived. I saw Him -- at once my burden of sin fell off and I was free. I saw Him -- all others were eclipsed. Formerly I desired fame, applause -- but I saw him outside the gate. Formerly I desired riches, ease -- but I saw Him without where to lay His head. Formerly I desired earthly power -- but I saw Him carrying His cross. Formerly I desired Self. But when I saw Him I fell at His feet as dead; yea, I died to self and was resurrected to Him. "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Amen! Hallelujah!

I see Him in the present -- and temptation loses its charm. Atlanta in the Greek story lost the race because she stopped to pick up the golden apples her rival had contrived to have flung into the course. The devil has many allurements to hinder me; but as I look into the face of Jesus, golden apples have no appeal. I endure as seeing Him who is invisible. I am more than conqueror. I win the race and gain the prize.

I see Him and long to be like Him! I pray with the bride of the Song of Songs, "Let me see thy face, let me hear thy voice." He is to me the fairest among ten thousand; He is the Lily of the Valley; He is the Rose of Sharon. "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is He among the sons." Yea, He is altogether lovely.

"He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice And myriads wait for His word;

He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice, Re-echoes the praise of the Lord."

"Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus
I've lost sight of all beside,
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified."

And looking upon Him I become transformed into His image. I saw Him, I saw Him -- and, in the future, I shall see Him.

"Now I see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." Amen! "When I see Him I shall be like Him, for I shall see Him as He is." I shall see Him; and I too shall fall at His feet as dead. But I shall rise and join the chorus singing with the voice of melodious thunder until the heavens shall echo to the farthest planet: "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be . . . unto the Lamb for ever and ever!" I shall see Him and "shall follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

The first hundred years of Eternity -- those glorious Sabbaths of eternity -- how shall we spend them? Looking into the face of Jesus! For heaven is not the jasper walls; not the twelve foundations garnished with precious stones; not the gates, every several gate a pearl; not the streets of gold, not the many mansions, not the rainbow around the throne, not the concourse of saints and martyrs bloodwashed. No, none of these, but the sight of Jesus, the presence of the Savior -- that will make heaven! I shall see Him!

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Chapter 4

APPREHENDED OF CHRIST

follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." Phil. 3:12

A closer translation from the original Greek of our textual passage would clearly indicate the purpose of Paul thus:

"That I might pursue and lay hold of that for which I was pursued and laid hold of, or caught, by Christ Jesus."

One of our great statesmen was asked when one ought to start training a child. "One hundred years before he is born," was the reply. God is not less wise than man. God is in pursuit of the human heart and life. Not interested in pursuit for pursuit's sake but for a definite end and goal in which man may serve the plan and purpose of his Pursuer, attain his own highest good, bless humanity about him and bring glory to the high design of Jehovah.

All important is the purpose of God in the universe. Since man is designed to hold the prominent place in the working out of that purpose, God must lay stress upon the preparation of man for his part in the Divine plan commensurate with the importance of that plan, Should man fail the resulting tragedy would be so disastrous that the Divine wisdom can brook no ordinary chance of failure and therefore God plans the tomorrows of His workers long before they are brought upon the immediate scene of action.

God makes pursuit of the life thus chosen for His plan through heredity, prenatal influences, early training, providences happy and unhappy, laying well the character foundation for life service, thus leading to the climax of the individual's surrender to and co-operation with the Divine purpose.

Paul had known this divine pursuit and this divine capture. Born of pious ancestry, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, he had been trained and taught with extreme care, and educated by the best of teachers, the devout and learned Gamaliel. His conscience had been kept tender, his life and energies devoted to the cause of religion as he knew it, The pursuit had become more insistent. Circumstances strange and new had pressed into Paul's life. In Jerusalem he heard the claims of Jesus of Nazareth -- heard them scornfully, no doubt, but to remember them later with a throbbing heart. Then one day he found himself in the midst of an angry mob who were casting stones. He saw a shining-faced martyr dying victoriously for the name of this Jesus -- saw him and heard his bold words of winged logic and his prayer of divine forgiveness. That face and those words burned themselves into his heart.

But they were only a part of the divine pursuit. It still came on, until that moment -- that never-to-be-forgotten moment -- when on the Damascus road, himself hot on the trail of the followers of the Nazarene, he was overtaken by his divine Pursuer. The blinding light shone full around him, "above the brightness of the sun;" the Voice called him by name and questioned him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" The self-sufficient Pharisee, prostrate on the earth before

his Pursuer, confessed himself conquered, apprehended -- ("come suddenly upon," seized for oneself) by Christ. "Lord," was his cry, "what wilt thou have me to do?" Saul would "kick against the pricks" no longer. Saul had surrendered!

As clear the light that shone round about Saul came the revelation of the Divine will. Capture and surrender were followed by the announcement of God's plan for Paul's life. "He is a chosen vessel unto me," God said of him to the disciple Ananias. To Paul he said, "The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest know his will and be his witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard." "For I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear unto thee."

A chosen vessel, a witness unto all men, a minister -- Christ had apprehended Paul for a mighty purpose. To those sightless eyes came a vision of God's plan for his life, and to it he was thenceforth steadfastly devoted. The pursued had become the pursuer! Standing before King Agrippa, when he had almost reached the end of the journey, he declared, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." The words of the text were his constant cry: "That I may pursue and overtake that plan of God for me, that divine ideal for my life."

During those three days when his natural eyes were covered with scales he had opportunity to compare the past with what probably awaited him in the future. He knew something of the persecutions that fell to the lot of the followers of "this Way." But he chose the plan of God! "Good-bye, old ambitions! Welcome, Christ's purpose. Good-bye, Sanhedrin; good-bye, law practice; good-bye, Pharisaical standing; good-bye, all, I am pursuing God's plan for me."

See him as he pursues. The path leads to the whipping post eight times, to stoning once, to shipwreck twice, to journeyings, amid robbers and false friends, to hunger and to thirst, weariness, nakedness and cold. Strange Eldorado for a questing soul!

Why, Paul? Why rush into danger, up through Asia, down through Europe, into stripes, imprisonments, watchings, fastings? Why? Above all the suffering, clear as the bells that chime in the Celestial City, comes the cry of his heart, "That I may pursue and lay hold." For "I count not myself to have apprehended." Beloved, that is what it means to be a missionary, to be a Christian.

We too have been apprehended by Christ. We too are objects of the divine pursuit. He has an eternal plan for you and for me. No one else can fill the place He has marked out for us. One Christian writer pictures Gabriel asking Christ, "What if Peter should fail to tell the story?" and Christ responding, "I'm depending on Peter. He will not fail." Just so He is depending on each of us to do the work He has assigned to us.

Each of us, just as truly as Paul, has been the object of the divine pursuit. That saintly great-grandfather, that pious grandmother, that father who answered the call of God, that mother who dedicated you to the Lord, before you were born. His hand was upon your life. Your early training and environment, you can see now, the providences He sent to you, all meant that He was following you. You could not escape -- and finally He overtook you. Not on a Damascus road, but on a Michigan oak-covered hill it was that He apprehended me. Hallelujah! Amen! Where was it

with you? Where was your Damascus road? A schoolhouse? A stump? A log cabin? Wherever it was, you have not forgotten it, And the sound of His voice still rings clear in your ears, for to you also He said, "Rise and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness." You knew that you too were a "chosen vessel." You received a vision of God's plan for you.

As soon as we got to our feet from that first compelling revelation the cry of our heart was, "That I may pursue. " What though it mean Africa, China, India, Japan, South America, or the islands of the sea? What though it mean separation from home, loved ones and all? What though it lead to misunderstanding and rebuffs, to privation, peril, suffering, death, if at last with Paul we may say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith!"

Oh, the eager pursuit of those first days! We had caught sight of God's blue print for our lives and started eagerly to work it out. That same blue print is His best thought for us today, Are we fulfilling it?

God's plan is the highest possible calling for any life. Could every young person only realize it! It is higher than to be a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant, a politician, a statesman, higher than to be the husband of the most beautiful wife, the wife of the finest husband, the mistress of the most magnificent estate. It is the best life holds for us. And Satan's first object is to sidetrack us from this course. Oh, the sidetracks he lays out! May God make our vision keen to detect his wiles. Listen! Anything that interferes with your obedience to the will of God for you is illegitimate. You cannot afford even to play with the thought of it,

Jeremiah went one day at the command of. Jehovah down to the potter's house and watched him at work. He took a lump of clay and put it on the wheel, It would make a good-sized dish. But all at once as it whirled about, an imperfection developed, a piece of the still damp clay flew off and the dish was ruined. He stopped the wheel, took the clay off, reshaped and remolded it, and once more put it on the wheel; this time it was only large enough to make a cup. God is the Potter for you and me. He has in us just so much clay to begin with. The amount of clay represents our capabilities, He would make use of every faculty of soul, mind and body. But each particle of unusable material reduces the size of the lump and therefore its possibilities. We can thwart God's plan by not yielding ourselves fully enough or soon enough to Him.

He has planned a life of blessed usefulness for you; you delay and hold back and haggle and dicker with God. You yield at last -- but months have slipped and your character is marred. God can never make of you the chosen vessel; He must make the best one He can. Not rejected, perhaps, but "another vessel." Or you allow habits of hesitation or doubt or diffidence or fear to weaken your character -- and your Christian service will always be of an inferior quality. Or perhaps you try to persuade yourself and God to let you stop with an experience or a work less than that He has willed for you.

What are the details of God's blue print for you? What is that purpose for which He has pursued and captured you? First, holiness of heart and life. Go back and take a chair in the council room of the Trinity. "Before the foundation of the world" we were "chosen in Him that we should be holy." Holiness is no new thing, Holiness is not optional. Second, your life work. Perhaps the

call to preach or the call to the mission field. Everywhere we meet wrecks of lives that were meant to be useful in the service of God. They refused to follow His chart, they would not answer His call, and now they are drifting -- black, lonely, abandoned derelicts, forgotten of God and a menace to men. Perhaps your calling was not to a public life, it was to "tarry by the stuff." But it was not to a life of selfishness and ease. The churches are full of laymen who have settled down to a round of making a living, getting, spending, rearing families, enjoying temporal comforts -- and forgetting they are called to give (even the widow can give her mite), forgetting they are called to pray, forgetting that they too have been "apprehended" by Christ.

To every one God gives a call to fulfill His purpose. The place in which we find ourselves today indicates the measure of our response. Never in all the solemn eternities can we start all over again, If we are ever to do the will of God we must start from where we now are.

It is this passion for pursuit that compels the Apostle forward. A compulsion that makes him to look upon "the things that are seen" as but passing and "temporal." A drawing magnet that looks upon "the things that are unseen" -- so far as human wisdom and time evaluation are concerned, for the "unseen" holds for him the "eternal." Oh, that we too might catch Paul's vision and feel Paul's impelling energy, helping us to cast off the "weights and the sin that doth so easily beset and run with endurance the race that is set before us. "

"I have finished my course." Paul is looking back over his life. The phrase pictures Paul on the race course. Yonder is the goal line, He has been running against time, against the plan of God for him, We have watched him. Will he stop to pick up golden apples from his pathway? Will he pause to seek pleasure, happiness, fame, fortune, honor? If so, the plan of God runs on -- on -- on -- and he is forever behind schedule time. No, Paul could not stop for any of these. Paul had not time even to marry, to have family or property. When one picks up gold, property, worldly interests, contrary to God's best will for him, he not only loses time in so doing, but he is encumbered for his journey, He cannot catch up.

How about it? Are you up to schedule in your Christian life? God looked ahead. Your career lay spread before Him like the race course. At the age of twenty-five, He said that individual should be at such and such a place, doing such and such work, with such and such effectiveness. At thirty, here. At forty, here. Are you up to schedule, or lagging behind? If you find yourself behind, do not waste more time in regret, but resume the race. Pray urgently that the Heavenly Potter will shape from your life the best vessel that is yet possible. Blessed the man that with Paul can say, "I have finished the course" on schedule time. God help us all to quicken our pace and, "forgetting those things which are behind, to press toward the mark!"

"The time of my departure is at hand" -- literally, "the time of my setting sail and weighing anchor." At last Paul had apprehended the plan of God for his life, But the plan is of greater scope than even this. Having begun before the foundation of the world, it will continue after this globe of matter has disappeared. The course here was simply a race against time to the dock, to the landing, to catch the ship for immortal glory and conquest. Shall we reach the boat for which we are scheduled, the boat having the best accommodations, the best will of God?

The plan for earth completed, the plan for heaven entered upon, the traveler of the universe sets out on his far journey. "Six feet of earth for my body," he cries, "the infinite heavens for my soul!" Not London, Paris, Berlin, are the stopping places now; not Cairo, Baghdad, Calcutta, Peking, Tokyo, Shanghai. On and out his vessel takes its course, past Mars, past Jupiter, Past Saturn, past Uranus and Neptune, past the Pleiades, out to the farthest reaches of the infinite thought of God. For it shall be ours throughout Eternity to explore the endless riches of that for which we were apprehended by Christ Jesus.

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Chapter 5

GOD'S MEASURELESS GRACE

"The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men." Titus 2:11.

Some one has declared that the most expressive words in any language are home and mother. Generations of content have been poured into these words from loving hands and hearts until memory is able to draw from them content rich and exhaustless. Other terms of human worth are valued dependent upon their relation to these pivotal words that represent to us all so much that is most precious in life.

There are other words that to the heart of the Christian hold value even more deep and grand than the sacred terms descriptive to the superlative in human love and sacrifice. These words are grace and salvation; closely akin and nearly synonymous -- at least sufficiently so that we may use but the first one to indicate all that is implied by the latter.

God through Christ had so filled with rich content the mighty ocean of grace that while multiplied millions of all time have been drinking from its life-giving depths its resources are still exhaustless and infinite, While we do not hope to bound the continent of grace, so far reaching is it, yet it may bring something of joy to human hearts and something of glory to our God to sense anew the exhaustlessness and richness of Divine favor.

There are found in human society many other orders of grace than that known as the Grace of God. Many noble people are spending their lives in efforts more or less successful in courting the favor of society, They would give, and often do give, millions to be identified with the New York's Four Hundred, to have their names appear on the Social Register. Occasionally an individual succeeds in achieving public favor -- the movie hero, the radio idol, until they are granted social grace and social standing, But how fickle and easy to be lost is this social grace. Let a New York society girl marry out of her station; her name is immediately erased from the register. Arbuckle lost his popularity and standing over night; Charlie Chaplin's largely depends upon the fling of a cane and a shuffling gait.

There is financial grace. A high rating in Bradstreet's, a signature good for a million, will give it to you. Men are selling their souls for it and feel themselves "made" when they obtain it. But you can lose that too. Ponzi lost his financial grace in a fortnight; the man who defaults his note wakes up to find his financial standing worse than zero.

There is regal grace, To be presented at court, to be dined by royalty, to dance with the Prince of Wales, is the crown of some ambitions, an achievement to be boasted of to one's grandchildren, The persons who live in the sphere of royal favor seem made of a superior clay. But regal grace too is fickle, Many a man has been executed by royalty; those highest in favor one day have been banished the next. Royalty itself is uncertain in these democratic days: today one may be a king, tomorrow an exile or worse.

Social grace, financial grace, regal grace -- all are won by striving or scheming, and kept -- it would appear, by a turn of fortune! "Oft got without merit and lost without deserving, But the grace of our text -- the grace of God -- is of a different strain, It is divine in quality. Favor, yes, favor richer than that of the Social Register or of Bradstreet's or of the King of England, but favor that is free, unmerited, unearned.

"I had birth, talents, beauty, charm, to commend me to society," they reply to our question as to how it was achieved.

"I had stocks, bonds, credit, reserve capital, security, to commend me to Bradstreet."

"I had influence, I had friends at court, I had reputation, that opened the doors of the king's court."

But what had I to commend me to the favor of God -- to that God who is holy and who lives in the Eternal Light of holiness? Only a sinful nature, only a life with a record of sinful choices. I was a "sinner by choice and an alien by birth." What influence could I put forth to win His favorable consideration? None, It must be --

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot."
"Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee."

Naught but the Grace of God commends me to the Grace of God.

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see."

So wrote John Newton, transformed by that Grace from the vilest of outcasts to an honored ambassador of Christ, Who can comprehend the grace of God? In quality it is divine.

The grace of God -- in quantity it is exhaustless. C. H. Spurgeon, trying to show the impossibility that God's grace be exhausted, pictures some little fish, being very thirsty, troubled about drinking the river dry, But Father Thames said, "Drink away, little fish, my stream is

sufficient for thee." Or perhaps a mouse, after the seven years of plenty, feared it might die of famine, But Joseph reassured it: "Cheer up, little mouse, my granaries are sufficient for thee." Or a man on a lofty mountain says to himself, "I breathe so many cubic feet of air every day, I fear I shall exhaust the oxygen in the atmosphere." But the earth replies: "Breathe away, O man, and fill thy lungs ever; my atmosphere is sufficient for thee." So the grace of God is greater than all our fears, It is infinitely sufficient for us.

Let down the sounding iron; try to fathom the grace of God, You cannot touch bottom.. The trials of today, the tests of tomorrow, the griefs of next year -- each will take all the grace you have, but still there is more. You need never fear it will be exhausted. The "deeps" of the Pacific will be sounded and the bottom touched, but never will the end of His Grace be reached. They tell in Norse legend of Thor's drinking contest; how he drank with the superhuman might of a god, but could make the barest impression on the full drinking horn -- for it was connected magically with the sea itself. The grace of God, as we drink for our daily needs, is supplied from the sea of infinity itself. Never fear that you drain the ocean dry. Yea, "He giveth more grace."

Matchless grace of God! There is nothing like it on earth and nothing in heaven excels it. "It is God's curative plaster," says Uncle Buddie, "for all our wounds." It is like the Mississippi, If a man takes a drink at Vicksburg, they would never know it at New Orleans, A few sips will not slacken the current of a body of water three hundred feet deep and three miles wide! I may come repeatedly, but I shall meet no grudging response, no fear of famine. It is --

"Marvelous, infinite, matchless grace,
Freely bestowed on all who believe
Grace, grace, God's grace,
Grace that is greater than all my sin,"

And infinitely greater than all my need.

This is the grace that Paul calls, "huperballonta," "abounding, " "throwing beyond," "overdone," "extravagant." It is God's grace, measureless and exhaustless. Rev. Seth C. Rees says, "If all men of all races and colors should simultaneously seek grace, there would be an abundant sufficiency." God is not a niggardly provider.

Being raised largely in the city and always in the home of a minister of the gospel, while we never suffered want, abundance was not always the measure of supplies in our home. Bread and milk was a favored menu with my brother and me but we learned to eat the largest amount of bread with the smallest possible amount of milk. Visiting at my aunt's, who owned and operated a large dairy farm one summer, I was indulging in my favorite evening meal, bread and milk. My good aunt stood watching me as I ate. A great pitcher of milk stood near my plate on the table, but habit was operative and my aunt discovered that I was pressing the milk from the bread before I ate it in order to make the milk last as long as possible. Suddenly she became aware of what I was doing and cried, "Floyd; what are you doing?" I explained. Amid tears she took the great pitcher, poured my bowl full of rich milk, saying, "Floyd, you do not have to do that at our house. The milk from more than sixty cows is at your command. Drink all that you can." O that is it my friends. We drink so sparingly when God's supply is so abundant.

"For there's a plenty, a plenty,
In Father's house above."

The grace of God -- in extension it is universal. The atonement made by Jesus Christ on Calvary is sufficient for all men and is offered to all. Some have dared to preach that many men were ordained to be damned. Part of an old cemetery in Boston was reserved for babes who were damned. Old Thomas, Boston Calvinistic theologian, pictures a hell that is paved with the skulls of reprobates who died in infancy, uncovered by the blood of the Atonement. But this doctrine and conception finds no sympathy nor ground in Bible teaching nor in New Testament practice. Grace -- the unmerited favor of God, is as universal as man's need, for "God so loved the world" -- the whole wide world, "that He gave His only-begotten Son."

Divine grace knows no restrictions and no limitations. It is for all who will come to Christ, it is for all who will to be saved from their sins. The sainted Whitefield when preaching in the open air as he was so wont to do, thundered forth the challenge, "God will save the worst character in this town." A reprobate sinner accepted the challenge -- God did not fail and the man was gloriously transformed. Whitefield was safe in his challenge for God's grace includes "whosoever."

The grace of God -- in intensity it is exhaustive. Note this grace as it expresses itself in forgiveness. Who can pardon like God pardons, for He not only removes the guilty stain of the past but supplies a Divine enablement to preserve from a return to the sins of the yesterdays. We have heard it said that "The bird with the broken pinion never soars so high again." This may be true with respect to human graces, but he who maintains this argument as applicable to God's grace is a stranger to the power and efficacy of that grace. "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound."

This grace when applied in cleansing purifies the suppliant heart from the last and least remains of sin's pollution. The chemists of our great cities have discovered processes whereby they take the water polluted by the cities' sewage and make it one hundred per cent pure. This is today a common practice. If human chemists can accomplish this surely it is not a task too difficult for the Divine Chemist to remove the pollution of sin from the lives of men. The God who can rake the fire out of the crater of a volcano until it no more spews forth molten rock, can most certainly rake the fires of evil passion and greed from the human heart. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

This divine grace expresses itself in preservation. Paul talks about "This grace wherein we stand." The establishing grace enables one to cease from fickleness and vacillation. Rowland Hill, that great street preacher of an earlier day, received through the mail, during a time of great financial need, a letter containing a five pound note with only this word accompanying it -- "More to follow." So God writes large upon every heart touched by heavenly favor, "more to follow." In the midst of the desert of hottest trial the "more to follow" of God becomes a fruitful oasis; amid the rocky wastes of cruel persecution the strong meat indicative of "more to follow" becomes strength and courage unbounded.

This grace is abounding! Like the widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil under the promise of the prophet Elijah, there is ever a sufficiency for every emergency of life. The prodigal remembered that in his father's house there was bread enough to spare. Abundance is an unfailing quality of the Divine grace.

The grace of God -- in duration it is eternal. Most things With which humanity has to do are temporal and therefore come to an end. The supply is exhausted or the energies and agencies that carried on were lost in the years. But not so with this grace -- it is eternal and undiminishing as God Himself. The character of God is immutable -- "in whom there is no variableness or shadow cast by turning." The succession of earthly potentates gives rise to change in laws and change in dealings with the subjects of the kingdom -- but not so with the heavenly kingdom for the King is eternal, His character immutable and His grace everlasting. Hallelujah!

The voices of saints in time and in eternity unite in proclaiming "By the grace of God I am what I am." Science declares that the sun of our solar system will eventually burn out and that gravitation will exhaust itself in a universal quiescence. But the grace of God is eternal! Paul some two thousand years ago declared that only by this grace was he what he was and certainly if we could hear his voice as he serves in the temple of Jehovah situated upon the hills of eternity, he would be proclaiming the same great utterance. Grace needed and sufficient across the paths of life's experience; grace all efficacious at the hour of death; grace satisfying the demands of justice at the coming judgment, grace answering for the Christian's passport at the Gate of Heaven; grace all abundant and eternal for the redeemed upon the streets of the New Jerusalem. This is the Grace of God!

It is this matchless and abundant Divine favor that brings salvation, so Paul writes Titus. But it must be remembered it is the only source, agency and means of salvation. The one condition of salvation is the acceptance and embracing of the grace divine. He who rejects this grace will be rejected and will receive the divine condemnation. Refuse this exhaustless provision and exhaustless will be the condemnation. Disregard this surpassing grace and the condemnation will be surpassing. Neglect this universal grace and receive universal condemnation. Despise this exhaustless favor and the condemnation will be exhaustless. Deny this eternal grace of God and the condemnation will likewise be eternal. "With what measure ye mete it shall be meted to you again."

The picture of rejection is too awful to long contemplate. To be rejected by society, by royalty, by wealth, by loved ones is tragic -- but to be rejected of God -- of the grace of God, is beyond words to express or of mind to conceive. My friend, I appeal to you to accept "The grace of God that bringeth salvation," and do it today.

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Chapter 6 THE LAW-GIVER OUTLAWED

(Baccalaureate sermon delivered to graduating class of 1926 at Eastern Nazarene College, Wollaston, Mass.)

"We have a law and by our law he ought to die." John 19:7.

Ultimately all law is the expression of will and its execution is an act of will. The mind seeks after unity and finally postulates but a single source of energy in the universe and for all who appreciate the true significance of personality, that center from which all energy emanates is a person -- a supreme and final Person -- the Deity, God. This is true whether the law in question is physical, psychological, or spiritual, One of the favorite amusements of childhood is to trace the steps from the manifestation of energy in any physical law to its source; thus, steam, coal, vegetation, sunlight, sun, universe, God. Start elsewhere the result is the same: electricity, dynamo, waterfall, rainfall, vaporization, sunlight, sun -- God.

Likewise there is but one source or standard of moral law and this criterion is not expediency or utility or human desire, but the character of Deity and the dictates of His will. When law which is delegated to a deputy is used to outlaw the donor of that power, then there is mutiny, civil war, revolution. To free agents God has delegated the power of moral choice, in the exercise of this prerogative the agent may approve or disapprove the reign of the Governor of the universe. The fundamental ailment of our race lies just here, that the laws of human legislation relative to morals and religion, the expressions of human wills, which while ethically independent, are yet metaphysically dependent upon God; these laws when logically applied outlaw the Christ of God himself. Man's law would defy what God condemns to death (the self-nature) and would crucify Him whom God reveals as very Deity -- Jesus Christ.

You, my friends now go forth to face a world which declares that according to its law Jesus Christ ought to die, and which is crucifying Him afresh upon the crosses of unbelief, rebellion, and indifference. I refer not alone to the professedly religious attitudes of men who profess to uphold the standards of Christianity, but to those as well who are laboring without the distinctively religious field whose announced mottoes are: "The Love of Truth for Truth's Sake," "Intellectual Honesty," "The Pursuit of Orderly Knowledge," and "Redemption by Reform and Education."

Any one of the following considerations might engage our attention for the full time allotted for this discussion, but to the brief treatment of each we may now turn our thoughts.

"We Biologists have a law and by our law He ought to die, for He made himself the incarnate son of God -- incarnate by a process impossible to our science, which violates the fundamental law of procreation. His claim, and that of His followers, is that He is of immaculate conception, the sinless son of a virgin, begotten of, the Holy Ghost." This is the legislation of modern biological science relative to Jesus Christ. It is consistent with this thesis when Professor Loeba announces that eighty-two percent of biologists deny the existence of God. And it is but a fair inference in the absence of actual statistics to assume that even a more startling majority deny the deity of the Son of God.

These learned men have discovered that it is a law of human procreation that every child shall have two human parents, the law of parthenogenesis, it is called, a law which is as inflexible as eternity. The introduction of God's only begotten Son cannot change it, the incarnation of Christ

by this miraculous method is a violation, an unforgivable infringement of a law by which biology would penalize the very God of heaven. By this law Christ as the incarnate Son, ought to die and must.

No single doctrine has more universal adoption among the biologists than the law, so-called, of evolution. Indeed, it may be said that evolution is rapidly becoming a religion among the scientists. Wood of Dartmouth affirms, "The sacred book is nature. It is independent, self-existent, self-moving, creative ... I believe in evolution ... Religion is the product of evolution ... Science itself finds no God. It affirms no creative acts. The chain of cause and effect ... excludes the idea of the creation of the world and man."

Biological evolution includes Jesus Christ and all His works as its products. Evolution has no place for such "myths" as the creation and fall of man; it finds no need for an atonement, no tolerance for the bloody sacrifice of Calvary, and above all, no acceptance of the incarnation of Deity. There is no place for Jesus Christ the Redeemer, He is needless, and if He ever lived at all is but a product of the all-embracing cosmic process -- evolution. By this law Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, the sacrifice of God for men, ought to die. He and His claims turn materialistic evolution topsy-turvy. He crucifies such science, he therefore must be crucified -- he ought to die. These pronouncements may be heard from nearly every chair of science in America, and the culminative effect makes America as certainly Christ-rejecting as were ever the Jews of old.

"We Physicists have a law and by our law He ought to die, for He made Himself the miracle worker," thus announce the physicists. "In this universe there is but one king, that king is Law, physical law which is eternal, unalterable, inexorable. Given matter, motion and law and the universe is self-productive, self-preserving, self-regenerating. On the front doorstep of this law-governing universe is the placard 'no personal deities, no miracle workers, no law-transcending Christ allowed.'"

In view of such law Christ's miracles were lawless. The turning of water into wine, the multiplication of loaves and fishes, healings, tempest stillings, raising the dead, resurrection, these and all of the nearly two score miracles of Jesus Christ are lawless, and their perpetrator ought to die. Such interjections of the miraculous assault our law. The record of their history is but mythical, those who believe in them are unscientific -- a most damning adjective, and he who claims to work them is an impostor and "by our law he ought to die."

"We psychologists have a law and by our law He ought to die, for He claimed to be conscious of a unique sonship, a oneness with God, indeed he claimed to be God." Abnormal psychology reveals the fact that men are subject to numerous psychical disorders, hallucinations, obsessions, phobias and delusions. These are abundant under the influence of dominant ideas or hopes. Now at the time of the birth of the child Jesus, all the Jews were expecting the Messiah. Jesus, as he developed, was emotionally unstable, he was given to day-dreaming and reveries, and in his thinking he idealized the Messiah until He was obsessed with the idea that He was the Messiah. This obsession grew as the months passed, until we discover the Demented Christ. Thus Jesus was deluded concerning His sonship to God, concerning His relation to sin, concerning the significance of His death and concerning the possibility of His resurrection. All these assertions of Jesus Christ violate fundamental psychological law and psychologists, eighty-six per cent of whom

do not believe in God, declare that He ought to die. And thus the Christ of the Bible is pronounced to be one suffering from strong delusion, if indeed He were not positively insane, and He dies as the Redeemer of men, crucified on the cross of psychological law.

"We aestheticians have a law and by our law He ought to die, for He claimed to found a religion based on sacrifice, blood, gore, ignominy, renunciation, humiliation, shame, death, even the death of the cross. Now religion is a good thing native to the human constitution and as widely disseminated as the race. But in the last analysis religion is communion with nature, contemplation of the beautiful, the cultivation of an even, agreeable disposition. Salvation, if the term may be used, is by character, humanitarian works, social service, philanthropic acts, culture and education. These are the religions of the twentieth century modern man."

"The religion of this Jesus Christ is one of blood. Purchased by blood. Ugh! How unaesthetic! Sin! Confession! Repentance! A Cross! Stigma! All these are revolting to true culture, refinement and a proper sense of aesthetic propriety. A slaughter-house religion, let it be Anathema! Our law of aesthetic, transcendental religion, condemns all such conceptions as medieval and crass and the Redeemer of such a system ought to die. Away with the Christ of the Cross."

"We philosophers have a law and by our law He ought to die." Now philosophy is essentially the love of truth. Its objective is truth, its method is the rational processes of analysis and synthesis, its spirit is skepticism, and its unfailing criterion is reason. This Jesus Christ of the orthodox theology represents more implications which are unphilosophical than any other figure of human history. Philosophy being the clearing house of thought, all the objections of other departments of human thought to the Christ concentrate here and with absolute finality the concepts of a personal God, special creation, sin as a reality, the necessity of an atonement, the incarnation of deity, a suffering Savior, a God-man, and personal immortality, are pronounced false, irrational, and abhorrent to the truly philosophical mind. Christ's claim to be "the truth" revealed from above, collides irrevocably with the philosophical claim of the derivation of truth only by rational procedure. And by this law He ought to die.

"We modern religionists have a law and by our law He ought to die." Let it be remembered that the religionists of whom I speak are called Christians, are members in good and regular standing in so-called evangelical churches and are the leaders (?) of religious thought today.

Anderson of Scotland has said, "The purpose of criticism of the New Testament has been to undermine the doctrine of its central figure and to discover a human Jesus." A Unitarian writer affirms, "The bond of unity between all modernists is the fight against the deity of Jesus Christ." And Warfield asserts, "The Bible having been lost, the Christ of the Bible has naturally been lost also." There is not an outstanding claim relative to the life and work of Jesus Christ which has not been attacked by the liberalistic movement within the church. Even the historicity of Christ's life is in doubt. Modern Christianity outlaws its founder, Jesus Christ. One writer has said that all the larger seminaries have gone over to the liberal view relative to the Bible and evolution.

It took a Benedict Arnold, a trusted officer within the Colonial ranks, to become the arch-betrayer of his country. The greatest betrayer a man could have is the wife of his heart. None

but an apostle could have been a Judas Iscariot, and we can but believe that the greatest modern betrayers of the Christ of the New Testament are those who take shelter under the cognomen of Christianity and find support from the Christian church, and yet by their rationalistic postulates join the ranks of those who lift their loud voices and cry, "We have a law and by our law He ought to die."

"We, the common folk, the young, the middle aged, the old -- have a law and by our law He ought to die." Christ Jesus claims to be Lord of our lives, of our affections; of our loyalty and of our faith. He demands unswerving allegiance. Such claims run entirely counter to the basic inclination of tutored or untutored human nature.

Shall we suggest to the rushing throng of young people on any social night that they take Jesus Christ into their pleasures? Let Him join the theater party, dominate the ballroom, or be master of ceremonies at the dance or whist party. Impossible! Absurd! The law of carnal pleasure forbids Christ's Lordship and cries out "a law -- a law, He ought to die."

And the older folks align themselves likewise. "Found homes with Christ at the head? How startling!" "Operate business on the principles He has inaugurated, -- failure is assured. Let Him arbitrate between employer and employee -- how impractical! Make His precepts the keystone of politics -- how idealistic! Yes, we have laws -- a law, and by our law, the law of pleasure, success, commercialism, vote-getting, modern progress, He ought to die."

What a picture this modern enactment of the trial of Jesus spreads before us. Twentieth century rationalism on the throne, Christ the God-man at the bar, -- scientist, philosopher, business man, politician, sensualist, and the ever following host of the common people unite their voices saying, "We have a law, away with Him! Let Him be crucified! He ought to die!" Is there no voice to be heard above the rabble protesting the innocency, the regality, and the dignity of the Son of God?

Here, my friends, is the challenge, the ultimatum which is hurled in your teeth. This world can never reach normalcy until Jesus Christ is crowned rather than crucified, until He is inaugurated instead of outlawed, and it is your task to go forth and change the law that outlaws Jesus Christ. Yes, that is our task and it must be accomplished individually in order to affect society collectively.

And where and how shall we begin? Would that I could propose an easy way, but there is none. To change the fowl, the egg must be changed; to alter the effect, the cause must be altered; to change the affections, inclinations, preferences and longings of men, their hearts, natures, characters, must be changed by the birth of the Spirit of God -- the birth from above.

Let us, then go forth proclaiming, "We have a law and by our law He ought to live, to be crowned, to be adored, to be worshipped as very God himself. By the eternal law of righteousness and truth, by the unchangeable demand for verity and holiness, He must be crowned for what He is, Lord of Lords and King of Kings. He ought to live, live in men's hearts. He must reign, reign in men's lives." We will not wait until we have reached the heaven beyond death, we shall arise now and join the everlasting song which sings:

"Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all."

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Chapter 7 THE CLOSED BOOK OF LIFE

"Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah ... hath prevailed to open the book." Rev. 5:5. "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven." Luke 10:20.

"And the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life . And whosoever was not written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." Rev. 20:12-15.

Prompted by infinite love and goodness God had indulged the highest creatures of His creation by access to all the pure delights of Edenic happiness. The Creator had established the family record -- the Book of Life, and upon its pages were written by the Book's celestial keeper the names of the first pair. Scarcely had these first entries been made before sin wrought its tragedy canceling the names therein inscribed and automatically and hermetically closing the Book of Life, Man by his sin had forfeited his right to the treasures of God, sealed the Book of Life to himself and his posterity and must die as the penalty for his wrong doing.

I know of no scene more terribly pitiable than a human race with a sealed Book of Life. To such a race the future is overcast with darkness impenetrable. Tomorrow, death and the judgment mean only sorrow, separation and despair. The thing that makes present day society tolerable is the hope that one's name is written in that registry. But close the Book of life thus refusing all applicants for entry and you have a world dressed in mourning and the hearts of men devoid of hope.

Can you think of a world without a singing Christian, whose song dispels gloom and radiates hope with its sincere melody of cheer? Can you visualize a world where no song, "Tell mother I'll be there, in answer to her prayer," lifts the load of regret from the returning prodigal; a world where no weary traveler finds his burdens lightened or his miles' shortened by the strengthening refrains, "I shall rest at the close of the day, when "I've gone the last mile of the way," or "The toils of the road will seem nothing when I get to the end of the way."

Think of a world where there is no clear-toned church-bell to call worshipers reminding them that "This world is but a resting place, this world is not my home." Songs sung in such a world would be a funeral dirge and in a minor key. The spontaneous refrain of these inhabitants of despair would relentlessly utter,

"God's call has ceased forever,
It no more can reach my soul.
Lost to joy and hope and heaven,
While eternal ages roll."

"To be lost in the night,
In Eternity's night,
To sink in despair and in woe."

In such a world, a world with a closed Book of Life, the sorrow of mourners, accompanying the black hearse to the tomb, would be multiplied. There would be no hope amid their tears to form itself into the engraved "At Rest" upon the bosom of the casket. Hope would have fled from such a world and dread despair would be enthroned in its stead.

Can you think of a seeking soul without a seeking Saviour? A soul seeking with no comforting promise to assure him and no loving Holy Spirit to direct him to the Christ. 'Tis as a child lost in the vastness of the desert mountains crying for the help that can never come.

The most awful picture of hell that I can imagine is that of lost men seeking God and no God to be found. "Where is God," is the cry, but no response breaks the hollow echo of their call. An earth with the registry of life hermetically sealed would be a veritable hell. Where no hope is -- there is hell!

It is no wonder that as John contemplates the closed Book and its inevitable results to human happiness he weeps with sorrow unrestrained. Is there no remedy? Can no one be found who is able to unloose the seals and thus reopen the Book? If it were the experience of modern life many would be the efforts made to undo the tragedy and loose the Book. Suave politicians would advance their theory of human betterment; nature-scientists would suggest an evolutionary process that would deliver the incarcerated world; reform movements and human betterment societies by the legion would marshal their array against the acknowledged foe; philosophers would advance their systems of thought, building their Utopias and effacing if possible from the thinking of mankind their sense of loss; religion itself would be in the forefront of the van of deliverers indicating how by precept and example, service and good works, man might reach a plane where he would be empowered to open the Book.

But my friends by a single word of the Divine fiat all this array of human endeavor would be swept aside for all these are unsanctified efforts and man is still not only unable to open the Book but unworthy to look upon it.

Who will open the Book? Can angels who have never known the blight of sin nor the blast of the fall? Angels whose solemn and eternal duty call them to ever serve in the empowered presence of Jehovah? But angels are neither worthy nor sufficiently strengthened to even attempt such deliverance. The closed Book stands like the sentinel of God barring man from the Garden of pristine happiness and from the tree of life. Well may John weep and all the world with him. Indeed such sackcloth, ashes and unrestrained mourning as Jonah's message called forth from Nineveh would be an altogether fitting garb and activity for such a doomed world. Let the moon hide her face and the sun refuse to shine; let the stars put on mourning for unless a deliverer is found the world is already abandoned to a hell of despair.

But hold! Dry your tears, John, for One has been found and is being led forth -- proclaimed as worthy and able to unseal the Book. What are His credentials and by what authority does He come? Oh it is "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," it is the "conqueror from Edom"; the One "with dyed garments from Bozrah." "This that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength." Hear Him as he shouts the heartening news, "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." "I looked and there was none to help; therefore mine own arm brought salvation." Isa. 63:5.

Christ the Mighty Deliverer presents His credentials, the credentials of a broken heart, the credentials of the suffering cross, the credentials of an open tomb. His authority is recognized. The forbidding seals are torn from the sealed Book and its pages are opened. The Deliverer has been found, hope is restored to the world!

Heaven and earth now take up a glad song -- yea, a new song dedicated unto the Deliverer. "And they sang a new song, saying, thou art worthy to take the Book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by the blood." There have been beautiful songs and worthy, but this song excels for it restores hope to a despairing world.

The Book of Life now open, mankind may through Christ be enrolled. But whether enrolled or not, here is being diligently, accurately and minutely recorded day by day the living records of God. I used to imagine that a great recording angel sat in the center of the universe watching every act, hearing every word and reading every thought of my life, and with the pen of justice dipped in the indelible ink of truth wrote it all upon the ledger of eternity. Nothing escaped him and all was recorded. And surely my friend the God who has made a man able to invent a machine so delicate and a record so sensitive that every tone of voice may be there recorded and as accurately reproduced can arrange for the recording, preserving and reproducing of every thought, word and deed of humanity.

But God does not need to employ the cumbersome and laborious method of record known to men. God has placed in every man the sensitive scroll of conscience and memory upon which the very thoughts and intents of the heart make their indelible impression. God may set against these records of human personality the infiniteness and absoluteness of His own memory upon which every motive of man's heart makes its record and from which no impression is ever effaced. The simple rhyme taught us as children has its rightful interpretation:

"He hears all I say,
He sees all I do;
My Lord is writing all the time, time, time."

Whatever the method and means employed by the Divine agency you may make certain that there is an irrevocable law in the universe which assures every man that he will be brought some time to judgment where he must give an account for "the deeds done in the body." "Every man must give an account of Himself to God." "And the books were opened" the Word of prophecy foretells and man faces the records of his life.

Every man's biography is being written, a day by day impartial record. Is the day of reckoning so far distant that we can afford to be careless or indifferent? My friend the judgment

looms immediately before us! Tomorrow we stand individually before the grand assize of the universe. Hear the names as they are called -- down the list -- who dares to say it will not be alphabetically. The A's step forward -- the Abbotts, the Andersons, the Andrews, the Atkinsons. The B's are called -- the Blacks, the Brownings, the Beardsleys, the Bresees. The C's are next in order -- the Clarks, the Cornells, the Crosbys, the Camerons. On down the list the call is made -- the D's the E's, the F's, the G's, the H's, the I's, the J's, the K's, the L's, the M's. The M's -- here they come, the Martins, the Mandtlers, the Masons -- all standing before the great Judge answering for their earthly stewardship.

But stop -- the N's are next -- and in this group my name is included. The suspense is awful as the N's are called forward. Finally the Neases appear. I see Grandfather and Grandmother Nease, who in the pioneer days blazed a trail for righteousness. I have no fear for them! Then my own dear father, William O. Nease, who for more than forty-seven years lived and preached holiness; there is my precious mother by his side who has reared her family in the fear of God and landed nearly all in the Kingdom. I have no fear for them -- and I for the moment forgot that my own name will shortly be called in the joy derived from the knowledge that my parents and family have at last made the landing.

The scrutinizing eyes of the Judge are turned upon me -- my name is called, Floyd William Nease, and I stand alone before God. Will my works justify me! I recall with some feeling of joy that I have preached the gospel for more than fourteen years, that I have won a number to Christ, that I have taught in a holiness college for many years, that I have given something to the support of missions, that I have done that which appeared to me as sacrifice. The Judge looks over the books; views the record but sees also my blunders, my failures, my lack -- shakes His head and decrees that "by works of righteousness no man shall be justified."

What, my record not sufficient! My heart is filled with consternation as I recall that according to my own preaching in the past the moralist may have as good a record as the Christian but that does not determine that he shall be saved with the Christian. All my good works will not save me! "Many shall say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?" "And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

In desperation I throw myself before the Judge and cry "Read further," "Is there not something there that will save me?" "Is there not another Book whose pages will aid me." Oh, yes another Book! And the judge calls for "another Book" which is the Book of Life. and "another Book" is opened. Upon its golden pages the Judge seeks and finds my name -- my name in the Lamb's Book of Life. Now I remember it well back yonder in the state of Michigan at the holiness campmeeting where I knelt, amidst the straw at a roughly hewn mourner's bench, and received the Divine Pardon. My heart sings:

"Oh happy day, that fixed my choice,
On thee my Saviour and my God.
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad."

The Judge bids me enter the City blessed, but reminds me to "Rejoice not because devils were subject unto me, but rather because my name was found written in the Lamb's Book of Life." Saved -- yes, but not because of my deeds of righteousness, but because my name was recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life.

But what of those whose names are not found written in the Book of Life? Oh, the sad and tragic utterance -- "Depart from me," this shall fall like the thunder of eternal doom upon those whose names fail to appear in the Holy Record. Sad was the picture of a world with no access to Life -- a closed Book. But my friend more terrible, more hopeless, more condemning is the fact that men who with the opportunities and knowledge of access to God and the Book of Life have lived indifferent and careless of the Christ and His proffered mercy. Now they stand before the judgment -- their names cannot be found in the Book Divine -- their record in the books of conscience and memory are black and condemning. What can the Judge do but pronounce sentence?

"Cast -- cast into the lake of fire." Taken by the angels of justice and cast from the presence of God into the eternal fires of retribution and wrath What is the lake of fire? I cannot tell, I do not know, I pray God that I may never find out. However, my friend, this much is certain, it is a place definite and real of woe and pain and dreadful torment.

It is a place of everlasting burnings where the beast and the false prophet have already been, according to the time of John's prophecy, incarcerated for a thousand years. Satan has fought for more than six thousand years against his final consignment to these chains of darkness -- but into the pit of burning he will be cast!

But sinner -- the beast, false prophet and Satan, these incarnations of sin and wickedness, are not alone scheduled for the woe and incarceration of eternal midnight. The man who embraces sin and rejects Christ will too know the sorrow of rejection; will be consigned to the dark confines where the "worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

"Into the lake of fire" -- a fire taking hold of body and spirit -- fire kindled and kept alive by the wrath of spurned love and offended justice. "They shall be in torment day and night to the ages of the ages." When a thousand millenniums have passed eternity will have only begun; when ten thousand millenniums have slowly dragged by the eternal fires will not have burned themselves out, nor will the wrath of a just God be abated or the condemned have escaped from the everlasting confines.

The only escape is to be found in the open Book of Life. Make certain that Christ our Advocate has there enrolled your name, then shall the salutation of the Judge be "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

"Is my name written there,
On the page bright and fair,
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?"

* * * * *

Chapter 8

THE SURRENDER OF THE CHRIST

"But Jesus did not commit himself unto them -- for he knew what was in man." John 2:23-25.

The Christian religion is essentially a matter of fellowship between persons. It is grounded in personality. It springs from the loving thought of a personal God; it was made possible by the loving sacrifice of a personal Redeemer; it is executed by the loving activity of a personal Holy Spirit; and it has for its goal the well being of a personal finite being. All the elements of Christian experience are, in the last analysis, the outgrowth of relationships between the finite person and the Infinite Person. Think them over. Prayer is addressed by man to God, or it is mockery. Conversion, adoption, the new birth, the baptism with the Holy Spirit -- all are crises that have no meaning except as they concern personalities; they have to do with the soul of man and his relation to Deity.

This personal relationship, when satisfactory, is fellowship. John says, "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship." But "if we say that we have fellowship with Him and walk in darkness, we lie and do not the truth." Fellowship is the state of perfect understanding between God and man, perfect harmony between God's will and man's will, perfect unity between God's emotional nature and man's.

Fellowship is a marvelous condition, but fellowship is kept alive only by repeated and continual intercourse between the persons involved. Fail to see your friend and talk things over with him; your warm-hearted fellowship soon cools and you drift apart.

Fellowship is the state; communion is the act of intercourse between your soul and God.

Fellowship is kept alive by communion. Just what is communion? It is a mutual surrender of two hearts. Christian communion is a delivering up, an intrusting of the Christian to Christ and of Christ into the hearts, the lives, the natures of His followers. It is the closest of relationships and is not arrived at casually. It is the result of the same deepening trust and intimacy that leads two people from acquaintanceship on to love and finally to the consummation when husband and wife give themselves completely one to the other.

The church is full of people who have "accepted Christ" and stopped there with a formal acquaintance, it seems. Others have gone far enough to find in Christian faith a certain practical help in every day affairs, a certain consolation in great sorrow, but there is still a reserve in their friendship. Those who really know His fellowship have opened the depths of their natures to Him and the depths of His nature have flowed into theirs, until they live in Him and He lives in them, as the sea anemone fills itself with the ocean, as the lagoon is filled with the brimming sea.

The measure of our spirituality is the degree of our fellowship. Christ was once delivered into the hands of sinners as the purchase price of their redemption from sin; Christ would now

deliver Himself into the hearts of Christians for the full realization of their redemption. This is the reason of man's creation; this alone gives meaning to man's redemption -- that man and God might walk together in mutual understanding.

In the light of this thought notice the condition of the folk spoken of in the text. "Many believed on Him, when they saw the miracles which He did." These individuals believed on Christ as the Messiah and the Hope of their race. Their belief was commendable. It could not be said of any one of them, "He that believeth not is condemned already." Rather, "He that believeth on the Son hath life." Jesus could not say to them even, as He said to the scribe, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God." Doubtless they were already passing the threshold. They were witnesses of the miraculous power of Christ; many of them were subjects of that power. They were healed; their sick, their blind, their maimed had felt His life-giving touch. They were already distinguished from the unbelieving Jews; they had earned the stigma attaching to Christ-believers, the persecution following Christ-believers, the derision and mockery that fell to the lot of Christ-believers. They were spoiled for the world. They were out of joint with the spirit of the age; they would henceforth find its pleasures empty, its fashions vain. They would always hear above earth's noisy, conflicting cries the commanding voice of Jesus. They were believers on Christ.

But their relationship to Christ was defective and unsatisfactory. The deep personal revelation of Christ to the soul was not theirs. "Christ did not commit himself unto them," Ruined for the joys and consolations of this world, they were not awarded the joys and consolations of Christ's Kingdom. They had lost worldly joy, but they were not gaining heavenly peace. They were ostracized by the world, but they were held at arm's length by Christ. Their condition was pitiable indeed: spoiled for one kingdom, but unqualified for the other, a sort of amphibian of grace. Like the bat, neither bird nor beast; like the frog, built neither for land nor for water: like the fabled Centaur, having the faculties of man but hampered by the legs and body of a horse; like Pegasus, the winged horse, now soaring aloft, now descending to drink at the fountains of earth. Neither out-and-out Christian nor out-and-out sinner, they are pictured in Scripture as the Laodiceans, neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm, whom God will spew out of His mouth.

It is to modern representatives of this class that I now address myself. You have believed and professed Christ. You would suffer rather than deny Him. You are inoculated with His principles. You feel that you are not outside His Kingdom. You would sing most lustily,

"When you count up those who love the Lord,
Count me, count me.
When you count up those who trust His word,
Count me, count me!"

You too have been the subjects of Christ's miraculous power; you have felt the shackles of sin and evil habit fall off; you may have been healed of physical disease. You are today nominally Christian -- and really Christian. You love the Lord sincerely. You are ruined for the world, its pleasures, its practices, its standards, its fashions. When worldliness is defined as card playing and dancing, movies and theaters, gossip and slander, you are emphatically "not of the world." You are not a sinner in any positive sense; you may even be leading men to Christ. You teach a

Sunday school class. You are faithful in your attendance at church services, at prayer meeting. Your pastor can count on you. And you do all this not because you love the praise of men. Your stimulation is largely loyalty: loyalty to the church, loyalty to duty, loyalty to the principles of Christ.

But you have no deep personal fellowship, no intimate vital communion with Christ. You have not become one with Christ in the mystic oneness by which "they twain shall be one flesh;" He is not your Heavenly Bridegroom. Watch two who have lived together, year after year, man and wife, and see how they take on one another's personality. Note the oneness in tone, gesture, thoughts, interests -- even in expression and feature. That same interpenetration of personalities is the share of the Christian who really knows fellowship with Christ. But it is not yours!

His joy is not your joy. "These things have I spoken unto you," said Jesus, "that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full" (John 15:11). You do not know that blessed transfusion of joy, that sings when all around is dark, when one is deprived of all the ordinary human sources of joy. The joy that keeps a home-loving man glad when by the call of God he must spend his life preaching the gospel away from home, wife and family. The small boy whistling so merrily, asked what made him always whistle, returned, "It whistles itself." But nothing inside you is constantly making melody to the Lord. His joy is not dependent on earthly stimulus, but is poured in from above. "The joy of the Lord is your strength," we are told. But you do not know that joy. Your happiness is fickle; it varies with the weather. Duty is your strength and duty is a cold, matter-of-fact thing.

His peace is not yours. "My peace I give unto you," Jesus said; "not as the world giveth give I unto you." Paul, who knew this peace, described it as "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." It is more than a human "peace of mind," the natural calm of an even disposition. It is more than the unruffled calm of philosophical imperturbability. It is the peace of the bird swaying fearlessly on the branch over the waterfall; it is the peace of the deepest sea, calm beneath the tumult of storms and lashing hurricanes; it is the peace of the child that sleeps in mother's arms whatever the uproar, that holds father's hand confidently whatever the danger. It is the heart serenity of those whom "nothing shall offend" because they "love His law."

His freedom is not your freedom. Yet He said, "He whom the Son makes free is free indeed." You have a certain freedom from bad habits -- yes, but the resources of your personality have never been discovered and freed for use by the touch of Christ's personality. Until He comes in His fullness into the soul there is a hampering of self-will, of diffidence, of deadness, that effectively hinders the working of the human faculties. Christ sweeps through, and lo, a glorious freedom to live one's life for him, every faculty alert and active -- free from the bondage of self. A man once said to me, "Only 50 per cent of my powers are released to serve God." You have not His glorious freedom.

His assurance is not yours. His last words to His disciples were -- and they carried a promise with them -- "Let not your heart be troubled." "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go I will come again and receive you unto myself." The old-time Methodists used to sing:

"We two are so joined,

He'll not go to glory and leave me behind."

They had a truth there. When the union is vital enough between the soul and Christ, we know it is inconceivable that He should consent to a permanent separation. We can read our title clear to mansions in the skies, not because we are worthy, but because we are His, irrevocably His, forever. He has promised to bring us surely to the place where He is.

But you are doubting, uncertain. You dislike the thought of death; you do not think of the future if you can help it. Sometimes you feel satisfied; sometimes you doubt if you are His at all. Your experience is hazy, uncertain. His assurance is not yours.

His glory is not yours, "The glory which thou hast given me I have given them" (John 17:22). The words are a part of Jesus' last prayer to His Father; the glory is Jesus' last bequest to His followers. But you have never received it.

"Glory" is a term that is easily misunderstood. We picture Jesus and the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration as illuminated by a supernatural light, and we call it glory. We picture Christ with a halo of light about His head, and we call it glory. We imagine the saints and martyrs as emitting a mysterious aura of light -- we call it glory, and say it is in a realm of mystery beyond our understanding and not very practical, at all events. But the glory of Jesus is not a cloudy, misty nimbus. It is the very Shekinah presence of God manifested to the human heart, that sense of His holiness and His love that makes Christ a real living presence in our lives.

It is not put there to set us up as saints or to make us unearthly beings. It is put there as our protection from the assault of the enemy. "The glory of the Lord shall be thy defense." "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." When the camp of travelers is in danger from a baying pack of hungry wolves they keep a bonfire burning in the middle of the camp. If the fire dies down the wolves are upon them; but so long as it flames brightly, the wolves are cowed. So the Shekinah presence of God, always typified by fire, will keep off the wolves of Satan. Jesus depended on this when He sent His disciples out as sheep in the midst of wolves. He knew they could not protect themselves, but He was giving them the glory in the midst. But you do not have this! You are trying to manifest Christ to the world, but you do not have His pure presence within. You are helpless and alone! His love is not your love. Paul said, "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost."

But you do not know that spontaneous outgoing of your soul in love to God, nor are you confident of His love for you. You are like the girl plucking daisy petals and saying tremblingly of her lover: "He loves me, he loves me not." One day the answer is yes, the next day no. Paul said again, "The love of Christ constraineth us." But your motive force is not a powerful love to God. You know what it is to sacrifice to the limit because of a consuming human love. You would die or endure all privations for husband or wife or children. But you do not feel so about your Christian work; that is duty. The warm burning love that brought Christ to earth, to the garden, to the Cross, that asked repeatedly, "Simon, lovest thou me." -- that love is not yours. Your heart is empty and unresponsive.

Jesus did not commit Himself unto them. He does not commit Himself to you. Why? Because He knows, He knows what is in man. This preacher knows little about you. Your closest relatives, your most intimate friends, do not know you. But Christ knows you as you yourself do not know yourself. His searching eye X-rays your nature, your disposition, your affections, your desires, and finds there qualities that you have never suspected. If you want to know yourself, you must pray the Psalmist's prayer, "Pry me and see if there be any wicked way in me."

If your disposition is giving you trouble, the only Physician to appeal to is Christ. If your Christian life is not giving you satisfaction, better have Him look you over and locate the difficulty. Nowadays when a patient is suffering from rheumatism, we do not stop with liniments and plasters; we recognize that the local pain is caused by an infection somewhere. We find the infection and the rheumatism is explained.

Christ knows what is in man!! He knows and therefore He does not commit Himself to you. The reason may be that He sees in you only a partly yielded heart. The familiar no trespassing sign reads, "Keep out -- This means you." Most of us keep a corner in our hearts reserved for ourselves our wishes, our plans, our ambitions, our personality -- and we choose to keep it reserved. Our lives are self-centered; we choose not to let down the bars even to the Son of God. We wish to control our own lives. We may not say it in so many words, but the barrier is there and Jesus sees it.

He will not misplace His affections. There is no room in our hearts for Him, no place for a new, all-consuming affection. There is not much depth of earth, for the soil of our hearts has not been tilled by the plowshare of deep, thorough-going consecration. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will open, I will come in." But you do not open.

Yet you say, "I was disappointed in salvation. I thought it would satisfy." But it does do all it claims to do -- if you yield. As a boy there was a time when I said, "If this is what Salvation does for me, it doesn't do quite all I thought it would do." But the time came, while I was still a boy, that I saw what a complete consecration meant. I yielded wholly and I found that a full abandonment brought full satisfaction. Yes, salvation is as rich as your heart longs for it to be -- if you yield your whole self to realize it.

"There is no disappointment in Jesus."

Christ does not commit Himself to you because He sees that His love is unrequited. "Christ loved the church," we are told, "and gave himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it (Eph. 5:26). Think of the absurdity, the inconceivableness, of Deity offering Himself in deepest surrender to folk who profess to be His followers -- but who fail to reciprocate His passion. "He gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity" (Titus 2:14). But too many do not realize the tremendousness of the price He paid; they do not recognize the power of their iniquity, nor feel their helplessness in the grip of self. They have never seen the carnal heart nor its enmity against God.

I call you today to a complete surrender -- of your time, your talents, your possessions. Yes but more -- I call you to a complete surrender of yourself.

See Christ stretched on the Cross for you. With arms extended and head bowed, He is surrendering Himself completely for you. Can you do less than stretch yourself at an altar of consecration for Him -- surrendering every thought, every choice, every faculty, to Him? Then you will find Him responding, committing to you the riches of His personality. Then you will know His fullness of joy, of peace, of love, of assurance, of freedom, of glory. Then you will experience the blessedness of having Him live His life through you.

As the lover, returning after long separation and hazards passed, has no eyes for fine house, wedding gifts or even friends, but only for the girl he has suffered to win -- so Christ today. The price paid to make you His own, is seeking first not your work, not your careful performance of duty, not even your consecrated talents, but yourselves. "It is you I want," He pleads. May your hearts respond!

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Chapter 9

THE ULTIMATE BASIS OF THE DOCTRINE OF HOLINESS

"Be ye holy, for I am holy." 1 Pet. 1:16.

Our text is a simple precept -- direct, concise, unequivocal -- "Be ye holy." But philosophies, religions, business, government, are full of commands and maxims. All cannot be universally binding. Possibly this command can safely be disregarded.

The claim of any precept depends upon various considerations. Politically a precept has weight in proportion to the authority issuing it. Whereas, edicts of an ordinary judicial body may be questioned, pronouncements of the Supreme Court of the United States are authoritative and final. There appears to be no basis for an appeal; there is no higher authority that can excuse one from obedience. Practically, the claim of a precept is determined by the intelligence of the giver. If I am to perform an experiment in the laboratory, I should follow the directions of the instructor who knows -- or serious results may ensue. In business I seek the advice of the financial expert -- and if I am wise I act on his recommendations. Ethically, the claim of a precept depends upon the benevolence and the moral character of the giver. The Physician may tell me to have my right hand cut off; but if I have confidence in his beneficent purpose I obey -- and the poison is prevented from spreading through my system.

The author of the command of our text is God. Absolute in authority! Earthly courts may be disputed, they may even reverse their sentences, they cannot always enforce their decisions; but when God commands, He expects obedience, and His justice is unerring -- God: Absolute in intelligence. You may dispute the historian, you may dispute the scientist -- their data may be inaccurate, their reasoning false. You may dispute the politician or the theologian; they may argue from wrong premises and arrive at wrong conclusions. But when God makes a statement it is based on a full knowledge of all the facts and an unerring understanding -- of all their implications. God: Absolute in benevolence. Earthly physicians may be bribed; earthly friends may prefer keeping your good will to giving you wholesome advice.

The God who spared not Himself nor His beloved Son, but delivered Him up for us all, will surely give us precepts but of a heart of love.

Who will dispute the commands of the Eternal, Omnipotent, All-Wise, All-Loving Jehovah?

But the command to be holy is not an arbitrary one. The claims for holiness are grounded deep in the character of God. Pious men of days gone by have preached holiness, but the precept is not based in their preaching. Wesley led a mighty revival of holiness, but it is not enough for us to preach holiness because he preached it. Dr. Daniel Steele was a powerful exponent of the doctrine, but we need stronger arguments than his. J. A. Wood, McDonald, Inskip, Fowler, all taught it and lived it, but their example is not enough. The command has a stronger basis even than the teaching of Saint John and Saint Paul -- though John declared, "Every man that hath this hope

lesser reason than the glorious fact that we worship a holy God.

Holiness is sometimes reputed to be a strange new doctrine fathered by a small, new sect. As a matter of fact, the creed of every evangelical church teaches holiness; Methodist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Evangelical, Free Methodist, Nazarene -- holiness now or at death or before entrance to heaven. But we must have stronger authority than even the oldest church creeds.

The world is full of folk who need holiness, who are helpless to make themselves what they ought to be. Their dispositions, their tempers, have proved too much for them. Only a sanctified heart will set them free from the bondage of carnality, to live lives of happiness and usefulness. Holiness makes better citizens, better husbands, better wives, better children, better workmen, better individuals -- but we are obligated to holiness not even because of its effect on the individual.

We are to become inmates of a holy heaven. There shall enter nothing that defileth. But we are to be made holy not merely because heaven is holy. We are to be companions forever of holy angels, but there is a weightier reason for our holiness than the holiness of angels. Adam was created a holy being and God's purpose in creation is defeated unless humanity can be restored to its original status of sinless purity. But the restoration of the human race is not the fundamental reason why man is to be holy.

God says, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." This is the ultimate basis of the doctrine of holiness. The ultimate moral fact of the universe is this utterance of God, "I am holy."

The holiness of God consists in an absolute approbation of righteousness coexistent with an absolute abhorrence of sin. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." The atmosphere in which God lives and which He creates, the aura of God's personalty, is holiness. "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God of Hosts," the Seraphim chant eternally in His presence, but this is more than an ascription of praise; it is their involuntary recognition of the nature of God.

Wherever God is, there is holiness; whatever portrays God, that is holy. The spot where He manifested Himself to Moses in the burning bush was Holy Ground hallowed by the approach of the Holy God. The day dedicated to Him is a Holy Sabbath, hallowed by the word of the Holy God. The place where He lives is a Holy Heaven -- for it is the home of the Holy God; the place where His temple stands is a Holy Hill, for it is the house of the Holy God. The Spirit sent from God is the Holy Spirit, the Seed conceived by God is the Holy Child Jesus. The revelation inspired by God is the Holy Scriptures, the commandments uttered by God are Holy Commandments, the heart where God dwells unrivaled must be a Holy Heart. "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

Every doctrine of scripture is grounded in the fact of the absolute holiness of God. They circle about it as the constellations circle about the North Star; they point to it as the magnetic needle points to the magnetic pole. It is the central doctrine which illuminates all the others.

The doctrine of sin is so grounded. It is easy to smile at the apple episode, but in the temptation of man in the garden are found the essential factors of the nature of sin. Sin is opposition to or lack of harmony with the holy thought of the holy God. The eating of the apple meant pride in human wisdom as opposed to God's; rebellion, against the will of God; unbelief, in the word of God -- and these are sin! Anything which is not white approaches black, anything which is not light approaches darkness, anything, which is not pure is impure, anything which is not holy is unholy, and is sin!

The doctrine of the punishment of sin is grounded on the holiness of God. Holiness demands an eternal hell of awful torments, not because God is a tyrant, not because God is cruel, not because God is unloving, but because God is holy. If we will not have the holiness that God loves and lives, we must have the unholiness loved and lived by the devil. We choose our associations. It is inevitably Holiness or Hell!

Holiness hates sin infinitely and demands an infinite retribution. The holy God cannot look upon sin. "Do I not hate," He says, "the abominable thing?" Men's condoning of sin and minimizing of punishment arise out of a false conception of God's character and a false evaluation of sin. Annihilation, Restorationism, Universalism -- all are pleasant theories, soothing and flattering to man, but they fail to understand or take into account the nature of God and the infinite disturbance of the moral order produced by a single sin. It is beyond human conception. Finite mind cannot comprehend infinity -- either infinite holiness or the infinite evil of a sin against that holiness; it can but bow before the judgments of the all seeing One, acknowledging, "Just and true are thy ways," and extolling the righteous judgments of God.

The doctrine of the Atonement is based on the holiness of God. To atone for an infinite wrong an infinite value is needed. "When we minimize the atonement we minimize God's holiness and His abhorrence of sin." The life of Christ was beautiful and sinless, but we are not saved by His life; we are saved by the blood shed on the Cross. "If Christ had not lived a holy life, He could not have died an atoning death." His death was more than the so-called "supreme sacrifice" of other martyrs or heroes. The sinless Lamb was slain to take the place of sinful man. Only sin against absolute holiness can require infinite sacrifice -- Stainless Deity bearing to the cross the moral pollution of the universe. The central event of human history -- the death of the Son of God

as a vicarious offering for sin, bearing the punishment in the sinner's place -- once realize that stupendous fact as real, and you must ask why. The answer is the Holiness of God.

The doctrines of justification and entire sanctification depend upon the holiness of God. God could have no other standard for man and remain holy for an hour. He who consents to sin becomes guilty of sin himself. To be true to His nature God can not pronounce His blessing on a salvation that allows for a sin or on a man who clings to sin. He is bound to provide grace to free man completely from sin. Sin is two-fold in its essence. Actual sin can be forgiven and put away; the nature can be so regenerated that actual sin becomes distasteful; the status can be righted so that man is as free before God from actual sin as if he had never sinned -- this is justification. The principle of sin from which actions spring is not forgivable; it is cleansable. The nature of man can be so purged and purified that it harmonizes with the holiness of God; all evil tendencies are removed from it, so that will and affections and thoughts are governed by that same perfect love that expresses the holiness of God -- this is entire sanctification.

Because I am holy -- again we hear His voice -- Because i am holy, be ye holy. As the man on the billboard, advertising Moxie, wherever we turn is pointing his finger at us and wherever we go his eye is fixing ours, so from every logical angle the command is borne in upon us -- Be ye holy.

"This is the will of God, even your sanctification." "But it is not possible to live it," you say. You have no right to an opinion, for God has spoken. And He continues to speak, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." This is no new command, but one that inheres in the very constitution of the universe. For "He hath chosen us before the foundation of the world that we should be holy."

In accordance with His holiness God is obligated to require holiness of man; He is equally obligated to provide the way by which man can obey the command. And He has done it! He assured it once for all by His universal judicial enactment! "The oath which he swore to our father Abraham, that, he would grant unto us that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life." He provided it effectually at infinite cost on Calvary: "Wherefore Jesus also that He might sanctify the people with His own blood suffered without the gate." And He stands ready to effect it personally in individual lives. Jesus prayed for His disciples immediately before He went to the Cross: "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth."

The commandments of God, He tells us, are "for our good always, that he might preserve us alive (Deut. 6:24). So of the command to be holy. In the first place, the experience of holiness is God's antidote against backsliding. So long as carnality remains in the heart there is an inward foe that take sides with the outward foe, and makes victory difficult and uncertain. But when the "bent to sinning" is removed from the heart, a man is delivered from the power of his peculiar "besetting sin." It is possible to backslide from the experience of holiness, but very unlikely.

Holiness makes Christianity easy. It puts in the heart the spirit that cries, "I delight to do thy will, O God." it takes away the world pull and places there the gravitation towards heaven and spiritual things. It is God's elevator. The man who refuses holiness is like the old lady who looked

suspiciously at the little "closet" so many were crowding into, and labored panting up ten flights of stairs. Holiness is God's provision whereby we may enjoy religion.

Holiness makes a Christian stable. By the incoming of the Holy spirit the heart is "established with grace." It is not moved by every wind of doctrine. The sanctified man is not up one day and down the next; he is not in church one week, the next week off chasing some "ism". He is not shouting the praises of God in fair weather, but despondent when trouble comes. You know where to find him. Holiness is the stabilizer on the ship that enables it to plow through storms and seas on an even keel; the stabilizer on the airplane that carries it steadily through banks of cloud and fog, through winds and lightnings. What makes the difference between the Ingersoll watch and the Burlington? The Burlington has twenty-one jewels that stabilize its works and make it dependable to the fraction of a second. Holiness provides the heart with the jewels that bring stability. Why carry an Ingersoll when you may have a Burlington? Why live an "up and down life" when you may know the steadfastness of heaven?

But after all, holiness is not a luxury; it is the supreme necessity. It is the command of Jehovah. It is the sine qua non, the wedding garment "without which no man shall see the Lord." God will not look upon sin; the sinner shall not look upon God. Every Christian must, if he walks in the light, become holy, or else disobey God and go back. It is -- speak the words with reverence and fear -- it is "Holiness or Hell." For it is the command of God; "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

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Chapter 10 MILITANT SERVICE

"He that hath no sword let him sell his garment, and buy one." Luke 22:36.

A strange command this, of our Lord's. Formerly the disciples were sent out without purse, scrip or shoes, yet they lacked nothing; God provided all for them:. What warlike times must be these, when one must, if need, strip his body of clothing to provide a sword. Such time as when the Women of Carthage cut off their hair and wove it to fashion bowstrings for the warriors. This is a Waterloo period in the history of the Christian church. One by one its essential articles of faith have been assailed and laid low. Is there today one fundamental doctrine of Christianity left us by the enemy? "There is no single thing which one must believe, no single thing which one must do, to become a Christian," says Dr. Scott. Like a mighty advancing invading army the enemy closes in upon the church. One post after another is taken.

Is the doctrine of the Triune God essential? No -- and the city of Washington is in their hands. Is the deity of Christ essential? No -- and Baltimore is taken! Is the creation of man essential? No longer -- and Philadelphia falls! The fall of man? A myth -- New York is theirs! Is the atonement a vital doctrine to Christian faith? No -- the enemy has reached New Haven! Regeneration? By no means -- New London is fallen! Sanctification? Not at all -- and Providence is reached! Rewards and punishments? Quite antiquated -- the enemy has reached our very gates! It is time to get a sword!

But how to meet the fierce onslaught ? We hear the alarm and have no call but to a resurrection of dead men. Would to God John Wesley were with us! we lament. Would to God Finney were alive today to wake us from our lethargy! Would to God we could have Inskip with his revivals! Would to God Fowler were here with his logic on fire! Would to God Bresee could bring the glory down upon us!

This is the cry of cowards or of sluggards, the whine of lazy young men and women. God is depending on you and me to make the Wesleys, the Finneys, the Inskips, the Fowlers, the Bresees of today. God will not fight today's battles with dead men. Sell your cloak and buy a sword, He commands. Face the facts of your own day, measure the strength of your enemy and prepare to meet him.

First, buy a sword and learn to wield it. Why did Paul dominate the early church and most of the subsequent history of Europe? Because he was more eloquent and fluent of speech than the other disciples? But some of his hearers despised his preaching in comparison with that of the silver-tongued Apollos. Because he was vested with more authority? But Peter was head of the Jerusalem council and John was bishop of Ephesus, while Paul was only a traveling missionary evangelist. Because he was a more striking personality? "Short and stoop-shouldered, bald-headed and bandy-legged and hook-nosed -- he was sadly handicapped by his physique" -- eyes weak, subject to a physical infirmity which most men would have made an excuse for doing nothing -- that, they tell us, was the picture of the man who revolutionized continents and molded the Christian thought of centuries. No very imposing personality. Why' then, his influence? Because he was a more "spiritual" man? But St. John lay on the breast of Jesus and on the Isle of Patmos saw visions ineffable; his very breath was love. No; the secret is none of these. Paul had bought a sword whereas the rest of the apostles failed to do so! While they were dabbling their feet in the waters of the lake of Galilee he was sitting at the feet of Gamaliel burnishing and sharpening his blade.

Watch him as he meets crisis after crisis -- his reason sharp as a sword, his perceptive powers as bright as a sword, his resourcefulness was as trusty as a sword. When taken into custody for the Gospel's sake he is keen-witted enough to set the Sadducees over against the Pharisees over the doctrine of the resurrection. Facing the philosophers and religionists upon Mars Hill he tacitly agrees with their worship of the Unknown God but interprets this God to be the God Jehovah. Paul thus caught their attention and preached unto them Jesus. His sword was sharp. He could when standing before the crowned representative of Caesar deport himself with such tact and prudence that he gained favor with the Governor and was privileged to present the claims of the Christ. Paul could employ the phrases of the Stoics, the philosophy of Plato, the oratory of Demosthenes, and the poetry of Homer if by so doing he could gain an entrance for the Gospel. "All things to all men" that he might gain some. He declared he was "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," it compared well with all the philosophies and culture of the times -- yet it excelled for it was "the power of God unto Salvation." Paul succeeded when others failed for he had bought him a sword and knew how to wield it effectively.

Success is no accident. It follows careful preparation and studied planning. The Gospel is no place for religious pacifism -- or passive resistance -- not while the enemy is rushing the

ramparts and thundering at the gates of the Christian's citadel. My brother, buy a sword, a sturdy Damascus blade, and train for the battle.

Those men who dominated Christian history have ever been men with swords burnished and wielded. There is no accident of success. The church fathers were more than pious men. There was Clement of Rome steeped in Greek philosophy. There were the eloquent Tertullian, the learned Origen, the golden penne Eusebius, the silver-tongued Chrysostom, and Athanasius, master of metaphysical knowledge, Augustine (next to Paul and John), the greatest of theologians. All their work bears imperishable evidences of extensive learning.

At the dawn of the Reformation John Wycliff, father of non-Conformists, was educated at Oxford and became lecturer on theology at the same University. John Huss, noble pioneer of the Reformation, was a graduate of the University of Prague and at thirty-two became president of the theological faculty of the University. Erasmus, whose brilliant writings hastened the progress of the Reformation, was one of the most noted scholars of his age. Luther sang his way through Eisenach University, took the degree of M. A. at Erfurt, and became Professor of Theology and Lecturer extraordinary on Dialectics and Physics. He knew Hebrew and was a thorough student of Latin and Greek. Zwingli, the Luther of Switzerland, finished at Vienna and spent the next ten years in study of Hebrew, the classics and literature. Melancthon, to whom Luther was most indebted, was M. A. of Heidelberg, a Ph. D. of Tübingen, lectured in Latin and was a professor of Greek. John Calvin, author of the famous Theological Institutes, was known as "the most learned scholar in Europe." Rogers, Taylor, Latimer, and other leaders of the English Reformation, were educated in Oxford and Cambridge. Jeremy Taylor, "the Shakespeare of divines," Fenelon, Knox, Chalmers, were thoroughly educated.

So of the Wesleyan Revival and later. John Wesley came from one of the most scholarly families England ever produced. An M. A. from Oxford, he was elected to a chair of instruction in the most erudite literary institution of his country and of his age. Charles Wesley was a finished scholar and the greatest lyric poet of his day. Jonathan Edwards was one of the three greatest thinkers America ever produced -- some say the greatest -- and before his death was made president of Princeton. Charles G. Finney, the great revivalist, was President of Oberlin College.

Buy a sword! But a sword is costly. When the grind begins, when you actually face the process of preparing for the conflict, it is all too easy to run away before God has finished with you, as the Negro said the man with the club foot had done. It is human nature to contract its ambitions when they are difficult to realize. You remember the story of the man with the great piece of iron who was making a battle-axe. But a flaw developed in his material and he decided to make a broad-axe. Then as the metal refused to stand the tempering he decided on a hatchet, and then was content to make a tack-hammer. Finally when he was hammering his last creation, a final last flaw developed and as he plunged it in the water to cool it, it went fizz and that was the end of his efforts. Many noble aspirations for Christian service go fizz because people have not patience to bear the strain. Will you pay the price of a sword, or will you start the battle with a tin substitute?

Sell your garment -- the thing next to you. Sell out that ambition or desire which you most cherish, but which hinders your fullest realization of God's purpose in your life. It may be the

desire to make money or the desire for a home. Only the other day a young man said to me, "I sold out my opportunity, sold it for a wife, a family and a home." Good things of themselves, but not good if having them means that you cannot wield a sword in the battles of God. It may be even your desire to get to preaching. Many a man whom the "preachers' itch" has driven away from school before he was equipped for battle has lived to bewail his mistake. One of the cleverest wiles of the devil, if he cannot get you out of the ministry, is to limit your ministry forever. It may be even your desire to get souls saved that you must temporarily -- put in the background. True it is that every three seconds four souls go out into eternity. But if you are patient your turn will come and in ten years you will do the work that would have taken twenty years before. It may be a desire to build up the church of Christ. But whatever you desire you cannot afford to lose your sword for it. "One finished man," runs a Greek proverb, "is worth a thousand ill-disciplined and groveling ones." "What the church wants is not more men, but better trained men," said Bishop Simpson.

Goodness, while indispensable in any line of worthy endeavor is no guarantee for success. Many a good man has lost in the battle, despite sacrifice and the best of intentions, because he failed to unsheathe, sharpen and wield his sword fearlessly and uncompromisingly against the foe. Goodness possesses no strange magic that unlocks secret doors, or that opens a short path to success. Goodness has no privilege outside of its own domain. Even though a good man if he would be a soldier, he must go to West Point; if he would be a physician he must attend medical college; if he would be an orator he must practice oratory; if he would be a statesman he must acquaint himself with governmental affairs, and if he would be a minister of the Gospel of Christ he must buy a sword!

Every call to service carries an additional call to preparation for that service. Not only a well tempered sword in the hand of a trained soldier is essential but the sword must be keen edged if effective service would be rendered. A keen cutting edge does not haggle and bruise. but sinks to its mark at a stroke. Dr. Bresee when speaking to groups of young ministers would always insist upon adequate preparation. The Gospel and its opportunity have too often been haggled at the hands of willing men who might have wrought effectively had they sharpened their sword.

How many sigh with sorrow and regret over wasted opportunities. Middle aged men, consecrated and faithful, but who through lack of adequate preparation are but the shadow of the man they might have been, moved with contrition and deep regret, have made such utterances as this to me; "I would give ten years of my life could I but live my life over," "I would give my right arm at the shoulder if I could regain my period for preparation," "It is the one regret of my life that I did not subject myself to the discipline of study and thus prepare for my life work." These regrets do not bring back the years nor do they compensate for the evident lack. Here they are in the midst of the battle but with an empty scabbard or reaching for the sword find its edge dull and ineffective.

My young friend you are responsible not alone for what you are but for what you might be. Can you afford to offer God at the Judgment 50 per cent or even 75 per cent of the man you might have been? Your day of preparation is now. Make the most of it while you may for with such opportunities to obtain and sharpen a sword as are yours today, when God calls you to account for your service you will be without excuse. Get a sword though you must sell your garment; sharpen it to its keenest edge. Get into the battle!

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Chapter 11

ANY OTHER GOSPEL

"But though we, or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him (or us) be accursed." Gal. 1:8.

Essentials are determined in the heat of conflict. Closet philosophers and closet theologians spin fine webs of logical reasoning, and weave intellectual subtleties to their heart's content; but the vital faith of life are those simple but gripping truths that are forged out upon the anvils of experience. Mere logic -- bald ideas, though reasonable within themselves, are cold and lifeless. The truths for which men would even dare to die are the ideas discovered by close contact with the strain and struggle of human need and are thrust through -- yea animated and made alive, by holy enthusiasm.

Such discovered life facts are no longer mere ideas they are ideals. Such ideals may be few but develop fine discrimination and clear conviction in the minds of their devotees. The cold, the lifeless, the encumbering non-essentials are cast aside and forgotten in the burning passion to attain the ideal.

Christianity has been cumbered through the centuries with mere lifeless "extras" that its friends have tacked on from their store of fine spun abstractions developed by personal prejudice and group bias under conditions separated from the warmth of throbbing life. Hobbies have been made necessities, secondaries have become primaries, particulars have advanced to generals, non-essentials elevated to essentials -- until surplus baggage weighs down and impedes the Christian warrior. The atmosphere has become hazy with mystifying generalities and the Gospel soldier is unable to distinguish his Leader's ensign and has become confused as to the issues for which the conflict is being waged.

To make the conflict worthwhile the ideals for which we contend must be clearly defined and vitally connected with the life of the soldier; the ensigns must be held high, clearly in evidence and leading on. An army lacks morale that has no intelligent conception of that for which it is fighting.

Such an assertion as Paul's in our text presupposes actual assurance as to the correctness and clearness of one's "gospel." No sincere man is going to stake his present and his eternal destiny on a question mark. Socrates, to be sure, died a martyr to his teaching of immortality, saying at the last, "I know not;" but not very many possess his strength of purpose. They need a clear light beyond the grave if they are to give their lives. The Christian saints have had that certainty. Job said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" Paul said "I know whom I have believed;" John said, "We know that we know him -- and shall assure our hearts before him."

If the gospel is to be a vital force for us, if we are to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," we must have that same assurance of its exclusive rightness. How can we be so positive? Is Paul not "narrow" and "bigoted?"

First, don't make your line of battle too long to defend. A sector can be held where the whole front could not be defended. Don't make non-essentials vital. When Galileo by means of the newly contrived telescope had discovered a new planet; making eight planets in all, he was opposed on very strange grounds. Francesco Sizzi, a Florentine astronomer, argued it to be impossible thus: "There are seven windows in the head, seven metals, seven days of the week, so seven planets in heaven. That which is invisible to the naked eye cannot affect the earth, and therefore does not exist."

Some of the incidentals that have been attached to Christianity by various people have as little logical relation to it as the number of openings in the head have to the number of planets. Yet many of us are as beautifully illogical in fighting for them as was Francesco Sizzi in defending his position. Don't make special features indispensable to your "gospel."

Typology, for example (suggestive though it is), interpretative speculative exegesis (fascinating and no doubt helpful), doctrines non-essential to salvation, such as modes of baptism, the manner of Christ's second coming, the place of healing in the Atonement, Anglo-Israel, and so on. Many a useful appendage to the body can be destroyed and the man still live. You can well afford to lose an infected finger or even a hand, if thereby you save a heart.

Reduce your vital points to a minimum; then stand for them regardless of cost. They are the strategic point of the enemy's attack. Save them and you have saved everything; once weakened at that point and the cause is lost.

The narrow pass at Thermopylae was the entrance to Greece; that taken by Persia, the country would lie open to the enemy. So the little band of Spartans sent away the hired troops, polished their shields until they could use them as mirrors and met the mighty host of Xerxes, determined to return home "with their shields or upon them." It takes men to fight like that, but with just that desperation will the soldiers of the Christ wage war. When they know they are guarding the heart of the gospel.

The vital moral issues from which all the gospel emanates are (as I conceive them) few in number:

First, the Holiness of God. God is a God of love, of justice, of goodness, of mercy, of truth -- a God of holiness. Holiness expresses the essence of all His attributes -- an infinite love of the right and an infinite abhorrence of wrong. God is holy; God can approve only of holiness. Any moral creature, then, to be acceptable must meet the standards of holiness laid down by this holy God. Any teaching that robs God of His holiness or minimizes His love of holiness is poisonous. This conception is central to Christianity; it is the hub of the wheel from which radiates all the other Christian beliefs.

The second fundamental fact, the circumference of the wheel into which all the spokes are fitted, is the Incarnation of the Son of God, and the Atonement made by Him. "Every one that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is born of God." The essential deity of Christ is a truth we must contend for to the death, in the face of the many dangerous theories today that call Him a beautiful character, a good man, a wonderful teacher. Any gospel that robs Him of Essential Godhood is anathema.

The other two doctrines that make up our line of defense are the sinfulness of man and the inspiration of the Scriptures. To see salvation in true perspective we must recognize that man was created with free moral agency, that he chose evil, that he fell from the state of purity in which he was created, that his nature is now depraved, that his faculties, capable of so much good, have a downward tendency, a bent towards evil. We must recognize the essential insufficiency of human ethics to restore man to moral holiness; we must recognize the necessity of the blood atonement (God's provision for redemption from sin). We must hold to the doctrines and experiences of regeneration (initial holiness) and entire sanctification (perfection in holiness) as the crises by which man is freed from sin; we must, on the other hand, accept the fact of eternal destinies dependent upon man's acceptance or rejection of God's provision for holiness. A gospel that glosses over sin or that says man can save himself by reforming his conduct is anathema.

Finally, we must hold to a belief in the Inspiration of the Scriptures which makes them the "sufficient rule of faith and practice" in all things pertaining to eternal salvation. The Holy Bible does more than contain the Word of God, it is the Word of God. It is more than inspired in the sense that other great works of literature are inspired. It is not one among other religious "bibles" of the world. It is the uniquely revealed Word of God. Any lesser view of the Scriptures is subtle poison in its effect, and must be anathema to us.

These are the four points of the gospel compass: the holiness of God, the sinfulness of man, the atoning incarnation of the Son, the inspiration of the Scriptures. Experts can "box the compass," giving all the intermediate and related details of doctrine and belief. But these are the north, south, east and west which we must know in order to keep on our way in safety. These are essential and for these we must contend. Like Luther facing the hostile Diet we assert, "Here I take my stand. I can do no other, so help me God. Amen!" and prepare to defend our faith. Like Fitz-James when Roderick Dhu showed him the Clan-Alpine warriors encircling him, we put our backs to the rock of Gospel truth and cry to a world that would rob us of every vital belief --

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

"If we preach any other gospel let us be accursed." But others who began with this gospel are now enunciating another gospel and calling it just as good or better. A doctor of divinity said to me not long ago, "I used to believe as you believe, but I see better now. Mr. Nease, you will make an adjustment some of these days, and your position will change fundamentally."

They did not begin with a sudden, radical abandonment of old beliefs; the change at first was very gradual; almost imperceptible. But it was actual. The difference between food and poison is but little according to chemistry, but it is tremendous in its effect on human life. The

difference between living conditions and conditions of death is slight -- only a different combination of gases; but watch the effect on the canary that is taken down into the mines. See it grow limp and lifeless. Watch the lantern, lowered into the shaft, flicker and go out as the oxygen fails.

The danger for you and me is not that we start preaching Christian Science, or Spiritualism, or Mormonism, not that we fall a victim to Russellism or even to Modernism. Just that we preach "another gospel!"

It would be very easy for us almost unconsciously to preach another gospel identical in sound or in externals with the gospel of holiness, but adulterated. Mix a few parts less piety, a few parts more decorum. Mix a few more parts of reason, propriety, broadmindedness, without an equal addition of essential devotion, holy passion, and commanding vision -- and your living gospel will have become dead formalism.

The gospel of holiness can be popularized before we realize it. This thing, they tell us, can be preached so that it will not offend. Wesley did not succeed in preaching a holiness that did not offend; Bresee did not succeed; Paul did not; John did not; Jesus did not. Can you hope to do so? When you succeed in preaching a holiness that pleases everybody, you have popularized it. You have compromised somewhere, and in gaining favor with man you have lost the favor of God.

And sad to say, the gospel of holiness can be changed to another gospel that is anathema by being educated. "I know too much for the Holiness people," the young preacher begins to say. Or, "I do not know whether I can be an old-fashioned Holiness preacher or not." We are dealing here with the most dangerous, yet most important principle in all human experience aside from that which is intrinsically sinful -- education. It has ruined more young preachers than any one other single thing -- more than money, more than marriage, more than evil passion, more than place or power.

God help us when we get a highly educated ministry, but not an intensely spiritual ministry. And the warning that is applicable to the ministry is applicable also to the laity. We need education, but we must keep our education consecrated and controlled by loyalty to Jesus Christ and the truth as it is in Him.

"Broad-mindedness," "intellectual honesty," "tolerance," a "liberal spirit," "take care," "avoid rabidness and loose radicalism" -- in all these phrases and terms as used today are usually red lights indicating compromise and vacillation. For this day when the faith of our fathers is being attacked openly, when it is being scoffed at and smiled at as a relic of the Middle Ages, is not the time to take sides with its foes. It is not the time for uncertainty or hesitation. It is the time to find the vital things in our faith and to stake our lives upon them.

But numbers are moving their standards back and failing to see the implications of their position. The man who said to me, "Mr. Nease, what shall I do? Holiness is not acceptable to my people nor to my superiors in the church. I believe in it, but I cannot preach it" -- that young minister is neither liberal nor intellectually honest; he is a traitor to the cause of God and untrue to the people who look to him for truth.

From the ages past those who received the truth from the lips of the Master Himself who suffered tortures and martyrdom to pass it on to us intact, are calling upon us not to mar or deface it now.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe!" they cry.
"To you from failing hands we throw
The torch: be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep."

"If we preach any other gospel, let us be accursed." Strong language this, but remember the gospel is not a discovery, but a Revelation. Therefore it is not changeable. It is not subject to human discretion or reason or investigation. "For if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ" (Gal. 1:12). Let the geologists tap with their hammers on the story of creation, let the psychologists analyze the human mind and the philosophers speculate on the mystery of evil: let the biologists study protoplasm with the microscope; let the astronomers calculate light years, as they sweep the heavens with their telescopes -- when all is said and done the gospel is the same, for it is given by Revelation.

When we preach another gospel we are a curse to others. In heathen lands a gospel of "soup and soap," a gospel of modernism, produces nations of sophisticated educated pagans that never can be reached by the Word of God. In our own country the same polite, edgeless gospel that says little of sin and less of divine power to save is producing a church full of unconverted men who will never seek God in true contrition for sin because they believe they are "all right." Any gospel that has the form of godliness but denies the power is a curse instead of a blessing because it encourages people to stop short of the real article and never know the difference. It deceives men.

But Paul says more: "Let us be accursed." We ourselves are under the curse. We are anathema. Anathema is the formula for excommunication from the church. We belong to a church that espouses the pure gospel; we have no right to adulterate the gospel that we preach. When my parchments were handed me at my ordination, the General Superintendent charged me solemnly that if ever I became untrue to the doctrines for which the Church of the Nazarene stands or ceased to preach them I was at once to return my credentials, for then I should no longer be worthy of them. By the grace of God I shall never be untrue to them; but should I turn away from the cardinal points of the gospel I should deservedly be anathema -- separated from the church.

There is a deeper anathema -- the anathema that subjects the false shepherd to divine judgment. When Judas betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss, he fell under the curse of Jehovah and was cast out of the Kingdom. When Ananias paid only a part of the price while claiming to pay all he incurred the judgment of heaven. Hardy is the man who would dare risk the anathema of heaven! What will the graveyard say to those who have "preached another gospel"? What will the judgment say?

The monument erected upon the historic battlefield at Gettysburg to the brave cavalymen in blue who aided in the repulse of the courageous men under Longstreet and Pickett has protruding from its very heart a granite arm. Clapsed in the granite hand is a saber held at a defiant angle. The cords stand out on the wrist of stone. As we gazed in patriotic amazement we could almost hear the challenging cry as blue met gray. Chiseled into the base of the monument were these meaningful words so expressive of soldiery consecration to flag and country -- "This right arm we gladly dedicate to our God and to our country." A simple inscription and yet weighted with patriotism and courage. Friends, as they pledged their right arms to make the Union safe, can we not -- yea, must we not -- pledge our right arms, our hearts, our all in defense of the old gospel, the revealed gospel, the gospel of the Son of God?

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Chapter 12

A DAY IN THY COURTS

"A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." Psalm 84:10.

The courts of Israel were not splendid in their appointments; they lacked the pomp and ceremony of age-old tradition and regal dignity. God was King and Judge, and He was unseen; His royal sanctions were not gorgeous robes of state, crown jewels and golden palaces, but the simple word of a prophet. Israel was a theocracy, and wonderful as that distinction seems to us looking back, to her it meant that her courts were defective in certain particulars. The singer of our text had visited the kingly courts of neighboring nations; he knew the splendor of Assyria, with her voluptuous luxury; the prestige of Phoenicia, her fleets sweeping the seas, her halls gorgeous with hangings of purple and gold; the grandeur of Egypt, with her perfumes and palms, and her retinues of bowing slaves. Yet he cries aloud in exultation: "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand!" How could he say it? What did he find in Zion that so charmed him?

We have been taught from our earliest hours that "A day in God's courts is better than a thousand (elsewhere):" that is, the satisfactions of the Christian religion are incomparably superior to the values to be found in any other system, religious or philosophical, emotional or rational. But pure traditionalism cannot continue to blind our eyes: the question will arise, Is Christianity worth all that has been claimed for it? Sooner or later each individual must settle for himself whether "A day in God's courts is better than" a day elsewhere, to say nothing of "a thousand." Will the religion of the New Testament stand the acid test of such a comparison with the possible alternative -- which the world may propose? Confident that the "Old Faith" will shine the brighter for such an examination, we first affirm that "A day in Christ's courts is better than a thousand" in the courts of World-Renowned Religions.

Contemporaneous with the awakening of self-consciousness in the individual the religious impulse awakes.

"The baby new to earth and sky
Has never thought that this is I."

He is aware of his surroundings, but not of himself. But one day his soul awakes, and in a single illuminating lightning flash of consciousness he says "I am I." A personality has taken the throne and will be sovereign forever. Simultaneous with this dawn of self-consciousness is the dawn of God-consciousness. The moment the child realizes that he is, he realizes that he is responsible to a higher power. The idea of self and the idea of God are complements one of the other; they are inextricably bound up together -- not the product of rational procedure, but of one and the same intuition.

This religious awareness has its roots in a feeling of dependence and amenability accompanied by the awareness of Someone on whom to depend -- a supernatural being. The danger of the modern mind, "supreme in present-day education from the home to the university," lies in the fact that SELF-RELIANCE and SELF-SUFFICIENCY are the goals sought. Eventually such a criterion brings education into conflict with religion, for supreme self-sufficiency and dependence upon God cannot be housed in the same breast. Jesus said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Religion is essentially an effort to bind together man and God, and true religion accomplishes this result. This is the ultimate human search. Without this union our cry ever is

"But what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light
And with no language but a cry."

St. Paul's assertion, "That they should seek after the Lord if haply they might feel after Him and find Him," epitomizes the religious history of the race. It is the only adequate picture of the non-Christian world.

Couple with this religious intuition the consciousness of guilt and the consequent effort to find a mediator between the self-condemned person and the righteous God, and the basis for religion is complete. "Every nation," says Mackay, "that has advanced beyond the most elementary conceptions has felt the necessity of an attempt to fill the chasm, real or imaginary, separating man from God." The mediator-idea is thus scarcely less general than the God-idea. The bogies and kelpies of Scotland, the trolls of Denmark, the nixies of early Germany, the charms of fetish worship, the Light of the Persians, the Beauty of the Greeks, the ancestor-worship of China and New Zealand, the intercessor-worship of the Roman Catholics, the worship of the groves of saints among the Mohammedans, the adoration paid the rain makers of Central Africa and the Medicine-man of the North American Indians -- all are efforts to satisfy the longing heart of mankind, to find something, someone, to span the gulf between the finite and the infinite.

The Brahmanism of India conceives of the Supreme One as a "consuming fire," too awful and too holy to be approached by mortals directly. Hence Brahma is "the intervening one." Thus it is essentially a religious sacrifice. On occasions its temples are made to run with blood, enclosed grounds are soaked with blood, garments are bespotted with blood, and the whole air is filled with blood. But does it satisfy? Let the 300,000,000 idols and gods of India give answer, "No! ten thousand times, no!"

The Greek and Roman faiths (essentially one) take their Origin in a pure theism. Zeus in Greece, Jupiter in Rome, represent the Supreme God. But there had to be a stand-between, a days-man, to make access possible, to unite man to God, to save from guilt. Here idolatry took its rise in all forms of polytheism, springing from efforts to find God. Gods were multiplied because the human heart was ever unsatisfied. So it is of all other world religions -- Buddhism, Mohammedanism and the rest. Behind each is the same sense of the unapproachableness of God and the sinfulness of man, the same insatiable demand for a mediator.

Identical problems confront us at this moment, and as devotees of Christianity we cannot avoid the imperative question. Does the religion of Jesus Christ meet the human longing for access to God and the demand for a mediator who can assure us of redemption from guilt and union with the Eternal? On every pagan hilltop, as on Mars' Hill in Athens, altars to "Unknown Gods" give mute testimony that the search is incomplete: the "cry in the night" is unanswered by all the religions which do not center in the "holy child Jesus." But like sunshine after blackest cloud, comes the assurance that through the death of Christ Jesus, God made manifest in the flesh we may "draw near (to God)." "Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace." "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world, and hereby we do know that we know him." Hallelujah! "What can wash away our sins?" Let the Christian answer, after all other religions have bowed in confusion: "Nothing but the blood of Jesus!" The solemn triumph of the Cross of Christ is the world's assurance of eternal satisfaction. Amen!

"A day in thy courts is better than a thousand" in the courts of World-Renowned Thinkers. Thought, we are told, lifts religion out of the limits of mere subjective emotionalism, and widens its scope to include inquiry concerning the nature and meaning of the universe as a whole and of man's place in it. But shall we turn to philosophy for the satisfactions which shall plumb the depths of the human soul?

The names of the Greek Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, symbolize the progress of thought for all ages. Socrates anticipated Christian spirituality more nearly than any other person before Christ, outside the Hebrew prophets. May it be that here the search for the ultimate good shall find fruition? The famous trial is finished, the death sentence has been passed, and the venerable "lover of truth" holds in his fearless grasp the fatal cup of hemlock. He speaks: "Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius; pay it and don't neglect it." The empty cup rolls from the hand already paralyzed by the poisoned draught and Socrates, the incomparable, dies saying, "Whether it be better for you to remain or for me to go to be with the heroes who have preceded me, only the gods know. I believe it to be better to go, but it may be otherwise." With this uncertainty in the face of death compare the testimony of St. Paul, the dying hero of the Cross of Christ: "I know whom I have believed." "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord . . . shall give to me." "I depart to be with Christ which is far better." There have ever been men of iron nerve who faced death with fortitude and fearless courage; but only within the courts of Christ exists the consciousness that this grace is but the doorway of eternal blessedness.

It was a proverb among the ancients: "Sad as Plato." Plato, the pupil of Socrates, as philosopher and idealist unequaled in genius, could dominate the thought of twenty centuries, but he could not find the elixir of joy to make his own soul rise above the gloom of uncertainty. He

believed there was an unseen world of reality beyond the seen, but that its Spirit and its Deity were unknown and unknowable. At the height of his insight, he could only say, "Such is my view, since you wish to know, but whether it be true or not, the gods only can say." Greek philosophy bequeathed to the world scarcely more than impenetrable darkness.

Can our modern exponents of philosophy give us greater assurance? Turn to Germany and her philosophers. Lay aside prejudice and listen to what they have to say. Kant, the Aristotle of modern times, goes not one step beyond Socrates and Plato. To the basic questions, "What can I know?" "How can I know it?" "What must I do?" he answers that one cannot know God, immortality or ultimate truths of any sort. Hegel could gain only so much light as to deny the personality of God, and strip man of freedom, responsibility, and immortality. "What light has come from the German people has come from their evangelical scholars."

Renan of France could find no ear into which to pour the longings of his heart, and attempting to pray cried in utter despair, "Our father, the abyss." The learned Spencer of England could penetrate the gloom only so much as to assure the waiting world that God is UNKNOWN, yea, more, UNKNOWABLE; and agnosticism has ever resulted in pessimism. Emerson of America, highly endowed as he was by birth and training, has been compared to a skeleton moving through New England holding in his slender hand outstretched a lamp -- unlighted. What can he offer to satisfy the longings of humanity? Nothing! When pressed for a reply relative to the future he calmly and coolly stated that he personally had fared well enough in this life and hoped to hereafter.

I need not review the philosophy of modernism: the Unitarian conception of God, the humanitarian conception of Christ, its valueless estimate of the Blood and the Cross, its transformationless religious experience, its answerless prayer, its uninspired Bible. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," say the unconsoled multitudes of earth, if there is no answer but the voice of philosophy to the call of their souls.

"A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." What determines a satisfactory day? Notice with me the secret. A perfect day calls for, as a prerequisite, a perfect condition of the subject. A sense of guilt will ruin any day. Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden were miserable and hid from sight. Not sunshine, breezes, flowers and trees make a day, but a sound, healthy, happy person; and it is in the condition of the person that Christianity takes supreme ascendancy. The grace of God is supplied to make the consciousness of the soul at peace with itself, with its God, and with its fellows. Conscience no longer wars with judgment; will no longer defies the behests of reason; but the soul of the redeemed rejoices in a "conscience void of offense toward God and man." More than that, the "witness of the Spirit" gives a sense of divine approbation and assures of well-being now and forever.

An impure heart constitutes an eclipse of the sun, sometimes partial, sometimes total. The salvation of Jesus Christ give, a "true heart," which has been defined as a heart just as it ought to be. This is the "greatest thing in the world." A shining sun in a sky unclouded -- that makes a day. There is no day for a human soul apart from Jesus Christ. At conversion the day star arises, that light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day, that sun that shall no more go down. We are children of the day!

But forebodings of an evil "tomorrow" will becloud any "today." Christianity alone gives assurance of a "sunrise after death." Pericles, comforting the Athenians for their friends fallen in battle, used every other known appeal, but had no word of immortality. The world is challenged to duplicate for assurance and certainty the words of our Lord, 'Let not your heart be troubled . . . I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am there ye may be also.' Is it any wonder that Christians sing through tears and sorrow? Theirs is a day without a sunset, without a discord -- "they shall never die."

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Chapter 13 THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

"Unto those that look for him shall he appear the second time Without sin unto salvation."
Hebrews 9:28.

This passage should forever settle the controversy concerning the second coming of Christ. The second advent of Christ is placed on the same basis of credence as the first advent which is an established historical fact. If Christ has already visited the earth just that certain is it that He will come again. If doubt may reasonably be maintained concerning the validity of His first appearance then may we with impunity cast shadow over the hope of His second advent.

The first coming of Christ while ushered in by the accompanying of songs of angels was the coming predominantly of a burden-bearer. He came as a sin offering, yea as a sin bearer. He is represented as the world's scape goat. In early Hebrew history the goat without blemish was chosen and, after the sins of the nation had been confessed by the high priest whose hands were placed upon the goat's head it was led off into the wilderness, there to wander alone --until wild beasts made him their prey. This was by anti-type the Christ who came receiving the load of a world's guilt upon His head. With this load breaking His very heart, He is led off to Calvary there to bleed and die.

Charles Durham, the young country lad who offered himself and went to fight the battles of the Union in the stead of Farmer Burke, lay dead upon the battlefield. The loving hands of Burke found his body and bringing it back to the home community placed it in the little cemetery by the Church. For days Burke was busy placing and carving with rude tools in his own hands the monument that marks Durham's last resting place. Deeply hewn into that rough block Burke had engraved these words; "Here lies Charles Durham, the man who died for me." My friend, that is exactly what Christ did at His first coming for you and for all the world. Chisel it ineffaceably into the monument built by your life service, "He died for me!"

When Christ came first in the historical order it was to be a sin-bearer for the whole world. When he comes first in the experiential order he comes to individuals to deliver them from their personal burden of sin. Bunyan pictures Pilgrim fleeing from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City but burdened with a cumbersome load upon his back. So great was his load that it weighed him down until when he reached the summit of the hill of pardon he was unable to lift his

head sufficiently to glimpse the Cross there erected. But once he had adjusted his burden so that his eyes beheld the Cross the bands that bound the burden to him were broken asunder and the heavy pack rolled down the hill where it disappeared in the open tomb and Bunyan declares "I saw it (my burden) no more!" Hallelujah!

The first coming in the experiential order will affect another crisis in the life of the individual that will result in purification from the taint of sin. For "every man that hath this hope purifieth himself even as he is pure." Not only so but the result of this coming will keep you ever looking for the second advent and thus constantly victorious over every temptation and trial. As the boy who has broken the string to his kite hurries over field and fence in one grand rush to keep in sight of his falling kite, so the man that has been touched by the provisions of Christ's first coming is ever yearning and diligently laboring to catch a glimpse of the returning Christ. So absorbed is he in this that he loses sight of all earthly hindrances and attractions.

"Since mine eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision
Looking at the Crucified."

The enchained vision -- ah, that is it! "My heart is fixed, Oh -- God, my heart is fixed!" "Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." The hope of this glorious reappearing is like a magnet to the soul drawing steadily and surely toward the object of the heart's desire -- the returning Christ of the first advent.

Too many Christians look for Christ's return as the Arizona rooster looks for the sunrise. Pulling his head out from under his wing at midnight and seeing no light he announces to the world his disappointment and replaces his head under his wing, repeating the experience at two and at four o'clock and awakes at five to find the sun already on its journey across the sky.

Some people attend a spiritual service at a campmeeting, pull their head out from under their wing where their testimony has been smothered since the campmeeting the year before, give a testimony or two and replace their heads awaiting another spiritual agitation to awaken them. The reason we whine about trial and temptation so much is because we are not looking for the Christ. The reason we do not keep more fervent for God in prayer, in reading the Bible, in testimony and in soul winning is that we are not expecting the Christ.

Our awareness of His appearing will depend upon a continuous looking for Him. When He came the first time it was Simeon and Anna in the temple who saw Him for they were awaiting with diligent expectancy His advent. Others were about the temple that day, but Christ came and went without attracting their attention -- they were not looking for Him!

Men have eyes for everything else but the Christ. Statesmen are viewing the political situation and are filled with unrest concerning the foreboding outlook of national and international relations. The threatening clouds of internal strife and external war loom heavy upon the horizon. Economists, while prophesying better times, are trembling with fear, their optimistic prophecy being largely a "graveyard whistle" -- to keep up their own courage in the face of a dreadful

situation. Serious minded educators look with consternation upon the appalling moral condition of our nation, reading the handwriting on the wall for the next generation if conditions are not immediately corrected. Men have eyes trained for political, economical and moral situations but no eyes for the coming of Christ. These very conditions are the budding of the fig tree and in Christ's advent is the only final and satisfactory solution for the world problems of today.

My friend, the question no longer is, "Will He appear again?" This question has long since been determined by the word of God and the word is now everywhere corroborated by the prophecy fulfilling events of present history. Christ is coming! Nor is the question so much a matter when He is coming! It is rather, are we ready for His coming? Are we looking for His return? The answer to these questions is of vital and eternal importance.

The Bible pictures His return as that of a thief in the night when the good man of the house is not watching. Unannounced, Christ will return. Two will be grinding at the mill, two working in the field, two about the home -- one will be taken and the other left -- dependent altogether upon the preparedness and the alertness of the individual.

It is told of a young married couple who in an earlier day moved to the western frontier, there establishing their home and making their living by the raising and marketing of cattle. Market time arrived and the young husband bade his wife good-bye for he would be gone many days on a Journey driving the cattle to market. He was fortunate in disposing of his cattle earlier by a day than he had expected and determined to surprise his wife by returning home in advance of the agreed time. As he neared home he tethered his horse in a secluded nook and slipped in toward the house in the clearing unobserved under the cover of convenient trees.

His good wife while busy with the work of the home was yearning for the return of her beloved, and her heart prompted her to be alert. Leaving her work very often she went out to a prominence near the house and strained her eyes to catch if possible a glimpse of her returning husband. Each time she returned to her task he traveled a little nearer and hid behind the protecting shrubbery while she gazed expectantly for his appearing. Finally he stepped out from behind the last tree and taking her fondly in his arms uttered, "Darling, I have come," and with calm assurance in her heart she replied, "Yes, and I was looking for you." Indeed so my friend, love, unconsciously watches for the objects of its affection. Your Lord is returning soon -- are you looking for Him? Oh, the blessed rapture of the soul that will be ready and watching when with lightning flash and triumphant glory He returns with an escort of holy angels and saints redeemed to receive His own unto Himself.

What a joyous contrast between this advent and His first coming! Then He was a "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," bearing the sins of the whole world. Then He was the world's poorest man, the foxes having holes, the birds nests, but with no place to lay His head; then He "Came unto His own but His own received Him not." But when He comes again it will be in "clouds of Heaven," "with power and great joy," "with all His holy angels," and "ten thousand of His saints," -- He is coming in glorious triumph! His second coming is "unto salvation" -- a salvation that is final and complete. We are now saved from the guilt and bondage of sin, then will we be saved from the power and presence of sin and that forever! No more battle, no more dark

hours, no more separation, no more heartaches, no more sin -- but salvation eternal and complete. Hallelujah!

This may not appeal to the worldling, crazed with pleasure and gain, but the thought thrills my heart with an uncontrollable determination to be ready and watching when He comes. Titus may be laurel crowned as he passes under the triumphal arch; Caesar may be honored and feted as he returns with spoils from conquering the Gauls; Napoleon may be hailed as Emperor of all Europe; Washington may be named the Father of his country after the surrender of Cornwallis; Grant may gain the Presidency of the United States after his victory over Lee; Pershing may be declared the preserver of liberty and democracy of all time; but I envy none of these if I can but be counted worthy to march some place in the triumphal procession of our Christ when He shall come again!

A little boy stood watching a procession of the plumed knights of a renowned order pass by, lost in awe and joy. A minister noticing his enjoyment of it all stepped up to him and said, "That's a great procession, isn't it, laddie?" The boy's voice broke with enthusiasm. "Yes, indeed it is Mister. Do you see that fine looking big fellow over there marching with the others? Well, that's my brother." The minister asked him if he would like to be one of those marching in the procession of knights. The little fellow replied with eyes aglow that he would like nothing better in the world.

After the procession had passed the minister pressed more serious questions upon the lad asking him if he attended Sunday school and if he knew about the day when Christ with patriarchs, prophets and saints of all ages would march in glad procession before the throne of God. He asked him if he would like to be a member of that parade when Abraham and Isaac, Moses and Elijah, David and Isaiah, Paul and John, together with all the martyrs, with banners waving and trumpets blasting should make their way with glad angels, singing into the City of the New Jerusalem.

The lad, all excited, again replied, "Yes, Mister, that will be a great parade. I reckon this parade is but a flea bite compared with what that will be." Then warming with enthusiasm he concluded, "I would rather be on the tail end of that procession than to lead in this parade today." That will be the greatest triumphal entry of all times; we cannot afford to miss it.

My friend, what if it should be today? What if the cry should now be sounded "The Bridegroom cometh?" Could you go out to meet him? "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh!"

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Chapter 14

THE RAINBOW AROUND THE THRONE

"There was a rainbow around about the throne." Rev. 4:3.

The rainbow was not always in the world; it appeared one day for the first time after a great storm the fiercest and longest ever known. You have read of that storm. "All the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the floodgates of heaven were opened." Full forty days and

forty nights the rain fell. Higher and higher the waters rose, "fifteen cubits and upward," until the highest hills were covered; higher yet until the mountains were submerged, and every living creature on the earth died except the little family in the ark and the animals with them. One hundred and fifty days -- five long months -- the water covered the earth; then gradually they subsided, for "God remembered Noah." And in the midst of the appalling wreckage of forests, farms, houses, human bodies, all the slimy aftermath of the cruel flood, there appeared in the vault of heaven the first rainbow -- like the buttresses of an arching bridge. There it glowed, the red, the orange, the yellow, the green, the blue, the indigo, the violet, hung in the sky by invisible hands, a triumphal arch for the ark to sail through, blessed symbol of God's care for man.

For the rainbow comes as a covenant from God. Humanity is plunged in gloom and darkness, rain and flood beat upon the world, but lo, the fountains of the deep are dried up, the floodgates of heaven are closed, and over the shoulders of the storm is thrown the brightest scarf that heaven weaves.

More truly, out of the tissue of the storm itself is woven the rainbow that dispels it. You cannot make a rainbow with sunshine alone. No more can you make beautiful Christian character without adversity and disaster, affliction and sorrow. The sparkling diamond is made from the coal by years of severest pressure. The pearl is the result of acute irritation within the shell of the oyster. And refracted by the mists and teardrops of life, by the many afflictions of the righteous man, the light of God's grace bursts forth in all the radiant colors of the heavenly spectrum -- love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance -- and these recombine to make the pure white luster of genuine Christian character.

Standing by the plunging brink of Niagara looking down you see ruin and destruction; but looking into the heart of the falls, you see dancing in the spray one, two, five, six, as many as ten glorious hovering rainbows. So over the abyss of his overwhelming trials the Christian looking up sees God's rainbows of hope and is victorious.

On earth we have but half the rainbow circle, typifying victory over trial. In heaven we shall have the rainbow "round about" the throne, its full orb signifying not only victory in trial but freedom from trial. Blessed certainty of that assurance in the covenant of grace! Here the mariner may outride the storm, the plainsman may be safe from the cyclone, the mountaineer may escape the lightning stroke, but, praise God, the Christian will certainly triumph over every difficulty and gain an eternal deliverance.

That complete rainbow circle tells us that one day the storm shall be past eternally. Then the deluge of sin is past forever. Sin has covered the world today. "The whole world," John said, "lieth in the wicked one." Over the stainless earth fresh from the hand of God, have poured for century after century floods of evil submerging the good and the pure. A river of blood wider than the Amazon, a river of tears longer and deeper than the Mississippi, a river of deceit greater than the St. Lawrence, a river of immorality more than the Columbia, torrents impetuous of blasphemy, impiety, envy and rage -- they have swollen and burst their banks and spread over the land until every village, every city, every country is covered "fifteen cubits and upward." America, England, France, Germany, even those nations we call Christian, are plunged in crime and evil, and beyond lie the black wastes of heathendom.

But look up to God's rainbow! There shall come "nothing that defileth or maketh a lie." There are the streets shining in spotless purity, there the choirs in snowy raiment. There a holy God, holy angels, a holy city, holy people! Glorious rainbow around the throne of God!

That rainbow marks the deluge of sorrow and death as past forever. Sorrow is the most constant of human emotions. The babe's first language is a cry. Of all the children born 50 per cent die under the age of ten. "We learn to weep without being taught." White hairs, sighs, tears, trouble -- our hearts sink beneath a deluge of tears. Trouble enters the house of poor and rich, ignorant and learned, slave and freeman -- all humanity is swept together in the common deluge of trouble. Everywhere we are confronted with sickness. There is not a sound body in the land, but somewhere disease lurks in eye, ear, nose, throat, lungs, heart, stomach, nerves. Suddenly it sweeps down upon us and our dearest are laid low.

Daily there are 100,000 deaths, 100,000 funerals conducted, 100,000 graves opened, 100,000 entombments made; daily 500,000 mourners are made, fathers, husbands, wives, children. "There is but a step betwixt me and death." All about us are the germs of death: in temperature, in food, in water, in atmosphere, germs of organic and functional disease. The grim reaper swings his scythe, and the human harvest falls daily, hourly, momentarily. Today the little home is like the vestibule of heaven; tomorrow the mother and wife has gone, the father and husband has gone, the rosebuds and lilies have been transplanted, and only the infinite yearning of the sorrowing heart is left.

But above the deluge and ruin of death shines the rainbow! That rainbow around the throne tells us that in heaven there are no blind men, no deaf men, no lame men: in heaven there are no faulty hearts, no infected lungs. There are no coffins in heaven, no hearses pass down its golden streets, no graveyards are consecrated there, no tombstones set up. There are no aching hearts, no weeping eyes. They are swallowed up forever in one eternal deliverance of immortal life and health. The city is closed securely against all assaults. Its foundation is of stones most precious, its gates are of solid pearl, its walls of pure jasper and its ceiling the rainbow of God's faithfulness. No sorrow or pain can ever enter there. The deluge is past!

But the comfort of the rainbow is not for all. When the first rainbow broke upon the desolate earth, only faithful Noah and his family saw its arching colors. The whole antediluvian world was a waste of water-soaked carcasses, polluted, decaying flesh, staring eyes, gaping mouths, protruding tongues, blanched faces, clutching hands, contorted features. These men had died in despair, destroyed by the deluge they had brought upon themselves; no gleam of hope vouchsafed them in the night of death. And none but the holy will ever look upon God's perfect rainbow round about the throne. For the red of the rainbow typifies the ever-availing Blood, the blue -- the royalty of His Church, the green -- the perennial freshness of His Grace, the violet -- the suffering humility of Christ, the yellow -- the kingly dignity of Christ. Only the ransomed pure in heart can see these things. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Picture that moment of triumph when the holy shall look upon God's rainbow eternal! We shall bathe in the crystal waters of the river of life, we shall eat of the ever-bearing tree of life, we shall drink of the living fountain, we shall tune our harps for the eternal chorus, we shall sing the

song of Moses and the Lamb and shout the glad Hallelujahs and Amens. For God Himself has wiped every tear from our eyes, and we shall know no more sighing nor sorrow forever. Oh, what moment for the holy! Compensation for every loss and heartache here below.

Awful the fate of those shut out of the everlasting ark. They shall see only the threatening billows of storm and then the blackness and darkness forever. They are left in the grip of the deluge of sin and sorrow, remorse, death and unending punishment. Caught in the maelstrom of iniquity they have sunk to the bottomless pit of woe. The derelict, once loved and cheered on its way, is abandoned to its doom with none to care.

"Some one shall cry and shall not be heard,
Vainly shall knock when the door is barred,
Some one shall fail of a rich reward --
Shall you? Shall I?

"Oh, I would not want to miss it,
Walking up those streets of gold,
With the saints and martyrs blood-washed
Playing on their harps of gold.

Oh, the music and the singing
Of that chorus will be grand,
When we meet and greet our loved ones
Over in that glory land!"

We must not miss it -- the rainbow around about the throne. And we need not miss it; for the rainbow is the message of hope through the grace of God.

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THE END