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HOLINESS, THE PRIDE OF GOD

By Lawrence B. Hicks

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THE SANCTIFIER AND THE SANCTIFIED

In the 17th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John and the 17th verse let me read these words to you. "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth." Then follow me to the Hebrew epistle, to the 2nd chapter and let us begin our reading with the 9th verse, "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man. For it became Him for whom are all things, by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering. For both he that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all one for which he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Now, may God add His blessing to the two texts out of the holy, inspired word of the Lord. One from the lips of the Divine Son of God, Christ Jesus Himself; inspired by the Divine Spirit, sent from the Divine Father; and the other one from the pen of St. Paul, the secretary or the amanuensis of the Holy Spirit, coming from the throne of the Father, testifying of that glorious state that we may enter into; wherein being sanctified, we are one with the Son, one with the Father, one with the great family in Heaven and earth named for the Son; given the ability to rejoice here and shout hereafter with the holy angels.

By the Grace of God and the enablement of the Holy Spirit, I shall try to bring to you another message on Entire Sanctification.

I remember when I used to go to Indian Springs Camp Meeting as a young Methodist preacher boy, the outstanding thing that thrilled my soul was the great pulpit giants like Dr. Henry Clay Morrison, Dr. John Church, Dr. Joseph Owen, Dr. John Owen, Dr. Butler and others

positively and clearly and precisely preached on the doctrine of "Second Blessing Holiness." No corners were rounded, no standards were lowered. Just the plain, simple fact that God would, and God could, and God did, not only convert men but God also sanctified them. Thank God for the glorious, marvelous truth of Second Blessing Holiness!

We are never complete spiritually, until we are sanctified wholly. Then we are fit candidates for Glory and ready for the Rapture, the Translation or whatever it is that God has in store for us.

When I think back over what I have learned about the doctrine of entire sanctification the first thing that arises into my mind is, various terms appear in the New Testament by which the doctrine is designated. One New Testament writer will call it "perfect love." John will inform us that "perfect love casteth out fear... He that feareth is not made perfect in love." If we will study just a little more on the terms of entire sanctification we will find that Paul calls it exactly that, entire sanctification or "sanctify you wholly." If you turn to the writings of some of the others, we may find it called "rest." Since the New Testament times there have been various names given to this holy doctrine. I do not know that the name matters so much as the experience does down in our hearts!

When I think a bit further, I am compelled to confess, that if there was no such doctrine and experiences of entire sanctification, there certainly seems there ought to be such a doctrine and experience! For there is a definite and conscious need in every man's heart to be sanctified wholly, after he has been justified. The person who contends that he "received it all in conversion can only rightly maintain that, "he got all that he got," in conversion. The difficulty is, he did not get everything there is to get, for Almighty God does want to make a second visitation to his heart and sanctify that man wholly.

If you will turn back into the Greek of the New Testament you will find that the word there used for "sanctify" was a word that means two things. First, it means "to consecrate" and another meaning is "to purify." It has been my idea that both of these meanings apply to the word "sanctify." One is the human side, the other is the Divine side. When God calls you to an Altar of Prayer to seek "holiness of heart," He wants you to altogether lay everything you have upon His Altar and in so doing consecrate, for time and eternity your living all! I am reminded of the story that may be just a bit hackneyed; it may be a bit worn, maybe you have heard it before. It perfectly illustrates consecration. An old washer-woman went to the Holiness Camp Meeting along with the wealthy folk; and knowing little but to rub out her living on a rub-board in a wooden tub of water and suds, went to the Altar to seek the Blessing of Holiness. And like a lot of us, stumbled and floundered and blundered and tried to pray, gaining very little ground with the Lord. The good, holy sanctified ladies who were praying for her began to get a little discouraged. They instructed her to put all, everything on God's Altar. They let her know that everything means friends, foes, family, occupation, in short, all she possessed in an earthly way. Having only one job, she got to her feet and walked away from the Altar. The people were most discouraged, thinking that she had found the price of consecration too high. At the afternoon service she returned and sat in a corner far back in the tabernacle. When the Call was made, following a holiness message, our washer-woman made her way back to the Altar carrying a wooden tub and a rub-board! She had brought her job with her to the Altar. This instrument of her labors she placed tenderly upon the

Mourner's Bench. She knelt weeping in front of it. The praying women saw what she was trying to do; get her occupation on the Altar! They next instructed her that she must, last of all, most important, cap the stack, put on the cap-stone, by placing herself above all else on the Altar. Taking them in a literal manner she arose and sat a-top the tub and rub-board! Needless to say the blessing came! Everything she had was on the Altar and she, herself atop the whole stack.

The Indian heard the old Methodist Circuit rider preach and fell under deep conviction for his sins. He got down by a rock and prayed clear through, God met his needs, forgave his sins and he was thoroughly regenerated. Returning to the Methodist revival with his heart full of his newly found love and grace, he was the marvel of many, as with a bright face he praised the Lord for saving grace! A year or so later another of that holy tribe, known as Methodist Circuit Riders, came by and preached in another revival meeting. For the first time the Indian, [who had been] saved a year now, heard of the blessed blessing of Entire Sanctification. As any truly born again soul, his heart at once reached out for this deeper Grace of God. He began to seek with all his heart. In his simple, somewhat primitive fashion, he began to follow the instructions he had heard the Minister give to other seekers about the long Altar. He went out onto the prairie. He drew a circle on the earth, [and] he said, "White fathers said, 'Indian must have Altar'. Altar be circle." He tossed in his knife, rifle, put his hunting dog and pony therein. Still no blessing fell. He walked around the circle a time or so. The thought shot to his heart, from Heaven, "What God wants is Indian." Stepping into the circle himself, dropping on his knees he was electrified by the inrush of the fire of the Holy Spirit. He let out one glad whoop after another, until the Army post thought the whole tribe was on the war path. No, he had just been sanctified wholly and had the war path taken completely out of him!

So, Beloved, you will know that if you are going to get sanctified you are going to enter into an "Altar Life." You are going to place everything you have, that you are, that you ever hope to be, on God's Altar. God has never failed a single, solitary person yet. God Almighty has always given what they sought, when they sought it in His will, fervently.

If the famous American evangelist of another generation, the famous Charles G. Finney, were preaching tonight, if he could walk back out of the silent portals of the tomb, following the style that he usually used, he would first tell you what sanctification was not. Next, he would inform you what sanctification was. Then, logically and clearly he would tell you how to be wholly sanctified.*

[*This does relate what Finney's mode of preaching was, but the choice of Finney as an example of how clearly one should persuade others of Holiness truth is a bad one. Finney was, in fact, unable to clearly instruct A. M. Hills and other students in his school on how to obtain the experience. And, Finney's belief about the essence of the sin-nature was off. His own baptism of with the Holy Ghost came very soon after his dramatic conversion, and he no doubt had the experience, but he was vague about how to obtain the second work of grace. -- DVM]

The first thing sanctification is not, is conversion. It starts even before conversion. It is never consummated in conversion. Sanctification is something apart from conversion. It may reach its climax fairly close to conversion. There is no absolute necessity for any long wandering in "the wilderness." It may take place the next minute after conversion, if a person wanted it to, and all

other conditions were met. If in the light of its truths, the blessing of holiness was sought one minute after one's conversion, I do not at all see it as impossible for God to then sanctify the seeker. However, it would still be a blessing of God's Grace after conversion. It may trail out to three, four, five or ten years after conversion ere the light breaks into the soul, yet, it would still be after conversion and subsequent thereto. If it does come in dying grace, as some profess it may, it would still come after conversion! And whether it came one one-hundredth of a second after conversion or one hundred years later, it would still be after conversion and would of necessity be a second blessing. It would be a blessing from God and would follow conversion.

Conversion and entire sanctification are different. There are different things that conversion does and certain definite things that sanctification does. One of the things that conversion does is, it puts a full stop to the sin business in your life. The Bible reads in I John 3:8, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." Now, if you have been genuinely born again you have quit all of your devilment! Don't run to an Altar and tell God that you have to be sanctified to prevent your skinning a man in a trade. Or telling lies, or spreading slander and malicious gossip, or running to all the worldly amusements the devil trots out. If you have been genuinely regenerated, that settled the sin business in your life. You went out of the sin business insofar as you know, in a converted life.

Permit no person to wrongly tell you that you must get sanctified wholly to overcome the world. In the fifth chapter of I John, in verse four, you may read, "For whosoever is born of God overcometh the world ..." The fellow who is not overcoming the world is definitely backslidden or has never been born of God. Beloved, if you have been born of God you overcome the world. A man came to me and said, "Brother Hicks, I can't live right; temptations are everywhere and the crowd I run with want me to go with them to questionable places." I replied, "My Brother, the difficulty with you is you are in the wrong crowd. You need to hunt another crowd to run with." Another may contend, "But Brother Hicks, if you had to live with my wife you couldn't make it either!" The difficulty with you is that you need to die out to that wife and get thoroughly saved and allow God to have His complete way in your affairs while you walk with God!

Moreover, if you are born of God you overcome the devil. Thank God, He takes care of His born again children! Again in I John 5:18, we read, "We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not."

So if you are born again, regenerated, converted, justified by God's Grace, you have stopped your outward meanness. When you get sanctified God operates in an entirely different manner. When you were born again God operated in the actions of your life. He stopped all the bad actions. You may have felt something rise up on the inside of you but you gritted your teeth and bit your lips and turned around and walked off, clenched your fist, wrung your hands. You said within your soul, "I cannot afford to hit that man or to say anything ugly to him for I have been saved and a saved person must turn the other cheek." You kept the victory insofar as outward actions were concerned, but there was a something down in your heart not unlike a seething cauldron! You held it down because "he that is born of God doth not commit sin."

Before you were sanctified, those of you who are sanctified, there may have been a tremendous pull on the inside of you trying to answer that stimulus on the outside that invited you to do something unethical. You may have walked your floor and fought over it and said, "I don't know whether this thing is wrong or right. I want it so badly. Yet I cannot do it because I do not believe a born again Christian would do it." And you did not do it. You were born again, and "whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." I remember how I used to love history when I was in school. Once a desire was strong within me to be a history teacher. I well remember that after God saved me, about six months later, there came a historic picture to the Franklin theater. I was approached to drive the automobile for friends to see that historic picture. They were all aware that I had distinct scruples against the theater. I walked the floor that afternoon and fought one of the hardest battles of my life. Satan informed me of my love for English history. The arguments arose that this picture was different. The enemy said, "You've read a lot of English history, and this is a story of an English king, you can go sit through the show and commit no sin whatever!" After some hours I was almost convinced to give in and go. Even at that early date in my experience in the way of Christ, the enemy did not fail to suggest that I was becoming too narrow. I decided that I would not go, then changed my mind and decided I would go, then was soon back on the negative side of the question and so on. Satan wants nothing better than to confuse the young child of God. But, somehow, thank God, that will within me sat on the bench of the tribunal and rapped its gavel and said, "You have been born of God, you may ruin your influence if you yield and go to this show." About an hour or so before time to leave I made a final decision, an emphatic "No!" O that awful battle of those long hours!

Now, may I show you what will and can take place if you are still having such battles as my "historic picture show battle." I was not sanctified when I fought that hard inner battle with temptation and by the help of God, won. The exterior temptation, a very real temptation to compromise the convictions the Lord had implanted in me when He had justified me six months prior, was present. That temptation was to see that historic English picture. Within my justified heart was a strong longing to see it. That longing would either overcome my conviction, subject my will and force me to yield and go to the theater or my convictions would stand, my will stand remain sovereign and I would not go. Will won, and I refused to yield. "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." I now clearly see it though I was much perplexed then. A converted soul, yet un sanctified, battles on two fronts in its warfare not to commit sin. The outward front of temptation, the inner front of motive and desire.

Now it seems to me that if there is another work of grace after conversion, called sanctification, when the Holy Spirit comes in all His fullness, it ought to do something with that inward warfare. That brings us to the plane where sanctification works, from the exterior to the interior. It brings it out of the action life to the motive life of the Christian. Brings it out of the outside down into the heart. Then we can say, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If the heart be clean, if the fountainhead be pure, every little rivulet that boils over the rim of the fountain will be clean and pure, like that that comes out of the fountain itself. There will not be that battle and that contention and warfare going on in the inside!

I remember after He sanctified me wholly at a quarter to eleven o'clock the 27th day of July, 1937, about six months after my "historic picture battle," He cleansed my desire life, my motive life, my "drive" life. From that day until this very moment anything may be spread on the

marquee of any theater, they can bring any historical show out they wish, Satan can say "Don't you want to see this, that or the other?" On the inside of my heart there has been and is something making my desire as dead as a coffin nail, there is no response, there is no want to! There has been cleansed out something down on the inside until I can say, "I am sanctified!" Blessed be God, forever.

Have you had your motive life purified?

Now, that is my introduction to the message the Lord has given me. Do not be discouraged, sometimes my introductions are about as long as the sermon! There are four things I want to call your attention to out of the eleventh verse of the second chapter of Hebrews. "Both he that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." If there is a text in the Bible that is "a sanctified text" that is it.

First there is the Sanctifier.

Secondly, there is that crowd called the sanctified.

Thirdly, there is the state of the sanctified.

Lastly, there is the "satisfaction that the Sanctifier has with the sanctified; and the sanctified have with the Sanctifier.

If you can keep that little "line of thought" back in your mind, and the Holy Ghost will continue to lay His thumb on my back, I believe that I can bring a message out of the Holy Word that will bless your hearts, make you hungry for the honey that hangs in the rocks of the Land of Beulah. Why would you stand today "on Jordan's stormy banks and cast a wistful eye to Canaan's fair and happy land, where your possessions lie?" Why not march in behind the Levites, as when the soles of their sandaled feet touched the river's tide and it rolled back, [spiritually] walk behind them, drop twelve stones of testimony in Jordan's bed, come through on the other side into the rolling wheat field of the Land of Promise! Shout, "I've reached the land of corn and wine and all its riches are fully mine!" Climb to the highest promontory in the sweet land and view Heaven's fairer clime in the happy anticipation of the glad hour when He will rapture you to its many mansioned home forever. Cut a wave offering off the choicest grain and as you wave it heavenward shout, "I've reached the land of Corn and Wine, and all its riches are freely mine!" Rush quickly to the back side of the wheat field to the grape arbors of the land, trailing gracefully from the verdant trees, where the rich, blue blood of the grape is draining on the stones as the slender tendrils of the vine blow in the wind raking its fruit hither and yon on the razored edges of the rocks. Smell the musk thereof, partake of the luscious bounties thereof and shout, loudly enough for all to hear, "I've reached the land of Corn and Wine and all its riches are fully mine!" Be you delighted in the things of God! Enjoy the fullness of the Land of Canaan. Seek out the tallest palm tree that stands therein and pitch your abode beneath it, hang a pomegranate vine on a lattice over your window to cast the smell of sweet odors into your bedroom. While every happy bird in the land is caroling sweet songs to the moonbeams by night, sleep you in the rest that belongs to the people of God! -- looking toward an eternal sunrise that shall break, rosy-bosomed, in that glad morning of the Day of the Lord, when all of God's saints shall get loose from all the trailings and

trappings of this mundane land and climb up the golden stairs and down the golden streets of Heaven's sweet home!

My text began by saying, "For both he that sanctifieth..." When I think about who it is that sanctifieth, I am blessed. Some folks say that the Church does the sanctifying. Not so, according to this contest. Some folks say this thing does the sanctifying, others attribute it to some other power, but the text says, "He that sanctifieth." I suppose the context there to refer to God the Father, but I have always felt that each one of the Three Persons of the Trinity had a part in my sanctification. Back yonder in the council rooms of eternity, God the Father conceived the full plan of redemption and blueprinted it. Paul wrote about it thousands of years later in the first Chapter of Ephesians and told about our being "chosen in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy without blame before Him in love." Luke had written before that, and had spoken of our "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." Therefore, God the Father planned this blessing. When God looked over the battlements of Glory and saw man sin in the Garden of Eden, He reached back into one of the vaults in the golden archives of Heaven, and unlocked a secret box that no angel had ever looked into. From the eternal purposes of His own infinite mind God brought forth the plans and blueprints and spread it out on a bejeweled table in Glory, and called the other Two of the Godhead about it, placed His finger on it, and outlined the glorious part each was to play in that redemptive scheme. He could have said, "I already have it fixed. Each of You have a part in the restoration that I propose to make of the wreck and ruin of man. We are going into the Earth, meet Satan on his own domain, defeat his vile intrigues, undo all that he has by deceit done, and in the fullness of our own time restore all to its original beauty, purity and usefulness." He may have added, "Though I am now forced to curse the very ground because of this wicked affair of Satan until it will flourish in briars, thistles and weeds; in the end I will see to it that it shall bloom as the rose;" and though I am going to permit a ravenousness to come into the beast, in the end I will remove it from him so that "the lion and the ox will eat straw together." Though I have to put the serpent on his belly, crawling, eating dust, carrying a poison beneath his tongue, one day I will bruise his head until he will free his victims. One glad day I will dispatch my angel to take Satan by the nape of the neck and drop him into a bottomless pit, lay a large rock thereon and forget where he is imprisoned for a thousand years; while I make everything wholly new on that earth.

"Then when I get to the person of mankind that has become depraved and has gone away from my paths, I will perform my works of Grace on him, and through the seed of Eve, the first mother of all living, until I will restore him to true holiness and righteousness. I am going to send you, My Son, to be that Seed! Then when you are finished with the earth portion of Your work and report back to my courts of all you have accomplished while there, I am going to dispatch You, My Spirit of Power, to abide in that which He has purchased with the ransom of His own Blood. That ransomed thing will by then have been bought with the price on My Son's Blood, it will be dedicated and consecrated as My Living, breathing, moving temple to be your abode while you administer my Covenant in the Age of Grace on the earth. And the Three of Us, by our Almighty and Everlasting Power will bring those holy beings, your Temples, back here to our Glory, and for our Glory, abide forever with them! We will cradle them all in the arms of love, we will kiss them with our own sweet kisses, we will wash their souls in the Blood of the Lamb, we will

rapture them by the eternal power of the Holy Spirit. We will welcome and place them onto the hillsides of Glory and tell them to forever enjoy themselves in the matchless things of God!

"Now! Draw your flaming sword, Powerful angel and flash away like the jettisoned lightning, drop to Eden's crumbling gate and set your watch. Forbid man ever on earth again to set foot within his mortgaged inheritance! When I have completed my golden cycle, millenniums later, and have successfully conquered the devil, I will introduce man into a fairer garden, via a more beautiful gate, one of solid pearl, and grant him to sit by My river of the water of life. I will open the pathway in that hour to that great tree of life with its various fruits. I will make its leaves to heal all disease in that day! I will return him one day, blood-washed and blood-bought and blood-sanctified and blood-hallowed and blood-resurrected and blood-raptured and blood-redeemed and I will turn him loose inside Heaven and he will be sanctified forever. For that cause I will never be ashamed of him, as long as eternity shall run."

God said to Moses, "When you write the Book of Leviticus write it down distinctly, 'I am a holy God, be ye holy also.'" When Simon Peter was on this side of the day of Pentecost, fire baptized, Spirit-filled, and had suffered long enough, one night as he acted as God's amanuensis, writing on a parchment scroll by the flickering light of a candle, the Spirit whispered to his heart, "Quote Moses in Leviticus 11:44, and restate, 'Be ye holy; for I am holy.'"

Where does the Father enter into our sanctification? He drew the plans, it is He that commands it; He furnished all the resources necessary to make you holy.

Where does the Son, the Lord Jesus Christ enter into it? in the fullness of time there was a little Jewish maiden; and a great angel appeared to her and saluted her with, "Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women. Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God... The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that Holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." A bit later God's angelic representative appeared to her husband and pronounced the sweetest name that mortal tongue ever told, the sweetest sound that ere came to mortal ear, the blessed name of JESUS. He instructed the Carpenter, "thou shalt call His Name Jesus: for he shall save His people from their sins." He was to be God's second and greatest Joshua. He was to lead us into a spiritual land the counterpart of that physical Canaan yet far outranking it in loveliness permanency and delight!

This Joshua, our Blessed Lord Jesus the Christ, was to one day ascend a barren rocky way, "Via Dolorosa," and on the brow of that skull-like elevation become an eternal sacrifice that He might redeem us all in His own blood, that He might wash away every defilement in that holy blood, thus removing every stain of sin that ever had been in the race of mankind!

Long years prior to the salutation in Judea a holy prophet had dipped his pen in the ink horn and had written under Divine order, "there shall be opened in the house of David a fountain for sin and for uncleanness." Another prophet had reached out into the realms of inspiration and pulled down the glittering letters and flung them on a parchment, forming the holy promise of: "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver."

There had walked out of the Judean wilderness, a gaunt, tall preacher, saying, "I am the forerunner of One who is coming after me. I am not worthy to bear His shoes. I am to baptize you in Jordan's waters, but when He arrives He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Out of the wilderness came a strange Galilean one day, and walking directly to John he said, "I must needs be baptized of thee!" The Baptist recognizing Him, backed off and said, "I am not worthy to baptize thee." That sweet Galilean said, "Do not so talk. It behooves us thus to fulfill all righteousness."

As this lovely Galilean was leaving the holy waters of baptism, suddenly there came the thunderous Voice of the Eternities, "This is my beloved Son!" Following this reverberating Voice that broke from the ethereal vault of the Heavens, brighter shining than the noon-day sun there fluttered down on the Baptized One a beautiful dove, the visible embodiment of the Blessed Holy Spirit of God. All Three Persons of the Trinity had united on earth in that mission of Oneness, to redeem a fallen Race. The glorious Messiah had come to lead all men toward one fold and under one Shepherd.

After thirty-three years [Actually it was some 3 years, not 33. -- DVM] of touching blinded eyes and giving strength to deformed ankles and restoring dead men to life again, this blessed Shepherd of the Sheep laid off the shepherd's robe and put on the fleece of the lamb, laid a cross instead of a crook on His shoulder, and as, "a lamb to the slaughter, and sheep before her shearers is dumb" went to His death to grant us "redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace," and suffering outside the gate that "He might sanctify the people with His own blood." So, you see two parts of the Godhead tied into the "He that sanctifieth." Father who planned it, and the Son who bought it, giving the merit for it, lifting it from the theoretical to the possible!

The last night that the Lord spent with His own prior to His agony, He said that upon His return to His Father, "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." In just a few days after that promise was uttered by the Savior it was gloriously filled. The disciples and a few others had gathered together in an upper room in the city of Jerusalem. Perhaps they might have been fearful, anyhow they were in an extended prayer meeting. They had prayed through and "suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a mighty rushing wind and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." And so on down through the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. In this passage from God's Holy Writ you begin to see the Divine Spirit, the Blessed Holy Spirit, beginning His earth work in God's gracious plan of redemption.

Let us review a bit. When you get sanctified, God the Father brings His powerful will to bear on you. When you get sanctified, God the Son operates His blood on you. When you get sanctified, God the Holy Ghost brings His sweet indwelling Presence to your heart; in so doing the Spirit crowds out everything that is contrary to the Divinity of the Almighty. He immediately sets up His throne room in your soul. He suddenly purifies the heart by faith, every motive, every urge, every drive, every passion, and over that cleansed domain, rules as God's governor so completely

that the devil may search over your soul, scrutinize your conscience, and be forced to admit that he is unable to find one black blot or particle of carnality remaining! The Holy Ghost will constantly abide in your heart, bringing all the precious benefits of the Father and the Son with Him. He will whisper sweet love stories to you in the night time, He will sing with you in the day time, and will cause you to walk with the King with every step growing brighter, with every step growing lighter, with every step leading higher until the dusty roads of men will evolve into the golden avenues of Heaven. He in His conscious abiding presence will cause that which you have viewed afar to become real when you shall step inside that City of God, all because He has sanctified and we have become one together in Christ! For that very cause He was not ashamed of us here and Jesus will be unashamed of us in the world to come. Thank God for the Sanctifying Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

Another point about the Sanctifier is that He has never found anything too big or too hard or too involved for Him yet! Thank God for that. There has never been a case too hard for Him. Some of the modern, divine healing meetings we hear so much of these days find cases too difficult for them. Not so with the Sanctifier, the Godhead. Never one solitary case, of any sort, did He ever have brought to Him that was too difficult. It will never be so across all of eternity. He will never meet the unsolvable.

There is the corpse of a lad that lies on the bottom of the sea. A submarine sent a torpedo into his ship and he with other helpless ones sank into a watery tomb. That lad had prayed clear through at a little country church in the mountains of West Virginia ten years before, while just a lad in his early teens. That wonderful night the Holy Ghost had come to introduce sanctifying love into his soul. For those ten years he had walked in the King's highway. His last breath, as he sank beneath the "pitiless wave" had been a committing his spirit to his God who had given it. His body has been crossed over by a thousand fishes. The blue dungaree has long since rotted away. He has slept there with a blue blanket five miles thick as his covering. But on that great resurrection morning, in the silent bivouac of the holy dead, God will send a holy trumpeter to stand on yon silver-lined fleecy cloud and blow a loud note whose shivering waves will drift down through the waters as well as the land. The last great parade will be forming, the stretching grounds of Glory will be ready. The Great King in all His splendor will be in the reviewing stand of the skies. When those long notes of reveille strike the blue ocean they will settle down through tide and wave to the coral bed of that sailor lad. As when his West Virginia mother awakened him, her first-born blue eyed, golden-haired baby boy, with the good-morning kisses of motherhood, he will bestir himself, and parting the waves above him will ascend, appearing not unlike a white flash of lightning, fully arrayed in the fine white linen choir robes of Heaven. He will be ready to join the risen from both land and sea as they join that choir by the glassy sea as they sing the first Hallelujah Anthem on that day! All because the power of the sanctifier had reached him one sweet day at an altar of prayer.

Moses was dead. God had ordered the angels to go for his body. Jude records the fact that Satan came around for the same purpose. An argument ensued. Jude uses the word "contended." The angels seemed to lack the authority to carry out their purpose alone. They said to him, "The Lord rebuke thee!" I do not know if the Lord had to do so, but he did come personally at this issue. In Deuteronomy 34:6 the record is, "And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." May I use my sanctified

imagination, (and if we are sanctified our imagination is also sanctified) and listen in on that final settling of the dispute over "the body of Moses"? God could have taken the devil and could have placed His holy foot on the back of his unholy neck, and have said to him, "I have come down to take over all this affair! My servant Moses is dead according to my plan. I am going to carry him back to Glory in my time and in my way and in my order. Be still; until I deposit his body in the safety of the lap of the earth and place his spirit into the chariot to send it to "Abraham's bosom"! Praise God for the power of the Sanctifier.

Here is a woman who has the most awful temper! She used to crack her husband's head with a skillet and give the neighbors a piece of her tongue, and get hateful and cantankerous generally. She used to do the very ugliest things she could think. One day at a little white Meeting house by a country road, she fell under conviction, prayed mightily and was gloriously regenerated. She was no sooner back home than she fell to apologizing with all her strength. Crooked ways were straightened, hurt feelings mollified, and bitter words taken back. Thank God for the restitution of regeneration.

That old ugly, mean, carnal temper, Satan's tool toward her backsliding kept a-boiling in her mind at the slightest provocation. After a tiresome, "up and down" life for some years, filled with broken vows to the Savior, agonies of repentance, and more apologies she was invited to a Holiness Camp Meeting. With the clear notes of a silver bell on a frosty morn, a preacher with a shining face and a honey-dipped tongue, told of a land beyond a river marked in all Spiritual Geographies as "The Land of Beulah." She looked about her in the next service and saw a hundred saints with faces a-glow, reflecting a Heavenly Sunlight. She saw their lifted hands, watched be-diamonded tears course down bright cheeks; heard their glad voices blend into a sweet melody; listened to inspired tongues form delightful words of:

"I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

"Is not this the land of Beulah?
Blessed, Blessed land of light;
Where the flowers bloom forever
And the sun is always bright?

"I can see far down the mountains,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey,
By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,

But the Spirit lead unerring
To the land I hold today."

Almost overcome by longing and hunger, and passion, to be like them, she caught her breath as the full-voiced throng swelled into the chorus.

She gripped the pew before her, as the song gained momentum, and the holy fervor of the songsters mounted with the rising tide of a Holiness Camp Meeting! With a wail, like that of a broken hearted lover, she broke into the happy song, wild, hot tears a-rushing, icy fingers of death clutching heart and throat, she staggered toward that blessed place of help, the Mourner's Bench of a Holiness Camp Meeting!

The battle was joined by carnality and the devil. Soon the smoke hung low! Three long days it raged while, three times a day, at every "Altar Call," she beat a trail to the Mourner's Bench. The Anxious Seat was her abode between times. Finally, that awful opposition in her soul gave his last surge of life! God seemed to reach into the nethermost regions of her bosom and like placing a corkscrew into a cork, lifted that dark, ugly thing out and flung it into oblivion! A moment of sweet agonizing silence ensued, the gush of healing waters, like liquid gold filled its place in her heart! She returned home to let the skillet occupy its rightful place, her words to be gentle and sweet, wreathed with the sweet vines of her habitation, Canaan Land.

Instead of the shrill maledictions, there floated over her hedge to the neighbor's surprised ear:

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

Thank God for the power of the Sanctifier. He can take out the quarrel and put in a song, he can take out the darkness and set in light, he can take out the grumbling and set in the murmur of waters at eventide, he can take out the bitter and put in the sweet, he can take out the gall and put in the honey, he can take it all out and put in Himself to abide forever!

Here is an old skinflint that has deprived everyone about him of their money, has gambled on the dog races and the horse races and the auto races and the prize fights and has drunk beer and cursed and committed adultery and has been guilty of too many other sins to catalogue! He, under the slaying conviction of the Spirit gets to an Altar. He quits the dog racing, the horse racing, the prize fights, the beer drinking, the adultery and all other "works of darkness." God saves him instantly! Yet down on the inside he still carries a twisted, warped, dark bent to evil. A "prone to wander." A constant warfare within, His pride was a constant thorn in his flesh, always demanding the attire of the sports world, or the wasteful habits of "high living," or the defeats in testifying to

the lost! Many were the failures. Many the bitter tears over the inability to glorify God with a positive, victorious life and testimony. One day he saw his need. He set his resolution to seek God's face to satisfy that need. He fell at a Holiness Camp Meeting's penitent form and laid bare his heart and innermost soul before God! Soon the swelling, sanctifying rivers of Heaven's sweet waters broke over Jordan's stormy banks and swept away his "old man with his deeds," uprooting every foul weed of habit and tree of sin, washing out deep gorges in his soul! Every bridge to the wilderness was washed away, every tie to "life's other side" was broken. His little barque was lashed far over in a bottom in Canaan Land and left there forever by the receding flood! He uttered the heart moving cry, "Lord Save, I perish!" Jesus moved in, stilled the storm, removed carnality afar off, turned his heavy purse wrong-side out, implanting the Tithing desire at the same time within him and gloriously sanctified him! His joyous whoops and shouts rent the air of the vanishing storm. Sanctified by the Spirit, he was truly satisfied! Again we have seen the power of the Sanctifier.

A little French noblewoman named Jeanne Marie Bouvieres de la Mothe Guyon lived away back in wicked, dark, sinful 17th century France. A court favorite, she got in contact with the French Mystics and Pietists. She saw a need for a more perfect surrender to all the loving will of Providence. She was wholly sanctified, about twelve years after her conversion, on July 22nd in 1680! She suffered in the Bastille, next door to the cell of the famous "man with the iron mask." She had her food slipped under her door twice daily. As the months wore them into years, and the spiders spun their webs across the bars, she sat and sang sweetly to her maid and to Jesus songs of her own writing;

"A little bird I am,
Shut out from field or air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee."

Tongue fails in its oratory to extol the tributes due to that little French Catholic saint who had the blessing so wonderfully that she testified "the very stones of my prison shine like rubies!" That is convincing evidence that the Divine Sanctifier is powerful enough, gracious enough, willing enough to sanctify you until jails cannot starve it away from you, clubs cannot beat it out of you, hatchets cannot hack it out of you, the sword cannot sunder it from you, the martyr's fire can burn it out of you, the waters of death cannot strangle it out of you, folk cannot talk it out of you, the devil cannot cajole it out of you, an earthquake cannot shake it out of you, because the great Sanctifier has sanctified you and has made you all one with Him! For that very cause He is not ashamed of you and you are not ashamed of Him! Glory be to our God for the power of the Sanctifier!

If He is thoroughly satisfied with you and you are satisfied with Him and by the Grace of God you have girded up your loins for the run to glory.

The holy fire soon spread into Germany and fell into a group called Moravians. A group of them were in ship bound for the new world of America. On the same ship was a little Episcopalian

preacher named John Wesley. His mission was to convert the heathen Indians. His heart cry was, "Woe is me, I go to convert the Indians, but who shall convert me?"

In mid-ocean the wild tempest arose. Waves ran mountain high. Fear stole over his soul. Panic overspread his heart. He feared to die. Walking to the cabin he saw the Moravians in calmness at worship, singing the Psalms. Their souls seemed to contrast the tempestuous seas without. Like a placid lake in the moonlight they smiled and rejoiced in the security of faith. That scene was indelibly stamped on his heart never to be removed.

On his return to England after much trouble in Georgia, he fell into the fellowship of another Moravian, Peter Boehler. This saint informed Wesley that he needed his "philosophy purged away." He instructed his Episcopalian friend in the glorious doctrine of "salvation by faith" and instructed him to "preach faith until you get faith." One night, in a street called Aldersgate, as one was reading from Luther's preface to the Book of Romans, at "a quarter to nine in the evening," Wesley felt his own "heart strangely warmed." He felt then and there that he personally trusted Christ for the forgiveness of my sins and he had entered in the experience of the New Birth.

A number of years later at Snowsfield, in the evening of Sunday, December 23, 1744, while reading prayers from the Book of Common Prayer, he recorded in his Journal, "I found such light and strength as I never remember to have had before. I saw every thought as well as action or word, just as it was rising in my heart; and whether it was right before God, or tainted with pride or selfishness, I never knew before what it was to be still before God."

On Christmas Day following he wrote, "I walked by the grace of God, in the same spirit; and about eight, being with two or three that believed in Jesus, I felt an awe and tender 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!'" I am convinced that here, John Wesley, father of Methodism, entered Canaan Land by "entire sanctification, the second blessing, rightly so-called. The fire soon leaped the Atlantic with a follower of Wesley, Francis Asbury. He was consecrated the first Bishop of American Methodism and mounting his horse rode down "the long road," ordaining preachers, setting up outposts for God, and preaching sanctification as a second work of God's grace. Soon under the challenging preaching of Asbury and his colleague in arms, a holiness revival broke over the wilderness of America. William McKendree, a backwoods preacher, self-read and aflame with holy love, coming from Fountain Head, near what is now Portland, Tennessee, was consecrated by Asbury, as Bishop. Indefatigably McKendree took to "the long road" with the venerable Asbury, until the day of his departure drew nigh.

On a March afternoon in 1835, he testified, as he neared the chilly river, "I wish that matter to be perfectly understood, that all is well with me, whether I live or die." Soon the chariot of holy deliverance went over the everlasting hills and the second Bishop of American Methodism, features calm and lovely, slept in the bosom of Jesus. What made it so? Half a century earlier sanctifying love had reached his soul.

In August of 1946 I went with a great-nephew of Bishop McKendree, out into the bramble overgrown McKendree cemetery near Fountain Head, Tennessee. I dropped onto my knees as near

the spot as I could ascertain where his saintly dust had been exhumed and removed to a crypt at Vanderbilt University, and fervently prayed, "O Lord, if you will permit just a little of the mantle of William McKendree to fall on Lawrence B. Hicks, I will utterly be faithful to preach second blessing holiness wherever I go over this land!"

Time would fail me to tell of that saintly band called the "Sanctified." There is Inskip, there is Peck, there is Mallelieu, there is Hamline, there is Wood, -- Glory be to God for that sanctified crowd! There is Beverly Carradine and there are all the rest of them. Hallelujah be to God we are in a glorious heritage. Every step we take toward our Heavenly Home, we do so in the sweet communion of the saints of God about us, the Blessed Holy Ghost of God abiding within us, and entourage of angels floating above us, that precious love-light of God beckoning beacon-like in front of us, the aroma of Heaven drifting like that of spices from off Ceylon's Isle over the walls of the New Jerusalem, where soon by the grace of God and the shed blood of the Lamb, and the abiding power of the Holy Spirit we shall make it inside! O the tremendous power of the Sanctifier.

Now we will take a look at the Sanctified. There must be a crowd called the Sanctified. The Bible in our text of Hebrews 2:11 so declares, "and they that are sanctified." He did not designate these "sanctified" as "the have beens" or as "the will bees," but, he called them "the sanctified"! He did not use the pluperfect nor the future. He did not use the perfect nor the past, but he used the glorious present participle and called them "the sanctified." They have it settled at an altar prayer, they have changed states. They have walked out of a state of warfare into one of sweet peace. They have marched out of the wilderness wandering into the establishment of Canaan's Land. They have walked out of the unrest of the roads of struggle into "that rest that remaineth to the people of God." They have changed states.

The faces of the Sanctified have changed until instead of a frown they are wreathed with a smile. Their faces have changed until instead of the scowl there has come a bright light. They have changed, by the grace of God, from a life filled with a carnality to a life of the Spirit-filled. Where their hearts were once black with the soot of the carnal mind they are now whiter than the driven snow!

They have walked out on a pedestal with God. They have locked hands with the Sanctifier. They have bowed down in front of God's Altar and God has sanctified them wholly. They can now square their breasts to the world, and square their breasts to the devil, and square their breasts to a dead ecclesiasticism called the Church, and profess, "I have walked in the light, I have had fellowship with Him, and right now His blood cleanseth me from all sin!"

They became tired of leaning on the broken staff of lies and have leaned on "the everlasting arms." Their appetites became tired of the manna and they crossed over into Canaan Land, and found the next morning after they were in, "the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land." Yea, Beloved, they changed their diet from manna to corn!

They had swapped the quail flesh that had worked out of their nostrils, for the Grapes and the honey in rock of Beulah! Growing tired of the sparse desert grasses of the wilderness state they have waded, knee-deep in the rich, lush pastures of Canaan. Fattened with all of God's Canaan

grazed and stall-fed, they are now for the translation into the Glory World. Praise God for the Sanctified!

They have gone away from the congregation afflicted with the "muligrubbs," and have joined King David's band that have danced in the streets until many jealous Michals have poked fun at them. They have cried back, between shouts, "Hold your peace! We may do far worse next time we are in Camp Meeting!" They have received a "Hallelujah" down in their hearts that they cannot control. It has often boiled up, light as thistle down, and escaped them and has echoed and re-echoed and reverberated around the hills until the devil has often thought a whole army was upon him. O they have changed states, if you please.

Their hair is the same color, their eyes have not changed but there is a sparkle there, a hallelujah on their lips, a spring in their heels, a glory in their souls, a wide open way in front of them, a dazzling sunlight about them. There are ten thousand sweet bird's caroling by the way. Beulah's highways are their roads, Beulah homes their dwellings, and Beulah delights their recreations! They have changed states if you please! Happily they sing:

"Is not this the Land of Beulah?
Blessed, Blessed land of light;
Where the flowers bloom forever
And the sun is always bright."

The Sanctified have sat at the feet of the Great Teacher, The Holy Spirit, and have learned their lesson in Sacred Geography. They have graduated from the chart readings of the Wilderness and have studied the maps of Canaan. They have gathered around their great Teacher, the Holy Spirit, and have had a thorough course in Holy Architecture. They have forgotten the tents and the booths of the Wilderness and have inherited Houses in Canaan that they need not build. They have had a course in Divine Husbandry. They have ceased to care for the old gnarled trees with bitter plums and have gone to sit beneath vines and fig trees they did not plant. They have exchanged the better for the best.

They have had a smattering of Divine aeronautics, they have left the low-grounds for Heaven's Tableland, where the sun has broken through the mists and the clouds and ripped open his robe and shown the glory he has borrowed from the face of God!

The Sanctified have seen the smile of their Heavenly Father in every dew drop of the morning. They have read his love signals in the twinkle of every evening star. They have seen his unbreakable promises in a thousand rainbows lovely forms, vanishing amid the storms.

The Sanctified are ready to march like men of war around Jericho until each stone in the walls can stand no longer the Holy, treasured tread, and rips itself from the bond of mortar and flings itself at their holy, beautiful feet with an invitation to pillage the City. They are ready to rid themselves of the "golden wedge," of "the Babylonish garment," and with battle-tested blade compel Ai to take to his heels! They are certain that the Canaanite, the Hittite, the Jebusite and all other "ites" will in like glorious manner be routed before the power of their God! Until Canaan Land is fully possessed as their living one!

Are you in that crowd called "The Sanctified"? If you are not, lay aside this book and drop to your knees, making an altar of whatever is at hand, and pray through to God's sanctifying Grace, the second blessing rightly so called!

Now having seen the Glorious Sanctifier, and the lovely Sanctified, let us take a look at the State of the Sanctified. We discover in our text that they, that both the Sanctifier and the Sanctified "are all one." Is not that Lovely? The Sanctifier and the Sanctified are one! That overcomes my imagination. I must step back, as Billy Sunday once said, and confess "my brain staggers for a metaphor!" I see it impossible to adequately describe the state that exists between the Sanctifier and the Sanctified.

A good description of this glorious state, that I believe I have found is to liken it unto the holy estate of marriage. Down yon aisle walks the lovely bride. She is attired in her most gorgeous and beautiful robes. Her cheeks have borrowed a bit of the blush of the June rose. Her lips have usurped the color of the cherry. As she walks, her Auburn tresses catch each selfish ray of light from the many hued casement. It is her loveliest and most beautiful hour! That day she is to marry her Beloved. At the altar awaits that man of her choosing. Side by side they face God's holy representative, the Pastor. Slowly, meaningfully they plight one another their troth. With a careful, tender joining of right hands they are pronounced "man and wife together 'till death do you part"! They turn to walk away feeling deeply, in their hearts fully bursting with love, that "what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." They are no longer twain but are now one flesh forever!

The spiritual counterpart is Sanctification. The Father, Almighty God, allowed His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to come to this world; the fairest of ten thousand, the bright and morning Star, the Lily of the Valley, Sharon's most lovely Rose; to seek His Bride, the church. The Writer in the Song of Solomon foresaw it, and penned it thus: "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the rose, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please. The voice of my Beloved; Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My Beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold He standeth by our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself at the lattice. My Beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up my love, my fair one and come away."

So the Savior-Bridegroom comes. In the love-bowers a holy Bride awaits. The Savior-Bridegroom is a Kinsman Redeemer. He by His own precious blood pays a ransom off, redeems His future beloved in His own blood. She takes full advantage of that and is wholly regenerated and now fit to be the Bride. In her total consecration she puts off the homespun rags of slavery and bedecks her in the pure robes of holiness.

The Great Father of the Universe now, proposed to unite, the Bride, the Holy Church, to His Son. The full and final vows are said. The contracts duly formed and entered into in good faith. She now belongs to Him. She is His espoused one forever. She walks away by His side. He commands to the devil, "Keep your slimy hands off, I am the Prince of Beulah. I will take her through your thinning ranks clear to the Glory World." The Sanctifier and Sanctified have become one.

In that perfect state of Oneness they enter into a state where the hearts of the Sanctified are purified. That settles the motive life completely. From now on there is a sweet and soul-whisper of "I Love Him, I Love Jesus, I Love Him, I Love Jesus," from morn till eventide. "Let Him not look in my eyes and see the slightest attraction for any other!" "Let Him look into my soul and see an eager response to Him, for I love Him, I love Him, I love Him." Let me whisper to Him when I'm in trouble, let me sing to Him when I am happy. Let me pour my burdens out before Him. Let me share with Him my troubles. Let Him share with me His power. Let me share with Him my grief. Let Him share with me His joy. Let me share with Him my ugliness. Let Him share with me His beauty. Let me share with Him my littleness. Let Him share with me His tenderness. Glory be to God! We are become One! One in motive, one in purpose, one in heart! "For he that sanctifieth and they which are sanctified are all one." Hallelujah!

Pure in Motive. Pure in heart, and last of all, pure in life. The man that loves his wife enough will never do anything intentionally to grieve her heart. The person that loves the Redeemer deeply enough will never do anything knowingly to wound the Redeemer's heart. He has shed enough Blood! How I would run to do so if I could close every wound and mollify each sore!

Then in closing, the Satisfaction of Sanctifier with the Sanctified. Then the satisfaction of the Sanctified with the Sanctifier. I am satisfied tonight. The Blest Redeemer stood here with me tonight. Each time you had a "shouting spell" I would turn around to Him and say "Savior, don't let me be proud of this because you are doing it." I sort of felt like a time or so during the message that if I could get out of the way and just let Him be here ... O bless His holy sweet Name! I am satisfied with Him. I don't want anything else. I don't desire anything else. And last time He whispered a love note to me He said, "Son, I am satisfied with you." I do not care if Dr. Psychiatrist at that hospital would class me as a fool! I would be all right. I have been a-hearing Jesus talk a long time now. I was lying last night in the bed, didn't feel well physically. I said "Lord," and He answered "Yes." And I said, "Lord, do you love me?" And He said "Yes, I love you." And I responded, "I love you too!" and we had a good time. I am not boasting tonight when I tell you that I do not know what it is to whisper "Lord Jesus," and not get that word, "yes," in answer.

Satisfied, for what does the world hold for the sanctified anyhow? What would John D. Rockefeller's heir want to come to a tumbled down shack in the mountains? For what would I want to leave the state of the sanctified to revel in the swine pen of damnation? You feel that you are not fully satisfied with what you possess? You should get what the sanctified of God have! You would soon give up what you have, for what they've got! I know that is not "good English," but you understood it, didn't you? O my Beloved, the state of the sanctified is a satisfaction. The glorious thing about it all is that it works.

If you the unsanctified will come to seek the sanctified, the Lord will take you the unsanctified and turn you into the sanctified. And then you who were the unsanctified may go away among the sanctified. I have another little secret that I want to drop in, "For by one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." Sanctification will never wear out, "perfected forever."

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THE END