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**THE PENTECOSTAL PROMISE
and
WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF**

By Henry Orton Wiley

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BACK COVER TEXT

Here are prime examples of Dr. Wiley's ability as a Bible expositor. The Pentecostal Promise was an Investiture Day address at Pasadena College. "We All Do Fade as a Leaf" was preached at Wiley Temple, Beulah Park, Santa Cruz, California, upon occasion of the tenth anniversary of the founding of Beulah Park.

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01 -- THE PENTECOSTAL PROMISE

The sixty-second chapter of Isaiah was given to us by Dr. P. F. Bresee as a "college chapter," and for many years it has been used as the subject of Investiture Day addresses. I have used it for thirty-five years at Pasadena and Northwest Nazarene colleges, sometimes as an exposition of the entire chapter, at other times as subjects drawn from its various sections. The truths found in this chapter are inexhaustible. For my last Investiture Day address I asked the privilege of using the exposition that I first gave, some thirty-five years ago.

Isaiah, the prophet, after his marvelous experience in the Temple, carried an ever-deepening spiritual burden for God's chosen people. This he expresses in the earnest resolve found in the first verse of the chapter. "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." Zion was the religious capital of Palestine, and Jerusalem its political capital, yet both were one. For the first, Isaiah determined not to hold his peace; and for the second, he would not rest until his prayer was answered and his goals attained. For the one, his goal was righteousness as brightness; for the other, salvation as a lamp that burneth.

Light is produced in two ways, by reflection in a mirror or as a flame enkindled around a wick. The old-fashioned tallow candles which our grandmothers used to make from molds were very meaningful to me as a source of light. I have watched the great drops of tallow run down the side of the candle like the tears of sorrow; and I have watched the candle become warped and misshapen by the heat as it burned low, but all the time it was giving light to those in the house. "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." If it is to be a source of light, the fiery flames of the Spirit must be kindled round it; and the teardrops of sorrow will fall, and the body become warped and misshapen in the process. Christ's form was more marred than any man, and in the agony of the garden He sweat as it were great drops of blood; but out of this humiliation and suffering there shined "the light of the world."

Four things stand out clearly in this prophetic chapter: (I) The Pentecostal Experience; (II) Pentecostal Prayer; (III) Pentecostal Aggressiveness; and (IV) The Pentecostal Message.

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I. THE PENTECOSTAL EXPERIENCE

Thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God. Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married (Isa. 62: 2b-4).

These verses portray the richness of experience in grace, as indicated by (1) The New Name; (2) The Crown of Glory; (3) The Royal Diadem; (4) The Riches of His Abiding Presence.

1. The New Name. "Thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name." This refers to the experience of regeneration, or what is more popularly called "the new birth." The child "born of the Spirit," and "born from above," is given a new name, and with it a new spiritual nature. This our Lord makes clear when He says, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The new birth is the infusion of life into a soul dead in trespasses and sins.

2. The Crown of Glory. "Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord." The child of God has an inheritance; there is something additional to be done for him, and hence the writer says, "Thou shalt also be a crown of glory." God through Christ provides not only for the new birth but also for the full regnancy of redeemed manhood. Back of that crown of glory, in the far distance, we see the crown of thorns which our Lord in humiliation wore for us. We are told that a thorn is merely a bud that has failed to develop. If so, what an explanation this is of the blighted hopes, the thwarted purposes, and the unfulfilled longings which have troubled the people of God and become thorns in the social structure of the world! But our Lord gathered up all these blighted hopes and these thwarted purposes and these unfulfilled longings and braided them into a crown of thorns which was placed upon His head for us; and for the people of God every hope will be ultimately realized, every purpose fulfilled, and every longing fully satisfied. He shed the blood of His nail-pierced feet that we might walk in the paths of righteousness; His hands were stretched out on the Cross that we might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of our lives (Luke 1:73-75). His side was pierced that we might love Him supremely; and the blood flowed from His thorn-crowned brow that we might bring every thought in subjection to Him. He took our thorns that we might partake of His glory.

3. The Royal Diadem. "And a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." It will be noticed that the prophet sees first a man; this man becomes Lord; and now he sees Him as God. The royal diadem was the insignia of honor and authority. It might be a crown, a tiara, or in addition to the crown, a piece of velvet, inscribed with the symbol of authority and worn over the arm next to the heart. God's glory-crowned people are His diadem; He draws them close to His heart of love, that they may glory in His presence and become the messengers of His redemptive power.

4. The Riches of His Abiding Presence. The crisis experience of sanctification is often emphasized to the neglect of the life of holiness that follows the act of sanctification, It is only as we are brought under the merits of the atonement that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin"; and it is as we live under the cleansing flow that the Blood cleanses and continues to cleanse. We do not minimize the atonement, for to us "the Blood is all my plea." The nature of this holy life, the prophet now proceeds to describe. He says, "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken"; for the Holy Spirit, whose presence sanctifies the soul, continues to dwell as an abiding Comforter, revealing Christ in ever-increasing beauty and strength. No longer "Forsaken," we become "Hephzibah," which means "The Lord delighteth in thee."

But Isaiah not only speaks of the "thou" of the soul; he speaks of the outreaches of its environment. "Neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate"; instead it shall be called Beulah, for "thy land shall be married." The life of holiness is not one of mere duty and drudgery, but one of love and delight. Our land is not to be "Desolate." God's plan is to fill the storehouse, pack the shelves, and line the rafters with His gracious gifts, that His people may have plenty and to spare in the midst of a needy world. How little some have of spiritual food to give to the hungry! How much God has in store if they would only avail themselves of it! God sums up His delight in His people in these wondrous words, "For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee: and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee."

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II. PENTECOSTAL PRAYER

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth (Isa. 62:6).

At first, Isaiah, the prophet, was the only one engaged in definite, intercessory prayer for Jerusalem, but now we see a whole company of watchmen on the walls. Like the prophet, these never hold their peace day nor night; and further still, they are exhorted to "give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." Revivals usually begin with a single individual, or at least a small group who are aflame for God, and who set themselves to intercessory prayer, day and night, until they prevail. Then it is that the Spirit comes suddenly to the waiting disciples in Pentecostal power and glory, and revival fires begin to burn in places near and far. The lack of Pentecostal power is due to the lack of Pentecostal prayer. No human methods, however good, can atone for this lack. A familiar illustration of Dr. Bresee's was this. He said that you may take a picture of the Chicago fire, or of the San Francisco fire, and place it in a haystack, and in the morning your haystack will still be there. But put a little flambeau of real fire in it, and the next morning your haystack will not be there. Painted fire is no more effective in bringing about

burns in the hearts of God's people, can start the revival fires and manifest the glory of God.

The Oath of Conservation: "The Lord hath sworn by his right hand, and by the arm of his strength, Surely I will no more give thy corn to be meat for thine enemies; and the sons of the stranger shall not drink thy wine, for the which thou hast laboured: but they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the Lord; and they that have brought it together shall drink it in the courts of my holiness" (Isa. 62:8-9).

This is God's answer to the agonizing cries of His praying people, and an essential part of a Pentecostal prayer. It is a precious promise to the people of God. This promise is a guarantee that God will preserve for His people that which is rightfully theirs. Two things are essential to spiritual life, symbolized here as the "old corn" and the "new wine." There are some who seem to feed on old corn alone. They are strong and dependable in times of stress, but one often wishes that at least once in a while they would manifest some zeal and enthusiasm. There are others who prefer the new wine. They like fervor, enthusiasm, exhilaration, but frequently do not have the strength to carry through in the difficult places of life. One often wishes that they would change their diet somewhat, and at least eat a little old corn. The old corn is the truth upon which the soul feeds; the new wine is the inspiration of the Holy Spirit which makes that truth vital and real to the heart and mind. Note how effective the truth became when the Holy Spirit was given at Pentecost. So enthused and inspired by the truth were the disciples that those standing by supposed they were drunken on new wine. Their words were with the power of the Spirit; their logic was the logic of chain lightning. When we see a brother standing true under the most adverse circumstances, we know that he is feeding on the old corn which he has so laboriously gathered across the years; when a sister, filled with joy, shouts the high praises of God in the sanctuary, we know that she has been drinking of the new wine of the Kingdom, which she has probably obtained by treading the winepress in loneliness, as did her Master. How precious then is the Oath of Conservation, that

"they that have gathered it shall eat it, and praise the Lord: and they that have brought it together shall drink it in the courts of my holiness"!

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III. PENTECOSTAL AGGRESSIVENESS

Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people (Isa. 62:10).

These are words of intense urgency. The watchmen on the walls, like the disciples in the Upper Room, had been waiting and praying, in obedience to the command of the Master. But when the Holy Spirit came upon them on the Day of Pentecost they hurried from the Upper Room to the streets to preach their new-found joy in Christ. After every revival, I have a number of young ministers come to me for advice as to whether or not they should give up their college work and begin their ministry. I tell them that they are not ready as yet, for they little realize what power it takes to go into the field and be successful. I tell them that they have only enough steam to leak around the cylinders, so I hang a monkey wrench on the safety valve and send them back to class. The same thing happens after the next revival, and this time I tell them that I think they have only about enough pressure to blow the whistle, and attempt to hold them steady in their course of preparation. I quote the words of Dr. Bresee that he so often repeated in his chapel addresses, that if he knew he had but ten years to live, he would spend five years of it in preparation and be able to do more in the five remaining years than in the ten without proper preparation. But the time comes when the inner urgency can no longer be restrained, and then comes the peremptory command, "Go through, go through the gates."

But what are these workers to do who burst through the gates with such zeal and enthusiasm?

(1) They are to prepare the way of the people -- not by dry-as-dust instruction, but as at Pentecost, by the exhibition of shining examples of the glory-crowned, fire-baptized men and women. The testimonies of these people are accompanied by the Holy Spirit, who alone can awaken, convict, convert, and sanctify men and women; and these testimonies of people who have the blessing are worth infinitely more than learned addresses about it.

(2) They are to prepare a highway, by preaching the truth of holiness, "clearly, definitely, and explicitly," and leading men and women over this highway into the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.

(3) They are to gather out the stones -- remove every obstruction in doctrine or life that would cause people to stumble and turn away from this precious experience.

(4) They are to lift up a standard for the people, and this rallying point is "holiness unto the Lord." Nothing unholy can ever enter heaven, whether in act or condition; and without holiness no man shall see the Lord.

In my early Christian experience I was greatly impressed with Isaiah's prophecy, that "an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." It was a great thought to me that God would make a way from earth to heaven so plain that even a fool could find it; and as Brother Ruth would say, If he is worse than a fool he will be saved on general principles anyway." But as I went on in my experience and looked ahead, I saw lions that I was sure were in the way, only to find that it was merely a matter of perspective. When I arrived at the place where the lions were supposed to be, I found that they were chained outside the way, and a lion that is chained is as good as no lion. But I learned later an even greater lesson. I saw that God had not only made a way from earth to heaven so plain that even a fool could find it, but I saw that the Captain of our salvation returned to walk with us in the way through the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit.

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IV. THE PENTECOSTAL MESSAGE

Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. And they shall call them, The holy people, The redeemed of the Lord: and thou shalt be called, Sought out, A city not forsaken (Isa. 62:11-12).

We have but one message to proclaim, the message of full salvation through Christ, who ministers both the Word and the Spirit, and therefore is able to save unto the uttermost. But what are the consequences of this message? (1) "They shall call them, The holy people." When people are genuinely holy, live lives consistent with the standards of holiness, preach the doctrine, and testify definitely to the experience, whatever other name they bear they will be called, "The holy people." What name could be more appropriate! This is our glory. (2) The holy people ascribe this experience, not to some ethical standards worked out by human effort, but to the redeeming grace of God. We are made partakers of His holiness; we are the redeemed of the Lord. (3) We shall be called, "Sought out" -- a peculiar or unique people, wholly consecrated to God, indwelt and guided by His Spirit, His own peculiar treasure. Isaiah's resolve concerning Jerusalem, prophetic of Mount Zion, where the Holy Spirit fell upon the waiting disciples; and the watchmen on the walls who besought God day and night that He would make Jerusalem a praise in the earth -- a center from which the gospel should be sounded forth in all Judea, in Samaria, and to the uttermost parts of the earth -- finds here its glorious fulfillment -- "A city not forsaken."

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02 -- WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF

(Preached in "Wiley Temple" on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the founding of Beulah Park, August 7, 1949)

"We all do fade as a leaf" (Isa. 64:6).

Isaiah, the prophet, like his younger contemporary Hosea, was a lover of nature. To him everything was instinct with life; "the mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs." His prophecy is fragrant with the scent of pines and firs, of myrtle and cedar; and the beauty of the changing seasons spoke to him of God, the Author of all. Nothing in nature impressed the prophet more, perhaps, than the beauty of the autumn leaf, which every year she spreads out before her timid and reluctant children like a parable of life. "We all do fade as a leaf" -- a trite saying, doubtless, to those who have never beheld the glory of the autumn; but to those who have looked upon the hills when clothed in their gorgeous robes of leafy splendor, it is filled with a wealth of spiritual meaning.

It is to this text, nestled among the many oft-repeated phrases and almost unnoticed, that we turn our attention this afternoon in beautiful Beulah Park. Speaking as I am amidst the tall redwoods and beautiful pines in this splendid outdoor temple, it seems appropriate to me to bring you a message from one of the parables of Isaiah, the nature-loving prophet.

The German poet Goethe, during one of his meditations, conceived the idea that the flower of a plant was but a transformation of its leaves. Later the great naturalist Linnaeus presented the idea in a more scientific form, and the investigations of the botanists later confirmed the suggestion of the poet. It was Thoreau, one of the literary lights of New England, who, after watching the leafy expansions of frost on the windowpanes, declared that the Creator in the formation of the earth had but followed the pattern of a leaf. He traced this pattern in the brilliant feathers of birds, in the glowing wings of insects, in the pearly scales of fish, and in the blue veins of the palm of the human hand. To him the earth itself was a vast leaf, veined with silver rivers and streams, and covered with varied tints in forest and field, in lake and sea.

If you will observe the trees and shrubs about you, it will be clear that the form of the leaf is a prophecy of the character of the tree. Those tall redwoods and pines have long, slender, needle-like leaves; those low, spreading trees and shrubs have broad leaves. These leaves have been called the "tongues of nature," and every leaf is eloquent with the teachings of God. Let them speak to you this afternoon of His wonderful works.

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I. THE LEAF IS A SYMBOL OF HUMAN LIFE

The leaf is used by the prophet as a symbol of human life. Each leaf symbolizes an individual person, and the tree with all its yearly foliage is the symbol of a single generation. The leaf is the annual; the trunk and branches of the tree are perennial. The tree sheds its leaves one by one, until at last it stands barren and alone through the wintry blast. One by one the individuals die and pass on, until the entire generation is gone. "Joseph died . . . and all that generation," is a significant expression of scripture. The leaves fall but the tree remains; yet all the wood of the trunk and branches was built up by those frail and transient leaves. Year after year, generation after generation, those leaves slowly and silently built up those massive structures which have stood through the centuries, If this be true in the physical realm, how much more so in the realm of human society! Man as an individual, together with his generation, either makes a contribution to the world's betterment or to its social degeneration. No nation ever became righteous except the

individuals of that nation made it righteous; and no church ever became holy and remained so except the individuals of its membership made and kept it so. As individuals we may appear frail and insignificant; but under the leadership of the great Captain of our salvation, we are building a Kingdom which shall never be moved.

But there is another and perhaps more obvious sense in which the leaf is the emblem of human life; that is, the stages of its growth beautifully illustrate the stages of human life and development. The tenderness of the leaves in springtime well represents the beauty and innocence of youth, "where every sunrise brings fresh, glad hopes, and every evening, a holy and trustful calm." The dark greenness and lush of summer portrays the strength and reliance of mature manhood and womanhood. The autumn leaf is the symbol of age. It is indeed gorgeous in color, but lacks the dewy freshness and buoyancy of youth. Nature thus traces for us the path of human life.

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II. LEAVES FADE SINGLY AND SILENTLY

A keen observer of nature such as Isaiah, the prophet, or David, the Psalmist, could but notice that the foliage of a tree fades gradually over a longer or shorter period of time. Some leaves wither even in the springtime, when the rest of the foliage is in its brightest and most luxuriant beauty. Doubtless it was this fact that gave rise to the words, "In the midst of life we are in death." There is no tree, however hardy, that does not have somewhere a discolored leaf ready to fall at the slightest breeze.

Some leaves are torn away when at their best by sudden and violent storms, and some are plucked off by the human hand. When Noah sent out the dove from the ark, it returned because it found no place to light. Sent out again, it returned with an olive leaf "plucked off." The third time it was sent out it never returned. This is a parable of the Spirit. Among sinners He has no place to light. In the Old Testament, He found only temporary lighting places but no place of permanent abode. When at the baptism of Jesus the Spirit came as a dove, the Synoptics say that it "lighted upon him," but John says, "It abode upon him." In Christ Jesus, our Lord, the Spirit found an abiding place; and to Him, God gave the Spirit without measure, Now the term "plucked off," as used concerning the olive leaf, is the term used to express the violent nature of Christ's death. This Isaiah saw when he said, "He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken" (Isa. 53:8).

A few survive their generation, and rustle mournfully in the topmost boughs, and only the violence of the storm or the sprouting of the buds in the spring can dislodge them from their places. So also some, exceeding their threescore years and ten, still linger with a generation not theirs. They are more related to the dead than to the living. The grave to them is no longer the residence of strangers, but of kindred and friends gone on before. But we must not mistake, as youth are so apt to do. The world recedes, no doubt, but the sunrise of a glorious morning also begins to dawn. Eternity is no longer a cold, bleak, outlying region of shadows, beyond their sympathy and regard, but a portion of the loved scenery of home. Into it has gone much of what formed a very part of their being, dearer than life itself.

Some of the older people here will remember the old McGuffey Readers and the old Blueback Spelling Book. Some of the stories in those earlier readers held lessons which, perhaps little understood then, have persisted with increased meaning through the years. Do you recall the poem by Hester Lynch Thrale (1739-1821) entitled "The Three Warnings"?

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On Neighbor Dodson's wedding-day
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless bridegroom cried.
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared."

Then follows the promise of three warnings before Death should again appear. At the age of eighty, Death again appeared to "old Dodson, half-killed with wonder and surprise," for he had failed to recognize the three promised warnings. Said Death:

"I little thought that you'd be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
Yet still you seem to have your strength."
"Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies.
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And surely, sir, to see one's friends
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith;
But there's some comfort still," says Death.
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he, "and if there were,
I've grown so deaf I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the specter stern rejoined,
"These are unpardonable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings."

But I like Dr. Chapman's interpretation far better. He says they tell us our eyes are growing dim. No, they are not, God is merely darkening our sight to the things of this world that it may

become better accustomed to the brighter world above. Our eyes must be perfected here, for there we shall behold the King in His beauty and the land of long-distances. They say that our hearing is failing, that we are growing deaf. No, we are not, God is merely stopping our ears to the noises of this world that they may be better tuned to the music of heaven. Then too, our voices must be always clear, for we shall not only listen to seraphic choirs with harps of gold -- perhaps a thousand strings -- but we are also ourselves to join in the grand chorus of the skies: "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood . . . to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." They say that we are stooped with the burdens and cares of life that have pressed down so heavily upon us. No, we are not. We are simply practicing for the time when we shall bend low in reverence before the King of Kings and Lord of Lords and, casting our crowns before Him, shall crown Him Lord of all.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks which time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

(Edmund Waller, 1605-87)

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III. LEAVES FADE ONLY WHEN THEY HAVE MADE PREPARATION FOR THE FUTURE

No leaf falls naturally from a tree until it has made preparation for its departure. At the base of each leaf is a tiny bud which later will usurp its place. This bud the leaf nourishes with its expiring life, and during the cold winter season wraps in swaddling bands of leaf tissue. The buds which appear in the springtime and burst forth into beauty and fruitfulness are, in reality, the children of the previous season. This is a fundamental law in the vegetable realm. How different the conduct of the world! The worldling makes no preparation for the future, and must appear before God empty and alone, The Christian makes preparation to meet God, and cultivates purity of heart and holiness of life, for which God has promised rich reward.

It is interesting to know that, under the veil of His flesh, Christ's deity was hidden from the world, but to His disciples that were with Him in the mount it was revealed; for the inner glory burst through the thin veil of flesh and "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." Within our own bodies, also, there is a principle of identity which shall forever persist. This present body, though sown in corruption, will be raised in incorruption; though sown in weakness, it will be raised in power. "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body, There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." When therefore we "shuffle off this mortal coil" we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. What is true of our natural bodies is true likewise of the world in which we live. St. Peter tells us that the day of the Lord comes in "which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought you to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" The

word "dissolved," as used here, means "to loose," or "unbind," and so the apostle continues: "Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Underneath this old earth, and being nourished by its decay, like the buds in their swaddling bands, are a new earth and new heavens. What a glorious transformation that will be, when the bands shall be broken and the curse removed! Beyond the beauties of the Yellowstone, or the Yosemite, or the Grand Canyon, will be the "new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness"; and beyond the beauty of the stars, the suns and their planets, will be the new heavens, wherein God dwells in ineffable splendor and the light that no man can approach unto.

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IV. LEAVES FADE ACCORDING TO THEIR NATURAL CHARACTERISTICS

"In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be"; as a man lives, so shall he die. He that is filthy will be filthy still; and he that is holy will be holy still. The autumn leaves in all their gorgeous beauty are but putting on display what they have taken from the soil during the winter, spring, and summer months. It is this that gives variety and charm to the calm and still landscapes of October, and makes them like the stately march of an Oriental army, with the splendor of blazing banners, and the wealth and pageantry of old-time stories.

In one of our editorial journeys to the East Coast, we crossed "Jacob's Ladder" in western Massachusetts and returned through southern New York and northern Pennsylvania, at the time when the autumn foliage was at its best. We had heard from Martha Curry of the beauty of the autumn hills, but even then were unprepared for the entrancing beauty which filled our vision from every direction. It is impossible to describe the scene. The best writers of English literature have made it their theme, but no pen, however facile, can do justice to the glory of the autumn hills.

"Oh, to have seen the sun set on the hills, in the still green and lingering summer," writes N. P. Willis, "and to awake in the morning to a scene like this! It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops -- as if the sunsets of a summer's gold, purple and crimson had been fused into the Alembic of the West, and poured back in a new deluge of light and color over the wilderness, It is as if every leaf on these countless trees had been painted to outflush the tulip, as if by some electric miracle the dyes of the earth's heart had been struck upward, and her crystal ores, her sapphires, hyacinths and rubies had let forth their imprisoned colors, to mount through the roots of the forest, re-animating the perishing leaves, and reveling an hour in their bravery."

Ruskin, the word-painter, attempted a description of the beauty of the fading leaf. "I cannot call it color," he said, "it was a conflagration. Purple and crimson and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each as it turned to reflect or transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas, arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks of foam, and silver flanks of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray hills of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every blade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet lightning opens in a cloud at

sunset the motionless masses of dark rock -- though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and over all the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness and exist only to illumine, were seen in the intervals between the solemn and orb'd repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last white, blinding luster of the measureless line where Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea."

This is God's great nature parable. The life of the righteous is not to go out in blackness and darkness, but to fade through the splendor of autumnal beauty. There is a glory that belongs to age alone, unlike that of youth or maturity -- a preparation for another world distinctly its own. What causes the brilliant hues of the autumn leaves? Perhaps the chemical elements drawn from the earth, which as the leaves fade gives them their rich coloring. But whatever the cause, it is a significant fact that they always fade according to their natural characteristics. The sullen ash is the last to unfold its bud in the spring and the first to shed its leaves in the fall; and its somber color becomes blackened and disfigured in the process of decay. The leaf of the linden, on the contrary, soft and green in its unfolding, is as gorgeous as a sunset in its autumn dress. We have seen the maples so transparent in their golden yellow as to appear almost ethereal, something partaking more of the spiritual than of the material. And here is the meaning of this parable--those who in youth take up into their lives the beautiful things of the Spirit will find these things bursting forth in splendor at autumn time; while those who fail here must end their lives in the unsightliness of decay. Man must die as he lives. A career of worldliness and sin must ever end in despair and woe; but the saint possessed of the beauty of inward holiness shall find, at the sunset of life, those golden hues in new and entrancing splendor. Beyond the sunset sea is a more beauteous day, for the sunset of earth is the sunrise of heaven.

What a glorious triumph the saints of God shall have; what an abundant entrance, through Christ, into the City of God! When Bishop Simpson was asked how he accounted for the fact that departing saints sometimes seemed to see their loved ones beckoning them home, or to speak of the presence of angels, his laconic reply was, "I think they see them." Mr. Wesley said, "Our people die well," and so we say of our people. When Margaret Prior came down to death she exclaimed, "Eternity rolls up before me like a sea of glory!" Jordan Antle said, "The chariot has come, and I am ready to step in"; while Philip Heck cried out, "Oh, how beautiful! The opening heavens around me shine!" Little Shoeblack Jim said, "The next time I sing will be when Jesus folds me in His arms"; and Martha McCracken in wonder exclaimed, "How bright the room! How filled with angels!" Dr. Mullen, a physician, said, "I wish I had the power of writing; I would describe how pleasant it is to die"; and S. B. Bangs, an early Methodist minister, calmly said, "The sun is setting; mine is rising; I go from this bed to a crown. Farewell." John Arthur Lyth, startled by approaching death, exclaimed, "Can this be death? Why, it is better than living! Tell them I die happy in Jesus"; and Mary Francis, filled with ecstasy, cried out, "Oh, that I could tell you the joy I possess! I am full of rapture. The Lord doth shine with such power upon my soul, He is come! He is come!"

Perhaps there is no name with which there have been associated more thoughts of holiness, triumph, and heaven than that of Alfred Cookman, who died crying, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" This glorious testimony as he "swept through the gates" has thrilled thousands of God's struggling saints, and inspired within them the hope that they too, "washed in the blood of the Lamb," may triumphantly leave this world for the "better country."

William McDonald once said that the dying triumph of Alfred Cookman accomplished far more than his labors while living, In the latter he reached comparatively few; but in the former the whole Church felt the holy, heavenly impulse. Such a triumph, however, could come only to a holy life -- such a life as was preeminently his. To die as he died is far better than to live, as is the case of many, long after their usefulness is ended.

How true, then, are the words of Jesus, "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death" (John 8:51)! His saints depart like the glory of the fading leaf; and those who tarry until He comes shall be transformed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and so shall forever be with the Lord. Nothing inspires greater confidence than the words of Jesus: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also" (John 14:1-3).

There, every house is a mansion. There, every step is a triumph, every hour a rapture, and every day a jubilee. The waves of sorrow shall never again dash over us, for their spray shall break in rainbows about our heads, There are no good-byes there. Here childhood lisps the word and old age answers; but there the only word that echoes through the celestial city is the word, "Welcome!" Our friends are constantly joining the hosts of the redeemed; already the saints, Blood-washed and clothed in white, are pouring through the gates into the city from every quarter. Songs of victory and shouts of holy triumph abound. Joyous welcomes are heard in rapturous tones as everywhere friend greets friend in the glorious new and eternal order. We cannot hear their voices. We call to them but we get no answer, for Jordan's waves roar so hoarsely that their voices cannot reach us from the other side. Unbelief says they are dead. The Bible says, "Not so; they dwell forever with the saints in light." And when our course is finished, when the leaves have faded and the sun swings low in the autumn skies like a sea of glory, our faith looks beyond the sunset sea to the wide-flung gates of the city whose Builder and Maker is God. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (II Cor. 5:1).

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THE END