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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "LIVING WATERS"

By Daniel Isom Vanderpool

Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

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By Holiness Data Ministry

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CONTENTS

About The Source Of These Illustrations

- 01 -- He Found The Springing Well Of Living Waters
- 02 -- They Wanted What The Old Dutchman Had
- 03 -- Holy Ghost Floods Will Sweep Away Hindrances
- 04 -- The Sanctified Sometimes Need A New Outpouring
- 05 -- The Peril Of Indifference
- 06 -- The Peril Of Unbelief
- 07 -- The Lord Wants To Slay The Carnal Mind
- 08 -- Didn't Get It All At Once, But Got It At Last
- 09 -- The Thought Of Meeting God Influenced Him
- 10 -- He Had To Confess
- 11 -- He Ignored The Patrolman's Warning
- 12 -- God Craves Fellowship More Than Service
- 13 -- God's Painful Diggings That Lead To Salvation
- 14 -- Sinners Are Blind To What Brings Real Happiness
- 15 -- He Wanted Better Religion Than That
- 16 -- The Preacher Wasn't Mad
- 17 -- He Waited Too Long
- 18 -- His Importunity Brought Him The Gift
- 19 -- I Have It Now!
- 20 -- Why Old Hoodoo Was Powerless
- 21 -- The Spirit's Power To Overcome Handicaps

- 22 -- The Sinner Is Out If His Element
- 23 -- Relief From The Burden Of 42 Years
- 24 -- How God Changed His Concept Of Religion
- 25 -- Genuine Salvation Alienates Worldly Friends
- 26 -- The Lord Wants To Sanctify You
- 27 -- Why Cotton Won The Race
- 28 -- What Compelled His Upward Gaze
- 29 -- How God Used A Woman With No Talent
- 30 -- How One Man's Giving To God Paid Off
- 31 -- Why He Held On
- 32 -- Ears Tuned To The Savior's Coming

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ABOUT THE SOURCE OF THESE ILLUSTRATIONS

These are Sermon Illustrations that I took from the digital edition of the book "Living Waters" by D. I. Vanderpool, late General Superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene. "Living Waters" was published by Nazarene Publishing House, Kansas City, Missouri in 1964 and had No Printed Book Copyright. While with electronic search functions these same illustrations could easily be located on the Second HDM CD, since the stories are so good and so numerous, I decided to go ahead and create a second file from them and install it into the Illustrations Folder of the CD. A later publication of D. I. Vanderpool's stories and illustrations by Nazarene Publishing House was copyrighted, "Living Waters" was not, and -- I would here emphasize that the stories and illustrations in this file were not taken from the former publication, "D. I. Vanderpool, His Stories and Anecdotes," but were derived from "Living Waters". There were no titles to these stories in "Living Waters," and the titles placed upon them in this publication are mine. -- DVM

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01 -- HE FOUND THE SPRINGING WELL OF LIVING WATERS

Do you remember when and where you got your "springing well"? O my brother, if you ever got this well you will remember the place. No spot is more dear than the one where you first met the Saviour. How well do I remember when and where I got my springing well!

When conducting a meeting in my early ministry in the state of Missouri, I noted one of the ugliest and most discouraged-looking men I had ever seen. (And I have seen some very tough characters in Missouri. Occasionally they leave Missouri and drift into other states.) This man came every night and sat toward the back. He looked worse each passing night. One night I went to him and asked him if he was a Christian. I really knew he was not, for no man could look like he did and be a Christian. His answer was, "I got religion fourteen years ago, but from what you say I must have got the wrong kind, for I never got anything that made me new or brought me joy." I said, "You certainly got the wrong kind. Come now, let's go to the altar and get the right kind." He pulled back and said, "No, not tonight." I persuaded him to come for just one prayer. Finally he said, "Well, I'll go for one prayer."

When he got to the altar I think he decided, if there was to be just one prayer, perhaps he should pray that himself. He started to pray. Such confession, such weeping, and deep concern one will scarcely see in a lifetime. He was first on one side of the altar and then on the other. He sat on the first seat a minute and then crawled back to the altar, praying all the time. No one got a chance to offer a word of instruction. Finally, when he slowed down a little, I asked him how he was getting along. He said, "I feel like I'm getting this old-time religion." I said, "Keep praying. You will get through pretty soon." In a few minutes he leaped to his feet and said, "I have found it at last." Then he told of how he had moved from first one state to another to find satisfaction -- Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa, and back to Missouri to die without peace. What had he found? He had found peace. He had found his springing well of living water. He was born of the Spirit.

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02 -- THEY WANTED WHAT THE OLD DUTCHMAN HAD

The man with the "flowing river" experience will in time change the spiritual climatic condition of the community in which he lives. A sanctified individual -- be it preacher, teacher, merchant, farmer, or coal miner -- will plant seed thoughts in the minds of those whom he may contact that will pave the way for the oncoming revival.

An evangelist friend of mine, now gone on to heaven told the story of an old sanctified Dutchman which goes about as follows. He met the Dutchman at a camp meeting. After a day or two of the camp he came to my evangelist friend and requested him to come over and give him a camp meeting. My friend inquired of him, "Are you a pastor? Do you have a church?" But the old man said, "No, no. I just wanted you to come and hold me a camp meeting." Then my friend told him that he did not have an open date but would let him know if he got a cancellation.

A few weeks went by and my friend had a ten-day meeting canceled. He wrote the old Dutchman and got a quick response saying, "Come on. We will try to be ready." He told my evangelist friend the railroad station to which he should come.

When he arrived he found a little, dilapidated, almost "ghost town," and the old Dutchman was not there to meet him. My friend said he thought that he certainly had missed it by coming to that forsaken place. Just then a man touched him on the shoulder and asked, "Are you the evangelist that has come to hold the camp meeting?" When he had assured the fellow that he was the evangelist, the man led him out to a buggy and said, "Come, get in. I'll take you on out where the camp is to be held." "What!" my evangelist friend said. "Isn't this far enough out?" The driver assured him that it was eight miles farther out.

As they rode along my friend inquired of the driver, "Do you know the old Dutchman?" His answer was, "Yes, do you?" My friend answered him that he had only met him at a camp. Then the driver said, "The old Dutchman is sure a queer old duck." My friend inquired, "Isn't he a good neighbor? Isn't he honest?" "Oh, yes," answered the driver, "but you wait until you get to the top of the hill and you will see why I say he is queer."

At the top of the hill my evangelist friend saw a board fence a quarter of a mile long. Painted on the board fence were a number of scripture texts: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God"; "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin"; "And holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord"; and, "Be filled with the Spirit." Pointing to the texts the driver said, "See, that is why we say he is queer. It cost the old Dutchman hard-earned money to hire that painted on the fence." He then pointed to a great barn nearly a mile away and said, "That is the old Dutchman's barn. See what he has painted on the roof." In big, bold letters my friend read the text, "Holiness unto the Lord." "That's what makes us say he is queer," the driver said.

The old Dutchman met them in the barnyard and apologized for not meeting the evangelist himself, but said he had been busy getting ready for the meeting that night. My friend inquired if he had been able to get out some advertising for the camp. The old Dutchman said, "Well, I just told them that I was going to have my camp meeting." "But," my friend asked, "When did you tell them?" "Well," he answered, "I just told them about seven years ago and I have been telling them ever since. I think they will be there."

When they came to the first service, people by the hundreds were there filling the tent and brush arbor adjoining it. A holy silence was upon the whole place. They sang and prayed. My friend said that, when he arose to preach, "God's presence was mightily upon the place." It was not his custom to make an altar call the first night, but feeling impressed to do so he opened the altar and about thirty came kneeling at the altar and about the platform. After an earnest prayer, my evangelist friend went among the seekers inquiring, "What are you seeking?" and the answer always was, "Oh, I want what the old Dutchman has."

The old Dutchman with the flowing-river experience had, in seven years of holy living, favorably affected his whole neighborhood. Though they thought he was queer, they wanted the old Dutchman's kind of religion. Let's harness ourselves to a task and not quit until it is finished.

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03 -- HOLY GHOST FLOODS WILL SWEEP AWAY HINDRANCES

Springing wells and flowing rivers symbolize being born of the Spirit and being filled with the Spirit. But in the scripture lesson you will note a third measure of water mentioned, which symbolizes the Holy Spirit's activity in still another area. "I will pour floods upon the dry ground." The floods which God says He will pour upon the dry ground symbolize revivals, refreshings, and anointings that He is pleased to give to His Church and to individuals.

The need today among our people is not a new church, but a revival that will renew the old church; a revival that will cause people to clean out the old wells of former years, remove the trash and rubbish that the world has piled in, and let the living waters begin to spring again -- a revival that will be like a mighty flood sweeping down a river. It is remarkable what a flood will do when turned loose. It will clean out old stagnated pools, straighten out crooks and bends in the river, cut new channels, and remove old snags and old drifts that may have hindered the river's flow for many months.

I saw an old hickory tree, not far from our home in Missouri, that a high wind had caused to fall across the creek. Its roots were fastened on one side of the creek and its branches stuck deep in the mud on the other side. It formed a perfect barrier across the creek. Everything that came down the creek lodged against the old hickory. It is amazing what will come down a creek in a period of month -- logs, brush, leaves, cornstalks, dead animals, cats, squirrels. After months this old tree, with its attending drift, finally soured and the stench became a menace in the neighborhood. My brother and I decided we would move the old drift and have a clear stream. With our long poles we pried, prodded, and pounded, and did our best to loosen the old hickory, but we only disturbed the atmosphere. It seemed an impossible situation.

I have seen churches where some "old hickory" was lodged across the stream. The high wind that put him down and across the creek was the annual church meeting. He was not elected to a church office. From that night on, everything seemed to lodge against him. The church became divided and its influence was crippled in the community. Everything was at a standstill. The new pastor came and saw the problem. He proceeded to try to pry and prod the old drift loose, but this only made people take sides and the church was divided a little more. As a result, the congregation got a new pastor. This is a stubborn situation that can be solved only by a mighty revival coming like an outpoured flood.

Sitting by our little shack one afternoon we were alarmed by a horseman racing by, crying, "Get to the hills. There's been a cloudburst in southern Iowa and a six-foot roll of water is coming. Get to the hills." We never waited for another horseman. We quickly gathered our belongings together, crammed them into a meal sack, and headed for the hills.

The flood came, sweeping everything in front of it. Railroad embankments went out; steel rails were wrapped around huge trees. Backwater from the flood covered the fields and floated barns and houses away. Large fish from the Missouri River came out across the fields, leaving in their wake rippling waves that appeared as if a small canoe had been along.

After about three weeks the flood went down and we went back to investigate the damage. We went to see what happened to the old hickory. We walked along the creek and searched carefully. We could not find the least sign of the old drift that was there. There was not a root or branch to mark the spot. The flood had swept it all away -- the drift was gone.

As that cloudburst in southern Iowa released a flood that swept out the old hickory, just so God proposes to open the floodgates and give revivals that will sweep through the church -- revivals that will change, transform, and renew until old hindrances, logs, snags, and drifts are swept away, leaving the church with an unobstructed channel through which the Holy Ghost can operate unhindered.

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Individual lives may be much like churches. They may have some stubborn problem for which there seems to be no solution. These individuals need "floods upon the dry ground" in the form of fresh anointings and new outpourings of the Holy Spirit. Their need is not for a new river, but a flood to come down their river. Anointing of the Spirit heals hurts, takes the sting out of insults, and makes one strong for emergencies of life. Many of our people could permanently solve their age-old problems if they would learn the secret of pulling up close to the Lord and waiting for a fresh touch from God. The disciples did just that in Acts 4, when ordered to preach or teach no more in the name of Jesus. With the threat of punishment and imprisonment upon them, the disciples sought God for personal strength to preach boldly and for Him to make bare His arm in their behalf. As they prayed, the place was shaken. The Holy Ghost filled them afresh. Holy boldness and great grace were upon them all, and a multitude were won to Christ. What appeared to be permanent defeat became a glorious victory, all because the disciples got a flood to come down their river. The skies are full of spiritual floods for God's children who are in spiritual conflict.

I had been misunderstood and misrepresented. I was grieved in my heart. Oh, I loved everybody. I loved God and I believed He sanctified my heart. I prayed, preached, was faithful about my tithe, but I was hurt. It seemed I could not forget what had been said or what had been done. I carried this load for several months. Then one night when the folk were singing "Jesus Breaks Every Fetter," I felt the moving of the Spirit upon my heart. His blessing rolled over my heart. I thought of the old song,

Like a mighty sea, like a mighty sea,
Comes the love of Jesus,
sweeping over me.

Away into the night that blessing flowed over my soul. When morning came and I walked on to the street, I felt so free, so satisfied that God understood. My shoulders were back. I was a new man. My heart was healed. I had received a flood down my river that gave me victory over every problem. Someone would say, "You were reclaimed or sanctified." No, I was sanctified before that flood came. I had my rivers of living water -- that night He poured floods upon the dry ground.

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05 -- THE PERIL OF INDIFFERENCE

I want to call attention to some perils of the soul. In the first place, I think the peril of indifference is found everywhere. It's upon this age; it's upon the people all about us. And if you haven't felt the grinding influence of indifference before, you'll feel it before long. For Satan is using that scheme and plan to rob men of their souls, to get them to become indifferent about spiritual things. And when he can get a fellow to the place where there is no challenge and no thrill in religion, then he has the fellow pretty well tied up in the grip of indifference. As long as the fellow dreams of something better, as long as he dreams of peace, contentment, final satisfaction, pardon, and cleansing, as long as he dreams and thinks about that and it has a place in his heart and in his life, and he strives toward it and thinks about it, then it couldn't be said that he is indifferent.

I preached some time ago to a man who had wandered away from the Lord. He had gone for twenty-one years, wandering from God. And in that twenty-one years he made investments and carried on a great financial program, until he became a rich man in every sense of the word. But for twenty-one years he had wandered.

He came to a meeting that we were holding and the Spirit of God began to move upon him. One night he made his way to the altar and sought and found peace and victory. He stood up to say, "Oh, for twenty-one years I had never had a hope that I would get back. I had lost all hope of ever getting back to God. But the tide got so high and the Spirit moved upon me so tremendously that at last I found my way back to God."

He went back to the old crowd and told them what he was going to do, served notice on them that he had made his choice forever. His little wife, who had prayed for him and wept for him these twenty-one years, was beside herself with joy. She just celebrated at the homecoming of her husband. But he had lost that dream for twenty-one years and all that time the dream was gone. It's a terrible thing when a man becomes indifferent to the peril of his soul. No time or thought for spiritual things, using his attitude of indifference just as a cloak to turn away personal workers. I've seen men just yawn while the people of God stood about them with tears running down their faces because they were so concerned, so burdened and troubled. These men were so in the grip of utter indifference that nothing seemed to move them. This is a tragic thing and is a peril of the soul. Don't allow yourself ever to become indifferent to church or to God and to the salvation of your soul. You ought to be on tiptoe all the time, mightily concerned about the saving of your soul. Indifference ties the Spirit; indifference handicaps workers and hinders God in doing things for you that He wants to do for you.

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06 -- THE PERIL OF UNBELIEF

The second peril I want you to notice is the peril of unbelief. When the person has lost faith, and unbelief has taken possession of him, it's impossible for him to please God. That's what the Book says. "Without faith it is impossible to please him [God]." When you allow yourself to be robbed of your faith and robbed of your confidence in Christ and in the Bible, and in truth, you are well on the road toward losing your immortal soul. When a fellow is gripped by unbelief, it leaves his soul unguarded. As long as he has no fear and no sense of danger, peril, or trouble in the future, it leaves him open to all kinds of subtle assaults of Satan.

I heard Rev. Harmon Schmelzenbach, our pioneer missionary in Africa, on his return to the homeland after being gone for twenty-two years without a furlough, tell about some of the incidents that took place in Africa.

One of the things he told about that impressed me was how the natives would build little huts, or kraals, or camps, along the riverbank, 50 to 100 yards back from the river. These kraals were built all along the river for miles. He said that one afternoon an English soldier, riding a horse at full speed, came down along the riverbank. He was warning the people that a storm had

released a torrent of water farther up the river and that a flood was coming down. He warned that they had better flee to the hills and get to a place of safety. But those natives just looked at that English soldier and smiled. They'd been there on that river for years and there had never been a flood come down that river. They were not afraid. It was an idle tale to them. Unbelief had taken such possession of them that they didn't fear, but said, "That's just a story, just an idea. There's no danger or peril, no need to be afraid." They didn't make a move.

But the flood came that night. A mighty wall of water came down that river, sweeping out those kraals and villages, and Brother Schmelzenbach said that far into the night could be heard the screams and cries of the dying, drowning natives. They could be heard crying as they clung to the trees and branches, with the water lapping at their feet until they finally grew weary, turned loose, and were carried into the flood. He said it was the most terrible thing one could possibly imagine, and it all came about as the result of unbelief. If those people had believed the message, they would have fled to the hills and been safe.

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07 -- THE LORD WANTS TO SLAY THE CARNAL MIND

I heard about an old Indian chief down in Oklahoma who got converted. He was gone about two or three weeks and came back to see the missionary. The missionary said, "Chief, how are you getting along?"

"Oh," he said, "good. Good."

"Everything's fine?" asked the missionary.

"Yes," said the Indian. "But there's one thing, Missionary. You know, before I was converted there was just one Indian inside. But since I have been converted there are two Indians in there. There is a good Indian and a bad Indian. The bad Indian says, 'Drink firewater.' But the good Indian says, 'No, no, don't drink firewater. You're a Christian now.' Oh, if I could only get rid of that bad Indian, what a wonderful Indian I would be!"

And that's exactly what the Lord wants to do for the people who get converted. He wants them to go on and get sanctified and "get rid of the bad Indian," get rid of the carnal mind.

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08 -- DIDN'T GET IT ALL AT ONCE, BUT GOT IT AT LAST

Some people say they got rid of the carnal mind when they got converted. A man said to me one time, "Brother Vanderpool, I got in one work of grace what it took you two works to get. I'm from the old country and we go in all over in the old country."

I said, "If you did you got something the apostles and early Christians did not get." And I added, "I agree with you. All that you have you got at once, but you need a deeper experience."

But he assured me he got it all at once. Some folk wanted me to preach in a nearby schoolhouse, and this man said, "If you preach over here in the schoolhouse, I'll sing. I'll be your singer and you do the preaching."

"Well, now, Chris, do you really mean that?" I asked. He said he did, so I preached in this schoolhouse.

One night I was preaching and used for my text, "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded." There was an old fellow sitting in front of me who was almost totally blind. He sat there and while I was preaching on the first part of that text "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners," he was very happy. He praised the Lord and said, "Amen." Well, I wished that he wouldn't be so loud while I was preaching on that, for I was feeling sorry for what would happen when I took the second part of my text. I was afraid that he would get silent when I came to the latter part of my text and it would be embarrassing for him. He was loud in his praise while I was dealing with the first part of it; but when I switched and began to talk about not only getting clean hands, but we ought to have that doubleminded condition removed until our hearts would be made pure, he was silent.

He was a bald-headed fellow and as I preached he bent over a little farther, until I could just see his bald head sticking above the top of the bench. He stood it as long as he could and all of a sudden he stood right up and said, "Young man, young man, you're spoiling an awfully good sermon. You were doing all right there for a while, but now you are spoiling it all."

Chris, my singer, was sitting right back of him. I looked at Chris when the old man began to talk out in meeting and Chris's face got pale. I thought, O Lord, help Chris not to blow up there. Then Chris's face turned red and then it got purple. And while the old man was talking Chris just reached up and took one swipe and got hold of the old man's coattail, and he just yanked that coattail until one could almost hear the seams pop. He said, "Sit down, old man. The boy's got the floor." Of course the old man sat down. With 175 pounds swinging on his coattail, there wasn't anything else to do but to sit down.

When we were on our way home I said to Chris, "Chris, I want to ask you a question. Just how did you feel when you yanked that old man's coattail tonight?"

He said, "That old man had no business being up there. He was altogether out of place and he got exactly what was coming to him."

I said, "Chris, that's not the question. I want you to tell me, how did you feel when you yanked his coattail like you did?"

He said, "I didn't feel very good." That told me he was having a war with the carnal mind. The "old man," the carnal mind, that he said he got rid of, was causing him trouble.

There came a time, though, when Chris dedicated his life to God, and God gloriously sanctified him. He called me to his bedside just before he died. He took me by the hand and said,

"Brother Vanderpool, I want you to promise me something. I want you to promise me that you'll preach sanctification as long as you live."

I clasped his hand and said, "All right, Chris, I'll do it. But tell me, why do you want me to preach sanctification?"

"Brother Vanderpool, I am where I can see things that you can't see. Holiness comforts a dying man." I'll tell you this, holiness does comfort a dying man. There isn't anything in the world that will bring comfort to a man quite like that deep inner sense that his sins are gone and that his heart has been made pure and that everything is all right between him and his God. That carnal mind is a peril of the soul, the enemy of the soul, and every converted person ought to go on and get sanctified wholly. Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Nazarene, it doesn't make any difference who he is -- if a fellow ever gets converted, that makes him eligible for the Father's special blessing, which is the baptism of the Holy Spirit. This baptism cleanses and sanctifies the man's nature, and that is God's experience to fit a man for the emergencies of life. And everybody that gets converted ought to press right on and get sanctified. He ought to do that! That's God's plan to establish you. That's God's plan to fortify you. That's God's plan to strengthen you. The carnal mind is an enemy and a peril of the soul.

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09 -- THE THOUGHT OF MEETING GOD INFLUENCED HIM

All of us are going to meet God. You will meet God one of these days. I will meet God one of these days. I can't evade Him.

Back in north Missouri when I was but a boy, God called me, and the thing that filled me with fear was the fact that I was going to meet God someday. I turned away from my sin. Then when I saw I needed a clean heart, that I ought to make a full consecration and get the blessing of full salvation, I hesitated a little while because there were some things that were very dear to me that I did not want to give up. But when I realized anew that I was going to meet God someday, I made a consecration of everything and told God I would do anything He wanted me to do, I'd go anywhere He wanted me to go. Down across the years I have encountered hard, tough things; but right in the midst of that hard, tough something, there has come to me again and again the consciousness that I am going to meet God in the not-too-far-distant future. This fact has helped me to keep a yielded will, and this is imperative if I keep prepared to meet God.

Meeting God is universal. Unmarked graves will give up their dead. The sea will give up its dead. Every son and daughter of Adam's race will be there, both good and bad. Meeting God is going to be an awe-inspiring day. The crowd will be there; the mingled emotions will be evident at that meeting. Some will be there with faces radiant with joy because they are coming to their eternal home. Others will be there with faces blanched with fears as they move slowly but surely into the presence of God, whom they have rejected or neglected.

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10 -- HE HAD TO CONFESS

I read some time ago that there are three hundred and fifty thousand unsolved murder cases in the United States. It staggers one to think of the hidden, covered sins in the human heart. Think of those who have lost articles out of their cars, things from their homes, things from the church. Tills have been rifled, pocketbooks have been stolen, coats have been stolen. Think of the things that have been taken and we couldn't guess who took them. The deed has been covered so far. When we meet God it will be a day of uncovering. You will find out who did it -- sins that have been covered and hidden for years will be brought to light.

I saw a man who came to the altar again and again. His wife was converted, but he didn't seem to get through. He drove 130 miles to see me after he was eighty years old. I knew he had something on his heart that chained him. I gave him a chance to tell me, but he didn't have the courage. Three months after he had driven that distance to see me he came down to die. He said to the doctor, "I can't die." He inquired of the doctor, "Are you sure I'm going to die?" The doctor replied, "Yes, you are going to die and you don't have more than a couple of days." The man said, "I can't die with my sin unconfessed." He made this confession. He said forty-eight years before he had shot and robbed a postman. That murder was never solved. Nobody ever knew who did it. He said, "I am the man that killed him; I am the man that robbed him." He had carried that sin for forty-eight years. He had been at the altar again and again and had come face to face with that sin. He wouldn't uncover it, he wouldn't confess it, and God couldn't save him until he was willing to confess his sin.

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11 -- HE IGNORED THE PATROLMAN'S WARNING

My heart is filled with sadness. I am fearful that you will rush right on past these swinging lights and go on into eternity. In California a few years ago we had a flood. A dam broke loose and the flood came down across the valleys, flooding the roads and washing out the bridges. The highway patrol flashed word for everybody to stay off the highways. But down on one of these roads near a place where a bridge had been washed out and there was a roaring torrent of water pounding across the highway, there stood within a hundred yards of the washed-out bridge a patrolman. It was raining, the night was dark, but he had a shining lantern.

As he was there standing in the rain he saw the lights of a car coming down the road. He got out in the middle of the road and swung the red lantern; he swung it again and again so that the driver of the car could see it, but the driver drove right on -- thirty miles an hour. As he came closer, the patrolman swung the lantern a little more to turn the fellow back, but instead of slowing down he stepped on the gasoline and the patrolman would have been run over if he had not stepped out of the way as the car went whizzing by. The patrolman said afterward that he heard a crash and the lights went out as the car drove into that torrent of water and was carried on down the stream. He never knew who it was that drove by the swinging lantern and on to his death.

O God, help our young people, help our dads, and help our mothers not to drive past these red lanterns of warning, but rather heed God's ultimatum. "Prepare to meet thy God," and let Him save you!

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12 -- WHAT GOD CRAVES MORE THAN SERVICE

I remember hearing the late Dr. R. T. Williams, former general superintendent, now gone to heaven, tell a story that has always touched my heart. It was the story of an elderly man who lived with his daughter. Christmas-time came and the old fellow sat by the fire one evening awhile before Christmas, and he said to his daughter, "Won't you come and sit with me a little while? Come and sit with me and talk to me." She looked at him and said, "Why, Daddy, don't you know that these are busy days? This is Christmas-time and I am so busy. Daddy, you sit there by the fire and read and you excuse me this time." A night or two later he said, "Daughter, wouldn't you come and sit with me and talk to me tonight?" She said, "Daddy, didn't I tell you that I was very busy? Didn't I tell you that Christmas-time was here and I've got so many things to do? Daddy, I'll sit with you some other time."

By and by when Christmas morning came, the daughter placed in her father's lap a gift that she had prepared for him. When he opened the package he found it was a beautiful sweater. When he looked at it he said, "Oh, isn't this beautiful!" She said, "Now, Daddy, you know what I've been doing. Every night you wanted me to come and sit with you by the fire, I have been knitting this sweater. I have been working to make this pretty sweater for you." He looked at the sweater, rubbed his hand over it, then looked at his daughter and smiled, and said, "Honey, it is beautiful, and it's nice that you have been thoughtful of me; but, honey, I could have bought a sweater, and it would have been so nice if you could have come and sat with me by the fire a little while. It was communion and fellowship that I wanted to enjoy."

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13 -- GOD'S PAINFUL DIGGINGS THAT LEAD TO SALVATION

Luke 13:8 "I shall dig about it"

A few years ago I dealt with a man and tried to get him to seek the Lord. I visited him and pleaded with him, but he wouldn't do it. He had a good dad, who loved God -- a wonderful man. This father had a stroke and died without ten minutes of warning. The old fellow slipped across. We all believed he was washed in the blood of the Lamb. I had the man's funeral service, and on the Sunday morning following the old man's funeral service this boy was in church. He sat next to the front seat on Sunday morning. I shook hands with him and said, "Charlie, I'm glad to see you here." He looked up at me and said, "Yes, Brother Vanderpool, I'm here, and I shall be here from now on. But," he said, "it took such a price. Oh, that I could have come and sat down at the side of Dad here in this pew, but I didn't do it! I'm here, but I'm here at a tremendous price." That man walks with God today. He's happy in the Lord. God had to dig about him.

God seeks fruit in our lives today. I believe He is talking to some of you now. He's seeking the fruit of repentance, the fruit of holiness, the fruit of communion, the fruit of service, but He's disappointed. He has extended time. He said, "Wait, let Me dig about it, let Me fertilize it; and if it won't bring forth fruit, then let it be cut down." Time has been extended. He seeks fruit, but He's disappointed. Will you produce the fruit, or will you wait for God to bring something into your life that will crush you or break you and dig about you? You say, "Oh, that's cruel!" Oh, no, brother! God loves us too much to let us drift on to judgment without Him.

I remember the days when my folks were not Christians. Father and Mother were wayward. They liked to dance and go to the world and play with the world. There were six children in our family. There were no prayers, no God, no religion in our home.

One time when father went away to work, little Nellie, four years old, took sick, got the croup, and was dangerously ill. We sent a man, on a horse, to get my father twenty-four miles away. He came as fast as he could, but when he got home little Nellie had slipped away. When Father came in, she was in the front room, lying there on a board covered with a sheet. She was the idol of his heart. Mother broke into tears as he came in and she said, "Will, Nellie's gone." He sobbed and she cried and for days and days there were no songs about our place. A gloom hung over the place. It finally wore off and they began to walk in the same old tracks.

Then little Harley took sick. He lingered six weeks and they took him out and laid him away. Then sorrow hung over the place for quite some time again, but gradually it wore off and they started on again.

Then little Leo took sick and he lingered about three or four months and slipped away and was gone. When they came back from the funeral Mother said to Father, "Will, that's enough. That's enough. There's three of them on the other side. By the grace of God I'm going to meet them." God had to dig about them.

It was just a few years before my mother slipped away. She said, "It broke my heart for God to take Nellie, then to take Harley, then to take Leo. But," she said, "O Son, it's so much better that way than for us to have gone on without God and without hope." She said, "They're safe and I'm converted, you're converted, Brother's converted, and your father made it through to the skies." Better to do it that way than to let them drift on and be lost in the night.

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14 -- SINNERS ARE BLIND TO WHAT BRINGS REAL HAPPINESS

A sinner is blind. A man without Christ is blind. He's blind to true happiness. A man doesn't know anything about joy until he finds Jesus. I saw a man seventy years old who got converted. Twelve hours after he was converted he stood up and said in a meeting, "I've been converted twelve hours and I want to tell you now I've had more enjoyment -- real, honest enjoyment and contentment -- than I've gotten out of all the rest of my life put together." He meant what he said. I could believe every word of it. He had come into real contentment. He had met the

Man of Galilee. A poor sinner is blind. He is blind to values; he is blind to direction; he is blind to the things that he needs to make him happy.

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15 -- HE WANTED BETTER RELIGION THAN THAT

There was a fellow who taught a Sunday school class. He lived across the fence from us. I saw him jerk his horses and I heard him talk rough and hard to them. I had no confidence in his religion. I almost lost my soul on account of lukewarm professors of religion. I went to church once in a while, but the professors of religion were without spiritual life. When I was fifteen years old I stole watermelons with the Sunday school superintendent. We stole enough one night to feed a threshing crew. I said to myself, When I get religion I want something that will keep me out of the other fellow's watermelon patch.

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16 -- THE PREACHER WASN'T MAD

Oh, you say, brother, you are giving it to us! I preached about like this some time ago and there was a little boy right down in front, sitting by his mother. He looked up at his mother and said, "Ma, he's a getting mad, ain't he?" Oh, no, I'm not getting mad. I'm just trying to tell you that God has a religion that will work us over and make us brand-new.

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17 -- HE WAITED TOO LONG

I think of a story told about a ship that had been at sea, rocked and tossed in a three-day storm. The masts were broken; the sails were torn; the ship had sprung a leak and was slowly sinking. The captain of the boat put a signal flag of distress on the old, broken stub of a mast. He put it up hoping that some passing ship might see this signal of distress. In the distance there came a ship, a staunch man-of-war. The fellow in the crow's nest sat searching the seas. He saw away in the distance the crippled ship with the signal flag of distress waving on the broken mast. He notified the captain, and the captain gave instruction to the pilot, and the ship pulled toward the crippled vessel.

The captain on the staunch vessel called to the captain of the crippled vessel and said, "What's your trouble?" And the man on the crippled vessel answered back and said, "We've been through a three-day storm. Our sails are torn; our masts are broken; we've sprung a leak; we're slowly sinking; and we want room for our men and our cargo. And the captain on the staunch vessel called back and said, "All right. Let's lash together; let's tie together, and unload." The captain on the crippled vessel called back and said, "We'll hold up till morning. We're slowly sinking but we can ride it out till day. My men are tired. Half of them are asleep and the other half will be asleep in another minute or two. You lay by till morning." The captain of the staunch vessel answered, "No, no, let's lash together and unload now. My men will help you." The captain on the

crippled ship said, "No, lay by till morning. I'm going to my bunk and I will be asleep in a few minutes."

The staunch vessel prepared to stand by till daylight, but along about 11:30 that night the wind began to turn and that three-day storm unexpectedly turned back. The waves began to lash, the whitecaps could be seen, the wind picked up its speed, and the first thing anybody knew the crippled vessel was rocking and churning in the deep. They fixed a light on the vessel and watched it. The fury of the storm continued, and by and by along about 2:00 a.m. in the midst of the fury of that awful storm the crippled vessel went out of sight. The staunch vessel searched the sea for it but it could not be found. They waited in that area until the break of day. They saw floating boxes and floating debris, floating pieces of boards that told them the sad story. The crippled vessel had gone down in the storm that they hadn't expected to return. The captain had said, "Lay by till morning. We'll hold up till daylight." But he didn't know that the storm was coming and was only two or three hours away.

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18 -- HIS IMPORTUNITY BROUGHT HIM THE GIFT

The baptism with the Holy Ghost must be sought... We must seek -- not once -- not ten days, but "until." God's promise is to His children. His greatest gift is now offered. We must be in the active mood; the passive will never receive it.

One morning my grandmother promised me a pair of star mittens. Her promise thrilled my boyish heart.

I went over in the afternoon to get my mittens. She said, "They are not ready." That night I went to get them. She said, "No, I do not have them." The next morning I went early. She scolded me for coming so early and said, "Go on back home. I do not have them yet." I went other times during the day but always the same answer, "They are not ready." That afternoon she called my father and told him that he must go to town and get some yarn -- that she had promised me some star mittens and that I would give her no rest until they were knitted. The next morning I went over after the mittens. When I knocked and inquired about them she handed me the mittens and said, "Here they are; I sat up half the night to knit them." If people would be half as interested in the promise of our Heavenly Father as I was in my grandmother's promise, they could be filled with the Holy Ghost before this service closes tonight.

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19 -- I HAVE IT NOW!

Long-extended periods of seeking are unnecessary. Time and place are no factors in receiving the Holy Ghost. Obedience and faith are the only vital factors. A consecration that is complete and a faith that is appropriating can end the seeking in glorious realization.

Once I inquired of a converted man if he had been filled with the Spirit. He said, no, he had not. I inquired if he had ever sought for the experience. Again his answer was, "No." Then I inquired if he had ever felt a need for a deeper experience. His eyes filled with tears and he said, "Oh, yes, I have." My next question was, "Then why have you never sought?" His answer was, "I had such a hard time to get saved -- I went to the altar ten times to get converted and I know it must be three times as hard to get sanctified. I just hate to start in to seek."

The next Sunday morning I saw him start for the altar. In a little while I came to where he was kneeling at the altar, and I put my hand on his shoulder and asked, "What are you seeking, brother?" He answered with tears streaming down his face, "I have started in to get sanctified." By the time he finished the statement, a new light filled his eyes and he leaped to his feet and shouted, "I have it now!" He had settled the question before he started to the altar. His seeking was cut short by the glorious entry of the Holy Spirit.

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20 -- WHY OLD HOODOO WAS POWERLESS

The baptism with the Holy Ghost gives the soul an abiding Comforter for life's disappointments... This wonderful experience gives power for service anywhere in the church. Assign a task to a man possessing this experience and he performs it with care and enthusiasm. The man with this experience will work like the faithful old horse, single or double, on either side of the wagon tongue, going up hill or down.

Foreign elements of the soul have been removed. The life is an open, uncluttered channel through which the power of the Spirit can operate unhindered. I am reminded of "Old Hoodoo," one of the nine great locomotives put out by the Santa Fe Railway years ago. Eight of the engines were perfect, but one -- "Old Hoodoo" -- would not pull. It had a wonderful bell, loud whistle, abundance of brass, but no power. No fireman or engineer wanted to have anything to do with this engine which they called "Old Hoodoo." The engine was used some around the yards at small jobs, but it was a disgrace for such a big engine to do so little. The Santa Fe company sent a specialist to discover the trouble. After examining the engine externally the specialist declared it perfect. He said to his assistants, "It must be internal trouble." He removed a crooked pipe which brought the steam from the boiler dome to the steam chest and discovered a blister which had formed in the elbow of the pipe when it was made and had cut off three-fourths of the steam space. He said, "Give me a new pipe." When the new pipe was installed and the engine was steamed up and ready to go, he coupled the engine to seventy cars, rang the bell, blew the whistle, pulled open the throttle. "Old Hoodoo" came to life and dashed out of the yards like a hot-rod racer on the home stretch. The internal trouble had been removed.

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21 -- THE SPIRIT'S POWER TO OVERCOME HANDICAPS

In bringing my message to a close let me say that the baptism with the Holy Ghost insures a life with unmeasured resources. Jesus pictured the Holy-Ghost-filled life as being like a great

onflowing river when He said, in John 7:37-39, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive: for the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified."

The man with the abiding Spirit has hidden reservoirs of strength and unmeasured resources. Like the river, his possibilities are as great as his resources. The Spirit-filled man can laugh at his handicaps as the Columbia River laughed at the Grand Coulee Dam. I pitied the river as I saw the great handicap which man prepared to place before it. But my pity was foolish. I was there later when this handicap was completed and I saw the Columbia rushing over the dam and dashing on toward the sea. When the river had time to draw on her resources, she climbed over her handicap.

Give the Spirit-filled man time to draw on his resources hidden in the mountains of God, and with a shout of triumph he too will climb over his handicap. I am happy to declare tonight that the Holy Ghost has been promised to this generation, and if we truly seek Him we may have Him. When He comes He will cleanse, comfort, establish, empower, and bring to glorious triumph those who will allow Him as a great river to flow through their lives. Revivals shall be our portion; sinners shall be converted, believers sanctified; old churches shall be revived.

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22 -- THE SINNER IS OUT OF HIS ELEMENT

The Bible says, "The way of transgressors is hard." It is hard, first, because it is an unpleasant road. A hard, unpleasant road -- and it is because a man is out of his element when he is a sinner. Had you ever stopped to think that God never made a man to be a sinner? A fellow once said to me, "O Brother Vanderpool, man was made to mourn anyway." Oh, no, man wasn't made to mourn. Man was made to laugh. Man was made to be happy. And as long as he has fellowship with God he has that happiness. He is in his element. Out of that element, he is unhappy.

Take for illustration a great eagle. Capture him. Bring him down and put him in a gilded cage. Put him over on a busy street corner, and let the people go by and look at him. They say in comment, "Oh, look at his eyes, how they sparkle"; or, "Oh, look at his wings, how strong they are." They brag on him and they feed him the best of meats, but in a few days you will note as you go by that the luster in that bird's eyes has begun to grow dim. Watch him as he walks about the cage. He will beat his wings against the cage. Some morning when you go by you will find him with his feathers all ruffled, lying dead in the corner of the cage, with dried blood on the tip of his wings. He died in his cage because he is out of his element. God never made him to live in a cage like that. God made him to spread those great wings, to soar above the mountains, to live above the clouds, and to live in the sunlight. Out of his element, he was unhappy.

The sinner is out of his element. Don't ever think that he can be happy in this world. Oh, I know one can giggle and laugh and let on as if he were having a good time, but it is only to cover a heart that is full of trouble, sorrow, and disappointment.

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23 -- RELIEF FROM THE BURDEN OF 42 YEARS

I remember years ago a man came to our parsonage and knocked on our door. And as I went to the door, he stood there. I saw a man seventy years old, and tears were running down his weather-beaten face. I invited him to come in. He came in and sat down in the front room. Then he began to weep and said, "O Brother Vanderpool, I've had a burden on my heart. I've carried a load for forty-two years. I've come to ask you if there is any relief for me."

He told me the story of how he was born in the old country and crossed the ocean, crossed the mountains, crossed the prairies, and had changed his name, trying to run away from his sin and run away from his burden. He took on an assumed name, married under an assumed name, reared a family under an assumed name. Forty-two years that something had hounded him. He said, "Is there any relief for me? Can I find any peace?" As he talked I could see that the sins of the past could not be changed. He couldn't undo them; he couldn't change them. I finally got him to look away to the Cross, where the Prince of Glory died. This man cried and prayed as if his heart would break, and finally I got him to lift his tear-stained face to the Man who wore the seamless robe, to the Man who had climbed that lone, gray hill, and died alone on Calvary.

Finally, out of his gloom, out of his darkness, and out of his sin he seemed to get a glimpse of Jesus, the blessed Saviour. His burden fell off. He arose from that davenport where he had been kneeling, stood up, and those poor old dead eyes of his took on a new look. His old face just seemed to smooth out, and smiles came where there had been lines of sorrow and grief, and he was made a brand-new man. Within minutes he was changed from a sinner to a believer. He trusted Christ. His sins were gone, and he was a free man.

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24 -- HOW GOD CHANGED HIS CONCEPT OF RELIGION

When I was thinking about getting religion, the old devil said to me, "Now look here, boy, if you go ahead and get religion as you're thinking about, you will never smile again. It's going to make an old grandpa out of you, and you will just have one miserable, awful life, if you start in to be a Christian now." And you know, the devil drew my picture, and I saw myself with thin whiskers I could almost tuck under my belt -- an old man leaning on a cane -- no more smiling -- no more happiness, no more joy -- just eking out an existence. The devil made me think if I got religion, that's the way it would be with me.

You say, "Well, Brother Vanderpool, why did you ever get religion if that's what you thought about it?" I'll tell you why I got religion. I was afraid that I would die and go to hell before morning. That's what I was afraid of. I knew that if I died as I was I would be lost in the night and lost forever. I wasn't as bad as some people. I never robbed a bank. I didn't get drunk, get down in the gutter and roll in drunken filth. I might take a little social drink, or I might pick up something over at the country store when they weren't watching, but to rob a bank, not me. I thought I was a

pretty good boy. I felt pretty good. I was slim in those days, and I could pat myself on the back thinking I was a pretty nice fellow.

But one night I heard a preacher. He began to talk about what it meant to be a sinner, what it meant to be without God and die in the dark. I became so afraid that a trapdoor would open and I would drop into the pit before daylight, I was glad to give up everything. I promised God I'd do anything. I'd rather be a grandpa and go to heaven than to be a smart aleck, godless young sport and die and go to hell. Oh, yes, I made my choice on that basis.

I hadn't been converted a minute until I knew the devil was lying to me all of the time. I hadn't been converted a minute until a new joy came. My burden fell off and I became a new boy. I supposed I would always want to dance or want to drink a little. I thought I would always want to do this or that. But the night God saved me I was so completely changed that I know now what Paul meant when he said, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

I've been trying now for fifty-five years to explain how I got converted. But I declare I can't tell how for the life of me. I just know! I remember the time! I remember the place, and I remember that it made such an indelible impression on my mind and heart that I haven't gotten over it to this night. Praise the Lord! I got out of the hard way and over into the excellent way.

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25 -- GENUINE SALVATION ALIENATES WORLDLY FRIENDS

Satan will enlarge on things, misrepresent things, and get people to say sharp, cutting things to a fellow to make him feel that he has made a fool of himself because he has become a Christian. I remember how he tried to make me feel that I had made one big fool of myself when I got old-time religion.

Three boys who were my old pals came across the stubbled field where I was tending threshing machines. I was a separator man. They climbed upon this threshing machine and said, "Vandy, if you had to get religion, why didn't you get a decent kind? Why didn't you go up here to one of the high-steepled, nice places and get a decent religion?" I said, "Boys, it was down at that little church that I found peace. They helped me find my way to God; and as far as the old life is concerned, it's good-bye from here on out." They said, "Aren't you going to smoke any more?" I said, "No more smoking. I'm through." They said, "Aren't you going to play any more cards?" "No more cards! Burned them today! Quit! Turned away from the old life. Turned away from the old walks. Going to be brand-new by the grace of God." They said, "How can you do it?" They couldn't understand that I had a change of heart.

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26 -- THE LORD WANTS TO SANCTIFY YOU

When I got converted, I thought I wouldn't know where to put any more religion, I was so happy in Jesus. But a rude awakening was soon coming. I had been converted about two weeks when one morning a man drove into the barn lot. I had had trouble with this man. It had rained the night before and there was mud on his buggy wheels. He came up within about twenty-five feet of me, stopped his team, reached down and took a chunk of mud off the buggy wheel, balled it up to about the size of a hen egg, leaned out of his buggy, threw the chunk of mud at me, and hit me roughly, "Good morning" in the chest, and said I never dreamed I had that something inside. I had been converted. Life was different, but I declare if there wasn't something inside that said, "Take him out of that buggy and give him what's coming to him." But another little voice said, "No, no, no, you're a Christian. No, no, you're a Christian. No, you're a Christian." I never said a word. I just had to take myself by the back of the neck and make myself walk around behind the barn. As I went around the barn I said, "Good morning, August." Nobody knew how I was feeling inside. I was so surprised. I never dreamed I had that thing inside.

A few days later a woman said to me at prayer meeting, "You got converted the other night. How are you getting along?" "Oh," I said, "I'm getting along good." She said, "Is everything fine?" I said, "Well, I'll tell you, I've got a temper that is hard for me to control." I said, "If I know my troubles are coming and I can get hold of myself, then I'm all right. But if they just slip up on me unaware, then I'm in trouble." And the woman said to me, "O Son, you don't have all the Lord has for you." I said, "What do you mean?" "Oh," she said, "the Lord wants to sanctify you." I said, "What's that?" She said, "He wants to fix you up inside until you have a deep, settled peace. You won't have that warring in there. You'll have a deep, final, settled peace -- a heart full of love, the love of God shed abroad in your heart." I said, "How do you get it?" She said, "You just dedicate your life and pray; seek and pray and He will do the work."

I became a seeker. I sought the Lord to sanctify me. I sought by my bedside. I sought in the field. I became a constant seeker for God to sanctify me and cleanse my heart. I wanted Him to take that contemptible something out of my heart. I longed for God to do that for me.

I worked for a Catholic man at this time, and ordinarily when we came to the table, he would cross himself, the little girl would cross herself, and I would just bow my head and offer thanks. He said to his little girl, "Vandy prays to his plate." But one day they were gone and I offered thanks out loud. While I offered thanks out loud God blessed my soul. Oh, what joy filled my heart! I laughed and shouted until that old Catholic home got one initiation anyway. Oh, how happy I was! I had been asking the Lord to sanctify me, and when that great blessing came I thought, Now I am sanctified! When I go to prayer meeting I'm going to tell them I got sanctified.

That evening I came in with my team, and went down to the watering trough. I had four horses. One of them was a great big old awkward colt -- old Bill. While Bill was drinking, I was standing there thinking, O brother, how wonderful it is to be sanctified! When I get to prayer meeting I will testify that God has sanctified me. I never thought to keep an eye on old Bill while he was drinking. He got his mouth full of water and, for no reason that I can explain, old Bill just lifted his head and swung it right around over my neck and decided to wash out his mouth. He let out about a quart of water down over my head, down my shirt collar, and all over me. Anybody knows a horse should have more sense than that. I just seized old Bill by the bridle and I jerked him and I kicked him, and I kicked him again. About the third time I kicked him, a little voice

seemed to say, "Oh, no, no, that's no way for a Christian to act." Then I thought, No, I didn't get sanctified. Of that I was certain.

But I had gotten so angry at old Bill that I knew I had lost the joy out of my heart. I'd sinned against God. I had a fit of anger -- carnal, sinful anger. The only way for me to find peace was to ask God to forgive me. I did ask God to forgive me; I prayed earnestly for God to forgive me. I prayed for hours. I prayed until twelve o'clock at ... everybody was asleep. I got up, came down the stairway, went out to the barn, went into the stall where old Bill was. I put my arm up around old Bill's neck and I told him that I was sorry that I kicked him, and that I wouldn't do it anymore. You say, "Oh, that was silly." No, brother, if you have a feeling of guilt and a burden on your soul, you'd be glad to do anything to get rid of it. God spoke peace to my heart and I stroked old Bill's neck, went back to the house, and went to bed and went to sleep. God forgave me.

My first thought in the morning was, I must get sanctified. I've got to get rid of that something. I must have God to do something for me. And it dawned on me that since I had gotten converted at the altar, maybe I could get sanctified at the altar. As I worked in the field near the road that morning I saw a neighbor lady going into town and I hailed her and asked, "Are you going past the pastor's parsonage?" She said, "Yes." I said, "When you go past, would you mind stopping and telling the pastor that Tuesday night at the cottage prayer meeting I'm coming in, and tell him I want to get sanctified." She said, "I'll tell him." I didn't know that the pastor didn't believe in sanctification. The lady that came by told the wife of the pastor. The pastor was not at home at the time, but when he returned his wife said, "You know that boy that got converted four or five weeks ago? He wants to come in Tuesday night and get sanctified." She said, "Now I know you say you don't believe in it, but you know I do, and you'd better make it possible for that boy to get sanctified. You'd better open the altar for that boy to get sanctified Tuesday night. If you don't do it, and he goes off and backslides, God will require his blood at your hands."

Well, Tuesday night I headed for cottage prayer meeting and my soul was rejoicing. I found myself saying, "God is going to sanctify me tonight." Oh, how happy I was! When I arrived at prayer meeting, we had a little testimony meeting. One man stood up and testified that he had been converted twenty-seven years. I had been converted about six weeks. Finally the pastor said, "Now there is someone here who wants to be sanctified." There were five chairs. I knelt at the middle chair. This old man knelt beside me. Three others came that night. God sanctified my heart, and He sanctified this man that had been converted twenty-seven years. He got up and testified, saying, "Oh, if I had known twenty-seven years ago what I know tonight, it would have saved me an up-and-down life. It would have saved me such a checkered life." He said, "Oh, if only I had known this twenty-seven years ago!"

I went out and met the call to preach. Twelve years later, while holding a revival meeting, I preached and I was having a good time preaching. There was an older man in the audience who shouted me on. When I got through preaching, I was shaking hands as I came down the aisle and I looked at this elderly man. As I shook hands with him, I said to him, "How long have you been converted?" He said, "Thirty-nine years." I said, "How long have you been sanctified?" He said, "Twelve years." I said, "I'll tell you where you got the blessing." He said, "Where's that?" I said, "You got the blessing in Chillicothe, Missouri, in Sister Abbott's home, down near the Wabash tracks one Tuesday about 10:00 p.m." The old man went into the air like a rocket. He said, "That's

where I got sanctified, but how in the world do you know anything about it?" I said, "You remember that boy that knelt by your side that night and got sanctified?" He said, "You're not that boy." I said, "I'm that boy." He said, "Glory to God! I'm class leader in the Methodist church. Let's take this town for God. What do you say?" And I tell you we just about did too. We saw many converted and sanctified in that meeting.

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27 -- WHY COTTON WON THE RACE

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain (I Cor. 9:24). It is our privilege for every one of us to so deport himself and so run that he can have the prize. Praise the Lord!

I think sometimes when a fellow is doing his best to make the grade it wouldn't be bad if somebody else could boost a little for him. I think there is just about as much in boosting and cheering for a runner as there is in running. Here's a fellow that is doing his best. He could do a little better, he could stay at it a little longer, if he could just have a cheering section not too far away, giving him a little shout of encouragement and a word of cheer as he runs on. Why don't you pass out more of these encouraging things? When you see a fellow just giving it all he's got, wouldn't it be all right just to say, "Boy, you're doing all right"? You can't imagine how that would make a fellow feel.

I remember one time when I was bowed down and pretty low. Dr. Reynolds put his hand on my shoulder and said, "God bless you, Son. You're going to make it yet." You don't know how much good that did me. And there are fellows out there that need just a word of encouragement. They're fighting a pretty hard battle and a little cheering wouldn't hurt them.

I remember back in our part of the country when I was a boy, we had a fellow in our school that we thought could run. We thought that Cotton Adams was one of the best runners in the whole state. So we made arrangements to send Cotton Adams over to a certain town where they were going to have a tournament. We thought our school ought to be represented over there. So we got together some money, about three or four dollars, to buy him a ticket and we sent him over there to run and represent our school. Then we got to thinking, Wouldn't it be too bad for Cotton to go over there to run and be the only one over there to represent our school?

We had a fellow that was a one-man cheering section. Jonesy could make more noise and could whoop louder and cheer more than a half-dozen average fellows. So we got together a few more dollars and sent Jonesy over to the race too. Cotton was all set to go; Jonesy was in the cheering section. The signal was given and the runners were off. Cotton came running around past that big cheering section with nobody in it but Jonesy. Jonesy had a red sweater, and as Cotton went by Jonesy stood up in that cheering section, swung his red sweater, and yelled, "Go to it, Cotton!" And Cotton went to it. As he came by on the last round, he was nearly exhausted but giving it all he had. As he went past he glanced at that cheering section and Jonesy swung that red sweater around his head and yelled like a wild boy, "Go to it, Cotton!" An extra surge and burst of speed and Cotton won the race.

When they came back home we carried Cotton all around. We whooped, yelled, and celebrated. But when he got a chance Cotton said, "Wait a minute, boys. Wait a minute! I never would have made it if it hadn't been for Jonesy. Jonesy in the cheering section, swinging that red sweater, did something for me."

I want the Lord to help me to stand up now and then in the cheering section and swing the red sweater and do my best to give a little encouragement to the fellow that's in there giving it all he has.

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28 -- WHAT COMPELLED HIS UPWARD GAZE

"Looking unto Jesus"

Listen, I want us to keep our eyes on the Saviour. What difference does it make anyway what others think? If when I can close my eyes and look toward His beautiful face I see that there is a smile on His countenance, that He's satisfied, that He is pleased with the heroic effort I am making, I'll make it. I think He sees how tired I am; I think He sees the scars that are on me from battles fought in other days. I think He sees that, and I think He cares, and I think He smiles back. And, brother, if you can keep Him smiling, what's the difference? If I can keep Jesus smiling back at me, I'm going to make it.

One cold December morning an old man walked down the street in a large city. As he walked he saw a lad sitting on the curbstone. The boy was bareheaded, bare-handed, and barefooted. He was sitting there shivering in the cold, clutching in his little, dirty, red hands the head of an old, broken violin. The old man passed him by, went ten or fifteen steps down the street, but he hadn't gone far when he came back and put his hand on the tousled head of the little fellow sitting there shivering in the cold.

"Son," he said, "why don't you go home? Don't sit here shivering in the cold."

The boy looked up at him and said, "I have no home to go to."

The man said, "You mean you don't have any place to go? No home to go to?"

"No," answered the boy.

The man questioned, "Where is your father?" The lad replied, "I never met him."

"Where is your mother?" the man continued.

"She died about two weeks ago," answered the lad.

"You mean you are all alone in the world?"

"Yes."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"Over there in that box," said the lad pointing to a big packing box. "There is some excelsior and papers in there. I slept in there and I did pretty well last night. It wasn't too cold."

"Have you had any breakfast?"

"Yes, I got a pretty good breakfast."

"Where did you get your breakfast?"

"I got it out of that can over there back of the Boston Restaurant. I didn't do too badly this morning. I got a pretty good breakfast."

The old man said, "If I take you out of here, would you promise me that you would stay out of this slum area?"

The boy looked up at the old man and said, "Yes, sir, I will."

"Come with me." The man took the boy with him and went to a nearby barbershop and said to the barber, "See that this boy has a good bath and a haircut. I'll be back pretty soon."

Soon the old man came back with his arms filled with clothes for the boy: socks, underwear, shoes, shirt, tie, mittens, everything to outfit him from head to foot. The little fellow put on the new clothes and turned and walked out of the barbershop door. As they walked along, the child put his hand up into the old man's hand and said to the old fellow, "I never felt this way before."

Soon they turned in at a nice home and knocked on the door. The door opened and an elderly woman looked out and said, "Well, well, Daddy, what have you got here?"

"Oh," he said, "Mother, this is a boy that is coming to live with us." She just pushed open the door, put her motherly arms around the little fellow, pulled him up close, and brought him into the house. He waded through the thick rugs. He had never seen such rugs in all his life. They gave him a room. He came to the table and ate. Such food he'd never had; such a bed he'd never slept in; such kindness he'd never had before. By and by the old man said to him, "Son, how would you like for me to adopt you as my boy?"

The lad said, "Then you'd be my sure enough daddy?"

"Yes."

"Oh," he answered, "that would be wonderful."

"All right, if we can get the papers fixed up, I'm going to adopt you."

So they got the papers fixed up and he adopted the little boy. Weeks after that the old man went by the boy's bedroom and in on the dresser he saw the head of that old, broken violin that the boy had been clutching the first morning he saw him. He said to the boy, "Why did you bring this old, broken violin?"

The boy said, "Shouldn't I have done that? Wasn't it all right to bring it?"

"Well," he said, "yes, it was all right to bring it, but why did you want it?"

"Oh," he said, "I heard a violin played one time and it was the most beautiful music I ever heard in my life."

The old man said, "Would you like to learn to play a violin?"

The boy answered, "Oh, nothing would make me happier than that."

The old man said, "All right, I'll teach you. I am a master on the violin and I'll teach you."

Years rolled by and one day the newspapers announced that a young violinist was going to give a recital at the city auditorium. The people came by the hundreds and filled the entire building. The boy came out all set to play. He took his violin, got all set, lifted his gaze, and began to play. He played the violin, continuing to look yonder. Some people laughed for joy, some wept, he drew such wonderful strains of music from his violin. And some people said, "Oh, I don't know that that's so great. I've heard just as good as that. I don't know that that's anything to go wild about." The boy paid no attention to the praise they gave him nor the scolding they gave him. And some people actually got out of their seats and came and threw money down at his feet. But still he paid no attention to what the crowd was saying or doing. He just looked yonder and played on.

One man decided he would see at what the boy was looking. He went up to the first balcony and saw the boy's gaze was higher than that. He went on up to a higher place, and finally when he got to a certain place he saw, standing by a post, an old, gray-haired man. All the old, gray-haired man was doing was just nodding. It seemed that all that boy cared for was to keep the old man nodding. The old man had found him when he was sitting on a curbstone; found him when he was naked, cold, hungry, and friendless; and everything that was good, beautiful, and worthwhile the old man had brought him. Naturally the only thing the boy could think about was to keep the old, gray-haired man happy.

I remember when Jesus found me sitting on the curbstone, friendless, homeless, without God, and without hope, feeding on the husks of sin. And He adopted me. He gathered up the broken, bleeding ends of my poor heart, poured in oil, healed my heart. I thought I would never sing or be happy again, but I testify to you that He healed my heart, gave me a new song, changed my whole outlook on life, and gave me a desire to just keep Jesus nodding. Let me urge you to look to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of your faith. Don't quit. "So run, that ye may obtain."

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29 -- HOW GOD USED A WOMAN WITH NO TALENT

A lady said to me, as her pastor, about two months after her conversion, "Brother Vanderpool, give me something to do, but first let me tell you what I can't do. I can't play the piano nor sing special songs. I'm no good at public prayer. I can't teach. I'm a failure as a personal worker, and I don't have much money to give, but I want something to do." I turned to the Sunday school superintendent and said, "She wants something to do," but in turn he said, "You know all the jobs and offices are taken, Brother Vanderpool. There is nothing for her to do. Just tell her to pray." I said, "I know, but she wants something to do."

Then I inquired, "How about making her visiting secretary for the Sunday school?" He answered, "Brother Vanderpool, we have no such office as that." I replied, "Yes, I know, but we could make such an office in about a minute." Then he said, "Go ahead if you wish." I told her to take the job and told her what would be expected of her. First, check the absentees and find why they did not come to Sunday school. Second, contact visitors and new people who lived in our town. Third, watch for any prospective Sunday school members and report them to me.

Within a few days I received a phone call from the lady saying she had found some people who would like to come to our Sunday school but it was too far to walk. Could someone with a car pick them up? I promised and sent someone after them Sunday morning. About the middle of the week I received another phone call from the lady telling of another family who would come if someone could stop and pick them up. I promised again and sent another car to pick up this family. This kind of procedure continued until ten of our men were picking up extra loads of Sunday school people. Then a bus was rented to pick up the ten or more families, and everybody was happy. Toward the end of the week the phone rang and a timid voice inquired if I could send someone to pick up a family away off the bus route. I promised again, but within six months we needed to rent the second bus to care for the people who wanted to come to Sunday school.

The closing Sunday of our pastorate in that church I stood at the back door of the church and watched 3 buses and 5 cars unload over 150 boys and girls who scampered across the churchyard to find their places in the different Sunday school departments. I saw a pale-faced woman with bright eyes watching that group; for she who could not play the piano nor sing special songs, was no good at public prayer, who said she could not do personal work or teach a class and had little money to give, was responsible for 150 new people in the Sunday school.

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30 -- HOW ONE MAN'S GIVING TO GOD PAID OFF

I was pastor of a little home mission church which worshipped in a portable tabernacle made of corrugated iron; the people of the town called it "the old cow barn." The need for a better place of worship was great. I earnestly prayed for guidance. One day I discovered a wonderful piece of property just suited to our purpose which could be purchased for only \$1,000 down, the

balance in annual payments at low interest. I walked around the lot and claimed it for the Church of the Nazarene. We had no money in the treasury. I prayed earnestly and waited.

Two or three mornings afterwards a man knocked on the parsonage door. He came in and told me the story of how his wife and children had been saving money to buy a new Buick automobile. But he said that while he was at prayer that morning God seemed to inquire which he would rather do -- drive the old Ford up to a decent place of worship or drive a shining new Buick up to "the old cow barn." The brother informed me that after a family conference they had decided to give the money to secure a new place of worship, and that if I could find a satisfactory place, he would give a thousand dollars in cash. I told him of the property I had discovered and had been praying about. He knew the property location and value. With face all aglow he said, "God is in it." You never saw a man give a thousand dollars to the work of God with greater flourish than this fellow did; and I doubt if ever anyone saw a preacher take a thousand dollars for the work of God with greater flourish than I took that check. The property was purchased and God's cause began to prosper.

I saw this man many times afterward. Never once did he or his family regret the sacrifice they had made. A few years later he moved to one of our colleges to give the children a Christian education. While at this college he made investments that brought returns which gave him financial security for the rest of his life. His gift to the work of God called for a full consecration, but obedience to God's will paid off in every way -- for the church and for the man and his family.

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31 -- WHY HE HELD ON

I heard Uncle Bud Robinson tell of three navy men who were left clinging to a broken raft after the sinking of their ship. They were in ice water that soon chilled them to the bone. Two of the fellows were single; the other one had a wife and a little four-year-old daughter. After clinging to the raft for about an hour, one of the single boys turned loose and went down. The other single boy held on for another half hour; then he turned loose, leaving the married man clinging to the raft. Hours afterward he was picked up by rescuers. Everyone marveled that the man could live so long in the water filled with floating chunks of ice. When the man recovered so he could talk, he told his story.

He said he saw the other two fellows turn loose and go down, and that many times he was almost ready to let his numb fingers turn loose, but always the faces of his wife and little daughter came before him. The sight of their faces drove warm blood to his very fingertips, and his whole body seemed to warm, though he remained in the ice water. Paul said, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

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32 -- EARS TUNED TO THE SAVIOR'S COMING

Jesus said, "I will come again." Yes, He will come back again. He will inquire how we got along trading with the capital which He bestowed upon us. He plans to gather all of the faithful unto himself. On that day honor will be bestowed and rewards will be given. How tragic when buried talents will be uncovered, unfaithfulness revealed, and divine wrath outpoured!

History tells of the siege of Lucknow, the capital of the kingdom of Oudh in India, in 1857, when 1,700 men withstood for 12 weeks the siege of 10,000 men. During this siege suffering within the city was indescribable. The men holding the city had the promise that Havelock and his Highlanders would come to their assistance. Out of that siege comes the story of a little blind girl who, on the morning of one day of the siege, was sitting in front of her humble home and began a joyful cry for her mother to come quickly, saying, "Don't you hear them? Don't you hear them?" The mother rebuked her, saying, "Hear what? I hear nothing that should make you rejoice when our beloved city is so besieged." The little blind girl who had developed acute hearing said, "I hear the bagpipes. I hear the bagpipes. Havelock and his Highlanders are coming." In a little while others heard the bagpipes. Soon the siege was lifted and the suffering was past.

Those with spiritual ears can hear the sound of bagpipes. Our Havelock and His Highlanders are coming -- the faithful will soon come into their own.

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THE END