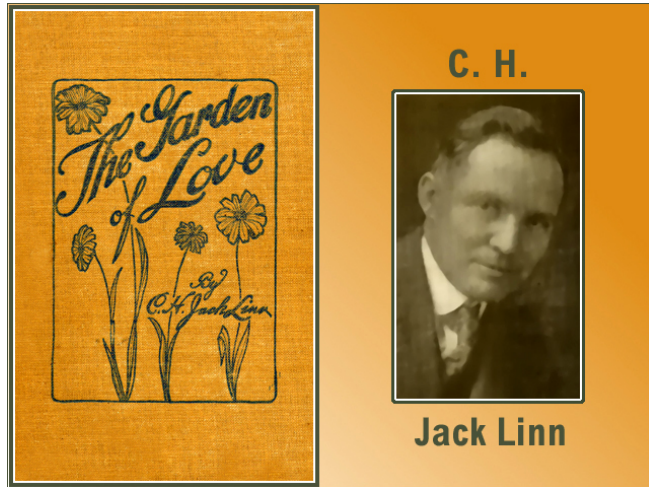


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**THE GARDEN OF LOVE**  
By C. H. Jack Linn



**Author Of:**  
Hallelujah Jack  
The Letters Of A Converted Boy To His Mother

**Published By Pentecostal Publishing Company**  
Louisville, Kentucky

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By C. H. Jack Linn

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

While searching online for publications by, and information about, Clement H. "Jack" Linn, I learned that he was born in Athens County, Ohio on April 1, 1886 and died on December 14, 1943. The place of his passing was not given, but according to the dates of his birth and death, he was 57 years of age when he died. I learned that his father's name was Sherman Linn, and his mother was Dora (Campbell) Linn. His two siblings were Grover and Rex Linn. Finally, I learned that C. H. Jack Linn's marriage to his wife, whom he calls "Sofee" in this book, occurred some time prior to February, 1916.

In this book, "Hallelujah Jack" Linn wrote: -- "When I die (if Jesus tarries) and a monument perchance should be erected to mark my grave, it would delight my heart throughout eternity to know that on the stone were the words, 'He was a good man.'" I am sure that he meant that in the same sense in which it was said of Barnabas in Acts 11:24 -- "For HE WAS A GOOD MAN, and FULL OF THE HOLY GHOST and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord."

I doubt that I ever shall learn anything more about C. H. "Jack" Linn's vital statistics, but I have begun communications with a seller to buy his second book, "The Letters Of A Converted Boy To His Mother" -- this book ("The Garden Of Love") apparently being the third one of his books. In his first book -- "Hallelujah Jack" -- he inserted a "Notice" at its close stating: "Since this book was written and published I have received light on Holiness, and God has sanctified me wholly. The account of my Second Blessing is given in my other book, "The Letters Of A Converted Boy To His Mother." I look forward to receiving and publishing this, his second book, also. -- Duane V. Maxey, Holiness Data Ministry, Surprise, Arizona, July 7, 2009.

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## DEDICATION

Dedicated to my dear wife, Sofee, who has prayed, sung, and "scotched" for me while I have preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ in churches, in halls, in theaters, in tents, in schoolhouses, in tabernacles, in missions, in campmeetings, on street corners, in shops, in old folks' homes, in houses, and where not.

\* \* \* \* \*

## INTRODUCTION

It is to be hoped that this book will be God's instrument in shaking a pomegranate tree over your head. If you get blessed in reading the book as I was blessed in writing the manuscript, there will be some shouting going on.

I thank the dear Lord for the book, and everybody else who helped to make it possible. Amen.

Sincerely In Him  
C. H. Jack Linn  
Oregon, Wisconsin  
January 15, 1921

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## 01 -- FULL CORN IN THE EAR

"For the earth bringeth forth fruit of itself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear" (Mark 4:28).

No one will expect me, just a sinner saved by grace, to properly handle a text as far as exegesis is concerned. If I can write something which will be a blessing to hungry hearts, I shall not care what the critics, or the "big" preachers, say about my methods of handling a verse of Scripture.

To be honest, though, I must say I did study homiletics and Scriptural analysis at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, under Dr. Kern. "Uncle Johnie," as I called him, was a dear old man, and he taught me about perfect texts., and admissible texts, and inadmissible, and accommodated texts, and so on. Maybe he will be disappointed in his "bright prospect" if he should chance to see this book. But the gentle Jesus will pardon me, I am sure, if I get twisted a bit on appropriating a blessed verse from the old Book.

Anyway, I find that my text teaches something about seeds and harvest, and growing things, and it makes me think of the farmer and his seed. Occasionally someone accuses a preacher of talking about things which he does not understand, and I haven't any doubt but that is true in my case. I was never on a farm till after I was saved, and I was not saved until I was twenty-six years old.

When a student at Vanderbilt, a country parson asked me to go out in the country and hold a meeting for him. It was all in answer to prayer, and so I went. I did not have any sermons, but I had God, and He had the sermon's. Amen! Well, I was a "greeny." I had often made fun of the country boys who came to the city, but here was, a case of a city boy going to the country for the first time.

I was as green as green fresh paint, and they -- those dear people in the hills of old Tennessee -- were not long in locating me. But I laughed at their jeers and ridicule, and preached Jesus, for He is the same in the country as in the city, and country sinners are not any different from city sinners, as far as the heart is concerned, for "we have all sinned and come short of His glory." And when "He (the Holy Ghost) is come He will convict of sin, righteousness and judgment." City airs or country aristocracy do not change the mourner's bench.

In those days of my early Christian life I could not pray unless I prayed aloud. So I would steal away from the home where I was being entertained, and go out into a pasture underneath an old oak tree, which had been struck by lightning, and pour out my soul to the Christ. I believe there were pigs and cows and geese in that field, and because I did not know any of their peculiar characteristics, I was just a little alarmed when they came near me. I think quite often I prayed with my eyes wide open. But doesn't the Word say, "Watch and pray?" I suppose that is distorting Scripture, too, but it was exactly what I did. Cows and pigs, and geese, and such like, may be harmless; but I was just a city boy and I did not want to take any unnecessary chances.

Those who have heard me preach will doubtless recall how I told my experience of milking my first cow. I was calling on a lady in the country, and we were going out that night. Her parents were away from home, and company had come who would be there for supper. Our engagement was imperative, as far as time was concerned.

"I do not see how we can get started," she explained to me nervously. I must prepare supper, and daddy will never forgive me if I do not milk the cow."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "let me milk the cow."

"Can you?" she questioned, eyes, twinkling, for she knew I was from the city.

"I'll try. I believe I can."

**"All right." And she gave me. a large pail and a three-legged stool.**

**Taking the pail and stool, I went to the barn, and found the cow. Please remember I was all dressed up. Had better clothes in those days than I have now -- blue serge suit, tan shoes, white vest, new straw hat, high white collar and tie.**

**Well, it seemed that cow was a bit odd. It looked at me as much as to say, "I have never been introduced to you. Where did you come from? The city?"**

**I did my best -- and so did the cow. It had been raining and things were pretty wet, and it was not long before my suit was changing color, and my white vest was polka-dot, and my shoes were indescribable, and the left hind hoof the cow accidentally or on purpose went through my new straw hat, and my hair and collar and necktie, modestly speaking, were, respectively, disarranged and disheveled.**

**If we had had a referee, the cow would have received the victor's wreath of flowers. I went back to the kitchen, ashamed and abashed. When the lady saw me she began to whoop, and when her words were intelligent, she asked:**

**"What in the world happened to you?"**

**"I could not make that cow sit on that three-legged stool," I answered, coolly.**

**Everybody who believes this story raise your hands. Thanks indeed.**

**But whether I know anything about a farm, or a cow, yet I know my text is in the Bible, and that reminds me I had better get back to it.**

**From the farmer and his seed we learn the lesson of obedience. When the farmer wants things to grow, he must be obedient to the laws of nature. There is no big thought in this statement, as far as farming is concerned. But in the spiritual realm obedience is sometimes overlooked. Before God can save us, and bring about the new birth in our lives, we must be obedient to the conditions which he has laid down in the Book.**

**No one was ever regenerated who did not meet the divine commands. We must repent of sin, and that means renounce sin for all time, and make restitution where necessary. We must receive Jesus into our hearts as Lord and Master, and confess Him to the world. This is obedience required in seeking the Lord, and then obedience to His leadings must follow through all our lives.**

**Another lesson we learn from the farmer and his seed is trustfulness. When he has worked his ground and planted his seed, and done the necessary things, all that is left to do is trust. No use to worry, fret, or murmur.**

The sinner when he has done his part; that is, when he has repented and renounced, and accepted Jesus as His Saviour, he must trust. God has promised, and He is faithful. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Doubts and worry will not bring the victory. Trust -- faith -- is the victory.

From the farmer and his seed we gather a third lesson; that of mystery. The farmer, be he experienced or scientific, does not know exactly what happens to the seed while it is in the ground. We know it dies, or we say it dies. But just what takes place in the death of the seed remains a mystery to every one save God.

A boy planted some flower seeds, in his small garden. They grew and thrived. The next year he again planted, but being anxious to know what was going on in the ground, he dugged about, and alas he had no garden that year. The mystery was not solved. We know the chemicals and juices of the earth conspire, so to speak, with the sunshine and rains and shade, and in due time forth comes the seed which was planted. But that is all we know. We know what to do -- obedience; and we know what takes place.

The eccentric preacher said: "I do not know how a red cow can eat green grass, and give white milk, which makes, yellow butter, but it does." Not an elegant illustration, and doubtless a bit aged, but, oh, how illustrative.

And with the new birth -- regeneration -- it is the same. How God saves and gives a new heart is a mystery that man has never fathomed. We shall know when we shall meet Him face to face. Some deep things in God transcend our reason, but they do not necessarily contradict our reason. Seeing, hearing, smelling, feeling, and tasting are the five senses, according to psychology. But what about faith? Where does it come in? We know some things by faith, and if it were not for faith the mystery would be more mysterious. It would be a difficult task indeed to explain the Holy Ghost, and His work in a heart, by the five senses. Thank God for faith which penetrates the mystery, even though it remains a mystery. The fourth lesson from the farmer and his seed is that of consummation. That is rather a large word, but no other seems to fit quite so well. Consummation means that which rises to the highest possible degree; completeness, fullness.

There can be no garden of love growing in the heart until after the consummation. Let me try and make it clear.

If the farmer plants his seed corn in May, and, on the fourth of July goes out to examine his corn and finds it is knee high, all is well and good. But if he goes out on the fourth of September, and finds it still knee high, he begins to realize that all is not well with the corn. And if on arriving in his field on the fourth of October it is still the same height, he knows corn is a failure that year. And in November when corn should be gathered -- there is none to gather, for it is still knee high.

**"First the blade, and then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Possibly now you are beginning to see something of my text.**

**There are some things hard to understand, and one of them is how folks can make themselves believe they have the religion of Jesus Christ, when in their testimony they state that "the happiest day of my life was the day when I was converted." I do not doubt for a moment the truth of this testimony whenever I hear it, for in untold thousands of instances it is true.**

**It is alright to see tiny green apples on the tree in the spring, but it would be another thing to see the tiny green apples on the tree in the autumn.**

**If a baby thirty days old weighs twelve pounds that may be alright, but if at the age of one year or two years or ten years its weight has not changed, all would be wrong.**

**If a boy six years of age has a mind of a boy six years of age, there is no uneasiness; but when the boy has attained his majority, or is twenty-one years of age, and still has the mind of a six-year-old child, we all know something is radically wrong.**

**I think it was in Texas -- anyway, Texas will do -- a man arose in a testimony meeting and loudly said: "Twenty-odd years, ago, right heah in this church, I wuz filled with the Spirit. Since that time not a drap has runned out nor a drap runned in. Glory be to God!" A little boy, smart for his age, called across the room, "If nothing has run in and nothing run out in twenty years, mister, you've got wiggle-tails."**

**No, I am not advocating a growth theory. I do believe in growth in grace, but not growth into purity. This shall be brought out in another chapter.**

**However, there is a growth before we reach the consummated stage, and before we can possess the Garden of Love. And there is suppression, or counteraction, for I believe in them. But the growth I believe in is that growth in light which takes us to the place where our hearts are so hungry for holiness that we get desperate in our seeking after a clean heart.**

**No truly regenerated soul ever went six months without finding the stirrings of the Old Man in his heart. At first he did not see this manifestation of carnality. But the precious Holy Ghost brought the light when the regenerated soul was ready to receive it, and thus that was growth in light.**

**And suppression is absolutely necessary to the regenerated heart, for when the workings of inbred sin cry for the uppermost place, they must be suppressed, or that soul will backslide. The new thought today is not suppression. The holiness fighters say: "If suppression does not go far enough, eradication goes too far, and the proper word should be counteraction." Well, thank God for counteraction, but**

more thanks unto Him for eradication or crucifixion of the Old Man. It is no greater strain upon the heart to believe that God can perfectly cleanse than that he can suppress or counteract. Give me imparted holiness in preference to imputed holiness. Amen!

"The growth before sanctification," an able preacher has said, "is not growth into holiness, but a growth in preparation for holiness. The converted soul has, month after month, and year after year, a growing sense of soul need. Soon after conversion, the believer thinks that he can gradually overcome and remove the ill-temper and evil tendencies of his heart, but after a while he has, a growing sense of his utter helplessness to make his heart pure.

"He may have deeper views into his heart wants, he may get wider views of Christian duty, he may feel more the claims of God's Word, he may, item by item, consecrate his all to God, but this growth is a preparation for being sanctified. The preparation for heart purity is gradual (though it should be brief), but the reception of heart purity is by simple trust, and is instantaneous. The growth previous to sanctification is mostly a growing sense of our soul-needs; it is a growth of wants more than a growth of supplies; it is not so much increase of grace as it is increase of hunger for grace; it is not so much growth in grace as it is growth in conviction for holiness."

Let your imagination run just a few miles with me. Supposing all the bishops of the churches which have bishops; supposing all the moderators of the churches and bodies that have moderators; supposing all the presidents of the churches and associations and presbyteries, and synods who have presidents; supposing all of the leading religious figures in the world; supposing all the high ecclesiastics on top of the earth were called together in an august body, and then -- still supposing now -- supposing they would ask me, your humble servant and author, to address them on this theme: "What is Wrong with Our Churches Today?" You ask, "Could you answer the question? Could you tell them what is wrong with the churches today?" Modestly, and yet boldly, I answer "Yes!"

See me on the platform before this august body (keep on imagining now). Every eye is turned upon me. The attention is undivided. A great silence is upon the people. I open my mouth and speak:

"The trouble with the church today lies in this -- far too many preachers and lay-members are in the blade stage of their Christian life when they ought to be in the full corn in the ear stage."

I can hear them cry (can't you?): "Away with him. We do not believe in holiness. We believe you have to sin every day in thought, word, deed, and act."

See! I never said a word about holiness, but the ecclesiastics can sense a holiness preacher almost before he speaks.



\* \* \* \* \*

## 02 -- GATHERING SPRING FLOWERS

The Garden of Love is a veritable garden which grows and blooms and thrives and sends forth its fragrance from the depths of the heart or soul. There can be no Garden of Love until the regenerated soul has reached the consummated stage, and the heart is cleansed from all sin by the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, even entire sanctification.

The devil is the author of all sin, both actual and inbred, and the Lord Jesus was manifested to destroy the works of the devil. Christian perfection, or sanctification, is a heart emptied of all sin and filled with the love of God. And the Lord does not leave the heart empty, but fills it with the fruit of the Spirit, or the Garden of Love. In no true sense can there be a Garden of Love until the heart is delivered from all sin.

Our home is in Wisconsin. We do not get there very often, for we are continually engaged in the evangelistic work, and necessarily must be away from home. Occasionally, we are permitted to be in our home in the spring of the year when sleeping things are awakening.

Now the woods of Wisconsin in the springtime are beautiful. A few years ago to our delight we had a ramble through the woods in search of spring flowers. What a pleasure it was! The warm sun was shining, and everything that grew was on tiptoe of joy and ecstasy. The grass was, like a velvet cover, and the flowers that raised their beautiful heads, sometimes in abundance and other times most meagerly, seemed to be shouting forth the gladness of the arrival of spring.

Our party expectantly excursed through the woods. Now and then a squirrel would bark, and say "Look at me," and then as we looked it seemed to clap its hands and exclaim, "I'm so happy." And the birds, after their long absence to other parts of the country, were singing with soothing voice, "O happy spring is here; O happy spring is here." The industrious robins were more than busy building their nests, preparatory to the arrival of the little ones.

The violets were at our feet in abundance, and what joy we felt as we gathered them, so beautiful and soft in their colors. Wild honeysuckle seemed to shout after us, and bent to our touch as we plucked it. The shooting stars -- how eager they were to take a place in our bouquets.

Here and there a solitary Indian Pink would mount high on its stem, and cry gleefully, "You will need me among your flowers." The fern, in different varieties and shapes and shades of green, said: "Just help yourself." And we did.

The May flower and the wild geranium, although more or less common, added simple beauty to our clusters. The wild lily-of-the-valley, so pure in its whiteness, added another color and beauty to our now growing bouquet.

The lady-slipper was the rarest of all the flowers, and whenever any member of our party discovered one, they would call out joyfully: "I've found a lady-slipper." We searched and researched for this delicate flower, and if, perchance, one would find a pink lady-slipper, it was a time of rejoicing, indeed.

Sometimes I am asked this question, "Brother Linn, what is your wife's favorite flower?" I answer: "Jack in the pulpit," and so of course we searched for the Jack-in-the-pulpits. A man interrupted one time when I was preaching this sermon, and said, "I did not know a Jack-in-the-pulpit was a flower." Maybe it isn't; but we gathered them in the woods anyway. And "Jack-in-the-pulpit" is a flower to my wife. Glory! It's nice to have a good wife, isn't it?

After our trip in the woods we went to the home where we were being entertained and the ladies with their exquisite touch arranged and rearranged all the flowers we had gathered. Some of the bouquets were made up of all the different flowers and ferns; some were of two blending flowers; while others were all of one kind, such as the lady-slippers.

As they were placed on the stand, the table, the window, the piano, oh how pretty, beautiful, lovely. The wonderful colors, the marvelous shapes, the delicious odors -- who can describe a single flower? Surely there is a God; the flowers declare His handiwork.

We would like to take every reader through the woods of Wisconsin in the spring-time on a similar excursion, but that is quite impossible. But, by the help of God, we can take you through the Garden of Love, for the Christ is hovering near you while you read, and the open Bible can be at your side.

For our spiritual garden, or the garden of our hearts, let us say the soul is the soil or earth into which the seed drops; the Word of God is the seed, and we verily believe this:-- Jesus Christ is the Gardener, and we write this reverently; and the Holy Spirit does the work of the sunshine and rains.

The Trinity and the precious Word of God enter into the Garden of Love. It could not be otherwise. God is the Author and Designer of it all. He "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." What a tender Gardener is Jesus. How careful He is. How well He understands His work. Where Jesus is not the Gardener, there is no garden. And the blessed and adorable Holy Ghost, how sweetly and patiently He does His work, as He reveals the Word of God, the seed, to us.

God says to us because of Jesus by the Holy Ghost through the medium of the precious Word:-- "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering,

gentleness, goodness, faith, temperance; against such there is no law" (Gal. 5:22-23).

Dr. Weymouth, in his beautiful and spiritual translation, makes the above verses read: "The spirit brings a harvest of love, joy, peace, patience toward others, kindness, benevolence, good faith, meekness, self-restraint..."

I am sure that I shall not be wresting Scripture, or giving an erroneous interpretation, when I ask, for the sake of my picture, that we speak of the fruit of the Spirit as flowers. There is fruit in the Garden of Love. Bless God for that. But I shall speak of the flowers instead of the fruit.

We are now about ready to begin our trip through the Garden of Love, and explore and exploit the land, for truly it is Canaan-land.

One more paragraph before we call "All Aboard!" I was preaching on this subject in a little town in Indiana. After the service a man put his arm in mine, and walked with me to our place of entertainment. He was telling me how much he enjoyed the sermon. Indeed he was enthusiastic over it, He went so far as to say it was the very best sermon he had ever heard. When I thanked him for his kind words, taking care to give all the glory to God, he remarked in parting: "Oh, it was a splendid sermon, and it did my heart good; but of course no one can live such a life as you preached."

I told him I was not wearing out my life preaching fairy tales, and all that I had said in my sermon and more was true, and such a life can be lived in the power of the Holy Ghost after the soul is entirely sanctified.

And I add here: This book is not a fairy tale; it is not the vivid thoughts of an imaginative brain. If you want fairy stories, better get another book.

Ah, dear reader, in our own strength we cannot have a Garden of Love blooming in our hearts, but in His strength we can have it. Praise His dear Name!

\* \* \* \* \*

### 03 -- LOVE

Volumes have been written on love, and volumes more will be written, and volumes more could be written, and then the subject would not be exhausted.

"Faith, hope, love, but the greatest of these is love." Love is the sum and substance. In eternity, it will never cease.

If the religion of Jesus Christ were expressed in one word, that word would be love. God is love. "The fruit of the Spirit is love." Love is the sum and substance.

**It is the mass, the lump, the whole. It takes everything else in. It is the synthesis. Whatever other virtues there may be, they are all love.**

**"Joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." These are the component parts of love -- the analysis. Much the same as a scientist who would take a crystal prism, and let a beam of light go through it -- it would come out on the other side broken up into its component colors, red, blue, yellow, violet, orange, and all the colors of the rainbow.**

**Thus when Love takes possession of our life by the baptism of the Holy Spirit, it breaks out in its component parts, and Love becomes a life that all may see and know-"epistles read and known of all men."**

**In Corinthians where we read those inspired words like nuggets of gold from heaven itself, Paul contrasts love. First, with eloquence, "If I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." And the reason is not hard to find. Oh, the dread of that emptiness, and brazenness of words, back of which there is no Holy Ghost love.**

**Then, he contrasts love with prophecy, and mysteries, and faith, and charity. Why is love greater than these? Because the end is greater than the means.**

**Again Paul contrasts love with sacrifice and martyrdom. A noted lecturer speaking to a band of missionary volunteers said: "And I beg the little band of would-be missionaries to remember that though you give your bodies to be burned, and have not love, it profits nothing -- nothing! You can take nothing greater to the heathen world than the impress and reflection of the Love of God upon your own character. That is the universal language. It will take you years to speak in Chinese, or in the dialects of India. From the day you land, that language of Love, understood by all, will be pouring forth its unconscious eloquence. It is the man who is the missionary; it is not his words. His character is his message. In the heart of Africa, among the great lakes, I have come across black men and women who remembered the only white man they ever saw before -- David Livingstone; and as you cross his footsteps, in that dark continent, men's faces light up as they speak of the kind Doctor who passed there years ago. They could not understand him; but they felt the Love that beat in his heart. Take into your new sphere of labor, where you also mean to lay down your life, that simple charm, and your life-work must succeed. You can take nothing greater; you need take nothing less. It is not worthwhile going if you take anything less. You may take every accomplishment; you may be braced for every sacrifice; but if you give your body to be burned, and have not Love, it will profit you and the cause of Christ nothing."**

**"Love never faileth." It will solve every problem in the world. It will solve the problem of home, the church, the state. Love lasts. Everything else may fail. Love never does.**

**In Paul's great defense of love, he says: "Whether there be prophecies they shall fail." "Whether there be tongues they shall cease." "Whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away." It remains. It must remain. God is love. God is eternal. Love is eternal. No wonder the heart yearns for this grace. It is God Himself.**

**"Love Divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown;  
Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart."**

**Some years ago, said a certain author, a prominent and efficient minister of New York was conducting a revival work among the poorer class of that city. He had as a co-laborer in that work, a Christian woman of extraordinary spiritual power and skill in saving souls. One day he ventured to ask her what was the secret of her experience and power. Without any hesitation, she answered: "It is the sweetness of love!"**

**Though for many years the minister had known the higher ranges of faith in its sanctifying power, yet this expression and thought of a human life crystallized around the "sweetness of love" brought a new revelation to his mind.**

**What is this sweetness of love? Let the same author answer. "It is love made perfect, and filling, enlarging and overflowing the breast; love pushing its tidal wave up into the intellect and will, deluging all the mental faculties with its delicious currents; love filling the tongue, selecting the fittest words, sweetening the voice, or else holding it in precious silence; love that obeys God in everything, and yet selects the very humblest and sweetest way of doing it; love that conceals all its pains in the bosom of Jesus, and gives its sunshine to others. Love that can toil hard all day without appreciation or reward, except to sleep at the Saviour's feet at night.**

**"Love that may have those who are above it in office or wealth or learning to treat it with injustice, neglect, or sarcasm, and say nothing about it; but receive it lovingly as strokes from its Father's hand. Love that can sow seed among pains, persecutions and tears, and willingly have another to reap all the harvest and praise. Love that follows wicked souls to the gates of hell, and seeks to alleviate and reduce their suffering, even though it cannot save them from woe. Love that studiously seeks to conceal itself and exhibit Jesus; that exhausts every art in its reach to populate heaven, to purify and brighten earth, and to diminish the sorrows of hell, and asking no pay except a larger increase of love.**

**"Is this a hard saying to our hearts? Do these tests seem severe? Remember that so long as we persist in keeping to the middle of this stream of love, we can never touch the hard shores and sharp points of severity. Pure, inimitable, lowly love stimulates its own toils, cures its own pains, and is its own reward; and is the most saintly choice of the will."**

**Oh, for a Garden of Love to be in our hearts.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

#### **04 -- JOY -- LOVE EXULTANT**

**Happily we enter the Garden of Love. Before me I see a most beautiful flower. I fairly scream with delight: "Look, friends! Look! What a find!" I reach down and pluck the flower, and hold it high so that all may see. And we gaze with glad amazement upon its beauty.**

**"What is your name, little flower?" I ask; a stillness takes hold of us as we wait for the answer.**

**"My name is Joy," comes back the ready reply from the flower.**

**"Joy!" we echo. "What a strange name. From what do you derive your name? What do you do?"**

**"Why I am one of the flowers that grows and blooms in the Garden of Love."**

**"In the Garden of Love?"**

**"Yes."**

**"And pray tell, what is the Garden of 'Love?" we ask eagerly.**

**"It is the garden which God plants in the heart when all carnality is eradicated by the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the soul is entirely sanctified."**

**"Oh!" we exclaim. "And what part of the Love Garden are you?"**

**"I am Joy, or Love Exultant," comes the answer.**

**Yea, joy is one of the results of a clean heart. The burden of testimony from those who have been sanctified is their great joy, continuous and unbroken. Joy is God-given. Happiness depends upon what happens, but joy has its root and source in God. There is a joy to those who are regenerated, but their joy is disturbed. The joy of the sanctified is undisturbed. Bless God!**

God says "the joy of the Lord is our strength." If we have not the joy of the Lord we have not spiritual strength, and without spiritual strength our service to God and man is curtailed.

Joy is depicted upon the countenance and otherwise manifested. It is awakened by the most important events of life. When the sin-sick soul finds the Lord as a pardoning God, joy is awakened. When the hungry soul of the regenerated finds Christ as the Sanctifier and Cleanser from all sin, joy is planted in the heart, and becomes rooted and grounded.

There is no place for Tombstone-Christianity among the sanctified. Sitting on a grave stone in a cemetery is not becoming to God's saints.

The little girl gently stroked the mule's head, and said: "I know you must be a Christian. I know you must." The mule looked at her as much as to ask: "Why?" "Because your face is so long," the little girl replied.

Holy joy in the heart of a believer will put a sinner under conviction. Billy Bray, the Scottish miner, the "King's Son," was wonderfully used of God, and it was because he knew the joy of the Lord. He was saved from a life of awful sin, but today holds a high position in the Heavenly City. He says:

"I became the companion of drunkards, and during that time I was very near hell. I remember once getting drunk in Tavisrock; when going home we met a large horse in the way: it was late at night, and two of us got on the horse's back; we had not gone far before the horse stumbled against a stone, and turning right over, both of us were nearly killed. At another time I got drunk, and while fighting with a man my hat fell into the fire, and was burnt. I stole another to wear home, and narrowly escaped being sent to jail for it."

And yet this man, after being saved and sanctified, became such a power because of his holy joy that "from one end of Cornwall to another no name is more familiar than that of Billy Bray."

An incident related by Rev. W. Haslam, who lived not far from the home of Billy Bray, illuminates his joyous experience. He said: "I have often heard of Billy Bray at Baldhu from his brother James, and wished very much to see him. One morning I heard someone walking about in the hall of my house, praising the Lord. I rose from the breakfast table, and opened the door to see who my happy, unceremonious visitor could be; and then for the first time beheld, this queer-looking man. I asked him who he was. He replied, with a face beaming with joy:

"I am Billy Bray. Be ye the parson?"

"Yes," I answered.

**"Converted, are ye?"**

**"Yes, thank God."**

**"Be the missus converted?"**

**"Yes."**

**"Thank the dear Lord," said he, coming into the room to make his bow to the said missus. Then he inquired of her if she had any maids in the house.**

**"Yes, there are three."**

**"Are they converted?"**

**"Yes."**

**"Where be they?"**

**"In the kitchen." So he proceeded thither, and soon we heard them all praising the Lord in Cornish style with a loud voice.**

**"After a time Billy joined us again, in the dining-room, to take, by invitation, some breakfast, but before he sat down he approached me and suddenly put his arms around me, and took me up, and carried me round the table, and then, setting me down at my chair, rolled on the floor for joy, and said he was as 'happy as he could live.' We persuaded him to sit down and get some breakfast, as he had been riding in a slow-going donkey cart since midnight through the cold night air of January."**

**In a love-feast meeting one time the people were telling of their trials. Billy arose and said, as he clapped his hands: "Well, friends, I have been taking vinegar with a spoon, and the honey with a ladle." He had trials as others, but "it was not worthwhile to speak or write about them." Was he not on the road to heaven, and why should he not praise God every step of the way. "I would rather walk to heaven," he said, "than ride to hell even in a fine carriage." It would excite a smile to hear him speak "of showing persons how we shall walk the golden streets in heaven, and with golden slippers, too."**

**He always exhorted others to praise God. Speaking of himself, he said: "I can't help praising God. As I go along the street I lift one foot and it seems to say 'Glory!' and I lift the other, and it seems to say 'Amen!' and so they keep on like that all the time I am walking."**

**When some would object to his demonstration in joy, he would reply, "If they put me in a barrel I would holler 'Glory' out the bung-hole."**



When Mr. Gilbert was in the St. Austell Circuit the first time, Billy came to the anniversary of the Tywardreath Highway Chapel. The chapel was so full that, when he came to the door, it was with difficulty he could get in; but he had no sooner uttered, in his own peculiar tone, the words, "Bless the Lord! Little Billy Bray is come once more to the Highway," than, as if by magic, a passage was made for him through the crowded audience. On reaching the pulpit he began to dance and shout because "little Billy Bray was again at Highway." He read the first line of the hymn beginning--

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,"

and then said: "Just think, that's nine hundred and ninety-nine more than I have got."

Mr. Gilbert says that he spent an hour or two with him in the evening. "I told him that I had seen his mother at Twelveheads, and that I found her in a very blessed frame of mind, and that whilst I was praying with her she became so happy that, although quite blind, she jumped and danced about the house, shouting the praises of God! Billy at once became much excited, and, rising from his chair, began to dance also. He then said: 'Dear old soul! Dance, did she? I am glad to hear that. Bless the Lord! Well, I dance sometimes. Why shouldn't I dance as well as David? David, you say, was a king; well, bless the Lord, I am a King's son! I have as good right to dance as David had. Bless the Lord! I get very happy at times; my soul gets full of glory, and then I dance too! I was in my chamber t'other day, and I got so happy that I danced, and the glory came streaming down upon my soul, and it made me dance so lustily that my heels, went down through the floor.'"

Mr. Gilbert adds: "When Billy was about to leave, in company with a youth who had come with him, he said, 'Johnny and I, we'll make the valleys ring with our singing and praising as we go home!' I said, 'Then you are a singer, Billy?' 'Oh, yes, bless the Lord! I can sing. My Heavenly Father likes to hear me sing. I can't sing so sweetly as some; but my Father likes to hear me sing as well as those who sing better than I can. My Father likes to hear the crow as well as the nightingale, for He made them both.'"

The Rev. S. W. Christophers says that the first time he saw and heard Billy, among other things he said was this: "If Billy gets work, he praises the Lord; when he gets none, he sings all the same. Don't think He'll starve Billy. No, no; there's sure to be a bit of flour in the bottom of the barrel for Billy. I can trust Jesus, and while I trust Him, He would as soon starve Michael the Archangel as He'd starve Billy."

The reason that Billy Bray was so joyous in spite of everything that came to hinder was because he had growing in his heart the Garden of Love. He had fully surrendered to his Lord, and the great Gardener had planted this garden in his soul.

**And whenever necessary he could reach down into his heart, so to speak, and bring forth the beautiful flower, Joy, and let its fragrance chase away the devil's attacks.**

**What kind of joy is it? It is the joy of purity. Oh, the blessed thought to know that our hearts are pure; that everything of sin, carnality, has been eradicated by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It seems when I am drawn nearest heaven is when I am alone in my closet with God. He witnesses to my heart that it is clean. No one under God's sun may know the condition of the heart except the one who possesses it. A clean heart! Praise God!**

**It is the joy of obedience. No chafing of the yoke while doing His bidding and keeping His commandments. Nothing is hard if it is done for Him. No driving or coaxing, but ever a willingness to be led of Him.**

**It is the joy of sacrifice. Joy in denying ourselves for Him and others. Joy is spelled, (J)esus first. (O)thers next. (Y)ourself last. We cannot deny ourselves something we do not possess. I cannot deny myself a large limousine automobile. I could not have it were I to want it. I can only deny myself those things that I can have. Yes, there is joy in sacrifice. That is the reason the dear Lord finds it difficult to bless the bazaar, and rummage sale, and fish pond, and what-not, used to make money for the church. Some things that people do not want, they reluctantly give to the sale. But sacrifice is to give that which we shall miss, and then think of it only as related to Him.**

**It is the joy of persecution. To suffer for Him and with Him, and enjoy the suffering. Surely such joy comes only from a clean heart. Carnality would not permit of such joy.**

**It is the joy of standing alone for God. It brings tears to our eyes as we read. What opportunity -- to stand alone for Him. To be misunderstood, persecuted, sneered at, ridiculed, made the laughing-stock, called crazy, and yet be able, by the Holy Spirit, to pluck from the Garden of Love the flower of Joy.**

**It is the joy of constant victory. He saves, He sanctifies, He keeps, He blesses. It is constant, as we are under the precious blood. Not here today and gone tomorrow; but every day, every hour, every moment.**

**"On Sunday I am happy,  
On Monday full of Joy;  
On Tuesday I have peace within  
The devil can't destroy.  
On Wednesday and on Thursday  
I'm walking in the light;  
On Friday I have victory,  
And Saturday's always bright."**

**Thanks be unto God for the Garden of Love.**

\* \* \* \* \*

## **05 -- PEACE -- LOVE IN REPOSE**

**We have gathered the first flower of our bouquet. We are journeying on in the delightful and fragrant Garden of Love. As we go we are more expectant, and diligently search for other flowers. Suddenly, one of our party cries out: "Oh, look!"**

**Rushing to the scene, I bend low and pick a bright-colored flower. What beauty! What colors! What shape! What fragrance!**

**"Little flower, what is your name?" I ask, holding it high. We know you must grow in the Garden of Love. Tell us about yourself."**

**Our beautiful flower speaks, saying: "My name is Peace. It is true I am one of the flowers that belongs in the Garden of Love. I am love in repose."**

**Peace -- love in repose. What a sublime thought. The peace of God; God's peace. Peace is a condition of the heart and mind wrought by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. It cannot be disturbed by trivial or serious matters.**

**The sinner is searching for peace. God has so constituted man that there is a longing and a yearning within his breast for that which will satisfy. The devil makes him believe he can find it in the world. But, alas, it is a futile chase. Money does not bring peace to the heart. Fame and notoriety, power and position, pleasure and worldliness, culture and education -- all these have failed. And yet man searches for peace. It is to be found only in the surrender of the soul to God.**

**The Christian searches for peace -- soul rest. There is a war in the breast. The old nature, the carnal, fights against the new nature which came with regeneration. Only sanctification, the cleansing of the heart from all inbred, sin, brings this great peace -- God's peace.**

**A famous man was visiting the Panama Canal. He was reviewing the great structural feat with an engineer. He asked: "When will the banks cease their sliding?" The engineer made reply, "When they have reached their angle of repose."**

**That's it. The Christian is seeking the angle of repose -- death to self -- life only in Christ. It means absolute self-oblivion; utter absence of all pretension; absolute indifference to the world's honors and its blame; absolute subjection to the will of God.**

**As long as there is carnality in the heart, it will disturb the peace. The devil has right of way. He can work within. The sanctified man is tempted, but not within; the unsanctified man is tempted, and from within.**

**During a revival season, or on special occasions, many have great peace, but sooner or later it is disturbed and broken up. Why? Because there remains in the heart after conversion a dark something which the Bible calls the Old Man, or the carnal nature, or inbred sin. In sanctification, this old nature is eradicated.**

**This dark something in the heart shows itself in many ways. It is that something within that wants to get mad when things are against it. When everything flows along like a crystal stream in sunshine, all is well; but when there is opposition, the dark something asserts itself, and peace is destroyed.**

**It is that dark something that will not be patient. It becomes irritable and cross, and harsh, and speaks the unkind word.**

**It is that dark something which is sensitive and touchy. Oh, the curse of a sensitive, suspicious, and touchy disposition. No one knows how to handle such people, and try as you will, you are bound to rub them the wrong way, and then their peace is disturbed. Nothing will cure this dreaded disease, but the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which purges it out by fire, and turns vinegar into honey.**

**It is that dark something that wants to grumble and find fault. The Old Man is talkative, and grumbles, and complains, and kicks, and fusses, and criticizes, and picks people to pieces. Of course, this disturbs peace.**

**It is that dark something which is proud, and shuns the shame of the cross. To be ashamed of Him; to deny Him. That's the way the devil works. Peter boasted that he never would deny his Lord; he would die first. But he denied Him with a curse. He did not want to do so, but that old something in him made him do it. But afterward, when Peter was baptized with the Holy Ghost, he was not ashamed of the cross. Thousands have lost their peace because of the fact that the Devil, working through the carnal nature, made them ashamed of Jesus.**

**It is that dark something which is self-willed, ugly and sinful. It is that dark something which suggests hard thoughts against God. A sanctified Christian, with a Garden of Love within the breast, never asks why of God. There is no rebellion; there is no retaliation. It is always, "Amen, Jesus." God is too wise to make a mistake; and too good to do us harm. What He does is for the best. But that which remains in the heart after conversion will take issue with God.**

**Some folks have no peace because they cannot forgive a wrong. Bless the dear Lord, when He comes in His fullness, it is easy to love our enemies. I heard a preacher say that a young man came to his altar one night with a terrible burden upon his heart. He had had the peace, but the devil came in by the gate of carnality,**

the Old Man, and made the young man hate his father-in-law. The wife of the young man had been led away from him by her father. The latter would not permit the young husband to see his wife, and he cut off all ways of communication. Of course, the devil used this, and the man had no peace, and thus he was at the altar. "I can't forgive him," he cried, as many others have done. "I can't, I can't!" His case was like all other cases -- the way to spell "can't" is "w-o-n-'t." After much prayer this young man jumped to his feet, and screamed, "I will forgive him, old devil, if it kills me," and God brought back the peace, and kicked a mountain of glory out of heaven into his soul. The next day he had a letter from his father-in-law (he knew nothing of the young man being at the altar), in which he said, "Come and get your wife." He did, and the girl's father not only returned her, but gave them a quarter section of land, to boot.

The devil will tempt us, and never give up. It seems he never gets tired. He is persistent and persevering. But, hallelujah to God, if our hearts are cleansed as white as the blood of Christ can make them, he has no entrance.

Let me quote another incident in the life of Billy Bray which will illustrate the tactics of this noble Christian in dealing with the devil. He said, in his graphic way:

"Friends, last week I was a-digging my potatoes. It was a poor yield, sure enough. There was hardly a sound one in the whole lot. And while I was a-digging the devil came to me, and he says, 'Billy, do you think your Father does love you?' 'I should reckon he does,' I said. 'Well, I don't,' said the old tempter in a minute. If I'd thought about it I shouldn't have listened to him, for his opinions ain't worth the least bit of notice. 'I don't,' said he, 'and I'll tell you why. If your Father loved you, Billy Bray, He'd give you a pretty yield of potatoes; so many as you ever would want, and everyone big as your fist. For it is no trouble for your Father to do anything, and He could just as well give you plenty as not, and if He loved you He would, too.'

"Of course, I wasn't going to let him talk of my Father like that, so I turned upon him. 'Pray, sir,' said I, 'who may you happen to be, coming to me a-talking like that? If I am not mistaken I know you, sir, and my Father, too. And to think of you coming and saying He don't love me. Why, I've got your written character home at my house, and it do say, sir, that you be a liar from the beginning. And I am sorry to add that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you as faithful as any poor wretch could. And all you gave me was nothing but rags to my back, and a wretched home, and an aching head, and no potatoes and the fear of hellfire to finish it up.

"And here's my dear Father in heaven. I have been a poor servant of His for thirty years. And He's given me a clean heart, and a soul full of joy, and a lovely suit of white that never will wear out. And He says He'll make a king of me before He's done, and that He will take me home to His palace to reign with Him forever and ever. And now you come up here a-talking like that.

**"Bless me, my dear friends, the devil went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot-I do wish he had -- and he never had the manners to say good morning."**

**In the strength of the Lord Jesus Christ, we can keep the flower of Peace blooming with sweet fragrance. Nothing can uproot it but sin, and Jesus, will not allow sin to come in, if we trust Him.**

**Hallelujah for the Garden of Love.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

## **06 -- LONGSUFFERING -- LOVE ENDURING**

**We now have two flowers in our bouquet -- and what beauties they are. We continue our hunt in the Garden of Love. Our hearts move with a strange gladness as we go on.**

**We see another flower. It is a different kind. It is beautiful, but unlike the beauty of the others.**

**I reach down and pluck it.**

**"Your name, pretty flower -- your name?" I ask excitedly.**

**"My name is Longsuffering," comes the soft answer.**

**"Longsuffering," we echo, in unison. "Yes."**

**"And do you grow in the Garden of Love?"**

**"Ah, yes. The dear Lord has planted me there."**

**"But what part of the Love Garden are you?"**

**"I am Longsuffering, or Love Enduring."**

**I should never have been able to understand the religion of Jesus Christ, if God had not included among the fruit of the Spirit -- Longsuffering. It becomes one of the flowers of the Garden of Love, and what a sweet-smelling flower it is.**

**It is a mistake to think that as a sanctified Christian we shall not suffer. Jesus suffered, and we shall suffer, "for the servant is not greater than his master."**

**But all our suffering is permitted by Him, and comes to us for our own good.**

**In every congregation, in every holiness band, there are those who suffer. Hearts are bleeding; lives are buffeted and bruised. But thanks be unto Him, if we have been sanctified wholly, and the flower, Longsuffering, is thriving and blooming within our hearts, we can bring it forth whenever the need. "My grace is sufficient for thee."**

**It is no wonder that holiness people are a puzzle and mystery to others, for when they suffer, they never complain, and take it as a gift from God. Bless His Holy Name!**

**Paul and Silas suffered with bleeding and lacerated backs because of the Roman scourge, and they were in the damp cell at midnight, made fast in the stocks, but never a complaining word. They sang hymns, and shouted the praises of the Lord. Why? Because the Garden of Love was within their hearts, and, they brought forth the Longsuffering flower to let its perfume fill their cell.**

**On many other occasions Paul was enabled to make use of Longsuffering, the wonderful flower, for we read about him: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one: thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger, and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness; besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."**

**And yet he said "none of these things move me." Why? Because of the sweet flower that God had deeply planted in his soul. The more he used the flower, the more beautiful and useful he became. Glory to God!**

**We often hear people quote the first verse of the Twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and yet they live and act like the Lord Who is their Shepherd has no right to shear them as He pleases.**

**The flower, Longsuffering, will make it possible for us to "glory in tribulation." If there is one bit of carnality left in the heart, it will fight back in severe trials and periods of suffering and persecutions, for all who live a Godly sanctified life shall suffer persecution.**

**I was preaching one night in a Kansas meeting on the grace of God which will permit us to praise Him in tribulation. I told the people, among other things, that a Holy Ghost Christian could cry, "Glory to God!" if His house were burning down. The next day at prayer-meeting a man told me he did not believe in any such preaching. He said he was a Christian, but not a fool. I learned that he had received a message from Indiana saying that his house had been partly burned. He complained and murmured and found fault, stormed and kicked, and went about**

looking like an Indigo factory. His wife knew the Lord in sanctification, and she sweetly praised God that the house did not burn entirely down.

While in a meeting in Pittsburgh I related the above incident, and I was told about a holiness man there who was called to his home because it was on fire. It was his only possession, temporally, and the fire had gotten beyond the firemen. He stood in the middle of the street and watched the house burn to the ground, without saving hardly an article of furniture or private property. But he shouted "Glory to God!" A preacher heard him and wondered how he could do it. Of course they wonder. He simply made use of the flower which God had grown in his soul. "For we know all things work together for good," and "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord." Amen!

A dear man of God dipped his pen in the rainbow's colors and wrote as from heaven in reference to longsuffering:

"In the same proportion that we discern the inward spirit which Christ had during those hours of suffering and crucifixion, in that same proportion can we drink of that spirit, until we can suffer, bleed, and die in our measure, with the very same dispositions He had.

"It is a silent spirit. It suffers without advertising the depth of its suffering. A dog or a pig will howl and squeal at the least pain or fright, but the lamb quivers and suffers, in silence. It can weep until the fountains of tears are exhausted, and then it goes on weeping interior tears in the heart. Because the outward tears have ceased, its cruel critics think it has no pain, but God can see those hot, invisible tears of the spirit, and they fall upon His cheek and move His infinite compassion. It can be snubbed, scolded, criticized, misunderstood, misrepresented, and checked and hindered in a thousand ways without a groan, or a kick, or a trace of threatening or impudence.

"It is sworn to eternal submissiveness. Out of a passion of Divine love, it has calmly signed the death-warrant of self. It can have a thousand little gifts and treasures, and harmless earthly pleasures, and pleasant hopes, and friendly ties snatched out of its hand, without clutching the fingers to hold on to them. It gently and sweetly lets everything go. It can obey God and be rushing at full speed on lines of service and duty for Him, and then, at the touch of God's providential air-brake, it can be brought to an instantaneous standstill, without shaking the train to pieces by a single jar or the least jostling of the will from its perfect repose in Jesus.

"It is a flexible spirit, with no plan of its own. It can be turned by the finger of God in any direction without a moment's warning. It can walk into a dungeon or a throne, into a hut or palace, with equal ease and freedom. It has lost its own will in union with God, and partakes of the movements of the Divine mind, as a floating cloud partakes of the movements of the air which encircles it. It can wear old,



thread-bare clothes, and live on plain food, with a thankful and sweet disposition, without even a thought of envy, or coveting the nice things of others. It looks with a quiet, secret, joyful contempt on all the honors and pleasures, and learning and culture, and the honorable splendors of earth. It inwardly despises what other people are longing to get hold of. This is because it sees into heaven, and is so fascinated with the magnitude of coming glories that even the pretty and honorable things of this world look ugly to it.

"It embraces suffering as its natural food. The rugged cross, which frightens so many Christians, is embraced by this spirit with a sweet, subtle joy, because it knows that all suffering will enlarge and sweeten its love. It is love on fire, and seeks to pour itself out in avenues of self-abnegation. What other Christians shun as a hardship, it gladly accepts as an opportunity of sweeter union with God. It longs for nothing but more love. It likes to die over and over again for the sake of widening its ocean of love. It loves its enemies with a sweet, gentle, yearning affection, utterly beyond what they would be willing to believe. It can be bruised and trampled on, and turn with a quivering, speechless lip, and a tear-dimmed eye, and kiss and pray for the foot that, under the pretense of religious duty, is trampling it to dust. This is no fancy sketch. It is the Gospel truth. This spirit, like St. Paul, longs for the coming of Jesus and yearns to be clothed upon with glorification. It would gladly never have any physical pleasure but for the legitimate needs and recreations of the body. In the language of the wise man, 'it eats for strength, and not for the mere pleasure of appetite.'

"When the soul enters sanctification, it is just the beginning of this spirit, which is to spread, intensify, and brighten until crucifixion becomes an all-consuming passion, a sweetly sorrowful, sadly beautiful flame of self-abnegation, which takes hold of all sorts of woes, and troubles, and mortifications, and pains, and poverties, and hardships, as a very hot fire takes hold on wet logs and makes out of them fresh fuel for more self-sacrificing love.

"This is the spirit that opens the gate of heaven without touching it. This is the spirit that wears out the patience of persecutors, that softens the heart of stone, that in the long run converts enemies into friends, that touches the heart of sinners, that wins its way through a thousand obstacles, that outwits the genius of the devil, and that makes the soul that has it as precious to God as the apple of His eye." My Wonderful God! What a flower!

All the wealth of the earth could not buy it. The beautiful conservatories of the world cannot grow it. Fame and distinction cannot win it. But it can be had by the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, when everything that antagonizes love in the heart is burned out, and Holy Love comes in, at which time the Garden of Love is sown, and has its sure root.

"The outward condition of some of God's people is indeed deplorable. They are surrounded with deepest poverty, in the poorest health, with a number of small

children depending upon them, and in addition to all, they are away from former home and friends. Some women are actually undergoing all this, and to make the desert worse, they have a profligate, abusive husband further to burden their life. And yet the Garden of Love has come into these lives who have abandoned themselves to the Holy Ghost, and proved to them that they are of God's own hand planting, and through His sustaining grace they have flourished in their experience, even in such desert places. I have no doubt if the reader will cast about in his mind he can recall those of like experience."

I have before me, as, I write, a letter received only a few days ago. It bears me out in what I have written. Not that I doubted a word, but to bring new proof that there is a flower known as Longsuffering which grows in the Garden of Love. The letter is lucid in itself:

"Dear Brother in the Blood-bought way: Greetings to you in the name of our blessed Redeemer who is 'righteous in all His ways,' and 'holy in all His works.' Amen. Praise His name; I love Him. Oh, glory! How I love Him, and my heart is constrained to cry, 'How wonderful is this salvation.' A well of water springing up within my heart. Hallelujah to our Christ. The dear Lord has done so much for me, and is still doing for me, even me. I can never praise Him enough for saving my poor unworthy soul.

"I was a sinning church member, making a profession, and on my way to hell. (God pity the poor souls that are deceived by those who profess to be His Gospel ministers.) I walked in darkness for over nine years. Oh, what hard years! My body was so weak and afflicted and oftentimes I would be brought down near death's door, but God spared my life, for I was seeking after a better way, but knew not how to find it, and none of my relatives or acquaintances could tell me. But thank God for ever and ever. I moved west to a little town called. B\_\_\_\_\_. There they had Holy Ghost preaching. They preached you must be saved from sin, and my heart cried, 'Oh, that's what I want! That's what I want!'

"Glory to God, I found, it, too. He saved my soul from sin. I went on for awhile, and through great persecution in my home I lost out, but I could stand that kind of life only two weeks: On June 27, 1907, the dear Lord took me back into His fold. The next night He sanctified me wholly. Oh, how the glory came! 'Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name.' How wonderfully He has kept me. For several years now I have lived out here close to the Colorado line. I have no holiness people to fellowship with among my friends. I cannot choose my place to live, but live just where the Lord places me. I live alone in a one-room house, but the dear Lord never forsakes me. Bless His name. I have testing times, trials and persecutions. But I also have an Anchor that keeps my soul. Hallelujah!

"Sometimes the sea has been stormy, but thank God the waves have not gone over me, and I am sure if I keep Jesus with me, He will land my little bark in

the desired haven. And, oh, Brother Linn, I will not have to use my ear trumpet then to hear the songs of the redeemed, and I'll not be a cripple as I walk the golden streets. Glory to God! 'It's better farther on.'

"I haven't heard a good Holy Ghost sermon for years. My heart gets hungry to hear them. But I have some good meetings in my little one-room home. Just we four, God the Father, Jesus Christ the Son, the Holy Ghost, and I. It builds me up in the faith and encourages my heart to press along to Glory Land. Hallelujah! And I have the old Word, "which is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.'

"There are many of us locked out of the church because we are classed as 'a religious crank.' Oh, my heart is rejoicing because my name is written in Heaven's Class-Book, and no human being has power to remove it. Amen!"

Yes, this woman had the blessing. The Garden was blooming in her heart. What would she have done if the Garden of Love had not been hers?

An author [W. E. Shepard] said in writing of the Palm Tree Blessing, telling of the fact that the palm tree has its life at the center: "Take the professor of religion minus the real possession, and let him be placed under the distressing ordeal of certain lines of adversity. Let him be cut with the cruel tongue of the talker, peeled with popular prejudice, girdled with the scalpel of the religious dissector, crunched by cruel cannibals who love to devour one another, and see how quickly the spiritual sap ceases to flow. See how soon he withers and shrinks up and says, 'What's the use of trying any more; I might as well give up my religion.' He may not come out openly and above board, and declare his intentions, but that is about the outcome.

"But see how it works on the palm-tree saint, whose life is 'hid with Christ in God.' Drag him through the 'streets by the hair of his head as they did John Wesley; incarcerate him as they did John Bunyan; incinerate him as they did the martyrs of old; excommunicate him and revile him as they did some in our own day; ecclesiastically decapitate him and skin him alive, and girdle him clear around, and then see him leap and dance, and sing and shout 'Hallelujah! You can't hurt me, for I have the palm-tree blessing, and my life is hidden inside.' The sap flows right on, and, though the outside may be somewhat worse for the wear, yet the Christ-life within surmounts it all and shouts its victorious way over all obstacles.

"Had the early saints not known this wonderful blessing, they surely would have failed in the struggles of life. Hear the apostle Paul as he faces the guillotine block, 'For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure, is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' 2 Tim. 4:6-8.

**"Hear the apostle John on that dreary Isle of Patmos: 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things.' 'These are they which come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'**

**"See the martyrs all down the ages with an inner current of joy as they faced fagots, and with unfaltering step gave up their lives and flew to heaven in chariots of fire. There was no outside punishment which could cut off their life flow. It was hidden so deep that stripes, nor stocks, nor sword, nor stones, nor any other kind of affliction or infliction could reach its fountain head.**

**"There are those of our present day who know by actual experience the joys of this inner, invulnerable gift. Had it not been for this, they would have been swept into the vortex of discouragement and despair long years ago. O, the unspeakable joy of a life that is not superficial, but hidden so deep that the devil's darts or any of his devices cannot reach it.**

**"How is it that sister can sing and smile when a thousand trials conspire to cut off the flow of holy joy? Because she has the palm-tree blessing, and her life of devotion and blessing is not external where the things of earth can reach it."**

**The palm-tree blessing and the Garden of Love are the same thing. And, oh what a blessing.**

**If you will absolutely surrender to Jesus, the flower, Longsuffering, will grow.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

## **07 -- GOODNESS -- LOVE OVERFLOWING**

**We now have three flowers in our bouquet. What beautiful and fragrant flowers they have proved to be. Our lives are sweetened by their odors.**

**And yet we search on, desirous of more flowers.**

**"Ah, here is one," I cry. And, stooping down, I pluck another rare flower.**

**"Oh, what is your name?" we ask, in suspense.**

**This heaven-like flower speaks forth with a rich tenderness:  
"My name is Goodness!"**

**"Goodness. What a pretty name. What part of the Love Garden are you?"**

**"I am Love-overflowing."**

How the world is searching for hearts who possess this flower. There is so much selfishness in the world that goodness is cramped and hindered. And yet a heart absolutely surrendered to Christ Jesus has this flower, and the world recognizes it immediately.

People do not always read their Bibles, but they are quick to read our lives, and what an impression for God a good man, with a heavenly mind, the mind of Christ, makes upon all with whom he comes in contact. He leaves a trail of the Christ behind him.

Just as the whole community knows the gossipers, and foul-mouthed, the blacklisted, the blasphemers, and cursers, they also know the good people. The flower has a peculiar odor and is instantly recognized.

Do the people, the neighbors, the relatives, the loved ones, know you as a good man or a good, woman? Does your goodness overflow?

When I die (if Jesus carries) and a monument perchance should be erected to mark my grave, it would delight my heart throughout eternity to know that on the stone were the words, "He was a good man." The money we possess, the education we have attained unto, the philanthropies we have engaged in, all will sink into oblivion, if people cannot say we were good.

If we are to do for others, our good must overflow. The other person is not blessed by our lives unless we are filled with all the "fullness of God" and overflow. They get the overflow, and get hungry to be filled themselves. A fountain is of no consequence unless it overflows, and neither is a Christian as far as others are concerned. Some people spell Christianity now-a-days with the word "O-t-h-e-r-s."

While Mrs. Linn and I were conducting a revival in a country appointment in Kansas some time ago, we were beautifully entertained in a farm-home. The good hostess one day asked Mrs. Linn if she would mind churning. Of course, Mrs. Linn did not mind, and was soon turning the churn. For some reason, the cream refused to remain in the churn, and it was soon pouring out over the floor. A sweet child in the home thought it was great fun, and she was on her knees dipping her fingers in the cream that had overflowed and smacking her tips as her fingers touched her mouth. The cat, too, discovered the "overflow" and was soon feasting.

Oh, to be an overflow-er; to let Christ and His attributes so fill our lives that we cannot contain His blessing, and others will be about smacking their lips as they feast.

"The world is perishing for life," a writer said. "The old humdrum of lifeless religion is too repulsive. When a certain noted preacher was asked why more people did not attend church, the answer was, 'Because they cannot stand the humdrum.' There is something about life that is attractive. A jumping, laughing,

**rollicking babe always attracts attention. The frisking lamb, the playing pups, the rollicking children, all attract. Folks don't like death. Funerals are sad. Graveyards are quiet places.**

**"The heart of man cries out for life. God puts a spiritual hunger within the breast for the life more abundant. The lifeless, emotionless, joyless prayer-meeting or preaching service never had its origin in the Pentecostal upper-room. They are not the congregations of Spirit-filled, fire-baptized souls. David said, 'My cup runneth over.' Isaiah said, in the memorable twelfth chapter, that the people would do five things: praise, pray, testify, sing, and shout. Then he gives as a cause for it all, that 'Great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.' And it is true to the letter. When God gets in the midst of people there are these beautiful manifestations. The people praise the Lord, call upon His, name, make mention that His name is exalted, sing and shout. When the meeting dies, these things are wanting. 'Life, life, eternal life!' Let this be our cry till the dead wake up, and the slumbering church arouses from its stupor, and the pulpit pulsates with Pentecostal fire."**

**The reason people do not praise God and shout is because they have nothing to shout about. Let the Holy Ghost come in, and He will plant the flower of Goodness till it overflows.**

**Many people get full of anger till they curse and swear; many get full of jealousy until they commit terrible crimes; others get full of envy and suspicion until they gossip and steal away reputations. But let us get full of Goodness till we overflow with God, for all goodness is of God and is unbounded toward His obedient children.**

**The flower Goodness is a sensitive plant. I do not mean sensitive in the sense of a carnally-minded person who is sensitive and touchy. I mean this flower will not grow and bloom in certain kinds of souls.**

**Many men have searched for this flower, and have truly desired it to be in their hearts. But when they found it, and were about to pluck it, in their excitement some brown, filthy stuff came running from their lips and mouths, and the flower fades away. Tobacco flavor kills the flower.**

**Brother, if Christian mothers cannot point to your life as an example of Christian goodness, then your life is at fault. If you are a tobacco-user, you are not a model for children.**

**Others, both men and women, have yearned for the flower, and while, in the act of picking it have seen it vanish, for this sensitive flower cannot stand the flash of the ornaments and trinkets and the lodge pins or emblems. God expects a good man or a good woman to "come out from among them" and be a "peculiar people."**

Untold numbers have lost the flower because of an unforgiving spirit. For the miserable gratification of hating someone, many have a dreary life, whereas they might have had a veritable Garden of love blooming, and thriving, and sending forth its fragrance from their hearts. Real goodness is heart purity, and if there is the least trace of carnality in the nooks and corners the flower will not grow.

Some people who want the flower Goodness, or Love-overflowing, are afraid to accept it because they think they might have to be labeled as odd. People sometimes say to me, "Brother Linn, you ought to tone down a bit." Just a few days ago that advice came. If I should take people's advice I would soon be groping in darkness. I want to tone up, and not down.

People are afraid to enter into this experience. "Oh, I'm afraid," they exclaim. "I'm afraid." Afraid of what? Fletcher entered in; Wesley entered in; Madame Guyon entered in; Brainerd entered in. Yes, afraid of what? Afraid that God might fire you up until His goodness in you would overflow?

It is said that Dr. Steele, one of the most polished men in the world, prayed for sanctification, the Garden of Love, for three weeks. The thought kept coming to his mind, "Now if God sanctifies you, He will make you act oddly." He was afraid. Maybe afraid that he might have to shout in the street-cars or do some other strange thing. After a time the Spirit spoke to him and said: "Don't you think God has as good sense of what is right as you have? Don't you think God knows as much about good behavior as you do?"

And Dr. Steele saw that he had been tempted of Satan, and he let go and let God, and was baptized with the Holy Ghost so wonderfully that he could hardly eat or sleep for several days. And yet it can be truthfully said that few men have ever lived who have been better behaved than the learned, sanctified Dr. Steele. He did nothing foolish.

A preacher said along this line [concerning those who do not go on unto Holiness of heart]: "You will get fastidious; it will annoy you if a brother or sister talks aloud; everything has to be 'velvet-lined'; and you will think you are not as happy as you used to be, but you think you are 'settled down.' You don't like much noise; you get philosophical and ecclesiastical. You need melting; you want to get back to where there is more gush and glory in your soul. We get harsh unconsciously; we get overbearing to children. The human heart is deceitful, and unless purged from 'the root of bitterness' our hearts will take on this frigidness; and so Paul says, 'Now,' in your early love, I want to see you, that you may get this baptism of the Holy Ghost; that you may be a happy, complete church."

Without this flower, Goodness -- Love-overflowing, "old people will sour down; of all sour things the sourest is a sour preacher! Why is it that some few of them sour down? Because, as the years go by, the heart unpurged will take on a frigidity. But what is more beautiful than to see an old person sweet and happy and

genial? We want our hearts so cleansed and purged that we will always keep a sweet spirit; we need to be confirmed in that love. Don't you want to get something that will not only take you back to your first love, but keep you there, and not only that but will make you more mellow and sweeter?"

Then find the flower of Goodness, Love Overflowing. It comes with entire sanctification.

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## 08 -- FAITH -- LOVE CONFIDENT

In our bouquet we now have Joy, Peace, Long-Suffering and Goodness, and each flower adds its own rare beauty. And still we search for flowers in the Garden of Love, knowing that we shall find them.

Hearts ablaze, onward we go. We are so light and happy, and the ecstasy of our souls is unspeakable.

Suddenly an exclamation penetrates the air.

"Oh, my! Look."

And we all hurry to the scene, and we do look. Before us is another new flower, soft and beautiful of color, and sweet of odor.

"What is your name?" I ask, as I lift the flower from beneath the fern. "My name is Faith."

"And what part of the Garden of Love are you?" we all ask.  
"I am Love Confident."

Faith! Everything comes by faith. Faith is believing God. As the colored man said, "If God tells me to jump through the stone-wall, it is my business to jump, and His, business to make an opening in the wall. Dat's faith."

By faith--

We live. Gal. 2:20.

We stand. Rom. 11:20.

We walk. Rom. 4:12; 2 Cor. 5:7.

We obtain a good report. Heb. 11:2.



**We overcome the world. 1 John 5:4-5**

**We resist the devil. 1 Pet. 5:9.**

**We overcome the devil. Eph. 6:16.**

**Christ is the Author and Finisher of our faith. Heb. 12:2.**

**Faith is a gift of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. 12:9.**

**We are purified by faith. Act,s 15:9; Acts 26 : 18.**

**Without faith it is impossible to please God. Heb. 11:6.**

**By faith the walls of Jericho fell down; the mouths of the lions were stopped; the prisons were opened, and the fire did not burn.**

**Surely we need this flower, Love confident. Our doubting will not help us, but our believing will bring the victory.**

**The faith that God gives in the baptism of the Holy Ghost is different from the faith that comes with regeneration, for the former is absolutely freed from the inroads of carnality, while the latter is not. In the language of an able evangelist, let me explain:**

**"When you were converted, can you remember how you trusted God? You had no strange philosophy mixed with your faith then; you trusted God; you prayed simply; not doubting the atonement, nor God's especial care for you. You believed it all; you believed when you read that 'all things work together for good, to them that love God.' You believed in all church members; you were a child; your faith was childlike and, simple; you had, that simple faith in special Providences. But as the years have gone by, there has come something that became mixed up with that childlike faith you had when converted.**

**"The church is not what you thought; trials come, and you read outside books; you get philosophical, and get things mixed with your faith. All the while old depravity will help you out, and you soon come to wonder if the Bible is inspired or if there is a special Providence. You may get rich, and get wiser than you were. I have known men, when young, behind the plow handle, that were simple and childlike; but when they became manufacturers they became wise, and got away from the simple, state, and their faith was mixed.**

**"Maybe we get learned, a D.D., perhaps. A brother said once, 'Brethren, when I was a little boy I believed in God and Jesus, and had so much joy, and I wish I could' have that simple piety of my boyhood days.' He meant he had become great; had waded through book after book, and that so much German and French and**

**what-not had gotten mixed with his faith. It is so easy for a learned or rich man to get the 'big head.'**

**"We need to have the root of inbred sin destroyed; skepticism killed at the taproot. So long as you have depravity in your heart, you have infidelity at the taproot; the Holy Ghost removes it and you become 'rooted and grounded' in faith to God, all the way long. Though you may have a great deal of knowledge, you have a faith that keeps above philosophy and mere reason. What is grander than to see a man with half a university in his head, with a simple faith in God?"**

**"You need a faith that is complete every day, so that every day we trust the blood of Jesus right now; trust His special Providences every day; a faith that never falters or questions, and so 'rooted and grounded' that you go on believing as easily as you breathe. You will go on believing God when sick and delirious. I have met some people who forget their names, but never the name of Jesus. A faith fixed by the Holy Ghost stands like a Gibraltar. Birds may sing or thunders howl -- when meeting angels or devils, it always believes in Jesus without any misgivings. We need a faith, absolute faith, that is fixed as the Bible; a trust that has no limit to it; a faith that throws you out and lets you drop in God, without asking how far it is; a faith that reposes in God."**

**In the Garden of Love, planted by the Holy Ghost, the flower of Faith, or Love Confident, thrives and is established. That is perfect faith.**

**God wants us to plead His promises. Someone has said that there are more than twenty thousand promises in the Bible, and by rightly "dividing the Word of Truth" all of these promises are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." God wants us, to plead them; to show Him we are determined.**

**Did you ever see a sweet little girl plead a promise with her father. "Papa, you promised me a new hat. May I get it today?"**

**"Do not bother me, darling, I'm busy."**

**"But you promised, daddy."**

**"Yes., but you will have to wait."**

**"But, dear daddy, you do not know how much I want it."**

**"Yes, I know, but. . ."**

**"And, daddy, you should see how nice I look in the new hat."**

**"Yes," smiles daddy.**

**"Oh, you would be so proud of me," and the little girl climbs on papa's lap and hugs him tightly.**

**Could any father refuse such pleadings? No! And "if your earthly father knows how to give good gifts, how much more. . ." Yes, how much more. Bless God! There is a flower most beautiful, and it is Faith, Love Confident, and it grows in the Garden of Love.**

**Let Billy Bray help us again. In resisting temptation, he knew the special value of the flower of faith, without which the Garden of Love is incomplete. On one occasion, in his capacity as captain-dresser, he engaged to dress a quantity of ore, and had to employ a number of young persons. But the general opinion was that the lot was all but worthless, and for a time it was a great trial for Billy as there could be nothing for him, and worse still, nothing for those under him.**

**"Why the people will say, there's that old Billy Bray, an old Bryanite, an old rogue, he hath cheaten the boys and maidens of their wages. A pretty Christian he!"**

**But Billy wrestled and labored in prayer, until he got the assurance that the Lord was on his way. (Dan. 10:9). "I will bring thee through," the Lord said to him one day while he was praying; to which gracious words he at once answered, "I believe it, Lord, I know Thou wilt. Praise the Lord! Amen! Glory! I don't care now what the devil says if Thou tell me that Thou wilt bring me through, I believe Thou wilt."**

**And his foot once placed upon the rock, he was not to be moved. The struggle was again and again renewed, but to all suggestions, from whatever quarter they came, his answer was, "I don't care whether the stuff is worth anything or not. The Lord hath told me He will bring me through, and I believe Him." And did the Lord disappoint his servant, or "leave him at last in trouble to sink?" No, no! On the "sampling" day the "stuff" was found to be more valuable than any person expected, enabling Billy to pay the boys and girls their wages, his own, and then have about twenty-five dollars, left for himself.**

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## **09 -- TEMPERANCE -- LOVE IN MASTERY**

**We are now in the very deep of the Garden of Love. Our arms are laden with the beautiful flowers we have gathered. The world has vanished; all care is gone; Jesus the Gardener is with us. Oh, such blessings! He has become the One altogether lovely, the Fairest among ten thousand; the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star to our souls!**

Such wonderful flowers we have found -- Joy, Peace, Longsuffering, Goodness, Faith -- and immediately before us stands another. We bend to pluck it, as it's marvelous beauty is revealed to us.

"What is your name?" we ask.

"My name is Temperance," readily comes the reply. "I am a flower that grows in the Garden of Love. I am Love in Mastery."

"Love in Mastery."

"Yes."

We had thought each flower would complete our bouquet, and that we would need no more, but now we see our great need of this new flower, Temperance, Love in Mastery.

This flower is a very remarkable one: Good Temper. "Love is not easily provoked." Those who have studied the languages say it should be translated, "Love is not provoked."

Nothing could be more striking than to find this flower in the Garden of Love. "We are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless weakness," a Christian man said. "We speak of it as a mere infirmity of nature, a family failing, a matter of temperament, not a thing to take into very serious account in estimating a man's character. And here, right in the heart of this analysis of love, it finds a place; and the Bible again and again returns to condemn it as one of the most destructive elements in human nature.

"The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men who are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely perfect, but for an easily-ruffled, quick-tempered, or 'touchy' disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics.

"The truth is, there are two great classes of sins -- sins of the body, and sins of the disposition. The Prodigal Son may be taken as a type of the first, the Elder Brother of the second. Now, society has no doubt whatever as to which of these is the worse. Its brand falls, without a challenge, upon the Prodigal. But are we right? We have no balance to weigh one another's sins, and coarser and finer are but human words; but faults in the higher nature may be less venial than those in the lower, and, to the eyes of Him who is Love, a sin against Love may seem a hundred, times more base. No form of vice, not worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness itself, does more to un-Christianize society than evil temper. For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking

the bloom of childhood in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, this influence stands alone.

"Look at the Elder Brother, moral, hard, working, patient, dutiful -- let him get all credit for his virtues -- look at this man, this baby sulking outside his own father's door. 'He was angry,' we read, 'and would not go in.' Look at the effect upon the father, upon the servants, upon the happiness of the guests. Judge of the effect upon the Prodigal-and how many Prodigals are kept out of the kingdom of God by the unlovely character of those who profess to be inside? Analyze, as a study in Temper, the thundercloud itself as it gathers upon the Elder Brother's brow. What is it made of? Jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, doggedness, sullenness-these are the ingredients of this dark and loveless soul.

"In varying proportions, also, these are the ingredients of all ill temper. Judge if such sins, of the disposition are not worse to live in, and for others to live with, than sins of the body. Did Christ indeed not answer the question Himself when He said, "I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of Heaven before you." There is really no place in Heaven for a disposition like this. A man with such a mood could only make Heaven miserable for all the people in it. Except, therefore, such a man be born again and sanctified, he cannot, he simply cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven. For it is perfectly certain and you will not misunderstand me -- to enter heaven a man must take it with him.

"You will see then why Temper is significant. It is not in what it is alone, but in what it reveals. This is why I take the liberty now of speaking of it with such unusual plainness. It is a test for love, a symptom, a revelation of an unloving nature at bottom. It is the intermittent fever which bespeaks intermittent disease within; the occasional bubble escaping to the surface which betrays some rottenness underneath; a sample of the most hidden products of the soul dropped involuntarily when off one's guard; in a word, the lightning form of a hundred hideous and un-Christian sins. For want of patience, a want of kindness, a want of generosity, a want of courtesy, a want of unselfishness, are all instantaneously symbolized in one flash of Temper.

"Hence it is not enough to deal with the Temper. We must go to the source, and change the inmost nature, and the angry humors will die away of themselves. Souls are made sweet not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in -- a great Love, a new Spirit, the Spirit of Christ and holiness. Christ, the spirit of Christ, interpenetrating ours, sweetens, purifies, transforms all. This only can eradicate what is wrong, work a chemical change, renovate and regenerate, and sanctify and rehabilitate the inner man. Will-power does not change men. Time does not change men. Christ does. Therefore, 'Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.'"

Yea, what a flower. Temperance, Love in Mastery.

**But isn't it impossible to live without getting mad sometimes? No, not when that thing which makes you get mad is purged out of the heart. When one is mad he reflects not God, but the devil. That could not be for the glory of the Christ.**

**The Lord God, with the Garden of Love blooming in our hearts, can keep us sweet as honey under the severest trials.**

**My dear friend, Bud Robinson, says: "A sanctified man has a shining face, an easy conscience, and a light heart, and, is as bold as a lion, as patient as an ox, as swift as an eagle, as wise as a serpent, as harmless as a dove, as gentle as a lamb, and as sweet as honey. If you were to slap his jaw you would get honey all over your hand, and as you walked away you would feel something' sticky on your hand. Lick it off and get under conviction, and come back to see what ailed him, and find out it was perfect love." And we have heard of Brother Bud: A man abused him terribly for something he said in one of his sermons. When the man was finished with his cursing and swearing and abuse, Bud said: "Will you go home to dinner with me?" "What?" the man cried, "would you invite a man who has insulted you home to dinner?" "Oh, did you insult me?" Bud made reply.**

**Thank God for the Garden of Love which the Holy Ghost plants in the heart. It is real! Yes, bless God, it is real!**

**When we fly off and get mad, it is not the Dutch in us, nor the Irish in us, but the devil in us, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost is what we need.**

**From Brother Bud again: "I said to my congregation one morning, 'My friends, I am glad to inform you that I have at last located your trouble. It is just below your collar bone and a little to the left of your stomach.' A man spoke up and said, 'Is it heart failure?' I said, 'Oh, no. When you see a man gritting his teeth, slamming doors, knocking down chairs and pulling his hair, you know his heart hasn't failed. He is suffering with carnality.'"**

**We must all confess that we need this flower of Temperance, Love in Mastery. Without it we shall fail, and cause a stumbling-block to be placed before another. We might live a year without a bit of temper, and then in a brief moment break forth and discount all the good we have done. We must be sure the Old Man is not slumbering, but has been cast out with his deeds.**

**David said that his soul dwelt among lions. And in this day the sanctified man dwells among lions, and he must have the flower of Temperance, or he will be devoured.**

**Jesus was before the illegal trial of the Sanhedrin, but He kept sweet and patient. Paul, too, was before the Sanhedrin but the flower of Temperance asserted, itself. Christians are often in sinful company, and were it not for the Garden of Love,**

angry words would come forth. And there is the cold, formal church and worldly congregation. There are the conferences and associations and synods which sneer at holiness. The flower is needed. There is the preachers' meeting with its thrust at the sanctified and holiness professors. Ah, the flower keeps us sweet.

Sometimes. it is the irreligious household where the blessing which we hold dear is ridiculed, but the Garden blooms and we bring forth the flower to give its fragrance. In some cases it is the ungodly, carnal companion, and what could we do were it not for the beautiful flowers.

And the disagreeable, faulty, critical Christian, the argumentative, talkative kind, and the untidy religious folks who have more hobbies than graces.

Ah, thank God, there is a Garden of Love, and we need it, oh, so very much.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 10 -- MEEKNESS -- LOVE IN YIELDING

With our lovely bouquet carefully held in our hands, we continue our trip, hearts, gladdened in happy anticipation. It seems we are approaching heaven, with a glory-pull. Hallelujah!

From beneath a huge pile of deadened leaves and green fern, we spy another flower. If we cried in exclamation before, we fairly scream now with delight.

"Oh. . . What a beauty! And so different!"

"Such wonderful colors!"

"And gorgeous design!"

"And delicate fragrance!"

"Ah quick, little flower -- tell us your name?" I ask.

"My name is Meekness," comes back the soft answer, yet clear and distinct as a bell.

"And what part of the Love Garden are you?"

"I am Love Yielding."

"Love Yielding," we echo in unison.

**Many times we cannot be used of God; many times we do so much harm, even when we do not want to do so; many times we get in the way of our own prayers; many times we suffer -- and all because we do not possess this flower of meekness.**

**We must be subdued if we are to be in the place where God wants us. The following is from a tract that has been blessed of God:**

**"Before God can launch us out into the breadth and sweetness of His service and entrust to us great things for Himself, we must be perfectly subdued in every part of our nature to His will and the disposition of His mind. We must be subdued in our hearts, in our wills, in our words, in our tempers, in our manners; subdued through and through so thoroughly that we will be flexible to all His purposes and plans. We must be so subdued that harshness, severity, criticism, sluggishness, laziness, impetuosity and all wanting our own way even in religious matters, must be subdued out of us. Conversion will not finish this work, and perhaps not in one case out of a thousand will the second work of grace produce this complete condition of teachable subjugation to God's Spirit. Being able to preach strong sermons on sanctification will not do it, or having charge of camp meetings, or conventions, or Bible schools, or the writing of books and editing papers on Christian holiness will not prove adequate for this grace.**

**"We must be subdued, not merely in our own opinion, not merely think ourselves subdued but subdued so perfectly that the all-seeing eye of God can look us through and the omniscient One knows that we are subdued. God must conquer the man that He can trust with His great thoughts and plans.**

**"The Holy Ghost must saturate us with a divine conquest before He can use us to conquer other souls. The Lord will begin to subdue us with gentle means, and if we sink lovingly and promptly into His mind, the work will be done, but if we have flint or iron in our natures and it is necessary, He will use heroic means and put us between the millstones and grind us to powder, until He can mould us without any resistance to His purpose. The greatest difficulty in the way of God's using His servants, even His zealous and oftentimes sanctified servants, is that they are not perfectly, universally, and constantly subdued under the power of God.**

**"We must be so subdued as to stop meddling with other people's matters that God has not entrusted us with; so subdued as not to be calling God's servants hard names, and thrusting at Christians who are doing what they can in their various fields for the Master; so subdued that we can hold our tongues, and walk softly with God, keep our eyes upon Jesus, attend to our own work, and do God's will promptly and lovingly, glad to have a place in His kingdom and to do a little service for Him.**

**"Oh! it is grand to be absolutely conquered by the Holy Ghost, and swing out a thousand miles from everybody and everything into the ocean of God's presence,**



**and work with Him in humility, without chafing, without fault-finding, without stumbling over others, without religious peevishness, and bend with every plan that God gives to us.**

**"When we are subdued in the sight of God, He will work miracles in us and through us: miracles of mercy and power in experience, in healing, in finance, in opening doors, in widening the fields of service, in gentleness and sweetness of the inner heart life, miracles of grace that will astonish us and surprise our friends and utterly amaze our enemies when they come to know the magnitude of what God has wrought. Let us get subdued in every way, in everything; so subdued that we can keep still in God and see Him work out the great, bright thoughts of His eternal mind in our lives."**

**Someone has so ably said: "The true martyrs of the Holy Ghost receive persecution and ill usage with the meek and, patient spirit of the dove and lamb, and they that have any other tempers may be martyrs, but are not martyrs of the Holy Ghost. Some receive persecution and misuse in such ill sort as to prove them not perfect witnesses to the lowly Lamb and heavenly Dove. Even Martin Luther once thought, 'it would be a pretty sight to see the pope and all the cardinals hanging in a row,' showing that resentment was still in his heart. He and many others have had, and still may have, the martyr virus in them, and yet are not the 'holy, harmless, undefiled' martyrs of the Spirit.**

**"Wesley and De Renty would not have thought, or breathed, the words of Luther. What a contrast between Calvin and Fox, when viewed from the standpoint of lowly, patient, unresenting love! The martyrs of the Spirit's dispensation are those who count all things loss for the excellency of the indwelling Christ. They deliberately choose to be counted the filth and off-scouring of the world, to bear all things, hope all things, and endure all things; they look into eternity and see the vanity of earth, and the transitoriness of all earthly sorrows, they have chosen to go out into an eternal summer of humble love and oneness with Christ, regardless of the cost.**

**"They suffer, and die if need be, like the lamb and the dove. Michael De Molinos, for teaching and witnessing to the sanctifying work of the Spirit, was thrust by his own fellow-priests into a solitary dungeon, where he patiently lingered for years. Bishop La Combe, for preaching and witnessing to the indwelling Spirit, was imprisoned for twenty-seven years, until his splendid mind was eclipsed by the unbearable woes of a lonely cell. Fenelon, on the account of sanctification, was banished for life to the Diocese of Cambrai, and still treated his enemies with the gentleness of a child for their conduct. Wesley was often dragged about, bruised, and having his clothes torn to pieces by mad mobs instigated by his fellow-preachers of the English Church; and yet he only exclaimed, in a mild voice: 'Friends, what harm have I done to any of you?' Mr. De Renty was intensely hated by his own mother because of his extreme piety, and she tried by a long law suit to**

rob him of his inheritance. Yet he treated her with the heart and affectionate reverence due to an angel.

"Hester Ann Rowe (afterwards Mrs. Rogers), on account of the Spirit work in her heart, was by her mother reduced to a domestic servant; and when the mother was very ill, the young and delicate Hester would do all the housework by day, and lovingly watch and wait upon the sick mother all night, week after week, till she nearly killed her frail body. Ministers of different Protestant Churches, who have become clear witnesses to the baptism of fire, have in some cases been by their Church authorities ejected from their pulpits, and have gone into humbler fields, gladly singing, "Anywhere with Jesus."

"Time would fail me to enumerate the illustrious company of those who, in modern times, have 'overcome evil with good.' The great majority of them will remain hidden from view till they come with 'the glorious appearing of our Lord,' who will unveil the graces of their lowly lives to an admiring universe. The martyrs of the first dispensation born witness to God in heaven, the martyrs of the second dispensation born witness to the God incarnate, living, dying, rising; the martyrs of the Third Dispensation bear witness to God the Comforter, as an indwelling and sanctifying Lord."

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## 11 -- GENTLENESS -- LOVE IN ACTION

We are nearing the end of our search, and our bouquet has enriched itself to us with the addition of each new flower. The glory of the heaven-land is, ours in the beauty and fragrance of the flowers which God has given unto us. Bless His Holy Name forever.

And we want our bouquet to remain fresh and sweet, but even as we search in the Garden of Love the devil is at our heels, and would deceive us if he could. We are satisfied with our flowers; we feel we need no more. And yet the dear Lord, the Great Gardener, knows best.

One more flower we must have or the ones we have already plucked will die. This new flower which we need so badly is the one which keeps the others fresh and bright and beautiful. Without it the others will fade and wither and die.

A loud exclamation comes from the lips of one of our party. In his ecstasy, he almost loses the bouquet from his arms.

"Oh, what a beauty! A beauty!" he shouts at the top of his voice.

And as we hurry to the scene, we confess the beauty of the new-found flower.

**"What is your name?" we cry.**

**"My name is Gentleness."**

**"And what part of the Love Garden are you?"**

**"I am Love in Action."**

**"Love in Action," we echo.**

**Our experiences depend upon our services to God. We do not work to be saved or sanctified, but we work for Him in sweet, willing service because we are saved and sanctified. This flower keeps, us busy in His vineyard, and when we lose this flower, all others soon flee with it.**

**God has no other means of saving souls and getting believers sanctified except as He works through us. In the proportion that we do not render love service unto Him, in the same proportion the cross of Jesus Christ is a failure.**

**A minister came to a certain place to tell the story of Jesus. A proud, haughty woman lived in the town, and she was the belle and the leader in all worldliness. She did not believe in revival meetings, yet belonged to the church and made a profession but had not a possession. She held herself aloof from the meetings for several nights and then apparently from sheer curiosity she attended and sat in a rear seat.**

**The evangelist, who had a Garden of Love in his heart, preached a Gospel sermon, delivered his soul, and trusted the Holy Ghost to do His office work. The woman was stricken with the arrow of conviction, and, to the surprise of all, rushed to the altar, and in confession, and contrition, and repentance, found the Lord Jesus as her Saviour.**

**A few nights afterward she was made hungry for holiness, and again sought the Lord in the fullness of His blessing, even her sanctification, and again the precious Lord made His promise true.**

**At the altar the woman received a Flower which came from heaven. Every place she went she took the Flower which came from Heaven with her. Everybody could: see the flower. It was so sweet and fragrant. It made everybody happy and glad, and they longed for the woman to come their way.**

**One day God spoke to her heart about His vineyard and the need of workers, and it was not long before she was in the crowded tenement district of a large city as a missionary.**

**She took the Flower which came from Heaven with her, and as she made her daily trips to the poor and sinful the flower could always be seen.**

**One morning she was in the home of a poor family, who knew not the Lord. A little girl, six years of age, was dying upon the cot. The woman had with her the Flower which came from Heaven. She nursed the child, and bathed her head with cloths, and consoled the mother.**

**But God saw fit to call the little rose-bud to His heavenly home, and the woman went forth to the undertaker to make arrangements for the funeral. The mother was heart-broken, but the woman with the Flower which came from Heaven was so kind and sweet and patient, that she relieved the suffering of the poor mother.**

**She accompanied the funeral procession to the cemetery, and saw the tiny casket lowered in the ground. And when they came home, she told the mother about the heavenly home, and of Jesus who had prepared it, and was able under Him to lead the mother to the Saviour. And all the time she had with her the Flower which came from Heaven.**

**And as she went from day to day, week to week, year to year, in her work, this woman, who had been cold and sinful and haughty, but now transformed by the sanctifying power of God, had with her the Flower which came from Heaven.**

**And what was this Flower which came from Heaven? Ah, it was the woman herself, for the Garden of Love was blooming in her soul, and kept beautifully alive by her service to the King of Kings.**

**Someone says, "The greatest thing a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His children. I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered. How superabundantly it pays itself back -- for there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable, as Love in Action. 'Love never faileth.' Love is success. Love is happiness, Love is life. Where there is Love in Action there God is. He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God. God is Love. Therefore love in deed. Without distinction, without calculation, without procrastination, love.**

**"Lavish it upon the poor people, where it is very easy; especially upon the rich, who often need it most; most of all upon our equals, where it is very difficult, and for whom perhaps we each do least of all. There is a difference between trying to please and giving pleasure. Give pleasure. Lose no chance of giving pleasure. For that is the ceaseless and anonymous triumph of a truly loving spirit."**

**"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."**

**What sweet fragrance from this flower, Love in ACTION -- Service for HIM.**

**The story is something like this. A young lad, of fourteen or fifteen was running a fruit stand in the streets of a city. The other boys jeered him, and played tricks upon him. One day they upset the fruit stand, and the fruit went in all directions. They laughed, and stole some of his fruit. A kindly man came along. He saw what had happened. He helped the lad in gathering the fruit from the street, spoke kind words to him, and gave him sufficient money to replenish his stock.**

**The boy with great tears of gratitude in his eyes looked into the man's face. "Sir," he said, "are you kinfolks to God." Ah, beloved readers, the Garden of Love planted in our hearts, and kept thriving by the flower Gentleness, Love in Action, will make people see God in us.**

**Bro. Polovina, that wonderfully saved and sanctified man, told me, modestly, of this incident:**

**"On my way home one time to spend Christmas, after laboring several months in the ministry, I was waiting in a station for my next train, when I walked a little boy, clad in ragged and torn garments, with his little knees sticking through his overalls. He looked to be about seven years old. I was watching him and felt sorry to see him in such a condition.**

**"I walked up to him and asked if his parents were both alive. He told me his mother was dead, and that made me more sorry for him. Then God said to me, 'How much are you sorry? Are you sorry enough to take him down to the store and dress him up?' and I said, 'Lord, I will.'"**

**"On the way to the store old Satan said' to me, 'You better save that money for your own family. You remember' how last Christmas your children did not have any Christmas at all. Now, this Christmas you have money and could show them a good time, but you are spending it on somebody else.' But I said to old Satan, 'Get behind, old boy, you are not my guardian, I can do whatever I please.' Then old Satan left me alone.**

**"I walked into the store with the boy and told the merchant to dress him up with whatever he needed, and I would pay the bill. The merchant asked me if that was, my boy, and I told him he was not, but that I had just picked him up at the depot. He asked me who I was, and I told him I was a holiness preacher on my way to spend Christmas, at home, and I had felt sorry for the boy and thought it would please the Lord to dress him up.**

**"So the merchant went to work and got a little suit of clothes, a pair of shoes, and stockings, a suit of underwear, and a little waist and cap. The merchant was not a Christian, yet discounted ten per cent, and told me that he would be glad to hear**

me preach, I told him that I was coming back after Christmas to a neighboring town to hold a revival meeting and that I sure would be glad to have him come.

"So I took the little boy to a barber shop and had his hair cut, and his head shampooed, then I took him to a bath-room, pulled my coat off, rolled up my sleeves and took those dirty clothes off and began to wash him; and while I was washing him the tears were rolling down my cheeks and the boy asked me why I was crying. I told him I felt sorry for him because his mother had died and left him before he was big enough to care for himself. After I put the clothes on him I asked him if he would go to Sunday-school from now on, and he said he would be glad to. So I gave him my calling card to remember me by. Then he looked up into my face and said, 'Mister, I'll never forget you.'

"So the boy went home happy as a lark, and I went back to the station, feeling good in my own soul, too. And as I had to preach at four different places on my way home, God blessed me with souls and also paid me back more than ten times what I spent on the boy. After I arrived home, I received a letter from the father, thanking me for my kindness, and he said he would like to hear me preach. I answered his letter and told him of my proposed meeting near his town.

"And sure enough after I started the revival, a man came to me and introduced himself as the father of the boy. Then he fell at the altar and cried for mercy, and God saved him. The next night he came to the altar again and was sanctified. Before the meeting closed the merchant came and was saved and sanctified, as were a number of others who would not have come had I not listened to God in reference to clothing the boy."

Bless God, we can be active in His service, and in working for Him will keep all the flowers of the Garden of Love in a healthy condition.

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## 12 -- PURITY AND GROWTH

So many questions concerning this important subject have been asked, and so many false answers have been given that it behooves one to be more than careful in approaching the theme.

I have thought much about it, and prayed much about it, and then one day God led me to a work by that dear man of God, George D. Watson. After years of experience in close living with the Lord, the Holy Spirit guided his pen and he wrote a masterpiece on the subject of purity and growth. When I read what this venerable man had written, I thought it would be like adding gilt to gold to attempt anything myself. Therefore I secured Brother Watson's address, and wrote him at his home in California if I might have permission to use certain things from his books. He kindly granted this permission.

**This chapter, then, is copied from Dr. Watson's book entitled "White Robes." May God bless it to the reader's heart as He did to mine.**

**"The doctrine of the believer's full sanctification by simple trust would meet with but little objection from sincere and commonsense Christians, if they would only read a portion of the luminous literature on that subject, or search the Scriptures prayerfully, or in some way allow themselves to be informed correctly on the momentous theme. In spite of all the explicit teaching on entire holiness, it is still true that the overwhelming majority of Christians on earth are perpetually conforming the perfect cleansing of their hearts, with their spiritual growth.**

**"There are thousands who pray, publicly and privately, to be made pure, who have no thought or conviction as to any time when the prayer will actually be answered. They do not press vehemently after an immediate freedom from the hidden sin of their souls, for the reason that they have their eyes away off yonder on an indefinite gradual growth. The deceitful notion of getting pure by growth is just like the fabled bag of gold under the distant rainbow, forever beyond the actual grasp of experience. The popular error of confounding heart purity with spiritual maturity, will need to be exposed over and over again to the end of time. In the light of Scripture I may be able to show some inquiring soul a few distinctions between being fully sanctified and growing in grace.**

**"1. Purity is the subtraction of evil, but growth is the addition of grace. Any child can see that these are opposite to each other'. The following Scripture proves this statement:**

**"Whereby are given unto us -- Christian believers -- exceeding great and precious promises: that by simple trust in these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust. And beside this -- i. e. in addition to this cleansing -- giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue (or power); and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly love; and to brotherly love kindness, charity" (2 Pet. 1:4-7).**

**"Now what is that peculiar form of corruption here referred to which exists throughout the world; evidently it is the inherited depravity, and is here spoken of as remaining in believers. According to this world, this hereditary corruption is to be removed not by growth, but by simple faith in the promises, and after this subtraction of sin, there is to come a glorious sum in addition or growth in grace. These graces are planted in a newly converted soul, but being choked and impaired by inbred sin, they do not abound. Hence the next verse says, "If these things be in you and abound." In conversion these things are put in you, but when fully cleansed they grow, they abound (abunda), like an overflowing wave.**

**"2. The work of cleansing deals with the sin of the soul; the work of growth deals with the grace that is in the soul. Hence, purification and progress are as distinct in their offices as sin and grace are distinct in their character. Two men are at work on a building; one is cleansing it from rubbish, the other is enlarging and beautifying the structure. It is the office of medicine to, remove disease, but it is the office of food to make flesh and blood and so we find in Scripture that being purified from all sin is denoted as a medicinal work, healing, hearing, making whole, removing all distemper from the soul, but growing in grace is denominated as a feed process, eating the finest wheat, feasting on milk and honey, eating the old corn and 'strong meat and delighting itself in soul fatness. We need divine medicine as hyssop to purge out depravity and render us whiter than snow; but we need Divine food to render us fat and fruitful in grace.**

**"3. Purification is wrought in the heart only by the power of God, and the soul can only passively trust in receiving the cleansing virtue; but growth in grace is produced by the soul's active co-operation with the will of God. The act of sanctifying the soul, making it holy, is never in Scripture ascribed to good deeds nor means of grace, nor growth, nor suffering, nor death, but ever to a Divine act. He creates a clean heart. He washes whiter than snow. He says 'I will, be thou clean.' His blood cleanseth us from all sin, not development, nor death. It is an act of God's will that sanctifies us.**

**"But growth in grace, whether it be before the perfect cleansing or after, is everywhere in Scripture spoken of as a diligent and daily co-operation of the believer with the Holy Spirit; such as to watch and pray, to be witnesses, to be diligent, to study to show ourselves approved, to meditate in God's law night and day, to walk by faith, etc. In making the soul holy, free from all sin, God exercises an infinite and everlasting monopoly, allowing neither angel nor man, nor law, nor secondary agency, to share with Him the honor of cleansing the soul, but in growth He condescends to receive the willing creature into blessed partnership with His spirit who worketh in us according to His will. Purification is a monopoly, growth in grace is a partnership. We are co-laborers with Christ, but not co-saviours with Him.**

**"4. We are purified only through faith, we grow in spiritual life by faith and works combined. 'Thy faith has made thee whole.' Purifying their hearts, by faith, the faith by which you receive the divine cleansing, is the very absence of all works; we quit all struggling, rest on the promise and let God do it. But to progress in a holy life demands all the good works that flow from a living faith. The soul works vigorously in a state of holiness, but it can never work itself into a state of holiness. You can swim in the water, but you cannot lie on dry land and swim into the water; you can dream in sleep, but you cannot dream yourself into sleep. We enter purity by faith alone; we advance by faith and works combined.**

**"5. The purification of the heart is wrought instantaneously; but growth in discernment and love is gradual. There are gradual steps by which we yield all to God, and reach the fountain of cleansing, and gradual steps of deeper knowing and**



loving after we enter, but the cleansing, the slaying of the Old Man, is instantaneous. It is instantaneous in the sense that a birth, or death, or marriage, is instantaneous. And growth in grace is gradual in the sense that a river expands, or corn grows, or a child advances to maturity. But the gradual expansion of the river, and the purity of its water, are different things; the gradual growing of the corn, and the freeing of the corn from all impurity, are two separate things; the gradual process of a child to manhood, and the purifying of his body from disease, are distinct operations; and so while a child of God is gradually advancing in many things, he is to be instantaneously cleansed from the evils that infest his heart. If growth purifies us, then it is our saviour instead of Jesus.

"6. The work of heart purity is directly witnessed to by the Holy Spirit, but religious growth is discovered by the mind in its pressing after the truth of the Scripture. God makes a direct attestation to His work both in regeneration and sanctification. Of the converted we read: 'The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit that 'we are the children of God.' Rom. 8:16. And of the sanctified believer we read: 'Them that are sanctified, whereof the Holy Ghost is a witness to us.' Heb. 10:14-15. The old error that by a round-about process of human discovery, and comparing ourselves with Scripture, we are to find out whether we are converted or sanctified, is being again adopted by backslidden and unsaved teachers. Isaiah speaks of a sanctifying touch of fire, and a voice that told him directly that he was purged from sin; he says nothing of discovering it by a process of comparison. Paul tells of an act of God by which Jesus was revealed in him, but he says nothing of finding it out by self-analysis, or comparing himself with the Scripture. After the heart is made pure, God will in His own way communicate the infallible witness of it to the soul. But as growth in grace is largely a human process, depending upon our capacity, zeal and prayerfulness, the Spirit may not bear direct witness to its progress. It is in reference to our fruitfulness and progress that we are to examine and compare ourself with the waymarks of Scripture. The knowledge that we are made pure, is flashed into us from above; but the knowledge that we are growing in grace is gathered up in the daily lessons, and by the milestones we pass on the soul's journey. The knowledge of purity is given to us; the knowledge of growth is acquired.

"7. Purity of heart is really known to none on earth, except those who have it; but the effect of purity and growth can be recognized by others. A pure heart is pre-eminently the spotless pearl, the white stone that no one knows save he that receives it; hence the absolute necessity of the tongue testifying to the divine work of it. The holy growth, however, that follows this inward cleansing is an epistle known and read of all. Heart purity is not a creed, or notion, or theological idea, or set of mental acts; it is a clear, calm, profound, hidden consciousness that God owns the soul fully and that He makes it free from guilt, fear and sinful tempers. 'What man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man that is in him?' But increasing fervor of prayer an augmented diligence for God, increasing liberality, a growing self-sacrifice for others, a progress in gentleness of spirit and sanctity of conversation, enlargement of courage, humility and love, these and many other

symptoms of growth in grace can be recognized by those who mingle with the purified. Purity is entirely hidden, but the effects of purity and growth are largely visible.

"8. Purity is not one of the graces according to the word, but the condition in which the graces best thrive. A clean soil is not wheat, but the best preparation for the finest grain; so the being cleansed from sin is not one of the fruits of the Spirit, but a perfect preparation for the full growth of the heavenly clusters. We are to be cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit; what for? That we may go on perfecting holiness in the fear of God. The first is cleansing the soil, the second is maturing the grain. Again, it is said that 'the wisdom is first pure, then gentle, easy to be entreated and full of mercy.' Here purity is designated as the pre-requisite condition for the graces of gentleness and mercifulness, and so forth, to flourish in.

"Cleansing is not a grace, but it is removing the very obstruction to grace; it is not growth, but the taking away of the very hindrance to growth. The one separates us from the work of Satan, the other beautifies and enlarges all our faculties and capabilities in union with God.

"9. Purification is a complete, finished work (so long as retained), but growth is never finished in this life, and so far as we know all holy creatures will progress forever in love, knowledge and power, but not be forever getting more and more free from sin. The terms 'more and more' are used in the Bible, but they are applied to faith, knowledge, love, and similar positive graces; but it is not said, nor taught, that we are to get more and more pure. We are not Scripturally pure till we are entirely sanctified, till we are cleansed from all sin. All the texts of the Scripture that refer to being purified, sanctified, made holy, are limited to the present text, but on the other hand those texts that refer to Christian progress, stretch out over the present and future tenses, and have no limit whatever as to time or degree of advancement. As a depraved creature I need perfect cleansing as quick as possible; but as an immortal redeemed soul, I need to expand in light and love forever. The work of purification must be completed in this world, the work of growth must extend through both worlds and be co-equal with our existence. It would be an infinite calamity to die without being entirely sanctified, and it would be almost an infinite calamity to stop growing when we die.

"10. Heart purity is equal in those that have it, but growth in grace is never equal even among the holy ones. The saints, in heaven, infants or apostles, are all equally pure -- free from sin, but not all equal in the volume of wisdom, power and love. So far as being clean is concerned, they are all equally washed in the blood of the Lamb; so far as growth is concerned, one star differeth from another star in glory. And it is so in this world. If a hundred believers were wholly sanctified today, no two of them would make just the same advancement in the next twelve months. They differ in their ages, capabilities, sex, advantages, trials, zeal, occupation, talents, temperament, health, and many other things which affect our progress in the divine life; but none of such things need affect our being made pure. Some will

grow more in a month than others will in a year. Some advance more rapidly in knowledge, others most rapidly in love. Some have life-long thorns in the body which may be great aids to holy progress, others have not. Some after being purified live in almost constant bliss, but these do not plunge into as deep abandonment with God as those to whom are appointed long and strange Gethsemanes of 'soul. There is unity in the work of purity, but in growth there is variety and multiplicity.

"11. Purity is absolutely essential for entering heaven, but growth is never a condition of going through the pearly gates. Every one that enters heaven, whether infant or believer, must be entirely purified from depravity before death, but growth is no where made a fitness for heaven. Millions are in heaven who never grew in grace before going there, but they were freed from all evil before going there. Ps. 24:3-4; Matt. 5:8.

"12. Purity of heart decides our fitness for heaven, but growth in piety and fruitfulness decides our reward in heaven. He that is cleansed from all sin has the so-called "dying grace," and is already fit for the skies, but the character, length, and fervor of his service to Christ will determine his rank and weight of glory in the future world. Matt. 10:10, 12; 2 Cor. 4:16-18.

"This is the will of God even our sanctification," in the present tense; then our "love is to abound yet more and more unto the day of Christ." 1 Thess. 4:3; Phil. 1:9.

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### 13 -- CARNALITY MEANS WEEDS

A garden cannot thrive if the weeds crowd it, and are given place to grow. They must be destroyed, root and stem and seed. Weeds grow quick, usurp power of moisture, sunshine, and chemical juices of the soil. They are not pretty and have no fragrance. We must weed the garden.

So it is in the Garden of Love. The flowers of the Fruit of the Spirit cannot grow and bloom and thrive, and send forth perfume if the weeds of carnality are permitted to grow.

They must be destroyed, root, stem, and seed, and this cannot come about save by the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire which purges out all inbred sin and carnality.

If the heart is not cleansed from all sin, the weeds of carnality will spring up, and sprout, and soon have possession of the Garden. If inbred sin is left in the heart, the traits of carnality will remain. We are herewith calling attention to these "weeds in their many forms. We are giving a snap-shot, so to speak, of a heart that

has not been sanctified wholly. An honest investigation of our own soul, if we are not in the experience of holiness, will verify the facts. As we read, let us have boldness to put ourselves on the pedestal, and take careful inventory of the stock of our hearts. The traits of carnality are: A touchy, sensitive spirit.

A disposition to resent and retaliate when reproved or contradicted. Sharp, heated words flung at another. Self will.

A stubborn, unteachable spirit. (One of the saddest things we find is, that person who knows it all, and is set in his way, and cannot be taught. The Lord pity him. And, sad tale, he sometimes infests a camp meeting and calls himself a sanctified man. Pray for him.)

An arguing, talkative spirit. (What a terrible and disagreeable weed.) Harsh, sarcastic expressions.

An unyielding, headstrong disposition. (A mule is stubborn, they say; but some folks are worse than a mule. A mule will move up when a fire is placed under him, but the stubborn man or woman ignores the fire of the Holy Ghost.)

A driving, commanding spirit. (All the kaisers do not live in Europe. Some of them exist in so-called holiness centers. Have mercy, Lord: have mercy.)

A disposition to criticize and pick flaws when set aside unnoticed.

A peevish, fretful spirit. (A wonder it is, indeed, to hear a preacher preach or a professor testify to the patience and sweetness which accompanies the sanctified life, and then find him as cross as a bear. An evangelist sometimes tells us how God makes you "sweet as honey," and then he flies off when a poor, innocent baby begins to cry.)

A disposition that loves to be coaxed and humored. (This weed is more obnoxious, methinks, than the snakes and vipers about which Jesus spoke.)

Lustful stirrings, (So many good people have gone down under this weed. Lord, help us.)

Unholy actions.

A carnal leaning. (This weed entices one to trust everything and anything but the Holy Ghost. Sometimes I think we as evangelists are more careful to please camp meeting committees and church boards than we are to please God. "Not men pleasers, but pleasers of God.")

**Undue affections and familiarity toward those of the opposite sex. (Let the Holy Ghost teach us about this, for it would take many sermons to exhaust what awful results have come from this weed.)**

**Wandering eyes. (Ah, brother, we are to look UP.)**

**A dishonest, deceitful disposition.**

**Evading and covering the truth. (Think hard about this weed and try to locate it.) Covering up your real fruits.**

**Leaving a better impression of yourself than is strictly true. (Look out, folks; look out!)**

**False humility. (What a sickening and nauseating weed.)**

**Exaggeration. (A treacherous weed.)**

**Straining the truth.**

**Unbelief.**

**A spirit of discouragement in times of pressure and opposition.**

**Lack of quietness and confidence in God.**

**Lack of faith in God.**

**A disposition to worry and complain in the midst of pain, poverty, or at the dispensations of God's providences. (We should get to the place where we will neither murmur nor complain until treated worse than He. That time will never come.)**

**An over-anxious feeling whether everything will come out all right. (Doesn't this search our hearts?)**

**Formality and deadness. (The Lord deliver us from this poisonous weed.)**

**Lack of concern in the absence of love for lost souls.**

**Dryness and indifference. (This weed takes the juice and sap out of our experience.)**

**Lack of power with God.**

**Carnal fear. (The Lord is still on the throne. Look up, and be glad!)**

**A man-fearing spirit. (Everywhere, it seems, to be found.)**

**A shrinking from reproach and duty. Reasoning around the cross.**

**A shrinking from doing our whole duty to those of wealth or position. (This weed has robbed the church of power.)**

**A fearfulness that someone will get out of the Spirit and thus offend and drive some prominent person away.**

**A compromising, holding back spirit.**

**An unpleasant sensation in view of the great prosperity and success of another. (This weed is called the Green-eyed Monster. He dies hard and slow.)**

**A disposition to speak of the faults and failings rather than the gifts and virtues of those more talented and appreciated than ourselves.**

**Selfishness.**

**Love of ease.**

**Love of money.**

**A secret spirit of pride.**

**An exalted feeling in view of our success or position. (Sometimes because of our good training and appearance, and sometimes because of our natural gifts and abilities.)**

**An important, independent spirit. (What a nasty weed, and hard to kill.)**

**Stiffness and precision. (Oh, the icicles of formality.)**

**Love of human praise. (One of the last weeds to die.)**

**A secret fondness to be noticed. (Lord, have pity.)**

**Love of supremacy, drawing attention to self in conversation. (Guilty, Lord, very guilty!)**

**A swelling out of self when we have had a free time in speaking or praying.**

**This catalog of weeds, doubtless, is, far from complete. However, there are enough listed to let us think and search and surrender, and then re-think and re-search and re-surrender.**

**The Holy Ghost wants a Garden of Love to grow in our hearts, and yet He so many times finds only weeds. He Himself is limited in His power unless we surrender and let him burn out all carnality, all the weeds.**

**May we breathe an honest prayer to God, and confess the truth, and ask for a real purging. Let us put aside our profession and our testimony, if they are not in tune with our hearts, and humbly go before Him. Help us, Lord. Oh, help us, dear Lord!**

**\* \* \* \* \***

#### **14 -- FEEDS OTHER GARDENS**

**In walking through the woods of Wisconsin I have found a number of bushes and shrubbery which "spread." That is from one healthy plant many others will spring forth.**

**So it is with the Garden of Love. It will bring forth other Gardens. One cannot be saved and sanctified, and filled with the fulness of God, unless it becomes contagious and reaches out to others.**

**It is practically an impossibility to grow alone. If we permit the Holy Ghost to maintain the Garden of Love in our hearts, He will let it spread out to others.**

**Some plain, blunt questions come pouring into our hearts when thinking of this subject. Are we growing alone? Have any other Gardens of Love been started because of our lives and influences? Some times we say, "We do not have any holiness people or prayer-meetings where I live." But why? Could you not have one in your kitchen, even if at the first service you had only four present, God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and yourself? What hinders us from having a prayer-meeting, or Sunday-school, or religious service in our home?**

**Surely if we appreciate what God has done for us, we will begin to do for Him. If we get one started, then we can get another, and it will not be long until there are many Gardens blooming, and calling forth to the world of hungry people to come and enjoy the blessings of the Garden of Love.**

**"Never rest contented to grow alone," a leading evangelist said. "It is lonesome. It is neither like nature nor grace. Get some one else saved, or find out the reason why. We know a man who once held a prayermeeting in a schoolhouse six months before anybody else attended. Finally, they began to come and it resulted in a revival. See the persistence of some of the foreign missionaries. Think**

of the hardships of those early pioneers who blazed their way through dark continents, and with a determination to win, they pressed their way through and with faith and prayer and continuous effort, they saw the fruit of their labor, in others finding Christ as their personal Savior.

"With David Livingstone's heart in the middle of Africa, his sun-dried mummy in Westminster Abbey, his spirit in the glory world, do you not think he is glad that he got others started to carry on his work in the land of darkness?"

"If John G. Paton, taking his life in his hands, could go into the New Hebrides, and there brave the awful hardships and dangers of those cannibal islands, and finally win out and see them converted to God like a nation born in a day, does it not look as if you, my dear friends, ought to start the work somehow in your midst, and get hold of God by fasting and prayer, and never give up till an oasis is started in your community?"

"'Where there is a will, there is a way.' It takes grit and grace, but God's storehouse has never yet been exhausted, and there is yet the man to be born that has proved all the possibilities of grace."

A certain Southern minister said one morning to his congregation, "If you have not won a soul to Christ in the past year you are a backslider and should come to the altar." After the service, a woman with two children in her arms, came forward and told the minister he had abused her, and that he could not expect her to win souls when she had the care of home and children.

"Why, she said, "I am always busy and kept in my home. How can I win souls?"

"But does no one come to your home?" the preacher asked.

"Yes, sometimes."

"Does the groceryman come?"

"Well, yes."

"Does the meat man? The ice man? The baker? The peddler?"

"Oh, yes, but I never thought of winning them," she answered, getting the meaning of the preacher's questions.

She went home resolved to win some one to Christ. The next morning, to pave the way, she prepared a warm lunch for the iceman, for it was a damp and cool day.



**She invited him to take the warm coffee and bit of food, and he gladly accepted. She meant to talk to him while he ate, but her courage failed her, and she spoke of many things, but not that which was upon her heart.**

**He thanked her for her kindness, and went down the stairs. When he was about to drive off in his ice wagon, she became more courageous, and called him back.**

**"I wanted to ask you a question," she said, "but I was afraid."**

**"What is it?" he replied, kindly.**

**"I wanted to ask you if you are saved -- is your heart right with God? Do you love Jesus?"**

**Tears came into the big man's eyes, and he spoke:**

**"I have been thinking of my soul much of late and wanted someone to speak to me."**

**"Well, I am not a preacher," she returned, her heart filled to overflowing by his words, "But I can pray with you."**

**They knelt in the hall, and he confessed his sins and found peace.**

**What a heaven it was for that little woman. She had another started. When she met the pastor again, she fairly cried, "I'm not a backslider any more. The ice-man got saved."**

**[In the following four paragraphs the author mistakenly tells of "two women at the toll bridge in Kentucky." Actually it was one woman, Mary McAfee. For the correct facts in this story, I refer the reader to my compilation titled "The Holy Influence Of Mary McAfee" -- hdm0798. DVM]**

**Another holiness preacher tells the story of two women at the toll bridge in Kentucky who got the blessing of sanctification and set about praying for a holiness meeting in their community. They prayed long and faithfully and would not give up. Somebody heard of their experience and visited them, then wrote an article about them, and put it in the paper. A preacher providentially saw the article who lived many miles from their abode, but it so got hold of his heart that he made up his mind to see them and get the same thing.**

**God honored his desire and faith, and was answering their prayer at the same time. This brother received the blessing and so preached it that others in his church received the same. At the conference this brother was persecuted on account of the**

**new-found blessing of holiness, but he had grace enough to stand and endure and not retaliate.**

**Dr. Carradine saw the abundant grace in this brother's heart and life, and it made him hungry for the same thing. In due time the persecuted brother was invited to hold a revival meeting in Dr. Carradine's church, which resulted in the doctor getting the experience himself. Time passed on and finally the prayers of these two faithful women were answered, in that Dr. Carradine held a meeting in their town and led a number of others into the experience.**

**These two saints, with Gardens of Love growing in their hearts, were not satisfied till they got others started.**

**We are thinking of old Bro. Adamson, of blessed memory, now in glory, whom we never met, but ran across his paths -- for he had let his Garden of Love start others.**

**While reading a little book on Holiness written by Col. S. L. Brengle he was blessedly sanctified, and began to tell the same story to others. The churches thought him foolish, and when he rented a store-room for meetings he met with much opposition and persecution. One time, the enemies locked Bro. Adamson and his little flock in the building, but they just kept on praying. For a long while not much that was visible was done, but God was faithful. Now in Minnesota there is a large and successful camp meeting, and a body of holiness people, all because Bro. Adamson let the beauty of his Garden of Love reach out to others.**

**Nothing comes easy. That which is won without a battle is no victory. Satan stands at the very portals and uses his utmost powers to keep the Gardens from reaching out to others. But it is a grand and glorious fact that if we prove true, the Lord will use us in spite of every obstacle.**

**In the glory land some day we shall be glad we did not hide our light under a bushel.**

**Well, amen!**

**\* \* \* \* \***

## **15 -- THE GARDEN TRANSPLANTED**

**Some day, ah, some day, the Garden of Love will be transplanted. Heaven is sure and real, and is a prepared place for prepared people. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."**

**We have a heaven to go to heaven in, and if we do not begin down here, I fear we shall not go on up there.**

**When the heart is cleansed from all sin, and the beautiful Garden of Love is planted, We have no temptations from within, and yet the devil is not crucified because we have been sanctified, and he will trouble and tempt us as long as we are in this life. However, and thanks be unto God for it, the temptations of a truly sanctified person are not from within but from without.**

**Here we are saved from the penalty and power of sin; there we shall be saved from the very presence of sin. We must endure down here while we enjoy, but up there in glory land we shall not endure. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he has been approved he shall receive the crown of life."**

**Our ears now hear cursing and swearing, and we know of vice and crime and sin at every hand. Not so there.**

**They blow tobacco smoke in our faces, and we must walk on the spittle of the filthy; but, glory to God, not there. We are sometimes called the off-scouring now, but there we shall be the aristocrats of heaven.**

**The cemetery is at our every turn; not in that Golden City. The hearse and undertaker, and casket and graves and crepe will not enter the pearly gates. The saloon, the brothel, the theater, the dance-hall, the poolroom will have no place in the city beyond the clouds. Oh, Glory!**

**There will be no wicked kings and corrupt politicians. There will be no penitentiaries and jails. There will be no suffering and pain and tears. All this shall have vanished and been forgotten for all time. The saints shall have triumphed through the Blood of the Lamb.**

**Oh, how we shall sing about the throne, while looking: upon His face. With the angels we shall swell that mighty chorus, with praise and honor due unto Him. But when we sing the story of Jesus and His blood, of His redemption, even the angels will fold their wings, for they cannot sing that song.**

**We shall take the crowns with the stars of precious souls from our heads, and lay them at His feet. The trophies of souls, saved and sanctified, will all go to Him, the King of Kings.**

**We shall have a mansion, not built with hands, and what a feast! All the time a campmeeting will be going on, and the testimonials of the saints will be like music in the halls of glory.**

**At the gate we shall, with Him, give royal welcome to every saint that comes. We shall then forget the suffering and persecution endured in this life, and will be glad that we let Him have His perfect way.**

**What a meeting and what a family reunion. All the saints of all times from all spheres shall be there. How we shall make the chambers of that Golden City ring with praise.**

**What a host of those precious souls we shall meet.**

**Enoch will be there, and we shall hear his testimony of the translation.**

**Noah will tell us of his experience, and how the Lord brought him home.**

**Abraham, who was a friend of God, and believed Him, will have all the time he wants to tell of God's leadings with him.**

**Isaac and Jacob will greet us with that perennial joy.**

**Joseph will charm us with his testimony of the power of God to keep for all those fourteen years in jail. We shall hear from his lips the story of the coat of many colors. We will know why and how he was a type of the Christ.**

**Brother Moses will now give us a word. How he thrills us with the story of the leading of the children out of bondage. As we listen we understand with our perfect knowledge why he was the meekest man in the world. And now, too, we get the full meaning of the scene upon the Mount of Transfiguration.**

**Joshua and Caleb each in turn give us a graphic description of the trip into the land of Canaan. Caleb said, "We are well able to overcome it; let us go up and possess the land." The other ten preachers said, "They are as giants in our sight and we are but grasshoppers." And we look about the streets of heaven for those who were afraid, and we cannot find them. Ah, what they have missed!**

**Joshua has arisen, and what a wonderful testimony he gives. We can almost imagine ourselves on that trip over Jordan, and in the march about Jericho. Yea, it seems we can hear the blasts of the ram's horns.**

**There is David, dear Brother Dave, the Shepherd Boy. We are carried away with his juicy and fire-filled testimony. We see him go out against the giant. We hear him tell how he cried unto the Lord for forgiveness and for a perfect cleansing. There is some shouting going on in heaven now.**

**Isaiah, that grand old prophet, the target for the higher critics, towers in his heavenly strength, and gives a history of his blessed experience.**

**Jeremiah, the sad and weeping prophet, is glad now, and his face shines with glory as he speaks.**

**Ezekiel, blessed man of God, has his turn. Daniel, and the three Hebrew children, tell of the mighty faith in God which kept the fire from burning and turned the lion's den into a luxurious hotel -- Hotel Lion.**

**Hosea and Joel and Amos, those prophets who were true to God, cause our shouting to be renewed as they depict their experiences.**

**Jonah -- yes, old Jonah. He tells us the truth about the great fish and his trip to Nineveh. We always did believe the story and now it is verified up in heaven.**

**Obadiah and Micah, and Nahum and Habakkuk, -- well, bless God how glad we are to meet them in this Holiness meeting on streets which are not paved with gold, but which are gold.**

**And Paul and John and Luke and Stephen, and all the saints are there. Oh, what a meeting!**

**The theme of every one who has testified has been Holiness, the cleansing of the heart from all sin.**

**The Garden of Love has been transplanted, and never again shall be in fear of withering or losing its beauty.**

**How many times we have had to leave dear and precious friends and go to some field of labor. How many times the campmeetings, in a blaze of glory, have come an end, and we have had to part and go to our respective homes.**

**There will be no parting there. We shall meet there to remain forever. Oh, what bliss, what rapture, what ecstasy at the very thought!**

**Pray on, faithful saint. Do not give up. Endure for Him, suffer if need be. Lay up treasures in heaven. Keep a fresh experience and have a testimony as clear as a bell. It will be all worth while. We shall understand it all by and by.**

**And now we have journeyed through the Garden of Love. We have been thrilled as we picked our flowers, and our bouquet is unspeakably beautiful. When we shall pass out of this life, if Jesus tarries, and they, perchance, spread our casket with the flowers which wither and dry up, we shall be more than glad for the bouquet which came from the Garden of Love.**

**Have you been to the Garden? Are you saved and sanctified, and filled with all the fullness of God?**

**Remember He has all power and can meet your every need. Bow humbly before him in sweet consecration, put yourself and all upon the altar, take your**

hands off, and claim the blessing. "The Altar sanctifieth the gift." Will you be the gift?

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**THE END**