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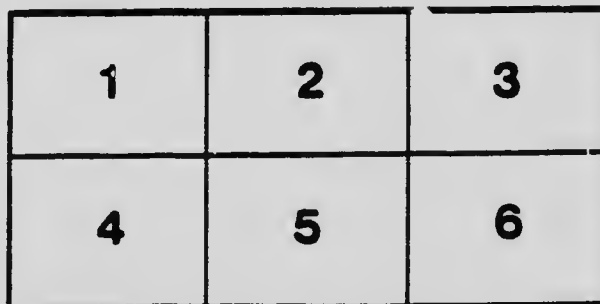
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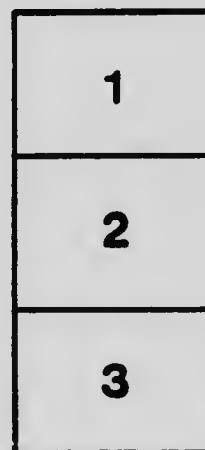
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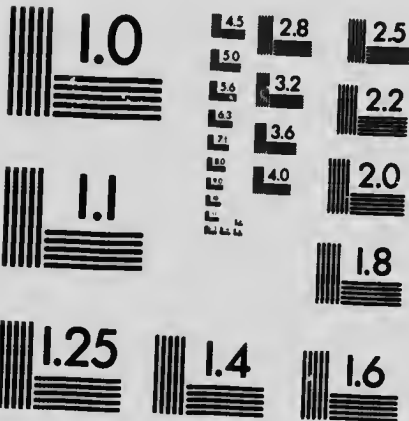
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Car. Russell. Walter.



The  
Burning  
Bush. . . .

*. . By . .*

*Rev. Walter Russell, B.A.,*

*Evangelist.*

*Author of "The Life of Love."*

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HENDERSON & COMPANY,  
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Dedicated  
To my Father and Mother.

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## *Introduction.*

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In an admirable discourse on "The Holy Spirit," the late Dr. Dale has this sentence—"In every age men have been more deeply impressed by the great acts of God in former centuries than by His great acts in their own times."

The truth of this statement is very evident if we consider how frequent are the references in sermons and addresses to the mighty works of God through the Holy Spirit in Bible times and in sub-apostolic and Reformation periods, by men who fail to recognize the same Spirit's presence and work in the Church to-day.

Perhaps the Church's greatest need in this age is a recognition of the Holy Spirit's presence and a belief in His readiness to work when permitted, as He alone can work for the overthrow of error, for the destruction of iniquity, for the establishing of the kingdom of righteousness. More than scholarship, so necessary in every age, more than wealth, apparently so indispensable, more than multiplied workers, though for laborers the Church must ever pray, more than all these is our need of a consciousness of the Holy Spirit's presence and power with us to-day.

In such a consciousness Mr. Russell lives, and with the earnestness of one on whose heart a message is laid, he brings the sense of this consciousness to his readers and urges it upon the Church. He brings more, he brings the evidence of years of successful toil among all classes of men to attest the truth that in his belief he has followed no dream, but the will of the Master whom he serves.

In memory of happy undergraduate days, now fast becoming distant but never to be forgotten, when our hearts drew close as we walked, studied and prayed together, I commend to the public this forcible and inspiring message of my friend.

ROBERT JOHNSTON.

St. Andrew's Manse, London, March, 1902.





## *Preface.*

It is not the discussion but the concussion of high explosives that rouses the Titanic giant to hurl the Alpine barriers from the route of advancing commerce and civilization.

The chemical analysis of a coronation banquet would transform the most appetizing victuals into a repulsive and nauseating drug.

The laboratory has its place, the exegetical chair will always be in demand. But in this blow-pipe age the Word of God may be theologically arranged, logically presented, and rabbinically dissected, till its vitality and virility are gone and its Christ rejected and dismissed as by the historic Pharisees.

Men with minds like the cherubim and hearts like the seraphim have invaded all departments, and in exhaustive volumes given our privileged age the rich treasure stores of truth hidden in God for the dispensation of the Holy Ghost.

The heart purpose of the author is to be a concussive hammer, to resurrect the potencies of the divine forces; to spread for a world-wide constituency a physiological and biological banquet of liv-

ing and life-giving truth, that shall beget a consuming passion to be filled with all the fulness of God; to be a common shrub, translated and transfigured into a burning bush, ablaze with God, that may turn aside some colossal character, who, like Moses, may lead the multitudes of this Laodicean age out of bondage, and Joshua-like, lead them from the fruitless wanderings of the wilderness into the land of abundance and conquest.

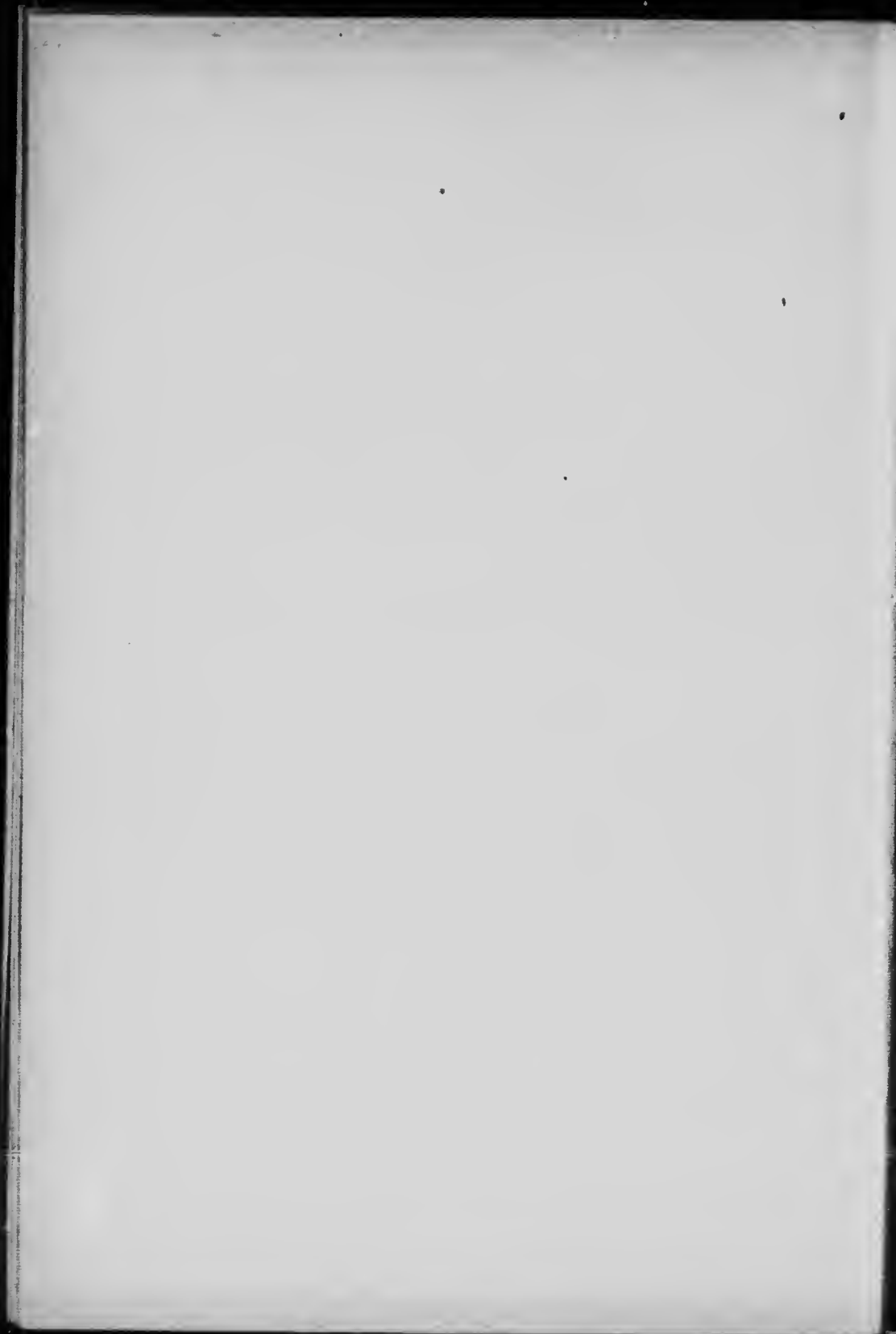
This message was written during hours snatched from an intensely busy life, and is offered to all who may open and read, with a hopeful confidence that he who writes and they who read may in the "ages to come" climb to the feet of Him who sent the Blessed Comforter, and pour our tribute of adoration in endless doxologies into the heart of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

W. R.

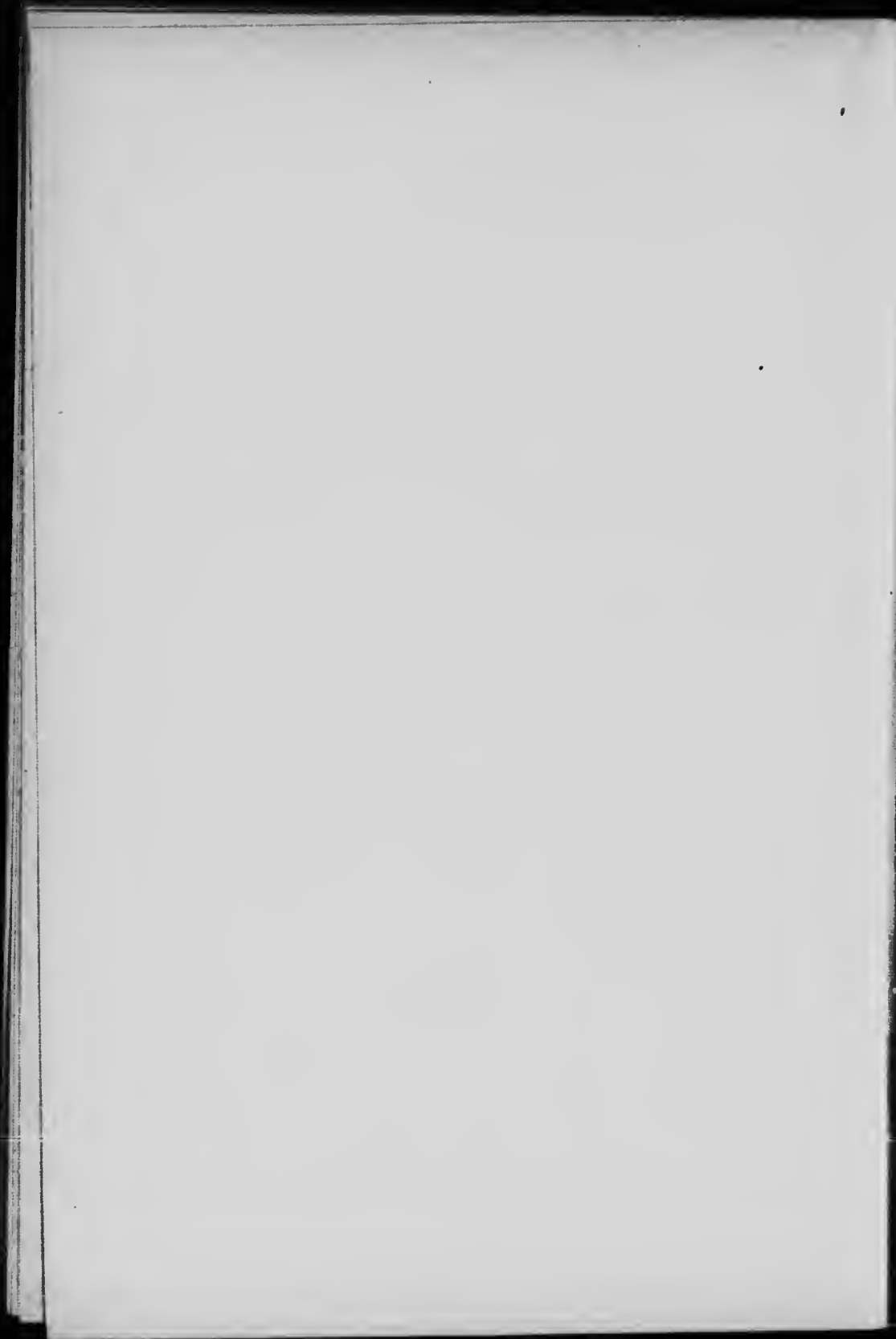


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THE BURNING BUSH.



# *The Burning Bush.*

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## CHAPTER I.

### BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT.

*"There arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministrations."*

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NO amount of opposition, though lashed by the wings of the black apostasy into malignant hate and bloody persecution, need ever make the heart of the Church palpitate with fear. But let her beware of the muttering, murmuring thunders of discontent. Behold the wisdom of the early Church! A meeting was called and the grievance was amicably adjusted. Two important questions were settled: First, that there is a class of officers in the Church that ought not to serve tables, but "give themselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the Word." Second, that Church suppers are scriptural, but not for the poor Church, for the Church is not poor, but for the poor of the Church. When God called Moses to the mount to give him the specifications for the building of the tabernacle, He told him to take Aaron, Nadab

and Abihu, and seventy of the elders, but to leave the multitude in the plains below. He did not "get up something," but he got up. He pushed his way up the hill with his "session" and "official board." It might be interesting to look at the picture. God, in the passion of His paternal heart, is longing to touch the heart of erring humanity. He decides to dwell in shekinal splendor amidst the children of men, and engages Moses to be the master-builder of His first dwelling-place on earth. Moses constituted the people into an assembly, and made ample provision for their physical and spiritual necessities, and with God-appointed delegates he departed for the unique council-chamber in history—the holy mount. When they had reached a somewhat elevated altitude, Moses once more made a selection; perhaps it was but one, Joshua, could still farther approach the glare and blaze of the ineffable and insufferable Presence. He left the others with a regularly constituted judiciary of appeal. The two went on and up into azure altitudes, climbing the majestic staircase of the mountains. Yet once more there is a selection, and Moses alone pressed on and up, from step to step, from stage to stage, till the receding foothills rolled like billows below and the song of worship dissolved away and the master-builder, bathed in the cloud-crowned mountain-top, was ushered into the presence of God. "And the glory of the Lord abode upon Mount Sinai, and the cloud covered it six days; and the seventh day He called unto Moses out of the midst of the cloud. And the sight of the glory of the Lord



was like devouring fire in the top of the mount, in the eyes of the children of Israel." Moses went up to sit in council with God on the sapphire stone. What a conference that must have been! Moses talking with God. God giving the minutest details and the most elaborate directions of the specifications of the tabernacle. At the same time "beholding the glory of the Lord, he is changed into the same image, from glory to glory." The skin of Moses' face began to glow with a luster and luminosity of prophetic transfiguration and after forty days he came down from the conference like a transparency of the invisible face.

The people saw the shining countenance and through it the heart and will of God, and when the appeal was made for the funds and supplies with which to materialize the divine purpose; the willing hearts throbbed with a constraining response, and a multitude of generous givers flocked with prodigal providence, till "It is enough" re-echoed from the contracting builder. If God is just the same to-day, if the gold and the silver be His, if the cattle upon a thousand hills can be pressed into His currency, if the annual increase of the wealth of American Christendom is five hundred millions of dollars, why should we indignify the high and holy calling of the Bride of Christ, by resorting to the bartering and bargaining attractions of the multiform menses of potage? Why coerce the deaconate of the Church into the market to put a price upon the privilege of entering and enjoying access to that for which the Savior died? Why force collectors to revive a

system of mendicant monks, and go from door to door, ext acting a mere pittance to buy enough oil to drown the dying cry of missionary machinery? To the hills! To the mount! To the Alpine altitudes of God! Let some giant leader, with a voice like the trumpet of an archangel, call a pan-ecclesiastical council. Let us get the plan of God and the vision of present truth for the Church of our crisal century. Let us get the heavenly vision. Let us press near to the bosom of the Father and feel the fervid heart-throb of the Eternal as it peals out in the "Go!" of the Galilean, and let us hasten to clasp the golden girdle of Spirit-sent evangelists sent round the world.

The Church of God should never give a worldling the idea that it needs him to praise, to pray or even to pay. There is a place of power for the Church where the ungodly, the sinner and the scornful will feel their need of the God-instituted Church. There was a time when the merchant bolted and barred huge shutters upon the windows of his store and guarded his property by the might of steel, but now he puts a dazzling jet in the window, and the cyclop, with his electric eye, is a mightier sentinel than the oak of the by-gone century, or the forge-wrought arm of the strongest iron. Our boasted police forces, the arms and fire of our armies and navies, have done noble service, but the mightiest offensive and defensive armies and citadels of security in all time have been the burning altars, the bleeding lambs, the prophetic messengers, the anointed pulpits and numberless hosts of Spirit-

born saints that have stood upon victorious battle-fields for six thousand years. Give the world or religious carnality official capacity and we have received the entering wedge that ere long must receive a blow from the factional trip-hammer, and cleave asunder the harmony and unity of the congregation.

Stephen was probably more continuously filled and controlled by the Spirit than anyone of his time. His boldness in unsheathing the sword of the Spirit and "cutting to the heart" the sapless religiosity of his time, is indicative of his blood and spirit relationship to the "Lion of the tribe of Judah." His serene steadfastness; his sweet, sublime trust : mid the storm of stones from the demon-fanned thunder-cloud of envious hate; his forgiving divinity as the bulls of Bashan dyed their cruel horns in his flowing blood, and the triumphant translation of the proto-martyr, are a beatific type of the Lamb of God, who cried, "It is finished," and "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Stephen was but a deacon, and if such be the apostolic and God-prescribed qualification of what has been accepted as a secular office in the Church, what shall we say about the altitudes of the eldership? And how shall we exaggerate the height and depth of the minister's high calling? We heard an African missionary say on one occasion, that in order that the pagan amid the frigidity of hyperborean heathenism may feel the black heat of the gospel, the missionary must maintain a condition of red heat, and that the missionary must sustain such a working tem-

perature, the Church in the homeland ought to be, and must be, at white heat. Let the deacons of our churches be so intensified in their fervor that the warmth may be felt. Let the elders be so ardent in the consuming passion of a living flame that they may be seen in raised-letter fiery capitals. And let us ministers be heated one seven times hotter, and like fire-eating monsters, potent as if incarnated with the "God of forces." Then may we see the Church militant, marshalled by its Great Commander, who shall lead its heaven-panoplied hosts forth "as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." To be honest and of good executive ability are good, but do not qualify a man for even the secular offices of the Church. Stephen was a good man. Neither is goodness enough. He was full of faith. The most lightning-winged imagination can never exaggerate the possibilities of faith, but a man may give evidence of having great faith and not be full of the Holy Ghost.

To trust God, as Abraham did, without works, without sight and without staggering, launch a nation upon the uncrossed seas of promise and land it in the new hemisphere of glorious destiny, is an enviable altitude of soul and a dignified service, but to have God, the triune God, in the power of the Holy Spirit indwelling the ransomed being, is infinitely better. indeed is the absolutely indispensable qualification for the humblest and highest commissioner in the Church of Christ. The

baptism with the Holy Spirit made Stephen an invulnerable, invincible hero.

Where was Paul's learning in the presence of Stephen? If it had been in the Greek Academy or Roman Forum, Paul might have won a triumphant victory with his didactic skill. But the shining face, the wisdom-filled mind and the fervor and fire of the Spirit, surging in the soul of the proto-martyr, were forged into a projectile of spiritual almightiness, with which the risen Christ afterwards hurled the arch-persecutor to the dust, transforming the Tiger of Tarsus into the lamb-like evangel of the boundless grace of God, who, anointed with the same heavenly baptism, sat on the Alpine peaks of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and blew a trumpet blast to the Church of all time: "Be filled with the Spirit."





## CHAPTER II.

## THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE SPIRIT.

*"But ye shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."*

---

WHAT a word power is! What a meaning it has! It throbs with undeveloped potencies. It is the word that ushered in a new dispensation in the spiritual world.

The material world has passed through two great dispensations, and it is now entering upon the third.

The wind palpitating in the ship's canvas half a century ago bore our fathers over the sea. Then the trained ear of scientific research caught the foot-fall of a cyclopean giant, and there was ushered in the dispensation of steam. And strange to say, man has always first rejected, then accepted, the greatest boons to the race. It is said that the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic brought with it an elaborate treatise that was prepared to prove that steam transportation was an impossibility. Now the age of electricity has dawned, and its sun is already mounting towards the meridian sky.

The heart of this age throbs with a finer force. It is a time of tremendous import. Epochs, freighted with the most phenomenal significance, are brought to the service of mankind with each diurnal motion of the earth. It is an age of submarine Argonauts and astral aerostats. Within the last few days science has boldly ventured to arrest death and to stand in the vestibule of eternal life, till the irresistible interrogation forces itself upon us: "Is not the sleepless, untiring spirit of modern scientific research getting more out of the forces of God than Laodiceanism and destructive criticism are getting out of the 'God of forces'?" The Master of the mysteries has put into the hands of man the magic sesame of science, with which he may find access to the causes and consequences that have been hid for centuries. Man has caught the electric steed and has hitched him to the cars of commerce, and with fabulous speed whirls us round the world.

So, in the development and progress of God's dealings with His people, there have been two great dispensations, and we are now speeding to the sunset and close of the third, the greatest of the spiritual dispensations. In the Old Testament dispensation it was God for us. The multitudes never got into close proximity to Him. He spoke to them in the thunder of war and in the storm of judgment. The chosen people reached His heart only through ministering priests and mediating prophets.

In the second dispensation His name was Emmanuel, "God with us," and in the person of Jesus



Christ, God tabernacled with men; but man knew Him not. The whole philosophy of His life and the principles He enunciated were to them inexplicable. The practical ethics He inculcated and urged upon the conduct of man, were, to the religionists of His time, the evident proof of His madness. They continually misunderstood Him and misconstrued His simplest utterances. And amid the consistent inconsistency of self-centered, self-seeking humanity, He stood alone the phenomenon of history. On that sad last night, when He was about to be betrayed, he said to His disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away;" and after His resurrection and after the descent of the Holy Ghost, we find the disciples saying, "This is what He meant while He was yet with us."

And now we have the thrice-blessed privilege of living in the third dispensation—the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. But it is just possible to be living historically in the age of the Spirit and experimentally in the dispensation that was marked by pre-pentecostal weakness and unpardonable defeat.

Why was the promise of Acts 1 : 8 made to the disciples? It was spoken to those to whom the Lord had said: "Your names are written in heaven," and it is a noteworthy fact, the Word explicitly states, that the mother of Jesus was in the upper room when the baptism of fire fell.

Between the death of Julius Caesar and that of Suetonius, the historian, there lived a galaxy of luminaries, such as no other century in human history has ever surpassed; a galaxy of historians.

essayists, satirists, poets, and philosophers, in abundance. It was a period of great intelligence. But Jesus, with the anywhere and everywhere Spirit that sweeps at will from Paradise to Patmos, threw all the efforts and excellencies of four thousand years upon the scales, and they were found wanting.

Demosthenes, the prince of orators, had lived; he had swayed the strong minds of his time like the angry winds move the trees of the forests. But he had vanished from the scene of action and left the world unredeemed. Plato, the prince of thinkers, had passed away, and an ideal republic was still a dream. Aristotle, the master of logicians, had failed to mix the healing cup. Homer, the king of poets, had swept the key-board of rhythmic theorems, and still the world wailed out its woe.

The theocracy had done divinely its God-appointed work, and as the Master looked down the centuries and viewed the stupendous work He was about to put into the hands of the infant Church, He saw Roman rage whetting its instruments of merciless persecution. He saw the blood-baptized Church. He saw the blood-stained hands sowing the martyred millions—the seed of the Church. He saw the setting sun curtained with damasks dyed in hell. He saw the all but starless night of the “dark ages.” Amid the deepening, blackening, devastating wrath of the death-dealing storm, He stood like the Rock of the Ages. He saw the apostasy developing and the infernal conspiracy to commit regicide, deicide, and hurl the

redeemed universe into a cataclysm of chaotic corruption, and weighing the contending forces and counting the cost, He gave the promise to the Church, His supernatural body, of supernatural power to do a supernatural work, to carry the "gospel of the kingdom" speedily to the uttermost parts of the earth.

What is the cause of the soul-stirring absence of spiritual life and sin-convincing power in our day? Why do symposiums of divines bemoan the Laodiceanism of all the religious bodies after nineteen centuries of Christian civilization? Let us suppose that all we know of the last two millenniums of the history of the Church is obliterated from our memory. Let a white-winged messenger, whose advent and commission from the throne of God is beyond a question or suspicion, put into our hands a copy of the Acts of the Apostles, the key to the high explosives of God, the key to the power-house of the Church. Let the heavenly herald ask any logical mind the question: "With such pent-up potencies, with such pentecostal promises, with such an electrogenic endowment, obeying the 'Go,' of the Galilean, what would be the condition of affairs at the close of two thousand years?" There is but one answer. Long before sixty generations would have dipped the horizon, all Jerusalem would be singing the sweet songs of Zion's enthroned and glorified king. The Judean hills would be skipping and gamboling like lambs in the perennial summer of the unsetting Sun of Righteousness. Samaria's soil would be vibrant with the march of jubilant and triumph-

ant hosts. Africa's down-trodden sons, with their faces of ebony, would be incandescent with a heavenly luster. India's superstitious and sin-crushed multitudes would be walking erect, with a diadem of glory on their brows. South America's neglected tribes and nations would be trousseaued, like her northern sister, in the bridal robes of a Christian civilization. China's millions would no longer be looking back into the immemorial and misty past, but the majesty of that hoary nation would have risen from the legendary quicksands of a hopeless past, would have turned right-about-face, and have caught the inspiration of "He is risen, He is not here." With her marred visage transformed and beaming like the morning and her feet winged with the truth of the gospel, she would long ere this have taken her place in the vanguard of the redeemed. All the islands of the sea, like rubied stars in the dome of the deep, would be glowing with the resplendence of their Redeemer. The prophetic "I will make the place of My feet glorious," would be a present reality. The earth would have passed through the parturient pangs of the regeneration and the new heavens and the new earth have taken their places in the orchestra of a ransomed universe.

But alas! There is no possibility of the real picture being mistaken for this description. "Call to your mind all the pictures of poverty and degradation that you have ever seen in the solitary places of extremest wretchedness, all those cases that have haunted you with horror long after you had passed those dreary abodes of gaunt squalor.

crowd them into one picture, unrelieved by a single shade of tempered darkness or colored light, and hang it over one half of the globe, it will still fail to equal the reality. You must put into it the prospect of hopeless continuance; you must take out of it all hope and aspiration, for the conspicuous feature of heathenism is poverty. You have never seen poverty. It has a world of meaning which you do not know. What you call poverty is wealth, luxury. Think of it as universal, continent-wide. Put into it hunger, nakedness, bestiality. Fill Africa with it. Fill Asia with it. Crowd the vision with men, women and children more than twenty times the population of all your great cities. Paint a starless sky. Hang your picture with night. Drape the mountains with long, far-reaching vistas of darkness. Hang the curtains deep along every shore and landscape. Darken all the past. Let the future be draped in deeper and still deeper night. Fill the awful gloom with hungry, sad-faced men and sorrow-shrouded women and hopeless, homeless children." It is the heathen world. A thousand millions in the region and shadow of death, sinking into the quagmire of moral gangrene, and sending up to God and over the sea to the churches of Christendom their heart-rending, dying cry: "Come over into Macedonia and help us." The pessimist sees it—the optimist bewails it; and the conspicuous difference between these two classes is as to the remedy.

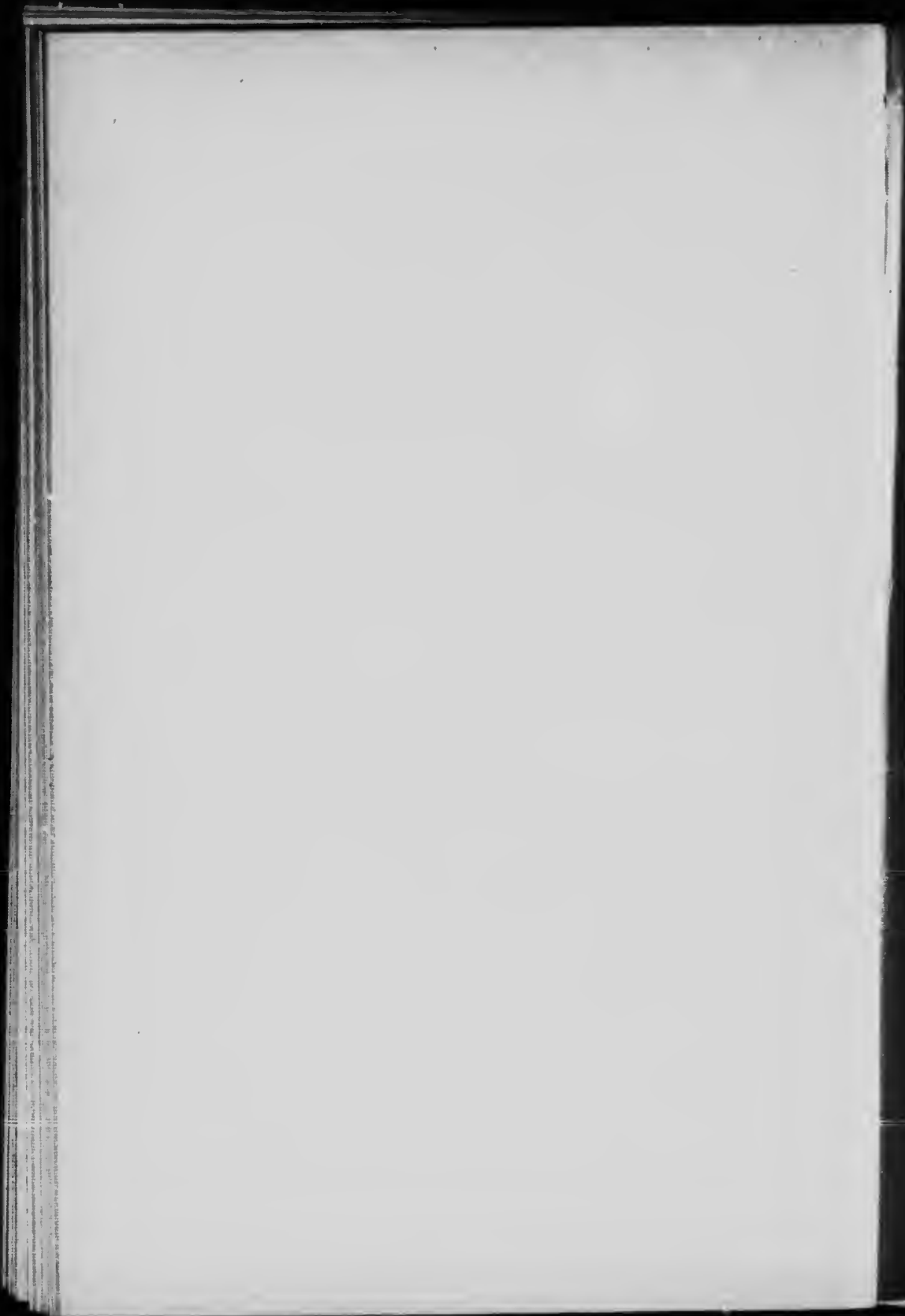
Is there power? What is it? Men are looking for power. Everywhere search is being made

for power. There is no commodity in greater demand. When it is found, possessed and proven, the world recognizes it and will pay fabulous prices for it. Unlike wisdom, the depths can say, "It is in me." You can get it for gold, and "silver can be weighed for the price thereof." The world says to man with the microscope and telescope, and in all the realms between, "If you want power, ask, seek, knock."

And yet, after all, we stand humbled by the absolute impotence of it all to turn the sinner from the error of his way and inspire the Church of God with a hunger for a holier life and an insatiable passion to obey and carry out the last command of her Lord. Power there must be, and power we must have—power of a higher type. And blessed be God, power we may have. It is the power without which there would have been no cosmic systems and shining stars; no revolutionary or prophetic reformers; no incarnate God and no anointed Christ; no historic upper room; no fire-baptized apostles, and no power-endued Church. Years of experience, a wide field of observation, a large correspondence, and intimate contact with tens of thousands of people, and the unpardonable weakness of the people of God, have accumulated a weight of conviction that has become inflamed by the Spirit, till an overwhelming passion has seized my soul, that a trumpet-blast ought to be given by all the pulpits of Christendom. The Church of Christ ought to be called to the upper room to her knees, and upon her face

importune the throne, that the Holy Spirit may submerge her in the unfathomable depths of God, and once more, in a phenomenal manner, anoint her with power from on high.







## CHAPTER III.

## THE INCARNATION OF THE SPIRIT.

*"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all of one accord in one place, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."*

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IT takes but a casual glance at the Christian Church to see that its membership is divided into three very significant groups. From the redemptive point of view, there are no upper, lower and middle classes. There are but two classes—the rejecter of the atoning Christ, it matters not how religious, how educated, or how polished he may be, belongs to the earthly, sensual, devilish class, and in alliance with the arch enemy of the Christ, and as such, must sink forever from all that is heavenly and holy. The acceptor of Jesus belongs to the true Church, and has a divinity in his soul that forever widens the gulf between him and sin, and ultimately shall seat him with the Crown Prince of heaven, on the throne of universal empire. In the world, however, and in the Church, we have a sliding scale of classes, and classes within classes. In the Church militant we have the three cardinal classes. The first, an over-

whelming majority, is composed of the people who take no small part in all the pleasures and pursuits of the world, sweeping the whole curriculum of the Christ-rejecting world's amusements. And this multitude of religious worldlings is intoxicated with the same Lethean draught with which the destroyer of souls is deceiving and destroying the non-Christian world. This class hangs its destiny, without a palpitating fear, on the question: "How much of the world can I have and yet get to heaven at last? Nothing but the microscope of infinite charity and the grace of an all-wise God can possibly detect any hope for this selfish host. If saved at all, and of this there are grave reasons for doubt, they shall be "saved as by fire," and shall go into the presence of the King without a star, and without a crown, and shall forever miss the blessed "Well done!"

For the second class, every honest heart must have the deepest feelings of sympathy and respect. It is composed chiefly of devoted women, who are blood-relations of those women whose affectionate hearts and sorrow-stricken souls had forgotten the oft-repeated word of the Master, that He would be living and would rise on the third day, that "red-letter day" of the Church, and were on their way to embalm the body of their Lord. You will find this class planning in committee-meetings, plodding wearily along the streets pleading like mendicant monks from door to door for donations. You will find them perspiring in church-kitchens, catering to the world to secure a mere pittance to keep the Bride of Christ out of the charitable institu-

tions. The watchword of this class is, "Let us get up something;" and our hearts heave with sympathy, or rather pity, for this spice-bearing multitude, as it marches towards the empty tomb singing in a broken key, "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" Is not the greeting of the two men in shining apparel who met them, a mild but admonitory rebuke? "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

There is a third class, and it is made up of saints from all the denominations of the Christian Church. It is a small and yet a large company. Its constituents are a called-out, consecrated, concentrated collection of men and women from the polyglot populations of all lands, and are indeed the membership in mystery of the Church triumphant. They are doubtless the company to whom the Lord will say, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." They have found out not only historically, but also experimentally, that Jesus is risen, that He has ascended on high and that the Holy Ghost has come to endue and empower the Church with divine dynamics. These constitute the composite body for the progressive incarnation of the Holy Ghost. The historic Pentecost was not the fulfilment of Joel's prophecy, in the popularly accepted sense of a divine effusion, or manifestation, marked by time limits in the past. It was but the opening of the flood-gates and the down-coming of the Holy Ghost, invested with triune omnipotence. To-day, after almost two millenniums, the Christian Church ought to be

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sweeping along with the irresistible momentum of a mighty river, submerging earth's barren waste with supernatural fertility, and clothing the desert places with golden harvests and the prodigal abundance of tropical fruitage.

The Jews had three great national feasts. Pass-over was the first. It was held in commemoration of Israel's miraculous emancipation from bondage and escape from the tragedy in Egypt. It lasted about a week, and was held at the beginning of the harvest. Two sheaves of golden grain were reaped and presented as an earnest of gratitude to the Lord of the harvest. And it is worthy of note in this age when the masses of men are blighted with Americanitis—flurry, hurry, worry—that at the beginning of the busiest season, God's chosen people had time or took time to hold a religious feast which lasted seven days. It might solve the vexed and vexing problems of our day, with its strikes and panics, and calm the reason-dethroning pressure of our fevered and frenzied conditions, if a Sabbatic year, if a Sabbatic week, or even a Sabbatic day could once more stand in fact as well as in figure upon our calendars. For to the soul for whom the blood has been shed, and to whom it has been applied, there is a pass-over occasion; and over that soul the black wing of the angel of death shall never stop to inflict its penalty of destruction and woe.

With what freshness and inspirited hilarity the Israelites must have yoked up and rushed to the reaping of the whitening and whitened fields after a week of physical recreation and spiritual exil-

aration! For forty and nine days the welkin rang with the melody of the mower and the rhythmic shouts of the reaper. What harmony mingled with their toil! And then on the fiftieth day came the second great national feast, the feast of Pentecost, when two loaves made of the finest of the wheat were presented the Lord, the Pentecostal feast was celebrated. It was supposed to continue but a day, but continued for some days, perhaps a week. After this second season of feasting and thanksgiving, the people hastened to gather in the fruit of the vine, and then with full hearts they kept their "harvest home," the Feast of Tabernacles.

All these feasts had their historical setting in the Old Testament economy, but were prophetic, pointing to New Testament fulfilment, and also typical of the experience in the progressive development of the Christian life. The Passover Feast admits the sinner to the family circle of God and makes him an heir—"a joint-heir with Jesus Christ." The Pentecostal anointing qualifies and equips the child of God and commits him to the service and sacrifice that flow from the commission of the Church to evangelize the world. And when the last ripe cluster of fruitage will have been plucked and gathered from the autumnal arbors of all lands and the islands of the sea, the translating messengers shall transmit a spotless Bride to sit down with her Lord to drink the new wine at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

"What are the conditions of Pentecost?" is the question we hear on every hand. It is not so

much getting into a condition as it is getting into an attitude. Man is the master of all the forces of God, in the proportion that he is the minister of the God of forces. He commands as much as he obeys. He who takes the lowliest attitude before God, in spite of all the powers of an opposing universe, will ultimately rise to the loftiest altitude with God. When we put a vessel in the proper attitude to water, according to an unreversible law the liquid flows in. When a regenerate soul puts every particle of its body, every faculty of its mind and every power of its immortal spirit by an unconditional surrender upon the altar of consecration, the Holy Spirit—the Pentecostal Baptizer—does enter, it may be like the gentle, velvet-footed zephyr, it may be like the bracing breeze of a conscious gale or it may be with the sovereign stampings of the storm or the tumbling, tossing and terrifying sweep of a cyclone or tornado; but into the yielded spirit He will come as it pleases Him, and undertaking the administration of the life He will victoriously and triumphantly consummate His high and holy purpose.

He will come suddenly, although it may be silently, first filling the deep-sea depths of our subconsciousness by the presence of a divine personality, who makes Jesus the most real, present and personal Lord; and as a logical and biological result the sensuous nature will perspire with an inimitable sensation of beatific delight.

As the attitude of the beatitude is a wholehearted consecration to the will and work of God, to witness and wait for Christ, so the consequent

condition into which the indwelling Spirit brings the believer, is cleansing "from all the filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." "There appeared tongues as of fire, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." The Holy Spirit may never make us illustrious, but He will make us lustrous. He may never make us clever, but He will make us clean. He will make our conduct golden, because He makes the character glorious. The penetrating Spirit will probe to the deep and secret places of the inner life, "and purge the soul from sense and sin as Christ Himself is pure."

And the practical outcome of it all will be Christ-like living and supernatural speech. "They began to speak with other tongues."

Ah! that's it. According to James, the use of the tongue is the index of the perfect man. It is said of Von Moltke, that deep humility was a predominating characteristic of his spirit, and that he could hold his tongue in seven languages. The tongue is a tool or a tyrant. When dipped in the fiery hate of hell, like a sulphurous match, it can kindle a destructive flame, surpassing in malignity and fiendish ferocity the infamous action of Nero in the annihilation of Rome. But when tamed by the regenerating Spirit, when tempered in the Pentecostal fire and dipped in the inkhorn of inspiration, it can write upon the heart the thought of God. It can displace Pericles and Demosthenes from the supremacy of oratory. It can make the most impassioned and impressive

perorations in the literature of eloquence, and it can sing the symphonies of our Savior's redeeming love in loftier strains than the seraphim that bow and burn before the throne of God.





## CHAPTER IV.

## THE MINISTRATION OF THE SPIRIT.

*"I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."*

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A WONDERFUL age had just disappeared beneath the horizon of the unreturning past. In it God had condescended to dwell with men, and a faithful few had shone with an aureole of glory as they stood in His presence; one had fore-dated the resurrection and "was not," for God had translated him. Another had sat in conference with God on the sapphire stone and had tasted the sweet serenity of summitless sublimity, while a third had swept the invisible highway in the softest, springiest chariot of the heavenly liveries, drawn by fiery chargers. The theocracy was by no means a failure, for it accomplished its God-ordained purpose. But He who openeth and no man shutteth was about to throw open the door of a new and larger opportunity to the race of man. John, than whom no greater prophet had been born, had appeared, appointed and anointed by the pre-natal fulness of the Spirit's power. He

had come from the wilderness like a whirlwind of fire. He had swayed and subdued immense audiences by the Sinaitic thunderings and lurid lightnings of the gospel of repentance. He was the morning star of the better day that was to usher in the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, and the clairaudient ear can hear, already, the winds of prophetic Pentecost, blowing before them the withering leaves of the old dispensation.

About a generation before, a babe had been born in the stable of an inn, in the Roman province of Judea. That child, that was called "Wonderful," was destined to make an unprecedented and unparalleled impress on the history of the world. Caesar Augustus, at the birth of Christ, could do what he pleased with the property and liberty of the three hundred millions of people comprising the Roman Empire, and could control the very heart-beat of those millions.

But the Babe, whose infant cry blended with the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the kine, was to displace Rome. Juno, Venus, Bacchus and Diana have fled, as fabled specters vanish before the dawn. The colossal character has appeared and is announced by John as the One that shall hereafter baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire. God had baptized His people in the surging sea and in the cloud. John had baptized the repenting throng in the historic Jordan. But Jesus comes to baptize the believer into the personal Spirit, and yolk absolute impotence to absolute omnipotence.

According to the record, John was careful not to baptize all who came to him, irrespective of their spiritual condition. He drove the Pharisees and Sadducees away with the stinging lash, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" His baptism was given to repentant souls and was a public testimony that a gracious work had been done in their heart. In the ordinance of baptism, all we have to do is to provide the scripturally qualified candidate. And so in the Lord's baptism—He is the Baptizer. He provides the oceanic font. He provides the robes woven in the looms of heaven and fitted by the Holy Spirit, and the spiritual preparation of the candidate, by "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost."

This wonderful, wonder-working baptism is nowhere promised to, nor enjoined upon, impenitent souls. Neither is it bestowed upon the people of God who, Lot-like, are living in Sodom; nor is it possible to the Christians who refuse to obey God's command, "Escape to the mountains," and have settled down in Zoar—a little city. But it is for those who are born of the Spirit and are walking in the light. It is not an uncommon thing during a revival and by the unfolding of the truth in the power of the Spirit, to find many unconverted church members born of God, in their search for the baptismal anointing, and to see hosts of Christians restored from an inward if not an outward life of backsliding and carnal insecurity.

We are almost persuaded that the baptism Jesus came to introduce and perpetuate till the

close of the Church age is a very rarely possessed gift. In the majority of instances, when we put the straight-edge of full-orbed Bible regeneration on the life and behavior of those who profess the Savior's baptism, the margin for the anointing of power is microscopical. And when we behold the prevailing imbecility, even to arrest the attention and call the down-rushing masses to a halt, our hearts burst forth with a cry for the fullest manifestation of the high explosives from the kingdom of omnipotent power.

The Holy Spirit gave us the incarnate Christ. He fashioned the body of Jesus and at the inauguration of His public ministry came upon Him, raising the God-man officially to the highest rank of efficiency. He carried the Blessed One through testings, oppositions and conflicts that beggar language to describe, and after a victorious life, triumphant death, transcendent resurrection and ascension, elevated Him to His place beside the throne of God to become the Head of His Bride, the Church of Christ. The work of the Holy Spirit in this dispensation is to prepare a mystical body worthy of its glorious and glorified Head. The Head is a supernatural head, and so the body with all its members must be produced by the same supernatural process. Not by generation but by regeneration, and then baptized into the eternal Spirit, the body in all its parts must be carried by the Spirit through the same garden, via Dolorosa, Gabbatha, Golgotha, into the grave, "by baptism into His death." Now, by faith in the power of the resurrection, to a place in the heavenlies in

Christ Jesus, and ultimately to share eternal wedlock and a co-regnant throne with the Lord of the universe.

Let us observe a few of the intensely practical and pungent lessons that spring from the symbol used by John the Baptist and reiterated by the Master Himself—the symbol of fire.

Fire penetrates. The strong masonry and superstructural steel fortifications of men are fairly successful in stemming the momentum of wind and water; but fire penetrates the strongest bulwarks, dissolves the forces of human genius and searches out every inflammable atom in the physical world. So the fiery-footed, electric-winged messengers of the Spirit invade every region of the soul, melt down the strongholds of sin, and with a besom of fire sweep from the throne of the regenerate life the usurping king of selfishness.

Fire purifies. Sanitary massage treatment may have its place, purification by water may be sufficient for earthen and wooden vessels, but the heroic treatment, I had almost said severe submersion in a lavatory of fire, the fire-touched lips and the fire-purged soul are absolutely indispensable to the purification of the messengers of Christ. This order must obtain in order to the highest efficiency in carrying the commission of our Lord to every people and kindred and tongue. And with fire-touched, fire-cleansing qualifications, it may be completed before the dews will have vanished from the morning of the new century.

Fire propels. As we walk in the corridors in the musical conservatories of commerce and hear the runic rhyme of dazzling light, the flying shuttle, the invisible fly-wheel, the throbbing piston, and then in the awful stillness of a starry night catch the indescribable, dissolving symphonies of careering worlds and singing systems, we are arrested by the barbed interrogation: "What force propels this immense enginery?" The sibyl is solved by science. It is a triune giant. Solid fire pent up in the inexhaustible coal-beds of our earth; liquid fire in subterranean seas of petroleum; and gaseous fire, robed in the silken fabric of the natural gases. All these, in Eozoic days, tumbled and tossed in tempest-tossed billows upon the ocean of fire that throbs like a great heart in the bosom of the sun. A short time ago we were overtaken in a blizzard, about one hundred miles from an American city. Three large engines were hitched to two coaches, and yet an accumulation of fleecy snowflakes arrested us and for a time successfully defeated the whole railway system. But the sinner that is born of God, who is baptized by Christ into the eternal Spirit, the regenerate soul upon whose throne the Spirit has enthroned the risen Christ, who has been into His death and knows the experimental significance of the words "I have a baptism to be baptized with and am in pain till it be accomplished," the one to whom the Lord has revealed the Father, that one is yoked to, nay, verily, is indwelt by triune omnipotence. He may invade and inhabit the supernatural and demonstrate to three worlds the paradoxes and

hyperboles of the inspired Scriptures. He may sit in a Cassiopean chair and with the great stellar Dipper drink nectareous inspiration from the heavenly helicons of eternal truth. He may feast on angelic ambrosia with the Prince of Peace and in the hyperborean heights above the crustal selfishness of this sensual and sensuous sphere, see the resurrection heralds coming with wings freighted with the boundless wealth of the eternities. He is admitted to the department of the eruptive and explosive forces, and by a divine instinct learns the art of wielding the thousand-ton trip-hammer of truth and hurling projectiles of righteousness against the citadels and strongholds of sin.

Fire protects. "Let us suppose that the great Sire of the seasons should not arrest the descending course of the sun at the winter solstice, and let the winter go on from Arctic cold to still colder Arctic. That flaming sentinel of terrestrial security should sink beneath the horizon forever. In three days," says Herschel, "there would not be a vestige of animal or vegetable life on the globe." Every atom of moisture would be precipitated in deluges of rain and piles of snow, and from that time would set in a reign of universal frost such as modern science is showing in the liquefaction of air. "The icy earth would swing blind and blackening in the moonless air, a frozen hell, where cold performs the effect of fire."

Our whole national security, from the simplest police force to the majestic tread of our standing

armies; our navies that plow the barbarous seas, and the torpedoes, that annihilate the opposing squadrons and sink the oppressors of civilization into the abyss of oblivion, is bound up in the fiat of that word fire. And when we have indulged in the wildest expressions of exaggerated imagination, we have but dimly defined the superlative symbolism.

The story is told that once, during a threatened insurrection in India, the Queen invited the arch-leader to London. He was courteously shown the mighty navy of the mistress of the seas. Then his royal hostess showed him the magazines of power and all the infernal machinations for material destruction; and the silent eloquence of imperial majesty hushed and conquered the rebel leader's heart. He went back to his own country a wiser and a loyal subject.

And so the child of God need never fear. There is no reason why a ripple of unrest should ever invade his peace. There is not a shadow of a reason why a palpitating fear should flutter in his soul. The Captain of his salvation stands ready to marshal and mobilize the stars into battalions of light, to fight in their courses. Until no star shall twinkle, no milky way of blazing suns shall pave the way to the infinite beyond, and no Christ, the outshining of God, shall command the hosts of omnipotence, the humble saint may walk erect, dear as the apple of His eye and invulnerable as the Spirit-anointed Christ.

Fire proves. There was a time when men mechanically took off their hats, and uncovered



their feet in blind devotion to the stars. Then the astrologers were demigods.. There was a time of denser darkness, if that were possible, when men bowed to the dust, and the alchemist held the thumb-screw of an embryonic priestcraft. Indeed, we are not far removed from the day when possessions and position made men. But the curfew of that day has rung. We have heard the midnight cry. The better day has dawned. The star-sown worlds have been subjected to fiery testings. The atomic inhabitants have been weighed and measured in the laboratory, and in these days of record-breaking competition, all classes of men, the classes and the masses, are being thrown into the crucible. And only the Christ-companioned are coming forth without the malodorous effect; to shine with inextinguishable luster, for every man's work shall be tested with fire.

In this Babel-building world, multitudes are rearing monumental mud mansions and furnishing them with highly polished bric-a-brac. They are adorning them with high-priced but perishable ornamentation. But if we would abide and would have our works stand the divine analysis, we must build with living stone, taken from the quarries of Gethsemane and the rock-cuts of Calvary. We must carve upon the polished walls the glorious history of unimpeachable purity and self-sacrificing service. Then when things temporal shall dissolve in the final fire, our works shall stand approved and our crowns shall radiate the rays of an unsetting sun.

Fire propagates. At the germination of the smallest seed, heat is necessary, though the heat supplied by one seed is so minute that it is not sensible to the touch. The source of heat is the combustion of the coaly matter of the seed, so that at the birth of every plant a pigmy bonfire is lit up. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." O that we had ears of multiplied possibilities! What a doxology would be heard at every spring-time season! From the lowest forms of vegetation amid Arctic winters, to the highest forms that blaze and bloom in tropical gardens, what an infinite keyboard exists! As the master hand of Nature presses the numberless keys, "there come whisperings of melody, gushings of melody, orchestral burstings of melody, diapason thunderings of melody," that roll through the arched magnificence of our Father's house.

When the heart, into which a faithful mother's hand and heart have sown the Word of God, and watered it with tear-stained prayers, is touched by the spring-time sun of the Holy Spirit, the wintry snows dissolve. The frost unfastens its death-like grip. Torrents rush and roar through the soul as the forerunners of summer and prophecy of the harvest. The rich, far-reaching foliage opens its millions of mouths and feeds upon the quadrillion-tonned granaries of the generous atmosphere. Floriage, like balsamic balm and floral fragrance, fills the whole range of its far-reaching influence with the sweet perfume of the Rose of Sharon, and the forming, developing, ripening, luscious fruitage pours forth a super-abundant supply, and

leaves the ineradicable memory of such a man etched upon the hearts of a benefited and beatific humanity.

It is not machinery but motion the Church needs. It is not more funds, but more fire we need. Where there is fire there will be motion, locomotion and commotion. It is not the discussion of explosive cartridges but the concussion of them that inspires the monster to lift the obstructing rocks upon his Samson-like shoulders and hurl them from the pathway of advancing commerce and civilization. We have a burning example of this consuming life in the life and ministry of the Apostle Paul. Behold him at Athens. "The splendor of Greece had waned, and had passed under Roman sway, but what had survived the ravages of time and the conquerors of Rome attested its ancient grandeur. Here genius had dwelt incarnate. It had built the loftiest epics, recited the happiest histories, argued in the stateliest dialogues, wept in the saddest tragedies and laughed in the wittiest comedies. It had harangued in the mightiest orations, discoursed in the subtlest metaphysics, erected the noblest temples and carved the truest statues. It had painted the divinest pictures, wrestled in the greatest games, spoken the finest language, sung the gayest songs and fought the bravest battles the world ever witnessed. The study of the apostle in his native Tarsus, renowned for its cultivation of Grecian literature, must have made him acquainted with these glories of Athens. He had enjoyed the grace and euphony of Xenophon, and been charmed with the simple dignity of Hero-

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dotus. He had thrilled under Aeschylus and glowed with Demosthenes, whose intense logic and barbed interrogations he sometimes reproduces. He could be no stranger to the image and music of Homer, the depths and beauty of Plato, the arms, oratory and magnificence of Pericles."

Lucian the poet, on visiting Athens, declared that he was filled with delight and wonder. But the spirit of Paul "was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." He went into paroxysms over the ungodliness of a colossal civilization, the emptiness of a Christless culture.

With his passionate perseverance, his sacred fury and his volcanic violence, possessed with a Scriptural sense of the minister's mission, Paul allows no doubt to lurk in the mind that the marching orders of the preacher is to preach, and that "He maketh His ministers flames of fire." "Wherever he went he preached. If he traveled he preached. When he rested he preached. When he came to an end he preached. No matter who composed his audience, he preached. To the Jew or to the Gentile, to the rustic or to the intelligent, to the philosophical dweller of Athens, or to the debauched residents of Corinth, he preached. He never feared frown or scourge, the sneer of the sophist nor the senseless laugh of the profligate." Meet him where you will, he is preaching. He does not survey ruins. He is not enjoying the "tale of Troy," "before which Achilles fought, Agamemnon ruled, Ulysses counselled and Ajax heaved his strength." He was looking for men and saw them not as Jews or

Gentiles. He saw them as Jesus saw them, guilty and helpless, and he poured Sinaitic righteousness, dissolved in the atoning passion of Calvary, anointed by the power of the risen Christ, upon all ranks and conditions of humanity.

A short time ago a bench of bishops, constituting the highest court of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, reviewing and previewing the history of their Church and her spiritual lukewarmness and the consequent dearth of conversions, seeing her lack of power to lead the believer into the deeper experiences of sanctifying grace, which might be called the differentiating feature of Methodism, issued a jeremiad, whose cry sweeps like a billow over our heart and stirs the deepest depths of our being, and long ere this time has broken over the heart of God the great Father, like the wail from the oppressed and crushed children of Israel in the brickyards of Egypt. This cabinet of bishops proclaimed a fast and a week of importuning prayer, and at this hour three millions of Methodists should have passed through the "upper room," worshippers, witnesses and workers, anointed with power from on high. Fellow students and ministers of the Church, in the line of apostolic success, commissioners from the court of high heaven, behind us towers the monumental pile of glorious history. "In sixteen hundred and forty-three, the seed threshed out by the Westminster divines, sown in this western continent, is responsible for the waving fields of American democracy." "And in Calvin's pulpit in Geneva was born the ancestor of the American

eagle." The Church of our mothers has stood in the center of three epoch-making battles. "The first, like a whirlwind, dashed to the earth and swept away the apostate and idolatrous Church of Rome from holding supremacy in the land of the heather. The second, after a long and painful struggle, overthrew and banished from the ecclesiastical throne that blood-thirsty and perjured prelatic usurpation, which the craft of one sovereign and the fierce despotism of his successors in vain attempted to erect upon the ruins of the persecuted Presbyterian Church. The third has been engaged in bursting asunder the fetters and casting off the yoke of that cold, worldly, unspiritual, unchristian system, which has been well designated "Moderatism." The Waterloo of this last long-protracted campaign awaits the Spirit-filled Church in Canada, to break down the strongholds of Laodiceanism, to invade and capture the uncounted wealth vaulted in the intrenched worldliness, and with flaming pulpits and blazing pews scale the heights of the largest liberty in the highlands of the dispensation of the Spirit.

With no disposition to belittle the past, with no temptation to bemoan the present, but with a burning passion that the Church of our mothers may adorn the highest niche in the temple of glory, we would importune her students and ministers to throw their unsurpassed deposits of learning into the baptismal font of fire and be moulded into projectiles of moral almightiness, with which the Master may break down the strongholds of sin; may belt the globe with the golden girdle of the

gospel of the kingdom, and like ten thousand thunderstorms condensed into one sin-devastating tornado, and propelled by the heart-throb of the eternal Spirit, may break the monotony of a decorous age and send her, with the solemn pomp and the irresistible momentum of a phalanx of fire, to sit with her Lord on the co-regnant throne of the twentieth century.

I hear the thunder rolling,  
The lurid lightning's pen  
Is tracing out the destiny,  
The doom of wicked men.

I hear the mighty nations  
Now shake 'mid the martial storm;  
The empire of another age  
Is rounding into form.

I hear the tread of coming things,  
I see them from afar;  
Prophetic of some better days,  
I see the morning star.

I hear the wail of dying souls,  
In Macedonian night,  
O Church of Christ with lamps of life,  
We pray you bring us light!

I hear the Church awaking.  
The Spirit leads the band;  
The Lord the Great Commander,  
To conquer every land.

I hear the rushing, mighty wind  
Of Pentecostal fire,  
Go sweeping the Church of God,  
And all her ranks inspire.

I hear enlightened nations  
The Lord their Bridegroom praise;  
All robed in bridal splendor,  
Their songs of triumph raise,

I hear the shout of ransomed hosts,  
I see the city fair,  
Where we shall with the Savior dwell  
And all His glory share.





## CHAPTER V.

## THE DETHRONING AND DESTROYING MISSION OF THE SPIRIT.

*"For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary the one to the other; that ye may not do the things that ye would."*

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PERHAPS the greatest question that engages the thought of all the schools and conventions that are springing up among all the denominations and in all lands for the "deepening of the spiritual life of the Church," is: What is the disposition of the carnal nature or the self-life in the Christian? It is called self-denial. But there is a deeper experience than the most torturing self-denial, it is the denial of self. What is it? Who but the Master can sound the abysmal depths of the thought? He said: "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me," to deny, to disown, to abjure himself. We may reach the idea in a concrete form in the action of Peter in the denial of his Lord at the crucifixion. As Peter stood on the dangerously low ground, warming himself among the rejectors and despisers of the Savior, one after another charged him with affinities and alliances with the Royal Captive. He denied Him, he dis-

owned Him, he abjured Him, with the most superlative language in the vocabulary of a fisherman, with oaths, he cursed the Christ beyond the circumference of his ken. That is denial, and to deny self is not to deny something about self or by denial deprive self of some luxury or necessity. This may be but a modern form of monastic severity and all the while the self-inflated self may be the hatchery of all the native brood enumerated by Paul in the Epistles to the Romans and the Galatians. To deny self is to use the strongest terminology within the range of revelation, that self is the accursed thing, unforgiven and beyond the reach of forgiving grace, and must be sentenced and passed over into the hands of the Holy Spirit for execution. It must go to the cross and be put to the death, and our testimony will ever be: "I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh, I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God."

A battle of stupendous moment has been waged for six thousand years against fallen humanity by a trinity of tormentors, "the world, the flesh and the devil." By not carefully distinguishing between things that differ we are often thrown into difficulties from which few ever get thoroughly freed. The terms "the world" and "the earth" are frequently used interchangeably in the Scriptures; but in their cardinal and essential significance they never mean the same thing. "The earth is the Lord's." The devil is the god of this world.

The earth is the creation of God. The world is the construction, or rather, destruction, of the devil. In the everyday expressions of the people we commonly hear people called "worldly Christians." It is a contradiction in terms. A "worldly Christian" is a misnomer. "The whole world lieth in the wicked one," and consequently the man that is in the world, is in the embrace and kingdom of one whose very nature is anti-Christian. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Worldly people who are called Christians, are misnamed and ought to go back to the mint to be analyzed, weighed and plainly stamped *counterfeit*. The Word of God recognizes carnal Christians, but emphatically excludes the most microscopic particle of worldliness from the heart and life of the child of God. Two men may be working side by side, clothed in the same man-made habits, soiled by the same "divine dust," in the deep dark caverns of a coal mine. They are both in a very literal sense, in the earth, but the one may be as far removed from the world as the east is from the west, being one of whom the Master said, "Ye are not of the world, for I have chosen you out of the world," while the other may be not only in the earth, but be sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire of sensuality and all the sins of the world. So that "the world" is a term expressive of all the wicked systems and environments that devastate and conspire to dethrone all that is righteous and holy from holding sovereign sway in the heart of man. By not making the distinction between the body and the flesh

clearly defined, we are thrust into another and possibly deeper dungeon, in which multitudes grope and groan for a deliverer. They look forward to death as the only emancipator. The body and the flesh are as clearly distinguished from each other as the world and the earth.

Many good, intelligent Christian people labor through life under the erroneous impression and belief that sin is in the body. Hence the prevalent impression which is deceiving hosts of youthful spirits, that the illegitimate habits and passions of the body will vanish as the body grows older and feebler. The consequent conclusion is that at death or disembodiment the soul will burst into the maturity of holiness. There is no sin inherent in the body. Sin is in the carnal nature that dominates the body of the unregenerate and prostitutes the temple of the Holy Ghost, degrading it into avenues and marts in which to carry on the unhallowed commerce. We who are saved to the uttermost are still in the body and will always be in the body, for it is not a vile body. The day shall come when He shall appear, "Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory, according to the working whereby He is able even to subject all things unto Himself." Among the "Moderates" of our boyhood, we very frequently heard, as an apology and Scriptural warrant for glaring inconsistencies on the part of those who professed to be the children of God, "Oh, we are still in the flesh!" It is a gross perversion of the whole trend of Scripture truth. The soul that is

born of God is not in the world. The man that is filled with the Spirit is not in the flesh. "Ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you."

At the conversion of the soul (and we here use "conversion" in its fullest sense, which is regeneration), so far as friendly alliances are concerned, the world is settled. The converted man does not want the world and the world does not want him, except when it is in trouble. There are strong reasons for doubting the conversion of any person whom the world invites to its pavilions of pleasure, or who is found conspicuous in its gala days. There are reasons equally as strong for doubting our conversion, if the world cannot find our door-bell in the night of sorrow and death without a city directory. The world will not make prominent pedestals and platforms on state occasions for the Barnabas-like good man; but when the storms of national or local disaster hang low, or burst like a blighting monster, leaving desolation and death behind, the man like Daniel, who has found the cup of consolation in prayer, will be found if he is anywhere in all the realm.

The flesh is settled at consecration and the devil will be settled at the coming of the Lord. He will be disposed of finally in the lake of fire and the consummation of the ages, for in John's vision we read, "He laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years."

Our Lord has not left us in darkness as to His purpose touching the flesh. Gigantic Bible stu-

dents have dealt crushing blows upon the hard head of this common foe, and yet there is ample room for another stroke at the vitals of the monster, who has destroyed so many legions of precious lives. Those who have looked over the vast extent of this field of Biblical study must have seen two great schools of eminent Bible students and Spirit-filled teachers. They represent the right and left wings of the question. What is the disposition of the flesh in the heart and life of the Christian? The Calvinistic thinkers flock under the one wing and the Arminian thinkers under the other. In recent years, there has developed, to the extreme of the Arminian school, another wing that has withdrawn from the Methodist Church. It teaches the most literal, radical eradication of the carnal nature from the soul of the believer. Then to the extreme of the Calvinistic school, there has sprung up a little wing, that makes very prominent the idea that the two natures struggle on, but that the saint is not responsible for the inconsistencies that may be patent in his life. The one develops a cold, unspiritual formalism, the other provokes an unbridled fanaticism. But there is another school of teachers to whom we find our heads and our hearts clinging closer and closer, with an affinity that is begotten of a kith-like kinship. It avoids the formalism on the one hand, and the fanaticism on the other, and teaches the dethronement and displacement of the usurping self-life and the enthronement and replacement of the risen Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost, to reign without a rival

upon the throne and to wield His sovereign scepter over every realm of the ransomed soul.

Perhaps Amalek, in the Old Testament history, might be taken as one of the most conspicuous types of the flesh, or self-life. If we can but grasp and experience God's treatment of him, we will have answered to our own hearts one of the most important questions in the plan of redemption. What is the origin of Amalek? His genealogy is very significant. He was the grandson of Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. And if we trace his posterity for almost a thousand years, we find his course marked by un-deviating laws of carnal consistency. We always find him making irremedial disturbance, and in dealing with the diseased conditions, the Apostle Paul recognizes the malignant maternity of evil and wrote the Spirit-breathed allegory in which we read: "Cast out the bond-woman and her son." The Ephesians are also oppressed by the same discordant agent, and again the apostle writes the mandate of heaven, "Put off the old man." And to the faithful at Colosse, the same fire-tipped pen translated the thought of God for all time: "Ye have put off the old man." His origin is bad, his history is the blood-baptized record of desolation, and his breath like the death-dealing pestilence from the desert of everlasting night.

What is the attitude of God to Amalek? When Hannibal was but a lad, his father took him to the altar of his gods. He commanded him to kneel and dedicate himself to a life of untiring, unrelenting warfare against Rome, a covenant that he

religiously carried out till the day of his death. Singularly we find, in the early part of the books of Moses, that God issued a decree, that the race of Amalek should be utterly destroyed. It is painfully clear to all who read, that the defeat and irrecoverable losses sustained by the chosen people for about a millennium were due to their disobedience in not carrying out to the letter the command of extermination. A sample page of the black record may be read in the fifteenth chapter of first Samuel. The command was, "Utterly destroy all that they have and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." Short-sighted sentiment shrinks from the slaughter of the innocents; but the dimple-cheeked, prattling, baby-Amalekite will some day become a cruel, unmasked monster, that will stop at no act of Satanic treachery, as twenty continuous generations of his ancestors had proved.

But Saul arranged a compromise. Agag and the best of the sheep and of the oxen, and of the fatlings, and of the lambs and all that was good, were spared. In all time, the successful games that the arch-foe has played and won over the human race have been with the cards of compromise. At the dawn of history, Satan made a bold attempt to destroy the holy line, by the best action of Abel. But he found that God could create faster than he could kill. He changed his tactics and successfully intermixed the two lines, till a flood was necessary to purge the iniquitous offspring from the earth. Again, when the early Church came



forth like a chaste virgin from the chamber of the Pentecostal morning, the demon of hate let loose the arch-destroyer, and the early persecutions sent multitudes of martyred saints into the Eternal City. The heart of the Church never throbbed with a diviner health. Infernal wisdom saw it. By imitated Christian diplomacy, the Church and the state were wedded. The sword of the Spirit was unused and the imperial Petrine sword was again unsheathed. The papacy of the dark ages was born and her first-born "night" of the densest darkness held the scourging scepter for a thousand years. The logical consequence, of course, was inevitable. The people became abettors to the king and we find faithful Samuel crying all night because of the king's folly. When Samuel rose up early in the morning to meet Saul, the bleating sheep and the lowing kine crimson the royal face and amid the confusion that follows hard upon the heels of disobedience, the throne descends to falsehood and he is perfectly consistent with the Adamic line and rolls the responsibility upon the people.

The penalty follows as surely as the law of cause and effect. "Because thou hast rejected the Word of the Lord, He hath also rejected thee from being king." Carnality will always be consistent, no matter how much it may cost. The paternal ancestor of Agag sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, and here Saul barter the kingdom of God for a self-centered indulgence.

What is the destiny of Amalek? Ten tempest-tossed centuries had rolled away since God made

the declaration of exterminating warfare against Amalek, and we read: "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai. Then was the king's wrath pacified." The Jews say Haman was a descendant of Agag and the last of the Amalekites. It is very significant after so many centuries that this wicked scion should spring up and manifest the family fruitage. The king Ahasuerus had dismissed and despatched Vashti the queen and had replaced her with Esther the Jewess. Mordecai, who had adopted Esther watched over her with a paternal eye, and as he walked before the court, he discovered and disclosed a plot to kill the king. Haman, the enemy of the Jews, was raised to the vice-regal honors. All did him honor except Mordecai. This fanned the fury of an inborn hate against the Jews. Haman made a proposition to the king to utterly exterminate a certain people scattered abroad among the provinces of his mighty empire. It was sanctioned. The royal signet sealed the sentence of death, and wing-footed messengers hastened with the Draconian decree for the execution of "all Jews, both young and old, little children and women." Not a child, be it never so innocent, in whose veins throbbed Jewish blood, was to be spared. Mordecai perceived the diabolical plot. He hastened to the place of prayer. He touched the heart of God, and through it found an avenue to the heart of the king. After three days of fasting "Esther put on her royal apparel," and it may be with the shekinah splendor of divinity about her head, and stood in the inner court. "She stooped

to conquer." She won the king. She touched the scepter. The greatness of gentleness, the majesty of meekness and the strength of sweetness, unmasked the Cerberus of hell. He had just given the contract to the lowest bidder, to build a gallows for the execution of Mordecai. Then God gave Ahasuerus an attack of insomnia. His servants could not fan him to sleep. Music failed to lure Morpheus to the suffering king. The science of the apothecary was impotent to dispense a soothing sleep-producing drug. As the weary night drags itself slowly up to the midnight hour, he calls for the chronicles, and the record of his escape from the dagger of the assassin, by the vigilance and courage of Mordecai, was read. The sleepless monarch was astonished that the one who had saved his life had not been recompensed. Haman is called and orders were given for princely honors to be lavished upon the man whom the king delighted to honor. The self-inflated selfishness of Haman never dreams that such laurels of sovereign favor could fit the brow or harmoniously blend into any other character than that of his stupendous self. A program of regal pageantry is proposed. "Then the king said to Haman, Make haste and take the apparel and the horse, as thou hast said, and do even so to Mordecai the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate: Let nothing fail of all that thou hast spoken."

The last of Agag's line has been executed. The decree of death is cancelled. "Letters are sent by post on horse-back, on mules, and camels and

young dromedaries; and instead of death, the Jews had light and gladness and joy and honor."

It is said that at Lord Nelson's last battle, on two occasions, he had the "Redoutable," one of the enemy's ships, under his guns, and was importuned to destroy it; but he refused, hoping to capture it instead. From that ship came the bullet that took the life of the heroic commander. Beloved, we may trifle with the flesh, but let us remember its history. Review the battlefields which, with the cruelty of Tamerlane, it has heaped with the slain. Look at the seas it has made red with the blood of millions. If we do not mortify the flesh, it will mortify us. Let us throw compliments of floral sentiment and it will hurl thunderbolts of destruction in return. "The carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Let us hand the flesh over to the Holy Spirit for dethronement and execution. Let us have the vile usurper substituted by the risen Christ, who shall set in operation archangel powers and Titan forces, that shall make us overcomers and more than conquerors through Him "that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE ENTHRONING AND ESTABLISHING MISSION OF THE SPIRIT.

*"For He dwelleth with you and shall be in you,"*  
*John 14 : 17.*

*"To reveal His Son in me," Gal. 1 : 16.*

*"Having made known unto us the mystery,"*  
*Eph. 1 : 9.*

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HOW fitting the fact that when the Holy Spirit gave to us the Old Testament character and type of the self-centered life and its calamitous collapse, He drew our attention to Saul. And when He wanted to give us the vision glorious of the Christ-centered and selfless life, He gave us a life-size picture of the New Testament Saul, who became the inspired madman, the Apostle Paul. These two historic characters were blood relations, being of the tribe of Benjamin. The contrasts between the two in the natural and the supernatural are strikingly antipodal. The first Saul was a majestic specimen of physical manhood. The bodily presence of the other was weak and his speech contemptible. The one was anointed by Samuel to be the king, and with the official authority of God, held the power to make peerless his-

tory, the other was hounded continually by blood-thirsty persecutors. At the crisis moment, the king apparent was found buried beneath the stuff, a cowering coward, but the inspired apostle throws into a malodorous mass those things of which he might have boasted above all his fellows—"circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the Church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless." He calls them stuff, waste, and with the caloric of a Christ-consuming passion, burns his way through it all till the crown of righteousness adorns his worthy brow. God, in the progressive development of His revelation to man, held out to the Apostle Paul the honored service of announcing "the mystery" to the saints of this dispensation. And in writing the Epistle to the Ephesians—the heavenly Himalayas—the inspired author takes us into the depths and heights of this mystery.

It is patent to the student of this epistle that the writer is illustrating the boundless gospel of the grace of God by the heathen mysteries, of which the Eleusinian were the most noted. Their celebration lasted for about nine days, with a Bacchic procession from Athens to Eleusis. With torches extinguished, the candidates for initiation waited outside the Telesterion or temple, in the silence of great darkness. Suddenly the doors of a gorgeous and brilliantly lighted temple were flung open, and amid the blaze of a dazzling light, the novitates were admitted, in the dead of night.

to a vision of impressive sights and ceremonies. There were two degrees of initiation. Those in the first stage were called *Mystae*, and those in the advanced stage, *Epoptae*. There were two officers, called *Hierophant* and *Mystagogue*. Out of such terminology came the root idea of enlightenment. "We find sufficient evidence of the prevalence of the mysteries in Athens, Corinth, Philippi, Rome, Ephesus and many cities of Asia Minor. Philippi is in the direct pathway of the mystic observances, which are believed to have come down into Greece from Thrace. The shrine of Dionysos was located in the mountains of Haemus, near Philippi, while an elevation still nearer the city was known as the hill of Dionysos. The girl out of whom the spirit of divination was cast was a python, a hierodule, or priestess, of the shrine of Dionysos." So Paul was initiated. He says, "I am instructed," "I have learned the secret," "I have been initiated into the mystery of contentment of want and wealth." There is a strong probability that in Phil. 3 : 12-15, that the Pauline conception of perfection contains an allusion to the perfection rites of the mysteries. Thus in Phillipians we have the first degree, the experience of the *Mystae*, but in 2 Peter 1 : 16 we have the more advanced and intelligent experience of the *Epoptae*, or seer. It is the word translated eye-witness, but more literally eye-witness by initiation. And still more fully developed in the expression, "beholding"—the direct vision of Deity transmitted through the atmospheric medium of holy living. "To make all men see," or literally,

to enlighten them in the secrets of God. What a stewardship!

In Paul's illustrative method, he throws into juxtaposition the abyss of Satan and the abyss of God. At Athens and Ephesus were to be found the mysteries of Demeter and Dionysos, with the glorification of lust and drunkenness. Demeter's mystery was euphemised as a sacred marriage and that of Dionysos as divine enthusiasm. The state of the dead was to be a state of eternal inebriation. The now fragrant terms of enlightenment and perfection were used to dignify with religious association the vilest practices. Those initiated into the pagan mysteries were bound by a solemn oath not to disclose what they had seen or heard; but the life that has the secret of God, the life that is hid with Christ in God, cannot be hid in all the deep-sea depths of the Infinite. With what cloudless clarity this illustration of the apostle's defines the two great cardinal experiences through which the soul passes in its transition from the bondage of sin into the rest of faith and the fulness of Jesus.

The initiate stands in the deepest midnight darkness, shuddering, not in superstitious fear, but under the wrath of God. He feels the bending crust about to break beneath his feet and plunge him into starless doom. He utters a cry from a sin-burdened heart and as if by magic the massive doors swing open and he stands bathed in the "outshining" light of life that comes from the face of the Savior. The vision is mesmeric and for days the new-born soul, like Paul, is blinded by the ineffable glory. But alas! here the multitude



stop. We are deluged with the testimonies of the defeated hosts in the ranks of all the Christian churches who have never had the divine Mystagogue lead them in and initiate them into the secrets. With this priceless boon to the Church of Jesus Christ, we ought to enter into our inheritance.

Salvation by grace through faith in Jesus Christ, is the gift of a merciful and gracious God to a rebel race. But the baptism with the Holy Ghost, the possession of the mystery, is the birthright of all believers, the children of God, for it is "the promise of the Father." To the great majority of minds, the word "mystery" is associated with the world of witchery and Scandinavian superstition and can only be invaded by those who are in alliance with evil spirits. But mystery is mystery only to those who have not been initiated, or who have not found the key to the mystery. You stand in a great bank and look at the trusted clerk as he opens the safe that represents the security of millionaired wealth. Should he swing that iron door, and lock the combination, he might safely offer you all the wealth it holds, could you without violence open its door. It is a secret, which you have not one chance in millions of finding out. The bank official stoops, makes a few simple movements of the hand. There is a willing response and he stands amid the vaulted riches. The laws that controlled the stellar spheres were a mystery for ages. For seventeen long years, Kepler, the toil-worn philosopher, forged keys, and in vain tried to fit them to the stubborn lock that had

been hermetically sealed for millenniums, till finally God rewarded his divine heroism by disclosing to him the long-lost secret. God was vindicated, and the enraptured philosopher, in the wild excitement of his glorious triumph, exclaimed: "Nothing holds me; I will indulge in my sacred fury! If you forgive me, I will rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it. The die is cast. The book is written, to be read either now, or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand for an observer!"

All along the course of history, in all the departments of human economics, there have been mysteries. The physical world is still a huge sphinx-like riddle, the stony rind of which has never received a concussive blow, much less a fracturing thud from the trip-hammer of the investigator. The psychical world has but recently been discovered, and invites the invading explorer and the inventive genius to conquer and capture its boundless wealth. The Holy Spirit stands at the golden gates of uncrossed seas and volunteers to guide the adventurous spirit across the boundless ocean of the supernatural, and unlock the treasures of "the exceeding great and precious promises."

As in the purpose of God, in the humiliation of His Son, we have first the prophetic intelligence, after that the annunciation by the angel, then the miracle of the ages, the incarnation, with the consequent ministrations or mission of the God-man. So there is a striking similarity in the

advent of the Holy Ghost, the personal agent in the mystery or indwelling of the risen Christ.

In the first chapter of the Acts we get the announcement of the Spirit, not by an angel, but by the Lord Himself—the Angel of Jehovah. Then in the second chapter we have the incarnation of the Spirit in the composite and continued body of Christ, the Church. And all the subsequent chapters are taken up with the supernatural workings of the Spirit through the Church.

In the first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, Paul tells of the announcement of the mystery, and after backing his prophetic commission into high pressure, he falls upon his knees and with the passion of a mother implores God to touch their eyes that they might see "what is the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints. And what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenlies."

What an apocalyptical vision of the omnipotence of the mystery! In the world of human commerce we have in the different departments what is called the unit of measurement. In the dry-goods department it is the yard. Among the lumbermen it is the foot. In the liquids we speak of the quart. The pharmacist uses the grain. The surveyor says, it is so many chains. And when the Spirit of inspiration wished to convey a concrete conception of the Infinite and Eternal, He used as His unit, ages. But the believer's unit

of power, nay more, his minimum of power, is the power that defied the united forces of hell and the grave and raised Jesus from the dead. Yet more, it stepped upon the terrestrial forces and bore our ascending Lord up and on through stellar worlds and set Him at the right hand of God: "Far above all principality and power, and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." And until the Christ-filled life meets a difficulty that would be more insurmountable than the resurrection of the dead dry bones of Ezekiel's vision; until he finds a charnel house that some day will not respond to the vibrant voice that penetrated the sepulchre of Lazarus and brought forth the dead, dissolving brother, he need never fear. He may march forward in service and sacrifice with the stately steppings of omnipotence.

The great apostle does not leave us in ignorance as to how he came into possession of this sacred treasure that had been hid in God during the past ages. "How that by revelation He made known unto me the mystery, as I wrote afore in a few words. Whereby when ye read ye may understand my knowledge in the mystery of Christ. Which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men as it is now revealed unto His holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit. Unto me, who am least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. And to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God,

who created all things by Jesus Christ." And to the Colossians the same Spirit-filled pen defines the mystery to be "Christ in you the hope of glory." And in writing to the Galatians, he reports the time of this secret of secrets. After he had met in clash of arms the heavenly artillery outside of Damascus and had surrendered to the Conqueror, after the humbling lesson when shut in by blindness to confer with God and his own soul, and when, through the ministry of Ananias, he got the larger vision, he was thrust into the solitude of Arabia and there received an apocalypse about which his fire-tipped pen testified: "But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. For ye have heard of my conversation in time past in the Jews' religion, how that beyond measure I persecuted the Church of God, and wasted it: and profited in the Jews' religion above many, my equals in mine own nation, being more exceedingly zealous of the traditions of my fathers. But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's very life and called me by His grace to reveal His Son in me. . . . " And after Paul's annunciation of the revelation of the mystery, once again he goes to his knees, and, with a deeper cry, he prays that the Ephesian Christians may have an experimental apprehension of Christ indwelling, or more literally, settling down in their hearts, by faith leading them into the abysses of the fulness of God.

Then the divinely directed pen outlines the way and walk upon this "highway of holiness," and as with the brush of a master, draws the picture of the Church in the fulness of the manifestation of the mystery, when she shall walk with her Lord in the beatific bliss of the coming glory. "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it: that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church."

In the purification of our material garments it is possible to take all the soils or pollution out with a solution of hot water and soap, but no process of washing can take out the wrinkles; that is done by another treatment we call ironing. Water cleanses by displacement of the impurity and there its power reaches terminal limitations. If water had the power to abide after displacing the foreign matter and could we wear the garments without discomfort, then one washing would do each set of robes. But as the water cannot abide, there is a return of the unclean condition.

The Holy Spirit cleanses by displacement and keeps clean by the replacement of the risen Christ, who becomes "that other Comforter." There should be but one great washing or rather bathing of regeneration, but the truth will ever remain: "He that is bathed needeth not save to wash his feet." How often we have watched our

mother in the old-fashioned laundry, perhaps late on Saturday night, hurrying the beautiful linen, fragrant with the perfume of the garden grass, and putting the gloss and polish upon it for her boys for the following morning. She took the iron from the intensely hot old kitchen stove, turned it over and dropped a spittle upon its shining face. If it cleaved to the iron it was not fit for service, and must go back again to be qualified by a still hotter fire. When the iron would not hold water, but despatch it hissing into vapor, it was in a condition to smooth out all the wrinkles and put a luster upon the bosom that would satisfy the critic's eye and sustain a cleanly condition much longer than otherwise. Water with fire in it takes out the spots, and fire without water in it takes out the wrinkles. Are there not many of the people of God who are washed, but who have never been ironed and made to shine with the heavenly luster that reflects upon this dark world the light that breaks from the throne of God?

We remember once visiting one of the largest print manufacturing establishments in this country. The process was exceedingly interesting. The molds of the high-priced and ingenious designers filled us with a curious wonder. The arrangement of the pigments that contributed to the commercial value seemed like magic. But the stage of captivating astonishment was not yet. After the material was ready for the artistic touch, but just before it reached the brush, those webs of material were run through a series of red-hot rollers, with a motion sufficiently accelerated to

prevent injury, that the velvety nap might be burnt off and not resist the finish of the beautiful pattern. Ah! that's it! The soul whose warp and woof is sin, needs a new life. The workmanship of the regenerating Spirit, and the baptism with the Holy Ghost leaves the new man without spot or wrinkle, and lest there should be "any such thing" the fiery baptism will burn it off and leave a fit surface, upon which the Christ-life may be stamped, to fittingly robe the Bride for her Royal Bridegroom. Then Paul leads us up to the Thermopylae of the subject of the mystery, in the closing chapter of this Alpine epistle. "Pray for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel." There is nothing the people of a gossiping center like to hear better than a secret, a mysterious, malodorous missive about somebody; and at the same time there is nothing in the realm of human ken, from which the same class shrinks and flees away with such superstitious dread as the suggestion of a secret or mystery.

There are two Gods—the God of all gods, and "the god of this world." There are two Christs—the "anointed One," and the Antichrist. There are two Spirits—the Holy Spirit, and "the spirit of untruth in the children of disobedience." There are two abysses—the abyss of Satan, and the abyss of God. There are two great mysteries—the mystery of iniquity, and the mystery, Christ in you the hope of glory. Humanity is the contested battle-ground, for the throne of which these two great armies are in awful conflict. It looks as if



Satan with all the myriad forces of fallen intelligences is in malignant conspiracy to incarnate the arch-usurper in the human race and introduce a reign of chaos that an archangel's talent cannot describe. And the purpose of God, as illustrated in the incarnation and the advent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, is to indwell and re-incarnate His Church and ultimately to put her with her glorious Lord upon the co-regnant throne of a ransomed universe, a throne before which the myriad hosts of cherubim and seraphim shall bow and burn for ever and ever. It always has and will always require superhuman courage to proclaim the secrets of truth in all realms of secular or sacred verities.

In the recent past, the geocentricity of our system was the god before which the astronomers, philosophers, scientists and ecclesiastics bowed with reverential awe. Even the Church, leading the hosts in profound respect for ancient absurdities, pronounced the doctrines of Ptolemy in accordance with the revelations of Scripture, and walled them in with the fire of cruel persecution, through which alone their sacredness could be attacked. But the unerring facts imperiously demanded the abandonment of the earth as the great center of motion, and a multitude of circumstances pointed to the sun. "It was the largest and most brilliant of all the heavenly bodies. It gave light to the moon and the planets. It gave life to the earth and its inhabitants." The philosopher waited. He stood amid a storm of perplexities. Prejudice guarded him like a Roman legion.

Difficulties towered above him with their precipitous heights. Clothed in the impenetrable armor of truth, Copernicus finally rose superior to every consideration save the right. "He quitted the earth, swept boldly through space," and stood upon the sun, "with an imagination endowed with the most extraordinary tenacity, he carried with him all the phenomena of the heavens." This is the courage that writes immortal history and builds imperishable monuments.

And so the peerless apostle beholds the "great mystery," the Christo-centric life—the Christ-centered system of truth—and then looks upon the armed hosts of Satan, sin and self, the principalities and powers and rulers and wicked spirits in the heavenlies, in battle array and with the authority of the throne, he urges the hero who would cleave a passage to the wells that spring from the still higher heavenlies—the miracle—the mystery of the risen Christ, to go into the armory of Jehovah, to put on the whole armor and, thus panoplied in God, he shall hurl back the powers of hell and carry the banner of triumphant victory to the very citadel of the foe and win the imperishable honors that wait to crown the true victor's brow.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE INDWELLING AND INWORKING OF THE SPIRIT.

*"And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter that He may abide with you forever; Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you," John 14 : 16, 17.*

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JESUS was just about to go away and His great heart yearned as He looked upon the stupendous work that was pressing upon the horizon. He felt the utter inefficiency of the disciples to cope with the tremendous issues. They were in the stage of infantile vicissitudes. They were self-centered and consequently impotent to bear the tonnage of coming responsibility. How painfully patent their weakness was! During the earthly ministrations of the Lord, the imbecility of their true inwardness was stamped upon their conduct at almost every appearance. As the Master, borne along by His impassioned soul, hurried through the land, He finds them disputing with each other by the way. What do you suppose was the grievance? Why, it was the one thing that has been at the root of all trouble in Church and State since Adam left the garden, "Who shall be the great-

(6)

est?" The disciples were possessed of the idea that the kingdom, in manifestation, instead of in mystery, was about to be introduced, and was to be a hunting ground for rapacious office-seekers, and as a consequence, were constantly jostling like selfish politicians for a place of emolument in the new administration. This has been the unexceptional trend of the human family, at its best and at its worst, for six millenniums.

The Master, in a word, emphasized the fact, that the lowliest attitude before God is the loftiest altitude with God. In the fulness of His heart the greatest of all teachers gathered His disciples to Him, and began a course of teaching on the Holy Spirit, who should dwell in them and become the energizing force in all their future service. There should not be the shadow of a doubt in the breast of any Christian as to the conscious indwelling of the Holy Spirit. He always brings indisputable evidence with Himself that cannot be attributed to other than a supernatural power and person. There will be the inimitable presence of a perfume that cannot be dispensed by the local druggist.

Let us suppose we have a true and trusted friend, who has sustained his reputation for veracity in the severest testings. He owns broad acres of tropical orchards, a very Elysian El Dorado. Our home is on the Ottawa, in the county upon which the flag-pole of the North stands amid dissolving cold. During one of our typical winters, this friend comes to visit us. Three times each day the choicest things of our basket and board are heaped upon

the groaning table. The best fruit a northern climate can produce and the old-fashioned preserves, are prodigally provided. The stranger is exceedingly courteous, but during the last days of his visit, he sits with us beside the old-time hearth, and as the happy fire dances and the sparks disappear up the chimney like translated spirits, he talks of his orchards and vineyards, and in realistic fashion describes the numberless varieties of fruit, till we fancy we taste them and enjoy the dissolving sweetness as we eat of their abundance. The time for farewells is at hand and our kinsman says, "I am going away to-morrow, and when I arrive at home, I will send all at my own expense, sample cases of all the fruit that grows in my vast orchard." He bids us adieu. The lightning limited train vanishes in the distance. The children keep the spirit of expectation fresh; to them the days drag slowly by; but in due time the heavy truck of the express transfer comes thundering along and stops at our door. Are we surprised? Not at all, we have been expecting such a visitation. The fruit is unloaded and unpacked, and quicker than it takes to tell it, there is a carnival of fruit in our home. The news reaches all the immediate friends and neighbors; indeed, they had been invited to share in this novel luxury before its arrival. How many critics from the desert of doubt, think you, would it take to invade that jubilant crowd and convince it that the cherished friend had never gone to his fruit-producing home, nor sent any fruit to us? They would be defeated and dismissed by a volley

of testimony and deafened by incontrovertible shouts of derision and scorn.

This is but a picture of what our Lord did in those closing epochal days. He sat in the midst and drew those fear-filled followers to Him, and carefully outlined the advent, office and operations of the other Comforter. "He shall be in you. He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. He shall testify of Me. He will guide you into all truth, for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak. And He will show you things to come. He shall glorify Me; for He shall receive of Mine and shall show it unto you."

We may know, and blessed be God, we do know that our Lord is indeed risen and has ascended to the Father and that the Comforter has come, although we have had no tangible message, nor has an angel brought the tidings of His return through the heavens to the right hand of God. But we have infallible evidence and are in possession of inerrant facts, by which we know that our glorious Lord is in the heavens, and the Spirit has come to this earth and is upon the executive throne, because since that *annus mirabilis*, that wonderful year, since that red-letter day, when we yielded our life as an instrument, with availability comparable with an archangel. He has done with mathematical accuracy, and demonstrated with divine dynamics in us, and for us, and through us, exactly what Jesus said He would do. So with courtesy and dignity in keeping with the meek and lowly One

and with the majestic and heavenly Conqueror we dismiss from the empire of our ransomed being every emissary of the Evil One who would suggest even a sceptical interrogation. The prepositions in the Word of God are pregnant with meaning. "For" and "with" and "in" are the keys to the three great dispensations. The three persons of the Trinity have never been on the earth officially at the same time. In the Old Testament dispensation the Father was the Chief Executive and the others co-operated with Him. In the second we have the Son the conspicuous agent, while in this highly-favored age, the Spirit is magnified and the truest honor is bestowed upon the adorable Trinity by this method of operation.

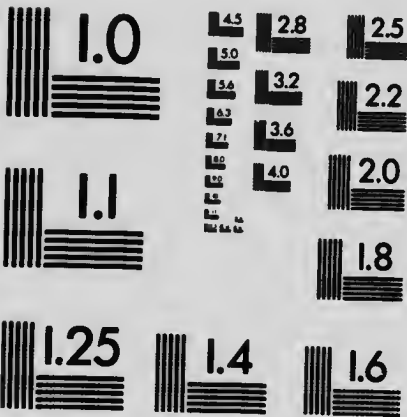
God was for His people in the time of the theocracy. He was with them when Jesus was upon the earth. "His Name shall be called Emmanuel, which is, God with us." But we live in the age of the highest privilege and possibilities—God in us. The Old Testament record is full of painful pictures of the Father, God, taxing every energy of a paternal passion to reveal Himself to His people and lead them to a theocentric national life. But they *would* be like the surrounding nations. He did not, nor will He, cast off His people forever; but He gave them their hearts' desire, and with it the inevitable consequences—leanness of soul and the indignity of giving to posterity some of the most unenviable chapters in human history. He ransacked four millenniums to find a man who would let Him pour into his life the omnific forces, and He found none. Then





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He made a "Man, made of a woman, made under the law," and that Man became an omnipotent channel through which cyclones of infinite power could sweep and shake into the dust of the summer threshing-floor the rock-ribbed strongholds of Satan. Christ entered upon the official work at the banks of the Jordan and began, or rather, continued the divine effort of making the purpose and plan of His Father known.

He touched human need at all points and yet, consistently inconsistent, those who knew Him best understood Him but partially. He was a riddle to them all. They looked at Him with fault-finding pity and put up with Him. With a blistering salinity they importuned others never to mind Him. And at last they become intolerant, laying violent hands upon Him, saying, "He is beside Himself." Awful if it is true, and still more cruelly awful when uttered in the home circle, by those who ought to conceal it most. He said: "I must needs go away. It is expedient for you that I go away."

We live in the post-Pentecostal days, at least historically. In the intellectual world we speak of men living ahead of their time. The Chinese nation is living four thousand years behind a possible Christian civilization. Doubtless there were men in the Old Testament times who lived experimentally in the post-Pentecostal experience—such as Gideon. The Holy Spirit clothed Himself with Gideon. What is that but the indwelling Spirit? But the great mass of the historic people lived in, or rather, behind their time. It is not less true

now. Multitudes of the professed people of God to-day live historically in the third period, the dispensation of the Spirit, through no merit or choice of their own; but experimentally they live in the severest forms of Old Testament legalism. The minority only is living in this age of privilege. And the minority of the minority is even now living in the times that are prophetic. They sit in the heavenlies. They sit in Cassiopea's chair, reach forth, lay hold of the great Dipper, and drink angelic nectarine from the heavenly Helicon, and feast on the viands of the age to come.

O for some modern Moses to marshal the Christian Church and give to history another exodus and emancipation that will land the hosts of God upon the victorious vantage-ground of the heavenlies in Christ Jesus! The hush of heaven settles down upon the heart as we enter the outer court of this sublime truth, "in Christ, and Christ in us," leading the believer into the sphere of life in which he can pray "in His name." Truth has been given to us in terraced treasures. The unregenerate never does and never can ask for anything in Christ's name. It is an impossibility for him to voice a cry other than for Christ's sake. Indeed, it is practically true of the saint who is living the carnal Christian life so that it is clear to all who have made the observation, that the great burden of prayers by the children of God, is "for Jesus' sake." To ask "in His name" is the elevated tableland of those who abide in Him. They do not come as suppliants or merdlicants, importuning a plutocrat to relieve a difficulty or rescue

from a circumstance of danger. It is the apprehension, and conscious yea, "the full assurance of understanding to the acknowledging of the mystery of God and of the Father, and of Christ;" and the spiritual consciousness that one has been raised not only from poverty and sin, but has also passed through the years of his minority and has been made a partner in the joint stock company of which his Father is the chiefest of the firm. "If children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ," so that as a member of the great combine, he can make demands and command the wealth of all the unsurveyed fields and immeasurable mines in the universe of truth. Little wonder, as the Master looked into the unlimited treasures "hid in God," and then at the paltry asking of His disciples, that He should exclaim: "Hitherto ye have asked nothing. Ask, that ye may receive."

The deep-dyed intensity of this tremendous truth supplied the indestructably divine dynamics that sustained the martyrs who died for Christ, and the martyrs who have lived like Christ through all time. The fact and fiction of this world stand side by side in trumpet-toned attestation of the fact, as instanced in the story of the trial of Ignatius by Trajan: "Who art thou, poor devil?" asked Trajan. "No one," answered Ignatius, "calls a God-bearer a kakodaemon, unless you mean thereby that having Christ, a heavenly king, I confound the devils of the demons." "And who," asked Trajan, "is a God-bearer?" "He," answered Ignatius, "that has Christ in his breast." "Dost

thou not think that we, too, have gods in our hearts?" "Thou art deceived," said Ignatius, "when thou callest the devils of the nations gods. There is one God, and Christ Jesus His Son." "Dost thou mean Him who was crucified under Pontius Pilate?" asked the emperor. "I speak," he answered, "of Him that nailed on the cross sin and its author, and sentenced every malice of the devil to be trodden down of them who carry Him in their hearts." "Dost thou, then, carry Christ within thyself?" asked the emperor. "Yes," replied the martyr, "for it is written, 'I will dwell in them and walk in them.'" "Let Ignatius, who says he carries the Crucified in himself, be fettered, taken to Rome and thrown to the wild beasts to amuse the people," was the sentence of Trajan, and Ignatius heartily thanked God. Thus this early father whose name means Theophoros, or "the inflamed," was thrown to the lions, as wheat to the merciless mill-stones, ground into the finest of the flour, baked in the oven of nameless cruelty, giving germinal ground-work for the tradition that when his heart was cut in pieces, the name of Jesus was found written in golden letters on every fragment.

The indwelling Christ is the other Comforter. Why do we call a cravat for the neck a comforter? An extra garment for the body, a heavier lot of coverings for our bed-chamber, or robes for our carriages in winter are commonly called comforters. What is a comforter? A comforter is that which gets between us and those things which cause and intensify discomfort. A sufferer tosses

in paroxysms of pain upon a sick bed. He is in torturing agony. The physician is called at the darkest moment. He gives an effective remedy and retires. At daybreak he calls, and finds the patient asleep, with pacific restfulness on his face. The sufferer of the past night smilingly responds to the professional question: "O doctor, I am so comfortable this morning." What has happened? The medicine—the spirit of the medical science—has stepped between the sufferer and the torturing disease.

The word comforter conveys the idea of one called to our side, to render assistance or comfort, and in the case of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter is within to undertake and successfully consummate God's purpose in each life. In the busy whirl of her morning duties the mother often plays the part of a comforter. She hears a shriek from the playground, and rushes out to find her babe in trouble, both hurt and affrighted. The sole aim of the maternal heart is to displace all the trouble real or imagined, and, as far as she can, replace it with herself. The Holy Spirit, who makes conspicuous the mother-heart of the God-head, is able and willing to do for the child of God what the natural mother exhausts every effort to accomplish in the suffering body of her babe. The work of the Holy Spirit reads like a tragedy, throbs with comedy, and displays to the world a divine drama in the history of the soul.

To comfort the Christian the Holy Spirit must get between him and all that disturbs the soul and the Christian life. He must first get between

him and his sins. There can be no peace, to say nothing about comfort, when sins toss and trouble the soul. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." The Holy Spirit, with His own sword, "the Word of God, pierces through to the dividing" between those things which to some psychologists are synonymous—"the soul and spirit, the thoughts and intents of the heart." What a Separator! What an unutterable comfort it is to have the unshakable assurance that "our transgressions are as far removed as the East is from the West," and hurled into the abyss of oblivion beyond the memory of a gracious God! "Your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more."

But there is a more serious source of disturbance and devastating forces than our sins. It is our sin. S-I-N-S is a larger word than SIN, but it is not a larger potency. Law deals with our sins, and they may be pardoned; but the sin may remain like a hatchery of hell, perpetuating the pestilent brood and keeping the Christian's life in at least periodic turmoil. Christ, the Lamb of God, not only died on the cross and endured that climax of tragedies, to settle the penalty of our sins, but He also made provision for the disposition of our sin. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." And the Holy Spirit has come to dethrone the sin from the place of power and supremacy in the soul. Regeneration keeps us from living in sin and the power of the indwelling Spirit keeps sin from reigning in us. What an indescribable comfort to

know that the Eternal Spirit stands "the stronger than he," and separates between us and our sin. But deeper down, and if possible still more vile, one with my very heart's blood and life, is still another and a deadlier foe. It is the self-life.

"There is a foe within the heart,  
The Christian well may fear;  
More subtle far than inbred sin,  
And to the heart more dear.

"It is the power of selffulness,  
That proud and wilful I;  
And ere my Lord can dwell in me,  
My very self must die."

"Beside myself"—what does it mean? It must mean outside of myself. How much more truthfully the world speaks and better than it means, when it critically and cruelly says of a Spirit-filled and Spirit-impassioned life, "He is beside himself. He is mad." Christ at the center, nearer to us than our foes, nearer to us than our friends, and nearer to us than we are to ourselves. The Creator in the creature. The Redeemer in the redeemed. The Comforter between us and our sinful, self-full and tainted selves. How much of our current parlance is selfish,—watch yourself, help yourself, satisfy yourself, suit yourself and enjoy yourself. When the poetry and heavenly harmony of the beautiful hymn, "Not my Own," is translated into the majestic prose of every-day life, from what an Atlantean burden of unenviable responsibility the weary soul is relieved. And yet once more the Spirit makes Jesus more real and near to us than our salvation.



Instead of looking upon righteousness, sanctification and redemption with all the age-long unfoldings of mysteries yet hid in God, as experiences to be obtained and cherished and as causes to be guarded with a legal tenacity, He, the Comforter, becomes the great God-commissioned and bestowed creative cause, and our salvation from its alpha and omega is the indispensable consequence. Indeed, the whole Christian life is the logical and biological consequence of the Christ: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put My Spirit within you and cause you to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My judgments and do them." And thus the life, impelled and propelled by the dynamo-genic forces of the indwelling fulness of the whole God-head bodily, shall go forth like its Master, to the divine service and sacrifice for which it lives and moves and has its being; and the whole moral and spiritual universe shall feel the throb of its heart-beat. And Satan shall be horrified; sinners shall be vivified; angels shall be happified; saints shall be magnified; Christ shall be satisfied, and God shall be glorified.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE EDUCATING AND ELUCIDATING MISSION OF THE SPIRIT.

*"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you,"*  
John 14 : 26.

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THE spiritual novitate, or recipient of the Holy Ghost, should be guarded at the start from the error that the fulness of the blessing of Christ completes the Christian character at one stroke, and that in a moment he may bloom into the beauty of a full-orbed holiness of life and see tropical fruitage in a day. The reception of the Spirit is rather the advent of the third person of the Trinity to undertake the life. When the whole realm of our being is committed to Him, He will correct here and direct there, in a word, control the character and supervise the career, until the whole man, saved wholly, shall reach the sublimest completeness in the consummation of the ages. Until the pupil is put into the hands of the teacher, and until the scholar is characterized by passive activity, the giant of the schools can never hope to reproduce himself in the youth's life and pro-

phetically build monumental history in the mind of the coming man. Hence the word teach.

All teachers under the stars impart knowledge from without; but we here find a change in the order. The Holy Spirit begins by first entering and invading the inner being and then educating or leading out into large and limitless spheres of learning. We sometimes use the word instruction to convey the same thought as education. Instruct means to build in. We ought to have its companion word extract, but as a substitute we frequently use extract. It is an absolute impossibility to extract a particle of matter or potency of mind that was not first instructed. Evolve means to roll out. But without fear of successful contradiction, we may assert that it is also impossible to evolve or roll out anything that has not first been involved. Give us the dynamo-genic involution of the divine nature "by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost," and to the age-long, ever-receding apex of deity, there shall ever be possible an evolution that overthrows the popular conception of heaven, the sentimental singing, the strolling along crystal rivers and the wandering purposelessly in an Elysian Eden, that kindles an inextinguishable passion in the soul to look upon life's terminus as the enviable commencement and wide-open avenue to spheres of activity with which the contracted activities of time cannot compare.

*THE BURNING BUSH.*

97

A hundred years to come  
Shall burst the prison bars;  
With friends, once bound with us below,  
We'll be beyond the stars.

Then freed from all that soils,  
The company that mars;  
We'll share the fellowship above,  
With those beyond the stars.

We'll learn in schools, beyond  
The tutelage of Lars:  
We'll search in college halls sublime,  
With Christ beyond the stars.

We'll fight no cruel foes,  
And view no bloody wars;  
For demon-hosts can ne'er invade  
The realms beyond the stars.

We'll tread no rugged paths,  
Nor feel the thorn that scars;  
For thorns and thistles never grow  
In worlds beyond the stars.

We've wept beside the biers,  
But then the fiery cars  
Shall bear our ransomed spirits, on  
To homes beyond the stars.

We'll ride on chariots grand,  
O'er streets without the jars;  
Volcanic sin has never quaked  
The land beyond the stars.

His Word sustains the worlds,  
His hand "the seven stars;"  
Shall He not bear the faithful ones  
To thrones beyond the stars?

May Faith and Hope and Love,  
With power that ever grows,  
Constrain us all to ever work,  
For crowns beyond the stars.

In our contact with men, and especially in the student days, was the fact pressed upon our mind, that it is dangerously possible for a man to be instructed until he is myriad-minded and encyclopaedic in books, and the true significance of education be conspicuously absent from his life. He is like the Roman catacombs—a great and almost endless labyrinth of dead and dying lore. Or, he may be likened unto a stupendous storehouse, or granary, containing the accumulations of millions on millions of germinal grains of locked-up latent forces. He weighs and stores away the quadrillion-tonned possibilities of a college course, then during his monotonous life he doles out, with logical and theological orthodoxy, with mathematical righteousness, the same truth minus the shrinkage, plus the musty and misty stuff from which the soul recoils, and which he rejects as a delicate organism rejects an insipid or a nauseous drug.

Side by side with this monstrous mind, in the same class-room, sits another, with a much less capacious mind; but while the first is a huge mechanism, the second is a healthy organism. He is a “new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth.” As the great teachers distribute the truth, he not only threshes it out, but his mind, as if by magic, becomes a great, broad field, inviting the sower to scatter bountifully the prophetic seed. The multitudinous seedlings of truth disappear and dissolve in nature’s laboratory, but there is a bonfire in every seed. And although inaudible, there is the glad hallelujah as the countless children leap into swaddling clothes of living green and press on

and up, until, like a sea of shooting grain, the homeless winds roll over the broad acres and the golden grain of such a life lades the cars of Christian commerce, to feed the famishing millions who throng the desert of doubt and wait for the Master who can take the lunch of a boy, bless it, and break it, and dispense it to feed the multitudes, bringing back a rebounding and abounding residue to satisfy, gladden and reward the generous giver.

We would entertain no suggestion that would limit the divine Spirit; and yet with the authority of the Word, we may safely assert, that the mission of the Holy Spirit, touching the life, is practically programmed by the Scriptures. The Word of God has a body—the letter; it has a soul—the psychical truth, and it has a spirit—"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life. The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." We may become perfectly conversant with the letter and yet be in nameless ignorance of the higher intellectual conceptions that wait for realization in the realm of scholarship. We may scintillate, with the brilliancy of the cherubim, in the analytical and even exegetical heights and depths of the Book, and yet, bat-like, dash out our lives against the pedestal upon which stands the risen Christ, holding out light to the world.

The first stage of knowledge is reached by imitation, the second through information, and the third by incarnation.

Imitation is necessary in all initial stages. In all departments of truth we acquire our first possessions of knowledge by imitation or learn-

ing by heart. We can best demonstrate our conception by a very familiar illustration. It is so simple as not to detract from the sublime and soul-stirring truth. Bring a lump of ordinary sugar to a chemist and he will tell you that it is made up of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen—that is,  $\text{C H O} = \text{sugar}$ . This can be learned by heart. With what familiarity there flock to the mind those chains of formulas in higher mathematics and those pages of intricate philosophy, which the day of doom, the final examinations, goaded us on to commit to memory. We could teach the intelligent parrot this sweet formula of sugar. We may memorize the truth and at the same time be dead to its inner import; we may sour and ferment, may die and be embalmed in a sarcophagus of Scripture. The scribes and Pharisees of Christ's time stand out in all their colossal and Christless religiosity as monuments to all time of the awful fact that men may know the letter of the law and yet be thrice dead to the heart-throb of living truth. Men may rabbinically analyze the Word to death and may fail to find the Christ. Men may studiously look at the vail of the Word without seeing the Lord standing behind. Against the tissue texture of the sacred page His great heart may palpitate, with a passion to find a single response of recognition from those who ought to know Him best, and nothing but heart-crushing cruelty and blistering severity respond to the pleading Savior and wring from His bleeding heart the statement, "Ye search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are



they that testify of Me, and ye will not come to Me."

A few days ago there came to our notice the case of a man in an Eastern town, who practically knew the whole Bible by heart. Call for the longest or most obscure chapter, and he could recite it like a nursery song. But the unfortunate man, who was a graduate of Glasgow University, would importune the street idlers to pay him a dime for reciting large portions of the sacred volume, and then with such earnings purchase the flaming cup with which to consume every hope of a better life and drown the memory of a brilliant past.

We shall never forget another Scotch character—a picture as divine as the other is diabolical. It was our privilege to hold revival services, some years ago, in an American Presbyterian Church on Shelter Island, off the coast of Long Island. About fifty years ago there had swept over that community a tidal wave of gospel truth, in the power of the Holy Ghost. The people knew not the heavenly Visitor; but one thing they did know. He led them to the church, and to the Word, and for days the whole company was submerged in a sea of glory. As we began to open up the Word of God, touching the record of the power of the Holy Spirit in the life and service of the believers, we were well-nigh overwhelmed with the uniformity and intensity of approving response shining out of their faces. Night after night there sat in the audience an old saint. Her face was lustrous and radiant, the result of many years of the most intimate companionship with

Jesus. In quoting texts of Scripture in her presence, should we drop a word, or quote from the Revised Version, with its frequent variations, she would give a kind, but at the same time a negative shake of her head. She told us that she had read the Bible through once every year for thirty years. It would have been a comparatively easy task for her to have reproduced the Bible should some infernal incendiary burn and banish the Book of books from human ken. The Spirit filled that saintly life, till perspiring perfume flowed like sweet incense from the Rose of Sharon, as He grew and flourished in perennial freshness in the rich and fertile soil of her transplanted and transformed heart.

The next stage of progress in the acquisition of truth is through information. Let us revert for a moment to our illustration of sugar. The master of all the sciences may dazzle the world with learned discussions on the chemical constituents of sugar, that sweet adjunct of the larder. He may be the successful competitor, and distance all others for the chair in a cosmopolitan university. He may discourse wisely upon carbon and correctly estimate all the forces in its giant arm to run the multiform enginery of the mechanical world. He may launch out like a modern Columbus and push his way over the trackless waters contained in the numberless brooks and rivers and lakes and seas and oceans, and come back to deliver mesmeric messages, before which vast concourses of aspiring students are swayed as by a mighty wind. He may daguerrotype his mind for

the posterity of the college halls, and generations of youths yet unborn may rise up and call him blessed. He may know all about that sweet and useful commodity. No secret of its composition may escape the keenness of his lynx eye. And at the same time, he may be so disabled by disease or incapacitated by habits not uncommon among the great, so that so far as the experimental estimate of sugar's essential sweetness is concerned, the little child with access to an old-fashioned sugar-bowl is an infinitely better judge than the man who is freighted down with all the well-earned honors and qualifications of the schools, but whose sense of taste has been disqualified as a critic by the vitiating habits of stimulants and irritants.

If there is any danger above another into which we who preach the gospel of the grace of God are likely to fall, it is this cunningly-set trap of intellectualism. We often hear the unrighteous criticism that the ministers are not preaching the gospel. May we not truthfully assert that there is not a conspicuously large number who are guilty of perjuring the pulpit, but that possibly there is at least a large minority of men who have never risen to the conviction of their supernatural commission and who stand upon the second tableland, giving exhaustive expositions of the psychical truth?

We reach the highest cardinal level and thro with the fullest manifestation of God when we apprehend the third great step in the progressive revelation of the truth as embodied in the generic term, incarnation.

The merchant may make and mass his millions with mammoth warehouses of sugar; the cars of commerce may groan under the growing imports and exports, and yet those who handle the freightage of sweetness itself may ferment with the rebellious spirit of the capital-hating laborer. The analyst may measure and weigh and estimate its value; but none of these can test its intrinsic sweetness. There is only one way to know it is sweet, and that is by experience, or in other words, by tasting.

And the human heart breaks into ecstatic rapture as it contemplates the thought that God, the everlasting God, has put the basis of knowing Him on a level easily accessible to the lowest order of human intelligence. Not a few times have we heard as a proof text that we cannot know God, the interrogative declaration: "Canst thou by searching find out God?" And with an inflated air of victory the agnostic shades into an expression of astonishment because his dogma does not crush out all hope of knowing the Unknown.

He quotes a truth from the infallible and inerrant Word. It does not prove that we cannot know God, but that we cannot know Him by research. For the Blessed Book offers another and a simpler way by which we may know God. If it were necessary for a man to know the alphabet of any language to know God, multitudes must go down to hopeless despair. And one man, with whom the writer is intimately acquainted, who once said in a testimony meeting: "I cannot spell the word LET, but I can let God;" and no saint

knows better than that illiterate but lustrous Christian, must have gone down to the grave and doom of one of the most corrupt men in his community. We know of another man, who cannot read, and in order to keep right as to the days of the week, sticks a pin in the figures on the face of the calendar, and yet with mathematical accuracy he can guide his ocean greyhound as he reads the vaulted volume in the dome of night. There is indeed the real hat of Fortunatus—the spirit of understanding that enables us to live anywhere and anywhen.

We stand on the threshold of the beginningless beginning and watch the Creator rolling systems on systems out by Almighty fiat, and know by unerring faith that “the worlds were made by the Word of God.” The humbling honor of knowing the sublimest truths—truths for which the angels might gladly leave their thrones of light—is often given to one who cannot spell a word of two syllables or analyze a simple sentence in grammar.

One of the most interesting book writers comes to our assistance at this point; “I know something of the life of a man who is often named as the most distinguished philosopher of the nineteenth century. He slept but four hours out of the twenty-four and he lived ninety years, Never sick, never idle, never weary, he travelled and read and wrote and studied enough to wear out half a dozen ordinary men. He learned many languages. He was familiar with every department of science. He explored vast libraries. He knew the scientific men of all nations. He received a hundred thousand letters. Kings and princes delighted to do him

honor. Titles and diplomas of distinction were scattered like rubbish about his room. Ministers of state, generals in the army, officers of kingly courts, professors of colleges, travellers, academicians and students, all counted it an honor to have known him. That man ranged through all the departments of nature, science, literature and philosophy, and found no God, no Savior, no heaven, no promise or prospect of everlasting life. With all his discoveries he never found the river of God's pleasure. I knew something of the life of another man, who was not permitted even to own himself, and yet that poor man had such pleasures as belong to the infinite God. He had expectations that over-passed the boundaries of earth and time. He could read his "title clear to mansions in the sky."

All the books on the imitation of Christ might have been written and their precepts obeyed with legal accuracy in the Old Testament dispensation. And even in our highly privileged age, but few have found the secret that we are not called upon to imitate Him, but to receive Him—the risen Christ—in the power of the Holy Ghost and have the Christ-life reproduced, re-incarnated in, and lived through us. Should a fevered ambition seize us to reproduce the classics of Greece and repeat the history of those giant minds, what folly it would be to strain after their immortal fame without their spirit. But could some good spirit from the paradise of the poets take us by the hand, nay, more, enter into and possess us and press us up the slopes of "Parnassus, on whose highest peak sparkles the

Pierian fountain, whose waters impart the true genius of poetry, oratory and the fine arts, where Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Sapho and many others scaled the heights, drank from those Pierian fountains and electrified the world with the brilliancy of their genius," then could we resurrect and bring from the future a grander and a diviner Greece. This is the secret, in the fulness of the Spirit, to climb the Alpine peaks and, drinking from the heavenly fountains, make the world feel that the Master still writes poetry in stanzas more sublime than the literature of the classic hills.

Michael Angelo is called the inimitable artist. That one would be a monster of cruelty who ought to be dethroned, who would condition the accession to a father's throne, much less the life of his child, upon the reproduction of the inimitable. And Christ is infinitely beyond the power of men or angels to imitate; and the utter hopelessness of the task is its most hopeful feature. It is not the unbending severity of a tyrant or task-master, but the wisdom of a father, who wants to drive us from the method of failure and draw us to look for the better way—the enthronement of the ascended and glorified Lord, through the Pentecostal power of the Holy Spirit, to have manifested through the Church, His body, the inimitable life—"even as He."

Christ's words, "And bring all things to your remembrance," is a strong admonitory rebuke to those who ignore the letter of the Word especially, and all literature in general. To bring to remembrance implies the presence of the facts in the

mind. There go into one of the largest American post offices daily three hundred tons of mail matter. The distributing department can only distribute to the millions the amount that has been contributed by the incoming mail. And so the official mission of the Spirit is not to give information, but to illuminate the information and to guide in the dispensation of previously acquired stores of truth. If we were not afraid of Pharisaic presumption, we would advise all young men to empty their pockets into their heads, to buy books; to empty their heads into their hearts, those furnaces of fiery enthusiasm, to be dissolved into material for truly revolutionary lives, and empty their lives into the stupendous issues of their own generation, in sacrifice and service for a suffering humanity.

The ambassador of Jesus Christ should prepare to preach as if there were no God, and forge projectiles of prophetic momentum that would be best calculated to do deadly execution to the black fleets of a Satanic foe, in a world from which God has been banished, and then stand in the impotence of incarnate weakness and let Him speak as if there were none but He "who spake and it was done, who commanded and it stood fast."

We would be the recipients of great benefits were we to stand with the Master Builder in the work-shop of the carboniferous age. "The highest type of animal had been reached. There was a pause and a preparation by purification had to be made for the advent of another class." There was a superabundance of carbonic acid, which must be removed. The divine Chemist could have com-



bined it with lime and imprisoned it in limestone. It could have been detailed to do valuable service in other kingdoms of this vast universe. But carbon is very precious. It is the basis of all our combustion. It blazes and warms in gas, petroleum and coal, and upon it we depend for light and heat and motion. The carbon must be preserved for future use. Man would discover its utilities. Man was yet prophetic. Man was involved in the purpose of God. God toiled unceasingly through all the creative week to prepare a habitation for man. He would need the forces to be developed from carbon. And the willing virgin, Vegetation, was chosen to accomplish the dignified service.

"God made the mighty forests grow. He poured the sunshine upon the green leaves that every branch might treasure up a portion of embodied light. He sent forth great water-floods to sweep the fallen trunks of millions of trees into ravines and valleys between the hills. He covered them over and pressed them down with masses of sand and earth. He hardened the covering into stone, that the storehouse might not be opened till the time of need." He pressed the solar forces into vegetation and compressed them in geological Gethsemanes, and then with His strong hand and mighty arm He lifted up the massive doors and man resurrects the long-buried sunlight and transforms it into force, and light, and heat, and sends them forth in throbbing steam and electric messengers, annihilating time and space and hastening the prophetic picture, when "there shall be no more sea."

May we not say it reverently that the blessed Book is the pent-up forces of God, provided through sixteen stormy centuries? All the potencies of the inspired Word, in every tendril of the tree of life, in every leaf and every cell of the oak-tissued trunk that stood for ages the Satan-tossed tempest, once throbbed in the great heart of God. Revelation is the program of God's purpose and plan for ruined and redeemed humanity. Revelation was given to this world under the tonnage of awful pressure, and in the oil-press of Gethsemane the power of God was prepared from the True Olive and stored in the risen Christ for the Church of all time. When the Holy Spirit possesses the surrendered body, soul and spirit of the child of God, the life that has become a rich repository of the written Word is kindled into a living flame. All the awakened forces and powers of the soul, clothed with the authority of the risen Christ, stand like a Promethean monster, who forges the panoply of God for the consecrated life and multiplies it into invincible armies, leading them on to conquest as if swept by a hurricane of the infinite God.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE WITNESSING AND WAITING MISSION OF THE SPIRIT.

*"But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me. And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with Me from the beginning."*

THE word translated "witness" in the text is used as a synonym for "martyr," although "martyr" means infinitely more than "witness." When a man is called to witness before the common court of the judicial world, as he stands to dispense the truth that may determine the life or death of a fellow mortal or decide the destiny of momentous issues, for his protection and safety he has at his command all the police force of the city, and still more he may demand safe-keeping from all the military might of the empire while he gives his testimony. But a martyr is not only one who has truth, but a spirit upon whom the truth has fastened a fever-like grip and sways him with the consciousness of the Absolute, of heaven and hell. To give his evidence may hurl from the throne the very powers that frame the timbers and build the pantheons of corrupt papal

powers, and thwart the purpose of unrighteous political policies. His story may prove an irritant, like the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. It may start all the thrones of the Caesars rocking. It may send with the thud of omnipotence all the anti-Christian systems smashing, crashing into the God-determined depths of destruction. It may rouse the ire of infernal hosts and disgorge the wrath of Satanic revenge upon the head of the martyr. But though the heavens bend and break over his head in tempests of torment, though the conspiring world of demon-peopled night form an alliance of death with the Christ-rejecting rage of pagan Rome, the Pauline martyr will tell his flaming story, though his head be severed from his body. Being strong in faith, staggering not, stimulated and strengthened by the "blessed hope" that at the resurrection of the just he shall be re-headed, glorified and glorious with a tiara of triumph and a diadem like the dome of star-decked night dazzling upon his brow.

In the annunciation of the Holy Spirit, the Lord said: "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me." What a weight of responsibility rests upon the soul of a witness! One is awed as he enters those palaces of justice and beholds the judges ermined and empowered with the disposition of bodies and souls for time and eternity. He holds the keys of life and death. He is the minister and the master of law. He proclaims pardon, the dark cell is forsaken, and it may be, the darker doom of the black-robed executioner vanishes before the morning star of liberty's dawn, and there are ecstatic

hearts and rapturous rejoicings of mother, father, wife, children and friends, as if one had come out from the sepulchred dead. The same judge pronounces a penalty, and the same throng of true and tender hearts, that for weary months had hoped against hope, collapse under the cruel blow. Fainting, grief-broken hearts look for the last time at the object of doom. He passes into the dark dungeon, disgraced himself and disgracing the innocents, and is hurled into a black eternity. Does not the summons to be a witness impress us with the awfulness and awe-fulness of our responsibility? For it is not the judicial wisdom of the judge, it is not the forensic brilliance and legal keenness of the advocate, but the unbiassed, unadulterated testimony of responsible witnesses, who may not be able to spell a word of two syllables, nor parse a simple English word, to say nothing about threading their way through the subtleties of law, that controls the balances of equity before the minds of an intelligent jury.

The trial of the Christ is still going on. It is Barabbas or Christ now, just as it was two millenniums ago. It is said that Barabbas' name was "Jesus," too, it being a common name in the East, and this may be the partial explanation of the expression used in Scripture, "Jesus, which is called the Christ," to distinguish Him from the impostor and murderer. The two, Jesus Barabbas, and Jesus the Christ, still stand at the bar of the human heart.

As in our Lord's time, so now, there is a time-serving, man-fearing judge on the bench, an un-

lawful, cruel mob, a sin-constituted jury clamoring for an opportunity to commit over again the crime of ages, to crucify afresh the Lord of glory. The carnal mind and the world-corrupted heart are pressing with a diabolical consistency for the liberation and coronation of Barabbas.

A witness must have a personal knowledge of the facts in the case. There is no pronoun he must use with such egotistical frequency as the pronoun "I." He cannot give scholarly dissertations on what he thinks. He cannot lend wings to his imagination and display his hopes. There is no room for speculative flights. When he has exhausted his store of personal knowledge, he has fulfilled the only purpose for which the court has summoned him. And only those who know their Savior by an experimental acquaintance are truly witnesses unto Him. And we may have indestructible evidence that He lives in us, "settles down in our hearts by faith," and that we live, and move, and have our being in Him. It is of the most vital importance that we know that "we have passed out of death into life," not only for our own sakes, but also for the sake of Him who is our Lord and Savior, who is still on a long-drawn-out trial. Upon the value or worthlessness of our evidence may be heaped unutterable indignities, or honors befitting His royal character.

The witness must tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He must give his testimony personally. He must speak out boldly before both parties—friends and foes—and must not mince matters. He must testify courageously,

fully, constantly. He must speak. It is not optional. It is obligatory. He who refuses to give the facts in his possession is not only guilty of contempt of court, but is guilty of any injustice that may be inflicted upon an innocent party. by the withholding of the evidence that is in his power to communicate. The two conspicuous needs of the Church to-day are the flaming prophets, who shall stand as seers upon the watch-towers of our time and give God's message to our generation like a trumpet-blast from an archangel's volcanic voice, and the fearless, faithful witnesses to the full-orbed, supernatural, present-day truth.

We would not for an instant underrate nor depreciate the importance of holy and consistent living, but at the same time " must not underestimate the value, and must give to conversation and testimony the highest niche that the Scripture warrants. When Bunyan's famed Christian was on his way to the City of Life, he frequently overtook and was overtaken by other pilgrims. As they journeyed along, we find the faithful one at once provoking celestial conversation. But such Christ-like conduct was uniformly rejected like a distasteful drug by Formality, Pliable, Worldly-wise-man and Legality. Even Talkative, who could easily lead the conversation on all other subjects, was stricken with a strange dumbness; and soon they all "turned every one to his own way" and the blood-washed pilgrim was once more alone pressing on and up "singing and making melody in his heart unto the Lord."

If our commonwealth is in heaven, if our companions are there, if our costume is woven in the looms of heaven, if our common Lord is there, our daily conversation, with the gravitating spontaneity of love, ought to center there.

The writer knows a Christian gentleman who once walked the streets of one of the largest cities in America for sixty hours, at intervals, for the purpose of detecting the common and current topics of street conversation. He reported that during that week he had heard all subjects within the poles and the circumferences of human commerce, pleasure and sin, but never once heard the name of God, Jesus or heaven, except in the desecrating breath and tongue of the blasphemer.

During the last great Pan-American Exposition, it is doubtful if there were more than an insignificant minority of adults and youthful spirits on this North American continent who were not asked by some individual, and who did not ask the question: "Are you going to the Pan-American?" Why? Because it was the occasion of a life-time. The sight of that tower of light was like the New Jerusalem descending out of heaven. Buffalo was in the affections of the people. If the matter is upon the heart, it does not take any more gift to ask a man if he has a ticket on the Lightning Limited Life-Line Railroad for the Celestial City, the home of the soul, than it takes to ask a neighbor if he is going by the Continental Special to the City of Mist, that has ere this time passed into history.



If we walk for sixty hours through the cloistered corridors of Davidic psalmody, our hearts will be thrilled with the stories and songs and shouts of overflowing testimony; "I will speak," "I will tell," "I will sing," "I will cry aloud," "Come all ye that fear God and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." When the shepherd king was but a lad, he was sent by his father to bring tidings of the welfare of his military brethren and to carry some delicious luxuries from the hearts and home of their parents. As the unarmed stripling was visiting with his soldier-brothers on the field of battle, the God-defying, blaspheming giant came out to challenge and insult the army of the Lord. The future hero began to rise in the breast of the youthful David. He volunteered to humble and destroy the Goliath. He refused the cumbrous armor of the king, and when asked from what source was his hope kindled, that he could conquer the opposing and oppressing monster, he responded by giving a startling testimony. David said unto Saul, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth. The Lord that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion and the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And putting a smooth stone into his sling he smote the giant, and with the giant's own strong sword cut off Goliath's head. With one stroke of God-inspired courage he turned the tide of battle on Israel's side.

When Paul, for preaching the gospel of the boundless grace of God, and especially emphasizing the power of the resurrection, was hunted by the sleuth-hounds of persecution, when he was surrounded by malignant ecclesiastics; when the inflamed multitude panted for his life's blood, crying "away with him!" he came upon the stairs, as he was borne by the soldiers, for the violence of the people. He beckoned with the hand unto the people, and when there was made a great silence, he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue, saying: "Men, brethren and fathers, hear ye my defence which I make now unto you." And after a stirring introductory charge, he dethroned all the power of the opposition with the testimony of his own supernatural conversion: "And it came to pass, that as I made my journey unto Damascus, about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me, and I fell unto the ground and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Constrained through life by the consuming reality of this heavenly vision, the peerless apostle lived and suffered and after giving an inventory of all the forces of the arch-fiend, he could pen the deathless sentence for all time: "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors."

"He shall testify of Me," was the God-given assurance. Christ came to reveal the Father, and the Spirit has come to make manifest and reveal the Son. The Holy Spirit is to the Sun of Righteousness what the terrestrial atmosphere is to the sun of our solar system. The light and heat of

the sun comes across abysses of space with a temperature two hundred degrees below zero, over a region as void of light as incarnate darkness itself. So marvelously is it constituted by an all-wise Creator and the foreseeing providence of a Paternal heart, when it reaches our air or surrounding atmosphere, it bursts into light, to illumine and brighten the face of His footstool, to warm and melt and dispel the snows of eternal winter, to quicken and resurrect the dead from the sepulchre of nature, and robe the whole surface of the globe with countless forms of life and beauty.

So the Spirit has come from the Father and the Son. He throws around the Spirit-regenerated life an atmosphere, a personal, spiritual, supernatural atmosphere, which becomes a perfect transmitter, through which the risen Sun of Righteousness, although high up in the heaven of heavens, may transform the whole environment of the soul into a conservatory of heaven let down to earth. The climate is that of the world beyond the change of seasons. The growth is as prodigal as the tropics. And as the solar center fills and suffuses all things, and is in all life, although millions of miles away, so the unsetting, unfading Sun and Center of all the star and sun-sown systems of immensity, fills all the realms of our being and becomes the center of our ransomed natures. The Spirit becomes the heat-generating radiator, and the true Christian life becomes a divine radiation, like an alabastron box, warming and lighting and making fragrant all the spheres through which we weep, singing

and shining around the immeasurable orbit of the Eternal Center.

The clearer and purer the atmosphere the less conscious and sensible we are of it, but as it dissolves and disappears into the transparency of an ethereal temple and the sun, like a great sovereign of light, fills it with His glory. Thus it is also with the Spirit. The more Scriptural our conception and the more spiritual our apprehension, the less conspicuous the Spirit becomes and the more personally real and vitally near Jesus is to us as our Savior and Lord. Perhaps one of the most beautiful pictures of this selfless spirit of the Holy Spirit is found in the Gospel of Genesis—from the master-brush of Moses. It is the story of Abraham's servant, probably Eliezer, but how like the self-hiding Spirit, his name is not mentioned in the record to which we refer. The mission of Eliezer in the historical, and yet typical age of Abraham, was the same as that of the Spirit in this Christian age. His was to find a bride for Isaac, the child of promise, the only son and heir of Abraham. The mission of the Holy Spirit is to gather out a Bride for Jesus, the child of prophecy and of promise, the only begotten Son of God, the Heir of all things.

Eliezer takes the oath that he shall go to Abraham's kinsfolk for the chosen virgin, and then sets out to consummate the commission of destiny for posterity. He took with him ten camels, laden with an earnest of Abraham's wealth, Isaac's future inheritance. As he journeys along, he prays and counsels with God. In due time, he arrives at the

trysting place, at the Mesopotamian well. They unload and pitch their tents, and the messenger of the patriarch continued to confer with God—"And it came to pass, before he had done speaking, that behold, Rebekah came out, and the damsel was very fair." She gladly gave him drink, and with the bounding hilarity of a girl, filled up the troughs for the camels. He rewarded her kindness with "a golden earring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands, of ten shekels weight of gold. And the damsel ran and told these things to them of her mother's house. And Laban ran out unto the man and he said, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without? for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels." The camels were speedily stabled and stalled, and supplied with provender. And Eliezer is ushered into the heartsome home and urged to immediately partake of a bountiful supper. But he declined till he had told his story and had unbosomed his great trust. After giving his testimony, "I am Abraham's servant," he begins to magnify his lord—"The Lord hath blessed my master greatly, and He hath given him flocks and herds, and silver and gold, and menservants, and maidservants, and camels and asses." Then, after giving an exhaustive inventory of Abraham's wealth, he added, "He has an only son—he is the heir of the boundless estate; and I am sent to woo and win a bride, to share with Isaac the possessions of his father." Rebekah's heart was won, through the mediating ministry of the faithful ambassador of Abraham, and her hand was offered

to him whom she had not yet seen. The homeward journey was soon accomplished. She met the watching, waiting bridegroom, and for a long life shared with him the fulness of the possessions and the still greater honor of continuing the chosen line that was to be crowned by the coming of Him who was called "Wonderful!"

This is but a type of the larger, fuller mission of the Spirit in this Church dispensation. He is here during the elective, selective age to choose a Bride for the Son of God. He transforms the written Word into an inventory of the unsurveyed and boundless inheritance and immeasurable wealth of the everlasting Father. The Spirit, the untiring and faithful minister of the God of Abraham, distributes Himself through all the God-appointed and God-anointed agencies of evangelization, to gather the chaste and blood-washed virgin, "the Church, without spot or wrinkle," from all kindreds and peoples and tongues, to stand with her Lord at the marriage altar, to join Him in the bonds of eternal wedlock, to walk with Him in white forever, to be elevated to her place of regal splendor, and to share with Him the glory of the God

"Who gives its lustre to the insect's wing,  
And wheels His throne on the rolling worlds."

## CHAPTER X.

## THE GUIDING AND GLORIFYING MISSION OF THE SPIRIT.

*"And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment: of sin because they believe not in Me; of righteousness because I go unto My Father, and ye see Me no more; of judgment because the prince of this world is judged. I have many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now; Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth, for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak, and He will show you things to come."*

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THE Holy Spirit is in the world to do a double work. His heavenly commission is to effect the conviction and conversion of the sinner and minister to the comfort and confirmation of the saint. The word translated "reprove" has no exact synonym in our language, but means to prove upon, or against, to convict by proof, to present such evidence as will be sufficient to condemn if it fail to convince. The Spirit will convince, convict, convert or condemn the sinner; but His special ministrations in the Church are to guide the saint and glorify the Savior.

God has given a progressive revelation of Himself to man. We have first the generation and then the revelation. Generation, or creation, from its alpha to its omega fell, fell hopelessly, and consequently we must have the regeneration. The insurmountable difficulty that stood before the mind of Nicodemus was how he could be born again; but the absolutely unsurpassable barrier that towered before the "Teacher come from God" was the impossibility of translating him to heaven without the birth from above. The Revealer did not fall, neither did the revelation fail, and therefore we do not need a new revelation to the regeneration, but a Spirit-given illumination of the old revelation. It may be that the Father, God, began to teach the infantile conditions of our early ancestry with the pictorial or illustrated primer of the star. For more than two thousand five hundred years the world was without a written revelation from God. The question is, Did God leave Himself without a witness? The question is answered very positively by the written Word, that He did not. In Rom. 1 : 19, it is declared that, "that which may be known of God is manifest in them, for God hath shown it unto them. For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse." Men speak of the "dim light of Nature." But the Word of God speaks of the language of the heavens as if it contained encyclopaedic volumes of flaming sentences and illustrated paragraphs, that



the blind may feel, the child may comprehend, and into whose unfathomed deep the telescopic eye of the philosopher and scientist may pore and prove the plans, the purposes and the counsels of the Creator, "even His eternal power and Godhead." The combined purpose of the numberless luminaries that march with solemn pomp and exquisite harmony on the plains of limitless space, singing the song of the morning, was to announce the coming of a fuller and completer revelation, which brings us to the Scriptures or written Word.

"God has made three revelations of Himself—His works, His words, and His Son. They are each and all progressive. Nature, the law and the gospel, a silent, material universe, an inspired Book, a living God-man. A fourth, a fuller revelation of God is yet to come. Then each of the revelations is in itself progressive. The earth attained perfection in a series of successive stages. The Word also was given during sixteen stormy centuries, closing with the life of Jesus Christ, which was and is still a revelation of timeless progression. But we need a guide to teach the alphabet and spell out the monosyllables, to say nothing about untwisting the stupendous sentences of the stars. God has given us the guide through Copernicus, Keplar, Herschel, as well as the modern masters of nature's book. We also need a guide to the written Word. Put an unlettered son of toil into a blooming meadow in summer time. The earth groans with countless forms of vegetation, from the lowest and most worthless to the highest forms of floral beauty, and the fragrant

sweetness of the clover, the broad, waving acres of the richest priced grasses. To the farmer, uninitiated in the natural sciences, the whole scene presents but a mixed, disorderly mass of obnoxious weeds, scattered in purposeless confusion among the useful and profitable products of the farm. But give the same view-point to the master professor of the botanical sciences, and he will take the teachable pupil by the hand and lead him up by a faultless spiral staircase of unerring systems, up and up to the private chambers of creative omnipotence, "who spake and it was done, who commanded and it stood fast." The Word of God is not a mechanism, else it could be understood and explained by logical processes. It is an organism, and must be studied and experienced according to biological methods.

Without the supernatural Guide whom Jesus promised to send, to the most scholarly mind, with all the present-day intellectual acumen, the Book will appear to be a heterogeneous mass, just as the meadow appears to the illiterate rustic. Through dint of hard toil and perspiring energy, he receives a living, the one physical and the other spiritual. But the Spirit transforms the whole book into a complete organic system, developing through the centuries into the infallible revelation of the will of God to man.

His will and purpose may have come down from the stars, through the Scriptures, by the Spirit, who becomes the personal, indwelling Guide, and who leads the surrendered life through the Scriptures, and will ultimately bear such a life up

through and beyond the stars to his place with Christ upon His Father's throne.

A guide is not some helper we take with us, but an efficient, well-qualified intelligence, who takes us with him. Let a sight-seeing traveler visit the land of the Alps. He pays his guide and starts out to lead, but the guide refuses to follow. Loss and in all likelihood death to all the party would inevitably follow such a course. But the Alpine guide, who is as much at home among those majestic peaks and gorges and hair-breadth narrows as a bird in its native air, leads the way, and after the trip of wonder and adventure, the precipitous and perilous passes, the satisfied traveler understands the wisdom of absolute surrender to his guidance, and the safety of following the guide.

Nearly two thousand years ago the Holy Spirit brought the Son of God from the topless peaks of the purpose of God, and humanized Him in the mystery of the incarnation. He guarded Him from the inflamed jealousy and hate of a usurping king. He guided the infant Savior to a hiding-place in historic Egypt. He led Him, unarmed and unharmed, through the inimitable life, and bore Him from the tomb "far above all principality and power and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." And now the ascended Christ has sent and commissioned the same Spirit to undertake each Christian life, to lead every surrendered child of God victoriously through the same Satan-contested battlefields and to triumph-

antly carry the conqueror to the coronation day and give him his place among the heroes of heaven.

It would seem to the student of history that the apostolic and immediate post-apostolic Church lost the fulness of the truth by a progression of relapses. The Ephesian Church of revelation, the first in the timeless mirror of the churches, was commended and eulogized for a seven-fold qualification, which would pass in our critical times as an equipment of the highest efficiency for the highest offices at the disposition of the Church. But this same church is strongly admonished, and indeed blamed, for having relaxed her first love. Waves of worldliness in rapid succession dashed over the church, crystallizing its secretions and encasing the church in its vicious grip. About the time of Constantine, the Vesuvian volcano of prelatic and papal powers broke like a decumen deluge over the celestial craft during the "dark ages." Putrefaction petrified, and all but starless night held sway, until the Word of God lay buried beneath strata of death, as impenetrable as the rocky quarries of earth's coal and mineral deposits, when barbarians peopled our forests.

But the dark night has passed away, the "morning star of the Reformation," Wycliffe, digs up the Word from the rubbish in the gray dawn of the morning and in the dim light of the coming day, he beholds, in flaming golden capitals, the Holy Bible, the "Memoirs of God," His message of life and light and love to man. Immediately another rugged miner, Luther, the miner's son,

appears, with pickaxe and hammer. With giant-like strokes he breaks the crust of papal corruption and he picks the magic key to the kingdom of God, and from its hiding-place for ten tempestuous and blood-guttered centuries, he unlocked "the just shall live by faith." He knocked the keystone from the papal arch, and the whole system is crumbling and falling, and will ultimately go down with a crash before the flaming vengeance of the coming Christ.

Then, another colossal spirit comes above the horizon of history, in the person of John Wesley, who, with his co-laborer, Whitfield, went deeper and found the forces by which the truth hitherto known was put into solution, to impart the righteousness of Christ and put truth into the life-blood, giving the resultant consequences of a pure heart and a holy life and the anointing with which those violent evangelists of the everlasting gospel moved the multitudes and led tens of thousands to the cleansing fountain and shook two continents by the "foolishness of preaching." And now, in these latter epoch-making days, many men and women from all denominations and sections of the Christian Church are digging deep and finding access to the deep-sea depths of God, and are bringing to view the supernatural power of the Holy Spirit as promised by our Lord in those closing days of His ministry, as He outlined the mission of the Comforter, Teacher, Testifier and Guide of the Church till the close of the age.

It seems patent to the unveiled heart, and the Spirit-clarified eye, that the time of the fulfilment

of Joel's prophecy is just coming over the horizon. The civilized nations of continental Europe and America have had the early rain, in the great revivals that have at intervals swept like tidal waves over all peoples since the dawn of the Reformation. The hermetically sealed doors, the rocky strongholds of superstition, and the steel-panoplied anti-Christian armies of heathenism, have long stood in defiance and resisted the onward march of Christian civilization. For a generation there has been a forced international courtesy that admits with marked intoleration the white-winged messengers of the cross. But God is now hastening to girdle the globe with the gospel of the kingdom. He is letting loose the Spirit like the wind, and even now we hear the crashing and down-falling forests of paganism, in which every form of iniquity has been hatched with tropical abundance for ages. Following in its train, we hear the crackling, consuming fire of prophetic Pentecost, licking up the dead and dying waste. The whole world vibrates with the thunderings of the rugged plowshares of divine providence, as they go breaking up the fallow ground of rank, rooted heathenism; and it would seem clear to the watchman who has taken the dispensational point of view in the plan of God, that in the immediate future, as loudly intimated by recent reports from Japan, there may be continued with superlative, supernatural swiftness, a world-wide evangelization. And it might not be impertinent for some stalwart saint, who walks with his head and heart in the heavens, to prophesy, that the only general revival to be looked for in

these lands upon which the early rains have fallen, will be conspicuously manifested in the churches of America and European countries. The great Master of the harvest is thrusting upon the fields the strongest, the most scholarly and the holiest of men, who, with prophetic vision and Pentecostal voices, are calling the Church to the hidden life, to the experimental knowledge of the "mystery that was hidden for ages and from generations, which is Christ in you the hope of glory." "He shall show you things to come."

As in the natural heavens there are terraces of heavens, in the spiritual life there are heavens and heavens, and heavens of heavens. The vision of the truth is so unutterably glorious that even Paul, though he had outlooked the blaze of the Syrian sun, could not and dared not do more, after over fourteen years, than say it would be unlawful to speak of them. And yet modern astronomy has climbed the starry staircase of a hundred and twenty-five millions of such heavens as the great apostle saw. There are depths to be reached by the yielded life to which the line and plummet of all past experience has never reached; there are continents of undiscovered truth beyond the seas and we would brand with the superstitions of mediaeval ignorance any effort to carve upon the pillars of Hercules, "Ne plus ultra"—there's nothing beyond.

An interesting fact was brought to our notice a few days ago. An astronomer, in making experiments in astral photography, exposed his instrument upon a section of the heavens for a given

time, and found that he had captured twenty-five thousand stars. Then he fixed his instrument in the same section for double the time of the previous test, and he had haltered fifty thousand. Once again he threw open the luring, sensitive plate and waited twice the length of the last experiment, and he had harnessed one hundred thousand of those fiery chargers that run the courses of the plains of night.

To the student of the higher heavens, the Word of God—Moses and the prophets and the psalms, the gospels and the epistles and the apocalypse—become like systems of milky ways of blazing suns, constellations of stars and clustered groups of satellites. The Spirit leads the surrendered life away from the congested conditions at the surface, up from the atmosphere that is densified and darkened by accumulations of paralyzing miasma; away from the confusions and distractions of the multitude; up the mountain-side to the observatory of separation, and as he takes the lowly attitude upon the hilltop with God, he gets the vision glorious through the sky-piercing, far-seeing instrument of faith's mighty telescope, and comes back to the time-serving throng with a prophetic message that makes "both the ears of them that hear it tingle."

A few years ago, there came to our attention an instance that beautifully illustrates the utter inability of even an unfettered imagination to describe the Spirit-illuminated wonders of the inspired Word of God. There lived in the backwoods of Canada, a family in which was a daughter who had suffered



from her childhood a peculiar affection of her eyes, and as a consequence lived in partial blindness for some years—she had never seen the beauty of a cloudless starry night, except as through a glass darkly, by the generosity of the moon, and by child-like faith in song and story. The family knew nothing about the modern methods of alleviating such painful limitations by scientific operations and optical appliances. But the parents were recommended by a sympathizer to seek the ministry of a successful specialist. He prepared the necessary glasses, and the desired effects were a glad reality. During the early part of the night the grateful girl would go out and assume the attitude of a devout and reverent worshipper, and as she fixed her enraptured gaze upon the star-decked crown upon the brow of night, ecstatic ejaculations would burst from her glad heart: "Oh! has it been like this all these years?" So to the eye of the unregenerate heart, the sea of uncreated light that bursts from the Word like blazing systems is but a dome of inky and impenetrable night, and upon the lifeless, sightless eye-ball of the soul that is dead in sin, the ineffable and insufferable light of God seeks in vain to rouse a responding glance of gladness or of gratitude.

And even to the great multitude of Christian people, the Word is but a nebulous mass of grayish, gloomy dawn, through which they grope their way to the City of Light. But to the heart that has received the risen Christ, in the power of the Holy Ghost, the whole orb of truth grows into a temple of transparency, and as he stands in the trans-

figured radiance of the Master's presence he bends back his head and looks up to the heart and thought of God and exclaims: "O the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"



## CHAPTER XI.

## THE MISSION OF MADNESS.

*"The prophet is a fool, the man of the Spirit is mad," Hosea 9 : 7.*

*"And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit," Eph. 5 : 18.*

THE pure heart and fine-tissued spirit recoils at the first sight of the above picture. It offends the finest feelings to see, side by side, in the same text, that which is the source of more crime, more physical wrecks and spiritual ruin for time and eternity, than all other Satanic agencies put together, with the statement of the sublimest truth ever announced by the Great Teacher sent from God. But the nauseating and revolting sensations disappear when we understand the method by which the Master, as well as the apostles and all successful teachers, have communicated their prophetic messages—by striking contrasts, bold figures, vivid pictures, pregnant parables and apocalyptical rhapsodies.

When Jesus wanted to beget in His disciples an enthusiasm and virility in laying hold of a golden opportunity, He told them the story of the unjust steward, who, when he was about to be

deprived of his office and livelihood, resorted to an ingenious device in order to escape the indignity of begging and the infamy of digging, for which his lord commended him. And in our text the Apostle Paul, in writing to the saints at Ephesus, adopted the same method. There was a class of people in that Eastern emporium so dissipated and destroyed by sensual indulgence that their ideal conception of heaven and conditions of bliss was to be in an eternal state of intoxication. Paul seized the opportunity to inspire the people of God to be as absolutely possessed and utterly abandoned to the spiritual exhilaration produced by the Holy Spirit, in the wholly dedicated life, as their self-indulging and sin-indulging fellow-citizens were to all that was unholy and iniquitous. In other words, the fire-tipped, Spirit-inspired pen urged the saints at Ephesus to manifest the same impassioned enthusiasm for God that the inflamed sensualists and profligates did for their father the devil.

Why is it that the most intense and superlative language is used to report the conduct and portray the character of the ungodly? Is it not because they live out with a more intense purpose their constraining impulses than the people of God?—wringing from the heart of a New York clerical reformer the cry: "O that the perseverance of the saints were made of the same stuff as the perseverance of the sinners!" Take for instance, the expression, "abandoned." What is an abandoned character? Is it not one who has abandoned, forsaken and deserted all that is virtuous,

pure and womanly, all that is high, holy and heavenly? And so far as companionship and fellowship are concerned, one from whom all that is God-like and divine has been compelled to withdraw, with the crushing, heart-breaking sorrow of the Savior? When we were a student, we were furnished with one of the most striking incidents illustrative of the extent to which a life may be abandoned to the powers of darkness, a condition that cannot be exaggerated, and that, too, amid the noon-day blaze of Christian civilization, in the heart of a city of colleges and churches.

An unfortunate man was tried for complicity in a case of murder, and in the process of the trial, he gave essentially the following testimony: "I never did a conscious good act in my life, and no ray of spiritual light ever crossed my soul." He had been "shapen in iniquity." He had drawn the sustenance of his infant days from the secretions of a breast that surged with nameless passion. His nursery tales had been the relation of soul-soiling stories. His lullaby had been pestilence-bearing tones, and he had grown up, lived and moved and had his being in the atmosphere of the infernal world.

The Christian life may be abandoned to the service of God with the same undivided purpose, and unfettered intensity, so that it can humbly and yet boldly give a testimony as far removed from the above as the poles of light are from darkness, and heaven from hell. "I never did a conscious wrong act, and between my soul and the Sun of

Righteousness there never intervenes an interrupting cloud."

Again, the Great Artist gives us a still more vivid picture of how a life may be yielded to, and possessed by, powers and personalities outside of itself, and put itself beyond its own control. It is the case of the man possessed of demons, literally demonized. He was so empowered and driven by the indwelling multitude of wicked spirits, that he could not be tamed nor bound, no, not with chains. When the Lord asked him his name, the demons would not permit him to make reply, but their chief answered: "My name is Legion, because we are many." Probably there were six thousand foul spirits crowded into the soul of that unfortunate man. What a storage battery of diabolical force! There was enough Satanic power to drive a whole herd of two thousand swine dashing into a sea of destruction.

Surely the Christ was not indulging in poetic imagery? Nay; but He was wrestling with an awful monster. He was in the throes of a fearful conflict with malignant authority in demon-possessed humanity. The man of Gadara did not possess those fiendish forces, but they possessed him. Our hearts pant and our spirits cry out for the vision glorious of men in the Church of Christ who are thus violently yielded to the unlimited power of the indwelling Trinity, and whose lives are as absolutely controlled as the one thrown upon the canvas by the master-hand of our Lord. Then, and not a moment before, will the God-instituted Church make history worthy of the highest place

in the chronicles of eternity and climax her glorious commission in this sin-stained and sin-crushed world.

Nothing short of abandonment will do. If we had more abandoned saints we would have fewer abandoned sinners. The farther we go from sin, the faster we go for sinners. We cannot touch the sinner savingly from his side of the circle, we must, as to spiritual condition, be as far removed from him as the Christ, that "even as He" we may take the attitude beside and even below the lost soul, and then as the lever in the hands of the Almighty, upon the fulcrum of Spirit-vivified truth, we may be instrumental in lifting the sin-burdened soul from the lowest depths to the securities of the highest heaven.

Aristotle said: "No great genius was ever without some mixture of madness, nor can anything grand or superior to the voice of common mortals be spoken, except by the agitated soul." "There is scarcely a poet, artist, philosopher or man of science mentioned in the history of the human intellect, whose genius was not opposed by parents, guardians, and even teachers. In these cases Nature seemed to have triumphed by direct interposition; to have insisted on her darlings having their rights, and encouraged disobedience, secrecy, falsehood, even flight from home and occasional vagabondism, rather than that the world should lose what it cost her so much pain to produce."

"With consistency a great man has simply nothing to do. A foolish consistency is the hob-

goblin of small minds, poets, philosophers and divines." A red light of danger signal may be opportune in some of the secular departments, but not in the present-day, Laodicean conditions of half-hearted service in the Church of Christ. The pressing need is for an army of revolutionary spirits, to "do something strange and extravagant and break the monotony of a decorous age." Of course such irritants and agitators will be misunderstood, but Copernicus, Galileo, Socrates, the explorers, the inventors, the prophets, all men who have launched advanced truth upon their lagging generation, have been violently misunderstood. The very Christ was most misunderstood of all. "To be great is to misunderstood."

In the life of Dante, we get one of the most superlative illustrations of the torrid temperature for which our temperate age is suffering. He had power to describe the infernal regions because his spirit had descended into the realm of darkness and torment. He had gazed on the awful vision, till, gaunt and emaciated, with eyes as if set in sockets of sorrow, and with heart throbbing with sympathetic suffering, he became the very incarnation of the lost. From time to time, as he passed along his native streets, the very children would point him out to each other and exclaim: "There goes a man who has been in hell."

Give us irritation, sensation if you will, rather than stagnation. Stagnation is the next stage to death and decomposition. It is not the faultily faultless and the icily clean that make history, but the man who is inwardly intoxicated with a con-



suming conviction. For the great explosions and the volcanic eruptions there must be accumulations of heat somewhere; there must be deep deposits of ignited coal at the center. It tosses and torments him like a fiery-hearted monster, then it rushes and pours from him in torrents of truth, and like Rowland Hill, his words come hissing-hot from his soul. And this unfettered earnestness makes plain the ancient superstition of the hunter, that the bullet will surely hit the mark, which is first dipped in the marksman's blood.

If our Christianity is not doing with the truth what the great Head of the Church promised in His farewell addresses, it is not the genuine article. Its creeds are but the husks of a devitalized religiosity. Its gorgeous temples are but the modern catacombs in which lie the cold corpses of ecclesiasticism. Its sermons are but the feeble funeral incantations of the Savior who still lies in Joseph's tomb. Our critical, classical, Christless choirs, with the deceptive cosmetics of culture, are only the perfumed decorations that fail to hide death's monstrous presence. And the heart of the Father cries over the performances and offerings of a mutilated, enervated and emasculated evangelism.

It might be profitable to look at one of the conspicuous evidences of our Lord's unpardonable madness. Surely His conduct was the index of an irresponsible mind. It is found in His behavior towards the leper. The leper is shunned. He is given over to death. He is an outcast. Wherever he goes, he heralds his loathsome presence by the

cry, "Unclean, unclean!" No hand ever bathed his burning brow or gave a cooling cup to his parched lips. He lurked in the dismantled dwellings or hid in the caves or clefts of the rocks. He heard of Jesus. He believed with a hope born of desperation in the divine power of the new Prophet. He trampled the law under his feet and rushes recklessly into the town. The crowd heard his cry, "Unclean, unclean!" They see him come. They flee as if from the breath of a destroying pestilence. He falls at the feet of Jesus, who puts forth His healing, helping hand, saying, "I will; be thou clean." At once the fever falls, and the blood flows. For conduct like this, for offences no greater than wiping away tears of sorrow, or healing the sick, or raising the dead, or forgiving sin, or going about doing good, the bloodhounds from every kennel of hate were put upon His tracks, hunted the Lamb of God and never abated their Satanic rage till they drank the innocent blood. Those who knew Him best and should have shielded Him with maternal sympathy, at first put up with Him, and then with a chilling severity, insinuated that he was irresponsible. Then with wounded pride they went out and laid hold of Him, saying, "He is beside Himself, He is mad."

It is strenuous men, violent men, men who thrust that tell. It is blood earnestness for the salvation of souls that prevails with God and man. It is the constraining consciousness that we are all about to hear the crash of worlds and the crack of doom, that hurls the truth with such tremendous thud, and makes demons fear and sinners fall before

the mercy of God. It is not polished paragraphs, nor astral apostrophes, but incandescent fire, consuming us to ashes, and the phoenix spirit coming up clothed in omnipotence and rejuvenescent with archangel power and Titan forces, to hurl thunderbolts after the cleavage of the irresistible lightning.

When Quebec was to be taken the War Office first sent for the oldest general and asked him what he thought of the project. His reply was that it was impossible. As they went down the sliding scale of army leaders they received the unvarying answer: "difficult," or "impossible." But when they reached Wolfe, he said, with the flash of a victor, "I will do it or die." He did both. He stole up the river. He scaled the heights. He did the difficult. He made possible the "impossible." He struck a blow that changed the geography and destiny of this land, and won the worthy monumental pile of imperial honor and the enviable superscription, "Here Died Wolfe Victorious." What they wanted was a mad man, and he was found in the youngest general.

Mediocrity in the ministry is the curse of our time. Nothing is more despicable in the prophet, and nothing more inconsistent, than cool-head caution. The dying need of our day is inspired madmen, "that means reformers, heroes, saints, martyrs, the men who alone can found spiritual empires," and hasten the day when the internal kingdom, the external kingdom, and the eternal kingdom of God will be a present and visible reality.

It is one of the clear and cogent commands of our Lord that we should be filled with the Spirit. It is not an optional matter, but one of the binding obligations and divinely appointed qualifications, without which no child of God is equipped for life and service for the Master. The Christian who lives a single day without this supernatural possession assumes the unenviable responsibility of meeting at the judgment of Christ a wide field of unfinished work, and sustaining the irrecoverable loss of forfeiting the crown, of forever missing the ecstatic rapture of the "well done." On the other hand the messenger who fulfils the conditions and receives the triune involution of the Christ-invested authority, shall reap a rich harvest of results, and shall go up to the coronation amid the plaudits of the redeemed, to receive a diadem of glory that shall out-dazzle and utterly eclipse the star-decked crown on the brow of night.

Then there flow from the obedient and anointed life, rivers of practical, productive consequences, that bear prodigal freightage of blessing to all the barren wastes and wildernesses through which they flow.

Under these conditions the heart is made glad. They are like unto the "oil of joy and gladness" to the soul, displacing all the burden and every foreign element that generates discomfort and unrest and transforming the soul into a doxology of praises like the twenty-four hallelujahs of the psalmist.

It was our privilege and pleasure to be entertained during a revival campaign in an American

town, in a large sanatorium. The patients who were there for treatment were bound by the strictest curriculum of Medo-Persian rules. It occurred to us that two of those rules ought to be duplicated, enlarged, illumined and placed in conspicuous places all along the corridors of the churches. The suffering patients were strictly prohibited from talking to each other about their diseases and disorders. What Socratic wisdom on the part of the proprietor and superintending medical philosopher! Then, grumblers were not allowed on the grounds at all. What a panacea there is in a life at leisure from itself! What an elixir in the oil of joy and gladness! What an impenetrable coat of mail is found in the joy of the Lord! There is no darkness it cannot dissipate. There is no circumstance it cannot control. There is no sop that it cannot sweeten. There is no hovel of which it cannot make a heaven. And there is no stronghold of Satan's power that the harmony of glad song cannot crush and cause to crumble as if it had received a destructive blow from the offensive projectiles of heaven's artillery.

In such a life the hand is made strong. With all our boasted national and material prestige, with all our colossal civilization, with all our peerless power of intellectual, giant-producing institutions, are we not forced to the confession that the prophetic "iron and clay" characteristics obtain in alarmingly large proportions? In the nerve-destroying rapidity with which all departments of the economic machine is hurrying to annihilate time, multitudes of oppressed and depressed hu-

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manity are living on artificial stimulants. A collapse and crash may be delayed, but it will inevitably come, and disaster will heap its prey along every iron highway and the coast-line of every sea. But the far-seeing, provident love of our Father provided a divine stimulant, the blessed Holy Ghost. The afterwards of all other legitimate as well as illegitimate specifics, is discouraging and disappointing reaction. But the resulting consequences of the supernatural are increasing, rejuvenating, redoubled action. The mind can successfully grapple with the weighty questions of eternal truth with the ease and pleasure with which the philosopher toys with the elements of thought. And the Spirit can unravel the mystery, apprehend absolute truth, walk in companionship with God, and drink at the secret springs of infinite love.

In such a life the evangel is invested with Christ-like courage. Before the Pentecostal baptism, Peter went down in inglorious defeat before the damsel's charge that he had been identified with the captive King. He withered and wilted like Jonah's gourd before the little maid. In the third accusation, that his speech betrayed him into undeniable alliance with the despised Savior, he doffed his uniform and deserted the royal ranks, uttering maledictions of blasphemy against Him whom he had but recently assured that though all men should forsake, he would stand by Him, even to the death. But, after the advent of the Spirit, and the marvelous manifestations in the upper room, Peter, panoplied in the arms of God, stood like the impregnable fortress, and defied all

the hosts of hell to shake his citadel of security. He unsheathed the sword of the Spirit upon the armed opposition till thousands fell in saving surrender to the sovereign sway of Him whom they had crucified, but who was now risen, ascended and seated at the right hand of the throne of God. Again, when Peter and John had been used to terminate the begging career of the cripple at the Beautiful Gate, and had presented him as an ocular demonstration of the power of Jesus to heal and to forgive sins, they were thrown into prison by the hate-blinded ecclesiastics, who were "grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead."

At the trial before those who held the lives of the faithful apostles in their hands, the same Peter, who had failed ignominiously at the last trial, stood forth with the majesty of a king, and, "filled with the Holy Ghost," testified without ambiguity of utterance, that "by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him doth this man stand before you whole." And when they saw the boldness of Peter and John and perceived that they were unlettered and idiotic men, they marveled. They were imprisoned, they were scourged, they were tried, they were threatened, and they were commanded not to speak any more in His name, but they had been transformed from weakness into the spirit of moral almightiness, not by a process of development or spiritual athletics, but by the supernatural indwelling of the Holy Ghost. They had been translated from the impotence of coward-

ice into the omnipotence of Christlike courage, so that before ecclesiastical or imperial authorities that might have inflicted immediate execution, they unitedly gave utterance to the immortal sentence: "For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."





## CHAPTER XII.

## SEPARATION AND SERVICE.

*"Now there were in the Church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas and Simeon, that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the Tetrarch and Saul."*

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THE outpouring of the Spirit of which we have the record in the second chapter of the Acts, was especially the Jewish Pentecost, and Jerusalem was the center from which radiated the supernatural presence. But the ecstasy that fell upon Peter, and the heavenly vision upon the house-top, were the key that opened the flood-gates and turned the mighty currents of the Father's gift upon the Gentile world in the house of Cornelius, through the preaching of Peter. Antioch became the second great center, Gentile Jerusalem, a storage battery of divine power, by which the heart of the Church was moved to give the gospel to the whole world.

What is the Church? What is the business of the Church? The etymology of the word, the literal anatomy of the word "church" is pregnant with the greatest significance. It means "called out." The language becomes meaningless verbi-

age, unless it implies called out from another spiritual company. The Jewish congregation was a select Jewish or judaized company; but the Church of Gentile constituents is a cosmopolitan polygot, a polychromatic collection of consecrated, concentrated Christians. Modern church phraseology is sometimes unfortunate and misleading. We speak of "joining the church," and it is often as purposeless and impotent to stimulate a life of godliness as joining one of the secular societies for mutual benefit among men. In the morning freshness and fervor of the apostolic days, they never "joined the church," and it would be a priceless boon to that sacred institution if candidates for initiation could be dissuaded from such superficial alliances now. They were joined to the Lord and added to the Church. "But he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit"—literally glued to the Lord. Chemists can make a cement that is as strong and secure as the granite of the native rock; but the component parts of the divine glue are made by the supernatural sciences, and it perfects a reunion with the Christ that cannot be dissolved by atmospheric nor diabolical circumstances. The arch fiend never wielded a hammer with sufficient power to dissever a life that is thus joined in one spirit with the "Rock of Ages." The man who is not joined to the Church but to the Lord, and added to the Church, will attend church with religious regularity, worship and work in her ranks, even though the officary be offensive to him. He will not teach and practise monastic separation, but will live the separated life of a sunbeam, amid

malarial surroundings, untarnished by its environments, distilling and disseminating the fragrance of an holy life in all directions.

We know no more dangerous place between the gates of death and the portals of heaven for an unregenerate soul, than to have taken the sleep-producing sop of church membership without the transformation of the new birth. The probabilities are that he will never be awakened from his deception and insecurity till he is roused by the blast of the last trumpet, and called to meet his doom at the "great white throne." Let us picture a case in which a Spirit-filled, prophetic preacher has such a class of influential moralists upon his church roll and pharisaically devoted to all the services and the sacraments of the sanctuary. The faithful minister becomes stirred by the utter godlessness of the multitudes all about him, rushing down the dark, dishonorable road to death. He prepares a burning message on sin and its penalty, and on provisions of pardon. He lies on his study floor all night in Pauline soul-travail, and goes before his congregation as if he had come from the eternal world with the Sinaitic thunderings and cloud-cleaving lightnings of the wrath of God, dissolved in the passion of the dying God-man in Calvary's awful tragedy. The non-professing, ungodly hosts tremble and cry out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" The modern Pharisee listens with a degree of discomfort but supercilious satisfaction that "the sinners" are receiving the cogent, orthodox treatment they so richly deserve. During the subsequent week, the same anointed pastor

becomes more intensely stirred, as he witnesses the prevailing carnality and flagrant inconsistencies of those whose names indignify, dishonor and disgrace the uniform of the Church militant. He spends a night, like his Lord, on the mount with God, and on the succeeding Lord's Day, robed as Moses was, with the radiance of that shekinah glory, proclaims the power of the Holy Ghost to separate, to sanctify, to purify, and qualify the people of God, to reproduce the life of Christ among men. And again the unregenerate formalist assumes an attitude as void of responsive expression as a marble statue. He is as unmoved by the searching, stimulating truth as if the impassioned prophet were speaking in a foreign tongue.

The profound though rustic philosophy of the farmer sounds the dizzy depths of this important truth. He does not put the grain into the barn to save it, but to preserve it. He is taught by some expensive experiences that to put a load of unthreshed grain into the barn before it is properly saved, especially if it is to take a place in the bottom of the mow, to be under the pressure of great tonnage, will cause it to heat and ferment, and not only waste itself, but may produce disturbing elements that will render the whole mass unfit for food. But when it is properly saved by the harvest sun, it may be put into the hidden and hard place. It will cause no trouble and sustain no harm. When the threshing-time arrives it will turn out into the rich golden grain, to be separated and stored in the granary, or placed in the elevator to await the cars of commerce, to

transfer it to supply the        ets and satisfy the demands of natural life.

It is a momentous fact, from which the Church has learned many painful and profitable lessons, that troublous times are unavoidably in store for the congregation into whose midst is thrust a man who has not been thoroughly saved by the Sun of Righteousness. Put him into a place of authority and especially at the bottom, out of sight, under pressure, and to his selfish, ambitious heart the inconspicuous position will become provocation. Fermentation will ultimately manifest itself and a condition of endless disturbance will obtain. But if, like the ripening grain, we let him be cut by the Spirit-wielded sickle of sin-exposing conviction, if we let the faithful witness lay bare the secrets of the heart and let the Sun of Righteousness complete the work, we may let him be preserved in the Church, separated from the straw and the chaff of sin and self, and the life blessed, broken and multiplied by Christ, may be elevated for transshipment, to be reproduced in broad fields of heavenly influences, to satisfy the dying cry of the world's need.

The business of the Church is identical with that of her Lord. Early in life He gave the proclamation to all time: "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" After the United States had declared war against Spanish oppression and cruelty, the government sent a message to the hero of Manilla—"Find and destroy the Spanish fleet of the Pacific." To say nothing about the folly and national inconsistency of forming alliances for

pleasure and amusement, for which the whole squadron would have been recalled, stripped of their uniform, dismissed from the ranks and banished into despicable oblivion, had Admiral Dewey overpowered and brought to penal captivity in the nation's harbor a whole Spanish armada, he would have as unpardonably disobeyed his high orders as if he had played into the enemy's hands, and surrendered the American fleet without a dissenting voice or resisting blow from the eagle's wing. Had he behaved thus, there would have been no triumphal pageantry, no Dewey's Memorial Arch, and one less American hero in the niches of fame. In like manner the righteous government of a holy God has proclaimed war against Satan and all his unholy and infernal alliances; and as Schaff the historian says, "the Church militant must from its very nature be at perpetual war with the world, the flesh and the devil, both within and without."

But in many parts of the battlefield the Church is wooing the world and the world is weakening the Church. Many of the ambassadors are catering to the enemy instead of courageously commanding the army to conflict and conquest.

The true, the separated Church, will spontaneously produce the separated and spirit-equipped commissioners. As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, "Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the word whereunto I have called them." It is exceedingly interesting to follow the prepositional progress in the three-phased separation in the life of the great apostle. The word translated separated, means, "from the hori-

zon." The higher we rise from a given point on the horizon, the wider our outlook and range of vision becomes. We saw the sun setting three times during one night. We had gone out from the town one evening and were sitting on the slope of a mountain when the sun disappeared behind its summit. Running up several rods, we again saw the king of day curtailed in the robes of night. Once more we ran faster and farther up towards the towering top, and for a third time beheld the vesture of the forest-clothed mountain folding the evening vail about the face of the retiring sun. If we had been provided with altitude enough and had been energized with sufficient strength and speed, the sun would never have gone down. Paul was separated from his Jewish maternity that God might reveal His Son in him, which was "the mystery that was hidden from ages and from generations." Coming up out of the traditional darkness and superstitious religiosity, he must have had a new and a larger horizon, that might be a fitting synonym of the first heaven. Then he was separated to the apostolate and so raised to the highest dignity bestowed upon the eye-witnesses of our Lord's resurrection. Then his horizon was larger. His altitude greater and his position nearer the heart-center of all spiritual systems. Is not this the second heaven? Separation from the world and separation to a life of service for God, imply candidature for the divine involution of the Trinity. It is the God-prescribed qualification for the reception of the commission implied in separation for the work the risen Christ commands. This must have

been the vantage ground of the third heaven. It is very significant that about the time the translated apostle was having the unutterable and indescribable "visions and revelations of the Lord" in paradise, the Holy Spirit was enlarging the heart and pressing the Antiochan church to separate and set apart Paul and Barnabas for the greatest and noblest contract of the ages—the evangelization of the heathen world. Paul saw the world from the heart of the risen Christ. He saw the mighty forces behind the throne; and he went forth to do, and dare, and die, like his Lord.

They were Spirit-sent, and departed unto Seleucia; and from thence they sailed to Cyprus. The Spirit-sent messenger cannot be defeated. He goes with a fiery-hearted, wing-footed, thunder-toned thud. Through those two anointed evangelists the two great cities of Cyprus are shaken. Then they speed across to the mainland, pressing their way to Antioch in Pisidia. They find themselves in the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and "after the reading of the law" an opportunity is afforded the strangers which Paul immediately embraces.

There are three great sermons reported in the Acts of the Apostles. Peter's famous sermon is found in the second chapter. It swept the oak-tissued, iron-sinewed Jew before the gospel of the resurrection. Stephen's sermon, found in the seventh chapter, cut his audience to the heart. It exposed the hypocrisies of the hearers and gave the Church her first martyr. Then Paul's sermon is recorded, in this the thirteenth chapter. All



three of them notoriously violate the laws of homiletics and scientific sermonizing; but all three were empowered, endynamited, by the Holy Spirit, and, as a logical consequence, resulted in revolutionary and transformatory convulsions. For the next Sabbath day almost the whole city came together to hear the Word of God. The Spirit stirred the whole city and multitudes of the Gentile citizens believed on the Lord Jesus. Then Satan stirred and incited the devout Jews and the honorable women to deeds of inhuman violence; but the Holy Spirit supported and stimulated Paul and Barnabas as with a draught from the fountains of eternal truth, "and the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost."

After the first Church council had settled the heresies of the circumcising teachers, and Paul and his companion had presented their cheering report of glorious victories among the heathen in their first missionary tour, the heart of the pioneer explorer burned to visit once more those scenes of spiritual transformation. But the plan of the Great Missionary Founder is that nobody should have a second opportunity to hear the gospel till every creature has had one. This gracious purpose is clearly evidenced by His treatment of Paul and His divine direction during the second journey. He permitted the apostle with his party to continue the former route till a continuance therein would be divergence from His program for the world. One after another the superintending Spirit closed the doors and constrained the quartette of missionaries into the historic Troy.

As Paul stood in the night, probably looking out over the moonlit waves above the sobbing of the sea, louder than the wail of the homeless wind, he saw the Macedonian and heard the cry: "Come over into Macedonia and help us." It was the cry of Europe. It was the cry of Africa. It was the cry of the Americas. It was the heart cry from the coming multitudes of the two millenniums—"Help! help!" And after he had seen the vision immediately they endeavored to go. How literally and sublimely beautiful! "Sought to go." It was not an effort. The constraining passion of the great heart to preach the gospel in the regions beyond swept the first missionary to Europe with the consuming enthusiasm that always characterized his ministry.

One is prone to soliloquize concerning the conditions that would have resulted had Paul not implicitly obeyed the vision and entered that door of dignity. The Columbian Exposition might have immortalized the mechanical, moral and spiritual progress of India and the East, and been held in Calcutta. The Pan-American might have adorned an electrical metropolis in the African Soudan. The Glasgow Exhibition might have graced Peking, and our boasted Christian civilization might have robed lands now pagan and heathen. The writer, as well as his readers, might be dressed in the untanned coverings of wild animals, and might have been sitting in the shadow of death, in this the morning of this our crisis century, waiting with an ineradicable longing for some light-winged messenger of life and love.

Like the healthy action of the heart in the human body, the first propulsive throb of the Antiochan church sent Paul and Barnabas to Cyprus and Asia. After these had exhausted their mental and spiritual force, they returned to recount and relate their wonderful story. Then the heart of the home church grew, and with impassioned, divine impulse, sent Paul and Silas to Troas and then to Europe. A mightier manifestation of supernatural power rooted the new faith of Christianity in the virgin soil of another continent; and then once more they return to inspire the Church with the story of the progress of the everlasting gospel. Then, the heart of the Church grew and expanded with passion, till it took in the whole world; and through the heart of Paul it yearned to reach Rome and the cold, dead extremities of the then-known world—thus there was another great Christ-like heart-beat; and Paul is thrust upon the streets of the imperial city, the capital of a world-wide empire. An additional impassioned throb carried him to Spain, and probably to England; and as the Spirit-filled Presbyterian minister said while giving a soul-stirring missionary address: "If Paul could have evaded the martyr's fate a little longer, in another missionary tour he would have crossed the Atlantic, as he did the Aegean Sea, and discovering America, he would have planted the glorious Gospel of the grace of God amid the wilds of the new world and thus have laid the evangelized earth as a tribute at the feet of his Master before the close of his peerless missionary career."



## CHAPTER XIII.

WISDOM VERSUS WISDOM.

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THE section of truth contained in the closing verses of the first chapter of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians and the whole of the second chapter, project the profoundest proposition, and the most intricate and conclusive arguments in all the writings of the peerless apostle. It must be transparent to the student of this sublime scripture that Paul had Plato and Platonic philosophy in his mind.

Farrar says there is an infinite gulf between the teacher of Athens, the philosophers of Greece, and the Son of God, between that divine Plato of Arnobius, the Plato of whom Clement said that he touched the very gates of truth, and the Plato whom Jerome carried under his hermit mantle and Augustine under his bishop's robes. Coleridge said that Plato was a plank from the wreck of Paradise cast upon the shores of idolatrous Greece. When we contrast the brilliants of the ancients or moderns with Christ, "over the graves of all the philosophers," and around the monuments of all their glory, the unstopped ear can hear the sigh of the sobbing winds, voicing with thundering tones the veracity

of the inspired Word: "The world by wisdom knew not God."

"The Buddha was a prince, wealthy, beautiful and strong; Confucius was a descendant of nobles and a counsellor of kings; and Plato so towered above them both that from their loftiest pedestal they could only reach to lay their garlands of admiration at his feet;" but Paul so transcended the giant Greek, that he would have required a step-ladder to tie the apostle's sandals. Wisdom was the key that unlocked the Parthenons of Plato's philosophy. It was the plasm from which evolved the Colossus of classic civilization, and out of its magic stones the philosopher built the tripod upon which Grecian glory thought to defy the disintegrating agencies of chemical change, and to resist the death-dealing virus of the tooth of time. Plato's wisdom was impersonal. It could do good, but was absolutely impotent to make society essentially good. It mistook superstructural architecture and gorgeous ornamentation for the solid substructural, lapidary foundations, which alone can bear the tonnage of immortal destiny.

The true, the beautiful and the good, index the sublimest constituents in the character-building of individuals and nations. But as a basis of security against the descending rain and merciless storm, they are as helpless and as hopeless as the foolish foundation portrayed by the Master Himself. Cain's offering of Edenic fruit was just as true, it was incomparably more beautiful, and intrinsically just as good, as was the bleeding lamb of Abel's sacrifice. But Cain ignored and despised

the God-appointed basis of the blood, which means the recognition of death and the reception of life through the substitution of another.

In writing to the Greek mind, Paul drew a picture of bold and striking contrast with the masterpiece of Plato's genius. He indulges in a dialogue with the Corinthians. You have a wisdom. It may have come down from Jupiter. It raised a race of untamed barbarians to a colony of philosophers, painters, poets, orators, soldiers and statesmen, that have given to the world monumental history. But Greece, with Rome and Babylon and Egypt, has gone down under the accumulating weight of her own Christless civilization. We have a wisdom—ours is a person. Your wisdom is historic; ours is immemorial. 'When there was no depth, I was brought forth.' Before creation's morning, 'Then I was with Him, as one brought up with Him, and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him.' Your wisdom is a cult; ours is the Christ, who came from the heart of Jehovah and sprang from Him like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. Yours is true; ours is the Truth. You have a tripod; so have we. It is not the true, the beautiful and the good, but Christ Jesus, who is made unto us the wisdom from God, indexed by righteousness, sanctification and redemption. These are the foundations upon which the Church is being built. It may be deluged again and again by the demon-lashed decumen billow. The forces of Satanic seas may exhaust their hellish hate against her eternal walls, but like the rock-formed coast, she shall hurl them back into the impotence of silvery spray.

for "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

Christ is made unto us righteousness. Righteousness is a divine benefit that must be accepted by the sinner and appropriated by an act of faith. No man will be able to stand approved for a moment before God the righteous Judge, who is not as righteous as He. Christ became the righteousness of God to us that He might become our righteousness to God. There was a point of time in the atoning sacrifice of our Savior, when our sin was not only imputed and imparted to Him, but when—awful mystery—He became sin, He took the sinner's sin and uttered the condemned sinner's cry: "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" And so His righteousness may be imputed and imparted to us. Infinitely more, His righteousness may be ~~an~~ to us that our sin was to Him, and thus by His grace we may stand justified before God at that great day, as righteous as He.

There are some respects in which we shall never, in all the ages, attain unto the likeness of the Godhead. We shall ever be approaching the appallingly far and the appealing possible altitudes of the Deity. Yet, with divine and stimulating provocation, He shall ever recede from our attainment of the absolute. But there is at least one attribute of the Godhead in which the humblest believer in Jesus Christ is absolutely perfected. He may be as righteous as He. There can be no progressive sliding scale in our relations to the righteousness of God. Our standing before God must, once for all, be irreversibly fixed, consequently our security



in Christ is as impregnable and invulnerable as the triple-walled citadel of the Deity. The new birth and all the purifying and ennobling graces of a holy life do not give us a right to the heavenly inheritance of eternal life; they fit us for the holy and sinless environments, without which it would be a constitutional impossibility for us to remain in that supernatural world. But the basis, the alpha and omega of our right to eternal life, is the imputed and imparted righteousness of God in Christ Jesus, accepted and appropriated by faith in the atoning Savior, which for all time, and through all eternity, settles the penalty of sin. The same Jesus is made unto us sanctification, which secures for us a healthy and a holy state in Christ, not an attainment but the obtainment of the risen Christ, breaking the power of sin in the life, qualifying and empowering the Christian for service and sacrifice like Christ. And Jesus is made unto us redemption. These three great foundation facts, these essential principles of the Christian life, coexist and co-operate. They are vitally and mutually dependent upon each other. Sanctification and redemption are cut flowers that wither in the scorching testings apart from righteousness; but organically inter-penetrating the rocky foundations of righteousness, they spring up and bear imperishable fruitage. Subtract sanctification from righteousness and it becomes mere vigor, "conduct too inflexible to be living, justice too severe to be just." Subtract righteousness from sanctification and it withers and fades in the blistering temperatures of trial. It becomes mere sentimentalism and pitiable weakness. Sanc-

tification makes righteousness active and helpful. Righteousness makes sanctification beneficent while it is also benevolent. Redemption will culminate the completed salvation in the resurrection and transformation of our bodies of humiliation "like unto His glorious body," and translate the Church to her purchased possessions as a co-reigning sovereign with the crowned Prince of Peace.

To attempt to comprehend the truth contained in the second chapter without a clear grasp of the Platonic and Pauline wisdoms, is to wander helplessly through inextricable mazes and tortuous labyrinths; but with the two wisdoms running side by side, like rails on a railway, the Spirit will lead us through the deepest truths ever given to the inspired pen by the divine Spirit, "And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." As we leap like a deep-sea diver into the abyss of truth from the sixth verse, we need to keep our two great antecedent wisdoms distinctly separate and follow closely our unerring and untiring Guide.

As the controversy intensifies, we are suddenly precipitated upon a bloody battlefield. The wisdom from below and the wisdom from above, as mighty commanders, followed by battalions of spirits, advance upon each other, like the panoplied forces of two great armies, until the interested observer fancies he hears the clash of arms, the execution of cannonry and the crash of war. The

wisdom of this world can be fathomed and understood by the man of scholastic skill, but the heavenly or hidden wisdom can only be understood and apprehended by a holy life and a pure heart. "Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect. But this word "perfect" is like a blood-tingling provocative signal of war to many of the professional people of God. When we read its definition in Hebrews: "Strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age"—literally perfect—it becomes a term indicative of an enviable and attainable condition in this life. "Which none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known it they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. But as it is written, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

No text in the sacred Scriptures has suffered more from its friends, by false interpretation and application, than the above. It is not infrequently taken as a germinal text from which to evolve funeral sermons, and not uncommonly transformed into the brush and pigments with which the clerical artist throws upon the black cloud the rainbow of promise and with which he paints the New Jerusalem and home of the soul in all its enrapturing splendor. The authoress of "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy," falling into the error of which our peerless homiletical professor so emphatically guarded us, that of dissociating the text from its context, translated the present and possible wealth of this voluminous text into the

glories of the Spirit world. The boy stormed his mother with questions: "Is it far away in some region old, where rivers flow over sands of gold?" "Not there, not there, my child," was her unsatisfactory, because unscriptural, reply. "Is it where the feathery palm trees rise and the dates grow ripe under sunny skies?" was the importunate cry of the hungry heart of the youth, whom all the confectioners, upholsterers and finance ministers can never satisfy. "Shall we not seek it and weep no more?" came like the heartache of a homesick soul, and "It is beyond the grave and beyond the tomb, It is there, it is there, my child," is offered as a cordial to soothe the spirit in its deepest cravings for that which the father-heart of God has made abundant provision in our earth-bound conditions.

If the devoted and sincere mother-heart had but caught a glimpse of the following verse, she would have understood that the "eye" that hath not seen, is the eye of the princes, the philosophers of the earthly wisdom, the unregenerate, the cruel religionists, who perpetrated the most diabolical tragedy of all time, the crucifixion of "the Lord of glory." "But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." It is not beyond the power of imagination to conceive that the most microscopic forms of animal life may have some method of communicating their very limited intelligence to each other. All the way up the age-long course of development and ever-widening differences, the capacities increase and

means of interchanging feelings multiply till we reach the highest orders of the lower animals, that in many respects surpass even man. But we might as consistently expect a bat to understand optics, an owl to teach botany, and an ancestral tadpole to grapple with the truths of theology, as to express a hope that they should sit in counsel with man and comprehend the problems that are but toys to the human spirit. "For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so, the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God." "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given us of God. He that is spiritual discerneth all things, yet he himself is discerned of no man." The "natural man" is literally the psychical man.

We are all ready to admit that the man who lives exclusively in the physical, the sensuous, that the sensual man cannot respond to and enjoy the edifying and transforming beauties and luxuries of spiritual truth. But Paul, by the authority and inspiration of the Holy Ghost, emphatically excludes the brilliantly educated and highly polished psychologist, or philosopher, because of a constitutional impossibility, from access to the temple of supernatural truth. We stand with breathless wonder in these days of mechanical and material progress, at the superlative degrees of perfec-

tion to which the purely materialistic mechanics have attained. But to them there is an unknown and unknowable sea. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther. Here shall thy proud waves be stayed," presents an insurmountable barrier. Then the adventurous explorer, launched upon the forces of God, piloted with microscopic and telescopic genius, discovers new hemispheres of psychical phenomena. When his vision falls upon the horizon and is arrested by limitations of the most myriad-minded giant of the philosophers, the proud human heart and carnal mind carve "Ne plus ultra"—there is nothing beyond—upon the pillars of Hercules.

But beyond the limits of human wisdom, beyond the sweep of human vision, beyond the grasp of human reason, there lies a realm awaiting the Spirit-filled life, and wooing with passionate ardor the supernatural adventurer. After six milleniums we have little more than skirted its shores and a few daring spirits, with mystic imaginings, have ventured a little inland. It is the new world, only bounded by the exceeding great and precious promises of God and the boundless seas of the infinite, of which Canaan was but a feeble type. The expression of Joshua, that "there is yet much land to be possessed," is but a prophetic picture of spiritual conditions. There are rivers to be explored and mountains to be scaled. There are forests to be transformed into fruitful plains and mineral wealth to be moulded into the glittering currency of golden commerce. There are peoples to be conquered, and vast empires to be born.

There are civilizations to be developed, and monuments to be built that shall radiate the rays of an unsetting sun. And there are volumes of flaming history to be written with fire-tipped pens that we shall read with apocalyptical rapture in the chronicles of eternity.

Could some archangel divinity transform and translate us into a master of the ancient classics, how we would revel in the productions of those men of creative genius, and seizing the brush of the inimitable artists, we would mesmerize the world with paintings of incarnate spirits. But the ordinary multitudes are dependent upon imperfect translations and chromatic reproductions. The Word of God has never been translated. The letter of the Word submits to the law of literary translation. The psychical elements of the Word dissolve in the same agencies as those of secular literature, but the best scholarships our age has produced have but succeeded in transliterating the hidden language of the Book. The method adopted by its divine Author is to translate the reader, that he may peruse the sacred volume in the mother tongue of the Spirit.

The reverent heart must always be arrested with the hush of heaven as it ventures to voice the last sentence of this pregnant chapter. "But we have the mind of Christ." We may not be great preachers, but we may be the voice of the Great Preacher, who moved the multitudes and "spake as never man spake." Ours may be very ordinary minds. The avenues of outlet may be so contracted that the stupendous issues of eternal truth

tumble and toss like volcanic fire, vainly attempting to utter the unutterable. But we may have the mind that first broke the silence of the eternal past, and voiced the plans and purposes of God in creation and redemption.

We may receive the mind that gave the architectural plan of the material universe. We may become the temple and habitation of Him who conferred with God in the beginning and conceived the atonement. We may experience the paradox of Him who bled upon the sacrificial altar, before the foundations of creation were laid, without which sweeping systems could not consist. We may have the mind of Him who climaxed the salvation of the race amid the awful convulsions of Calvary. Thrice blessed be God! we may have as the alpha and omega of our being, Him whose nature and name shall be the science and the song of the eternities.





## CHAPTER XIV.

## EMBLEMS OF THE SPIRIT.

*"I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire."*

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**S**PEAKING after the manner of men, all through the Old Testament dispensation we find the father-heart of God longing with a paternal cry to reveal Himself to the minds and hearts of His people. The streams of flowing blood from numberless birds and beasts in endless sacrifices, ministering priests and mediating prophets, but feebly expressed the purpose of His heart. But in the fulness of time, He sent forth His Son, the express image of His person, and the outshining of His face, to tabernacle with men and touch hearts with their deepest needs. And yet God manifest in the flesh found even His disciples practically impervious to the purposes and conceptions He wished to communicate. They were self-centered and consistently human. The God-man sought, with sublime simplicity, to manifest Himself to them, but when He spoke of "heaven," they thought He was reproving them for not having brought a bread supply. When He spoke of the

temple, they interpreted Him as intimating the destruction of the historic building. His life to them was an indefinable riddle, until after the Spirit came; and then we find the transparent expression, "This is what He meant while He was yet with us."

It is impossible to understand Jesus from the physical touch, or through the psychical faculties; He must be apprehended through the supernatural senses, imparted by the personal Holy Ghost in the human mind. Christ is the revelation of God to man, and the Holy Spirit is the manifestation of the revelation in man. And in order that the divine mind might make the conception concrete, He used certain emblems, with which even a child is familiar, but emblems in whose forces there are depths that might profitably engage the most cunning of the scientists, the profoundest of the philosophers, and the most ardent and aspiring of the saints. It is with those ordinary yet extraordinary emblems, that we now have the enviable honor of an extended audience.

"THE WIND bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit." There is no text in all the range of revelation that is more frequently quoted with literal accuracy and at the same time with absurd and inaccurate interpretation, than the one here quoted. It is quoted with a triumphant intonation, to prove that assurance of salvation in this life is impossible, or that such profession is the evidence of pharisaic presumption.

The true scriptural thought of the Spirit is the very opposite. There are mysteries and unmastered secrets in the modes of atmospheric operation, but the sovereign exhibitions of the wind are as plain and sensible as any fact in human ken. Ask the school-boy to explain the wind and he will look at you with the expression of astonished interrogation; but dare to hint that he never experienced its freaks and knows nothing about its forces, and an expression of ridicule if not of pity will strongly indicate the youth's suspicion of his questioner's sanity.

We all bow reverently before the fact that there are unfathomed mysteries in generation. In college days, the first dogma in the natural sciences was: "Protoplasm is the physical basis of natural life." The definition must necessarily be less than the thing defined. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." And He was from the beginning. He alone stood in the laboratory of the beginning and saw life springing from the fiat of the Eternal. But the fact of life is no mystery. It is intellectual dishonesty to deny it, and it is philosophical treason to ignore it. At this spring-time season, the silent eloquence of nature's annual resurrection, bursting the tomb of winter and loading the fields and forests with prodigal vegetation, forbids the possibility of a doubt. The endless stream of boys and girls gambolling like lambs upon the green, and the throbbing multitudes pressing time itself in the fevered rush, proclaim that life is an intense and superlative reality.

Regeneration is a mystery into which the un-fallen intelligences may search with unutterable wonder, but the fact need not be in the slightest degree clothed even in the most vapory texture of insecurity. The regeneration of the human soul is an event of such tremendous moment, that three worlds take cognizance and become participants in the deepest interest. The arch-destroyer has lost a soul and all the hadæan realms of fallen spirits are draped in gloom and malignant mourning. Angelic choristers, robed in garments of praise, "rejoice over one sinner that repenteth." And should not the heart in which the "new creation" has sprung into being, be conscious and sensible that an epoch-making occasion has obtained, translating the soul from death to life, from darkness to light and from the power of sin and Satan unto God?

The Spirit may enter the soul upon the velvet footfall of the noiseless air; He may come like the soft wing of the gentlest zephyr; He may come like the buoyant step of youth in the hurrying gale; He may herald His arrival in the princely pageantry of the storm, displaying His sovereign sway in the heart, or He may burst upon the scene like the angry tornado, sweeping the whole face of creation with the blast of divine dignity. But fulfil the conditions and come He assuredly will; and He will manifest His saving grace and sanctifying power.

THE FIRE is another of the emblems he employs. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Fire has a cleansing, illuminating and

energizing ministry. A little reflection upon one of the Creator's magazines of fire and force in the center of our solar system fills us with indescribable awe. There are eruptions in the sun that send up geysers of glowing flame two hundred and eighty thousand miles, forty times the diameter of our earth. There are cyclonic storms in the sun that travel one hundred miles a second. Such storms of fire coming down upon our world from the north, would, in thirty seconds after they had crossed the St. Lawrence, be in the Gulf of Mexico, carrying with them the whole surface of the continent in a mass of scorching vapor. The sun could melt two hundred and eighty-seven millions of cubic miles of ice in a second without diminishing its heat.

What magazines of power sweep in stars and suns and systems in the planispheres of the infinite deep! And yet they but emblemize and feebly express the infinitude of power with which the soul may be invested when indwelt by the Holy Ghost.

Fire dissolves the difficulties and offers a solution to all the intricate issues with which the Church has had to do in her eventful history. This thought is vividly illustrated by a picture from the art gallery of Reformation history. The reformers gave an entertainment demonstrating the folly of all measures to settle the stupendous differences between the papal and Protestant parties, except those of consuming separation. A masked character came in with two bundles of kindling wood, and laid them upon the hearth. One bundle was

of straight sticks, and the others were most crooked and gnarly. As he retired, they saw "John Reuchlin," was placarded upon his back. Then came a second person, who unsuccessfully toiled and labored to produce a harmony of position between the two bundles. He retired in defeat, and they saw the name "Erasmus" on his back. Next, an energetic enthusiast came rushing in, carrying a brazier of living coals, which he poured upon the sticks, transforming them into a mass of living flame. He represented "Luther." It was the fire. Then came a grand personage, who endeavored to put out the fire with a sword; but inglorious defeat attended his efforts. Lastly, one robed in all the royal prestige of Roman authority came in, and all the wrath of the papal see tried in vain to blow the fire out. Seeing a couple of vessels near by, and supposing them to be filled with water, the Pope seized one in his frenzy. It proved to be full of oil. He dashed it upon the flame to extinguish it, but he merely added fuel to the fury of his own impassioned foe. So there is no power diabolical, human or angelic, that can possibly extinguish the fiery baptism that lays hold of the soul that has been baptized by the Lord Jesus into the power of the Holy Ghost.

THE WATER is a third emblem which Jesus employs to illustrate the influence of the Spirit. Jesus had been in Jerusalem at the feast. The throng had grown day by day, till the company had assumed gigantic proportions. The sick, the sorrowful and the weary, the hungry and the

thirsty, were there, and on the "last great day of the feast Jesus stood and cried, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst, for out of his inmost being shall flow rivers of living water;' this spake He of the Spirit which they that believe on Him were to receive."

After Christ's glorification and the prophetic descent of the Holy Ghost, the human soul becomes the subordinate source from which the Spirit sends forth the streams of life-producing benefactions to all the world. The Christian is no longer a consuming receptacle of the Spirit's power, but becomes a flowing river, an outgoing highway of spiritual commerce, bearing joy and gladness all along its overflowing banks, spreading fertility and tropical fruitage and making the desert to blossom as the rose. The measurement of such a life recalls the river of Ezekiel's vision, whose initial outflow moistened only the soles of the feet and reached to the ankles. This typified the mystery of faith, whose first manifestation is in the feet, in the act of stepping upon the unseen. Then it reached to the knees, betokening the attitude of prayer; then it reached to the loins, the entrance to the deep, where souls begin to feel the buoyancy of the waters; and lastly, the progressing spirit, going and growing, finds a river to swim in, where the soul, weary of elemental faith, and the tiresome, transitional wading experiences throws itself upon the bosom of the generous waters, and without an effort save trustful surrender, and is borne by the tide up and on, and





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by the frictionless motion of the heaven-drawn current, is borne to the ocean of infinite love.

Another symbol employed to give us a clearer conception of the workings of His Spirit is THE OIL. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor." is a part of the scripture that Jesus read as referring to Himself, at the opening of His ministry. The oil was an important element in all the ceremonial observances of the Old Testament economy. In the healing of the sick, in the dedication of ecclesiastical officials, in the coronation of regal executives, and the installation into the prophetic succession, oil was the symbol and seal of authority.

We may be educated according to the highest curriculum of the colleges. We may be worthily dignified with the exhaustive scholarships of seminaries. We may be appointed to offices of trust and called to preach the gospel to large congregations of brilliant auditors. But not until we have been and are anointed with the Holy Ghost, have we the first qualification and equipment of the God-sent messenger of the everlasting gospel. It is not endowment, but enduement, it is not fuel, but fire, that is needed in these tremendous times. The late Dr. Gordon, the Baptist McCheyne, has given a picturesque presentation of the features we wish to impress upon the readers of these pages. Once, when in London, the seraphic Gordon spent a Sunday listening to three divines, whose names he courteously withheld. The preacher of the morning was warm indeed; the temperature was

torrid, but the American auditor described him as a fire of shavings. The preacher of the afternoon was a massive-mind encyclopedia, with arguments both cogent and conclusive; but the sermon was like a dissertation of Alpine glaciers. The whole service gave him a series of Arctic, shivering sensations. The morning enthusiast was fire without fuel, the declaimer of the afternoon was fuel without fire. But in the evening he found himself listening intensely to one who was as brilliant a scholar as that of the afternoon, and yet aglow in the burning passion of the flaming evangel of the morning. In other words, he was fuel on fire. Could some promethean prophet but invade our schools, our colleges, our seminaries, and kindle those repositories of learning with the sacred fire of the seraphim, like freshets of fire and overflowing rivers of irresistible might, they would sweep all lands with the gospel of the kingdom, before the sun rose upon another generation.

And lastly we have THE DOVE as an emblem of the Holy Spirit. After the baptism of our Lord we read, "And lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon Him." The dove in its nature, being gentle, peaceable and pure, is diametrically opposite to the raven, which is harsh, restless and unclean. In the days when the lone craft of Noah was drifting upon the wide, wild, weltering waste of penal waters and the patriarchal mariner was wistfully waiting and watching for land, he sent forth a raven who wandered to and fro, but never returned. When weary with its aim-

less flight, doubtless it lighted upon the lifeless forms of those who had rejected the ark, the only physical salvation of that doomed world. But when Noah sent forth the dove it returned in the evening, because it found no kindred spot whereon to rest. After seven days the faithful bird was again dismissed, and this time it returned with the olive leaf, the token of returning hope. Again, after another interval of a week, the dove departed to return no more, for now she could rest and reproduce in her native olive groves.

During the ante-Christian dispensation, we never find the Holy Spirit, the Heavenly Dove, making his abode with men. Like the historic bird, He swept down from the throne, and here and there touched a towering life, whose spirit reached, pressed up through the chaotic waste, with sufficient altitude to attract attention and offer an opportunity for the Spirit to anoint for special service. But He did not abide in any character, till He found the Christ, the True Olive. "Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on Him, the same is He which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." The Spirit will not dwell in the corrupt, chaotic, or carnal life. He performs the most gracious services for the soul in sin. He executes much work for God with the carnal Christian; but in the life of the regenerated and dedicated heart which is "made partaker of the divine nature," and is indwelt by the risen Christ, He exercises the power of all authority. He makes the character and the conduct of the Christian,

"even as He"—a thoroughly articulated member of the supernatural body, completely furnished so that the divine Head can manifest the mysterious purposes of God and ultimately consummate the redemption of the world.

The Spirit brooded like a dove,  
O'er nature's awful night;  
And Chaos into Cosmos turned,  
With systems shining bright.

The dove o'er desolation flew,  
But vain was all her quest,  
For on the storm-tossed sea of life,  
She nowhere found to rest.

Yet, once again, with tidings grand,  
She came with hope's relief—  
The soft-winged messenger of peace—  
With fresh-plucked olive leaf.

The dove within the olive dwells,  
Where plenteous fruitage grows,  
Fit emblem of the heavenly groves,  
Where life's pure river flows.

The dove's the gentlest of the birds,  
She ranks above them all;  
And though she flies so very high,  
She flies without a gall.

The dove upon the Savior came,  
By Jordan's flowing tide;  
To dwell forever with the Lord,  
And in His Church abide.

The dove-like Spirit lifts the soul,  
To worlds of light above,  
And makes this earth of sin and pain,  
A summer land of love.

The Dove begets within the heart  
Those songsters pure and bright;  
And sends them flying round the world,  
Like messengers of light.

Some day the heavenly Dove shall bear  
The glorious Church away;  
To live and love with Christ her Lord,  
In realms of endless day.



## CHAPTER XV.

## THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

*"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."*

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THE majority of those who quote this portion of Scripture invariably say the *fruits* of the Spirit, thus conveying to our minds a false conception of the whole truth. Such a reading carries with it the idea that the enumerated graces are individual fruits, and that the sum total makes the divine cluster. The erratic idea is expressed that as fruit like the orange has sections, so the fruits of the Spirit are made up of the above beatitudes.

There is indeed the idea of plurality in the expression used, "the fruit of the Spirit," but is it not rather the fact, that love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, are rather the chemical constituents and are in due proportion in each section of the fruit, and thus in the apple of love, if it should have defined sections, each section will have the nine ingredients, and the whole apple made up of each section multiplied by the total number of parts? This overthrows the notion

that the Spirit-filled life can be possessed of a portion of the benefits, and enforces the truth that such a life is the embodiment of the full-orbed fruitage of the Spirit.

There is a world-wide difference between getting and growing the fruit. In these days of rapid transit and scientific storage, the products of Australia can be enjoyed in London with the freshness of the morning market. The finer and most luscious fruits of the tropical temperatures can be brought to the zones in which they could not possibly be produced and can be enjoyed with as much relish as if eaten in their native gardens. But if we want to become proprietors of large plantations and produce vast supplies to satisfy the market demand, if we want to increase our wealth and comfort in the world of competitive commerce, we must go to the locality and climate that nourish these fruit-bearing shrubs and vines and trees.

The fruit of the Spirit will not grow and mature into the autumnal sweetness and perfection of its supernatural system on the Gethsemane side of Calvary, nor even on the humiliation side of the resurrection of our Lord. Thanks be to God, we may get the sin-pardoning, soul-saving fruit of the Tree of Life, in such swamps and malarial bogs of sin and depravity as are peopled by immortal millions. But if we would become in a subordinate and yet sublime sense like our Lord, producers of the inimitable fruit of the Spirit, we must go through the rock-cut of Calvary and share in the baptism of which He said: "I have a baptism to be baptized with and how I am straitened till it



be accomplished." We must go through the tunnelled grave into the summer land of love. In the power of the Holy Ghost we must sweep up the sunny slopes of resurrection privilege and then be elevated with our ascended Lord upon the highlands of the heavenlies. Then amid the climatic and atmospheric forces of perennial summer, the fabled vegetation under the energizing power of the Sun of Righteousness bursts from the fertile soil. It grows with tropical rapidity, and blooms like a restored paradise, weighing down every twig and branch with the prodigal abundance of the garden of the Lord.

A careful study of the Word of God, a critical study of human history at its worst and at its best, and a conscientious analysis of our own experience, have accumulated undeniable evidence that no man can produce the fruit of the Spirit. The utter hopelessness of the effort is to us the exceeding hopefulness of our condition, because it constrains us to seek and obtain One who can and will impart to us all the benefits of the heavenly Vine. In the "sermon on the Mount" Jesus said: "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Multitudes are trying to get good fruit off bad trees. For a few cents you may buy a balsam top and decorate it for a Christmas festival with tissue paper, varicolored and beautiful. You may lade it with the most toothsome Southern fruit, till a novice might easily believe it to be brought bodily by magic from its southern clime; but after a whirlwind of boys and girls has wrecked its artificial appearance,

it stands as before, the same old gummy, lifeless thing, with no market value, fit only to become fuel for the purging fire of the following spring. It is a life-size picture of the possessionless professor of Christianity. He may be decorated in all the artificialities of ecclesiastical etiquette and at the same time be a rootless, lifeless, fruitless stock of unregenerate culture.

The Master, with His usual righteous dealing, once again lays the ax at the root of the whole matter and says: "Either make the tree good and his fruit good: or else make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt." This quotation from the Master's sermon was, for years, an enigma to us. We had seen fruit-trees on the farm whose custom was to bear bad fruit, but on infrequent occasions we noticed that they bore remarkably good fruit. Was the Great Gardener wrong? Was He unacquainted with the sciences of His own creation? Ah! no. If the word of the Savior be literally read it is: "A good tree cannot *make* bad fruit." The trunk of the tree might be described as the manufacturing department, where the sun, with earth and air, mixes the material and produces the potencies of the fruit.

Faultless fruit is always made in the good tree, but after the blossom is developed destructive agencies, over which the tree has no control, sting poison into the infant flower and blast and blight the coming fruit. This developing idea is more fully brought out when we sit at the great Teacher's feet as He discourses in the record of the fifteenth chapter of John: "Herein is My Father

glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit." In the former case He was speaking about the tree—the trunk in which the fruit is made. But in the latter He is teaching pre-eminently about the branches and the conditions that must obtain in order to the production and development of fruit. He used a different word, translated *to bear*, to bring forth. It is the word from which we get the word ferry and transfer. It means to bear, in the sense of carrying; that which is put upon a bearer by a power outside of itself. And so the branch abiding in the vine simply carries or manifests the fruit that is made in Nature's great factory of the vine—"I am the Vine, ye are the branches." The soul that is vitally grafted into the Christ, and organically knitted into the Tree of Life, bears the fruit that is made in the heavenly Vine, and thus abiding in Him manifests the fruit of the Spirit in clusters like Eschol, till every branch is burdened down so that the hungry passer-by may reach up and replenish the longings of his longing soul.

And then, unlike the good tree, whose fruit is destroyed or injured during its growth, the Holy Spirit has power to inswathe such a soul in an atmosphere of heaven, like a conservatory let down from God, that protects the forming fruit from all the malignant and pest-bearing germs of a demon-filled environment. The conception of the psalmist is literally verified: "His leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he produceth shall come to maturity."

It is possible to receive many blessings of the Christ and still be a stranger to Him; and in these days of much teaching and discussion about the

Spirit, there is a great danger of missing the Blesser in the blessing. The blessings of the Spirit may be appropriated and assimilated, and go to make up soul tissue, so that the soul-groanings of hunger appear to be temporarily satisfied, only to return again and yet again. This is not an uncommon experience; and on account of their inability to define the difficulty, many earnest Christians yield and surrender. They have a mistaken idea that they have never been right with God. The only answer and antidote to the malady is to receive the Blesser instead of the blessing. Instead of "getting holiness," get the Holy Ghost. Instead of "getting sanctification," get the Sanctifier. Instead of getting the fruit, get the Tree. Then we shall be no longer receptacles or consumers, but from our inmost being shall flow fountains of throbbing sap. A self-centered holiness shall cease to nauseate our fellow-men; but holiness shall distil from every particle of our bodies, shall sparkle from every faculty of our minds, and shall plunge like a Niagara through the unfathomable depths of our spirits. Let us ask the Holy Spirit to duplicate the Tree of Life, by the enthronement of the risen Christ in our lives, planting it deep in the virgin soil and fallow ground of our regenerate hearts. Its living roots shall go down into the laboratory of the Word; its branches shall spread forth their arms; its leaves with their million-fold mouths shall drink in the golden sunlight; the supernatural forces shall laden us with the fruit of the Spirit, so that there shall be a superabundance. Electric-

wheeled cars of Christian commerce shall carry it to save and sweeten the nations.

In this spirit-breathed description of the fruit of the Spirit, let us adopt the idea that LOVE is the generic term, or sum total, and that the other eight most enviable graces are the specific constituents of the inimitable fruit.

Joy is the first constituent. Joy may be termed the juice of the fruit, and "the trees of the Lord are full of sap." Peace is the underflow and joy is the overflow of the soul. Joy is not simply the effervescent bubblings up of the hilarious spirit. There is real soul substance and muscle in joy, "The joy of the Lord is the strength of his people." The world is in a wild, an unbridled chase for what its votaries call a good time. The intensest forms of pleasure this season will be called tame and insipid next season, by the intoxicated and vicious appetites of the impassioned throng. The inventive genius of those who are making merchandise of immortal souls is taxed to its utmost to devise new and more exciting cups and merry-go rounds—nay, weary-go-rounds—of greater celerity, to whirl and dash from the deepening dissatisfaction any thought of the better way. Like the night before Waterloo and at the crumbling edge of a black eternity we, see the gay, giddy, godless throng drunken with the song:

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Even the Church of God is expected to be, in part, at least, a great pavilion of pleasure. The maddest, merriest time of social excess is often when civilization is ripe and rotten and when ruin is impending. "When the streets of Paris were running with the blood of revolution, seventeen theatres were crowded with the gay, giddy, godless crowd."

How can we play when the world is dying? Shall we not have pleasure? Yes! "Man was made to mourn" is true only in that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," and because sin, with its blood-stained hands, has thrown into chaos and discord the masterpiece of God. The old catechism we learned at mother's knee is right; and it has sounded the deepest philosophy of human redemption: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." "In His presence is fulness of joy and at His right hand are pleasures forever more." "That they might have My joy." "Who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." All these quotations from His Word show God's purpose in this regard.

When about half a century ago Dr. Morton discovered anaesthesia, he rushed into the presence of his wife and exclaimed: "Lizzie, I have found something that will remove pain from the race." And multitudes go singing, praying and preaching through the most critical operations into the realm of health. The joy of the Lord does not make us insensible to the Gethsemanes and Golgothas

through which we pass to the realms of eternal health, yet it suffuses us with a supernatural anaesthesia, and substitutes our sensitive selves, so that with an unutterable joy we submit to the most heroic treatment and at the same time with spirits beaming like the brightness of the morning, "we rejoice and are exceeding glad."

PEACE is the second constituent of the fruit of the Spirit. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God," "the peace of God that passeth all understanding," and someone has beautifully added, "and all misunderstanding." Justification gives us peace with God and settles irrevocably the penalty of sin, but the baptism with the Holy Ghost gives "the peace of God," and settles in the abiding life the power of sin. We may have peace with God, but have a practical experience like the disciples, as they toiled against contrary winds and were threatened with a watery grave in cruel Galilee. They were toiling and rowing and making but little headway. They beheld a spectral form stepping upon the white-caps of the angry sea. He heard their cry. He stepped upon the deck and said "Peace, be still," and there was a great calm.

The man who believes on the Lord Jesus will have peace, but he whose mind is stayed on Him will have perfect peace, peace, peace, and will ever sing:

"Far away in the depths of my spirit to-night,  
Rolls a melody sweeter than psalms;  
In celestial-like strains it unceasingly falls,  
O'er my soul like a heavenly calm."  
(13)

But that is not all. Peace is not a mass of motionless stagnation. Peace is frictionless activity. Peace has swift-winged currents. Peace has its Niagaras. Peace has its billows. Jesus did not say to peace, "be still," but to the storm-lashed sea He said: "Peace, be still." Why does Niagara sing in diapason thunderings untiringly through the centuries? Why not hush that hydraulic hallelujah? That little river is draining ninety thousand square miles. Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie are pressing two hundred and seventy-five thousand cubic feet per second and thirty million tons of water an hour through the reeds and over the keyboard of that majestic organ. Ten millions of horse power is being hitched to the cars of American commerce, and the sacred song of industry sends its welcome invitation to the congested populations of all lands, to come to the heart of co-operation of the continent of the unsetting sun. It is intellectual dishonesty and philosophical treason to charge the soul with exaggerated hyperbole when it professes to stagger under the "exceeding and eternal weight of glory," and when it bursts into rapturous ejaculations of ecstasy. The writer is at this moment looking out on the Irish Hills near the old historic city of Quebec. As far as the eye can reach, the terraced beauty looks like ripples of green rising into waves of deeper green and these still mounting higher into billows of blue, then like tidal waves breaking into silvery spray and floating away like coral clouds as white as wool. Thus the whole Godhead in the soul makes peace like a



river and righteousness like the waves of the sea, mounting mountain-high, dissolving in the invisible distance and resting in the indescribable calm of the glassy sea.

"And methinks when I rise to that city of peace,  
Where the Author of peace I shall see;  
That one strain of the song that the ransomed shall sing,  
In that beautiful city will be—Peace, peace."

LONGSUFFERING is the third constituent of the fruit of the Spirit. Little wonder that Jesus was a riddle to be ridiculed in His time. The courage, strength and daring of the Caesars had mounted the throne, and as unbridled, unbroken steeds, were spurring on the Roman armies to the golden goal of imperial glory. Strike! strike with the merciless battle-ax of might to conquer! The Colossus, the winged lion, the bear, the winged leopard, with their teeth of iron and thirst for blood, were inscribed on the insignia of all nations. To think of a Lamb, a little Lamb, whose prerogative is to bleed and whose motto is to suffer, a Lamb with a prophetic announcement that He would ultimately conquer by suffering and that He would transform the carnivorous menagerie of the nations into a sheep-cote of lambs, into an aviary of doves, that He would bear the righteous government of a ransomed universe upon His shoulders was to His time a monumental mass of fabulous folly.

In the presence of the death-shrouded shambles, and under the humiliation of the shearers, "He openeth not His mouth." In the demon-instituted trial of a time-serving judicatory, when His vibrant

voice might have brought on them an avalanche of death, He opened not His mouth. Let us suffer on. Pearls are made of perils. Let us suffer long and be kind. Some day all the thorn-pricks, all the cruel lacerations of soul, shall glow like rubied stars in our crown of rejoicing.

When in darkest Africa the faithful servants had deposited the sacred heart and had embalmed the worn-out body of Livingstone, and through nine long months they had toiled with the immortal dust, the trust was at last landed in England, it was so changed that it could scarcely be identified, and as a consequence a difficulty arose as to the propriety of giving it a resting-place in the famous Abbey, when it was remembered that on a previous journey he had been attacked by ferocious wild beasts and the bone of one of his arms was bruised and flattened. An investigation was made, and the missionary explorer was indelibly inscribed on the bony tablet. Shall we not suffer on? We shall know Him by the prints of the nails in His hands. He will know us by our scars, our weather-worn, war-torn, battle-bruised armor of Christian conflict.

GENTLENESS is the fourth ingredient in the fruit of the Spirit. How beautifully the Spirit of inspiration dovetails gentleness into longsuffering and guards us from stoically enduring the severities and sacrifices of the Spirit-filled life. "Love suffereth long and is kind." A Christian's manner is more than his manners. "Gentleness is often power in repose." "It is the beauty that should always be wedded to strength. It is the scented flame of

an alabastron lamp, yielding both light and heat and fragrance."

Gentleness is a messenger that can marshal the martial army of valiant words. The arguments of the great Greek orators often marched like invincible hosts and swept through their audiences like the unfettered wind. The Draconian style of preaching the retributive justice and judgments of God may be marked by arguments cogent and conclusive as the laws of mathematics and yet the style of the preacher may arouse disgust and consequent disbelief. When the volcanic fires of Sinai tumble and toss under the herald's feet, when the terrifying thunders roll like the artillery of heaven over his head, and when the fire-tipped pen of the death-dealing lightning writes the doom of humanity on the black background of ever-deepening night, then the gentleness that makes him great, ought to step on the torrent and tempest of words with the stately sweetness and serenity of Jesus on the Sea of Galilee. "Well do painters represent Christ as gesturing with the open palm or with the monitory finger pointing skyward. Who believes He ever pounded the desk or stamped His foot in vindictive anger, or that he rivalled the bulls of Bashan in His intonations?" Gentleness gathers up the righteousness of the broken law, dissolves Sinai in the consuming passion of Calvary, beholding the pleading, bleeding G man and incarnates the fulfilled law in the ascending Christ, redolent with the anointing oil as He stands in the majesty of the lion and gentleness of the Lamb on Olivet.

GOODNESS is the fifth element of the fruit of the Spirit. When the world delivers its highest panegyrics upon its heroes, philanthropists and reformers, it says: "They were great men." But when the Word of God confers honor it says: "He was a good man." It is greater to be good than to be great. "Naaman was a great man, but he was a leper." "Barnabas was a good man." This is pre-eminently the useful or serviceable element in the fruit. Greatness is good, and it is especially fitting on state occasions; but goodness works just as easily in the yoke as she sits in regal splendor. The leader of a mission said of a worker whom he prized very highly: "He is not much of a man, if you measure him some ways, but he is worth a hundred dollars a night as kindling wood in a prayer-meeting." Nothing nobler can be said of the Master during His earthly ministry than that He went about doing good. The Spirit-filled man, who goes about this earth carrying the elixir of life, here wiping away a tear, there pouring oil into a lacerated heart, now speaking tenderly to some troubled son of toil, there carrying a cup of cold water or a little flower along the corridor of some hospital to a dying fellow-man, dispensing the manifold mercies of God, he from whose life go out streams of blessing to all who need the heavenly help, will go up to the judgment-seat of Christ amid the plaudits of the redeemed, to hear: "Well done, good and faithful servant. . . . Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

FAITHFULNESS is the sixth ingredient. How easy the Lord has made the way! He has not

asked us to toil all day long gleaning and gathering what has happened to fall from the faithless tool of the harvester, or snatch the handful that was thrown from the generous servant, to thresh and winnow and grind out an existence. He asks us to climb to the place of heavenly and humbling honor at His feet, to trust in the night, to take the six measures of clean golden grain. He asks us to wed the Lord of the harvest and become a co-partner and proprietor with Him of His boundless wealth. He does not ask us to live faultless lives, but to practise blameless behavior, blameless, unimpeachably blameless, every day, and growing less and less faulty each successive sweep of the earth. We are potentially faultless before the throne, and when He comes at the consummation of the age, He shall present us faultless, in all its superlative significance, before the Father with exceeding joy. And neither are we bound to be successful, but we are admonished and commanded to be faithful. We may never make history like Paul. We may never achieve the successes that make him easily the winner in the race for crowns. But when we meet him in the ineffable glory we may be able to say to the flaming apostle to the Gentiles: "You never did anything I was not willing to undertake." We may be as faithful as Paul, and indeed as faithful as the unfallen intelligences that bow and burn before the throne.

MEEKNESS is the seventh ingredient of the fruit of the Spirit. It is hard to define our conception of meekness. It may be the aroma of ripening and ripened fruit. It may be that silken texture

woven by the creative hand and so delicate that the touch of the gentlest finger rends and destroys it. It is the soft, resistless something that yields to the slightest pressure. It is something we get when the flower is bruised or broken; it is the inimitable perfume.

A friend once gave my wife a bottle of beautiful perfume. It was exquisitely delicate. It was put up in an elegant bottle, sealed, artistically labelled, and the whole setting was sweet and fragrant. We only knew its delicateness and worth by the name and market value. It was kept for some time. It was packed and repacked in the routine of our rambling lives. But one day the railroad men gave our trunk a special toss and when we opened it, waves of sweet perfume filled the room. The bottle was broken.

There is an experience for the Christian beyond being filled, sealed, labelled and ticketed for heaven; it is to be broken in the jostle of life and to perfume the whole community in which he lives. If you put pressure upon a lemon it will yield its sourness with undeviating consistency. If you squeeze a thorn bush it will always tear and lacerate. If you crush a rose it will cover you with its own fragrance and sweetness.

Although we may not, like Moses, in the majesty of the world's greatest military leader, write laws, lead armies and found an empire, at the same time we may be meek as the founder of the United States of Israel. Like Him who founded the universe in mystery, framed it in mystery, arched it in mystery, pillared it in mystery, frescoed it in mys-

tery, and paved it in mosaics of mystery, we may distil and perspire from every pore of our being the oil of the Rose of Sharon and the sweetest essences of the Lily of the Valley.

Meekness is that indefinable something about a holy life that shrinks from being handled. There are certainly as holy men and women in the world as ever Enoch was, but they always shrink from the expression "I am holy." There is a superstitious and unscriptural idea abroad that heavenly character and holy conduct may have touched this earth at the Enochic and apostolic and papal horizons of the past and may touch it again in prophetic horizons that lie hidden in the abysses of the remote future, but that the meridian is so high and so infinitely removed from the reach of present-day unfortunates, that the sublimest hope is to vainly follow the tantalizing treasure of a holy life. "That Prophet" who while He walked this earth was in heaven, and who, though now in heaven is still in earth with the tonnage of atoning love, has made the highest heaven touch this earth at its lowest and deepest extremities, so that robed in garments woven in the skies, the pardoned and anointed sinner may walk with God as Enoch did, in the intimacy of bosom friends.

TEMPERANCE, OR SELF-CONTROL, is the last element in the fruit of the Spirit. "Keep thyself pure."

"True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
Can still suspect and still revere himself  
In lowliness of heart."

"The bravest trophy ever man obtained  
Is that which o'er himself, himself hath gained."

And as Solomon expresses it: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

Think of the battles that devastated and destroyed Babylon and sank the Persian Empire; that brought to Greece her national distinction and glory; that blighted Greece and gave to Rome her armies of iron. Alexander conquered the world's empires, but went down under the thrust from the scimeter of sensual appetite. Napoleon can give recipes for victory by which others win, but his selfish ambition crushes and sends him as a captive to the penal island. "Hercules laughs at the world's impossibilities, but yields to the seductions of impurity and of forbidden pleasures." Daniel, in the self-conquest of immaculate purity, transformed a mighty empire with its throne of gold and silver and ivory, into a theocracy, and left a sextette of obelisks with sky-piercing peaks that transcend the twelve exploits of Hercules as the sun-kissed peaks of the Alps tower above the ant-hills of the malarial plain. Samson smites the proverbial Philistines and bears away triumphantly the gates of Gaza on his Atlantean shoulders but falls in ignominious surrender before the siren smile of Delilah. But Joseph, the soul of unimpeachable purity, went through the pit at Dothan, endured the indignities of the captive journey to Egypt, stood in the unbending divinity of chastity before the enticing queen, suffered patiently the unrighteous bondage and shame in an Egyptian



dungeon, and with the bound of a god sprang to the vice-regal dignity beside the throne of Pharaoh. The great abbey and cathedral in London gives a resting-place to the mortality, and commemorates the immortality of historic heroes; but the sacred Scriptures put a brighter aureola of fame upon the brow of the moral victor. "Twelve hundred captured cannons from many a field of battle, wrought into one towering column, decorated with many inscriptions to his honor, lift aloft the bronze figure of Napoleon in Place Vendôme." But thousands of Christians, living stones from the quarries of Gethsemane and the rock-cut of Calvary, built in the monumental pile of the Church's history, form one grand, sky-piercing pedestal upon which stands the glorified apostle in the memory of an enlighten and benefited humanity.





## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE ANOINTED MINISTER.

WHEN our Lord undertook to teach the truth and the necessity of the new birth, He did not draw His picture from the incarnation of wrecked virtue to be found in the abandoned woman He interviewed at Jacob's well. He threw upon the canvas the highest type of the natural man, the person of Nicodemus. If He thus conclusively demonstrated the impossibility of admitting man at his best to the kingdom of God, without the birth from above, He must of necessity exclude, by the same inflexible law, the whole scale of unregenerate humanity.

And so when the Spirit undertakes to teach the criminal helplessness of the Christian ambassador, without the baptism with the Holy Spirit, He takes a character from among men, who, were it within the reach of human attainment, might have been a successful minister without the divine and Pentecostal enduement. If it were an indispensable equipment in order to the scriptural success and efficiency of the golden-mouthed orator of the early Church, how dare we who are mediocre men indignify the pulpit and desecrate the sacred commission without the promised anointing of holy oil? In the world of patent medicines there

is a familiar picture, blown about the streets like the withering leaves of the autumn woods, that strikingly illustrates the truth we wish to impress upon the hearts of all who may read these pages. On the face of the advertising dodger there are two pictures representing two strongly contrasted conditions of one man. The one is a revolting picture of a sufferer, who has become so reduced by disease that all the virility of manhood has disappeared. Life is at a minimum and the sufferer is but a spirit inhabiting a body of bones. The other is a picture of full-orbed health, a battery of electric vigor, the incarnation of beauty and unbroken manhood. Between the two is the cut of a large bottle, upon which is artistically decorated the form of a key—the key to health. One hundred doses for one dollar. It professes to be the magic panacea for the ills of suffering humanity. Under the one picture we read in emphatic capitals, "*Before he took it,*" and under the other, "*After he took it.*"

In the art gallery of divine revelation there are many such productions of the inspiring Artist. And we might spend a very profitable hour in studying the brief but pregnant biography of one of them that we find in the closing verses of the Acts of the Apostles.

In the spiritual man the contrast is just as great as in the physical world, and our Father in heaven has provided an Elixir as omnipotent as Himself. It is able to translate the soul from death to life, from sickness to health, from poverty to wealth,

and from burdensome weakness to the fabulous strength of the giants.

Apollo was an educated man. He was born at Alexandria. To say this is synonymous with saying he was a man of great erudition. With the name of this historic center we associate the source of the recondite knowledge of Egyptian philosophy, of physics and the mysteries of nature, illumined by the wit of the Greek. The theocratic Jew was there; the disciples of Zoroaster, the worshippers of Buddha and Brama were there also. Here the schools of Greek philosophy, especially the Platonists, flourished. Jerome says that Apollo afterwards became Bishop of Corinth. His scholarship, therefore, may not be questioned.

But the most microscopic intellectual acumen cannot penetrate the inner meaning of the Living Word. It may invade the atomic world, and bring to light its hidden treasures. It may discover the catacombs, decipher their mysterious hieroglyphics and illumine that charnel-house of heart-stirring memory with electric jets. It may build fortresses, make successful attacks on the high seas of astral planispheres, and bring captive armadas of constellations, with their wealth of spoil, to the subjection and service of man. But it stands hopeless and helpless before the Book of God. The Holy Spirit in the body, soul and spirit of the believer alone is the key that fits every ward of the mysterious combination, and admits the seeker to the banqueting rooms, the guest chambers of the King, and makes him stand with breathless won-

der, like the Queen of Sheba, amid the indescribable splendor of the temple of truth. He gives the Rossian eye that can scan the infinite heights of Jesus living and reigning in glory, and foresees seasons of refreshing coming from the presence of the Lord.

"He was an eloquent man." In our day he would be a great "draw-card." We are living in a time of show cases, buttons, bouquets, badges, bunting, pyrotechnic displays and stereopticon views. All sorts of methods are adopted and enlisted to draw and entertain the people. It is not less true in the sacred courts of the Church of God. In one of our great cities where the masses do not go to church, a city of colleges, a center of mechanical, mental and moral power, at the close of the summer season, an anonymous benefactor suggested a novel method by which he confidently assured the pulpits that multitudes would be attracted to the deserted sanctuary. The remedial and revolutionary step was to abolish the present system of having young gentlemen as ushers, and substituting young ladies of beauty and aesthetic culture, and with a salinity worthy of Juvenal, he added, "You will have to change them every two weeks." We protest with all the vehemence of our hearts against all methods "to draw" from the "cook stove apostasy," to the smile of a siren. God has provided the Church with a "Draw Card," with which her ministers can get at least an attentive audience of every ear within the sound of her belfry. It is the Spirit-anointed pulpit and the fire-kindled pew.

There is an eloquence that is self-inflated and hollow, with which Paul compares the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal. And there is the true eloquence that expresses the conviction of truth with a passion that makes the auditors forget the speaker, and which, like that of St. Bernard sways them as by the fury of a fiery tempest. History supplies us with conspicuous illustrations of the false and ephemeral and also of the true and eternal eloquence.

An example of one kind of eloquence is found in the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In his famous speech against Hastings, it is said that all the various species of oratory, every kind of eloquence, ancient and modern, could be found in his impassioned effort. The brilliance of the bar, the sublimity of the senate and the passion of the pulpit were superlatively represented in his death-dealing attack upon the mal-administrating governor. Burke said it was the most astonishing effort of eloquence, wit and argument he had ever heard. Fox said all he had ever heard or read dwindled into nothing before it, as vapor vanishes before the sun. Pitt said: "It surpassed all ancient or modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind." Sir Wm. Dolben moved an adjournment of the House, as it would be an absolute impossibility for any intelligence to give an unbiased judgment under the spell of Sheridan's mesmeric speech. But Sheridan went down to poverty, to shameful and criminal bankruptcy, and

terminated his career in a forgotten grave, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

An instance of another kind of eloquence is to be seen in the saintly, the seraphic, the glorified Bishop Matthew Simpson. On one occasion he preached in Memorial Hall, in London. He was speaking on the theme of all time—the tragedy of all history—the atoning death of the Savior of the world. For about thirty minutes he spoke without a gesture, without apparent emotion, without raising his voice. Then, with his vast audience, he seemed to be translated to the time and locality of the crucifixion. He pictured the Redeemer bearing our sins in His body on the tree. He stooped as if sin had become a positive, concrete quantity, and was crushing him with an immeasurable tonnage. Then, as if stimulated and strengthened by the eternal Spirit, he arose and climbed the precipitous heights, and threw off the burden, crying out, "How far?" "As far as the East is distant from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

The whole assembly, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, and drawn by the golden cables of inspired eloquence, rose to their feet, remained standing for a few moments, as if held by a mesmeric spell, then sank back with intense emotion into their seats. A professor of rhetoric was in the audience. A personal friend of his who saw him there, and who knew he had gone to criticise, asked him: "Well, what do you think of the Bishop's elocution?" "Elocution!" ejaculated he.



"that man doesn't need elocution, he has got the Holy Ghost!"

Apollos was exceedingly mighty in the Scriptures; but it is quite possible to be an exegete of no mean rank and at the same time be but a biblical anatomist or botanist. There are in our college halls master minds who can gather their classes under the shadow of the Tree of Life, there are minds like the peripatetic philosophers, who can lead their wondering pupils along endless corridors and through the labyrinths of learning, and with the scholarship of our modern masters, analyze the groves from fruit to root; but at the close of the curriculum course, the class may have only a valuable store of information, while all around may be heaps of lifeless and unsavory waste. We cannot have too much of such exhaustive and minutely accurate investigation. But the physiological study of the Living Word is possible only to the man indwelt by the Holy Spirit, who, like the spring-time sun, penetrates the fibre of an apparently dead root, fills it with the streaming, throbbing sap, carries the commerce of chemistry from the inexhaustible laboratory and resources of earth and sea and atmosphere, untwists the sun-beam, refines the sugar, extracts the color, mixes the flavor, weaves with more than Tyrian beauty the silken-tissued leaves, hangs upon the branches millions of feathery fans and ladens every twig and stem with large, luscious, mellow, mature fruit, to feed and refresh the famishing souls that throng the highway of life.

There springs up in our hearts a prophetic longing and pardonable jealousy for the army of mighty men in our favored age, who are failing to take the niche for which the Great Sculptor designed them. Our college chairs are crushing under the tonnage of scholarships that the Church is heaping upon the young candidates for the ministry. The substructural timbers of our pulpits groan with the exceeding weight of endowment, that presses upon the intelligent audiences of our modern churches. Could these encyclopaedic emporiums of universal learning, could these pulpits of profound research, be endued with holy oil and baptized with sacred fire, what volcanic outbursts of living and impassioned truth, through tongues of fervent flame and lives of moral mightiness, would disturb the lethargy of the Laodicean multitudes, would rouse the sleeping hosts, would resurrect the millions who are "dead in trespasses and sin," and lift the Church from the indignity of a catering social institution. With the authority of the King of kings they would read and execute His ultimatum upon the invading, usurping hosts of the arch destroyer.

He was "fervent in spirit." He was in earnest; he was in dead earnest; he was enthusiastic. The root word translated "fervent" gives us such terms as fire, ardent, fervor, and boiling over, all terms of the intensest fibre. What an inconsistency in terms to say: "I am a Christian, but I am not in earnest." Apollos had not yet received the baptism with the Holy Ghost. He was fervent, though he knew only John's baptism, which was a testi-

mony that he had repented and had received the remission of sins. Surely regeneration makes the soul boil. Surely anointing with the Spirit makes the life boil over, and translates it into the divine energy that energizes in it mightily. It invests the whole being with the panoply of the supernatural.

"It is as easy to twist iron anchors and to braid cannons as it is to braid straw; it is as easy to boil granite as to boil water, if you take all the steps in order"—if you get a sufficiently intense temperature. We are willing to admit that the physical conditions, the mental peculiarities, and spiritual characteristics are as varied as the human, as the multiplied millions of the race differ in features and eccentricities. But the incoming of the Holy Spirit will introduce revolutionary agencies that will transform and conspicuously impassion the life. It is indeed true that our temperaments differ in kind and capacity for heat, or in other words we boil at different degrees of heat. Let us stroll together along one of the busiest streets of a great city. There on the street corner is a man at the boiling point, in the excitement of a conversation over the real or apparent superiority of his pet pug or pointer. Just a block away a group of beautiful girls are bubbling over with glee—a patty-pan ebullition over the artificialities of fading fashions. Across the square is the Union Depot, where throngs are pressing, carriages congest the avenue, bands supply jubilating music. The Transcontinental Limited is due from the capital of the Prairie Province. Hark!

cheers, greetings! Is it a vice-regal party? Is it the eloquent Premier, bearing the scepter of the Dominion? What is the crowd boiling over for? Art thou a stranger in the city? Hast thou not read? It is an august occasion. It is the return to the metropolis of the successful hockey team. Just hard by, political opponents under the caloric of competitive platforms, boil over in debates concerning the nation's destinies. The Board of Trade is like a seething caldron, where the stimulants of business are distilled. Another class needs the temperature of a revolution to bring its flinty feelings to a fervent condition. While the highest type and texture of men are moved by nothing short of the grandeur of the absolute truth. The indescribable and inconceivably awful fire of a consuming God throws them into the irresistible intensity produced by the "splendors and shades of heaven and hell." "Man has no majesty like earnestness." Demosthenes' orations were said to be like reason made red-hot with passion. Lord Brougham's speeches were called law papers on fire." Sheridan said: "I like to hear Rowland Hill preach because his words come hissing-hot from his heart."

For a stirring picture of unquenchable earnestness, see Paul at Athens. The markets are surfeited with gods. He is bedazzled by the scintillations of mental culture. Everywhere he walks the corridors of fine arts. Fountains of poetry refresh at every side. Philosophers of giant stature wrestle on the campus made immortal by Demosthenes. He sees numberless niches honoring the

statues of deified heroes. He visits the Parthenon and the monument of Minerva, and amid the godless civilization and Christless religiosity his spirit was stirred in him. He went into a paroxysm. That stupendous spirit, that majestic mind and colossal character that embodied the sevenfold aspirations of the ambitious Jew, that pioneer of world-wide missions, was thrown into the Spirit-kindled furnace and raised to the temperature of an impassioned, unquenchable zeal, to carry the gospel of a purer heaven, a holier life and brighter immortality than had ever dawned upon the vision of classic Greece.

Let us modernize the occasion. Ephesus was the Chicago, the great emporium of the East. Apollos, Moody-like, was drawing great multitudes, and vast audiences hung upon his words as if their destiny hinged upon his flaming sentences. The pauper in his vermin, the prince in his ermine, and all the intermediate stages of society, were represented in the congesting gatherings.

There was in the city a remarkable couple, conspicuous for their spiritual power and quick-scented insight and yet scripturally unpretentious in their Christian service. In all probability they had received the anointing of the Spirit, and been initiated into the mystery of Christ through the instrumentality of Paul, with whom they had been co-laborers at Corinth. On this historic, this crisis, this momentous occasion, they found themselves auditors of the Alexandrian orator. He stands upon the platform as a master of the profoundest issues. He carries the intelligent thinkers cap-

tive as he reveals his microscopic erudition. He bears on the wings of rhetorical rhapsodies and enrapturing ecstasies the emotional and emotionless as he displays his telescopic eloquence.

When the overwhelmed and surging multitude has dispersed, there stood in the presence of the great preacher the humble and heavenly couple. The raised-letter type that we sometimes read between the lines, always pressed the fact upon our heart, that they did not pharisaically pretend to patronize the preacher nor humble him after the brilliant and God-honored message, but that they invited him to their home, a rendering which is verified by the Syriac version of the New Testament.

What a prophet's chamber! What a theological seminary! What a scene for men and angels to behold! The giant, the Socratic scholar, the great preacher, at the feet of Priscilla and Aquila. They teach "him the way of God more perfectly." From that cabin college there came no longer Apollos, but the Holy Spirit, clothed with Apollos, who marshalled him and marched in him like an army of fire, "vehemently convincing the Jews that Jesus is the Christ," "for no man can call Jesus Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."

What millennial-hastening conditions would immediately obtain, should all the commissioners of the everlasting gospel of the kingdom, whose biography is written in "Before he took Him," with all its unpardonable impotence, pass through the college curriculum of some Priscilla and Aquila, and with a pennant inscribed with, "After

He took him," streaming from their standard, before the dew is dry on the bloom of this new century, evangelize the world and bring our Royal King to sit on David's throne, and reign without a rival over His eternal kingdom.

It may be true that George Buchanan was the finest Scotch scholar of the sixteenth century; but it was the fiery-headed John Knox, whose return to Scotland was like the landing and invasion of an invincible army, that stormed and shattered the strongholds of usurping tyranny. It was Knox whose prayers and prophetic preaching made the beautiful queen tremble on her throne and emancipated Scotland from the vicious and virulent bondage of the papacy. Erasmus was probably the most cultured man of his generation, but it was the Spirit-illuminated, impassioned monk, it was the miner's son into whose heart was poured the grace and power of justifying faith, that launched that religious revolution that has shaken the world to its foundation. Apollos, the Chrysostom of Alexandria, was the most polished preacher of his time, but it was Paul, the inspired madman, whose heaven-panoplied life and untiring zeal dethroned a million heathen idols and carried the gospel of the grace of God to the heart of the Roman Empire.

"How we are thrilled with the description of old Rome, crowding her Coliseum with thousands to gloat their eyes upon carnivals of human agony and bloodshed. Christian sentiment had fumed and frowned upon it. Even from the Palatine Hill, one day, there came a royal decree, to stop such

scenes of horror; and yet hundreds of slaves continued to be butchered, to make a Roman holiday. But one day an old gray-headed monk, with the pity of God and the passion of humanity flushing his cheek and flashing from his eye, rushed into the arena and uttered such thrilling tones as shook Rome into a sense of her horrible inhumanity. He perished in the bloody sands, but the cruelty he had forever drowned with his own blood perished with him."





## CHAPTER XVII.

## HOW TO RECEIVE THE SPIRIT.

*"He breathed on them and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."*

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DEAR READER,—After we have wonderingly gazed at the heights and with straining eyes looked down into the depths, and with returning weary-winged vision we have failed to find a limiting horizon, do we not find ourselves reaching for the ejaculation and exclamation of the Apostle Paul: "O the depths!"? After carefully and prayerfully sight-seeing our way through the kingdom of high explosives, if sufficient appetite has been created, and sufficient stimulation provided to rouse the questions: "How shall we receive the Holy Ghost?" "How can we have the luxury of living the Spirit-filled life?" the privilege of contributing our share to this stupendous subject will bring its own super-abounding reward. In concluding this service for the Master let us lay down some of the simple and scriptural foundation principles in the plan of procedure adopted by the inspired Word for the direction of every honest and hungry soul, in reaching and obtaining the abounding and abiding fulness of the indwelling Christ.

Is the Holy Spirit promised? Does the Word of God promise any cardinal anointing with the Holy Ghost subsequent to and superlative to the justifying grace that pardons the sinner and settles forever the penalty of sin? Yes; it is conspicuously apparent to the unprejudiced and unbiassed reader of the New Testament, that there are two great hemispheres, making up the full-orbed salvation God has promised to the fallen world, and significantly called "a new creation."

The baptism with the Spirit is called "the promise of the Father," and is consequently the birth-right of the believer. The child has an inherent right to all that is implied in the Father's possessions. Speaking from the redemptive point of view, the unsaved soul has no rights, else God owes him salvation, and mercy and grace would be made void. A man under sentence of death has no judicial right to live, else justice is unjust and the whole fabric of law crumbles into ruin under the weight of its own unrighteousness. And likewise the unpardoned soul has no right to mercy, the first operation of the grace of God toward a rebel world. But the sinner saved by grace through faith is now the child of God and is "an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ" of all "the exceeding great and precious promises." Pre-eminently he is a candidate for the anointing, through the power of the Holy Ghost, whose Pentecostal advent brings to the surrendered soul the apprehension and experimental appreciation of the "Promise of the Father."

There must be an intense desire, a deep longing, a soul-hunger for Himself in the inner being, and a holy passion for a divine equipment that cannot be secured under the stars, for the Christ-life and sacrificing service.

Do I desire that He shall come into my life and hold undivided sway over all my being? Am I willing that it shall be no longer I and Christ, nor even Christ and I upon the throne? Am I willing to say, "Not I, but Christ" shall be the Sovereign Lord and King to command and control my every action?

What Jesus said to His immediate disciples, He says to His followers of all time: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." When those humble fishermen forsook their fishing pursuits, they distinctly understood that, in obeying the Master, they would be instrumental in doing for men what they had hitherto been doing with the finny tribe of Galilee. In other words, with the fishing-tackle of truth they would be able to land alive multitudes of perishing souls.

With the generous consent of the patient reader, the writer will revert to his own experience, seldom detailed to the public gaze because of its sacredness. During the summer months of his freshman year in the university, he was appointed by the College Missionary Society to work in Manitoba. He began with the buoyancy of a schoolboy. The hope and vigor of budding manhood beat high in his heart. His charge was a bishopric of no mean proportions. Tireless energy characterized his efforts to do and dare for the

good of men, for the honor of the Church and the glory of God. But the cry of the penitent was never heard. The conversion of sinners was conspicuously wanting, and the return to the college halls and university classes was not marked by the testimony that everywhere obtained as apostolic preachers and Pauline missionaries returned from their epoch-making journeys—the conversion of souls and successful invasions upon the territory and strongholds of Satan. A cry—an undefined, unquenchable cry—was born in his soul, for a divine equipment, about which he had never known and never heard. But a second summer was spent in the mission-field, with the same fruitless results.

The third summer brought a new era. The same college society sent him to a mission-field on the Ottawa. The Presbyterians in his native town were holding some special meetings during the month of June. Two gospel singers of continental fame were singing and the preaching was being done by the resident pastor and some local helpers. It was the first revival meeting the embryonic preacher had ever seen in the church of his mother. Great grace was upon the church. The atmosphere was impregnated with a divine visitation and the Spirit was doing His office-work in convincing and converting the unsaved, and receiving His place as the other Comforter in the hearts of believers. A superhuman constraint was laid upon the subject of this testimony to avail himself of the novel and unusual sight. The sermon was vigorous and strong; the singing was

seraphic. But these did not stir his soul. God used the testimony of a Stephen-like face. A Christian lady, whom the Master has signally used for a quarter of a century, was invited to speak for a few minutes. Her testimony told the hungry young heart the cause of its secret, wail-like cry, and the corresponding supply. At the same time it became the barbed arrow of Spirit-pointed conviction, which the Divine Archer shot into the soul, generating pain and a tempest of unrest, that for three stormy months swept the lone craft upon an unfriendly sea. Christian work was drudgery of the most unprofitable type. The whole summer season was like an age-long, dreary desert, with blistering sands, fiery and barren heavens. We would not go over those weary months again for all the positions and possessions of the world.

To secure the Spirit-filled life there must be an unconditional surrender. There must be an undivided, whole-hearted consecration of body, soul and spirit. Shall I yield? Shall I join the standing army of the King of kings? Shall I say, "Wherever He says I will go, and whenever He says I shall spring promptly to obey; whatever He details me to do, that is the service or sacrifice I shall gladly, joyously hasten to perform, whether it be to preach on a cart or on a capitol, to wield a scepter and rule an empire, or minister in the unknown and forgotten stations of life. However He says, it shall be done in His way, all for His glory"?

In the privileged company of truth-seeking readers, we shall return to our historic year. There was but one month, and the college halls would

again echo and re-echo with the whirlwind of returning students. A Spirit-filled elder of the church suggested that a special effort be made to rouse the Laodicean carnality of the mission station and arrest the corruption that was stalking through the community with the boldness of the roaring lion. A union meeting was arranged between the Methodists and the Presbyterians. A forty-days' campaign was begun, whose battles and conquests will be read in the chronicles of the coming ages. The Waterloo was fought on the first Sunday morning, in the pulpit and in the heart of the student missionary, while a Spirit-endued lawyer poured forth the truth from the fountain of the eternal Spirit, using the golden chalice to be found in Rom. 15 : 29. It was like the ultimatum from the capital of the sovereign Godhead.

The prophetic minister sat beside the law on fire, settling the question of whole-hearted surrender and facing the problem of who should be Sovereign and Lord in all his future life and ministry. It was a war of giants. It was Calvary repeated. It was the demon-thronged desert. It was death and dissolution from the past alliances with the old self-life. It was resurrection to live in the power of the risen Christ. It was ascension to share by faith a place and service in "the heavenlies in Christ Jesus."

The fire-clothed, faithful, truth-honoring messenger sat down, little dreaming of what had transpired at his side. The Spirit constrained the recipient of the "Father's Gift," to rise and give his first public testimony. There was a supernat-

ural involution of the Godhead. The evolution is but the inevitable result and will be an eternal consequence. There was the instantaneous in-working and energizing of the Triune Personality, and the outworking just as instantaneously began to manifest itself in word and deed.

Then the Spirit began to call for a council and intelligent dedication of the life. Night came; the retiring hour arrived. Hour after hour passed over that Mosaic mountain-scene in a human soul. It was God conferring with a yielding life. That unpretentious room was like the palatial chambers of the holy habitations of Mount Zion. Any attempt to describe it seems like desecration. Upon his face the candidate for holy orders, the vestments of the Spirit, lay prostrated in communion with God. It seemed as though the combined forces of the apostate world were gathering and rolling up insurmountable barriers, till the soul seemed to be in a veritable gorge, around which impenetrable and impassable barriers, guarded by all the hosts of darkness, defied the egress of the imprisoned immortal. But to be in the black hole of Calcutta, to be in a dark and dismal dungeon, alone with God, makes the most extravagant apocalyptic visions an experimental reality.

The child-like confidence and venture of the soul on such occasions startle us. We remember how the confiding heart looked up into the Father's face and with a holy audacity said: "Unless Thou wilt show me from the Word that Thou wilt be with me and in me to undertake my life, till 'that day,' I will surrender all, withdraw

from the ministry, live the natural, self-centered life and await the issues of a half-hearted service."

And as if the great Father-heart had drawn aside the curtains of invisibility and dropped a newly-made promise from the throne, Isa. 45:2 came like a swift-winged angelic messenger to the panting heart—"I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass and cut in sunder the bars of iron." Ever since that day, it has been an everlasting No, to the old life, and an everlasting Yes, to the enthroned Christ.

"I will say Yes to Jesus,  
Oft it was No, before,  
As He knocked at my heart's proud entrance,  
And I proudly barred the door.

"But I made complete surrender,  
And given Him right of way;  
And henceforth it is always Yes;  
To whatever He may say."

The Holy Spirit is a gift. A gift is something or somebody that comes to the recipient. Otherwise it would be wages, that is something you earn, something for which you give or do something in return. It is nothing inherent in the gift, any gift, that makes it ours. It is the fact that a giver brings or sends it with word communicated in some way, authorizing us to call it ours. The word of the giver makes a gift potentially ours, and our believing that word and saying it is our property makes the gift practically ours. Yet, here the teacher as well as preacher finds himself in a



region of difficulty, because of the very simplicity of the first principles of reception.

When the truth like a fire burns in the evangel's bones and rolls like the thunder, when it flashes like the Sinaitic lightning and the convicted and repentant sinners cry out: "What must we do to be saved?" it is at this point of awful issues we have often found ourselves kneeling with open Bible at John 6 : 37, beside a trembling soul with a single heartbeat between him and eternal life or everlasting death, and been hushed by the utter helplessness of human logic and the finite arm to bring the seeking one over the gulf between guilt and glory. We may teach and lead him logically, and he may just as logically learn and follow and yet fail. Life-giving power is not logical, it is biological. We can and ought to teach the seeker that if he fulfil conditions according to the Scriptures, he has a right to claim all the causative forces of that same Word of God. Indeed, He will wreck worlds and annihilate the created universe before He will break or fail to honor His Word, which He has exalted above all His name. Faith is saying "Amen" to God. Receiving the Comforter is fulfilling the prescribed conditions, the consecration of body, soul and spirit, and then believing and boldly attesting the reception of Him who is promised. Receiving, pure and simple, is endorsing the promise of God. Let us illustrate. Perhaps the majority of my readers have had the sensible pleasure of receiving a bank-cheque or postal money-order, bearing the authority of a much-needed supply. The face reads some-

thing like the following: "Pay to the Bearer, the sum of \$100." If it be a Post Office Order, in the lower left-hand corner there is the word "Received....."

Before the payee can possibly handle the money he must, speaking with mathematical accuracy, tell or write an untruth—he must subscribe his name. He must receipt the hundred dollars before he gets it, and pass it over to an unknown person, and trust without a shred of visible security that the tangible coin will be forthcoming. Whether it be a postal note or bank cheque, it is the receipting of it or endorsation, which is the same thing, that makes the paper or money a current reality.

When Jesus says: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," and the honest heart endorses it with all the sincerity of the soul, all the resources of the infinite treasury promised in the Word of God become the current coinage with which the Spirit-possessed life may do efficient work and carry on a successful business for the King. We must then reckon the work as done.

Reckon is a mathematical and nautical term, and is frequently translated "count." One would naturally think that after Paul had sounded those deepest abysses of truth in the sixth chapter of Romans, that teaches the believer's privilege to be "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God," that he would have ransacked his vocabulary and secured the most intense terminology with which to index the profound possibility. But he did not. He used the feelingless word "*reckon*." We hand over

the self-life to the Holy Spirit for its final disposition. He is the only competent executioner. It is He alone who is able to put the old man, the Adamic nature, to death. And we reckon that the carnal nature is off our hands. There is a double reckoning. "Likewise, reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Just as the benighted and tempest-tossed mariner often goes for days by dead reckoning, so the soul that has passed through the justifying grace and submitted to the deeper, heroic treatment of death and burial "by a baptism into His death," and can truthfully say with the great apostle: "I have been crucified with Christ," knows that sin and self and Satan, with all their Stygian power, are awful realities, but that at the same time, he may sail with the serene calm of heaven itself over the sin-lashed sea of life, with the Galilean Pilot on board, reckoning himself dead to self and risen with his Lord.

The next step to the enjoyment of the luxury of a Spirit-filled life is to recognize Him within. To a large number of even the saints, God is an objective being, far removed from ordinary mortals. Christ, too, is far away and unreal to the multitude. The Spirit is an impersonal, ethereal influence, intangible to the soul. The indwelling Spirit makes the Father and the Son real and recognizable to the consciousness. The recognition of the indwelling Christ is developed by a habit of life, until it becomes as artless and involuntary as the heart-beat, the inspiration and expiration of

vital air. Recognize Him on the cross or in heaven and He will be there, but receive, reckon and recognize Him in the heart, upon the throne of the Life and He will join you there. Amid the solitude of the multitude you will walk alone with Him and be ravished with as enrapturing communion as if your conversation were in the speechless language of disembodied spirits. The visible Christ has gone. The invisible Christ is here. "The Emmanuel—God with us"—is beside the throne. The mystery, the anointed, God in us, is an indwelling, abiding reality. He lives in us. He walks in us. He longs for the communion of heart with heart. To the Christian that practises the recognition of Him within, there comes the Enochic experience, and translates into the habits of every-day life the holy walk and companionship of the antediluvian patriarch, who, amid circumstances of all but universal corruption, shared the fellowship of God, and ultimate translation to the habitations of the redeemed.

The last stage, that of realizing Him, is anticipated and to some degree shared in the most elementary and incipient periods of saving faith. But there is "the full assurance of understanding to the acknowledging of the mystery," "Christ in you." To the human mind, living as we do in the body, and especially to the multitude, living in touch with the material, animated and controlled largely by that which is sensible, it is difficult to avoid literally reversing the order expressed in the comprehensive words. RECEIVE, RECKON, RECOGNIZE and REALIZE. Chaos will always reign in the

mind and insecurity in the heart, should the scriptural order of the Spirit's operation be rejected or ignored. The author has a friend who stands near the center of the inner circle of his Galatian 4 : 15 friends. He thinks like Plato and pours his thought through a logical mould worthy of Aristotle. He was brought to Christ in the afternoon of life and led to see and accept the anointing even later in the day. The truth came to him on this wise. "The altar sanctifies the gift." I lay myself entirely, intelligently upon the altar, which is my "reasonable service," and logically concluded, "Am I not sanctified, set apart for a holy purpose?" And the irreversible law of logic drew from him the affirmative exclamation: "It looks like it!" He testified to it. He claimed the birth-right, and for weeks walked by faith, as an acrobat does the cable that spans Niagara gorge.

The realization came. For he had learned the priceless lesson to walk by faith. One day, as he was busily hurrying about the secular service in his life-work, the flood-gates opened, the freshet came and submerged that man of iron and granite, and transformed him into the paradox of the "Lion Lamb."

Beloved, *receive*, *reckon* and *recognize* Him, and *realize* you must. It may be sooner; it may be later. It may be in service, or in unselfish sacrifice; but hold fast to your confession of the faith, and in His way, at His time, He will manifest in person His supernatural presence.

