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IS
THAT"

*The Song of
the Sanctified*

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Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and said unto them, Ye men of Judaea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words . . .

. . . this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy.

—Acts 2:14-18

"THIS IS THAT"

It was time for the Jews to remember Sinai. For fifty days since the last great feast, the Passover, strange gossips had filled Jerusalem's inner chambers. Whispers and quick, haunted glances had often been exchanged on the streets. An added uneasiness seemed to infest the very atmosphere of the City of David. It was Pentecost.

Nor was it an ordinary Pentecost. It was made extraordinary by the events that had so lately preceded it. Just fifty days ago, red blood had run at "the place of the skull." Just fifty days past a strange and puzzling phenomenon had cast an awful blackness over the very sun itself. It had been only fifty days since the costly and lovely veil that hung silently in the Temple had without warning parted asunder, to the confounding of the high priest. Even more startling was the widespread news that dead folk had come back to life! Some of those dead people had been entombed for years and years!

Those fifty days between the two major feasts, Passover and Pentecost, had been busy days indeed in Jerusalem. The Romans had been watchful of the new sect that seemed to suggest a nationalist revival of Judaism. The Temple authorities had been in almost constant counsel endeavoring to halt the spread of this new religion. The populace had in some bewilderment awaited the outcome of all the strange affairs about the city. The mere handful of the sect of the Nazarene had dwindled considerably, from about five hundred to one hundred and twenty. These had withdrawn themselves into the shell of fervent religious activities in the Temple and in certain well-concealed "upper rooms" about the city.

With the sudden breaking of its shell the fledgling church was flung into a tumultuous situation. In the quietness of the Upper Room, sudden noise like the whirl of a thousand angelic pinions stirred the air. A lightning flash of sheet fire breaking into forked tongues first illuminated the whole chamber and then quietly descended on each individual head. A wild burst of glorious praise swept from formerly stammering tongues. The supernatural had again happened. Prophecy was again being fulfilled—prophecy that eight hundred years before had fallen from the lips of Joel.

The marvel of memory was operative. The words of the Lord Jesus were suddenly drawn from the files of the mind. Christ had gone back to His Father. He had prayed. The Father had heard. The *answer* was given. Given before their very eyes, in their very ears, within their hearts! The Holy Ghost *had* come. Yea, He was there with all they could desire and even more beyond. Every question was answered, every problem solved, every emergency met in potential. The baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire was for the first time in the whole history of God's economy a reality!

A rough fisherman with grizzled beard, a bit of a stoop about his shoulders, gnarled hands from the salt of the sea and the tug of the nets, was rising to speak. A balcony was the first pulpit of the newly born *Ecclesia*. No stammer marred the Galilean accent of the fisherman. Glib of tongue, bright of features, and powerful in gesticulation—it was apparent that it was not Peter the Rock that spake; he was only the "mouthpiece"! A greater than Simon was the Speaker. The blessed Holy Ghost preached a new message to the lost of Jerusalem through him.

The fisherman-preacher unrolled no dry and ancient scroll in quest for a text. Like a flash of nimble-footed

lightning the Holy Spirit delivered the passage from the Prophets. It was Joel 2:28-32:

And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions:

And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.

And I will shew wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke.

The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and the terrible day of the Lord come.

And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered.

The preacher's fervent commentary had begun, "*This is that . . .*"

The promises of the Saviour relative to this notable event had been purposeful as well as encouraging. He was well aware of the trials, many of them fiery trials, that would soon beset this handful of humble folk. Jesus knew that they "were ignorant and unlearned men" and that they must face the cleverness of Greek philosophy.

The Master was aware of the utter poverty of His followers and that soon the wealth of the chief estates of Galilee would be arrayed against them. The Lord saw their weakness in comparison with the might of Rome's iron legions. He foresaw the martyrdom and suffering of Nero's arena. These men were insufficient; His purpose was to make them sufficient. Whatever the test, He was now giving them the answer—that other

"Comforter." Pentecost commemorating the Law was now the birthday of another law, the "law of liberty."

What a difference Pentecost made! Entire sanctification has ever made a tremendous difference. It will always be thus. The incoming of the Holy Ghost in His wholly sanctifying baptism makes a tremendous change. It answered the problems of the infant church in Jerusalem; it will solve the affairs of the church today. It was so in the days of the fathers, of Madam Guyon, Fenelon, Law, Wesley, Asbury, Bresee, and Chapman. It will be so for us!

Oh, the utter importance of the Holy Spirit in all the work of God! It was so in the old dispensation; it is true in the new. It was not by human might nor man's power in the days when Zerubbabel rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem; it was not by man's inspiration and human speech in the Wesleyan revival of the eighteenth century. It will not be so in the age of grace nor the Kingdom age to come.

God has the ultimate ability to take commonplace things and make them the tools of an almighty Deity to the literal pulling down of satanic strongholds. That which our education, art, talent, and inventiveness fail to accomplish the Lord can bring about. Human emotionalism is far too fickle to be trustworthy. Human wit and learning are too finite and limited. Human power is too weak. It took God at the Red Sea crossing, it took God at the battle of Jericho, it required God at Pentecost, and it will be the same in our day.

God changed the staff of a Midianitish shepherd, Moses, into the rod of God! This rod of God caused the Red Sea to back up, bow its white-capped head, and stand at rapt attention while the throngs of Israel marched through on dry ground. The same rod of God in the hands of Moses brought crystal cascades of water from a cold, dry rock in the wilderness. Without the power

of the Spirit of the living God this rod of the Lord would have been nothing more than the staff of a beggar or the crook of a common herdsman. It was God that made the difference.

Without the supernatural touch of God on heart and lips John Wesley would have been an ordinary Anglican curate or a forgotten Oxford professor. Without the glorious touch of God the sainted Dr. W. B. Godbey would have been one of the forgotten preachers of the yesteryears. Without the pressure of God on his life the beloved Uncle Bud Robinson would have gone into the oblivion of church history as a sincere, but poor, stammering epileptic. Without the call of God, John E. Moore might have wasted his sweet notes on the jaded ears of those who throng the Diamond Circle.

But in the mighty hands of the Holy Spirit the trowel of Zerubbabel, the rod of Moses, the mind and life of Wesley, the wit of Godbey, the tongue of Bud Robinson, and the songs of John E. Moore have been mighty instruments in the pulling down of the strongholds of carnality!

"This is that"

WHICH REMOVES THE HINDRANCES TO GOD'S WILL

Satan is in rank opposition to God. Carnality is his best tool in this stubborn opposition. Until it is removed, root and branch, the Christian will be bewildered, impotent, and backward in the work of the Kingdom. The enemy will see to it that all sorts of problems, both personal and collective, will arise to plague the progress of the Kingdom advance. Man cannot cope with them. He is powerless to know the answer or to apply the remedy. God must act. The baptism with the Holy Ghost is His action. "This is that," which will utterly

remove the hindrances to God's will, God's way, and God's wishes for His children.

Debate and argument are often useless, gendering more strife than they settle. Education is too weak; might of numbers, too few. We must have God! We cannot have God apart from the infilling of the Spirit of God. As we possess the fullness of the Spirit, in like measure will we discover the solution to our perplexities.

I have seen individuals withstand the work of the Lord. No amount of counsel, argument, or any other human endeavor could remove their opposition. I remember, some years ago, preaching in a revival effort in a southern city. A splendid young minister, a teacher of a fine adult Bible class, came under conviction for holiness. He earnestly sought the blessing of a pure heart at the public altar. He wept much, prayed fervently, and grieved sorely. Ere long victory crowned the mercy seat and he entered, with a burst of Pentecostal glory, into "the land of corn and wine." His joy seemed boundless and his victory complete.

Some three days later he returned to me with a troubled expression and disturbed heart. His wife had utterly refused to go along with the theology of his newly found experience in Christ. She dressed splendidly, was proud, young, gay, and beautiful. She just could not "see" the *fanatical* way of the holiness crowd. He poured out his woes to me. My only advice was that he pray, keep quiet, live as holy as the Lord would assist him to do, and by all means not antagonize his dear little wife. I tried to impress deeply upon his mind that he was in "Canaan," she was in the "wilderness." He was *inside*, she was *outside*. He had been naturalized, she was a foreigner to the light. He must be gentle, understanding, and faithful to her.

At the close of a great and sweeping service about two days later I saw a lovely lady, well dressed, be-

jeweled, some make-up, leave her pew and run toward the "mourners' bench." She cast herself across the altar, proceeding to fling her purse in one direction, her hat in another, and began to pray at a mighty rate. Soon make-up was off, jewelry gone, and amid tears and agony of prayer this lady "struck fire." A joyous shout rent the sanctuary and I saw the newly sanctified minister with his newly sanctified wife in his arms rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. "This was that" which had removed the hindrance of an individual personality. How much better to let the Lord do all things in His own manner and according to His own timetable!

I have observed how groups of people sometimes hinder the progress of a whole church. I well recall a mighty revival in the state of Illinois in which the Lord allowed me to be the preacher. It seems that a city election had divided the church into two camps. Two very powerful and prominent board members had opposed one another for some public office. In the heat of politics a rift had occurred. The brethren had backslidden. They had ceased to speak to one another. All the while, however, they had remained within the church and had continued to serve in their official connection with the business of the Kingdom. Others in the church had taken sides and of course real revival was badly impeded.

After at least ten days of preaching, fasting, and praying we had not seen revival. It was the last Sunday morning of the scheduled meetings. I arose to preach from the text, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Romans 5:1). I distinctly remember leaving the pulpit and walking to and fro in front of the chancel. I preached with a spirit of prophecy on me. After about thirty minutes of preaching the break came. I saw two men rush from different sides of the church and fall into one

another's arms. A mighty shout arose in the place. The altar soon filled. Agonized praying and copious tears became the very order of the day. The service ran until two o'clock. "This is that" had removed a collective hindrance and the real revival had come.

One might multiply examples at length of God's ability to remove *hindrances* to his work. The Holy Spirit is His answer. Well aware are we that it is "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" that we see these obstacles removed. Oh, that the Lord would help us to learn for all times the utter truth of this statement from Zechariah 4:6!

Often have we seen such evil habits as narcotics, liquor, and tobacco instantly broken. Many times I remember having seen an upsetting temper rectified. Time and again I have noted deep sin exposed, confessed, and forgiven by the operation of the Holy Spirit in revival services. Yes indeed, "*This is that*" which *removes the hindrances to God's will.*

The remarkable thing is how human we remain. Why we will try to seek some man-made short cut to revival is beyond comprehension. We cannot see revival until the Holy Spirit is come—"this is that."

I have often observed that widespread advertising, as essential as good advertising is, will not bring the desired crowds to our evangelistic efforts. I have sadly noted so very few new faces in our revival meetings. I have been greatly discouraged over the lack of new material to feed the mills of our altars. I have seen the "old straw" threshed and rethreshed until it is worn threadbare. I have tried this method and that, this program and that, in my human zeal and earnest endeavor to "have a revival"—only to see the sheer mockery of failure! Yet I know the need. I am aware of the solution. Hindrances face us all, everywhere. These hindrances are too great and too powerful and too mani-

fold for mere humanity or wit to overcome. We must have something from beyond the ordinary walks of men. We must have the supernatural. We must have God! He comes only in the operation of the Holy Ghost. "*This is that*" which will do this very necessary thing.

"This is that"

WHICH REVIVES THE CHURCH AND REBUKES SIN

While the power of the Holy Spirit in a very real sense removes the hindrances to holy living and all the workings of God, thus producing revival, in another sense "*this is that*" which brings the very revival itself. In some cases there are few hindrances to be removed prior to a revival. The seeds have been faithfully sown, prayers have been faithfully offered, fasting and waiting before the throne have been carefully done. Harvest-time is near. Meetings are planned. The preaching of the Word begins. The singing of the hymns and songs is done. It is "revival time." Yet in some cases we see no revival. Why?

I am aware that Finney taught that revivals are the result of expectant faith on the part of the church and the sincere meeting of the demands of certain spiritual laws. While much truth lies here, revivals do come in the manner and ways of God. Revivals are a direct visitation of the Holy Spirit to the community. Once a great Holy Ghost revival sweeps into a congregation one sees the foolishness of much of the costly effort that we humans expend.

Revival flood tides are mighty. A revival will uproot the plans and endeavors of the devil, put to nought the connivings of carnal men, and generally reduce sin everywhere. Once the revival is on in full sweep it rages not too unlike a forest fire! Sinners will fall under deep conviction. Christians will feel the distinct rebuke

of the Spirit for any laxness and looseness in devotions, ethics, and daily walk. A consequent return to the fundamentals of the faith will be felt by all concerned. The sanctifying of believers, the restoration of backsliders, the humbling of the holy, will all be seen and felt to be part of the revival. *"This is that" which will revive the church.*

I once instructed the president of our Hi-N.Y. organization in a certain church to call a prayer meeting the Sunday night preceding a revival. I asked her to set aside the planned program for that night and "get all the teen-agers into prayer meeting." We were beginning a revival meeting the following Tuesday night. I felt we had to see a real revival. I well knew that only about six or eight young folk in the organization of forty really possessed an experience with the Lord. This looked much akin to the impossible to instruct a teenage girl to get a group of forty into a red-hot prayer meeting with at least thirty-four of them non-professors of religion! I shall never forget the heroic expression on the face of that somewhat frail teen-age girl as she faced her task in that prayer meeting. When I gave her the instructions for the meeting she only replied, "Yes, sir, I'll try!"

The hour came. It was 6:10 p.m. on Sunday. The Hi-N.Y. went to their auditorium in the church annex. The prayer meeting was begun. No adults were present. I had felt best to leave the program for this prayer meeting to the girl in charge. The few Christians in the group saw the magnitude of their task. They began to pray. There was a sense of determination in the thin line of frail voices as they seemed determined to hold the line at all hazard. Soon the faithful Holy Spirit began to do His office work. Conviction began to settle. Others began to repent, pray through, and join the ranks of the saved. The sound of battle increased to a small

roar. It began to seep out through the walls. By seventy-three things had swelled into dead-earnestness. I was in the pulpit in the main sanctuary. The great choir was singing. Between numbers the dull noise of the teen-age prayer meeting could be heard.

Just about the time I arose to preach, the young people left the annex auditorium and came into the basement of the main building. They went into the main prayer room. I preached for about twenty minutes with the crescendo of the praying swelling up through the floor. The big congregation sensed the spirit. The very air seemed to be becoming surcharged with the supernatural. At about eight-thirty the teen-agers left the prayer room and came up the steps; they came in both front entries singing, with faces aglow like that of Stephen, with cheeks wet with the tears that coursed a-down like falling rain. The song was familiar:

*My heavenly home is bright and fair,
And I feel like traveling on.*

Sinners and backsliders began to leave their pews and run toward the altar. The Holy Ghost had come! I left the platform and rushed to the basement prayer room. I arrived in time to see a college freshman pray through, leap to his feet crying lustily, "I'll do it! I'll do it! I'll do it!" I learned that he meant he'd leave a fraternal order that I had advised against and that his family had advised against. He had joined the fraternity over the advice, prayer, and protest of all of us. He rushed out to his automobile, removed the emblem of the order, cast off his lapel pin, and in all made a clean sweep. The Holy Ghost had done in a few seconds what the pastor and family could not do in days! "*This is that*" which will revive the church and rebuke sin!

When the smoke of the battle was cleared that memorable Sunday night, we could count forty as "the

slain of the Lord." I preached on Monday night before the evangelist arrived and we saw ten more added to the forty. The evangelist (one of our good district superintendents) arrived on Tuesday. There was not a barren altar call! With a steady downpour of rain that lasted all the last Saturday night and all Sunday morning we counted over seven hundred in Sunday school! The Holy Spirit had paid us a visitation!

"This is that"

WHICH PRODUCES REVIVALS AND REBUKES SIN

Some years ago I was preaching in a lovely little Methodist church, nestled like a white jewel in the emerald setting of the Cumberland Mountains. The frothing waters of the Collins River ran close by; a well-kept cemetery formed the churchyard on either side of the sanctuary. The people were praying, the singing was good, the organ music fine. I preached for one week, then until Saturday night of the second. The battle was running rather sporadically. We had seen but eight seek God. The congregation had packed the building night after night. By the Saturday night in question not only was the sanctuary filled, but the lamp-light revealed a sea of faces as far as its beams reached into the darkness of the churchyard.

On this Saturday night I preached, made an altar call, did all I was able to do as we sang three invitation songs through. Not one single person came forward. This being the closing service of the schedule, I prepared to dismiss the congregation. A dear old Methodist father, whose son had gone away to college and had returned a backslider, was standing in the back of the house, weeping and talking to his lad. This father turned in my direction and said, "Brother Hicks, please ask them to sing one more song." The song director obeyed.

The song commenced. With the suddenness of lightning, at about midway through the first stanza, the "break" came. The young man started toward the altar. A rather large man seemed stricken in the middle aisle. With tears streaming down his cheeks he sat in the middle of the aisle vowing that he would never budge until he had salvation; meanwhile people trampled him underfoot as if oblivious to his presence.

In less than one minute the altar could hold no more seekers. I heard an unearthly screaming out in the darkness behind the church. I ran to the window and looking out discovered an old, wicked, grizzled man on his knees, both hands stretched high in the air, his face turned toward heaven, as in a loud voice he was pleading with God for forgiveness. When the service closed twenty had prayed through. He had come! *"This is that" which had brought revival.*

I was scheduled to return to my own pastorate the next day, Sunday, and begin a revival in one of my own churches. The folk began to plead that I return to this scene for a continuation of the present effort. I agreed to come back the next night for one last service.

I drove home, preached in my own parish on Sunday morning, and returned, at about sunset, to the revival. When I came in sight of the church I was confronted with a multitude. I had to park my car at some distance from the church and walk to the building. The house was so filled that I with some difficulty reached the platform. I inquired of the state of affairs. I was informed that the congregation had met for Sunday school in the morning and the work of the Spirit had again broken out until they were unable to have Sunday school at all, but had engaged the whole day in praying souls through to victory in Jesus. It was now sundown and still the work of divine grace continued! With no singing or preaching I gave immediately another invita-

tion. A tall, angular man gave a little child he was holding to a neighbor and walked the backs of the pews to reach the freedom of the aisle and altar. Needless to add, he soon found that for which his soul longed.

I preached again. Another mighty altar service ensued. The Holy Ghost had visited a Methodist church and revival had, like the uncontrollable tides of a turbulent sea, swept sin from a community! *"This is that" which will revive the church and remove sin!* Oh, that God would send it to us again in this our day!

"This is that"

WHICH WILL REVEAL THE LORD JESUS

Oh, how the world cries in the voice of those nameless Greeks in John 12: 21, "Sir, we would see Jesus." I am dead sure that Jesus Christ is the answer to all the problems of our present sick, sinful, tired old world. If we, the holiness people, could catch a vision of the meek, broken, sweet Jesus and flash that vision outward to a lost race, what a restoration we could see! Harlots would be made pure, liars would become truthful, rogues would be made honest, and the vilest would be transformed!

Before we can display the Lord Jesus Christ to others we must really see Him in our own hearts. He must truly be enthroned as King of Kings and Lord of Lords in the domain of our own souls. We so badly miss the mark in many of our holiness meetings. We seek for joy, peace, shouts, and blessing—to the forgetting of the Christ.

It is easy to become enamored with the very preaching of holiness and fail to recognize the beauty of the holy Christ. It is not hard to be so taken up with teaching the Word, sermonizing in the truth, searching out the deep things of theology, as to leave the blessed Lord Jesus outside, knocking at the door, as did the Laodicean church.

It is impossible for the wholly sanctified to neglect Jesus. For Jesus is so vividly revealed to us that He literally becomes our "all in all." The promise of the Lord Jesus regarding the Comforter was this, "He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you" (John 16:14). In exact fulfillment of this divine promise, the blessed Holy Ghost performs this office to the heart of the sanctified.

Some years ago, while a student-pastor in the lovely Cumberland Mountain section of eastern Tennessee, I thoroughly enjoyed viewing the gorgeous mountain landscapes. It was a delight beyond words. To walk out onto some jutting cliff and from its natural vantage overlook the fertile fields, winding streams, and fairy-like patterns far below was a thrill inexpressible to the nature lover. One of those favorite panoramas can be observed from a point known as the Eagle Cliff near the town of Monteagle, Tennessee.

If in the month of June the viewer, for his first time, should walk out to this promontory of Eagle Cliff, there would await him the experience of a lifetime. If perchance a silken fog enshrouded the valley below, all the beauty of the landscape would be obscured. Suddenly, as if animated, the fingers of some sandstone crag would tear apart the gossamer robes of the fog and bright sunbeams would bathe the valley below in a golden blanket of sheer rapture. The view, exotic in beauty and intense in strength, would stir whatever poetic instincts the viewer might possess.

The deep red of crimson clover patches, the amber gold of ripening grain, the emerald green of growing corn would form the patchwork carpeting a veritable fairyland far below. Like a silver streak the meandering course of Elk River would be seen winding its placid way toward the impetuous embrace of the larger Tennessee! Contented cattle and docile sheep could be seen in many a verdant pastureland.

While emotionally intoxicated by the pastoral beauty of the landscape, spread hundreds of feet below, the viewer is not aware of the power that has so suddenly lifted the valley from the tomb of the fog to the resurrection of sight. It was the sun of course. So it is with the visions of Christ Jesus as they appear to the enraptured sight of the sanctified. The Holy Spirit reveals the loveliness of the Redeemer.

Oh, the marvel of the unselfishness of the Trinity! Jesus plainly taught that He came not to speak of himself but to reveal the Father. The Holy Spirit, when He has come, speaks little of himself but reveals the loveliness of Jesus. The sanctified immediately begins to exalt the Holy Spirit to the unsanctified, thus enticing the hungry believer to seek with all his heart the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire. In all points we go back to God. We exalt the Spirit; the Spirit exalts the Lord Jesus Christ; Christ exalts and reveals God the Father.

"This is that"

WHICH RESTS THE WEARY

One of the first abiding sensations of holiness is rest. Once the wild rush of the initial fire has swept by, a quiet, clean rest settles down over the soul. Once the tempest has tossed the last piece of carnal driftwood and fleshly refuse off the sea of Divine Love, there comes the glassy calm. "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God" (Hebrews 4:9).

This is not a physical rest, for many agitations will arise without to try the patience of the sanctified. This is not a deathly rest, for living organisms are never at rest while the germ of life abides. Life is motion, and motion is an inseparable part of life. The sanctified is more vibrantly alive than ever before, yet he is spiritually at rest.

This soul rest is a rest at the end of a civil war. This soul rest is the rest of the bride in the arms of the

bridegroom. This soul rest is the cessation of conflict between the soul and God, its Giver. No more carnal strivings, no more carnal misgivings, no more carnal fears. Rest, my soul, in full confidence in the eternal God!

Perfect love *does* literally cast out fear. The Bible says so. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear" (I John 4:18). The fear it removes is the fear of the wrath of a displeased God at the judgment. It is not human fear so necessary to self-preservation. It is not the fear of sin. It is the fear of the judgment. This absence of fear is brought about by the glorious replacement of divine love made full-grown by the baptizing incoming of the Third Person of the Trinity, the Holy Ghost, in sanctifying measure.

"This is that"

WHICH RESTORES THE TEMPLE

While a student in college I remember preparing a paper on the Jewish temples. Of course the most noteworthy was that first temple, known as Solomon's Temple. I was literally staggered in my imagination by the lavishing of wealth and art on this religious structure. It seems almost unbelievable to the modern holiness devotee to learn that millions of dollars' worth of gold inlay and foil were used to cover the interior of this building. The massive veil with its crimson, purple, and gold weavings, the columns, the carved cedar, the massive masonry—all must have been beautiful. Yet when the Temple was finished and duly dedicated, the God of the universe did not find it to His everlasting liking as a dwelling place!

It is even more unbelievable that our great and all-wise God, who fills all the universe with His glorious presence, would deign to select the human body as the temple for His earthly abiding during this long age of

grace. In I Corinthians 6:19 the Holy Spirit attests the startling truth of this very fact. "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" This at once casts light on the human form in its anatomy and physiology. The probing medical student will see in all the intricate network of nerves, the various tubes of the blood vascular system, and the many and intriguing layers of muscles something more than a mere corpse. The sanctified believer will begin to look on his very body as a sacred something not to be desecrated by the sins and abuses of ordinary humanity.

The full force of the divine injunction against destroying life or doing damage to the tissues of the body will strike home to the very mind and heart of the sanctified. He will see life as sacred; he will see the very structure of the human form as clean and holy. The human structure is of utmost importance to God in the spread of the gospel; hence we should see our bodies as God's temples.

When one pauses to consider just how wonderfully he is made, his love and appreciation for the wisdom, care, ability, and providence of God are greatly enhanced. I cannot see how any student of the anatomy of the human body could be an evolutionist. Foolish indeed are the concoctions of the mind that can conceive of the present human form as a creature of mutations and adaptations!

The telegraph system of the human body is a marvel indeed. Encased in a well-fitted set of cranial bones is a delicate organ known as the brain. In real appearance it closely resembles the half of the kernel of an English walnut. This delicate instrument is a sort of central telephone system co-ordinating the messages and originating the impulses that move and control the very life of the entire structure of the body. Small in size and light in weight, this organ is the seat of reason,

memory, imagination, and thought. God has well protected it by the hard shell, the cranium, which He has left undeveloped in the newly born child to assist its advent into the world and permit expansion of the normal brain cells.

Attached to the lower and under part of this brain is a long cord known as the spinal cord. This cord is the central trunk line of the communication system of the body. It is encased in a set of interlocked bones called the vertebrae. In about the center of these interlocked bones is a hole through which this spinal cord passes. The vertebrae thus form a strong, elastic pipeline through which passes this vital cord upon which life itself depends. Among other things this spinal column furnishes a protective conduit for the body's telephone system. God has furthermore thoroughly insulated this spinal cord with a threefold sheath of fibrous material. These three sheaths are separated by a microscopic fluid. In anatomy these sheaths are called the dura mater, the arachnoid, and the pia mater. No man-made telegraph system has such good insulation.

It stands to reason that so delicate an instrument as the brain with its fluids, tiny blood vessels, and complicated network of nerve fibers must be so cushioned as to permit the very minimum of shock and jar. It seems that our omniscient God has taken care of just this with a marvelous system of shock absorption that is carefully spread out in the bone structure of the whole body. At every joint from the feet upward there is a minute bit of clearance that absorbs some of the shock of walking, running, and leaping. Observing the place in the section of the body where the two legs unite into the trunk, we find another engineering marvel. The lower extremity of the spinal column rests in the broad, strong pelvic saddle. Then laid tier on tier the vertebrae of the backbone extend to the base of the head. The discs between each of the vertebrae take out more and

more of the jar and shock until, when it would finally reach the brain, all shock is fully removed.

This central trunk line of the spinal cord has attached to it pairs of smaller trunk lines known as spinal nerves. Thirty-two pairs of these spinal nerves exist, sixty-four in all. These spinal nerves branch off into smaller and still smaller nerves until every cell of the body from the neck downward is connected to the central telephone office of the brain. A fly cannot alight on the farthest extremity of the left middle finger without a message instantly flashing to the brain, where it is processed with the speed of light and transferred from communication to impulse, and the right arm is put into operation with a sweeping and resounding swat, thus removing the foreign intruder from off his chosen throne on the middle finger of the left hand! There is no telephone system in London, New York, Berlin, Rome, or Tokyo that can compare in any remote way with this system created in the human body by our God!

In the left central section of the chest, enclosed in a strong sac called the pericardium, is a unique muscular pump, the heart. Surrounding this vital pump house of the temple is a strong cage of bones that we know as ribs. These ribs are hinged in the front to a strong, heavy bone, the sternum, and thence proceeding around and backward to another union with the semiflexible spinal column. Thus is formed the framework for a strong protective wall enclosing all the vital organs of the upper chest. This vital pumping machinery is tied onto a large pipe, the aorta, which arches above and back of its base. From this arch of the aorta other large pipes branch off, from these tubes smaller and smaller tubes lead out, finally reducing to hairlikeness in size. Ultimately every cell of the body is sustained and fed by a red liquid, the blood, that is driven from the central pumping station of the heart. Returning to this pump house are other sets of tubes called the veins, which

return the unloaded blood along with waste material to be purified, reloaded with energy, and recirculated.

This complex blood vascular system, upon whose adequate circulatory function life itself depends, is utterly dependent on this pump, the heart. Divided into four chambers connected with automatic valves that seal perfectly under normal conditions, this muscular instrument circulates from eight to twelve pints of deep red fluid called blood, twenty-four hours a day, year upon year. Averaging about seventy strokes per minute, normally this pump will run for years with no outside lubrication, no valve repair or replacement of gaskets. There is not a mechanical pump on earth that will do likewise.

Embedded in the wall of the upper right chamber of this marvelous muscular pump, near the opening of the large pipeline that returns the used blood from the upper half of the body, is a little mass of cells about three-quarters of an inch long that we may designate as the "pacemaker" of the heartbeat. Somehow, unknown to medical science, this little mass of cells generate a light electric charge of about one-thousandth of a volt. This current seems to set the pace and regulate the rhythm of the pulse. It is not too unlike the coxswain of a racing shell that beats out the rhythm of the strokes for the oarsmen. This is the impulse that is picked up and recorded on the electrocardiograph. I am totally amazed at the planning and the wisdom of our Creator in the building of my body. Surely He planned something else for me beyond common animal life!

On either side of the chest and enclosed in the same protective cage as the heart are two long, thick organs, the lungs. Made up of thousands of tubes, air sacs, arteries, and veins, these two great chemical furnaces mix the life-giving oxygen with the food energy from the digestive system and transform it into energy to be sent by the blood to all the living parts of the body. If

a blockage occurs in any pipeline carrying this food and energy-bearing blood, the member at the other end may die or be seriously injured.

Lower and backward in this large, hollow region between the shoulders and the hips are two other pea-shaped organs called the kidneys. A marvel indeed are these two chemical plants located on either side of the spine. They are really great chemical plants. They serve not only as sewage filters but as chemical separators and returners of purified salts to the blood stream.

These kidneys weigh no more than a few ounces and are about four to five inches long, about two and one-half inches wide, and about two inches thick. In spite of their limited space, God has placed over one million tubes called renal tubules in each kidney. Through this complex filter system all the blood in the human body passes over one hundred times each twenty-four hours! These organs extract about forty-three gallons of fluid from the blood in a normal human adult each twenty-four hours. These intricate chemical plants, the kidneys, further break this vast amount of fluid down and separate it into waste, pure water, salts, and glucose. The one to two quarts of impurities they send through its two sewers, the ureters, to a storage tank, the bladder, which expels it upon order from the central telephone system, the brain, as harmful waste from the body.

The remainder of this over forty gallons of fluid the kidneys return to the blood through the inferior vena cava as useful water, glucose, and salts. None but an all-wise Creator could so plan to keep the body healthy! He had in His matchless mind, in all this glorious planning, the health, strength, and welfare of the future temples of the Holy Ghost upon the earth during the age of grace.

All mechanisms need a cooling process. God has provided a built-in air-conditioning system in the total framework of the human anatomy. Along with other

usages the sweat ducts act as a cooling system to the body. The fluid ejected through many tiny openings of the skin on a hot summer day brings out heat that it has absorbed inwardly.

Recognizably there must be an opening into this temple. There must be some sort of doorway. God opened such and we know it as the mouth. It moves on self-oiling hinges and is controlled by tendons and cords called muscles. If man were to have made this doorway he might have destroyed its beauty and symmetry by an ugly muscle attached to the frontal point of the chin and to the upper extremity of the sternum. But God planned and executed it otherwise. A muscle called in anatomy the digastricus largely performs the desirable function of opening and closing the mouth. Both ends of this muscle are broad and thick. The middle of this muscle is a narrow tendon. The back end is attached to the mastoid bone and the front end to the front end of the jawbone. In the middle of this muscle it is made to pass, where it is a tendon, through another muscle, the stylohyoideus. This hole through which this digastricus muscle runs acts as a pulley, keeping tension on it, thus affecting the operation of the door shutter to the body, the temple of the Holy Ghost. God so preserved the beauty as well as the utility of the mouth. Out of this doorway of the mouth I can send my brain children, cloaked in the words of my vocabulary, to curse or bless at my will.

God also cut windows in this temple. Two of these windows exist, one on either side of the nose. They even have stained glass in their circular panes. Some are brown, some are blue, some are gray, while others are pastels of soft and beautiful hues.

These windows are not only windows, but are a mechanically perfect set of cameras with built-in adjustable lens, light meters, and range finders. Several

of the twelve pairs of the cranial nerves automatically operate to cause our sight and vision through these cameras. One set adjusts the pupil to light intensity; another nerve adjusts the image on the screen of the retina. Another nerve takes off this image and relays it to the central telephone system of the brain, and this system shuttles this light impulse to the memory department, which draws from a well-ordered file of past events an exact record of a like object that has been photographed in prior times. Another electrical impulse transfers this mental photograph to the consciousness and we recognize the object on whose form those perfectly aligned cameras have focused! We see.

No less enthralling is the sense of hearing. The sound communications into this temple of the Holy Ghost are gathered by large, perfectly fashioned reflectors that are wrinkled and grooved so as to receive and deflect the maximum amount of sound waves over a minimum of surface, thus not affecting the loveliness of the head by their size. These two reflectors or antennas we call ears. The ears are divided into three distinct parts, the outer, middle, and inner ear. From this auricle of the outer ear the sound waves pass down and inward to the membrane called the eardrum. This sets in motion a tiny bone, the malleus, which in turn vibrates a second bone, the incus, which in its office moves a third bone, the stapes. All this sets in motion some other most interesting mechanisms which finally send an impulse flowing over the auditory nerve to the brain. Thus we hear.

Between the dust heaps (for from dust I come and to dust shall I go) I am a living marvel. Grace, creative grace, motivated God to create me. Grace, foreseeing grace, planned a perfect method of redemption for my sinful soul. Prevenient grace pursued my wayward feet and convicted me of my sin. Pardoning grace lifted me out of the horrible pit of eternal separation. Perfecting

grace granted to my restless heart the sweet elixir of sanctifying love. I must literally shout with St. Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am" (I Corinthians 15:10).

I cannot, though a member of the animal kingdom, be altogether classified as the peak product of the animal world. I cannot be classed as just a complex biological specimen at the top of one branch of the phylogenetic tree! I am far beyond the most advanced of the so-called anthropoid apes. I can speak articulately. I can concentrate my mental powers organizationally. I can use the five digits on my two hands inventively. I can weave a lovely damask of poetic fancy in the silver loom of my brain and transmit the product through muscular ingenuity into writing that rhymes. I am moral. I can learn ethics. I can plan for the future.

Comparative anatomy may reveal some remote similarity of structural make-up between the wing of a bird, the flipper of a whale, the leg of an ox, and the arm of a man. An all-knowing Creator knew that those skeletal structures were the best obtainable and thus made them so. But to look at the bones of a bat's wing and the bones of the human hand and think for a moment of the physiology of both will suggest a contrast rather than a comparison. God gave the bat a wing with which to fly and with which to hang by its tiny hooks in a dark cave in the day, and thus this organ serves its earthly usefulness ere it sinks to the everlasting darkness of animal death. The uses of the human hand are so many as to almost defy their listing.

The human hand with all its arches, joints, tendons, nerves, arteries, veins, and skin is a marvel of divine engineering indeed. When we look on its cunning we are further amazed. When we think on the uses of holy hands to minister to the suffering, write the news of the gospel, and hundreds of kindred uses we are in-

clined to bow in prayer with that seraphic English woman, Frances Ridley Havergal, and say, in her prayer-poem:

*Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.*

Temples that walk, temples that talk, temples that see, temples that hear, temples that think, that love, that will! How glorious! I am a living temple, not just a corporeal body. A temple is a dwelling place of a Deity. God lives in the sanctified. Two beings exist in companionship in this temple, my soul and its God.

"This is that"

WHICH WILL REOPEN HEAVEN'S GATES ONE GLAD DAY

With anticipation I dream of heaven! Instinctively I long for those balmy days in that sinless summerland. The ritual rites I have read too often, the runic rhythm of the requiem I have heard too frequently to consider this earth as final. There must be a better realm. There must be a brighter day. Aye, a day of no dying, a land of no longing, a realm of no ruin! Heaven exists, never doubt it. Heaven with jasper walls, solid pearl gates, golden streets, and everlasting waters! Heaven with the Ancient of Days forever on His throne. Heaven with its glassy sea comingled with dancing shimmers of celestial fire, too calm for storm or rain. Heaven with its redeemed and shouting saints. Heaven with its myriads of angelic hosts. Heaven, where Jesus is forever with His people blest. My soul must one glad day roam forever in the everlasting plenitudes of that heavenly region of delight.

In the tender springtime the gray goose plucks from her breast the down to line the cradle for her goslings. As the warmer sun of summer crests yon Canadian lake

with burnish fire, those tiny fledgling geese mature in wing and voice. Soon the yellow down gives way to pinfeathers, pinfeathers to stronger covering. As the first breath of autumn with its hint of hoarfrost and its prophecy of a white cold encroaches, those geese turn their red-rimmed eyes toward the dying summer's sun. They preen those strong pinions. They stretch those long necks in sheer anticipation. Murmuring with every heartbeat in their breast is a pull of instinct toward a land they have never seen. With one toss of the head and one wave of the wing they bid adieu to the lake of their nativity and fall into pattern for migratory flight southward. In close formation, as if by the very V of it to indicate hope of victory, they follow the lead gander toward the sunlit shores of a new existence. Down across the Mississippi Valley, across the ricelands in amber harvest, they wing them onward. Soon the blue surges of the Gulf of Mexico flash before them. The fronds of the palm trees stretch out in the mild semitropical breeze, like a maiden drying her hair in the wind. They have arrived!

Who told the gray goose about a land of warm, blue summer skies? Never did he read geography or study navigation! A divine Navigator boxed his compass, charted unerringly his course. I have never seen heaven but that same divine Navigator has instilled within my heart a sure knowledge of a "land that is fairer than day." I must soon be away to its golden beauty. It is my eternal homeland.

Never the crunch of a crutch will resound on its golden avenues. Never the clank of a brace will impede the skip and hop of a little boy. Never will a briny tear tarnish the gold of its streets. Never the mound of a tomb mar its stretching vistas! Never the drear lament of a dirge to reverberate in doleful echoes from those jasper walls! Heaven is real. Heaven will one day be mine!

As one great Methodist bishop used to say, "I am not *going* to be a living soul; I *am* a living soul!" While perhaps no exact definition of life can be given, we all possess it. Where it came from and whither it goes at death no cold, scientific processes can determine. Faith furnishes the answer, "The spirit shall return unto God who gave it" (Ecclesiastes 12:7). While life is in my possession I must so surrender it to God as to make certain that its eternal qualities will be to His pleasure and my liking.

The light was dim and sober. The covers fitfully rose and fell. In a room of a large hospital I stood hard by the bed of death. Eyes were sad and misty, heartbeat quiet and slow. The thin line of worlds narrowed. The last tempest of *rigor mortis* had begun to blow. I saw a weary pilgrim walk the deck of his bark with hand shading his eyes as he searched for the harbor lights along that evergreen shore. Soon a strange light brightened his features, his hand lifted in praise. I bent to catch his parting whisper, "Thank God, I've made it in!"

I cannot tell the joys of heavenly dreaming. Vocabulary mocks me. Metaphors fail. The fondest dreams of a lass on her nuptial day fall far short of heaven's joys. The sweetest lays that come from the golden pen of the poet are mere doggerels compared to heaven's sonnets. All the triumphant oratorios of Handel coupled with the haunting Viennese melodies of Strauss cannot vie with the "Holy, holy, holy" of the angels' song.

In the silent dust of nameless centuries God's great army of sainted dead have lain in bivouac. Soon the golden fingers of an eternal dawn shall tear aside the deep rose curtains of their slumber and stroke awake the sightless eyes. Ere long clinging graveclothes of the tomb shall be replaced with robes of purest white. For in that day and on that hour the tongues long silent in primordial dust shall rise to sing in a sweeter, nobler strain than ever before!

I repeat, God mocks us not! Instinct and craving for heaven must have its answer. God has *some* way to reopen the guarded gates of Paradise. The angelic sentry must somehow sheathe his flaming sword. The precious fruits of the tree of life shall be ours. The recall of this majestic sentry from his duty was accomplished at little cost to man but at fearful cost to God. The shed blood of Jesus Christ was the absolute necessity. The demands of Sinai's thunders, the loneliness and bloody sweat of Gethsemane, the cruel pain and dreadful blackness of Golgotha were all a part of this extreme cost to God. Predetermined in the preventive grace of God, this reopening of heaven's gates was made possible by the sacrifice of the Son of God.

To lift this fact of the Cross out of the realm of fiction through the avenues of history into the realm of a living reality for today, something else was demanded. Jesus foretold it all when He uttered the prophetic promise of John, "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever" (John 14:16). Jesus re-emphasized this glorious promise thus:

Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

Of sin, because they believe not on me;

Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;

Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

—John 16:7-11

Entrusted therefore to the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of our Trinity, was the task of convincing the world, convicting men, converting sinners to himself, and sealing them unto the day of final redemption after they had believed in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was the plan of God that the Father originate redemptive measures, that Christ furnish redemptive merits, and that the Holy Spirit operate in redemptive methods. Until "he is come" all of salvation is meaningless. We are not of Christ if we have not been touched by the Spirit (Romans 8:9).

Instantly upon Peter's commentary on the prophecy of Joel at Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost, God kept His word, having sent the Spirit upon the disciples first in infilling and sanctifying measure. He now sent Him upon the unconverted and sinful multitude in saving portion. Heaven's gates with all the prospects of eternal life at once were potentially opened to whosoever would "call on the name of the Lord."

A changeless, perfect, omniscient God is still doing the same spiritual work of grace today. Times have changed; God remains the same. Patterns of living have vastly altered; humanity is the same at heart, though polished more outwardly. Carnality is ever the same vicious, hateful, uncompromising, unconquerable adversary of the Lord Jesus Christ. The sinful flesh is still the "fifth column" of Satan in the bastion of Mansoul. Total war was declared at the lonely and locked gates of Eden. It still rages in the blood of Calvary now. No quarter will be asked, none can be given. If ever we would see the way to the tree of life reopened, we must see it in the dual operation of the Holy Spirit. First we must enter through the new birth. We must continue in this holy way to the gates of pearl. To be happily successful we must seek and receive from the bountiful hand of God "that" for which we see such a desperate need, i.e., the baptism with the Holy Ghost. Unconquerable

carnality must die. Its execution on the cross of Christ will be surely accomplished in the moment of the in-rushing, fiery baptism with the Holy Spirit.

The stumbling stones of carnality, the offense of the flesh thus removed into the oblivion of the eternities, by nothing short of the power of the Holy Spirit, the way is enhanced and the race becomes a march of victory. Heaven will be ours. The twelve gates of that Everlasting City will await us in the morning!

Bible typology is a subject fraught with much difficulty and filled with many pitfalls and great danger. In spite of all the gross misapplication in the realm of types, in spite of all the hurtful spiritualization of the Old Testament scriptures, in spite of all the fanciful presentation of warped Bible truths, there is a vast field of wholesome spiritual food to be gained from some of the historic figures of the old dispensation. Moses was instructed to make the wilderness Tabernacle according to the pattern shown him on the mount (Hebrews 8:5). The context of Hebrews 8 further discloses that much of the ritual and history of Jewish worship was a type of the better things to come. Heaven in its eternal rest and unmovable stability is herein implied.

John on the Isle of Patmos saw the foursquare city of the New Jerusalem coming down out of the heavens as a beautiful bride adorned for the bridegroom. He, upon a closer scrutiny, discovered that entrance was gained by twelve gates, three on each of the four sides. The city itself was recorded as being laid out according to the four cardinal points of the compass, north, south, east, and west. John was moreover shown that over each of the twelve gates was inscribed a name. Each gate bore over its lintel the name of one of the twelve tribes of Israel.

Remembering the earthly sojourn of Israel as typical of the heavenly existence of the saints in the ages to come, we think of the encampment of the tribes in the

wilderness. When they went into camp they formed a square. Each tribe was assigned its respective place in the square. On each side a "standard bearing" or a guard tribe was designated. These four "color guard tribes" were Judah, Reuben, Ephraim, and Dan. On the east was Judah in the center, flanked by Zebulun and Issachar. On the west was Ephraim, flanked by Benjamin and Manasseh. On the north was Dan, flanked by Naph-tali and Asher. On the south was Reuben, flanked by Simeon and Gad. Inside this strong camp were security, rest, happiness, and worship. So will it be in the glory land called heaven.

I have wondered if our entrance would not be through a gate of the east side—and I have wondered if it might not be through the Judah gate. Our divine Lord was of the tribe of Judah. Judah was the central guard tribe that encamped on the east side of the encampment of the children of Israel in the wilderness (Numbers 2:3). Since we enter into full salvation through the Lord Jesus, of Judah's tribe, it is not stretching the imagination too far to think of entering heaven through the gate of Judah!

*I will meet you in the morning,
Just inside the Eastern Gate.
Then be ready, faithful pilgrim,
Lest with you it be too late.**

Once our long pilgrimage is over, once the battles are all fought through to a successful conclusion, once the crowns of life are granted, the saints shall enter the gates of heaven. The outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost was *that which reopens heaven's gates*. Not only did it grant this sought-for prize of heaven to those Jews on that memorial day, but it will be sweetly repeated to usward in our time. Grace is undated, mercy is unlimited, power is unrestricted. We

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may seek Him with the happy assurance of finding. We may knock at the open door with the encouraging promise of an entrance. We may ask of His bounties with the satisfying knowledge of reception.

Pentecostal promises are precious. Satisfying salvation is sure. Grandeurs of grace are gratifying. The inexhaustible fountain of healing waters is free to all. The holy highway is heavenward in its course. *"This is that" which will admit us therein and deliver us homeward!*

Let us seek "that." Let us satisfy our souls with no satanic substitute. Let us await the certain knowledge that "that" has come which will reopen the gates of heaven in the end of the tale of life. No matter how hard the battles, no matter how long the road, no matter how vicious the devil, no matter how stubborn carnality may be, victory is ours because of Christ. We will claim it, we will receive it, we will be faithful to the trust. Let us go to heaven!

When the dark river of death raises its chilly waters about my feet and the darkness of physical dissolution enshrouds me, I should love to lean on the promise of Zechariah, "But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light" (Zechariah 14:7). Then shall I wish my tongue to praise Him for the fearlessness of love made perfect (I John 4:17). Then may the words of the poet be meaningful:

*And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.**

*Henry W. Longfellow, "The Day Is Done."