

THE OLD PATHS

V. C. Martin, Evangelist.

The prophet Jeremiah said, "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Thank God for the good way. We are living in a great age of change and progress, and I must confess that I am very much taken up with some of the modern inventions. I would like to ask if there are any who would like to go back to the old way of planting and tending the corn crop; who would be willing to give up the binder or header and start to harvest two hundred acres of wheat with the old style cradle; where is the woman who is willing to give up the electric sweeper, washer and ironer for the old-fashioned ones; who will take out the electric lights and go back to the old tallow candle; where is the man who will give up his Ford and go joy riding with the old ox team; where is the man who will put a blanket on the old razor-backed mule, climb on him and go galloping off after the doctor instead of using the telephone?

It looks to me as if people have also tried to improve religion and keep it up to date, but we find that man is the same sinful, cracked, deceptive creature that he was in the time of Jacob, Judas and Ananias, and it takes the same God and salvation to fix him up today that it took then.

Religion is so modern today that people can hear a sermon over the radio, decide for Christ, send in their name and picture; have the picture baptized, their name put on the church record and they feel absolutely secure and fireproof, or at least they say they do.

Brethren, there is only one chance for us as Wesleyan Methodists (and all others) and that is to stick to the old paths. We cannot build up our Church with soup, ice cream and soda water, because we are too small to compete with the larger churches on that line; but we are not too small to compete with others on the line of old-time power and fire. Let us remember that fire is attractive, as well as soup and soda water. Moses was so taken up with the sheep business that soup would not have drawn his attention. But when he saw the fire in the bush, and saw that the bush was not consumed, he forgot the sheep, turned aside to investigate the situation, and before he got away he was bare footed, standing on holy ground, face covered because of fear, and was promoted from a sheep herder to a holiness preacher; given a charge down in Egypt with the privilege of preaching to the biggest man in the city. Well, praise God, I think that was moving up the line some. Now I cannot believe that an oyster stew would have brought about this great change.

Bless God! I believe when we get the non-exhaustive fire we will be much more attractive. One great trouble we have today is too many straw fires that puff up for a little while and then go out. A sort of a fire cracker fire which will do a great deal of cracking and popping around in a camp or revival meeting, then will soon blow over and lie dormant for a long period. Perhaps it takes ten months to generate enough power for a

two months run. Well, that may be better than nothing at all, but I am sure that there is something better yet than that.

Let us stick to the old paths of regeneration, an experience where men are saved from their sins. Matt. 1:21; I. John 3:9. An experience where we really become new creatures and the old things are gone. 2 Cor. 5:17. It is not hard to do the things that we desire to do. If we have the Spirit it is easy to walk in the Spirit. If new creatures, why not walk in newness of life, but, if only a mental reformation the old desires and the longing for Egyptian onions will soon have us back feasting from the devils garbage can of worldliness. An experience where we can overcome the world. I. John 5:4. It is all right to own farms, hogs and cattle; but it is all wrong when they own us. I have heard people testify and praise God for victory over the world, and tell how they had taken off their jewelry, given up the shows, quit spending money for tobacco and such like, which I absolutely believe in doing, but yet in their heart there was a big farm, hogs, cattle and business of all kinds with a big old covetous devil on the throne that would pile up so much work for them to do that they had very little time to spend for the saving of lost souls. Many times so worn out and worked down that they amounted to very little while at church, or the body at church, and the mind planning out some business deal for Monday. My brethren, these things ought not to be. An experience that will save from this modern, godless, immodest, soul-degrading, virtue-destroying, dress craze that is sweeping over our country. Israel wanted to be like other people and have a king, but that desire brought deep trouble upon her. Samson wanted to keep the good will of Delilah who deceived him, sold him to the Philistines who, when they found his power was gone, they blinded him, bound him, and put him to grinding in the prison house. The Delilahs of this world will deceive us, have our mothers and daughters cut their hair, have their dresses abbreviated at top and bottom, paint up like Jezebel, get on a little cheap jewelry, and then we will lose our power; fall into the hands of the Philistines, have our eyes put out, and we will see no harm in anything; be bound hand and foot so there will be no more shouting and praising God; then go to grinding in the old prison house of compromise and making sport for the world, instead of bearing the reproach that Jesus desired we should bear (Heb. 12:12, 13) it will be the reproach of compromised holiness. Just a few days ago I read that a committee of a big holiness camp meeting decided that no preacher could preach about dress nor against lodges from the platform in that camp meeting. May the Christ of Galilee come into our country, cast out the unclean spirits, clothe us, and put us in our right minds even if it does mean the destruction of many herds of swine. Mark 5:1-16.

Let us also stick to the old paths of entire sanctification; true holiness, where people die out; the old man is eradicated; the heart is filled with the Holy Ghost; the pentecostal power is received and we can pray until places will be shaken, and

we will be able to witness with great power as did the early church.

When one is saved he receives life, but in sanctification it is death; the death of the old man. Brother Bud Robinson said when he got saved he got something that he had never before possessed, but when he got sanctified he lost something that he had always before possessed. Let us never stop until we know that the old man is crucified, dead and buried. He will play possum and deceive us if we will let him. I am glad the principle can be removed as well as the guilt. The blood will cleanse from all sin. The old root can be taken out if we are willing. Praise His holy name!—The Wesleyan Methodist.

MY MOTHER'S GOD.

At a fashionable party a young physician present spoke of one of his patients whose case he considered a very critical one. He said that he was very sorry to lose him, for he was a noble young man, but very unnecessarily concerned about his soul, and that the Christians increased his agitation by talking with him and praying with him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence.

A young lady sitting near, and one of the gayest of the company, said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I can not hear you talk thus, and remain silent. I am not a professor of religion; I never knew anything about it experimentally; but my mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room, and with her hand upon my head she has prayed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died, and the religion she so loved during life sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to her bedside and, with her face shining in glory, asked us to meet her in heaven; and I promised to do so. And now," said the young lady, displaying deep emotion, "can I believe that this is all a delusion? that my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? that she will never waken again in the morning of the resurrection, and that I shall see her no more? No, I can not, I will not believe it." Her brother tried to quiet her, for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No," said she, "brother let me alone; I must defend my mother's religion!"

The physician made no reply, and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterwards pacing the floor of an adjoining room, in great agitation and distress of spirit. "What is the matter?" a friend inquired. "Oh," said he, "that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the conviction thus awakened was that both the young lady and the physician were converted to Christ, and are useful and influential members of the Church of God.

Reader, stand up for Jesus at all times and in all places wherever you hear His name reviled, or His counsel set at naught. Rather let the language of your heart be, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—Sel.