

## THE SECRET OF TRUE REVIVAL

(Continued from issue of 15th)

The corn of wheat must die, else it abideth alone. Jesus had to die in order to be the blessing his Father willed Him to be. Jewish Saul had to die in order that Christian Paul might be a blessing to the Gentiles. And, just as surely as they had to die, you, brother, you, sister, and I must also die if we ever become the blessing which God wills us to be.

This is the plain declaration of the Inspired Scriptures. The aim of the gospel is "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye might 'sanctify the Lord Christ in your hearts.' And the plain word of God about this experience is, "And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness."—Rom. viii.10. "Likewise reckon ye yourselves also to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. vi.11. That is the experience to which Paul testifies in Gal. ii.20.

How the Wesleys preached and prayed and sang this principle, establishing it in the very heart of Methodism, and losing friends, church privileges, and forfeiting pleasant homes in order to build this doctrine as a present experience into the very warp and woof of Methodist theology!

Listen to Charles Wesley, the nightingale of Methodism.

O, for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free,  
A heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus regins alone.

And again:

Vain delusive world, adieu  
With all of creature good;

**Only Jesus I pursue,**

Who bought me with his blood:  
All thy pleasures I forego,  
I trample on thy wealth and pride;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified!

Generations later, the Methodists were still singing:

Amazing grace! 'Tis heaven below  
To feel the blood applied,  
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,  
My Jesus crucified.

On down the years came the holiness movement on the American continent. Two great flowing streams of grace emerged therefrom, the Holiness Association, the result of the labors of John S. Inskip and his coadjutors, and the Free Methodist Church, the concrete results of the labors of Benjamin Titus Roberts and John Wesley Redfield, and their coadjutors. Those saints felt the old-time Methodist fervor and sang with Sister Janette Palmiter:

O God, my heart doth long for Thee,  
Let me die! Let me die!  
Now set my soul at liberty,  
Let me die! Let me die!  
To all the trifling things of earth,  
They're now to me of little worth;  
My Saviour calls, I'm going forth,  
Let me die! Let me die!

Thy slaying power in me display,  
Let me die! Let me die!  
I must be dead from day to day,  
Let me die! Let me die!  
Unto the world and its applause,  
To all the customs, fashions, laws,  
Of those who hate the humbling cross,  
Let me die! Let me die!

Oh, I must die to scoffs and jeers,  
Let me die! Let me die!  
I must be freed from slavish fears,  
Let me die! Let me die!  
So dead that no desire shall rise  
To pass for good, or great, or wise,  
In any but my Saviour's eyes,  
Let me die! Let me die!

On down the years when our own beloved Free Methodism replaced her old Metrical Hymn Book with the Free Methodist Hymnal now used by the Wesleyan Methodists, and also the Holiness Movement Church of Canada, she kept right on singing with Louis Hartsough:

This poor faithless world shall all go,  
For ever I turn from it now;  
For none but my Jesus I'll know,  
Recorded on high is my vow.  
I am Thine, blessed Jesus, all Thine!  
The witness impart unto me;  
The death that I die is to sin,  
The life that I live is to Thee.

Go friends, that would keep me from Him;  
Go, joys, that would share with his love!  
Go, hopes, that would draw me to sin!  
Go, all, that from Him would remove!  
Come, sorrow, if only in thee  
I shall cling to my Saviour and God;  
Come, scorn, and reproach, if left free  
To be drawn evermore to my Lord.

And the same sentiment, immortalized by Vivian A. Dake, we sang from Light and Life, No. 3; and now you can take your new, and better, Light and Life, No. 4 and sing again:

Take the world with its follies and riches,  
All its pleasures I've counted but dross;  
And the dread of the coming tomorrow,  
Mocks its joys, turns its gains all to loss.

All that fame or that pleasure can offer,  
All that wealth or that honor can buy,  
All, yea, all, that I ever had hoped for,  
Gladly goes; on His cross let them die.

I now gladly give up all for Jesus,  
Take the cross, die the death to the world;

Separation, the motto I herald;  
O'er the cross is that motto unfurled.

Farewell, my sinful pleasures!  
Farewell, my comrades all!  
Farewell, my earthly treasures!  
I go at Jesus' call.

What if some fanatics have urged things past the limit? What if some have sickened many of the very sound of this truth by their unwarranted and unscriptural extremes? The wildest fanatism of the wildest fanatic does not alter the gospel principle, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." If you and I, dear ones, hunger to be out and out for Him who promises to be

"All in all" to us, the Death Route is our only road to such a place of blessing and power.

You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase,  
And have earnestly, fervently prayed;  
But you cannot have rest, or be perfectly blest,  
Until all on the altar is laid.

Oh, we never can know what the Lord will bestow  
Of the blessings for which we have prayed,  
Till our body and soul He doth fully control,  
And our all on the altar is laid.

Is your all on the altar of sacrifice laid?  
Your heart, does the Spirit control?  
You can only be blest, and have peace and sweet rest,  
As you yield Him your body and soul.

E. A. Hoffman

Our good wife, in her reading, recently ran across the statement of a very, very sad truth. It was: "Sometimes even a preacher seems to fill the pulpit so full of self, that no opportunity is afforded for his congregation to see or hear Jesus." O the preachers, and evangelists, and singers, and workers, who, instead of being "dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God," are so full of the self-life that the Spirit is hindered in his endeavors to reach others through them! Brother E. E. Shelhamer illustrates this by telling how a little sunbeam travelled 97,000,000 miles in a perfectly straight line to bless a little flower inside your window. It came all that distance in a perfectly straight line. But there is a burl in the window pane, and the little sunbeam after travelling so far, hits the burl, falls aslant, is deviated from the straight line, and fails to reach the little flower with its warmth and light and blessing. That burl was to blame. Jesus' love has travelled

from Calvary's mountain,  
Down from the crystal bright fountain,  
E'en from the dawn of creation;  
Wonderful story of love."

He had planned to bless some little soul-flour in your neighborhood. The blessing was to come through you. But there was a burl of uncrucified carnality, self-life, in you. The ray of love hit that burl of undead self in you, was deflected, missed that other soul, and the fault is yours. Too bad! Too bad for that other soul! Yes, and worse for you! "We are not only responsible to God for what we are doing, but also for all we might be doing if we would only let God have his way with us." So said Mrs. Catharine Booth. She was right.

Pardon thy servant, reader, in this thing, but let me ask of you a question! Thou who readest these lines, Bishop, General Superintendent, Executive Officer, Elder, Deacon, Evangelist, Preacher, Pastor, Pilgrim, Brother, Sister, whoever you are, are you "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord?" Let us each ask ourself the question and follow it diligently down into our heart. Let us raise our eyes from following these lines, and, lifting our hearts to God, meditatively consider and weigh each word. Am I dead indeed to the glamor of the world?

Am I dead to the lure of worldly pleasure?

Am I dead to the decree of foolish and immodest fashion?

Am I dead to the glamor of the over-urgent