

simple way of faith then as I do now but I had no one to help me.

Some months passed, during which I was at times in a state of despair; but my extremity was God's opportunity. At this very juncture, when I felt I must die unless I received the grace, an Evangelist came to our town, and proclaimed "full salvation" to be a present duty and privilege. There was no disputing his teaching; if by faith, it must be a present experience. Faith can not be otherwise than an instantaneous operation. It was like a revelation from heaven to me, and I rejoiced in hope, though not in actual possession of the fulness, during his visit. Some friends entered into rest before he left, but, greatly to my disappointment, I did not. Instead of receiving Christ as my Saviour to the uttermost in the absence of all feeling, I waited for some wondrous emotion, some great exaltation of soul. In fact, was seeking the experience of another friend, who had been prostrated under the weight of the glory which fell upon him as he wrestled for the blessing. How many seekers make this same mistake. They forget that in all God's works is beautiful variety, and in the spiritual world this is as true as in the natural world. He scarcely ever deals with two persons alike. I had set the Lord a plan to work by, and was disappointed. Instead of in the earthquake, God spoke to me in the "still small voice." I saw my blunder afterwards, and was willing to be blessed in God's own way, with or without emotion. It was then—oh, glory to His Name—He spoke to me the second time, "Be clean."

The circumstances were as follows:—A few friends who had received "full salvation" during the Evangelist's visit, decided to meet together week by week, to encourage each other in the way, and assist those who might be seeking the experience. It was at the first meeting where the Lord met me. After listening to their experiences I could bear no longer, but asked them to begin to pray at once that I might enter in. I fell upon my knees, with the determination not to rise again until my request was granted. The passage, "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," was instantly applied to my heart, and with such power as I had never felt before. What a fulness of meaning I saw in the words! Was I walking in the light? Truthfully I could answer: "Yes, Lord; so far as I know Thy will I am doing it, and will do it, by Thy grace helping me." I then saw that the passage was not so much a promise as a plain declaration. If I walked in light, the full cleansing from sin was my heritage, and all I had to do was to immediately claim it. Without a moment's hesitation I did so, and cried out at the top of my voice, "I claim the blessing now." My friends then began to sing:

" 'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,  
With full salvation bless;  
Redemption through Thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace."

While they sang the refining fire came down and went through my heart, searching, melting, burning, filling all its chambers with light, and hallowing my whole heart to God. Oh, the indescribable sweetness of that moment! All words fail to express the blessedness of the spiritual manifestation of Jesus as my Saviour from all sin. My heart warms as I write at the remembrance of the event which transcends all others in my religious history. It

was not so much ecstatic emotion I experienced as unspeakable peace; "God's love swallowed me up." For a few moments, "all its waves and billows rolled over me." So much afraid was I lest I should lose the delightful sense of the Saviour's presence, that I wished those with me not to speak or disturb me; I wanted to dwell in silence, as my heart was filled with love and gratitude to God.

I need not say that the reception of this grace proved an era in my religious life. Many beautiful years have passed away since then. But no words can ever express the complete satisfaction I have in Christ; the sweet sense of rest in His hallowing presence from all worry and care, the ease and joy of His service; not "I must" now, but "I may," the delight I find in prayer and praise, the increased preciousness and fulness of meaning I see in the Scriptures, and the clear and indubitable witness of cleansing through the blood of Jesus. How I wish I could tell of the sweetness, the richness, and indescribable blessedness of this life of perfect love. I cannot tell the story; but I cannot let it alone. O, for a thousand tongues to proclaim Jesus to men, the mighty Saviour, who is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him! Reader, will you join us and help us to spread the sacred flame?—Selected.

REVIVAL OR REVOLUTION

Rev. J. C. McPheeters

Within recent weeks there has been no little discussion as to the possibility of revolution following the present war. The discussion has been spreading in the ranks of labor. Captains of industry have also had something to say about possible revolution following the war. One of the world's best known news analysts has been bold to state that the possibility of revolution looms large upon the horizon.

Over five hundred arrests were made for crime during a recent week-end in an American city with a population of seven hundred thousand. Another city of three hundred thousand has had an increase in arrests for crime amounting to over one thousand in the year 1943 as compared to the same period in 1942. While many churches are closed on Sunday nights in our American cities, the saloons, ballrooms and places of amusement are crowded to overflowing. In the matter of crime and drunkenness, conditions are fast approaching those that prevailed during the last days of Pompeii, and preceding the French Revolution.

The appalling conditions of crime, drunkenness, and licentious living prevail at a time when our nation is in the midst of the greatest crisis that has confronted her in the whole of her history. The war may last for a period of two more years, or even longer. Some reputable news analysts forecast that the war will end in 1944. It may last even longer. It is now quite generally estimated that the national debt may range anywhere from a hundred and fifty billion to four hundred billion dollars.

The chasm between Capital and Labor has not been bridged by the common interests which both have at stake in winning the war. Strikes continue as a daily occurrence throughout the nation, while our men at the battlefronts implore and petition for badly

needed materials that are held up by these strikes. Both Capital and Labor are now preparing their war chests for the inevitable battle which they believe will come following the war. The liquor leaders have already drawn their blue-prints for increasing demands, and Capital is sparring for a position to resist those demands.

Communism is girding itself for new advances on a wide scale at the close of the war. The communists confidently anticipate that the terrible wreckage left by the war will give to them a go-sign, the like of which they have never had before. They have long waited a day of world catastrophe as a day for their supreme opportunity. They will bend every effort to capitalize the world's tragedy as an asset for their cause. Communism has in it the passion and sacrificial elements of a religion which puts to shame the indifference so often prevalent in an orthodox faith.

The increasing pressure of tension areas among racial groups give cause for grave concern. There are phases of racial tensions which have been aggravated rather than reduced by the war. There are smouldering flames in some of our racial relations which threaten to become volcanic following the war. If the potential dynamite which is hidden beneath the frictional areas of the races comes to fruition, and the fuse should be lighted by the events of the postwar world, the explosion would be sufficient to rock the entire planet, and could prove to be more deadly than the release of all the high-powered bombs of the world at a single time.

Dr. John Alexander McCay, President of Princeton Theological Seminary, in a recent article in the New York Times Magazine, said: The core of our American tradition, to which we must now return, is a spiritual reality, the reality of God. God, in the most concrete sense, was the heritage of the founding fathers of the nation. . . . Apart from that faith in God, American history has no meaning. In this faith our institutions were created, our laws enacted, and our liberty secured. By the light of faith, culture was promoted; its warmth has kindled philanthropic and missionary endeavor in all parts of the world. . . . Our destiny is bound up with the rediscovery of this heritage."

The heritage which our fathers gave to us was a revivalistic religion—the prevalent form of Christianity in American churches. Great revivals in American history gave birth to many of our greatest institutions. The revivalistic religion of our fathers did not deny the deity of Jesus and the miracles of the Bible. The faculty as a whole, in many of the large and influential seminaries in America today deny the deity of Jesus, and the miracles of the Bible. A student in one of these influential seminaries told the writer recently, that only one professor of the entire faculty believed in the resurrection and the other miracles of the Bible. Unless we have a great revival, the streets of our American cities, along with the cities of other countries, may be drenched with the blood of revolution. Unless we evangelize the people with a gospel of saving grace, they will turn upon civilization, and rend it to wreckage and ruin in revolution. No amount of military preparedness and treaties between nations can, in themselves,

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