

UNCTION ON THE PREACHER PUTS GOD IN THE GOSPEL

Unction is the Signet of God on His Messenger

By E. M. Bounds

Unction comes to the preacher not in the study but in the closet. It is heaven's distillation in answer to prayer. It is the sweetest exhalation of the Holy Spirit. It impregnates, suffuses, softens, percolates, cuts and soothes. It carries the Word like dynamite, like salt, like sugar; makes the Word a soother, an arraigner, a revealer, a searcher. It makes the hearer a culprit or a saint, makes him weep like a child and live like a giant; opens his heart and his purse as gently, yet as strongly as the spring opens the leaves.

This unction is not the gift of genius. It is not found in the halls of learning. No eloquence can woo it. No industry can win it. No prelatical hands can confer it. It is the gift of God—the signet set to His own messengers. It is heaven's knighthood given to the chosen true and brave ones who have sought this anointed honor through many an hour of tearful, wrestling prayer.

Takes Divine Endowment

Earnestness is good and impressive. Genius is gifted and great. Thought kindles and inspires, but it takes a diviner endowment, a more powerful energy than earnestness or genius or thought—to BREAK the chains of sin, to WIN estranged and depraved hearts to God, to repair the breaches, and restore the Church to her old ways of purity and POWER! Nothing but this holy unction can do this.

Unction is the anointing of the Holy Ghost, separating unto God's work, and qualifying for it. Without this unction there are no true spiritual results accomplished.

Surface, Sympathetic Movements

Unction may be simulated. There are many things that look like it, there are many results that resemble its effects; but they are foreign to its results and to its nature. The fervor or softness excited by a pathetic or emotional sermon may look like the movements of the divine unction, but they have no pungent, penetrating, heart-breaking force. No heart-healing balm is there in these surface, sympathetic, emotional movements. They are not radical, neither sin-reaching nor sin-curing.

This divine unction is the one distinguishing feature that separates true gospel preaching from all other methods of presenting truth. It backs and interpenetrates the revealed truth with all the force of God. It illumines the Word, and broadens and enriches the intellect, and empowers it to grasp and apprehend the Word. It qualifies the preacher's heart, and brings it to that condition of tenderness, of purity, of force and light that are necessary to secure the highest results.

This unction gives to the preacher liberty and enlargement of thought and soul—a freedom, fullness, and directness of utterance that can be secured by no other process.

THE STORY OF TWO BOYS . . .

"Wanted: A well-grown boy who can make himself generally useful. Salary modest to

start with."

This was the advertisement that had called together twenty-five boys. The merchant had talked with one after the other until only two remained in the outer office.

"Come in, both of you," called the merchant, "I know what I want, and I am willing to pay." Then followed an enumeration of the services expected, with the promise of two and one-half dollars a week with an increase at the end of six months.

"That settles it! I can't afford to work for any such wages as that," said one, turning on heel.

"I'll try it," said the other, "and if I suit you, six months will soon pass. The two-fifty will pay my actual expenses, for I live at home; then when I get to earning more, I can help more."

Five years passed. The first boy idled away his time, and went from bad to worse. At last, he stood in the prisoner's dock, awaiting trial for forgery. What was his astonishment to behold his former friend ranged on the side of the prosecution as junior member of eminent lawyers. There was no need of argument on either side, for the poor fellow broke down at the sight of his former schoolmate, and rising, said: "I'll tell the truth and take my punishment. If I'd begun as that young man did five years ago, I might have been somebody today, but I was above low wages, and I didn't believe in small beginnings. Now I am a living example of what pride and indolence can do for a boy."

Satan is always sure to find mischief for idle hands, and the only way to keep clear of his work is to be busy at something all the time, pay or no pay.—Watchword.

"TAKE MY TEMPER"

"Take my temper, take my temper," the two-year-old begged. She was sick, and liked the extra attention which she was getting. The taking of her temperature with the pretty glass thermometer caught her eye, so that time and time again when her mother came to care for her she said, "Take my temper, take my temper."

The young lady's misused words suggest much. It might be an asset if we could devise a way to measure the temper of a man. When one "blows his top," there is no doubt but that his temper is running high. Sometimes, however, the angry one may so restrain the expression of his wrath that the height of his temper is not evident. There are times when a person may seem quite calm on the outside when he is a seething cauldron on the inside. This condition, of course, is never hidden from God.

A teacher of expression was lecturing to a group of teachers. In the course of his address, he gave rules for reading a hymn. Then someone asked him to demonstrate by reading the hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy." This is one of the most difficult of hymns to read, and the request made the lecturer angry. He said afterward that he was mad enough to bite a ten-penny nail in two, and yet he insisted that the hymn was read just as it should have been. During the performance, he no doubt seemed quite calm to the audience, but things were different on the inside. If one had had a temper, it would have registered a high reading.

Whatever else may be said about this man, he needed the grace of God. Still, let us not be too fast to judge him. A lot of people who profess much come short here. We all need

to examine ourselves at this point. This much we know—the experience of entire sanctification is especially fitted to prevent temper tantrums.

Fever is hard on the physical man, while anger is hard on body, mind and soul. The former is the symptom of a diseased body, but the latter is a sign of sin, which affects the whole man. Illness in the inner man is much more serious than an affliction of the body. If bodily fever calls for the attention of an earthly physician, how much more does this fever of the soul need the healing touch of the Great Physician. He who is angry with his brother is in danger of the judgment (see Matt. 5:22).—Herald of Holiness.

LOST . . . A BOY!

Not kidnapped by bandits and hidden in a cave to weep and starve and raise a nation to frenzied searching. Were that the case, 100,000 men would rise to the rescue if need be. Unfortunately, the losing of the lad is without any dramatic excitement, though very sad and very real.

The fact is, his father lost him. Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer his trivial questions during the years when fathers are the only great heroes of the boys. He let go his hold upon him.

Yes, his mother lost him. Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners and club programs, she let her maid hear the boy say his prayers, and thus her grip slipped, and the boy was lost to his home.

Aye, the church lost him. Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills, and having good care for dignity, the minister and elders were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the pew, and made no provision in sermon or song or manly sport for his boyishness. And so the church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the boy.—Covenant Weekly.

HOME?? NOT YET

When the late Dr. Henry C. Morrison came home from one of his many travels, we are told that he arrived in the City of New York at the same time and on the same ship that brought the great "Teddy" Roosevelt from one of his hunting trips to Africa. Literally thousands swarmed the docks to greet the noted hunter, but not a soul was there to welcome Dr. Morrison. Dr. Morrison relates how Satan the accuser, whispered to him, "Aha, see how they greet the great men of the world and you—one of God's preachers—welcome Dr. Morrison. Dr. Morrison relates man of God admitted that in the loneliness of his heart there could have been a place for a hurt, but the Father sweetly whispered, "Yes, but Henry, you are not home yet."—The Evangel.

ARE YOU SURE?

"If I had my life to live over again I would do better." Perhaps so, and perhaps not. The way you now set out to get victory out of your defeats and practical wisdom from a recognition of your mistakes, is an indication of what you would do if you could live your life over again.—Selected.