

The King's Highway

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Pentecost is transcendently greater both in importance and in results than is popularly believed or understood by many holiness people.

As Sinai with all of its awakening arousments, its flashing zigzag lightning, its everlasting thunder, its quaking mountain, would be a failure but for Calvary; so Calvary with all of its outlay of suffering and sacrifice, its riven rocks, garden tomb, and resurrection glory, would be a dismal disappointing failure without Mount Zion. Pentecost is no supplement or annex; Pentecost is an essential part of the whole. Neither the church nor the individual can any more get on without the fire of Pentecost, than they can without the blood of Calvary. The blood of Jesus is the procuring cause, or underlying foundation of all that salvation provides and offers. But with God the Father on the throne and Jesus our intercessor by His side, there is no one to administer and apply holy things but the Holy Spirit.

No wonder Dr. Hodge said, "He is the chief executive of the God-Head." The Holy Ghost is the one pre-eminently active in human salvation in this world. As the Father rules the Universe and as the Son sits by His side, hearing and answering the cries of saints and penitents, answering all charges made against us by the accuser of the brethren and keeping our record clear, and our credit good, so the Holy Ghost with headquarters on earth is transacting business here for the firm on high.

By the very same power that raised Jesus from the dead, God lifts dead men out of the grave of sin. But that is not all. God has not provided or called for men, merely alive. A man may be alive and be in the hospital or be a dwarf and be a great care. God wants men of might—Spiritual Giants. The Holy Spirit is with all truly regenerated Christians; but he is within the wholly sanctified only, as an abiding guest. Every saint is commanded to be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. It is as mandatory as "Thou shalt not steal." No Christian who has had ample time to make the trip from Calvary to Mount Zion has a right to be weak. If weakness is a spreading malady, and it is, and if strength is a spreading energy, and it is, then it is not a mere misfortune to be weak, but a crime. As it is a crime for a pilot to sink a cargo of human life which he might have safely landed—so it is a crime for weak, truckling, compromising, cowardly Christians to allow souls to slip through their fingers into hell, that they might have saved.

Weakness is as contagious as small-pox. If you are weak you make others weak. Have you never come into the presence of a weak Christian for an hour and felt that they had robbed you of your pep and push? Have you

never sat under the shadow of a giant for an hour and felt that his very presence had stiffened your purpose and strengthened and toughened your fiber? I have crossed the paths of mighty men just once in a life time, and I never have gotten over it.

A Cherokee Indian woman, ninety years old, ordained me in the Indian territory nearly fifty years ago. I feel her hand yet. I would rather have her hand on my head than the hands of a dozen modern bishops.

The Power of Pentecost

By Rev. Seth C. Rees

Pentecost is a mighty convulsive explosive. It is both destructive and constructive. All this pussyfoot construction, so-called, would turn to ashes in the presence of one flash of Pentecostal lightning. The system and machinery of Pentecostal energy is reduced to such simplicity that a child may manipulate omnipotence. The arm of Almighty God is the omnipotence of the throne, and a child may touch the hand that turns on the strength of the throne.

In modern inventions some of the most complicated systems of machinery have been reduced to such simplicity that a child may set in motion their thousand wheels or throw a great factory into perfect silence. A child may fill a great city with blazing light, or turn it into midnight darkness. When it was determined that Hell Gate, New York, must be destroyed, the engineers planned and ordered pockets made in the granite under East River that would contain seventeen tons of dynamite, all so connected with copper wires that all would explode at the same time. The superintendent's office was in an upper room on the opposite side of the city. A wire connected with the dynamite was stretched across the city to an instrument in his office. At about fifteen minutes of twelve o'clock noon, the superintendent laid his watch on the table by the instrument and took his five-year-old daughter on his knee and asked her to tell him the time of day, which she did: but to be sure that she understood and knew time, he tested her two or three times. At exactly twelve o'clock she was to press the button of the instrument. About a minute before twelve he told her to put her finger on the button, but not to press it until the right time. She kept her eye on the watch and when it was twelve she pressed the button. New York and Brooklyn trembled and rumbled and thousands of tons of granite went into the air and Hell Gate was no more.

If the touch of a child, in the physical realm, could destroy Hell Gate, the touch of faith may

shut the gates of Hell, and open the gates of Heaven long enough for scores and hundreds to escape damnation and get to their eternal Home on high.

A shout of faith battered down the walls of Jericho. A look of faith opened the gates of Paradise to a notorious thief. Faith quenched the violence of fire, turned the edge of the sword, gave the lions the lockjaw and turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

A touch of Pentecostal faith will crack the walls of opposition and break the gates of brass asunder. It will open the sea, divide the river, and put to flight the confederated armies of earth and hell. Pentecost gives more than Paradise regained. Man was made first a little lower than the angels; but men redeemed are the sons of God and above archangels. The state of the sanctified is far superior to Eden. Man in Eden was left to his choice, amid the wiles and immediate presence of the devil. The sanctified have God enthroned within, Who never will forsake them. "Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world."

When George Fox preached that he lived above sin, the English clergy challenged him and asked, "Do you mean that you are above falling?" To which Fox replied, "I am in Christ who never fell." My constant cry is that I may give out a helpful ministry; that I may lift and not ride; help and not hinder. If I could help the Pilgrims to get a larger conception of the magnitude of grace and the omnipotence of that arm which is the strength of the throne, my reward would be ample.

The results of Pentecost are not all negative. Wonderful as it is to have eliminated from the human heart all pride, strut, ego, all anger, malice, revenge, hate, retaliation, and all that unholy brood of unholy passions—that is all negative. There is a positive aspect to Pentecost that gives us something and Some One that we may possess forever: as long as we are getting rid of things that hinder, we are still on the defensive. The positive side of Pentecost will make us aggressive.

We are not sanctified that we may sing our souls away in everlasting bliss. A sanctified man is an empowered man; a panoplied man, armed to the teeth and armed for the open field. He is not for ambush or for the trenches. "What have we to dread? What have we to fear? Leaning on the Everlasting Arms."

Our Commander never has been foiled in battle or beaten in the field. We are ordered to greater achievements than the world's mightiest armies and greatest conquerors ever have known. We are ordered to capture the most impregnable cities of all the fortifications of Hell. We are not only to be iron clad but battle-axes, to hew down the fortifications of sin and bombard the gates of the damned. Pentecost is our enabling power.