

## WHEN PENTECOST HAD COME

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devout. Others mocking said, "These men are full of new wine."

Now, Peter, step to the front. Answer this multitude. You were a coward once, Peter. A little maid scared you. But that was before Pentecost. The Holy Ghost has come upon you, Peter; you can be bold now. Speak, Peter, speak!

But Peter needs no such urging. He is ready in a moment. He has had no time to prepare his sermon. But he is ready, nevertheless. He is filled with One who is always ready, and, lifting up his great, heavy voice as he stands in the midst of the eleven, he speaks:

"Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you and hearken to my words: For these are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day. But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants and on my hand-maidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy."

Never had they heard such a message. Never had they seen such a messenger. Nearer and nearer they crowded, straining to catch every word. Peter had been thinking of Jerusalem only. Now he includes all Israel. His voice rises as he warms to his subject. The Holy Ghost quickens his natural powers, and he continues:

"Ye men of Israel, hear these words; Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know: him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain: whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death: because it was not possible that he should be holden of it."

Peter knows no fear as he charges home upon the Jewish nation the murder of God's Son. And with scarcely a pause, he announces still more startling facts:

"This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses. Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear."

Hearts almost cease to beat. Faces turn pale with fear and despair. Anguish is depicted on many a countenance. Sobs and groans are heard on every side. The huge multitude sways like a drunken man under the accusation. The Holy Ghost is at work in every heart. The preacher's discourse is drawing to a close. His words have fallen like hammer blows, like burning coals of fire, breaking, burning, cutting, piercing in every direction. Suddenly, without a pause, he takes a step forward, and utters his final sentence, as a stillness like death overspreads the entire congregation:

"Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ."

What a message! And what a message for our day, too! The greatest need of the hour is a Pentecost from heaven. Every church needs it, and every Christian. May the Holy Ghost even now move us to pray for that hour. He came once. He can come again. He came in history. He must now come in experience. God speed the day.

## I ATTENDED THE BILLY GRAHAM NEW YORK CRUSADE

Judson A. Sanders

It was a wonderful experience, attending the Billy Graham meetings, and I wish every reader of these lines could have been there. Last fall, Rev. Alexander Marks, Blind Jewish Field Evangelist for the American Board of Missions to the Jews, asked me if I would like to go to New York with him in May to hear Billy Graham. We left Yarmouth on the Bluenose Monday, 27th May. At Bar Harbour, Maine, we were met by Rev. Harold Beesley in his car. With his brother, Rev. Kenneth Beesley, Mr. Marks and I motored to New York. I had never been further in the States than some parts of Maine. Travelling on the wonderful two-lane toll highways was an experience in itself—also being taken around New York by a blind man to see the sights! One afternoon I viewed New York from the top of the Rockefeller Corporation Skyscraper. Another day we took a three-hour yacht cruise around Manhattan Island—an announcer commenting over loud speakers on each point of interest. Then there was the reverent hush of bowing as visitors in three of New York's large Churches. It was a thrill to be shown through the five-storey premises of the Jewish Mission Building. They were just getting out their two monthly magazines, the Chosen People, and the Shepherd of Israel, this last a magazine printed in English and Yiddish. It was a genuine pleasure to be introduced to friends of Mr. Marks, people about whom I had heard so much.

Of course, the big moment for me, was in the first meeting of the Crusade, the moment that Rev. Billy Graham was to step up behind the pulpit, and I should see and hear him for the first time. We were there at 6:15 p.m. seven rows from the front, in the section reserved for Ministers. The meetings begin at 7:30 p.m. and end at 9:15 p.m. People filed in. Ushers handed out Billy Graham news sheets, and sold hymn books. The Choir of one thousand took its place. Four microphones on tall supports faced them. One each stood by the grand piano and the beautifully sounding Conn electric organ. Five bristled on the pulpit. Above hung a large set of loud-speakers. Their performance was superb, and without distortion. A balcony ran completely around the huge auditorium, supported without pillars, that might block the view.

At 7:00 p.m. Cliff Barrows strode to a microphone with speakers directed toward the choir, and the pieces to be sung in that service were practiced. Half an hour later the song service began—and what singing!—it lifted the soul. Beverly Shea sang not one, but two and three solos. "How Great Thou Art" he sang in about every service. As he poured forth his soul in song and his beautiful voice filled the Garden, I felt that he was full of the spirit of praise and adoration and the mood of his song, that it was like a molten shimmering pool within him, a great deal more than he was able to express.

The offering was announced, without emphasis, no pressure to give—and piano and electric organ pealed forth their beautiful harmonies. Cliff Barrows, smiling and vibrant with a kind of glad vitality, stepped forward with some announcements, and then introduced Billy Graham. Standing behind the pulpit, an athletic good looking man of six foot one, Billy was in the middle of his sermon from the word "Go"! His gestures were forceful and effective. Bible in hand, he spoke to his audience about the Book that everyone has and nobody reads. "What do you know about the Bible, and how can you know about God if you do not read it?" he asked. With forceful phrases that he pounds home like rivets, he methodically

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The King's Highway