

The Three Shadows

by Judson A. Sanders

There are three giant shadows that lie across the vast arena of this wide and beautiful world. The first is the shadow of Adam, of man who sinned and fell, of the proud unbroken ego of humanity. The second is the dark and sinister shadow of an Angel, who once stood in the ineffable splendour of the throne of God, but who grew proud, sinned, and fell from his high estate. The third shadow is the shadow of the cross, of a man who loved as no man before Him, nor to follow Him will ever love again.

In the weaving changing pattern of these three giant shadows, man lives, moves, and has his being. His life is a thread, fragile and weak, the length of a span. It glints like gossamer where it lies stretched across the few swift years, gleaming strangely in the light of common day, until a harsh wind from the west blows upon it, and it snaps asunder, and is gone.

This wide, beautiful, and mysterious world is a kind of middle realm. It hangs poised and revolving in limitless void, a little throbbing swaying basis, moving down the margin of two Eternities, the one past and the other yet to come — perhaps more strictly speaking, Eternity cannot be divided; the ultimate and supreme awareness is a consciousness of an Eternal Present — there is no past and no future. Time came about when matter was created.

This middle realm that we call Earth, is an arena of change and circumstance, light and shadow, the blazing splendour of noonday, and the shrouding, starstudded mystery of midnight. Above it lies the region of unshadowed Day. There are no shadows there, Sorrow, pain, and anguish cast no shades nor gloom. There are no teardrops in its gleaming dews. Below the middle realm of earth lie the Regions of the Damned, where the sable chaos of outer darkness, is made yet more dark by the fitful lurid gleams of those fires of torment that are not quenched.

In the ardent heat of the day, and the cool shades of night; in the throb of life's fitful fever, and the tyranny of things, man moves and plods on his way, down the road that we call life. A nameless urge goads him on, a gnawing hunger, a quenchless thirst. The eternal restlessness of an endless quest is upon him. A strange wind sweeps across his heartstrings, and whisperings from the vast unknown. Happiness and peace of mind elude his grasp. He seeks in things, to satisfy the vacuum and the void within. What is the answer to the riddle of the universe, and where does the individual fit into the fabric of the vast design? In a heavy throbbing weariness he pauses, and within him is a tumbling chaos of confusion. Beauty is for him a vanishing rainbow, gleaming, vanishing, and gleaming again. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing nor is the heart filled nor satisfied.

So man pauses in the wide valley of time, the dust of the milling throng upon his feet, the din of life's activities in his ears, the light of common day upon his brows, and the blue and the silence of the wide arching sky above him. The three giant shadows lie deeply across his heart; like a chip he is driven in the grasp and power of their conflicting and surging tides. His proud unbroken Ego lays a bondage upon him. From within the shadow of the Angel, who became a Serpent, come the strong, strident, and almost hypnotic demands of evil. The cool tender touch of the shadow of the Cross caresses his throbbing brow, and a strange sweet whisper of ineffable love calls him to rest, peace of mind, and discipleship.

The King's Highway

Shadows; Shadows; Shadows; How they fall and weave and sweep! The cross, the serpent, and the arrogant, rebellious ego — how they brood above and near to man! How they lack in mortal combat! The battle will not last for ever. Soon will the sword, the shield, and the armour be laid aside. The path of the life of man is a one-way road. He passes but once, and returns not again.

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How can I know I am SANCTIFIED WHOLLY

by Mary Kline

If you have been sanctified wholly, you may not be able to explain it in theological terms, but you can't help knowing that something has happened to bring such a complete transformation into your life. If you aren't sure you have been sanctified, then you probably aren't.

Perhaps you haven't made an absolute surrender.

Perhaps you haven't really accepted by faith the complete cleansing from all sin that God offers.

Or, perhaps you haven't taken that final step of faith that says, "Thank you, Lord. I believe right now that Thou art filling me with Thy Spirit."

There are three steps in entire sanctification:

1. We make an absolute surrender to God—everything we are, have, or ever will have. We yield ourselves completely to God's will.

2. We claim by faith that God cleanses us from all unrighteousness—the carnal nature, that rebellious spirit, the root of sin.

3. God fills us with His Spirit. This filling we must also claim by faith.

Remember, we walk by faith—not by "feelings." Don't expect a sudden flash of light from heaven or "a tingling from your head to your toes." God deals differently with different people. If you have met all the conditions, are completely surrendered and yielded and obedient to God's will, if you have claimed by faith His cleansing, and the filling of the Holy Spirit, you can stand on God's promises and hold on by faith.

As you walk in faith, there will come an inner peace, a peace you never knew before, a peace that rules in your heart—the peace that passes all understanding.

If you are hungry for righteousness, and long for God's Spirit to fill your life, God Himself will lead you into the experience of entire sanctification. As we give ourselves completely to God, He wills us completely with His Spirit.

There are three ways you can know you are sanctified:

1. The spirit of rebellion is gone. There remains no desire to sin. The love of the world is taken away. As Oswald Chambers says in *My Utmost for His Highest*, "What is the proof that carnality has gone? Never deceive yourself; when carnality is gone, it is the most real thing imaginable. God will see that you have any number of opportunities to prove to yourself the marvel of His grace. . . . You will never cease to be the most amazed person on earth at what God has done for you on the inside."

2. Your nature is transformed until you begin to mirror God's image. The fruits of the Spirit are evident in your life.

3. Your heart is filled with the fullness of God's Spirit—a real, inner consciousness of peace; an unspeakable joy, love for God and man, and a desire to obey God and work for Him. As you keep surrendered to God, He will keep you filled with His Spirit, and you will have power to witness for Him.

—The Free Methodist