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J. A. Dennis

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# GOOD NEWS THE TEXAS HERALD

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AUSTIN, TEXAS

JUNE 1953

## OUR COMPANIONED WAY

*By Roberta Fletcher*

### INTRODUCTION

Alone one morning and in a meditative mood, I glanced out my window which was partially covered by a delicate vine; through the vine I glimpsed lacy tree-tops, beyond them was visible a pointed roof, and above the roof, a blue-blue sky with ever-changing cloud-patterns.

Only vaguely was I aware of these details, yet as my thoughts drifted back to the immediate surroundings, I was left with the feeling that beyond these visible things there was much-much more, as yet unseen, and that I had glimpsed but a segment of the vastness of the Universe.

So it has been in my search for great truths and their deepest meanings for me. Occasionally, when I am still enough, it seems as though a Hand parts curtains, misty curtains they are, which veil unfathomed mysteries. True the glimpse is but a fleeting one, the view only partial, yet I have caught enough of Eternity's scope to keep me forever seeking.

Even in childhood there was within me something which stirred as the beating of wings; throughout the years a certain KNOWING assured me that this something was the very Holy of Holies, and time has proven that nothing can take it from me.

I had no name for this awareness until Robert Browning's lines spoke for me: "Seek rather for the IMPRISONED SPLENDOR within thine own soul, than for a light which is supposed to be without." This Imprisoned Splendor, I realized, was not something held fast that could not go forth; it was rather something captivated, anchored within, which given forth, was never lessened nor taken away. It was the measure of God Himself, planted in embryo, and it would come into birth by my acceptance of a ONENESS, a flowing together with Him, and with all His creation.

I have yearned to be able to find a way to release this Imprisoned Splendor. Because my awakening to the reality of the



ROBERTA

### CHAPTER HEADINGS INTRODUCTION

"Seek for the imprisoned splendor within thy soul."

#### CHAPTER I

#### THE JOYOUS WILL OF GOD

"That He might be glorified."

#### CHAPTER II

#### OUR DIVINE INHERITANCE (The Church)

"Trees of righteousness . . . The planting of the Lord."

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"O, LET US PRAY!"

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"To proclaim liberty to the captive."

#### CHAPTER VII

#### THE MOSIAC

"To give beauty for ashes."

DEDICATE TO ALL THOSE WHO,  
HAVING ONCE WALKED ALONE,  
NOW JOYOUSLY COME ON OUR  
COMPANIONED WAY.

Kingdom of Heaven's being within me, came through the pages of a book, the desire to put my experiences into writing has been growing in intensity.

In seeking assurance that God wanted me to write such a book, I instinctively reached for my Bible and it opened to the sixty-first Chapter of Isaiah. Certain phrases seemed alive and glowing: "*The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me. He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted . . . to proclaim liberty to the captives . . . to comfort all that mourn, to give unto them the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified; then shalt thou see and flow together and thine heart shall be enlarged.*"

As I laid the Book aside, again those misty curtains parted and through my tears I saw a shining roadway which you and I were walking together. We were exploring the infallibility of God's promises. We were stepping out upon these promises with faith and high courage, flowing together on our high mission with enlarged heart. And then we became aware of an overshadowing Presence, even the very Lord Jesus, The Blessed Companion of OUR COMPANIONED WAY.

### THY WILL BE DONE

"Thy will be done!"

"Tis not Thy will that sin and sorrow rule the world.

Thy will is peace and joy and light;

Thy will is all-triumphant right;

And so, exultantly, we cry

"Thy will be done! Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!"

It is Thy will that all earth's wrongs should be redressed,

That burdened souls their bonds should break,

That earth of Heavenly joys partake,

And so, right wistfully, we cry,

"Thy will be done! Thy will be done!"

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GOOD NEWS

# THE TEXAS HERALD

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**"If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."**

## EAGLES OF THE LORD

*"Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.*

*"He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:*

*"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."* (Isa. 40: 28-31)

The eagle has been called King of the air. His domain is high above the earth. He builds his home in the rocky mountain peaks. He doesn't fly with flapping wings like other birds. With outspread wings he soars, high up in space, or swoops down to earth in search of prey, then soars away to his mountain nest.

In like manner, Eagles of the Lord live above the people of the world, up where the air is purer, up where the view is broader, up on the mountain heights.

Eagles, unlike some birds of prey, eat only freshly killed meat. They swoop down on a flock of sheep, snatch a young lamb in their fierce claws, and fly away to share this fresh meat with their young eaglets in the mountaintop.

Christian Eagles, likewise, thrive on living food, the flesh and blood of the Lamb of God. Jesus said, *"Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you."* (John 6: 53)

The Psalmist said: *"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."* (Ps. 103: 5)

The Eagle's wings are especially strong to carry his heavy body into the heavens. And upon these broad wings they carry their young when teaching them to fly. When the little eagle is falling in its efforts to learn to fly, the mother eagle swings down underneath the falling youngster, catches it upon her outstretched wings, and carries it to safety of their nest.

In Exodus 19:4 we read what God said to the children of Israel when He had brought them out of Egypt:

*"Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself."*

And in Isaiah 40:31, we read: *"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles."* Not as ordinary birds, but as EAGLES.

Eagles of the Lord have two powerful wings. Many Christians use only one wing and wonder why they do not make much spiritual progress. The one wing they use is prayer. It is a very necessary wing, if we would rise up and live victoriously. But used alone it is not enough to overcome the world, the flesh and the devil.

Jesus said, *"Men ought always to pray and not to faint."* (Luke 18: 1) Paul said, *"Pray without ceasing."* (I Thess. 5:17) That, we must do. But we are still using only one wing.

What is the other wing that Eagles of the Lord must use in order to soar up above the sordid things of the world and live on the mountain top?

That second wing is Praise. Praise and thanksgiving to almighty God for His many and wonderful blessings. None of us appreciate as we should the many, many wonderful and loving things our Heavenly Father does for us every day. We take too many things for granted or take credit for them ourselves.

Not one of us could live one moment without God. The breath we breathe is loaned to us by His goodness. The food we eat comes from His bounty. The earth, that grows the food was made by Him. The sunshine, the rain, the growing seed, all come from Him. The clothes, the homes, the furniture, the cars, all were made possible by His goodness. No one knows whether we will be here tomorrow. Each one of us is but a heart beat from Eternity. Everything is in His wonderful hand. Yet we take all these things for granted; yes, we even complain at times because we do not have all we'd like to have.

God's Word says: *"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name."* (Ps. 100:4) Paul says: *"Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."* (I Thess. 5: 16-18) And Jesus said: *"Rejoice and be exceeding glad."* (Matt. 5: 12)

Requests to God are granted almost as much because of praise as because of prayer. Praise and thanksgiving, gratitude and appreciation are a sweet savour in the nostrils of God.

Thanksgiving is an indication of faith. When someone promises you a gift or a dinner, a job or a raise, you immediately say, "Thank you." though you have not yet received anything more than a promise. Do we trust men more than we do the promises of God? When Jesus stood at the tomb of Lazarus, before He had prayed, before He had commanded Lazarus to come forth, He thanked God for the answer. That is real Faith. Yisten:

*"Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me.*

*"And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go."* (John 11: 41-44)

Overcoming Christians are not only praying Christians—they are Praising Christians. Eagles of the Lord have learned to use this second wing and so to rise to greater heights than ordinary church folks know.

But you will notice that our scripture says: *"They shall mount up with wings AS EAGLES."* Not mount up as birds, who also have two wings, but as EAGLES. Here's the difference: birds flap their wings and fly before the storm; eagles soar triumphantly above the storm.

E. Stanley Jones tells of watching a lone eagle in India as a fierce storm approached. While birds flapped their way hastily before the storm, the eagle flew to the highest branch of a nearby tree. There he faced towards the storm. With head held high and both wings outstretched, he waited calmly for the storm to strike him.

The eagle knows instinctively what it took man centuries to learn: the exact angle for a wing to meet the wind to bear up airplane or glider or eagle into the sky.

As the storm struck the eagle's uplifted wings, he was driven almost straight up—up above the storm, and then he dipped and soared off above the storm clouds to his mountain home.

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# VOICE OR ECHO?

(Continued from last month)

## PHARISEE

Lane Brandon sat in his easy chair under his favorite lamp with his Sunday School quarterly in his hand. But he wasn't reading it. His position was purely one of habit. For twenty years he had sat in that chair every Saturday night and gone over the lesson for Sunday morning. He was a particular person and took great pains to be well prepared to give the opening talk in the Central Church Sunday School.

The Sunday School had been his pride. Had been? The thought startled him. Yes, that was the proper term. For tomorrow he wouldn't be opening the Sunday School. He wouldn't be at Sunday School. Perry Brooks, with his "liberal" ideas had spoiled everything. He wondered bitterly what people did all day Sunday when they did not go to Sunday School and Church. He felt lonely and mistreated. He tried to pray but the words wouldn't come.

Brandon opened his Bible and his eyes fell on these words, "I thank God that I am not as other men, even as this publican." Yes, even as this Perry Brooks! Brandon straightened up, startled as another verse stood out before him, "The publicans and harlots enter into the Kingdom ahead of you."

He turned the page. What was the rest of the story? Yes, there it was. He got stiffly out of his chair and onto his knees. He had found his prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

## CONGRESSMAN

Morris Banks, United States Congressman, snapped on the light in his roomette on the Cross Country Limited, pulled the telegram from under his pillow and read for the twentieth time the seventeen words on the yellow sheet. It was a useless gesture. Those words were etched unforgettably on his brain. He could see every bold letter, every period, without looking at the sheet. What did they mean? He searched once more the page as though he expected to find some words he had overlooked.

"Dear Morris—Something's cookin'. Be in Arlin Sunday morning. Don't fail me 'See you in church.' Steve."

What was McFarley up to? He never told anybody to do something without a reason, or without a "club" to back up that reason. A sense of forboding drove sleep from the Congressman's eyes. Steve had never wired him about anything before. In fact since his election Steve had not even written or called him. Banks knew that he was indebted to McFarley for his election. For the manufacturer had come through with a \$5,000.00 check when his



campaign funds had played out. That check had paid his travelling expenses, newspaper ads and radio time. But Steve had made no move to collect, had asked no favors. Now what? The wheels beneath him clicked off the rail lengths sinisterly, "See you in church, see you in church."

## POLITICIAN

McFarley's factory shut down at 6:00 on Saturday night for the Sunday holiday. The only lights visible were the night watchman's flash light and a streak of yellow from the owner's office window. In that room sat Steve McFarley and Lynn Mason, State Senator, a desk between them.

"You heard what I said, Mason," growled McFarley. "I made you and I can break you. And Banks, too, unless you play it my way, See?"

"Yes, I see," the State Senator answered slowly. He saw alright. He saw now why McFarley had been so generous during his campaign last fall. Why he had sent in a check for \$1,000.00 with no strings attached, no questions asked.

No strings? Only enough string to hang a man, to ruin a man, if he refused to play the game McFarley's way. His eyes went to the heavy filing cabinet against the wall. McFarley had just locked it after replacing in it a bulky file. Mason didn't know what all was in that file, but he had just heard McFarley read enough from it to make him see that the political boss held a club over him—and over Banks and Hudson and Sandlin, too.

"Play the game," McFarley had said,

"or be ruined." Lose his office, be slandered and disgraced. Political blackmail! Little errors of long ago, favors to repay, and now the taxpayers and the state and the nation must pay McFarley off, or Banks and Sandlin and Hudson and himself would be ruined.

Yes, he saw. He saw the golden yesterdays when in school he had decided on a political career, so that he "could do something about" rotten politics and graft, right the wrongs, fight for the people, etc., etc. He saw the days when he had gone to church Sunday morning to worship God instead of to attend a political rendezvous. Oh, yes, he saw. He wondered what that peppy preacher Brooks would say tomorrow if he knew what brought these men to church?

For McFarley had sneered, "Banks will be here in the morning. He'll attend Central Church. He thinks that looks good to the home folks. Won't hurt for you to be there too, Mason." He chuckled, "I might be there myself. 'Upright citizen,' you know, 'donates to all worthy causes.' And now get to Hudson's and tell him the play, and no slipup. 'See you in church,' he waved Mason out.

## VOICE OR ECHO

The sun shone warmly on the ivy covered walls of Central Church. Windows were opened to the spring breeze. As the organ pealed out its opening thunder, the congregation stood while minister and choir filed to their places.

To Perry's surprise the church was filled. He glanced over the crowd. Why, there was Bruce Hudson, the editor, and back of him sat Bob Sandlin. It had been a long time since they had been in church. And near the front sat Morris Banks. Perry had not known he was home. And beside him was Lynn Mason.

"Quite a distinguished audience this morning," Perry thought. And back there was Steve McFarley who never came any more. As the choir rose to sing its anthem, Perry saw Ruth Rundell's white face far back. She was leaning forward, hands clasped, eyes soft. Beside her sat Ed, uncomfortable, head down. And, wonder of wonders, here in the front pew was Lane Brandon where he had sat for years.

What had brought all these to the church on this particular day? Had word gotten out as to what he was going to preach about? That was impossible for he had not known until early this morning and he had told no one, not even his wife. Or were they here to "Church" him, to pass judgment and ask him to resign? Perhaps. He looked at Ernestine far back and caught



her look of worried encouragement.

As the anthem died away, Perry rose. His eyes evidenced a need of sleep, but he felt free—as he imagined a murderer felt upon deciding to make a full confession and take the consequences.

He announced his subject, "Voice or Echo" and read his text, "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment, What I should say, and what I should speak. And I know that this commandment is life everlasting: whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak." (John 12: 49-50)

Perry laid the Bible down and leaned over the pulpit to look silently into the faces before him. A voice muffled with emotion asked the question, "Should the Voice from the pulpit be the Voice of God, or merely an echo of the voices in the pew, an echo of the opinion of the community?"

There was no answer, but a hushed expectancy filled the room, a learning forward, a tenseness as before a storm. What was this young preacher going to say?

Perry himself did not know. He had no notes. He had the text that had come to him in the small morning hours, he had the subject and its companion question. He had a seething emotion in his heart, a burden of compassion, sorrow for sin and unhappiness, an anointing of the Spirit of God.

Perry could not have told afterwards what he said, nor could those in the audience remember the words. But everyone agreed that Central Church had never heard such a sermon before. It rose and fell with emotional tides that wrenched at hearts and tightened throats and stung eyes with tears. The congregation felt that this indeed was the Voice and not an echo.

Perry spoke of Christ's mission and the purpose of His Church. How Christ's purpose for His ministers was not that of a glorified errand boy or Chamber of Commerce Secretary or Men's Club organizer, not a pacifier of women's groups or a caterer to business or politics.

He showed how Christ was the solution of every problem or wrong if His teachings were applied in a practical way. He told how Christ's teachings would heal a marriage, stop graft, stop labor trouble, stop racial tension, stop war. *If lived!* How living Christ's Way would save America, the Church; how it would save the individual, and the world. That Christianity was not merely attending Church or supporting its program but living daily as Christ commanded men to live.

Feeling that this was probably his last sermon in Central, Perry said all the things he had wanted to say to these very people, in private and in public, and he said it better than he could ever say it again.

"If a man love me, he will keep my commandments." "Instead of walking dar-

ingly out in front and drawing men after it the church is pushed forward by the crowd, and sometimes hard pressed to keep its heels from being tramped on by the determined multitude behind.

"In this critical hour, when men fear for the future of the race, when they look to the church for leadership, what do they see? On the great, vital questions that are tearing the world apart: division, profits, race and war; the church, in large measure, does not stand with Christ, but with the world, opposed to Christ, and still professes to be His follower.

"On these questions Christ has not left us in the dark. He plainly said: 'That they all may be one,' 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, but in Heaven,' 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto me,' 'Put up thy sword, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.'"

"He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity, will revolutionize the world."  
—Benjamin Franklin

"Where do you stand on these questions and others that face us daily? With Christ or against Him? 'Not everyone that sayeth Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven but he that doeth the will of my Father which art in Heaven.'"

Perry closed with prayer. In a voice that broke with longing, he pleaded for love and peace and happiness for those before him.

He sat down amid a stillness that could be felt. Then the organ stirred the people to their feet and out the door. Perry walked into his study and sat down limply in his desk chair.

#### FOLLOW ME

A fire siren shrilled its warning across the town. Fire engine and hook and ladder roared past. The minister's phone rang. Taking up the receiver, Perry heard a voice gasping, "Brodder Brooks! De plant's awn fire! Tell Mister McFawrley!" Then a crash and the phone hummed.

Perry stepped out the side door and ran to the front of the church, ignoring the crowds on the walk. McFarley was sliding under the wheel of his black sedan. Beside him sat Congressman Banks. In the back seat were Lynn Mason, Bob Sandlin and Bruce Hudson.

The minister shouted to McFarley, jerked open the front door and got in besides Banks. "Your plant is on fire! Your colored watchman just called. The phone crashed and went dead!"

McFarley stifled an oath and pushed hard on the gas. They swung past cars leisurely leaving the church and sped towards the edge of town.

No one in the sedan spoke. Faces were grim. A spiral of smoke could be seen over the factory. Police were roping off the street when they pulled up at the entrance, fire-

men were laying hose, a crowd was gathering.

"Got to get in the office," McFarley growled and pushed his way past an officer. "You fellows stay out of this!" Perry ducked under the officer's arm and followed McFarley. Looking over his shoulder, McFarley snapped, "Get outa here, preacher!"

"Your watchman, Jim Land, is a friend of mine. I'm going in!" Perry said as they entered the smoke-filled building.

McFarley barred the way and snarled, "Get out!" A wave of smoke choked the words and he started coughing and wiping his eyes. Perry went on and the factory owner followed.

Smoke was pouring out of the open office door and Perry went to his hands and knees. McFarley crawled to a filing cabinet in the corner and tried to fit a key in the lock, choking and sputtering. Tears ran from his smarting eyes.

The watchman lay on the floor beside the desk. The telephone lay beside him. Perry got down beside the Negro, pulled his lifeless body across his own and crawled towards the door. Flames were licking the baseboards. McFarley had the file open now and was rummaging in its drawers, still coughing.

As Perry neared the factory entrance a fireman met him and, lifting the watchman's body, carried it outside. Another fireman pulled Perry to his feet and pushed him towards the door. A wall crashed somewhere. Perry heard McFarley scream. The minister jerked loose. "McFarley," he gasped, "In the office!"

"I'll get him! You get out!" The fireman crawled down the hall. Perry crawled after him. The office was ablaze. The wall had caved in, knocking the filing cabinet over on McFarley. His face was bleeding, his hands clutched some papers which were on fire. The fireman lifted one end of the heavy cabinet while Perry rolled McFarley out from under it. Then they each took a hand of the factory owner and together dragged him down the hall.

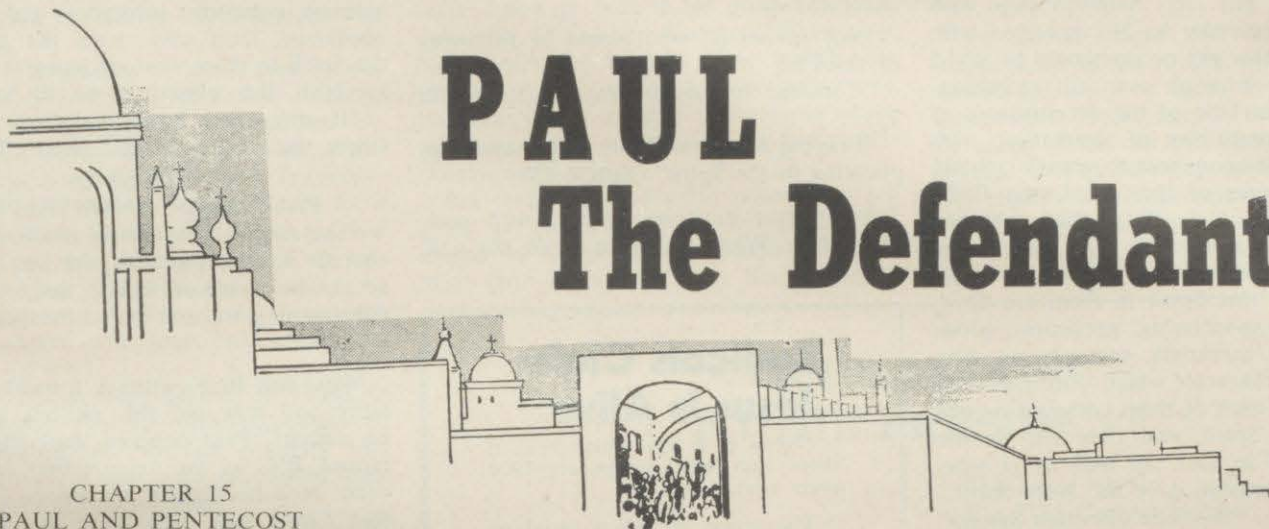
Perry's head ached, his eyes were on fire. He saw a square of light through the smoke. Then the floor came up and hit him in the face.

Ernestine Brooks rode beside her husband in the ambulance that carried him to the hospital. She touched his burned hands and tried to speak soothing words. "You'll be alright, Perry, dear. Just be quiet. I believe your sermon today did a lot of good. It was wonderful. Everyone in town will come to hear you next Sunday."

Perry could hear her but he couldn't see her. He tried to tell her she was wrong but he couldn't talk. He knew he was going to die, that he would never get to preach another sermon; but it didn't matter because sermons didn't influence people much anyway.

(TURN TO PAGE 12)





# PAUL The Defendant

## CHAPTER 15 PAUL AND PENTECOST

*"God is not dumb, that He should  
speak no more;  
If thou hast wanderings in the wild-  
erness  
And findest not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is  
poor . . ."*

—Author unknown

What was Paul's attitude towards Pentecost, his conception of the Holy Spirit? This vague and disputed factor has been discarded from the conventional church and has been adopted by the more or less simple and uneducated folks who yearn for more of God than a religion purely of the mind can give.

Modern Christians associate the "coming of the Spirit," "getting the Holy Ghost" and "speaking with tongues" with the abandoned gyrations of the Negro or the maudlin gibberish of the illiterate. Hence many with intelligence have fled from any search for the Holy Spirit.

Yet, if we were to cut from the New Testament the pages testifying to the authenticity of the Holy Spirit as an integral part of Christianity, we would have a sadly mutilated Book. The Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost is mentioned 24 times in the Gospels, 42 times in Acts, and 93 times in Paul's writings.

Not only would we have a mutilated Book but an emasculated Christianity. Without the Holy Spirit, there would have been no Pentecost, no Comforter, no guide into all truth, no universal preaching of the gospel in all languages to all nations. Without the Spirit Philip would not have converted the eunuch, Peter would not have gone and preached to Cornelius, Paul would not have been separated for the mission field in the church at Antioch, he would not have been guided to Troas and Macedonia, the life would have gone out of the Christian movement, and we might well have never heard about it here.

Though many ministers repudiate the doctrine of the Holy Spirit being present in the world today or being available to

A frank attempt to learn from Paul how Christians should face the problems of today.

modern man, they continue to include the blessings of "the communion of the Holy Spirit" upon mankind in their benedictory prayers.

Our brethren who contend that there is no such thing as the Holy Spirit today, that God speaks only through the recorded Word, the Bible, get around the difficulty by arguing that the Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost was a definite force in the early church and was indispensable then because the disciples did not have the written New Testament, and since we do have the Bible, we no longer need any further guidance, and that no one has ever received the Holy Spirit or direct Divine Guidance after the time of the Apostles. The Apostles and their converts received the Spirit, those whom they baptized or placed their hands on received Him, but that the gift was handed on no further.

Their evidence for this stand is dangerously thin in the face of Peter's statement in Acts 2:38-39, the first part of which they so often quote,

"Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

Also Paul's statement,

"And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit:" (Eph. 5:18)

Paul, in his writings speaks of the joy of the Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost as being a part of the Kingdom of God. (Rom. 14:17) He told the Corinthians how the Holy Spirit had revealed to him the good things of God and given him words with which to teach others. (I Cor. 2:9-13) He said the Spirit was proof of our being children

of God. (Rom. 8:16)

What kind of a spirit is the Holy Spirit? It is the spirit of Holiness. Jesus speaks of the Spirit of the Lord being upon him. He returned to Galilee in the "power of the Spirit." What Spirit? God's Spirit. The Holy Spirit then is a God-like Spirit, A Christ-like Spirit, and one who is filled with the Holy Spirit will act in a Christ-like manner.

Did Christ ever cavort, dance, or shout in babbling tongues? Not that anyone ever recorded. He possessed a Joy, but it was a calm, sane, God-like joy.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." (Gal. 5:22-23)

Paul advised those who spoke in babbling tongues to do so at home or have an interpreter and speak two or three at a time to keep order and avoid confusion.

At Pentecost the disciples were enabled by the Holy Spirit to speak the Gospel in language understood by every person present, proving that their Lord was a universal Christ to be preached to every nation.

Alexander Campbell, early leader in the modern restoration movement, many of whose followers repudiate the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, himself believed in the reality and the necessity of the Holy Spirit's dwelling in the Christian today. He said:

"Christians then, are to follow peace with all men, and sanctification, without which no one shall see the Lord. Therefore it is the duty and the work of Christians, 'to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord' . . . This requires aid. Hence assistance is to be prayed for; and it is promised . . . The Holy Spirit is, then, the author of all our holiness; and in the struggle after victory over sin and temptation, it helps our infirmities; and comforts us by seasonably bringing to our remembrance the promises of Christ, and strengthens us with all might, in the new or inner man . . . Christians are, therefore,



clearly and unequivocally temples of the Holy Spirit: . . .

God 'gives His Holy Spirit to them who ask Him', according to His revealed will; and without this gift no one could be saved or ultimately triumph over all opposition. He knows but little of the deceitfulness of sin, or of combatting of temptation, who thinks himself competent to wrestle against the allied forces of the world, the flesh, and the devil . . . To those, then, who believe, repent, and obey the gospel, He actually communicates of His Good Spirit. The fruits of that Spirit in them are 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance'. The attributes of character which distinguish the new man are each of them communications of the Holy Spirit, and thus are we the sons of God in fact, as well as in title, under the dispensation of the Holy Spirit."

—"The Christian System"

Paul's entire Christian life was integrally bound up with the Holy Spirit. It guided him in times of doubt, strengthened him in times of despair, gave him wisdom and power in facing his adversaries, and filled him with joy in the presence of suffering. Without the Holy Spirit the events recorded in Acts could never have taken place, the Church would never have been established, nor would we have know of Paul.

Unless the church accepts, believes in, seeks, and finds the Holy Spirit, today, it cannot do what it *must* do to save mankind. Human wisdom is not enough. To read the Word is not enough. There are day by day decisions that its general principles do not specifically enlighten on. God has a plan for each individual man. He speaks to each individual heart if that one will listen for His Voice.

Untold thousands today can testify to the reality of God's Guidance of their lives.

"God kept on talking when his book had gone to press." —Strickland Gilliland

But to know His will is still not enough. We are too frail to do the things we know. We must say, with Paul,

"For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." (Rom. 7:19)

Human strength, human will power is not enough. We must have the dynamic of the Holy Spirit to quicken us to action, to overcome our fears, and to sustain us until the work is done. We must be:

"Strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man." (Eph. 3:16)

How attain this Holy Spirit that we have ignored or discarded? Here, as in every other phase of Christian living, the trail leads to prayer.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." (Luke 11:13)

At Pentecost the disciples were filled with the Holy Spirit as they prayed together. (Acts 1:14; 2:1-4; 4:31) As Paul prayed with

his brethren at Antioch the Holy Ghost separated him and Barnabas as missionaries. (Acts 13:1-4)

Paul advises all who would be followers of Jesus to

"Continue instant in prayer" (Rom. 12:12)

"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit" (Eph. 6:18)

But prayer must be coupled with positive action. When we begin to *do His will*,

## Radicals Claim Jesus Is Alive

(News as it might have been if there had been newspapers 1900 years ago).

The group of radical social reformers that have stirred up the entire country the past three years, has not been broken up with the execution of their leader, Jesus, and the suicide of their treasurer, Judas, it was learned today.

The group of ex-fishermen, tax collectors and communists are meeting in secret somewhere in Jerusalem, one of their number disclosed and Peter seems to have been chosen their new leader.

These dreamers who would have us share our wealth with the poor, and who talk of Utopia, which they call the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, make the absurd claim that Jesus, recently tried and executed for treason, is still alive. They say he rose from the tomb on Sunday morning, April 7th, and talked to them before ascending up to Heaven.

Adding to the mystery that surrounds this carpenter-preacher's life and death, is the fact that his body is missing from the tomb in which it was placed on the evening of his crucifixion. Soldiers who were set to guard the sealed tomb, claim that his followers came and stole the body away that night, but to date no officer or enlisted man has been court-martialed for their sleeping on duty and allowing this theft.

Officers are keeping a sharp look-out for other members of this band of insurrectionists and for their secret hide-out. Our officials are to be commended for their prompt scotching of this movement before it assumed the proportions of a revolution.

Business men as well as religious leaders are heaving sighs of relief that this Jesus, who threatened private enterprise, wealth, and obedience to the priests, has been done away with.

We predict that with their leader out of the way, his ignorant and disillusioned followers will disband and go back to work. The market rallied strongly today as business men felt more secure in their investments.

—The Jerusalem Herald, May 12, A. D. 30.

do the things we cannot do alone, we will again enjoy His Spirit. It doesn't come without complete surrender and humble obedience. God only trusts the power of the Spirit to those who are using that power for Him. But without it we are lost.

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." (Rom. 8:9)

### CHAPTER 16

#### PAUL AND IMMORTALITY

"The soul is incapable of death. Since we cherish a trust like this, let our outward actions be in accord with it, and let us keep our hearts pure and our minds calm."

—Plutarch

What was Paul's attitude towards immortality and how did this attitude influence his actions? Paul believed implicitly in immortal life, in the resurrection from the dead, of a heaven for the saints. He *knew* that Christ had risen from the dead, for he had *seen Him*. His whole ministry was based on that fact.

"If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." (I Cor. 15:14)

The hope of the resurrection was the central theme of Paul's life and his preaching. (Acts 24:14-16) That issue was one grievance the Jewish leaders had against him. (Acts 23:6)

Without a definite and deep-seated belief in immortality, not only is the Christian life meaningless, it is impossible. Unless one definitely believes that eternal life is worth more than any gain or glory here, unless Heaven is worth the price of all the persecution and suffering man can inflict, man cannot go the Way of the Cross, the way Christ walked, and the world can never be saved.

Our loyalties and our beliefs are determined by what we are willing to give our lives for, what if necessary, we would die for. We may believe in something or work for something, but when it comes to giving it up or giving up our lives, we often find that it is not worth the price asked. If we will not die for a cause it isn't of ultimate value, it isn't to us really worth while.

But the cause for which we are willing to lay down our lives rather than fail or repudiate, that is the thing and that only, in which we *really* believe. That cause might be our home, or family, or our country. Or it might be our religion, or our interpretation of religion. It might be our belief in Christianity as a religion of love, that would require us to face death rather than to kill another. But unless one is willing to lay down his life for the cause he is not entirely sincere.

"No man is worth his salt who is not ready at all times to risk his body, to risk his well-being, to risk his life, in a great cause."

—Theodore Roosevelt

The pacifist who will not gladly lay down his life rather than engage in war is not a true pacifist. The patriot who will not lay down his life for his country is not a



true patriot, all his words and flag waving notwithstanding. The Christian who will not lay down his life for Christ is not a true Christian.

For life, to most of us is our most valued possession. From the first breath of babyhood to the last gasp of old age, our existence is a continual clinging to life, fighting for life, for breath, for food, for recovery in sickness, for prolonging if even for a day or an hour, this earthly existence. And whatever we are willing to give up this precious thing, life, for, must indeed be valuable, must indeed be believed in with all our heart and soul and mind and strength.

Unless a man truly believes in Christ as more valuable than any material possession, in Heaven as out-weighing anything that might happen to him here, he cannot truly understand Christ's warning.

"And fear not them which kill the body, but are unable to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." (Matt. 10:28)

To Christ, immortality was much more real than this mortal life. He knew eternity, lived in it, stepped out of Heaven to taste earth's joys and sorrows and call men to the greater joys above.

He knew that this life was transient, that only eternity was permanent.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away." (Mark 13:31)

To Christ, "mansions in the sky, by and by," was no dream of fancy. He definitely promised them to the faithful.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." (John 14:2-3)

Who has not drunk deep of the comfort of those verses in the hour of sorrow?

There was no uncertainty in Christ's statements.

"I am the living bread which came down from Heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." (John 6:51)

To the disciples immortality was the main spring of their faith. They had seen their risen Lord, had eaten and drunk with Him. (Acts 10:41) They ordered their lives by the light of His promise,

"Where I am there ye may be also."

Stephen, looking up, saw Christ standing at the right hand of God (Acts 7:55) Hence death had no terrors for him.

Modern man has lost his living faith in the sureness and the value of immortality. He too frequently is not willing to give up even lesser things for it, to say nothing of giving up his life rather than commit an act that might jeopardize his chances of attaining Heaven.

Not that there are no causes for which he would not risk or sacrifice his life, but they are other causes than the one Jesus

and Paul set as of ultimate value. Man will frequently lay down his life rather than suffer insult or hurt to his pride, often lay down his life rather than risk the loss of his property or to gain more wealth. He will lay down his life for his country or his home or his freedom. This shows where man places his values, what he deems ultimately worth-while.

But to lay down his life rather than tell a lie, or harm his fellow man, or to be untrue to Christ in any situation—that is more than most men today are willing to

do, farther than most are willing to go in order to keep unclouded their vision and hope of eternity.

Our modern church likewise has largely lost its sense of the worth and positive reality of Heaven. Led astray by materialism, science and psychology, it has substituted the social gospel for the Cross, dreams of political utopias here for eternities in Heaven. Heaven is little preached and hell even less. The fruits of discipleship this side of

(TURN TO PAGE 12)

## OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT

The Texas Herald  
Box 2156 Capitol Station  
Austin, Texas  
April 25, 1953

Hon. Dwight D. Eisenhower  
President of the United States  
The White House  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Eisenhower:

It was with deep regret that I read recently in a newspaper column that a group of prominent Republicans, including John Foster Dulles, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, and Postmaster General Summerfield, had contributed funds and become charter members of the Capitol Hill Club to be opened across from the House Office Building in Washington. And that one of the main features in the club was to be a bar, together with conference rooms, presumably to be used for policy making meetings by members of Congress and others in high positions in our government.

One of the reasons why you scored such a decisive victory last November was because the country as a whole was fed up with "the mess in Washington," and the Republicans promised to clean it up. No small part of that "mess" was the drinking done in the Capitol and in the White House.

Some of us think that we have had too much of this sort of thing already, and hope to see the Capitol Hill Club closed, or if not closed, to see a prayer room replace the bar. We believe that would be a better aid to good government, sound legislation, and world peace, than the announced bar. When the leaders of our nation get their inspiration from God rather than from a bottle, then we will have hopes for our survival.

Millions of Americans were thrilled when you felt led to pray at your inaugural, to attend a prayer breakfast, to open your Cabinet meetings with prayer, and to set aside one afternoon a week for quiet meditation. With you in the White House, we feel better about America.

I was thrilled a few weeks ago to learn from our friend Mary Welch, author of "More Than Sparrows," "Wayside Windows," etc., that you had given up smoking and that there was to be no liquor served in the White House while you were there.

I am writing to the people whose names appeared as some of the sponsors of the Capitol Hill Club, in the hope that they will repudiate their connection with the club or use their influence to see that its bar is closed.

I wish you to know that each morning we pray for you, that you may be led by the wisdom of God as you strive to lead this great nation in the right path.

Sincerely,  
J. A. Dennis



# OUR COMPANIONED WAY

(FROM PAGE 1)

"Thy will be done!"  
'Tis not Thy will that man shall kiss a chastening rod,  
But heart abrim and head to Heaven  
Shall praise his God for mercies given,  
And cry, right joyously,  
"Thy will be done! Thy will be done!"

John Oxenham

## CHAPTER ONE THE JOYOUS WILL OF GOD "That He might be glorified."

It was one of those days when work with the hands is a must. You have had days like that, too, when you just had to do things with your hands in order to endure the ache in your breast. And so I climbed the ladder to the attic in the little rent house I called home. Here was the usual stored confusion, the accumulation of one who could not discard keepsakes in general and books in particular. My heart I told myself, was as cluttered as this attic.

I had taken up one of the old books and was standing with it held loosely in my hands when I felt a fluttering across my feet. I stooped and picked up a folded sheet of paper, dated May 3, 1918. It was a letter written to me by my Aunt Mary when I greatly-needed her consolation, for my husband was entering the army in World War I, leaving me with our three little children. Now after ten years, when my need though entirely different, was quite as intense as at that time, the letter was again in my hand. As though it were a message from the heavenly world, I searched it fervidly that I might not fail to grasp any shade of her meaning for this my present difficulty:

"My Darling:

I have just read and re-read your letter in which I sense your heartbreak. Paul said he rejoiced in tribulation so let us do likewise. When we ask our Heavenly Father to do what He sees is best, how can we doubt its being BEST? Is it possible to forget self and let your efforts be to help others?

Let the undercurrent of your life be "Thy Will be Done" and let it be a JOYOUS spirit that FEELS "Thy Will be Done." Out of this will grow a rejoicing that will bring sunshine into your own heart and be reflected in the lives of others.

I know you do love me, my brave one. We love each other.

Your Aunt Mary."

I folded the letter reverently, remembering that with almost her last breath Aunt Mary prayed for me: "And now, Lord, bless especially Roberta and her babies. Give her great happiness in doing Thy Will." Never before had the thought of joy and happiness in doing God's Will penetrated my consciousness for I had failed to note the numerous times Jesus

referred joyously to the will of the Father. Always I had associated my own acceptance of His will for me with the struggle of Jesus in Gethsemane when He cried, "*Let this cup pass . . .*" then added, "*Nevertheless, not my wil but Thine be done.*" In my mind I held a picture of an old chopping block with the Thanksgiving turkey's head laid across it, hatchet raised. I felt I must be ready for the fall of the hatchet if I truly meant what I asked for in that so hallowed, yet often dreaded phrase, "*Thy Will be done.*"

These challenging words, "Let the undercurrent of your life be 'Thy Will be done.' . . . Out of this will grow a rejoicing . . .", surged within me and were a bridge for the present crisis. Yet in spite of my new understanding other difficulties followed; disappointment and loss, serious illnesses and fears about finances continued.

"The day is always his who works with sincerity and great aims."

—Emerson.

Several years later my youngest sister came home for a visit. She was the light-hearted one who was never expected to be serious. We were lingering at the family table in one of those homey chats, when she flung my next challenge. "Sister, she said, "I know you have always wanted to please God, but haven't you sort of told Him what you thought His will for you should be? Why don't you get down on your knees and tell Him that all your trying has only messed things up in your life? That you are now ready to find out what He has in mind, what His *best* plan is for you!"

I looked at her in amazement. Her eyes were beautiful in their seriousness. Was this the little girl I had stayed home from the mission field to help care for, telling me?

But I did get on my knees. I did pray as she suggested, fervently and sincerely, but through the ensuing years no great change was apparent. Sorrows multiplied, and there was always anxiety about health and finances. Opportunities opening for me slipped away just as I was ready to grasp them and my reaching fingers seemed all but caught as door after door closed with a bang.

In my early teens I had decided that the will of God for me was to go to the African people as a missionary. I knew it meant leaving my loved ones and the comforts of home; still this was a call of high adventure. I would be working for God! In later teens came the vision which caused me to think that His higher will for

me would be to stay at home. I would do the tedious chores so mother could be freed to give love and attention to my six small brothers and sisters. This was a high enough commission to satisfy the longing within me to help God win His world and I was content to serve in this way as long as was necessary.

Then I fell in love with a young man who was studying to become a minister. His preparation, we knew, might mean long years of waiting for our life together. One day in our earnest effort to make the right decision about our future we came to the point where we each could say to the Lord,

"Thy will be done in our lives." We said it earnestly, sincerely and it led not to separation as we had feared, but to our marriage.

During my years as homemaker and mother I had the idea that working for God was a separate and distinct task, and rushed through my duties in order to do something outside the home for Him. I would often stay up until midnight, or rise long before day to finish my housework so I could take one, two, three and then four children to Sunday School. I kept the least one by me in the baby buggy while I taught a class, attended the preaching service or the women's meetings. Oh, why didn't someone tell me that house-keeping, training my own little sons and daughters and making home a place of peace was God's work too? How much easier and more joy filled my daily tasks would have been! Why should I have had to wait years to realize that the very foundation of kingdom living, the basis of world order, is built on cleanliness, good food, contented husbands and happy babies, and that no society or movement on earth can be greater than its standard for its homes? Only as I learned it for myself was I to understand that working for God is a combination of small acts; that behind every great achievement for Him there is a network of tedious, prosaic deeds.

There have been many proofs of such accomplishments, one of which is illustrated in the life of the Curies, those great scientists who had a dream. They labored for years with dauntless belief. Radium was needed! It could be found! They worked day and night in shifts. They emptied endless shovels of ore into the melting pot and examined the leavings countless times, hoping against hope that the precious radium might appear. The fire must burn. When there was no money for fuel the fence rails went into it, then the furniture. The pot must never stop boiling. There came a time when there was nothing left



to burn. A last desperate analysis disclosed a single drop of the precious ingredient, radium, to bring fulfillment to the dreamers' hearts, transform an entire science, and give a blessing to the world. How slowly, yet how surely did I learn the value of little things and find that, added together, they bring about progress in homes, movements, nations, eras.

Pressed by the complexity of daily living, I had pushed back these recurring challenges to yield my own will to His great will. But He who marks the sparrow's fall, whose tread is soft lest He crush a lily, was keeping watch above His own, and He brought words out of the past to my remembrance. Again I was reading a letter: "My Darling . . . Let the undercurrent of your life be 'Thy Will be done.'" A shadowy question crept in, then clearly my sister's voice: "Haven't you sort of told God . . . why don't you get on your knees?"

I did get on my knees again. I did tell God I was ready and unafraid, at last, for His will to be done in, through, and for me. His answer came "in the fullness of time." On a day in July, 1942, I was in my doctor's waiting room when his wife came in and began talking to me. She told me of a book she considered so vital she was letting a different person have it each week. She held it in her hands and offered it to me with the remark, "If you have time to read it, you may take it with you now." I walked out of that office carrying with me something more potent than atomic energy. How little we realize when and how simply are we offered LIFE!

The book was *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes*, written by Glenn Clark of whom I had not heard. Nor did it occur to me for a long time that it had to have an author, so absorbed I became in its message. I began reading it even as I walked home. For three days I read as I ate, as I went to and from my work. I slept little and when I did my hand rested on that book beneath my pillow. My heart was tingling with the knowledge that at last I was finding THE WAY. I was hungry and thirsty and I was being given not only bread and water but cake and orangeade. Here, here, in my hands, were words of truth and wisdom, seeping into every crevice of my heart. The exercises were as simple and as life-giving as those a baby uses to grow. Laws were given, workable laws, that I could grasp as easily as a beginner does finger exercises for the piano, or a typewriter keyboard.

Intermingled with the new and freeing thoughts were those I would have liked to run away from, yet which must be faced. Yes, I had loved God, I did believe His Word. With my mind I had always loved Him and believed in Him, and of course some of my prayers had been answered. His Word had comforted me and I had been given courage to bear whatever came to me. Yet again and again I had cried, "Dear God, no one understands me." Each

repetition made deeper and deeper the grooves in my brain. It seemed to me I had been tired all my life. I told myself, my children, my friends, how tired I was! I did so at every opportunity, and I made some opportunities! To anyone who would listen I told my troubles, and I had them listed in a very tear-jerking manner. This brought forth a measure of sympathy, a substitute for expressed love, and served as a salve for my woes. I am purposely omitting my woeful recital, knowing full well you can fill in the gap with your own.

I was aware that all these negatives must

be replaced by some powerful positives but how oh how could substitution be made. I wanted to know. One of the simple exercises suggested in the book was to say at least twenty times, "I Will to Will THY WILL, O God." I practiced this resolutely day after day, counting on my fingers to be sure I did not miss a single time, each repetition being a step upward on a shining stairway.

At the end of three days I returned the book to my friend, but kept in my heart

(TURN TO PAGE 12)

## The Holy Shadow

Long, long ago, there lived a saint so good that the astonished angels came down from heaven to see how a mortal could be so goodly. He simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the stars diffuse light, and the flowers perfume, without ever being aware of it. Two words summed up his days; he gave and he forgave. Yet these words never fell from his lips; they were expressed in his ready smile, in his kindness, his forbearance and charity.

The angels said to God. "God, grant him the gift of miracles." God replied, "I consent; ask what he desires." So they said to the saint, "Would you like the touch of your hand to heal the sick?" "No," said the saint, "I would rather God do that."

"Would you like to convert guilty souls and bring wandering hearts to the right path?" "No, that is the mission of the angels. I pray, I do not convert."

"Would you like to become a model of patience, attracting all men by the lustre of your virtue, and thus glorify God?"

"No," replied the saint, "If men should be attracted to me they would be estranged from God. The Lord has other means to glorify Himself."

"What do you desire, then?" asked the angels. "What can I wish for?" asked the saint, smiling: "That God give me his Grace; with that should I have everything?"

But the angels insisted. "You must ask for a miracle, or one will be thrust upon you." "Very well," said the saint, "that I may do a great deal of good without every knowing it."

The angels were perplexed. They took counsel together and resolved upon the following plan. Every time the saint's shadow should fall behind, or at either side, so that he could not see it, it should have the power to cure distress, soothe pain and comfort sorrow.

And it came to pass when the saint walked along, his shadow upon either side or behind him, arid paths became green, withered plants began to bloom, clear water came to dried up brooks, fresh color to pale little children and joy to unhappy mothers.

But the saint simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the stars diffuse light and flowers perfume, without ever being aware of it. And the people, respecting his humility, followed him silently, never speaking to him about his virtue. Little by little, they came to even forget his name and called him only

"THE HOLY SHADOW."

—Author unknown



# CHRIST

## AND THE HEADLINES

An earnest attempt to look at today's events through the eyes of Jesus.

### WHY JESUS CURSED

### THE FIG TREE

Someone has asked us why Jesus cursed the fig tree and commanded that no fruit grow on it forever, so that the fig tree withered away and died. Maybe you have wondered about that, too. It seems unlike Jesus to kill anything, to put a curse on anything. With God's help I am going to try to tell you why He did it.

First let's read the story in Mark's Gospel, Chapter 11, Verses 12-25:

"And on the morrow, when they were come from Bethany, he was hungry: and seeing a fig tree afar off having leaves, he came, if haply he might find any thing thereon: and when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves; for the time of figs was not yet. And Jesus answered and said unto it, No man eat fruit of thee hereafter forever. And his disciples heard it.

"And they came to Jerusalem; and Jesus went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the moneychangers, and the seats of them that sold doves: and would not suffer that any man should carry any vessel through the temple. and He taught, saying unto them, Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer? But ye have made it a den of thieves. And the scribes and chief priests heard it, and sought how they might destroy him: for they feared him, because all the people were astonished at his doctrine. And when even was come, he went out of the city.

"And in the morning, as they passed by, they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots. And Peter calling to remembrance saith unto him, Master, behold, the fig tree which thou cursedst is withered away. And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith.

"Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses." (Mark 11: 12-25)

Jesus never did or said anything without a purpose. He never spoke an idle word. He never acted from temper or revenge. Then why did He curse this fig tree when He failed to find any fruit on it?

Jesus usually taught the people by parables or by objects of nature. As He preached to them He pointed to the growing and living things about Him and drew a lesson from them. He said, "Behold the fowls of the air," "Consider the lilies of the field," "A sower went forth to sow," "A man built his house upon the sand." In all these sermons He used object lessons, something they could SEE as He talked, something that illustrated His message. Good teachers today are but copying His methods with illustrated lectures and object lessons.

This fig tree, showing off leaves but bearing no fruit, presented a perfect object lesson by which He could drive home some truths in the minds of His disciples. What were these lessons that were important enough to cause Jesus to use His miraculous power and curse this fig tree so that it withered away? I want to give you three reasons why He did it.

First, He wanted to drive home the lesson that God expects everything and everybody in His Kingdom to bear fruit, that if

they do not bear fruit they are to be cut down and destroyed. Turn with me to Matthew 3:10 and listen to these words spoken by John the Baptist:

*"And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire."*

Also to John 15: 1-2 to these words of Jesus: "I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

And again to Luke 13: 6-9: "He spake also this parable; a certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and he found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: And if it bear fruit well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down."

The Word says He saw a "fig tree afar off having leaves." This fig tree, like some people, advertised by its leaves that it had some fruit, but when Jesus approached it there was no fruit there.

Jesus said in Matt. 7: 16, "Ye shall know them by their fruits" and in verse 19, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." So here Jesus did just exactly what His Word had repeatedly said would be done. His warning lesson in this story to you and me is: Either bear fruit or be cast out.

Second, this cursing of the fig tree explained Jesus' actions in cleansing the temple, which He did on that same day. The Pharisees claimed to be religious. Like the fig tree, they advertised spiritual fruit, but bore none. So, the account says, Jesus went into Jerusalem and "cast out them that sold and bought in the temple," a preview of the time when un-believers, hypocrites and all evil persons shall be cast out into outer darkness and torment.

Third, Jesus by this incident taught that Faith is invisible and does not depend on what we can see or hear or feel. It stands alone on the naked Word of God. You will notice that Mark says Jesus cursed the fig tree, or declared "No man eat fruit of thee hereafter forever," and it wasn't until the next day that the disciples saw any difference in the appearance of the tree. (Mark 11: 14, 20)

In Matthew's account of this same story he states that "when the disciples saw it, they marvelled, saying How soon is the fig tree withered away!" (Matt. 21: 20)

They marvelled! They were astonished! After three years of travelling with Jesus, of seeing all the miracles He did, watching Him heal the sick, cast out devils, open blind eyes, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, multiply the loaves and fishes to feed a multitude, and calm the storm at sea, all with a word or a touch of His hand, still they marvelled at this miracle done to the fig tree. Why?

Perhaps because it didn't happen immediately as had most of His other miracles. After Jesus spoke there was no apparent change in the tree. Its leaves were still green, its branches still waving. The disciples went on their way, perhaps wondering what effect Jesus' words had had, probably doubting that anything had happened to the tree. But the next morning they saw the results of His words. And they marvelled! The Word says "the fig tree dried up from the roots."

The miracle had happened immediately. Jesus words had taken effect immediately, down where the real life of the tree was, in the roots, and by the next morning the death of the tree was visible to all.

Many people who are sick and who are prayed for do not believe that God has healed them and do not receive or accept or keep their healing because they cannot see any immediate change in themselves. Jesus was here trying to teach us that healing begins first at the root of the problem, down deep inside us, in the spirit, in the mind, inside our bodies, and later is apparent and visible, if we believe and doubt not.



## LIFTING IT TOGETHER



Most of us want to see something happen before we'll believe God. God's way is believe only and thou shalt "see the glory of God." (John 11: 40)

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." (Heb. 11:1) "Not seen as yet." (Heb. 1:1: 7)

The best definition for real faith I have heard lately is a statement by Sherwood Eddy: Here it is: "Faith is not trying to believe something regardless of the evidence. Faith is daring to do something regardless of the consequences."

Fourth, Jesus taught the disciples, and us also, that if they would only believe and not doubt, believe in God's Word and not in merely what they could see on the surface, that they could do the things which He had done. In Matthew 21: 21 Jesus said, "If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed and be cast into the sea, it shall be done."

The account in Mark says "Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he sayeth."

This is an amazing promise! Whosoever shall have whatsoever! We think it is too good to be true. But Jesus promised it. Whosoever has faith in God, or the faith of God, can ask whatsoever is promised in His Word and he shall have whatsoever he sayeth.

Are there conditions? Yes! First, faith. Not head faith, but real heart faith. Not just believing with your mind, but knowing it in your heart. Where do you get that kind of faith? The same place we get everything else good: from God. Paul says God can give us faith by the Holy Spirit as a gift: (I Cor. 12: 9) He also says Faith cometh by hearing the word of God. (Rom. 10: 17)

The second condition is a great burning desire for the thing you pray for, a desperate seeking that won't take No for an

answer. The Word says:

"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." (Mark 11:24)

Many people pray half-heartedly for things with the attitude that if their prayer isn't answered they'll get what they want some other way. Some pray half-heartedly for their healing, thinking maybe it's not God's will to heal them. If He does, that will be fine; but if He doesn't they'll try another doctor or some different medicine and get along alright.

The miracle healings of today are done to people who know that no doctor and no medicine can help them, that if God doesn't heal them they will die, and they go to God desperately in earnest, going sometimes thousands of miles to be prayed for, refusing to give up until their healing is made perfect.

The Syrophenician woman whom Matthew tells about in Chapter 15: 22-28 came to Jesus in that kind of desperation. He didn't answer her, then she appealed to the disciples until they came and asked Jesus to get rid of her. Jesus told her it was "not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs." for the Samaritans were called dogs by the Jews.

But the woman was undaunted and said, "Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." Being ignored didn't stop her, being asked to leave didn't discourage her, being called a dog didn't faze her; she was determined to humble herself, to suffer any embarrassment, in order to get what she came after, to see her daughter healed.

And Jesus, when she had acknowledged Him as Lord and shown her humility and her faith, granted her request. "Her daughter was made whole from that very hour." (Matt. 15: 28)

Another condition that Jesus gave in this illustrated lesson on faith was forgiveness. He said, "And when ye stand praying, forgive." (Mark 11: 25) Many prayers are not answered, many people are not healed because they have resentment or jealousy or envy or hatred in their hearts.

Jesus, in cursing the fig tree, taught us four things: First, bear fruit or be cast out. Second, Don't judge God's movings by outward appearances. Third, He thus explained and justified His cleansing of the temple. Fourth, He taught the Disciples that if they only believed Him they could do similar and even greater things by faith.

And now let us pray. Heavenly Father, forgive us our unbelief, and our lack of fruit. Help us not to judge by appearances but to stand on Thy Word only. And help us to forgive others as we want you to forgive us. In Jesus' Name, Amen.

You may have a question on the Scriptures about which you would like an answer. If you will mail it to The Texas Herald, we will pray over it, and with the Holy Spirit's help perhaps we can answer it for you.

## EAGLES OF THE LORD

(FROM PAGE 2)

Have you found it hard to rise above the fears and doubts and defeats of this everyday world in which we live? Do you seem to be going around in circles as you pray and pray and wonder why your prayers aren't answered?

Get up that second wing, the wing of Praise. With Prayer and Praise both lifted Heavenward, face the approaching storm and you will experience the miracle that Christ came to give us: you will be lifted up—up—up above the storm and strife, until you soar again in the blue skies and the mountain tops, an Eagle of the Lord, indeed.

And now, let us pray: Dear Heavenly Father, forgive us for forgetting to thank and praise thee. Dear Lord we thank thee for our abundance. We praise thee for your goodness, for your mercy, for your care, for your love, for salvation, and for health, and the Holy Ghost. Help us never to forget to praise you as much as to pray to thee. In Jesus' Name, Amen.



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## VOICE OR ECHO? (FROM PAGE 4)

### HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE SHALL FIND IT

On Tuesday, Central Church was filled to overflowing. Once more Bruce Hudson, Bob Sandlin, Lynn Mason, Morris Banks, Steve McFarley and Lane Brandon were there. But this time it was different. These six pall-bearers, with the hundreds of others, were paying tribute to their departed minister, Perry Brooks.

Ed Rundell and Ruth were there, this time holding hands and looking happy through their tears. And for once in its staid history Central Church allowed a Negro to sit on the front row. Jim Land, the factory watchman, was a temporary hero. He had called the fire station, the police and the church before he collapsed, and had saved the plant. When he entered the church today to pay respect to the white friend who had saved his life, no one had the heart to turn him away and Bob Sandlin had risen and pointed to a seat beside him.

McFarley, with bandages on his hands and face, sat subdued and shaken. Lane Brandon wept openly as he prayed secretly for forgiveness. Bob Sandlin glanced with mixed emotions towards Eve, his former wife, who had come back in answer to his earnest phone call Sunday night.

Lynn Mason was both sad and relieved. He was now free, freed by the man whose body lay before them. No longer need he fear McFarley who sat beside him. No debts to pay. He could come to church again, with head up, he could vote and speak his honest conviction. Free!

Morris Banks sat marvelling at the power of one man for good. Tonight he would go back to Washington, free to fight the battles of his country, fight graft and greed and hate and war. Freed from McFarley's power. Free because of a minister and the Voice he had spoken.

Bruce Hudson was mentally writing his editorial for tomorrow's News. "The Power of the Spoken Word." He wished his written editorials could have the power that Perry Brooks had exerted Sunday morning. Or was Brook's power in acting out Sunday noon what he had been saying?

Hudson vividly recalled the meeting in Sandlin's office last night. A meeting of these who sat beside him; Sandlin, Mason, Banks, McFarley and himself. A meeting at which the spirit of the dead minister seemed to rise up in each of the four as

they defied McFarley, the political boss. They had refused to "play the game," had confessed and repented and were now "playing it clean."

And, strangely enough, McFarley had agreed. Imagine McFarley going straight! Was it because the papers he had tried to salvage had been lost in the flames? Were there no longer any clubs of evidence that could be held over political heads? Or had Perry's life-saving act won McFarley too? Hudson didn't know, but he knew that Perry and the Voice had won a great victory on Sunday.

That Voice had set him free, too, free now to print the truth, free now to fight for right and against evil, free now to take only clean copy and clean ads, no matter the cost or profit.

Free! Why? Because a Voice had spoken from this pulpit. Not a man, not an Echo, but a Voice. And yet, too, because that man had acted as well as spoken. Hudson wondered if the minister were not now also free.

His reverie was interrupted by the visiting minister's closing tribute:

"If a man love me he wil keep my words. —Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friends—He that saveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

## Our Companioned Way (FROM PAGE 9)

these key words: "I WILL TO WILL THY WILL, O GOD." The author had written: "When God's larger will completely eclipses your smaller will a marvelous thing immediately happens in your life; then all results are God's results."

Even in those three initial days of reading and study there began for me the "better than we can ask or think" results of the Lord. I ordered and received my own book and went through it again and again thinking of each reading as a journey which brought marvelous happenings.

All the prunings, the "giving-ups," the "doing-withouts" of home, love, and security, sown in tears and heartaches, illnesses and fears, began to bear beautiful flowers and useful fruits. And who was I not to accept, rejoice in and hold to every delight as it came? I wanted to do as the paper boys and throw a bundle into everyone's front door—a bundle of joy! There were times when I wished for more room inside me, to contain all the ecstasy.

"He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed."

—Socrates

It seemed that all the purifying fires of my life, all I had dreamed of and been disillusioned about, all I had owned and lost, found happiness in or pain, fused into one great anvil upon which the hammers of God wrought His Will and my will into one. And through this fusion of my little will into His blessed WILL I now find more glory in mere moments of living, than had come in all the years spent in seeking my way alone.

(This is the Introduction and First Chapter of a book by Roberta Fletcher, soon to be published.)

## PAUL, THE DEFENDANT (FROM PAGE 7)

the grave are stressed instead. Our idea of the Kingdom has become a Kingdom that man can build with little help from the Almighty.

Not that life here is unimportant. If for no other reason than that our manner of living here determines our destiny beyond the grave. But many have allowed their vision of an eternal home in Heaven after death to grow dim, as they eagerly covet cars and lands and houses here.

Unless we Christians again catch fire with the belief that immortality is worth all the pleasures, wealth, freedom from danger, and length of life on earth, that compromise with the world might bring, we cannot hope to save the world or ourselves.

"Be like a bird that on a bough  
Too frail to hold it, gaily sings;  
He carols though the branches fail,  
He knows that he has wings."

Victor Hugo.

This world is too much with us; it has us.

Not so with Paul. He like Jesus, knew that what a man will give his life for, really has that man, really rules and possesses him. To him the ordinary things were not valuable enough to buy with his life, but he counted eternity, and doing Christ's will as his only hope of Heaven, well worth his life whenever necessary to lay it down. Hence he could say:

"But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." (Phil. 3:7)

"What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? For I am ready not to be bound only but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." (Acts 21:13)

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." (Phil. 1:21)

(Continued Next Month)