



A LOGOS CLASSIC



THE REAL FAITH

*The famous faith-building masterpiece
by one of this century's great men of God*

CHARLES
S.
PRICE

**"Dr. Price's written and spoken ministry had a profound influence
on the direction of my own life."**

—Demos Shakarian

"I found Dr. Price's ministry different... My sister, Florence, had a collision with a truck carrying hot asphalt. She received third degree burns, her pelvis suffered seven fractures, and her leg was torn loose. When reset, it was three and a half inches shorter. She was compelled to lie in a bed of salve, because her burns were so severe that she could not stand the touch of bed clothing.

"X-rays showed that the sharp points of broken bones were headed into vital organs... subsequent X-rays showed her condition growing worse... If she lived, she would be a cripple.

"In desperation, I called Dr. Price, and he agreed to come. The seventh day after her accident, Dr. Price reached her. As he prayed for her, God laid His mighty hand upon her body and completely healed her, to the amazement of doctors and nurses.

"New X-rays were taken: every bone had gone back into place, and the leg was restored to its normal length.

"My sister was able to come home from the hospital completely well..."

--Demos Shakarian / THE SHAKARIAN STORY (FGBMFI)

**A GUIDE TO HEALING. A BOOK ABOUT A DIVINE REVELATION.
ACCORDING TO LETTERS RECEIVED, THOUSANDS OF LIVES HAVE
BEEN CHANGED.**

**CONSIDERED THE CLASSIC BOOK ON FAITH BY MANY CHRISTIANS...
20 REPRINTS SINCE IT WAS WRITTEN IN THE 1940'S...**

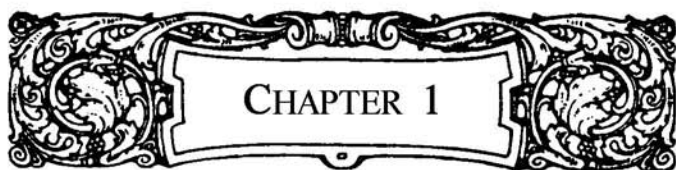


THE
REAL
FAITH

Charles S. Price

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IN WHICH I CONFESS

For years I have known something was wrong. What that something was, I have now discovered.

The Holy Spirit Himself has revealed to my eyes a vision of surpassing loveliness. For the first time I have beheld new beauty and glories of the Lord in the heart of that grace we call *faith*.

I call it a grace, because that is what it is. In our blindness of heart and mind, we have taken faith out of the realm of the spiritual and, without realizing what we were doing, have put it in the realm of the metaphysical. An army of emotions and desires has driven faith from the chambers of the heart into the cold and unfruitful corridors of the mind.

Why have our prayers gone unanswered? Why are there so many sick, in spite of the so-called “prayer of faith” having been offered? Why are our churches filled with the lame and the halt, the deaf and the blind, who sit listening to ser-

mons on divine healing that are true to the Word and the Lord's promises, and yet are not healed?

More than once I have left some meeting with the shouts of victory ringing in my ears... but have gone home to cry to the Lord because of a disappointed heart. The crowds were shouting because some were healed, but I was weeping for others who dragged their tired, sick bodies back home—just as needy as they were before they came to the services.

Was there no balm in Gilead? Was there no compassion or sympathy in the heart of the One with the nail prints in His hands? Why were some healed in such a miraculous way, and others dismissed with an exhortation to “keep believing” only to return later to endure the ritual again?

We must face facts. It displeases the Holy Spirit for us to dismiss the obvious discrepancy between theology and experience with a shrug of the shoulders, refusing to ask Him for light and guidance on this problem. Only the truth can set us free from the bondage of fears and doubts, and the discouragement that ultimately comes after too many disappointments.

The only way to get the truth is to come in sincerity and absolute honesty of heart and mind to Jesus. Our Lord said that He Himself was the Truth, and as we open the door of our hearts to Him, we make possible the sweet revelations that only His presence can bring.

I am going to be very frank. Sometimes, perhaps, almost painfully so. I cannot spread my heart over these pages and do otherwise, for never before in my ministry as a writer have I been so stirred in my spirit as I am now. This glorious and wonderful truth has flooded my soul until it has lifted me to the gates of the glory world. I believe and pray that before you finish these chapters, you too will see the gates of Grace swing open, and your feet will trod the paths of Faith to the

place where you will meet your Savior in the Garden of Answered Prayer.

I come not dogmatically, wearing the robes of infallibility. Neither do I come wielding the pen of sarcasm dipped in the ink of criticism. Rather, I come as a grateful child of God, to whom the Holy Spirit has shed light on a subject that has been viewed through a glass darkly in years past. Now, through the love of the Giver of every good and perfect gift, I have at least a partial understanding of the true meaning of that faith of which Jesus not only spoke, but still imparts to men.

This revelation has answered my questions. It has solved my problems. It has deepened my love for the Lord, and strengthened my surrender of heart and life to Him. It has revolutionized my healing ministry, for it has shown me the helplessness of self and the need of the presence, love, grace, and faith of *Jesus*.

I want to confess that my heart has been heavy, even when the crowds were shouting, singing, and declaring victory. I could see the miracles—cases of the healing touch of Jesus' hand—that were manifestations of His supernatural power. How glad I have been for them. They stand today as stalwart testimonies to the power of God. They are unassailable fortresses in the realm of experience, over which flies the glorious banner of Truth.

There are thousands of these miracles. They prove that Jesus is really the same yesterday, today, and forever. Not that we should rely on experience to prove the Word, but we are blessed indeed when we can see manifestations of answered prayer.

Yet, from those meetings, I have gone home with the faces of pitiful, anxious people haunting me. I have seen them do *their* best to rise from the wheelchair, only to sink back again

in sorrow and disappointment. I have been moved by the groans, cries, and intercessions around altars, until they have lingered with me for days after the services were over.

Perhaps you have also. In your church there are sick and needy people. They love the Lord... they are consecrated to Him... yet there is such a need for physical deliverance in answer to prayer.

Ministers of the Gospel have taken me aside scores of times to tell me of their discouragement because they seem unable to exercise *active* faith in God. If some suffering soul did not occasionally reach through and bring the glory down, many of these ministers would prefer to run away when they were asked to pray for the sick. Not that these men aren't God's men—they are! They are devoted to their calling and to the Lord, but they stand bewildered before what seems to be a contradiction between Word and experience.

It seems strange to sing, "Jesus never fails," and then watch the sick leave the service with the same pains, and ailments. It is one thing to dismiss the hurting with the words, "only believe," but it is another thing entirely to dismiss that case from your thoughts, if you are sincerely honest before God.

To testify to healing on the basis of faith or promise before the healing has happened, is generally unwise, and always inexcusable, unless the faith is actually there. Even when it is there, it is far better to be able to testify with the *double* voice—one the articulate voice of praise and thanksgiving, and the other the inarticulate voice of the physical manifestation itself.

Remember that faith the size of a grain of mustard seed will do more than a ton of will, or a mind full of determination.

Genuine faith can no more manifest itself without results, than the sun can shine without light and heat. Knowing this and believing it to be true, what is it that we have been mistakenly calling faith? Real faith never fails to bring about the result.

In my own heart, I am satisfied that many of God's children have failed to understand the difference between *faith* and *belief*. To believe *in* healing is one thing; to have faith *for* it is altogether different.

That is why so many needy people come to the Lord on the basis of His promises in the Word and *try* and *try* and *try* to affirm that they are healed.

OUR DIFFICULTY

Here is the problem: We have made faith a condition of the *mind*, when it is actually a divinely imparted grace of the *heart*. We have been wrong in our attitude and practice over and over again.

When the sunlight of God's grace and truth floods our hearts and minds... when, by the power of the Holy Spirit, we behold the provisions of His love, our struggling and striving will cease, and our lives will be wrapped in the garments of His peace. In that happy hour, we shall realize that we can receive faith *only as He gives it*. No longer will we foolishly attempt to struggle to believe. Instead of the storm on the Galilee of life, we will experience a sweet and a beautiful calm.

The disciples could have worked themselves up into an emotional frenzy, trying to still the angry tempest. But with three little words from Jesus, the wind dropped from a scream to a whisper, and the sea settled down to sleep like a child in its mother's arms.

With three little words from Jesus, the winds and the seas obeyed Him! The storm would have laughed in the face of the disciples, though they uttered a million commands in the will to believe.

With three little words from Jesus—one touch from His hand divine—more can be accomplished in a heartbeat than all our struggles and mental endeavors could work in a thousand years. We make it difficult, when He wants to make it easy.

How my heart has bled as I have seen some desperate soul, struggling hard to exercise what he thought was faith. Deep down in my heart I knew it did not come that way. I knew faith did not operate according to how he thought it did, although he had struggled for years to believe in that way.

At such moments it was hard to say anything, for I would be debunking popular systems and methods on how to be healed. It meant throwing out certain actions, which for years had been wrongly associated with the exercise of faith. It meant that, having arrived at the end of everything else we had tried, we would be forced to conclude that there was something wrong in our attitude of soul and mind, or else the victory would have been won.

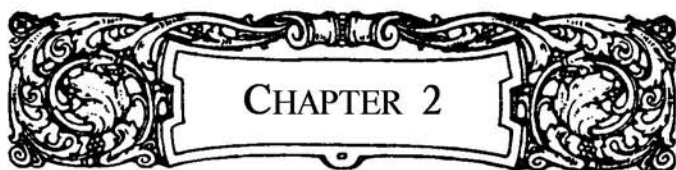
Where have we gone wrong? Why are there so many who stand perplexed in the midst of their own misgivings, until doubt has entered and the gates have quietly closed on simple trust in Jesus?

I think I know the answer! I am sure in my own heart that I have discovered the problem. I can see now where so many have missed the way.

The only thing to do is to ask the Spirit to lead us back to the fork in the road where, because of our blindness, we left the trail. Then once again we will walk on the King's Highway of grace and prove in heart and experience that the Book

is true and that our Jesus never fails.

Remember that! If we have experienced disappointments and failure, it has been our fault, not His who is yet our advocate before the Father's throne.



TILL ALL OUR STRUGGLES CEASE

One of the biggest problems is that we fail to see that faith can be received only as it is *imparted to the heart by God Himself*. Either you have faith, or you don't. You cannot manufacture it. You can't work it up.

You can believe a promise, and at the same time *not* have the faith to appropriate it. But we have formed the habit of trying to appropriate by *belief*, forgetting that belief is a *mental* quality. When we try to believe ourselves into an experience, we are getting into the metaphysical realm.

True faith is spiritual, warm and vital. It lives and throbs, and its power is irresistible when it is imparted to the heart by the Lord. It is with the heart that man believes unto righteousness. Heart belief opens the door of communication between us and the Lord, making a divinely imparted faith possible.

Isn't it true that, for many, their conception of faith has produced struggling in an attempt to believe? It may be that, after all our struggling, we have convinced ourselves that we

do believe, and then are bewildered that we did not receive what we prayed for.

We must discern that such belief isn't necessarily what the inspired Word calls "faith." In later chapters, I'll supply you with many Scriptures that prove the truth of this alarming statement.

According to the Word of God, all we need is faith as a grain of mustard seed, and the things that the world calls incredible and impossible will be brought to pass. So many times during my healing meetings I have seen the Bible stories of yesteryear enacted again before my eyes.

Matthew 17 is a chapter of contrasts. It climbs to the heights, and then plunges to the depths. It talks of mustard seeds and mountains of despair and transfiguration. But what a lesson the Holy Spirit would bring to us on this great subject of faith through its priceless words.

Down from the mountaintop of transfiguration comes our blessed Lord. Down from the gates of heaven itself, where glory breezes kissed His cheek and the angels wrapped around His shoulders the robes that had been woven on looms of light. Down from a place of holy communion and encouragement to the place of human defeat and despair, for at the foot of the glory mountain was a valley, and through it wound a trail of human misery.

There was sickness there. A crushed and bleeding heart was there. A father who had met an obstacle that had pierced his heart was there.

Preachers were there, too. They had gone through the formula. They had rebuked the devil. They had shouted and groaned just like we have done a hundred times, and yet what they had prayed for hadn't happened. We have experienced the same.

Then Jesus spoke! Oh glorious words of omnipotence! Matchless words of authority divine! With Him there was no struggle. There was no groaning, no battle fierce and long to bring about the answer to a broken father's prayer.

He spoke.

The devil fled.

A happy boy, cuddled in his father's arms, sobbed his gratitude to God.

A happy father embraced his boy and gazed with tear-filled eyes of love and adoration at the face of the Man before whom demons fled.

Then Jesus spoke again. In answer to the disciples' question regarding their defeat, He said: "Because of your unbelief; for assuredly, I say to you, if you have faith as a mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there,' and it will move; and nothing will be impossible for you" (Mt 17:20).

What a statement! All we need is faith as a mustard seed, and mountains will tremble in fear as we approach.

Do you realize what Jesus is saying? He declares that the *least* amount of faith that He can give is greater and mightier than the *worst* the devil has to offer.

Here was a David and Goliath experience in the realm of the soul. A mustard seed went to battle against a mountain and slew it, but it required the faith that He alone could impart as a gift.

Did the disciples believe? Of course they did. They believed in Jesus. They believed in His promises. They believed in divine healing and deliverance, or they never would have tried to deliver the boy. Believing exactly like you and I have believed in healing services and church meetings, they prayed and pleaded, but nothing happened.

What they needed, according to Jesus, was *faith*—not a carload of it, but just a little faith—as a grain of mustard seed. That would be enough. That would be all that was necessary if it really was *faith*.

When a woman in one of my congregations told me that she had “all the faith in the world” for her healing, I regretted to tell her that if I had faith “as a grain of mustard seed”—just that much of my Master’s faith—what greater miracles would have been wrought in the mighty name of Jesus that night!

Let us face the issue squarely. Let us with open, surrendered hearts ask the Holy Spirit to send forth the light and truth to lead us to that holy hill. Isn’t it obvious that when we have prayed what we *thought* was the prayer of faith and nothing happened, it must be that what we thought was faith was *not* faith at all?

Did Jesus say that faith as a grain of mustard seed would work some times and not others? Did He declare that it would succeed on occasion and fail at other times? Read the text. His declaration was clear, concise, and plain. There was nothing ambiguous about it. It was a straightforward statement of fact from the lips of God Himself. Who can speak with greater authority than He?

Whenever and wherever *true faith* is in operation, we will no longer “minister” to poor, sick folk hour after hour, rebuking, commanding, demanding, struggling, and pleading as before.

There is a place for intercession, but it is not in the exercise of faith. Intercession and groaning of the heart may *precede* the operation of faith. But when *God’s* faith is imparted, the storm dies down and there is great calm and a deep settled peace in the soul. The only sound will be the voice of thanksgiving and praise.

The full realization that it was not our ability to believe that made the sickness go, but the faith of God which was imparted, will steal over our soul like a morning daybreak to drive the shadows of night away.

Then it is morning, glorious morning in our soul. We can believe in the morning... we can love the morning... we can have confidence in the morning... but only *God* can send the morning. He alone can make it.

We can believe in healing... we can believe in our blessed Redeemer and His power to heal... but only *He*, the Lord Jesus Christ, can do the work that will lift us to the mountain peaks of victory.

THE TRUE WAY

The mistake with many people has been that they have confused their own ability to believe for the faith that is of God. To sit down and repeat over and over, "I am healed, I am healed, I am healed," is not only unscriptural, but spiritually dangerous. I admit that such a spiritually unsound procedure might help a few neurotics, but it will never move mountains!

How well I remember the crippled man in a wheelchair, whose case aptly illustrates scores of others. Around him were gathered a dozen people who were doing everything in their power to get him out of that chair. They prayed, mixing their tears with commands and rebukes. Every sincere effort was being attempted to get him to walk.

When I talked with him quietly, he told me with such deep sincerity that he had been trying so hard to believe. He informed me that he had had "lots of faith" but now was perplexed as to what to do. I soon discovered that he had been entirely wrong as to what faith really is. He had thought that

he would be healed if only he *could believe that he was healed*. That was what he was struggling to do.

He believed the promises of the Word. He believed in the power of Jesus to accomplish the miracle. He believed so many, many things—wonderful and glorious to believe in these days of doubt and fear—but he was trying to do the impossible. *He was staking the working of the miracle on his ability to believe mentally that it was done.*

I told him the story of a visit I once made to the house where Jesus turned the water into wine. I told him of how the Holy Spirit spoke to this unworthy heart of mine as I stood before those pots. I asked him if he believed the Bible story of the miracle the Master did in Cana of Galilee. He told me he did. As my thoughts turned back to that afternoon in Cana, I felt the warm glow of the presence of the Holy Spirit.

This is the lesson I received that day. Although Jesus' mother and the disciples were there, would that water have turned into wine if they had merely believed that it was wine? It required the command that left the lips divine! It required the miracle touch of God Himself.

They could fill the pots with water; they could fill them to the brim. They could carry them to the appointed place. They could do all the things He told them to do, for *He never asks men to do the impossible*. That power He reserves for Himself.

All things are possible *with God*. But Mark 9:23 tell us, "If you can believe, all things are possible to him who believes." The belief that Jesus is speaking of here *is not head belief or mental assent*, but that *heart belief* which is *faith*.

Matthew's account of the epileptic boy proves it. Jesus said, "If you have faith as a mustard seed," while Mark's narrative says, "If you believe." So the "belief" of Mark and the "faith" of Matthew are identical. That is my point.

This is what the Spirit of God has been revealing to me: that faith is not intellectual, but spiritual. It is primarily of the heart—not the mind. Genuine, scriptural faith is not *our ability* to “count it done,” but is the deep consciousness *divinely imparted* to our heart that *it already IS done*. This is the faith that only God can give.

So I told my story to the old man in the wheelchair. Did you ever see a flower open to the kiss of the morning sun? I saw one that day, as I looked into the face of the dear old man. Home he went to patiently wait until some angel voice would whisper in his soul the news that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by on the Jericho road of his life.

A few nights later he was back, in his wheelchair. I met him down front.

“I am going to walk tonight,” he declared. His eyes were alight with something I knew was faith.

“How do you know it?” I asked him.

“It is so quiet and peaceful in my soul. I am so happy in the consciousness of His presence, that all I need now is to obey His Word and be anointed in His blessed name.”

There was no struggle, not even intercession, for that had already been done.

There is no need of the darkness when the sun has come over the hill, no need for the struggle between darkness and light that we call the morning twilight, after the rays of sunshine have caressed the earth!

Out of his wheelchair he rose and walked the length of the altar. Then he dropped to his knees in adoration, praise and worship, to pour out his grateful heart in thanksgiving for heart belief, the faith that comes from God alone.

THE MASTER'S VISIT

The postman has just been to my door. He left a letter that I want to share with you. It is the story of a woman who was crippled worse than any I have ever seen in the many years I have presented my Lord as the Savior of the soul and the Healer of the body.

When I first saw her, she begged piteously for prayer. She asked me to heal her. I could not, and I knew it. I might have gone through a series of commands, rebukes and pleadings, but I didn't. I was merely a disciple at the foot of the mountain, and I knew that we both needed the Lord to come down.

I believed in Jesus and His power to raise the fallen. I believed His promise, and I stood on His Word. Yet as I looked into the face of a woman who was helpless from the waist down, who had dragged herself about by her hands for ten years, my heart told me that I needed more than to "believe she was healed." I needed the impartation of that faith which overrides reason. I needed that spiritual quality of heart belief that no mental affirmations could ever bring about. I knew that was what she needed too.

I pleaded with her to contact Jesus. I begged her to wait patiently for the Lord. Her hour would come; I felt it in my heart.

I knew that Jesus never fails. But how many times we prevent His working by our foolish endeavors to do what only He has power to accomplish?

Day after day her husband and friends carried her to the meetings. Day after day she sought the face of the Lord. Night after night they picked up her helpless body and placed it before the old wooden bench where prayer was offered.

The days passed. In spirit she climbed the temple steps into the tabernacle of the Lord. She passed by the altars of

surrender and sacrifice, and one night she entered into the Holy of Holies. What a night! It was Sunday. Healing was not on the program that had been printed by human hands. But God works wonders when Jesus of Nazareth passes by, and the Holy Spirit can make us rise above our forms, rituals and plans.

A beautiful spirit pervaded that Sunday evening service. Down at the altar, where her husband had carried her, she reclined to pray, for she was unable to kneel. Then Jesus came. He gave her a vision of Himself. She saw Him at the end of a road. He smiled. She was conscious of faith flowing like a river across the fields of her heart. Before it happened, she knew it! How or why, she could not tell, but she knew that there had been a divine infusion of the faith of the Son of God.

At that very moment, the Savior imparted His faith to my heart too. I turned to the Methodist minister on the platform and said, "Tonight we shall see the glory of the Lord."

We did. As the Lord laid His hand upon her, she straightened out. Her shriveled limbs grew to normal size faster than it takes to tell it. She stood to her feet! She walked! No need to be carried now, except in the loving arms of Jesus.

Down to the foot of the cross streamed sinners to seek a Savior! The building rang with the praises that come from happy hearts, and the rafters resounded with the message:

Only Jesus, only Jesus,
Only He can satisfy.
Every burden becomes a blessing,
When I know my Lord is nigh.

ONLY JESUS

I told this story because I want you to see the difference between human effort to believe, and the faith that is the gift of God. How much better, and more scriptural, it is to wait until Jesus of Nazareth passes by and speaks the word of faith to the needy heart, than to mistake our *belief in healing* for the *faith* which He alone can give.

Frankly, the day they first brought that poor, helpless woman for prayer, I was aware of three things. I knew *she* did not have faith; I knew *I* did not have faith; and I knew that only *Jesus* had what we both needed. Our mission was to draw close to Jesus.

It is our privilege to take our troubles and our cares to Him in prayer. Within our heritage is the right to draw apart from the world to the sacred place of communion, where “Heaven comes down, our souls to greet, and glory crowns the Mercy Seat.”

That is what we did. We could have set our minds and our wills to work right then and there. We could have commanded, exhorted and entreated—and she could have struggled to rise, as others have done, *in the power of will* instead of *in faith*. But no—there is a better and sweeter way. It is God’s way! It is the Bible way.

It was a long way for the nobleman to walk from Capernaum to Cana, but after he met Jesus, he never regretted the journey. It may be that the trail will be steep over consecration mountain and through the valley of the yielded heart, but hope will give strength to our feet and, as we walk with Jesus along the way, the toils of the road will seem nothing, for He alone is the giver and impartor of that faith that can move mountains.

I should like to share with you a sister’s letter:

Laurel, Ontario
October 12, 1940

Dear Brother Price:

Christian greetings! Oh, hallelujah, the joy bells are ringing in my heart because of Jesus!

As the time draws near to another anniversary of the great miracle performed upon my body, the thoughts and the warmth of my husband's heart and mine go out to you in a very special way. Thank God, the blessed Christ came to us and manifested His power and presence so precious to us, that evening, October 19, 1924.

What good measure He gave us! He saved my soul as well as healed my body, using you as His disciple. Truly I was in a pitiful condition, was I not, Brother Price? I was in great need both spiritually and physically. Spiritually, I thought I was saved, but was really sort of on the fence, having too much of the Lord to enjoy the world, and too much of the world to have real joy in the Lord.

Through your preaching the full gospel, the real joy of the Lord came into my heart, also my husband's to abide—with the assurance that our many sins were washed away in Jesus' cleansing blood. Physically—well, you pretty well know my condition in that respect, as you could see for yourself my helplessness when I was taken into your meetings, not being able to walk or stand, or even let my feet rest on the floor in the usual way when sitting in my chair. Ten long years of helplessness, being carried in the arms of my faithful husband, with continual suffering.

And then, Jesus again walked the Jericho road, and came my way in your meetings. Oh yes, you have heard me tell of it many times, but I want to tell it to you yet again. The story never becomes stale to my husband or me, because you see, it is Jesus. Dear Jesus!

My heart overflows as I talk to you of it, and the tears are flowing too, for Jesus' love melts me down in praise and

thankfulness before Him. Yes, Jesus heals sick bodies today! Keep on telling the good news, Brother Price, for there are so many sick and afflicted ones all about us.

God's word tells us that Jesus healed the lame, the blind, the lepers, and all manner of diseases, when He walked this earth many years ago, and we know He does the same in the days in which we live. His power has not lessened. Those bleeding, healing stripes He bore at Calvary are just as efficacious now as then. Thank God.

Saturday, October 19, 1924, Jesus put me on my helpless feet and enabled me to walk without an ache or a pain, and sent me on my way rejoicing. Truly, my husband and I have been rejoicing ever since—in Jesus! Sixteen years of health, strength and activity. I have had some real tests in my body during those years, broken bones and different trials of faith, but I want to tell you once again, even though you so well know it, the promises of God hold fast and sure. Our God gets all the glory, for neither my husband nor I have ever used the slightest remedy of any kind since Jesus so undertook for us at Paris, where we found the great Healer in those gospel meetings.

In thankfulness and praise to Jesus, we again wish to thank you, Brother Price, for the part you had in the great work. Like Paul, you were not disobedient to the heavenly vision, for you did not compromise in any way, but declared the whole truth, not leaving out that Jesus heals the sick today.

My husband and I are so well in body, all glory and praise to Jesus our Physician. Never any need for pills or liniment now; the promises are sufficient. Hallelujah! Jesus never, never fails.

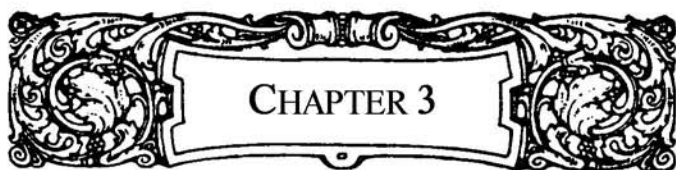
We continue to pray for you. May you ever be guided by the Holy Spirit and anointed from above for even greater service than in past years to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.

How the Holy Spirit warms me as I write, and the power

of God thrills and fills me. Hallelujah! Jesus lives! How do we know? Thank God, because He lives within.

Cordial Christian love to you all, from your ever thankful friends in Jesus.

—Brother and Sister Johnson



THE BETTER ROAD

I believe there is a difference between the faith of the Old Testament under Law and the faith of the New Testament under grace. The key word in the epistle to the Hebrews is “better,” and this is particularly interesting in the light of the fifth chapter of this remarkable letter.

The writer is trying to get them to see the truth of Christianity by contrast. He does not deny the past, but shows them that Christianity grew out of Judaism just as the flower grows out of the root.

Hidden away in the ritual of the root was the color, the fragrance, and the beauty of the flower of grace that was to bloom later.

Was not the flower better than the root? Was not the end better than the beginning? Was not the blood of Christ better than the blood of the lamb on Jewish altars slain? Was not Jesus better than the angels who had visited their fathers from time to time in days of their national history? Was not the

voice of God's Son better than the voice of the prophets? This then was the heartthrob of the epistle.

When he comes to chapter 11, he has not departed from the purpose and motive of the letter. The theme is still "better," and the purpose is to show the beauty of the faith of Jesus in comparison to those works and words of the patriarchs and prophets that were counted to them as faith. It was the faith of that day. It was the faith for that time. Remember that the writer closes the faith chapter with the words, "God having provided something better for us, that they should not be made perfect apart from us" (11:40).

In other words, the acts and testimonies of the ancients were held up like pictures in a gallery for the Christian Jews to behold and admire. There was the story of Abel and Enoch. Noah, Abraham, Sara, Isaac and Jacob were framed in a portrait of obedience to the divine Word. Then came Moses and Joshua, followed by a grand parade of the illustrious believers of olden days, before Jesus was born in Bethlehem's stable.

But Jesus has been born—and nowhere in the entire epistle does the writer tell them, or us, that *our faith today* should be limited in its pattern, working, or operation to the faith of our fathers. Instead, he tells of something *better*. He introduces the flower that has grown out of the root.

Faith in the old days was manifested by word and deed in obedience to command. But more remains. The word and deed are only a part, and a small one at that, of what the New Testament teaches us that faith really is. Of course, there will be work, and there will be testimony. Yet those alone are not faith. Not New Testament faith, at any rate.

It is interesting to note that if you turn back to the Old Testament accounts of the lives of the men and women introduced in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the word *faith* is

never mentioned in connection with their lives at all. The word faith occurs in the Old Testament only twice.¹ In one of those instances it is prophetic, and in the other it is used in a negative way regarding the unbelief of a wicked generation.

We must arrive at the unmistakable conclusion: The writer is not holding up the lives of these illustrious patriarchs as a pattern for us to follow, but rather as the excellent beginning in God's will of something more wonderful which we are to discover in Jesus. The faith we are to possess is *all our Jewish fathers had, and more*. Seeing that we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, we too must lay aside weights and sins and run with patience the *new* race that is set before us.

We are to do what? Look to Jesus who was the *Author and Finisher of OUR faith*—better, New Testament faith!

If He was the Author and the Finisher of their faith, then He is the Author and Finisher of our faith too. In other words, all true faith begins and ends in Him. It does not say that He is the Author and the Finisher of *His faith alone*, but it states that He is the Author and Finisher of *my faith and yours*.

FAITH AND PRESUMPTION

There is nothing before the Alpha and nothing after the Omega, including faith. He begins it, and it begins in Him. He ends it and it ends in Him.

When I want it, I must seek His face. I cannot get it anywhere else, but from that matchless One of whom it is said, He is the Author and the Finisher of our faith. Not of His alone but of *yours and mine*.

¹ Dt 32:20; Hab 2:4.

Have we made the mistake, after looking at Hebrews 11 and *seeing what they did then*, of rolling up our sleeves to show and prove our faith by what we do? Have you ever done that? If you have, then you have stood in bewilderment at what seemed to be unanswered prayer and the inoperative power of what you thought was faith!

Remember that faith acts, but the act comes from the faith, rather than faith from the act. That is why it's so easy to step over the borderline from the faith God imparts into the realm of presumption. I learned this in a very clear and wonderful way some years ago.

In Victoria, B.C., I was entering the Metropolitan Methodist Church in company with a few ministers. At the door we saw a kindly old lady being taken out of a truck in a wheel chair.

I raised my hat and gave her a "God bless you."

Tears welled up in her eyes as she replied, "He has been blessing me, Dr. Price. He is so kind and gracious, and I can feel His presence now."

"Have you come for healing?" I inquired.

"Yes, I have," she replied, "and praise His name, I know the waters are troubled." Just then the truck driver leaned over and said, "Shall I come back, lady, to take you home after the service?"

She had travelled a good many miles, and the only way to get her home in a wheelchair was by truck, for the chair was too large for an automobile. She hesitated. Then a light came over her face as she replied, "No, I am not going to need a truck. I will leave my wheelchair behind and go home on the train."

The driver scratched his head and grinned at what he thought was a foolish woman. Away he drove. And she did

not need him. She went to her house rejoicing, and she went on the train!

I told that story in a meeting I conducted in the midwest. The next day a lady sent a message that she would like to see me for a moment in her cottage. I found her lying on a couch with a group of people around her who were singing a hymn.

She looked up at me and said, "Brother Price, I have sent the wheelchair home." She waited for a shout from me.

None came. Instead my heart fell. There was no faith and I knew it.

She discerned I did not enthuse over her act, so she turned away from me and said, "If God can do it for one woman, He can do it for another."

When I left the building that night she was again the center of a group who were insisting that she arise and walk, but she went away sorrowful. Of her the Lord could say, "There is one thing you lack."

The two acts were just the same. Two wheelchairs were sent home. In one case it was faith. In the other it was presumption.

With New Testament faith, the act can be prompted by faith, but faith cannot be produced by the act. The act can come from faith, but the *faith* first must come from *God*.

This, then, is the "better" way of the epistle to the Hebrews. This is the purpose and the motive back of what we call the faith chapter of the book.

Have you not stood in amazement before the unfolding benevolence and generosity of the Lord? Do you not know that no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly?

Have you a need? Take it to Jesus. Have you a problem? Lay it at the Master's feet. Begin to trust Him, and as you give Him your confidence and trust, you will find His faith

will become operative in you. Why play with the teacup of our struggles and endeavors when His faith is as boundless as the ocean?

He is no respecter of persons. He loves the weakest and the simplest of us all, but we become so important in our own eyes and so proud of our spiritual accomplishments that our testimonies display only vain self-righteousness. He looks at it as filthy rags!

We must come in the guileless spirit of little children, come with the bells of love pealing in the steeple of our hearts.

It is useless to wait until we feel we are worthy, for we will never be. Come as a little child to the One who, in the days of old, set a little one in the midst of them and said to the Pharisees, "Except... you become as little children, you will by no means enter the kingdom of heaven" (Mt 18:3).

Steal away softly to Jesus. In this day of grace, faith for the Christian can be found only in Christ, but it will suffice for all your need.

What Noah had was good, but what we have is better. Noah had God's Word, but we have God's Son. Noah built on God's Word, but our foundation is Jesus Himself.

We find in that remarkable chapter a recitation of God's glory manifested in the acts of those who believed Him and who walked in obedience to Him. One of them, named Enoch, went for a walk with Him one day and forgot to come home!

When the faith of God came to earth in the form of the Son, the writer told the Hebrews, "That was the old faith, but here is the new. That was the good way, but this is the better."

A STORY OF MULLER

Christ must be all in all. And the love of the Father's heart is shown in that He is not only able, but *willing* to meet our every need.

I have been reading the life of George Muller. Pastor Charles Parsons tells of an experience with Muller in the following words.

A warm summer day found me slowly walking up the shady groves of Ashley Hill, Bristol. At the top there met my gaze the immense buildings which shelter over two thousand orphans, built by a man who has given the world the most striking object lesson in faith it has ever seen.

The first house is on the right, and here, among his own people, in plain, unpretentious apartments, lives a saintly patriarch, George Muller. Passing through the lodge gate, I paused a moment to look at House No. 3 before me, only one of the five erected at a cost of \$600,000.

The bell is answered by an orphan, who conducts me up a lofty stone staircase, and into one of the private rooms of the venerable founder. Mr. Muller has attained the remarkable age of ninety-two. As I stand in his presence, veneration fills my mind. "You shall rise before the gray headed and honor the presence of an old man" (Lev 19:32).

He received me with a cordial handshake and bade me welcome. It is something to see a man by whom God has accomplished a mighty work; it is more to hear the tones of his voice; far more than either to be brought into immediate contact with his spirit, and feel the warm breath of his soul breathed into one's own. The communion of that hour will be forever graven on my memory.

"I have read your life, Mr. Muller, and noticed how greatly, at times, your faith has been tried. Is it with you now as formerly?"

Most of the time he leaned forward, his gaze directed on

the floor. But now he sat erect and looked for several moments in my face, with an earnestness that seemed to penetrate my very soul. There was a grandeur and majesty about those undimmed eyes, so accustomed to spiritual visions and to looking into the deep things of God. I do not know whether the question seemed a sordid one, or whether it touched a lingering remnant of the old self to which he alludes in his discourses. Anyhow, there was no shadow of doubt that it roused his whole being.

After a brief pause, during which his face was a sermon, and the depths of his clear eyes flashed fire, he unbuttoned his coat, and drew from his pocket an old-fashioned purse, with rings in the middle, separating the character of the coins. He placed it in my hands, saying: "All I am possessed of is in that purse—every penny! Save for myself? Never! When money is sent to me for my own use, I pass it on to God. As much as 1,000 pounds has thus been sent at one time; but I do not regard these gifts as belonging to me; they belong to Him, whose I am, and whom I serve. Save for myself? I dare not; it would dishonor my loving, gracious, all bountiful Father.

"The great point is never to give up until the answer comes. I have been praying for fifty-two years, every day, for two men, sons of a friend of my youth. They are not converted yet, but will be! How can it be otherwise? There is the unchanging promise of Jehovah, and on that I rest. The great fault of the children of God is, they do not continue in prayer; they do not persevere. If they desire anything for God's glory, they should pray until they get it.

"Oh, how good, kind, gracious and condescending is the One with whom we have to do! He has given me, unworthy as I am, immeasurably above all I had asked or thought! I am only a poor frail, sinful man; but He has heard my prayers tens of thousands of times, and used me as the means of bringing tens of thousands into the way of Truth. I say tens of thousands in this and other lands. These unworthy lips have

proclaimed salvation to great multitudes, and very many have believed unto eternal life.”

Thus spoke George Muller. Thus spoke a man of our times, for I was in Bristol as a boy while Muller was yet alive. Thus spoke a man who had learned the lesson that waters come from the fountain and that flowers come from the root. He had learned that the faith of God comes only from God and can be found nowhere else.

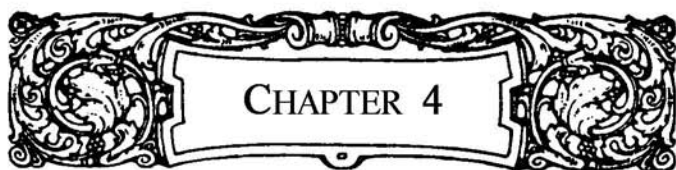
Muller learned that He who was so free in the grace of giving would teach His disciples how to be efficient in the grace of receiving. When he needed money, he went not to the man who had it, but to the Christ who had the power to speak to the heart of the man who had it. His faith came because of his daily, vital contact with his Lord and, being in the will of God, he was given more than enough for every need.

Men used to call him “the nineteenth century apostle of faith.” I suppose he must have heard that said about himself. I wonder if he ever read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. I wonder if he ever became conscious that men were adding his name to the roll of the heroes of faith.

If he did, I think he must have smiled when he came to the last verse of that eleventh chapter of Hebrews and read, “God having provided something *better* for us.” And he *must* have found what that better was when, only two short scripture verses away, he found the words, “Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of *our* faith.”

Go to Jesus now. Learn to trust Him, that He might impart His faith to you! Acquaint Him with your need. Tell Him of your sorrows. Then, in the sanctuary of His presence, you will find rest and freedom from the noise and worries which beset you from without and within.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks to us of Heaven.



THE ORIGINS OF FAITH

I disapprove of negative preaching and writing. It is not sufficient for a speaker or author to discuss the disease, but to satisfy my soul and mind, he must give me the cure. It is easy to point out what is wrong, but I want to know what is right.

Sometimes that is more difficult than one would suppose. However, when at last honest mistakes have been rectified and we are back on the path of truth, it may be that in God's providence the wrong trail will have left us a heritage of blessing.

Many years ago I was on one of my periodic visits to the mountain ranges that border the rocky coasts of Alaska. A visitor to this area was lost, and I told him about the trail that would take him back to a valley where he could get his bearings.

After a lapse of two hours he was back at my camp. He told me he was confused and completely turned around. He asked me if I would kindly travel with him until he was sure

of his direction. I did, for that is a dangerous place to wander alone, unless you know the country and its terrain.

Weeks later I received a letter from the grateful fellow, in which he said, "To know you are on the right road is a fine thing; but to return to it, after being on the wrong one, multiplies its blessing."

How true! It is after the rain that we appreciate the bursting buds and delicate greens of the early spring. After the storm clouds we appreciate the calm of a sky-blue day.

If through these pages I can lead those dear children of God, who have not seen the full fruit of faith's victory, back to the clear teaching of the Book and to ultimate success, then my heart will be happy and these pages, written in prayer, will not have failed in their mission.

The paramount thing I want you to see is that you cannot generate faith. You cannot work it up. You cannot manufacture it. *It must be imparted and infused by God Himself.*

You cannot sit in your home and struggle to have faith, affirming that something *is*. Nor can you turn your hope and desire into faith by your own power. The only place you can get it is from the Lord, for the Word clearly and distinctly states that faith is one of two things: It is either a gift of God, or it is a fruit of the Spirit.

We are told in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians, "And now abide faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love" (1Co 13:13). While love may be the greatest, it certainly is not the first. It must be preceded by faith.

Look out of your window at yonder tree. What a thing of symmetry and loveliness it is! Only God can make a tree. There is beauty in its twisted branches. There is loveliness in its trembling twigs. Every leaf is a little world unto itself, with its tiny veins carrying the life that God supplies, which gives it all it possesses in its native realm.

Yet something is back of the tree. Beneath the surface of the ground, a great system of roots is hidden away. You never behold them, yet without them the tree would die. It would have no life at all.

FAITH IS THE LIFE

The roots are ugly and hard in comparison to the beautiful greenery above the ground. Yet the greenery is there because of the roots.

Now, let us call the top of the tree "Love." You can see it. You can contact it. You can enjoy its fragrance. You behold its beauty. It is there because of something that is back of it—something hidden away that causes it. That something is the roots.

You may expect me to say that those roots are "Faith."

No!

Faith is the life that flows into the roots. It is that mystical quality that only God can produce and give. There are roots you could plant that will never grow.

You, yourself, and your inner nature are those roots. Your senses, your avenues of approach to the expressions of life itself are buried below the surface where people cannot see them. The world beholds what you produce and not you yourself.

What did Jesus mean when He said, "By their fruit you shall know them?" You shall know *them*. The fruit produced is an indicator of what the tree really is.

Let me repeat. The roots of the tree are *not* faith. The roots do not produce the life, but the life produces the roots. *The life is faith.* It is that wonderful and glorious quality that is a gift of the Divine Heart, and which sustains us.

This life, or faith, will be manifest to the world by the fruit we bear—by the arms of love outstretched, by the things of grace and beauty, which through God are manifested day by day on the tree of our lives.

How foolish it would be for that tree to struggle in an attempt to create the life which flows into it. It need not struggle. All it needs to do is to obey God's laws. As the life flows through, it simply manifests that life in the fruit it bears, and the beauty with which it blesses the world.

So it is with faith. Love may be the greatest thing in the world, but faith must of necessity be the first.

Without faith it is impossible to please God. But you tell me that you *have* faith. I ask you where you got it. I pick a rosy apple from a tree. I hear it testify from the core of its little apple heart. It tells me it has rosy cheeks. It whispers in my ear that it is so sweet. It invites me to taste its flavor. It testifies that it has many noble and beautiful qualities. I ask it where it got them all.

From the branch? The shelter of the leaves, the rain and the sun? Yes, all true, but I know that way down, in the hidden system, which you cannot see, the roots are receiving something from God that no tree on the face of the earth has ever been able to produce of itself.

That's how it is with faith.

THE ATHEIST AND GOD

Some time ago an atheist sat in a meeting I was conducting. He was extremely hard and cynical. He lived alone in the room of a hotel, and his solitude had only added to his critical, unbelieving nature.

I preached that night on the subject "Comprehending the Incomprehensible." I declared that it was possible to believe

the unbelievable, to know the love of God that surpasses knowledge.

The following morning he came to my room and asked to speak with me. He was rather argumentative, and I told him, while I did not have time for argument, I would be glad to answer any sincere, honest question that he might put to me.

He said, "I have no faith whatever. I do not believe the Bible, and I do not know if there is a God. I do see a law of order in nature and the universe, but what causes it, or where it came from, I do not know.

"Now, Dr. Price, your sermon last night was a challenge to my thinking. What I want to know is this: How can a man spend a dollar when he does not have one? How can you drive a car when you do not possess one? How can you believe when you have no belief? How can God expect a man to exercise faith when he has none—assuming there is a God? Where is there any justice in a setup like that?"

"Are you an honest man, and do you want to know the truth?"

"What is truth?" was his reply. "What brand of it do you mean? I have never been able to find it, although I have spent a lifetime in search of it."

On the wall of my apartment hung a picture of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane. His hands were clasped and His eyes were raised toward heaven in prayer. I walked over to that picture and looked at it for a moment without speaking. I intuitively knew he would be looking at that picture too.

When at last I turned to face him, I said, "He is Truth. He is the Way. He is your Life and Faith. He has in abundance what you say you do not have.

You have been trying to get it out of mind, thought, and intellect. He can put it there, as the river of His grace flows through your heart. That is why He came. He came to make

men free... free from doubts like yours... free from fears and misgivings... free from unbelief and free from sin—”

“Sounds like a fairytale,” he interrupted. “Fine if you can believe it, but how can God expect a man to believe what he cannot believe?” He went away.

A week later he came to me and offered his hand. When I looked at his face, I knew the miracle had happened.

Into his heart had come not only the conscious knowledge of sins forgiven, but a manifestation of the sweetness and love of God which had made him a new creation in Christ Jesus. As in the Millennium, instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, so in this man’s life there had sprung up the evidence of the indwelling presence of God.

“Do you know what happened?” he said. “I told the Lord to manifest Himself, *if He was there*. I asked Him to do something that would reveal His presence, *if He was there at all*. I became conscious that He *was* near me. I realized *there was a God*—that there was a soul to save. I did not understand it with my mind, but I knew it in my heart. Then I told Him I had no faith to believe, so *He gave me His faith*, and I believed. The work is done.”

Why not? That is God’s way of salvation. “But as many as received Him, to them He gave the right to become children of God, to those who believe in His name” (Jn 1:12).

When I give an altar call, I invite *every* man and *every* woman, to surrender their hearts and lives to Christ. If we are saved by faith, how do I know that all can have the faith to receive? How do I know that *every one* whom I invite can find eternal life?

Some might have faith, and others be entirely devoid of it. The fact that people *believe what you say* does not mean that they have the faith to translate that belief, or even their heart hunger, into an experiential knowledge of sins forgiven.

Nevertheless, I cry, “Whosoever will may come,” because I know that *He will impart the necessary faith* to every sincere heart. “But as many as received Him, to them He gave the right to become children of God, to those who believe in *His name: who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God*” (Jn 1:12–13).

The same Holy Ghost who convicts the sinner of his sin will give faith enough to convince him of his salvation. But no man *in himself* possesses that faith. We are told, “For by grace you have been saved through *faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God*” (Eph 2:8).

Poor, wretched, miserable, ignorant, unbelieving humanity could *never* develop in such corrupt hearts of unbelief, faith enough to believe in a Savior, let alone receive Him. So the Holy Spirit not only convicts of the need of a Savior, but also imparts the faith to receive Him.

Never think it was *your* faith by which you received Christ as your Savior. Never say that any act of yours was the basis of your redemption.

It is *Jesus* who imparts the living water to all, as He did to the woman at the well (Jn 4). It is *Jesus* who puts His arms of love beneath the burden on your back and lifts it from your tired, weary body. It is *Jesus* who pours into the lacerated, broken heart the oil of heaven’s joy. It is *Jesus* who smooths the wrinkles of care with the gentle touch of a mother’s hand, and it is *Jesus* who brings you out of the darkness of the night into the light of His own glorious and wonderful day.

Oh, it is Jesus; yes, it is Jesus;
Yes, it is Jesus in my soul;
For I have touched the hem of His garment,
And His blood has made me whole!

Sing it and shout it. Proclaim it and herald it near and far.
His blood—His grace—His power—His pardon—*His faith!*

A LIVING FAITH

When will we stop our foolish and needless struggles and begin to believe? When will we end our unscriptural mental and intellectual gyrations in trying to find a faith we don't possess? Unless we get it from God, we will never possess that faith!

We can be capable of belief and at the same time absolutely incapable of the exercise of Bible faith. Thousands have wandered into the error of thinking that belief is faith. *It is not.* There is belief in faith, without a doubt, but "even the demons believe" (Jas 2:19).

Belief is cold. It operates as far as the human goes in the realms of intellect. Many sinful men *believe the Bible*, but *such belief does not save them.*

Faith is living. It moves and operates, and levels the enemies of the soul before its irresistible march.

All the faith in the world? No! You need only as much as a mustard seed, if it's God's faith! Then mountains will be removed. Your sin-sick soul will behold the glory of the Lord. But it must be God's faith. It must come from Him. He must impart it. *And He will.* That is the Gospel of grace which I believe.

The Jericho road *without* Jesus is only the Jericho road. *With Him* it is the shining highway of salvation and healing. Its very rocks cry out His glory. *Without Him* its dust is sordid, its tears are real, and its blindness is so dark. But *with Him* its dust begins to grow the flowers of grace and glory, its tears are turned to pearls, its blindness and darkness are

turned to light. It takes the presence of Jesus to work the miracle of transformation on the Jericho road.

The blind man did not sit in the sand and say to himself, "I am healed, I can see, I can see—now if only I can *believe* I am healed and can see, then I will be!" No, he heard that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by (Mk 10). He cried, "Jesus! Jesus! Help me! Please help me, for I cannot help myself!"

Do not forget the words of Jesus, "*What do you want Me to do for you?*"

Mark you, it was not, "*What are you willing to do,*" but, "*What do you want ME to do?*"

True, He said, "Go your way; *your faith* has made you well." But where did the blind man get it? Who gave it to him?

If it was his faith all the time, why was he not healed before Jesus came that way? If you give me a watch, it is my watch. But I got it from you. There is faith in my heart as I write, but I know where I got it. Not from affirmation—not from will—not from belief—not from mental grasping or understandings—but from Jesus. He is the Author and Finisher of *our* faith. Oh, matchless grace!

Oh, love divine, all love excelling! Thus has the joy of heaven to earth come down!

Once upon a time, a little acorn was planted in the ground. After a while it shed its overcoat and, cuddled away in the arms of mother nature, it fed and grew. All through the long winter night she kept that little seed warm, and when the springtime sun came out, its little acorn heart burst open with joy and delight. It started to grow.

Then a man came along and put a big, heavy rock over the little seed. It commenced to worry and fret for fear it would never be able to raise its little head to where it could see the

light of day. It wanted to wear a garland of leaves for its hair, and to grow to be beautiful and strong.

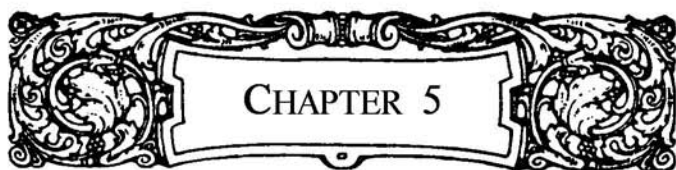
One day its feeble hands touched the rock. They were such tiny, tender, little hands. The little growing tree felt so helpless. It did not struggle or try to move the rock which was the enemy of its heart and life. It just grew.

One day the rock was lifted. It was pushed out of the way, and the little leafy hands clapped for joy.

Who lifted the rock? The seed? No! It was something within the seed that no one in the world has ever been able to reproduce. It was God's power that pushed over that rock.

My friend, you are a little seed. You, too, can grow into something noble and beautiful for God. The power of faith can be manifested in your life until men and angels will wonder.

However, when the battle is over and the victory has been won, do not say, "Look at what I have done through the Lord," but rather kneel at the foot of the cross and say, "Isn't it wonderful that His grace and His faith should be manifested in me!"



STRENGTH FOR THY LABOR

The one overpowering impulse that led me to write these words is the desire to show you the necessity of relying on and trusting in Jesus for all the needs of your life.

How many times in life we see the tragic collapse of the Christian who must be brought low that he might once again recognize his true position in the grace of God.

Self-righteousness is often born of continued victories. Because we overcome by God's power and are sustained by His grace, the feeling begins to develop in the heart that we have reached a position of invincibility, and pride starts to feed the spirit of self-righteousness. We become so sure of ourselves and our position that we are on dangerous ground indeed. "Therefore let him who thinks he stands take heed lest he fall" (1Co 10:12).

At the disposal of God's consecrated children are resources and strength that God alone can provide. It is recognizing the miracle of that vital contact, with its unlimited

possibilities, that means victory over sin and self. Lose that contact, and you lose not only the hope but also the possibility of a victorious life.

We are dependent on Jesus for everything. He gives freely. Whether or not we accept the opportunities His presence offers depends on whether or not we have learned to draw on the Master's strength.

Let's go back to the pages of the Sacred Word and get a glimpse of this stupendous revelation in God's dealings with Abraham the faithful. Genesis 17:1 gives us an understanding of the faithful purpose of God's heart in a lesson so beautiful that we stand in awe, and angels wonder. "When Abram was ninety-nine years old, the LORD appeared to Abram and said to him, 'I am Almighty God; walk before Me and be blameless.'"

Abraham's faith was being tested. God had made a promise. Never in all of time or eternity did He make one He was unable to fulfill! From the loins of the ancient patriarch was to come the seed through whose life all the nations of the world would be blessed. Numberless as the stars of the firmament were to be his descendants. Upon that child the Lord would place His hand in benediction and in power.

Night after night the old man dreamed of the happy day when that promise would be fulfilled. But the sand in the hourglass measured the passing of time. The lazy years drifted by and oh, how long and unending they seemed. The boy did not come. Abraham reached ninety, but still no fulfillment of the divine promise. Ninety-five, and still Sarah and her husband waited in vain.

Then came the year in which Abraham looked forward to the turning a century. He was ninety-nine, and there was yet no boy. Reason began to whisper tales of fear in his ear. The

ground began to tremble beneath the old man's feet. His faith began to slip.

Up to this time his walk had been perfect—not in self—but in the Lord. He was getting miserable now. I presume more than once he had looked up at those same stars he had seen on the night that God had given him the promise, and the misty tears swam across his vision, until the stars seemed to dissolve in a sea of sorrow and disappointment.

Reason said, "Abraham, this is impossible." He thought of Sarah's age. He pondered his own advanced years. How could this thing be? And yet—and yet—there was that promise!

Long and fierce raged the battle in the old man's heart and mind. But there was the promise, from God Himself.

EL-SHADDAI

One night a voice spoke to Abraham's heart. He knew that voice. He lifted up his eyes in weakness and listened with his failing ears to the awesome intonation of the Voice which had spoken to him years before: "I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect."

What words! I am told that many Jews refuse to mention that majestic name of God, "El-Shaddai," but refer to that word as "The Name." What does it mean?

The word *El* means "God," or "the Strong One." Abraham might be weak, but God was strong. Men might be moved by the power of circumstance and the sinister forces of life. But God, never. He is the Strong One.

Yet what good does that do us? Suppose God is strong while we are so weak? To sit in our weakness, misery, and failure, and look at His strength only aggravates our lost con-

dition. God is strong—no doubt about that—but what about our poor weakness and need?

Then God spoke to Abraham. He said the wonderful words that, like a rainbow of glory, bridged the chasm between helpless man and omnipotent God.

He said, “*I am. El-Shaddai . . .*”

The word *Shad* is the Hebrew for “breast.” It is used throughout the Old Testament for the breast of a woman. It is the place from which infant lips draw the milk that give them strength.

There is no sweeter picture on earth than that of a little child in its mother’s arms. There is no symphony more beautiful than her baby’s laugh. It is part of that mother’s life, flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone. The life of the mother flows into the babe. Her strength, love, solicitude, and care all flow into the life and body of the sweet small bundle that is a part of her.

Thus an eternal God wrapped an infinite truth in the vocabulary of earth and gave it as a gift to Abraham and to us.

What God meant was, “Draw from Me, Abraham. I am your strength. I am your sustenance. I am *El*, the Strong One, but I am also *Shaddai*, the Nourisher, and the Life-Giver.

“There is no need for you to falter, Abraham, no need to tremble and shake in your faith. Draw for your weakness from the fountain of my strength, even as a babe draws from her mother’s breast the milk of life. No need to stumble over unbelief, Abraham, but ‘*walk before me and be thou perfect.*’ Thus saith the Lord.”

That is the lesson. God is the source, the unailing source, of the supply that is more than sufficient for all our needs: of grace to cover all our sin, of love that pardons all our iniquity, of stripes that are sufficient for all our healing, of strength for

all our weakness. We believe that, but here we have also failed.

We believe that God gives it, but we have not learned how to receive it. The mother gives the milk to her babe, but the little one must receive it. The infusion of the divine strength and nature depends on two things: your knowledge that God is willing to give, and your learning how to receive.

As unfailing as the law of seedtime and harvest, as irrevocable as the marching of the days and nights in their order, is the great truth that God is always ready to meet our every need, if only we are ready to receive.

Praise His Name, He is still El-Shaddai! Peter admonishes us to become “partakers of the divine nature.” God Himself has told us, “My grace is sufficient for you.” Back of all our miserable spiritual pride and horrible self-righteousness is the God who loves us and gave Himself for us, and who longs for us to learn the lesson of drawing from Him all that we need for every moment of every day.

WHO?

Back yonder we see Elijah sitting in defeat and spiritual disgrace (1Ki 19). He has quit. The lionhearted has been beaten on the battlefield of the soul—and that after he faced an army.

Then something happens. We watch him as he goes for forty days and nights without food to Horeb, the mountain of God. In whose strength did he go?

Who told David to advance in his natural weakness against the giant Goliath? Who guided the stone that sped unerringly on its way? Who gave his arm the strength, and his heart the courage?

Who pushed down the walls of Jericho, and Who slew the host of Sennacherib when the Syrian came down like a wolf on the fold?

Who delivered Israel, and Who led them in the exodus? Who opened the prison doors for Peter? Who pulled back the curtains of glory for Stephen and gave him grace to pray for his murderers? Who dried Martha's tears and poured oil into Mary's broken heart?

Who was it that saved our guilty souls when we knelt at the foot of the cross? Who turned our darkness into day?

Who stands by your side at this moment, ready and willing to give grace and glory? Who has strength for your weakness—healing for your sickness—power for your trials—freedom for your slavery—and grace for every need?

Who can it be, but *Jesus*?

El-Shaddai still speaks to the hearts of men, and we can still sing, "Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide."

Reader, draw upon His life. Take the grace He so freely and gladly imparts. He is more than sufficient for *your* need, and it is possible to walk before Him and be perfect—not in self, but in Christ. I know what I'm talking about.

It has been my privilege to be called by my Lord to preach His Gospel over the earth. The greatest joy of my life is to win souls as He leads me and gives me strength for the task.

Many of the campaigns run from eight to ten weeks, and sometimes the body gets weary. One night I was sitting in an office in a corner of the tabernacle, feeling tired and at the end of my endurance. Out in the auditorium a great crowd was waiting for the service to begin, and through the thin boards I could hear the murmur of people at prayer. Then the door opened.

A minister stood there and said, "Brother Price, there are about five hundred people here tonight who expect to be anointed in the name of the Lord for healing."

Five hundred—and I had no strength even to preach. Then there was that multitude to meet in the name of the Lord.

In my heart I felt for a moment like running away. Then I wondered if I could dismiss the sick and tell them to come back some other night. I looked through a crack in the wall, and there I saw the poor sufferers waiting for a poor human like me to come and tell them of Jesus.

Suddenly my nerves seemed to go to pieces. I dropped to my knees on the floor and wept.

"Oh, Jesus," I cried, "I can't. I have not the strength. I am so weary and tired. I want to, Lord, but I am not equal to this task."

Then I heard that still, small voice in the depths of my heart. "You have no strength... Why not take *mine*?"

For a moment I thought, *can this be real?* Why not? Did not the Lord give His strength to people in olden days? Why not now?

"Thank you, Lord," I said as I waited for what He would do.

I felt a warm glow come over my body. I walked out on the platform. Many times I preach from notes, but not that night. There was no weariness, no fatigue, nothing but the conscious knowledge of His strength.

In faith I assured the sufferers that all would be reached that night. When the midnight hour came, I was still laying these unworthy hands of mine upon human heads, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. The power of the Lord was present to heal them, because the Lord Himself was there. Then came the last one. I prayed, pronounced the benediction, and went home.

As I was about to retire, I became conscious again of a great weariness. But I was not too tired to drop to my knees and thank Him for what He had done that night. He was still El-Shaddai. I knew that He had imparted *His strength* to meet my weakness. He will meet your weakness too.

He will meet your every need, and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.

One great requirement to receive His strength is that you feel your *need* of that strength. Our trust in Him is personal confidence, and when we come on the basis of His merit, He gives us His faith. We do not look *at* Jesus, but *to* Him.

So many follow Him afar off. They look *at* Him, but are not near enough to look *to* Him. They lag behind while they dissect creeds, handle dogmas, contend with others about interpretations, and thereby lose the sweetness of His presence.

Two men once came to me with a controversial question and asked for my opinion. I listened to their statements. When they had finished, I had to acknowledge that I did not know the answer. So I said, "Brothers, the important thing is not *what* you believe, but in *whom* you believe."

You will perhaps at first disagree with that statement on the ground that what you believe is of tremendous importance. Yet, when at last you reach the portals of heaven, you will not tell the angels that you climbed there on the ladder of creed, but you will testify that you are home because of the One who died for you on the Cross.

WHICH WOULD YOU BE?

Have you learned that we must draw on Jesus for the needs of our life? Have you found the sweetness of abiding in the

Lord? Have you come to realize that, after all, you are a miserable failure?

Have you come to the place where you are conscious of your great need and your pitiful lack of strength to overcome? Would you not rather be in the shoes of the publican on the temple steps than in the shoes of the Pharisee who felt so strong in his righteousness and so proud of his deeds?

Only as we *decrease* can Jesus *increase*. That means to decrease in our self-life, in our self-esteem, and in our self-confidence.

The house that was built on the sand felt proud of itself, until the wind began to blow and the tempest to rage. The house that was built on the rock was unconcerned about the tempest, the angry wind and waves. When the lashing gales began to scourge it, it was able, having done all, to stand in the evil day.

The strength was not in the house, but in the rock. It was not the house that gave the rock its strength, but it was the rock that gave strength to the house.

Christ can be your all in all, not only in the picture framed by a beautiful theology, but also in practice and reality every day. He invites you to prove Him. He challenges you to test Him.

Why be empty when you can be full to overflowing? Why be hungry when you can be fed? Why wander like a lost child across the desert wastes of life, crying because you don't know the way to tomorrow? It is better to put your hand in His and hear the whisper of His voice, "Follow me... I'll guide you home."

Then the desert turns into a trail of flowers. The rocky hills become paths that lead upward to a place of transfiguration. Together with all the saints, we love Him who leads and guides us—we love Him more and more with every step.

Oh, soul of mine, don't boast now—nor in eternity—of your accomplishments in thought and deed. The star of feeble service is dim indeed in the light which streams from the cross. The labor of our human hands is forgotten as we gaze through our tears at the hands that were wounded on the Tree. The titles and degrees we bear in pride will hang their heads in shame when they behold the inscription at the head of the cross. The things we have done will seem so small in comparison with what He has done.

How wonderful His leadership! How marvelous His grace! How far beyond the reach of the mind that has not been illumined by the power of the Holy Spirit is the truth that, here and now, He is willing to impart more than what will meet our every need. He will do it now. He is still El-Shaddai, the God Who is enough.

At a recent camp meeting, an elderly lady listened to the truth set forth in this chapter. She was so very sick. Over and over again she had been anointed; over and over again to no avail.

At the end of the service I saw her sitting quietly, but the expression on her face told me of the conflict within. Suddenly she clasped her hands in prayer and said so appealingly, "Oh Jesus, I have tried so long with this poor faith of mine. Please give me some of Yours."

He did!

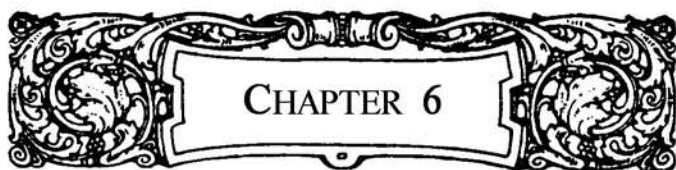
That is the secret of Christian victory. That is the secret of overcoming. Laying your burdens at His feet—to leave them there and never again carry them around like an old worn out garment—is the confidence the Lord wants us to enjoy.

That is the message of the God Who is enough. Enough for whom? Why, for *you*, of course. Enough for when? For *now*, of course. That is the provision of El-Shaddai!

Then, as you march daily along the trail of time to the gates of eternity, you will be conscious of heaven on earth. As you draw near the day when you can tell the angels you are coming, the songs of grace and glory will resound throughout the country of the homeward trail—His presence—His strength—His power—His love—His faith—His grace—and you will find yourself singing as onward and upward you go:

All the way my Savior leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me on the Living Bread.
When my spirit cloth'd immortal
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages,
Jesus led me all the way.

Oh, the wonders of El-Shaddai, the God Who is enough!



YOUR MOUNTAINS ARE MOVED

The Bethany road winds around the shoulders of the hill, mounting in one direction higher and higher, until it comes abruptly to the walls of Jerusalem. In the other direction it coils downward toward the narrow defile and the rocky, inhospitable country that stretches away to the plains of Gilgal and the Dead Sea.

One day Jesus and His disciples were walking that road on their way to Jerusalem. Jesus was hungry. That hardly seems possible, and yet He was.

Imagine God being hungry in a world where everything that grew did so because He had created it. But Jesus was also human. When He left His throne and His kingly crown, it was to share with men the joys and sorrows and even the problems of everyday life. He not only knows all about our troubles, but He shares them, too.

On the hillside stood a fig tree full of leaves. The Master and His disciples approached the tree to see if there were any

figs on it. It had nothing but leaves. It was a fig tree without figs. The Lord cursed it and declared that no one would ever eat of its fruit, for never again would it bear any.

Why did Jesus do that? He knew there were no figs on it before He ever approached it. If He could see Nathaniel under the fig tree when he was out of sight, could He not see figs *in* the fig tree, if any had been there?

Jesus never did things without a purpose. There was a motive back of all His words and works. There must have been a meaning in the incident. There was a lesson He wanted to bring to the disciples at that moment, for had the incident been devoid of teaching, it never would have or been recorded in the Book. What was the lesson, and why was it taught?

Into Jerusalem the Lord went with His followers. Out of the temple they drove the merchandisers who were profaning the sacred place with their commercialism. The following day they were back on the Bethany Road.

Peter saw the fig tree. He noticed it was dead, dried up and withered. In amazement he cried out, “Master, behold!”

Then Jesus spoke—not to Peter alone, but to *all* of them. Here was the purpose, an object lesson from God.

Jesus said, “Have faith in God.”

My Greek New Testament renders the passage, “Have the *faith OF God.*” That is the actual, word-for-word translation from the original.

The Master went on to tell them that *if they exercised such a faith*, not only would a little fig tree dry up, but that mountains could be uprooted and cast into the sea. The lesson was the irresistible power of the faith *of God*, the mountain-moving kind.

One requirement, as you will see from Mark 11:22–26, is that there must be no doubt in the heart about the working of

the miracle, nothing but a belief that the thing you desire and pray for *will* come to pass. When those conditions are met, then the miracle—whatever it is—must happen, for back of it is the Word of God, and back of His Word is His power.

It is His power that made the fig tree, the mountain, and everything that is, for it was the creative genius of the Eternal One, who brought into being all things that are. His Word brought cosmos out of chaos.

Let us ask God to send the Holy Spirit with truth divine to illuminate these minds and hearts of ours.

We usually interpret that Scripture, “Have faith *in* God,” to mean that we have confidence in God’s power to move a mountain. We say in our hearts, “If only I have faith enough *in* God... if only I can believe hard enough... and if only I can get doubt out of my heart, then God will move that mountain.”

AN IMPOSSIBILITY

You are trying to do the impossible. *Your* faith would never be strong enough or pure enough for that, though you were to struggle for a million years. What a mistake to take our *belief* in God and call it “faith.”

How my heart has bled when I’ve seen some of God’s dear children struggling to believe for victory over sickness when they have not discerned the difference between belief in God’s power to heal (which even the devils have) and the *faith of God* that brings the victory. There is a big difference between the *faith of man in God*, and the *faith of God that is imparted to man*. Such faith is not the child of effort, neither is it born of struggle.

If it is the faith *of* God, then we get it *from* Him, and not from our mental attitudes or affirmations.

Jesus did not say, "If you have the power to believe that God will remove that mountain, then He will do it."

Neither did He say, "If you can believe hard enough that it is done, then it will be done."

But He *did* say, "Have the faith OF God." In other words, get some of God's faith, and then when you have that, you will have the only power that can move mountains.

The second part of Jesus' statement talks about believing with the heart and having no doubts. The second is impossible without the first. You simply *cannot* believe without doubt *until* you have the faith of God. It takes God's *faith* to clean up these human hearts of all the debris, fears, misgivings, and doubts.

Oh, the groans and strains we have heard from people who have tried to "believe it is done" without having God's faith! They might have confidence in His power and belief in His promise, but to possess His faith is something else.

All this has led me to believe that it is far more important that we seek the Healer than the healing. In His presence is a hiding place for the soul. As the life empties itself of the world and its contacts, it makes room for the things that God can impart.

Have you noticed that at the end of His statement, the Lord says to be sure to *forgive* everybody against whom we might have some grudge? Why does He say *that* in connection with this great lesson on mountain-moving faith? Is it not because that, when God would impart His faith to us, He does not want to find a channel that is choked by hate and unforgiveness?

The frailties of human nature beset us on every side, and the good Lord knows they do. With what patience and care He must deal with us, and how many times He wraps His grace around us like a blanket that covers our imperfections.

We hear His voice of love when we do not deserve it. “As a father pities his children, so the LORD pities those who fear Him” (Ps 103:13).

I don’t mean to imply that He demands perfection of life and conduct before He imparts the grace of His faith, but perhaps He will require things of us in order that He might impart His blessings.

A God of infinite and eternal love wants no malice in the hearts of His children. How can we, who have been forgiven so much, refuse to forgive those who have transgressed against us?

The Lord’s meaning is clear. If we are to receive the faith of God, then we must forgive all who trespass against us. It is into such a yielded heart—a soul that cries out in need of God because of its own helplessness—that the benediction of His faith comes, and with it the *consciousness* that it is has been imparted.

A WOMAN’S STORY

A woman who came to our meetings some years ago was, like many, in need of healing and prayer. She seemed to be such a noble character, and her family loved her dearly.

One night we prayed for her in the name of the Lord Jesus, and she went away seemingly happy. She said she was standing on the promises of God, but she was not healed. As the days went by, two of her daughters came to see me and begged me to pray again. In fact, they were almost hysterical in their anxiety and desperation. They loved their mother, and they knew that God was their only hope. They asked me to anoint her once again. I did.

I shall never forget the pleadings, the importunities, and the frantic cries of those dear people as they stormed the

throne of grace. They tried to believe, but it seemed to be all in vain. The poor, sick woman brushed tears from her eyes as we sang, "Jesus breaks every fetter," and went away from the meeting without any evident answer to our prayer.

Two days passed. Then she came early, before the service, to the office door. Here was a different woman. Her face was illumined by a glow of glory in her soul.

"You have been healed!" I said.

She smiled, as she answered, "No, not yet. But I shall be tonight. I have been prayed for publicly, and I believe my Lord wants to touch me by His power in the service tonight, so that all may see that He is faithful."

There was no strained, tense atmosphere, no struggle, but rather a sweet and beautiful rest in the Lord. She told me her story.

Broken and crushed—almost in despair—she had gone home from the earlier meeting. She had come to the end of herself and she knew it.

As she knelt by the side of her bed and prayed, she sobbed: "Dear Jesus, I have *tried so hard* to have faith and I can't. I have failed, dear Lord, and yet I do believe in Your promise and Your Word. Brother Price has tried, and he has failed. The people in the meeting have tried, and they too have failed. Where can I go? What can I do? Speak to me, Lord. My *only* hope is in You."

Then before her came the thought of a woman who had succeeded her as the teacher of a young people's class. Deep in her heart she had developed a feeling against that woman who had won the hearts of the young people, where once their love and affection had been showered upon her. Was it envy? Was it jealousy? She wasn't sure, but she did know that with the passing months the feeling had grown.

Now she saw the *true* condition of her heart. Perhaps she heard the Master say, "And when you stand praying, forgive."

That afternoon she had spent an hour in prayer with the woman, and God put in her heart a deep and beautiful Christian love for her. Sweet hour of prayer! Wonderful place of communion, where we talk to God and God talks to us! The wounds were healed, the envy melted away, and the love of Jesus flowed in.

When at last she arrived home, she told the family at the supper table that she would be healed that night. She knew it, but she did not know *how* she knew it. The consciousness of it was as real as life itself. She had no doubt about it.

There was no intercession. That was a work of the past. There was no agonizing and pleading. It was done, and yet it was not! That is the paradox of faith.

She said to me, "My brother, do you know what Jesus has done?"

"I know that my Lord does all things well," I replied.

"He has given me *His* faith," she said. "Honestly, I do not know the moment I received it but, praise His name, I know I have it!"

And she did. That night the heavenly breezes blew. That night the Christ of the healing road touched, with the power of Omnipotence, the sick, weary body of His needy child.

That night, *cancer* was melted by the touch divine. A deadly mountain was moved by the *faith of God* that the Lord of Glory Himself had imparted to a sick woman.

SEEK THE HEALER, NOT THE HEALING

Our chief difficulty is that we seek healing instead of the Healer.

The woman in the Scriptures who had the issue of blood was not struggling to grasp a lifeline of deliverance by mind-power. All she wanted to do was to get to Jesus.

All that the blind and miserable wretch on the Jericho road did was to crowd into his heart-rending cry the story of his own helplessness and his belief in the love, power, and compassion of Jesus of Nazareth. Even though the Lord did tell him that it was his faith that had made him whole, I am sure that what faith he had was given to him by the Lord Himself.

Can a man *generate* enough faith to find healing? The *presence of Jesus* was the *source of his faith* in the days of old, and it is the *presence of Jesus* that is the *source of our faith* in these present days of doubt and unbelief. Even as Jesus said, “Without me, you can do nothing” (Jn 15:5).

Romans 12 raises such wonderful possibilities in the standard of separated, consecrated, Christian living. It is the type of teaching, however, that carnal Christians do not like.

Paul is begging Christians to go on from good to better and from there to best. They are not to be conformed to this world, but are to be *transformed*—literally, *transfigured*—by *renewing* their minds. The Greek word means *renovation*. When you renovate a house, you tear out the old and put in the new. This renovation is necessary in Christian living before we can prove what God’s perfect will is (Rom 12:2). When that has happened, what should our attitude be?

Paul continues: “For I say, through the grace *given* to me, to everyone who is among you, not to think of *himself* more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly, as *GOD has dealt to each one a measure of faith*” (v. 3).

There is a declaration! God deals to *every* believer a measure of faith. What measure? How much? That depends on verses 1 and 2. They come before verse 3.

The point is: *God gives the faith*. He measures it out!

The Greek, in a word-for-word translation, says: "To each one has the God divided a measure of faith." Weymouth, in his modern speech translation, says, "In accordance with the amount of faith which *God* has allotted to each one."

Do you not see how foolish we are to struggle, and to try to believe *mentally*, when we ought—according to the Word—to believe *spiritually*? There will be head belief, for the mind will assent. But the *renewed* mind will say, "*Amen*" to all the works of grace, by faith.

Fundamentally, faith is *born* in the heart. The heart will accept the *unreasonable*. It believes what the mind says is impossible. It counts the things that are, as though they were not, and the things that are not as though they were.

Faith put strength in Noah's arm to build for a hundred years, when there was no sign of flood. It sent an army marching around Jericho's walls, when reason says it would take a million years to wear out the foundations by the tramp of marching feet. It pulled a nation to the edge of a deep and impenetrable sea, where the gates of the ocean swung wide on the watery hinges of omnipotent power. It sent men unflinching into furnaces of fire, and preserved them in the lions' den. Faith chased death away from its vigil over bodies, and it brought back the life that had fled.

Faith! *God's faith!* Not weak, puny struggles to believe, not futile efforts to apprehend eternal powers.

Can a teacup contain an ocean? Can a child's hand envelop a planet? Can my poor understanding comprehend the glory of an omnipotent God?

Only as His love is freely given, *only* as He chooses to reveal Himself to me, can I understand, and then, *only in part*, for were we to behold the fulness of His glory, no flesh could survive in His presence.

Only as He grants His pardon, am I saved. Only as He imparts His strength, can I fight the good fight of faith. Only as He gives His love, can I forgive my enemies. Only as He lifts me, can I rise above the world of sorrow and sin.

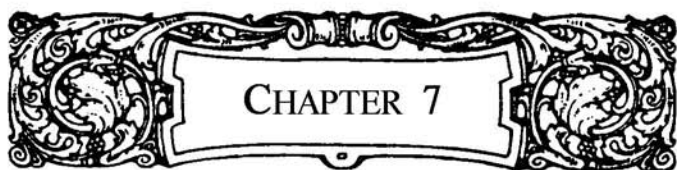
Great is the mystery of godliness, and wonderful beyond our dreams is the plan of His redemption!

Needy one, at the end of the Road of Self you will find Him waiting. The Author and the Finisher of your faith is willing to meet you there. Behind you lie the tears and the sorrows, the heartaches and the disappointments that are the cruel gifts of a world devoid of faith in God, but the sunlit trail where Jesus stands is bright and glorious with the light of His presence!

Trust Him for His grace. Rest upon His promises. He is the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and the road you walk with Him will shine brighter unto the perfect day!

If you have salvation, it will be because *He* has imparted it. If you have healing, it will be because of *His* virtue. If you have faith, it will be because *faith has flowed out of His heart into yours*—and that is the *only* faith that can move your mountain.

You can have it, for He will give it! Then will you know for certain that your faith—the faith that has made you whole—*is a gift from God.*



GOD WANTS TO MAKE IT EASY

It is easier to come to Christ and ask Him for the impartation of His faith, than it is to *try* to work up your own.

Unless we look more carefully at statements, we are in danger of interpreting them incorrectly. We must acknowledge that in several instances, the Master mentioned the faith of someone who came to Him. Occasionally, He complimented them because of their faith.

My question is not whether they had it, but *where did they get it?*

Samson had strength with which he accomplished superhuman feats of power. But *where* did he get it? He was an example, in a physical way, of what we should be spiritually. "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of *His* might" (Eph 6:10). Paul declared that he was strong, yet he continually acknowledged his weakness. He was the man who declared, "I can do all things *through Christ* who strengthens me" (Php 4:13).

Do you remember that wonderful incident of the miraculous catch of fish? (Jn 21) Dawn was stealing over the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee. The disciples had toiled all night *in their own strength*, and had caught nothing. As they pulled toward the shore, a Man stood silhouetted against the hillside, waiting for the failed fishermen to arrive.

His voice rang out: “Friends, have you caught any fish?” (v. 5 NLT)

They had none. They were returning from a long, weary night of toil, empty-handed.

He *knew* that. He knew they hadn’t caught even a minnow after their dark hours of labor. He told them to cast the net on the *other* side.

As they obeyed, their eyes must have opened wide in amazement at the feel of the fish in the net. They could not pull it in!

In a minute they had caught more fish, following the instructions of Jesus, than they had caught in *a whole night of their own endeavor*.

Wonderful story, you say? Yes, but I have not come to the best part. The most unbelievable yet gloriously true part of the entire narrative comes in Jesus’ next statement.

Talk about generosity! Talk about benevolence and graciousness! He said, “Bring some of the fish which *you have NOW caught*.”

Who caught those fish? Jesus said *they* did. But I ask you again, who caught those fish? You know as well as I do who caught them. *It was Jesus*.

Thus He speaks of our faith and our love, of our this and our that—as if we had anything at all—apart from Him!

HIS PERFECTIONS

Mark 5:27–28 gives us a fitting example of this great truth. Alexander Maclaren says, “The main part of this story seems to be the illustration which it gives of the genuineness and power of an *imperfect* faith, and Christ’s merciful way of responding to and strengthening such a faith.”

Look at the woman. She allows Jesus to pass. Then, timid and shrinking, she crowds her way to a place where she can touch His robe. Does she believe some peculiar kind of magic is connected with His cloak?

After she made contact, she tried to lose herself in the crowd. The whole manner of her approach showed that she did not have what *we* have been in the habit of calling “faith.”

She did not ask Him to speak a word. Yet, in her misery and ignorance, she approached the Lord and *touched* Him. She was healed instantly. The record states that anointing left the Christ to cause the miraculous healing.

The message here is that such healing does not depend on the development of a perfect faith by any process of self. Rather, it depends on contact with Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

Let me again quote Dr. Maclaren:

The power and vitality of faith is not measured by the comprehensiveness and clearness of belief. The richest soil may bear shrunken and barren ears; and on the arid sand with the thinnest layer of earth, gorgeous cacti may blossom, and fleshy aloes lift their branches with stores of moisture to help them stand the heat.

It is not for us to say what amount of ignorance is destructive to real confidence in Jesus Christ. But for ourselves, feeling how short a distance our sight travels and how little, after

all, the great bulk of men in Christian lands know of theological truth, and how wide are the differences of opinion amongst us, and how soon we come to towering barriers beyond which our poor faculties can neither pass nor look, *it ought to be a joy to us that a faith which is clouded with ignorance may yet be a faith which Christ accepts.*

That is my point. Jesus supplies the deficiency. He makes up for our need.

When Jesus descended the mountainside from the scene of His transfiguration glory, He found a miserable father and a group of impotent disciples trying to do by *their* faith what could be done only by the faith of God. The man was honest when he said, "Lord I believe; help my unbelief."

Haven't we duplicated, in modern days, the scene of those disciples, struggling and shouting, rebuking and trying to cast out the devil without success? But when Jesus walked on the scene, how quickly the entire atmosphere was changed.

Out of the storm came the calm. Jesus was Master of the situation, and happy was the man who beheld the approach of His tender, sympathetic heart.

The great essential is that we talk with Jesus, cease our struggle, and turn from our intercession to that trust and confidence in Him that will invite the impartation of *His faith*.

For twenty years and more I have been conducting campaigns, praying for the sick and the suffering. To this ministry my Lord has called me, and to that call I have responded with all my heart. To His glory and praise, I have seen the eyes of the blind opened. Miracles of divine power have raised handicapped and paralytics from their wheelchairs and cots, and the healing power of our wonderful Lord has melted cancers and tumors.

Do you know what else I have noticed? All *great* healing services have been preceded by nights of consecration and

seasons of prayer. When the crowds have rushed forward seeking *healing*, the meetings have been hard and difficult. When they have sought the *Healer*, however, the sweetness of His presence has broken the power of the enemy, and the sunshine of His presence has melted the icy feeling that gripped the heart.

It may be self-pity, or even self-love, which brings us to His feet, but our whole viewpoint is changed once we are there, *as we at last see Him!*

THE POOR AND THE RICH

It is the poor and needy who have been given so many good things, and it is the rich whom He has sent away empty.

A crippled man came to the meetings some years ago. Those who had brought him told me he had “all the faith in the world” and was known in the community for his good works. He was a good-living man and, no doubt, loved the Lord, but he was to go away from more than one service because of the *one thing* he lacked—which His Master was ultimately to reveal to him.

How the people prayed for that man! I can see him now, struggling to rise in response to their entreaties that he “arise in faith and walk.” Many times I knelt by the side of his chair and rebuked the power that bound him.

The days went by and yet there was no sign of his healing; no answer had come from the skies in response to prayer. One afternoon they wheeled him to a corner in the building. He asked the people to leave the two of us alone, and then said something that has always stayed with me.

“What a failure I am,” he declared. “I came here strong in what I thought was *my* faith in the Lord. As I look into my heart, I find something I want to confess. I have been spiritu-

ally proud that people have pointed to me as a man who suffered without complaining. They pointed me out as the man who never grumbled, although he had a cross to bear. I grew proud of my reputation and I can see now that what I termed ‘my goodness’ has been self-righteousness in the sight of my Lord.”

He put his face in his hands and wept. There was something so pathetic about that poor, broken man, that tears welled up in my eyes too. I reached out and put my hands on his head. I began to pray for his healing, but he stopped me.

“Dr. Price,” he said, “I don’t need healing half as much as I need Jesus. I am so hungry for His presence. More than anything else in my life, I want to know Him better, and I’m content to spend my days in this chair if only He will flood this self-righteous heart of mine with His peace and love.”

I watched the man in the wheelchair go away quietly, and my heart went with him as they wheeled him out of the building. All the way home my heart was singing for him the hymn:

Savior, Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!

A broken and a contrite heart He will not despise. How sweet it is to come to the end of self. How wonderful, after we have toiled all night and have caught nothing, that He waits for us on the shore. How gracious the voice that tells us to cast our nets on the *right* side of the boat, that our joy might be full.

What determines which is the right side of a boat? Why, the way it is going, of course. You will soon find out where

the right side is *if your boat is going toward Jesus*. And the boat must be *empty* if you would bring the Nazarene on board.

A few days later I was leaving the building with Dr. Manchester, the man who buried President McKinley. At the door of the auditorium sat the man in his wheelchair, patiently waiting for the doors to open for the evening service. The afternoon meeting was over.

Dr. Manchester looked at the face of the handicapped man and stopped. Then he walked over to him and I followed.

“Are you coming for prayer?” he asked.

“For prayer, and to receive healing,” was the reply.

There was something different about the man. His voice, his tone, his eyes—such a look of glory on his face. I knew something had happened.

“Tell me,” I said, “what has happened. My brother, I discern you have experienced something so wonderful I can feel its glory, though I don’t know what it is.”

He told me he had been with Jesus. He had spent the night in prayer—not in intercession alone, but in praise and worship. He told me that at four in the morning a consciousness of the Lord’s presence had overwhelmed him. He knew Jesus was in his room in a special way.

He told me how his voice had begun to praise his Lord in adoration. He then became conscious of an infusion of divine life. Something passed from Jesus to him, and he felt as though a fog had rolled away from his heart and mind. From that moment on he knew his struggles were over. A sweet and holy peace enwrapped his soul.

He told us that now he *knew*, when he came to obey the Lord in being anointed with oil, that strength would flow from Jesus, and supernatural life would be imparted to him to restore him to health and strength.

I noticed that tears stood in Dr. Manchester's eyes. He said, "Why does this man have to wait until tonight?"

"He doesn't," I replied. "The Great Physician is here now. Jesus of Nazareth is passing by."

A moment later it was over. Out of his wheelchair that man arose. He ran and jumped and praised the Lord for his deliverance. It was a miracle of power divine.

Around him on the snowy street, men and women gathered first to praise, and then to pray. Unsaved hearts were broken, and many tears of repentance were shed!

More than once I have been with a group of disciples, struggling at the foot of a mountain, and how my heart can testify to the difference it makes when into the midst of our helplessness Jesus Himself comes walking!

YOUR PRAYERS ANSWERED

Your prayers can be answered! *Your* burdens can be left at His feet, and you never need to bow your shoulders again with the weight of their sorrow and care.

I pray, dear God, that thousands who will read these lines will abandon self-endeavor, realizing that it has only led them into doubts and fears that destroy their confidence and trust in God.

Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God (Rom 10:17). My Greek New Testament reads, "and hearing *by a word of God.*"

There is a finer ear than the one we use when we listen to the reading of the grand old Book. It is not merely a human voice that speaks as the Bible is read, for men hear that Book and yet do not hear the voice of God. The Bible is a book through which God speaks, yet all do not hear His voice in the lines!

Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by *a word* of God—a *rhema* word. Let Jesus speak to your heart, and doubts will take wings and fly away. Let Jesus breathe a little word to your mind, and heaven is brought to earth. Fear is gone like a shadow in the light of His glorious truth.

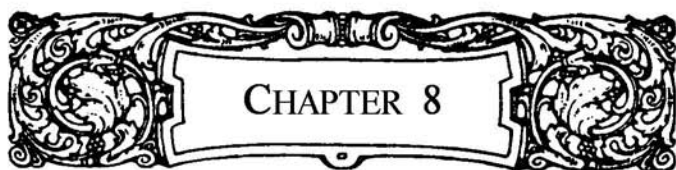
Let Him say, “Bring him to me,” and then comes faith—God’s faith—*His faith*—and my poor heart cries, “Lord, that I may receive my sight.” Let Jesus breathe on me with His love and presence, and mountains will tremble, the foundations will crumble.

That is how faith comes. Not through the channels of human concepts. Not along the paths of human understandings. Not by the abilities of our minds to comprehend, nor the power of the intellect to affirm. Let Jesus speak, and the soul is lifted. One little word from Jesus is worth all the words in the dictionary!

There is hope for the blind Bartimaeus of today, when Jesus of Nazareth is passing his way. And more than hope, for when He hears our helpless cry, He will not pass us by. When He speaks, hope is kindled until it becomes a fire that burns away all doubt and unbelief, and the warmth of a divine and beautiful faith brings healing to the soul.

Oh Master, speak! In our need and helplessness, we would lift our hearts and voices to You. Speak the word—that is all we need. We have tried with the broken cisterns of our endeavors to believe, but their waters have failed!

“Savior, Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou are calling,
Do not pass me by!”



IMPARTED FAITH

The bells of my heart are ringing, because I know that the Lord is able to supply all our need. The storehouses of grace are filled to overflowing and the quantity is of such abundance that it staggers the mind. We deal with earthly and temporal limits, but God deals with the unlimited and eternal.

The measure of God's giving is always to overflowing. The apostle stated, "Let him ask of God, who gives to all men liberally" (Jas 1:5). There is no end to His goodness, no lack in His inexhaustible supply.

It is tragic that, in light of this, there is such spiritual poverty. Shouldn't we pray and seek His face to discover why? Surely when He has *enough*, and that enough is backed by His *promise*, then undoubtedly we are missing it somewhere when we continue in our sorrows and needs.

This dispensation of grace has opened the door to the presence of God Himself. Therefore, we can arrive at but one conclusion: *Faith is the quality or power by which things*

desired become things possessed. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen (Heb 11:1).

In spite of its potency, faith is an intangible commodity. You can't weigh it or confine it in a container. It is almost like trying to define energy in one comprehensive statement.

We are told that the atom is a world within itself, and that the potential energy contained within such a tiny "universe" is so great that it boggles the mind. But define it—or attempt to—and you will run into difficulties.

Faith is like that. There have been times when I have felt it stealing over my soul, until I have dared to say and do things which, had I allowed reason to govern affairs, I would have never said or done. Though it came only as big as a grain of mustard seed, it flowed through word and act with irresistible power, until people stood in wonder at the mighty works of God.

One thing I *do* know, I cannot *produce* faith. Neither in me nor you are there the ingredients or qualities that, when combined, will make even a *mustard seed* of Bible faith. If this is true, are we not foolish to attempt results without it?

If I want to cross a lake, and find there is no way to reach the other side except by boat, I would be foolish to struggle to cross without a boat. The thing I should seek is the *boat*—not the other side of the lake! Get the boat, and it will *take* you there.

There are certain things that we receive *only* by faith. There is no ambiguity regarding that in the Word. Rather, it sets forth a clear declaration of the truth.

Now *where* do we get the faith that will take us across our "lakes"? The answer to this question is positive and sure. The sacred Book says that faith is the *gift* of God and a *fruit* of the Spirit.

Whether it is gift or fruit, however, the source and origin of faith remains the same. It comes from God. There is no other source of faith, for it is the faith *of* God.

Suppose you could obtain faith by mixing any spiritual qualities you like in the crucibles of life. Suppose that faith was something *you* possessed. We all know of its power. Would it not be a dangerous possession?

Suppose we could use it to cross the "lake" when God wanted us on this side? Suppose you or I had faith enough to raise up every sufferer among us. If we were to exercise such power, how do we know that we wouldn't be going against God's will and overthrowing His divine plan?

A HIDDEN DANGER

Some time ago a lady brought to me a little girl who was sick. She was a sweet little tot, pretty as a picture, quiet and retiring, but a serious malady had fastened itself on her little body.

The little girl's father, though he loved her dearly, was rebellious against the Lord. For years his wife had prayed for him to surrender, but he had always offered some excuse.

We prayed together. Three times that little one was brought for prayer. Had there been *faith*, she would have been healed. But she was not.

The mother went to prayer. Later she called me on the telephone and said, "Dr. Price, I feel that God is dealing with my husband. He loves our little girl so much, that I think the Lord can reach his heart through her. Would it not be wonderful if I could get him to come with us when you pray once again? Perhaps, if we could get him on his knees to pray for her, it would not be long before he would be praying for himself."

The next time they came to the house for prayer, the father came along. He was courteous, kind, and concerned about his daughter, but when I asked him to pray, he said, “No, I don’t want to be a *hypocrite*.”

The Holy Spirit led me to admonish him: “Brother, get on your knees, and let us look to the Lord together. If you do, I believe you will take a little girl home who has been healed by the touch of the Savior’s hand.”

He looked at me in amazement and said, “Do you *really* believe that?”

I told him I did.

Down on his knees went that man! The healing virtue of Jesus sweetly stole over the body of the little girl, and she raised her expressive eyes to God in a prayer of thanksgiving and gratitude.

While the father was searching and yielding his heart, the Savior spoke to him the words that bring peace to an unregenerate heart.

Suppose I had possessed faith enough and could have used it at will. Would that have brought as much glory to the name of the Lord—to say nothing of the father’s salvation—as the *imparted* faith that God gives when it is needed?

Many years ago while I was in a Vancouver, B.C., campaign, an incident occurred that kept me awake most of the night, my heart open before the Lord.

I had prayed for hundreds that night. We had experienced in that meeting the very real consciousness of the sweet and wonderful presence of the Savior. Many weary, tired bodies had been renewed by the touch of the Master’s hand. They had found deliverance from their pains and sicknesses, as they knelt at the foot of the cross.

I had turned to Dr. Gabriel Maguire, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and said, "The Lord is imparting faith tonight. The power of the Lord is present to heal."

He replied that he was never more conscious of the moving power of God in all his life.

A minute later, we placed our hands on the head of a man. A feeling akin to a vacuum came over me. I felt so *empty*. The presence of the Lord was with me, but I had no confidence or faith to pray for the man, and nothing happened to him!

I prayed again. Then I felt so empty that I was about to cry out to the Lord and ask why He seemed to have departed, when He had been so sweetly manifest just before.

Instead, I turned to the man and said, "Brother, why are you here? Who are you? What is the *purpose* of your coming to the platform?"

He turned pale. Then he made a confession.

He told me that he was a professional hypnotist. He said that the power in the meeting was that of hypnotism. He had argued with other people about it, and then had decided to use himself as a test case, as he wanted to investigate first-hand. He planned to hold a public meeting and expose the whole divine healing movement.

Now this man truly was sick! He needed healing, but suppose I had possessed faith for him. Would it not have been disastrous to have brought healing to that man? For remember, if faith is powerless, it ceases to be faith. *You can't have faith without results any more than you can have motion without movement.*

The thing we sometimes call "faith" is simply *trust*. We trust in the Lord, but faith has feet and wings and power. A man could not have *faith* for salvation and not be saved. He could *trust* the Lord, and promise that some day he would

come to Christ, but when he has *faith* for salvation, it means he *is* saved.

So it was with the man whose case I have just recounted. Whatever faith was given during the evening was withdrawn from me until I was praying for someone, who in the providence and will of God, was ready to receive from Him the blessing He alone could impart. It so happened that the very next one for whom we prayed, a woman, was one of the outstanding miracles of the entire campaign.

No Christian is entirely devoid of faith. It is implanted in the heart as a gift or a fruit—faith enough to maintain your salvation, faith enough to obey the Lord and do the things that are pleasing in His sight. But we are continually dependent on Him for its continuance.

You cannot keep the light and dismiss the sun. You cannot have faith in God, unless you have the faith *of* God. That is why the Scripture says, “By *grace* are you saved, through *faith*, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God” (Eph 2:8).

Grace and faith are so closely related that you cannot separate them. The wonder of it is that faith is many times imparted when we feel the least deserving. It is not the product of merit.

The gift of faith is the beautiful flower of grace. That faith, which quiets the restless sea of life, makes the heart happy in knowing that the Pilot will see us through. Has that priceless possession come because of what we have given or done?

Do I dare say that this faith—given to me to touch the hem of His garment and be lifted out of my pain and suffering—came because of my deeds and words? The faith that was yours in the hour of your trial—when heaven opened at the grave of your loved one, when grief was festering and your

poor heart was nearly breaking—how did it come, bringing comfort, and why?

When I survey the wondrous cross, I begin in part to understand why grace smiles on faith as it goes on every mission and ministry of life.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN

The disciples and the Master were on the waters of Galilee. The lake, which had been so calm, was lashed into fury by the storm. The disciples were terror-stricken at the raging tempest, just as we would be.

How quickly the scenes of life can change. It does not take long for laughter to be drowned in tears and a happy heart wrung by the cruel grip of sorrow. The incident of the storm and the calm did not happen merely for them, it happened because God wanted to speak through it to your heart and mine.

When at last the disciples woke the sleeping Christ, He asked them a question: “*Where is your faith?*”

Where was it? Had it dropped into the sea they were sailing on? Had it been blown away by the storm? Had it been dissolved in the spray that scoured their boat?

Their *faith* was with them all the time. The mistake they made was in forgetting *His* presence, while magnifying the storm! Their Faith was not far away. Remember the words of our Lord, “Without me you can do nothing” (Jn 15:5).

Jesus advanced to the bow of the boat. He stared into the face of the tempest and hurled His command into the teeth of the storm.

The waves obeyed. The wind died. Jesus had spoken, and the disciples stood awed in the presence of His power.

Where was their faith? It was just as near to them as it is to you and me.

Just because you are facing a storm does not mean that He has gone. To be needy is no proof you have been deserted. Your desperate need may be the door to your miracle! It may be God's method of making you say, "What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the seas obey Him?"

Can you imagine Peter, standing in the boat, telling those waves to be still? I can—if the Master of the sea had imparted faith for the miracle according to His will.

It was Peter who ministered confidently to the man at the beautiful gate (Ac 3). The man was healed, and he followed Peter and John into the temple, shouting praises to God as he went.

"Such as I have, I give unto you," said Peter, and he proved that he had it. But where did he get it? He had just come from an upper room—a room that contained the secret behind the healing.

So conscious was Peter of the *divine impartation*, that he spent the greater part of his sermon telling how weak he was and how strong Jesus was. It was not *him*, it was not *his* power, it was the *Lord*.

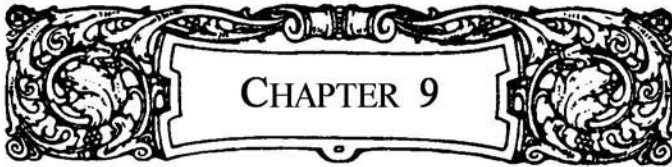
How different this is from our feeble attempts to exert faith from the mind, to turn faith from a grace-imparted gift to a cold, intellectual assent or belief, to look for it in the unholy corridors of the will, rather than in the light that streams from heaven.

There is a great difference between the disabled one who struggles and tries to walk and the disabled one who looks and prays for the faith by which he will walk. In my own heart I know that such faith is given while the soul waits before God, in the quiet and beautiful attitude of trust and rest in His promises, rather than in the turbulent atmosphere of

our noisy strivings. "Wait, I say, on the Lord. Rest in the Lord! Wait patiently for Him and He shall bring it to pass."

Roll on, blue waves of Galilee! Blow and moan, you tempest winds that rage! You laugh at my seeming helplessness. You ridicule my endeavor to stand in the rocking boat. You ask me where my faith is. You taunt me about my condition. My Faith is not far away! He sleeps awhile, to teach me to rely upon Him. He sleeps, that confidence in self might be turned to trust in His promise and the power of His presence.

No, my Faith is not far away. I look at Him and smile, for His voice whispers to this poor heart of mine, and tells me that if He can rest in the midst of the storm, then I can rest in Him.



FAITH IS A GIFT

Faith is one of two things. It is either a gift of God, or a fruit of the Spirit. There is no doubt about it. Search the corridors of reason, and you will inevitably arrive at the same answer.

If it is true that faith “as a grain of mustard seed” contains the dynamics that will move mountains, would God entrust to our possession a weapon as powerful as that? To have it any other way would not only destroy the entire system by which the Christian can walk in harmony and communion with God, but would put in the hands of weak believers an instrument that could be used for our destruction.

I do not mean that we would use faith for physical manifestations alone, but that the spiritual reactions would prove to be a curse instead of a blessing, an impediment to growth rather than a help. More than once I have tried to exercise faith and have struggled to obtain the answer I desired to my prayer only to find, in the light of succeeding events, that it was better that the prayer was not answered as I had desired.

That is why God deals to every believer the measure of faith he needs to walk in harmony with His will. Beyond that point, *faith will not be imparted.*

This lesson is so beautiful to me that it awakens a heart-song of thanksgiving and praise to the Lord I love and serve. Perhaps I don't understand the purposes of God, but trust holds on when faith is not imparted, and I am happy knowing that He is working in my life for the best.

We should trust Him when we cannot see, and rely upon Him when we do not understand. However, let us not make the mistake of calling that trust "faith." Faith works, moves, operates and accomplishes things according to its measure and its power. Of course, to each one God has given the faith by which we call ourselves children of God and faith by which we know we are saved.

Faith is measured in God's scales just as we measure things on earth. More than once the Lord talked about "little faith" and "great faith." He mentioned "weak faith" and "strong faith."

As we need the gift of faith, it is imparted by the Lord, in order that *His will, rather than ours*, will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Many times, our desires are contrary to the will of God. Many times in our ignorance we would do what would bring sorrow instead of joy. If we possessed faith to use at any time to bring about our own desires, it would be disastrous.

The Christian world looks to the life of George Muller as a contemporary example of the power of divine faith. Such a life it was—a magnificent array of miraculous answers to prayer. In reading his biography, however, you will notice that he *knew* he was in the center of God's will. There were hungry little mouths to be fed and little orphan bodies to be clothed, and Muller believed that the Lord, who had called

him to that ministry, would supply every need. So when the need arose, faith was given.

There was no struggle, no agonizing, no battle against doubt, only the manifestation of a divinely *imparted* faith.

Muller was an ardent believer in fervent, effectual prayer. Many times he reveals the depth of his ministry of intercession. The reason, he says, that so many people fail to have their prayers answered is that they have not learned the value of boldness and perseverance in prayer.

Whenever he came to a crisis, he would tell the Lord his need in a most matter-of-fact way, and simply count it done by *faith*. If we are to believe his writings, it was almost as simple as a woman stepping to her telephone, calling up the grocery store, and asking for the delivery of her order. Thus Muller prayed to God.

Can you have faith like that in *yourself*? Can you possess such ability, apart from the gift and anointing of God's Spirit? Trying to exercise something we do not possess leads to excesses in the spiritual realm. Often, trying to use faith we don't have drives out what little trust we do have in God.

Let me illustrate what I mean by the *impartation* of faith.

THE MASTER KNEW

Some years ago I was conducting a meeting in a Presbyterian church in Medford, Oregon. The Lord led us to hold a healing service one afternoon.

The place was crowded, and many were standing outside and on the window ledges, looking into the building. One was a little handicapped boy who walked with the help of crutches.

My heart ached for the little fellow, for there was such a look of pathos about his blue eyes that stirred my heart.

Silently I lifted my heart to the Lord and asked for faith for the lad's healing.

Then across the platform a line of children came for prayer, most of whom were accompanied by their parents. A girl stood in front of me. Her mother was weeping. I laid my hands on her head and prayed.

Nothing happened, but the spirit of the meeting seemed to change. There was a deadness and a heaviness which weighed heavily on me. I prayed again, and the feeling seemed to increase. I looked at the mother in bewilderment. She was sobbing.

At last she cried out, almost hysterically, "Why won't Jesus heal my girl?"

"Where do you worship?" I asked.

"I go to the Methodist church," was her reply.

I looked at her closely. Then into my heart there came a suspicion.

Just at that moment the Lord imparted the gift of discernment to one of the people by my side who asked the woman this question: "Have you ever been in mysticism or the occult?"

She had, she confessed. Her little girl did *not* go to the Methodist church. She, herself, had not been there for months. She had been attending a spiritualist séance week after week. Now I knew why the Lord had withheld His blessing and His faith.

The mother continued to cry in agony of soul, "He has healed others; please ask Him to heal my little girl."

I said, "Sister, do you know anything about salvation through the shed blood of Jesus on Calvary?"

She said she had at one time, but a sorrow had come into her life and, instead of taking a tighter grip on Jesus' hand, she had turned away from God. In response to my appeal, she

said that she would like to give her heart to Christ now and asked me to pray for her.

She repeated a prayer of surrender after me, and then I closed with the words, "I am trusting in Jesus as my personal Savior, and I claim the promise of the blood as the atonement for all my sin."

Into my heart and hers there swept a glory wave from heaven. As I reached out my hand once again to her little girl, I knew that her days as a cripple were over. She sprang to her feet. She was healed!

Then I looked at the poor little crippled boy and held out my hand for him to climb through the window and come to the platform for prayer.

He did not come. Instead, he *fell* through the window, leaving his crutches on the outside! He too was healed.

The Holy Ghost took such charge of that service. I have seldom seen anything to equal it. Not only were people healed, but many were saved.

Down the aisle came a dear old lady who had been in a wheelchair for years. She was leaping, shouting, and praising God, even as they did in the days when the Savior walked the streets with men. What a meeting! What a time to make men adore Him and angels to rejoice.

Now, suppose I had possessed faith for the healing of that little girl. Suppose she had been healed when I first laid hands on her. Her mother may have taken it as a sign that the séances had been working. She would have become more deeply enmeshed in spiritism, which is not of God.

When I prayed in my lack of understanding, the spirit of faith and assurance was lifted from me. How empty I felt. Then, when the mother accepted Jesus as her personal Savior, *faith was imparted* and the work was done.

Instead of struggling to be healed, how much sweeter and richer life would be, if we would look to Jesus who is “the Author and the Finisher of *our* faith.”

A HAPPY MORNING

One March morning some years ago, I left home feeling the love and presence of Christ in my heart. I was on my way to pray for a woman who had lost her mind. She was confined in a psychiatric institution.

I can still hear her husband’s sobs as he cried in desperation from a broken heart. Sudden disaster had struck their beautiful home like lightning. God was their only hope, and he knew it.

I was anxious to pray for that woman and had gone forth confident that the Lord would hear and answer prayer. She was in such a helpless condition, in the grip of an evil spirit! When I finally arrived at her room, she cried out in blasphemy and obscenity in a voice that was not her own.

That morning we saw no visible answer to our prayers, but the poor, distracted man grasped me by my coat lapels and hoarsely insisted that we refuse to give up and instead keep storming the throne of grace for the healing Jesus alone could give. Accordingly, I called my church to prayer, and called other churches too. We agreed to pray for an entire day for the deliverance of the sufferer, and several prayer warriors resolved to stay on their knees until the woman was delivered.

About four o’clock that afternoon, while praying near the altar of the church, I felt the Spirit of the Lord come upon me. Under the impulse of that anointing, I stood to my feet, trembling with emotion and the glory of His presence, I announced that our prayers had reached through, and that the

answer we desired was on the way. I stepped to the telephone and told the woman's husband that I believed we had received the victory.

We had! The following day, after a brief season of prayer and anointing, she arose in victory and triumph, and went home once again to her adoring husband and children. I knew the moment the evil spirit left her body. I was conscious of the moment he released its grip on her tortured soul.

I knew that the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ had been given—released—at that moment of victory. I could not release His faith myself. If I could have, in my limited understanding of God's purpose, she would have been healed the first time I prayed.

It was not until the Lord, in His Omnipotence, released in me the faith He had imparted by grace, that the miracle of healing took place. Our possession of faith as a mustard seed is subject not only to His *impartation* but also His *control*.

A woman said to me the other day, "Pray for me, please. I have all the faith in the world."

I knew what she meant. We hear that expression so many times.

My reply was, "Sister, if you have that much faith, *why are you sick?*"

She looked at me strangely. Then, after a few moments of thought, she went away to pray for faith "as a grain of mustard seed."

I am standing now in spirit, even as I write, on the hills of retrospection. I am looking back over the way my Savior has led me. I can see the campaigns, in Canada and the United States, where by God's grace I have been privileged to pray for as many as ten thousand people in a single month. One cannot do that without having some experiences stamped indelibly on the mind.

In one meeting the atmosphere was tense and hard. Prayer seemed to be in vain, and our efforts to bring victory met with failure. Then a sweep of glory and a rush of Holy Spirit power lifted the entire audience to the portals of Heaven.

I have seen audiences so transported and lifted in spirit that they have sung with truth, "This is like heaven to me."

Such meetings have only emphasized the great truth that man *in himself* is helpless before "the powers of the air" and that *there must be a manifestation of the presence and power of the Lord Himself*.

"Without me," said the Savior, "you can do nothing." We reply foolishly sometimes, "Oh yes, I can, for *I have faith*. I can use it, exercise it, and bring things to pass with it, for the Word says that if we have faith, we can move mountains."

To such, I would say, "Go ahead, try it. See what kind of result you get."

All things are possible to them that believe. But it is important *what* you believe. To believe that you, apart from God's grace and divine impartation, possess the power to move mountains is dangerous indeed. I know many who have tried such a program in their own strength. Sorrow has been their lot, not joy.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER

When you believe *Jesus*—well, that is a different thing! When you believe in *His* presence and promise, *His* power, *His* grace, and *His* strength, then you are marching on Victory Highway toward the hills of Answered Prayer.

As *you* decrease, *He* must increase. The less of self, the more of Him. The more the crucifixion of the *self-life* with its spirit of pride, the more the resurrection rays of *His life* will impart power and health to your soul and body.

One meeting I shall never forget was held in the Winnipeg arena some years ago. Assisting in the campaign was our dear friend, Archdeacon Fair of the Anglican church. He brought to the meeting one of his Vicars, a godly clergyman named Hobbs. This dear brother had a daughter who had been sent home to die from the most famous clinic in America. There was no hope as far as man was concerned.

The two reverend gentlemen brought that woman to the meeting. She was in such excruciating pain that she had taken opiates. She had to take them in order to live at all, for the suffering and pain were unendurable. She sat in a large chair, cushioned by pillows. The rink was filled not only with people, but with the presence of the Lord.

Toward the close of the service, I felt an unusual (but now familiar) feeling steal into my heart. I was literally melted in His holy presence.

I turned to a minister sitting near and said, "The Lord is in this place and I think He is going to work a miracle tonight that will shake this meeting with the manifestation of His power."

No sooner had I said those words, than *I felt an impartation of faith for the sick woman.*

I did not delay. Stepping over Archdeacon Fair, I asked him to pray with me for the Vicar's daughter.

He grasped my hand and said, "Brother, I can feel the presence of Jesus in this meeting in a way I have never felt Him before in all my life. I feel that He will work this miracle tonight."

He did! He laid His blessed hand on the sick, weary body of this girl, and she rested in the Arms Everlasting.

We could see the flush of health come back to her cheeks. She did not die. She lived, and she lives today as a living testimony to the power of our wonderful Lord.

A year later, when I visited that same building, I found the spot where the Lord had visited me that night. As I stood there, I remembered what I had been doing and what had happened at the moment He imparted to me the faith that my own heart lacked.

This is why I say that faith is a *gift* of God. You do not possess it to use at will, but for the purpose for which *He* gives it and permits you to use it.

Let me repeat. He gives us the necessary faith for those things that are in accordance with His blessed will. That faith is first *given* and then grows as a *fruit* of the Spirit. But for the mountain-moving faith that banishes disease and sweeps away all barriers by miraculous power, I maintain that such faith is possible *only* when it is imparted by God, *only* when it is the Savior's will.

Put all your trust in Jesus, for your help comes from Him alone. Lean fully on the Master's breast, for only as you contact Him can you drink in the sweetness of His presence. Don't let the devil deceive you into believing in the power of your own spiritual attainments—for without the Man of Calvary *you can do nothing*.

Trust Him when faith is withheld, and *praise* Him when it is given. Remember that "He does all things well."

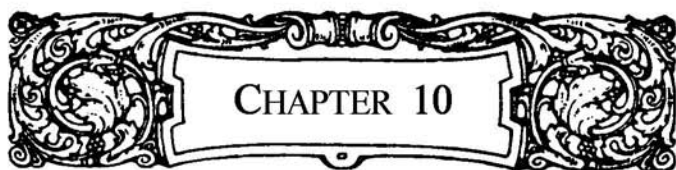
We would blunder along the pathway, were it not for His restraining and withholding hand, as well as His bounteous provision for our every need. The things that seem good to you today could wear the robes of sorrow tomorrow. How much better it is to let Him have *His* way with you, than to always try to have *your* way with Him.

That is my message. It is Jesus! Only Jesus. The Christ of Calvary who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift is also the Author and Finisher of your faith.

Rejoice in the love that will not let you go. Be happy in the presence of a Friend who knows you better than you know yourself. Then some day when the toils of life are the greatest, you will sing:

All the way my Savior leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me on the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see.

And what greater joy can there be than to possess *the faith of God!*



FAITH AS A FRUIT

Christian experience is a great adventure. We never arrive at the end of that walk. No matter what mountain peak we climb today, another one awaits to be climbed tomorrow.

The future is greater than the past, for there are fields of glory that have never been explored. It is this great truth that presents such a challenge to the follower of the Lord Jesus.

Under His leadership—for He never drives or coerces—we are privileged to climb in spirit to the gates of a world that human eyes cannot see, where we are kept by the peace of God. It is then we begin to comprehend the incomprehensible, and to watch the apocalypse of the mysteries hidden to many.

The Bible states with certainty that spiritual things are discerned only with the mind of the Spirit. The finite mind of man is incapable of understanding things pertaining to the Infinite. The physical and the spiritual are two distinct and different realms. No gate leads from one to the other, apart

from the Lord Himself. There is no method by which man has ever been able to understand or approach God, except through the Savior.

He said of Himself, "I am the *door*. No man comes to the Father but through Me" (Jn 10:9; 14:6). If it were possible for man to enter the spiritual realm through the gateways of the mind and the pathway of the intellect, he would soon be building a Tower of Babel to reach the heavens. The next thing you know, he would be attempting to dethrone God Himself. As a matter of fact, that is just what he has been trying to do.

Nearly all of our modern philosophies, which some use as substitutes for the "old time religion," try to humanize God and deify man. Thwarted in their attempt to understand the Infinite with finite minds, they have sought to materialize all things that relate to the Spirit and that are connected with the power of God.

What has this done? Because of man's limited understanding, he has attempted to turn salvation by grace through faith, into salvation by conduct. He has emphasized what he does rather than what he is. In his sight, therefore, character has become the "cross" upon which self is crucified, and the baser instincts are doomed to writhe and twist but never die. As a result, the cross on which the Savior died becomes to him unnecessary and obsolete.

All this is of great importance in the light of what I am about to say. Why has natural man made faith a product of a finite mind, when all of the other fruits of the Spirit he has attributed to God? To many Christians, faith is still their own ability to believe a promise or a truth, and is often based on their struggles to drive away doubt and unbelief through a process of positive affirmations.

Only the other day I heard a minister illustrating what he thought faith was. He told us that faith is a necessary factor in the development of every phase of our lives. In that I agreed—to some extent, at any rate. He said that when we get on a streetcar, we exercise faith. We have faith in the car, faith in the motorman, and faith in the power that will propel the vehicle along its tracks.

He gave numerous examples from everyday living to support what he said were manifestations of “our faith.” He concluded with this question: “If we have faith in the motorman, should we not have faith in God?”

The faith he spoke of was not New Testament faith at all! It was not even related to it. To say that the “mountain-moving faith” of which Jesus spoke, is a grown-up brother of “faith in a motorman,” is ludicrous. No matter how much you culture the spirit that the world interprets as “faith,” it will never grow into the *faith of God*.

Let’s be honest! Have we not tried to do that very thing?

Have we not said, “I am going to believe that it is done, and if I can believe it is done, then it will be done”? Have we not looked at a promise and then striven with all our mentality to bring about the result by our *own* ability to believe?

Some time ago a poor deluded man, who undoubtedly loved the Lord, thrust his hand into a basket of snakes to prove his faith in God. He was bitten badly. For weeks he was sick, lingering between life and death.

He came through all right, but it was a regrettable incident that did much to destroy the confidence of many in real Christian experience and a scriptural walk with God. He no doubt believed God, but what he called faith smacked of sinful presumption.

One day some years ago, I had a long conversation with one of the secretaries of Pandita Ramabai, a beloved spiritual

leader in India. She told me the story of how the cobras came to Mukti, following a wonderful and glorious visitation of the Holy Spirit to the girls in the home and school.

During the night these cobras appeared and bit many of the girls in the compound. No doubt for a moment there was great fear, but so wonderfully did the Spirit of the Lord impart faith for the emergency, that instead of groans and cries of anguish, there arose to heaven a great shout of victory and praise.

Not a single girl died from the deadly bites! Every one was healed. The power of the Lord delivered them. It was the imparted faith of God that brought them through.

There is *belief* in faith, but *faith* is more than belief! There is a rock on the mountain, but the mountain is more than the rock. Should the rock claim, "I am the mountain!" then I would say to it, "You are presuming too much!"

The truth is this: The ingredients of one's own mental manufacture cannot be mixed in a spiritual apothecary's crucible to produce faith. A little more confidence, an extra pinch of trust mixed with a little stronger belief—plus a few other things—will *not* produce the faith that moves mountains.

You are nearest the manifestation of this imparted grace when you realize your own helplessness and entire dependence upon the Lord!

THE LOVE OF GOD

Galatians 5:22 states that faith is a fruit of the Spirit. Isn't it time we believed it?

Look at the other gracious fruit growing on the tree of the blood-washed life. First, there is love. Whose love is it with which we love? Is it our own love that has been made cleaner

and sweeter because of something which has happened in our hearts? No, ten thousand times *no!* It is the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit. It is God's wonderful love that fills the chambers of the heart. Only the possession of that Love Divine makes it possible for us to love our enemies.

When Stephen was stoned by cruel and sinful men, what made him cry, "Lord, don't lay this sin to their charge"? It was not said for effect! Neither was it an expression of heroism in crisis. It was the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Spirit that enabled him to bless those who cursed him with genuine love. The world might say it is ridiculous for a man to act like that, and ridiculous it is to an unregenerate heart—but not to the Christian. Not to the redeemed, who by grace have become partakers of the divine nature (2Pe 1:4).

It was real love—God's love bursting through the heart of Stephen, which flowed like a river from the source of grace. Was it not much like our Savior who, speaking of the sufferings of Calvary, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"? It was love that caused Jesus to say that. God's love!

It was not by chance that both Stephen and Jesus said the same thing. Stephen was not merely trying to imitate his Master; neither was Jesus holding Himself up as only an example for men to struggle to emulate. They both said the same thing because both had the same love. It was the love of God in both hearts. Jesus had it because He *was God*; Stephen had it because he *had God* in his heart.

Human love can be improved. It can be made better by increasing in quality and quantity, but if man were to live a million years he could never make it good enough to equal the love of God.

How do we get God's love? God gives it, and the Spirit imparts it. Not only is this true of the *love* of God, but it is also true of the *faith* of God.

JOY FROM THE HILLS

Then we have joy! Joy is the second fruit of the Spirit mentioned by Paul in his Galatian letter. It is not second in importance, merely second in the list of those graces which the Spirit cultivates in the heart of the blood-washed.

What is this joy? Does it depend on environment and circumstance for its manifestation and expression? Must other things be equal for it to work in the realm of experience?

Some years ago I spoke at a campmeeting in a district where many of the people were quite poor. One night, just before the service, I drove down the road in my car to get away from people so I could meditate a little while before preaching.

In the modern automobile it takes little time to cover the distance, and soon I was five miles away from camp. As I passed a wooded section, I saw a man and a woman with four children come out of the woods and start up the road. They were all barefooted, carrying their shoes in their hands—those who were fortunate enough to have them. The three younger children of the four had none.

I stopped my car and hailed them. Smiling bashfully, they accepted my offer of a ride. They were on their way to the campmeeting. At the gates of the camp they sat on the grass and put on their shoes. In just a few minutes they had traveled the three miles in my car that would have taken them over an hour to walk.

The next night I “happened” to pass that way again and gave them a ride. It so “happened” that I was in that vicinity every night and asked them to ride with me to the services.

On the way, after the strangeness and bashfulness had worn off, they would testify and sing, and sing and testify! Their joy was so abundant that it was a tonic to my soul. It helped me to preach better!

They carried their shoes to save the leather from wearing out on the concrete road. They were as poor as Job’s turkey and lived many miles back in the mountains, but they were richer than many who lived in great houses and who had more than enough of the world’s fleeting possessions.

One night toward the end of the camp, I said to the father, “Perhaps, my brother, the day will come when the Lord will give you a better and larger home. You know that He often prospers us temporally as well as spiritually. The Bible says that—”

The brother interrupted me. A happy smile lit up his face and he began to sing:

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They’re building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing,
All glory to God, I’m a child of the King!

The little folks helped him sing it, and his good wife sang it too.

When he was finished, he scratched his matted head and said, “Brother Price, you never need to tell me that I got to have a big house to make me happy. If the Lord gives it to me, then I will thank Him, but I have something in my heart I

wouldn't sell for all the money in the world. It is the *joy* of the Holy Ghost."

That is what I mean. You can't get up in the morning and say, "Today I will be full of joy. I am going to be very happy today, for I have made up my mind to have lots of joy." Either you have it or you don't.

The worldly man can have his synthetic joy, which is the plaything of environment and the slave of circumstance. But the Christian can have *imparted* joy from the Holy Ghost and rejoice in its manifestation under *every* condition of life. It does not depend on surroundings, nor is it the slave of circumstance. It is the gift of God!

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE

Then there is peace. Oh, the sweetness of that beautiful peace that God implants in the hearts of all who love Him!

What a wonderful day it was for the disciples when Jesus said, "My peace I give unto you!" It was not to be the peace that the world knows, for that peace is false, weak and flimsy. It can be driven by a storm at any moment, blown by the winds of trouble.

The peace God gives surpasses all human understanding. It is so deep that no surface troubles can touch it, so divine that no human hand can brush it away—deep, settled peace in the soul! It is the peace Jesus had when in His regal dignity He "held his peace" before the howling mob in the halls of Pilate.

Let me ask you something, for it is necessary that we recognize and receive this truth: Can *you* create that peace? Can *you* bring it about by a switch in mental attitude, or a change in outlook? Can you develop the peace that He alone can give?

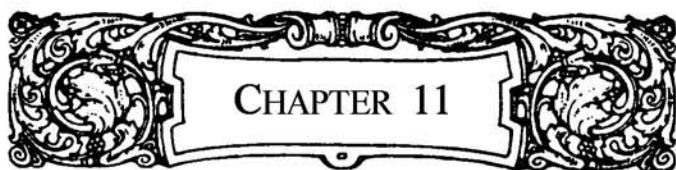
We know the answer! Just settle into the arms of love in the heart of the storm and know: “Peace, perfect peace, though sorrows surge around. On Jesus’ bosom naught but calm is found.”

It is His peace, imparted by the Spirit. All we have to do is receive it. That is the beauty of the Christ-centered life, a life that is hid with Christ in God.

So it is with faith. He does not give it as a plaything to be operated for our own undoing in things contrary to His will. He knows my need. He knows yours, too, and He has given His promise that no good thing will He withhold from them who walk uprightly. So we rest in that promise and abide in Him, even as He abides in us.

To know that He is present, that He understands and cares, is sufficient for me to experience the joy that all things work together for good to them that love God and are called according to His purpose. Then shall we know the rest that comes from turning self-reliance into Christ-reliance, as we cast *all* our cares upon Him.

In developing His will in your life, let me assure you that when faith is needed, it will not be withheld, for the Giver of every good and perfect gift is the Author and Finisher of our faith.



THE VESSEL MADE OF CLAY

Few people have realized the close connection between the *natural* and the *supernatural*—between the *body* and the *spirit*. We have wrongly segregated the two, putting them in realms so far apart that many think of the Lord as being able to meet only our spiritual needs. When that is as far as we go, we inevitably overlook the glorious, blood-bought privileges that are ours for the physical being.

The great redemptive work of our Lord covers the *complete person*—body, soul and spirit. It reaches even into the realm of physical necessities. Jesus said to his disciples, “Take no anxious thought, saying, What shall we eat? Or, what shall we drink? Or, How shall we be clothed? For your heavenly Father knows that you need all these things. But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you” (Mt 6:31–34).

These are direct and definite declarations. He not only said that our Heavenly Father knows we *need* these things, but He definitely promised that He would *supply* them.

Jesus' disciples were not to seek the natural, but instead to seek the spiritual. They were first to seek the Kingdom and then, finding it, they would enter into an abundance that would meet their every need. That is the direct promise of our Lord!

Hundreds of years before Jesus came to earth, one of God's prophets found himself by a brook, far from any source of human supply. There, God sent ravens with food, morning and evening. The widow's barrel of meal never emptied because of her unlimited supply in God's treasure store. He did not supply the meal because she sought *it*—but because she *obeyed Him!*

The order has always been, "Seek first the kingdom of God!" That is why the natural must surrender to the spiritual, and we must lay on the altar the whole of our Adamic natures, so that Christ might be to us spiritually, and then physically, all He has promised to be.

The Lord's order has always been *creation* and then *re-creation*. First what is *natural* and, after that, what is *spiritual*. In Jeremiah 18:1–6, we read these words:

The word which came to Jeremiah from the LORD, saying: "Arise and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause you to hear My words." Then I went down to the potter's house, and there he was, making something at the wheel. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter; so he made it again into another vessel, as it seemed good to the potter to make.

Then the word of the LORD came to me, saying: "O house of Israel, can I not do with you as this potter?" says the LORD.

“Look, as the clay is in the potter’s hand, so are you in My hand, O house of Israel!”

It has never been the Creator’s purpose to do a patch-up job. The vilest of sinners become *new creations* when they put themselves in His hands. The disease may be of the flesh, but *the cure is of the Spirit!* The broken clay must once again be put into the hands of the Eternal Potter, that He may mold it again into another vessel, as seems good to Him!

A COMPLETE WORK

So many people come for healing, looking only for a physical touch. They want the Lord to touch their *body*, when the Lord longs to touch their spirit. The physical manifestation will come, but God is a Spirit, and the flow of His resurrection life must come through the Spirit primarily and not merely through the physical flesh.

When Jesus said, “I came that you might have life and that you might have it more abundantly,” He spoke not only of spiritual life, but of life that would literally permeate every atom of our beings, *saturating us* with the glory of Eternal Life.

Some come looking for healing, but not for the Healer. They want physical thrills. At times, prayer may have seemed useless, but no petition can ever be offered in vain, and unanswered prayer today need not mean it will go unanswered tomorrow.

The change externally is frequently preceded by a change internally—transformed by His Spirit in the *inner man* before the manifestation is seen in the outer man. “Beloved, I pray that you may prosper in all things and be in health, just as your soul prospers” (3Jn 2). Certainly this throws a divine light on the subject.

Here was *prosperity for the complete man*. Notice that prospering and being in health depends first on *inner* prosperity and spiritual health.

That is why people who say, "If the Lord will heal me, I will serve Him as long as I live," are putting the cart before the horse. They are looking for the manifestation of His power from the *outside* in, when in reality His power operates from the inside out.

Our bodies are not only the shells in which we live, but they are the tabernacles, too, of the Most High. Does He not want them well and strong? The healing rays of His resurrection life do not shine on us from the outside, but *through us from within*.

The law of the Lord is *progression*. We are changed from glory to glory, but growth *toward* perfection is never perfection until the ultimate is reached. There is nothing perfect in the human, for perfection is found only in the Divine. We come to Him that we might have *life*, and that more abundantly.

This is how we take the whole being to the One who made it. We take it in consecration and surrender. We take it in yieldedness.

Then the vessel made of clay is left in the hands of the Heavenly Potter, who makes it yet another vessel after His pleasure. Though it may be broken, He won't throw it away. With what tenderness and love He reshapes us and imparts His very Self as the healing for our body, soul, and spirit.

EATING WITHIN

It is neither the evangelist nor the preacher who saves us. God may use an anointed servant to declare His truth, but no

hands—other than those of the Lord Himself—ever apply the blood of the everlasting covenant to the human heart.

The elders of the church may anoint with oil and lay on hands in the name of the Lord Jesus. The minister may give the broken bread and pass the cup of communion, but that does not necessarily mean the recipient receives the broken body and the shed blood of the Lord Jesus. The communicant must not only “eat the bread” and “drink the cup” of the Lord’s Supper, but must actually partake in *spirit* of the Lord’s Sacrifice, in order to fulfill the true purpose of this most holy and precious sacrament.

There is no formula for healing, nor is there any rule by which one can grow in grace. When we at last come to the end of self, when in condemnation of our fleshy natures—in contempt and disgust for the Adamic life that has brought us spiritual sorrow and physical pain—we fully yield ourselves, not merely our conduct, but *ourselves*, to the headship of our glorious Lord, then begins the life supernal.

It is not by imitation but by *participation* that we become of like nature, like substance with Him, “because as He is, so are we in this world” (1Jn 4:17).

This transformation so permeates the entire being, that bodily suffering is banished along with pain and anguish of heart, for whom the Son sets free, is free indeed! (Jn 8:36) His transforming glory is reflected in us as we are changed from glory to glory, until we awake in His blessed likeness.

Did the Lord not say, “Go and sin no more, lest a worse thing befall you”? Over and over again He linked external disease with the condition of the heart. He did not say, “How sick are you?” or “How much does it hurt?” but “Do you believe? Have you living faith within?” He was not concerned with the exterior condition, but always probed beneath “proud flesh” to the condition of the interior.

Instead of struggling and striving to bring about healing by this prescribed process, or by that method, it is much more pleasing—and infinitely more effective—to place the vessel back in the hands of the Maker.

We humans are prone to over-emphasize little things, neglecting the greater for the lesser. Where we eat and sleep, as well as other earthly matters, may receive divine guidance, but they are *not the ultimate* with God. He wants us to know *Him*, which is life eternal. He wants to lead us into heavenly realms.

We are concerned about the geographical aspect of our obedience. “Shall I go to this town, Lord? Shall we live here, or shall we live there?” It may be perfectly true that the Lord has a definite place for us, but it is of more importance that we live in the Spirit. With Jesus, the supreme thing was not whether He was in Judea or in Samaria, but that He was in the *center* of His Father’s will.

MY HOME IS GOD

Someone asked Jesus, “Master, where are you staying?”

Jesus replied, “Come and see.”

It was so unimportant, however, that no record was kept of the location of Jesus’ dwelling place. We do not know just where He was staying. The street was not given, nor was the number of the house. Was it in the city, or was it in the country? Perhaps it was beneath the outstretched arms of some forest tree. We do not know *where*, but we do know that His home was God! He came to do the *Father’s* will, and the Father’s will was *His* will!

We do know that He lived in implicit obedience: “Though He was a Son, yet He learned obedience by the things which He suffered” (Heb 5:8). “And being found in appearance as a

man, He humbled Himself and became obedient to the point of death, even the death of the cross” (Php 2:8).

May we not also say that sometimes our suffering leads us to the place of obedience? If that is so, should not we seek the Healer rather than the healing?

It may be human for us to deal with *effects*, and to constantly look on and pray for them, but it is not as pleasing to our Father as to ask for grace to examine the *cause*. That is why *what we are* is far more important than *what we do*. “I will lift up my eyes to the hills—from whence comes my help?” Certainly it is not from the hills! “*My help comes from the LORD, Who made heaven and earth*” (Ps 121:1–2).

We read about mountain-moving faith and immediately begin to look at the *mountains*, instead of seeking the *faith* that will move them.

He is the Author and the Finisher of our faith! If He *begins* it, and it *ends* in Him, why should we struggle to *manufacture* it, when He alone can impart faith?

Oh, how sweet is His lovely presence, and how marvelous beyond description are the exercise of His faith and the manifestation of His power. In ourselves, we can do nothing. Absolutely nothing!

We are concerned with attending to *external* details, and so weary in work, that we fail to hear the voice of Jesus say, “Come unto Me and rest! Lay down, thou weary soul, lay down, Thy head upon My breast!” It is then that we discover it is not *our* faith in Him, but *His faith operating in us*. It is not by the might of our prayer, nor by the powerful thundering of our entreaties, but by the beautiful moving of *His Holy Spirit*.

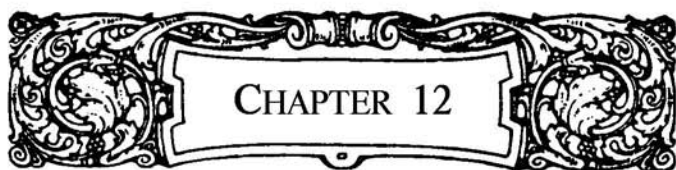
One of His dear children who had been healed in body, soul, and spirit, and who was a living miracle of the recreative power of our Lord, said, “It was when *I stopped* that

Jesus started!” How blessed it is to come to the point where we say, “I cannot, but *He can!*”

Be released unto God. Just let Him. He spoke the Word, and a universe was born. He said, “Let there be . . .,” and the oceans took their places. He spoke, and the stars shone bright in the firmament. All was done at His command. He has always been Sovereign. He still is today!

He is calling His children to completely relinquish all that they have, and all that they are. Then, as the darkness moves out, the light moves in. As self goes, He comes.

From within us begins to flow the “rivers of living water”—healing streams in the desert of our lives. The wilderness in us begins to rejoice, and the desert of our hearts is made to blossom as the rose!



LIVING WATERS

After the heat and toil of the day, we find rest and repose in sleep. Out of that sleep we awake with renewed strength for the tasks that lie ahead.

It is out of death also that we awaken. It was said of our Lord, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit" (Jn 12:24 ASV).

WE FIND REST

It was out of His death that the glorious harvest of Eternal Life blossomed! He Himself became the first-fruits of those who slept.

Without death there can be no resurrection. He does not impart His resurrection life to us because we *live* for Him, but because, for His sake, we are willing to *die* and allow *Him* to live His resurrection life *through us*.

God saw that the human race could not be divinely indwelt in its fallen state, lest by eating of the Tree of Life man would live forever in his fallen condition. *Death had to come.* The royal edict had gone forth, "The soul that sins shall die."

It was only in the new creation that Christ could indwell His people, and the Spirit of God take up His abode again within the human heart. So the typical sacrifices of the Old Testament, and the antetypical Sacrifice offered once and for all in the New Testament, took us not only into death—but *through* death—to the power of His resurrection!

It was for us that He suffered on the Cross of Calvary. It was for us that He died on the accursed Tree. He took us with Him to the cross and then into the grave. And, from the grave, into the dawning of the first Easter morning and the warm, eternal glow of resurrection life. Positionally, we are now seated with Him in heavenly places, for we are in Him, and He in us, the Christ!

At the time of His first advent, there was no room for Him in the inn. His preincarnate glory had filled the heavens. Yet, when he was to take upon Himself the form of man and, through the miracle of the incarnation, be born of a virgin, there was found no room for Him in the inn. There was no room because the rooms were already occupied!

Even so, in these days—at the time of His advent as the indwelling Christ—He will make our bodies His temples and will Himself tabernacle within these vessels of clay. But if the rooms are occupied, He will find no place within to take up His abode!

If only we could realize that His coming will bring life, light and health, we would not be so preoccupied with giving place to our selfish, fleshly desires so that He is crowded out. He who bore our sicknesses and sorrows would come to give us peace, rest and joy.

When He comes, will He find faith in the earth? One step farther—will He find faith in these earthen vessels?

If we would become less concerned about what we do, forget our petty bickerings about biblical interpretations, and open wide the gates of our beings to let the King of Glory in, we would hear once again the joyous music of angel choirs in the glory-world. All heaven would rejoice in such a surrender as that!

Do you believe Him enough to make room for Him?

FROM THE INSIDE OUT

He does not come as a postman, bringing gifts from the Father, leave them at our door, and then walk away! Some people would use the Bible like a mail order catalog. They ask the Father to give them what they want, and then expect the angelic messengers to bring them this, or to bring them that, to gratify their own desires and meet their needs.

The light that Christ brings does not shine from the outside in, but it radiates from the inside out. The gifts He imparts, He administers and operates.

He does not “give” light. He *is* Light! He does not impart health. He *is* Health.

It is the constant acknowledgment of His indwelling—recognizing that the life we now live in the flesh, we live *by faith in the Son of God*, who gave Himself for us and now dwells within us—that brings us into vital union with Him.

Room is made within us, by the Spirit, for the incoming Christ! Commensurate with our surrender and our death to self, His light, His life, and His love permeate every compartment of our being! Perhaps the transformation, at first, is only spiritual. Possibly the transformation is brought about by the operation of the Spirit within our spirit, bringing us light,

understanding, and the deep settled peace that always floods the life when He dwells within.

Following this experience of His grace manifested within our lives, the cup of His mercy overflows and the *physical body* begins to feel His resurrection life. Instead of struggle, it is rest. Instead of agonizing, it is peace. The consciousness that Christ is dwelling within, and that He has taken the government upon His shoulders, brings us into a blessed quietness before the Lord.

How many times, if only we would hear His voice, would He say, "*Be still and know that I am God.*"

One might say, "Yes, I believe that!" It is not enough to believe "that." Our troubles in days gone by has been just "that." We have accepted the *doctrine* as truth, when He is calling us to accept *Him* as the Truth.

It is not enough merely to know that in Christ is health, virtue, and saving power. We must be *indwelt by Him!* He does not *impart* virtue, apart from Himself. The miracle of healing is never separate from the Healer.

When our poor, diseased bodies and lives are transformed, it is only because our darkness is swallowed up in His light. He, as our Health, overcomes our sickness. He, as our Strength, absorbs all our weakness. We are strong *in Him*, for He does not, in the final analysis, make *us* strong, but He gives us *His* strength. His presence does it. We don't.

There is life in Jesus and in none other. Christ and Adam will not be joint tenants. Before the Second Adam will move in, the first Adam must move out. When the Light comes, the darkness must go.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

When people get sick, many go to a physician who tries to diagnose the case. When he arrives at his conclusion, he prescribes the remedy.

It is the *remedy* the patient wants. The doctor is only a means to the remedy. He takes out a little pad of blanks, writes down a prescription, and someone goes to the drug-store to return with some little white pills.

The patient's confidence is in the remedy. The sufferer looks for the power in the pills. The faith the patient places in the doctor is simply to hope that he knows the remedy and what he is doing when he writes the prescription. When the patient takes the pill, however, he settles back and waits for the pill to do its work.

How different it is with the Lord Jesus. The power is not in what He *prescribes*, it is not in doing this or that. It is not in knowing "how to receive healing." It is not in the healing virtue He imparts, but it is the *Person* of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

He sees us in our sick and sinful state of impurity. He knows the only remedy is holiness. We have read that, too, and have made the mistake of *struggling* to become holy. There is no such thing as holiness apart from *Him*. He does not leave holiness at the door of our hearts, and then move on and ask *us* to use it in the living of our lives!

We go to the altar to pray for sanctification and jump to our feet claiming, "Praise the Lord, the work is done."

However, He does not *give* sanctification to anyone. *He* is our sanctification. When His sanctification overflows our lives, we are truly sanctified in Him! "But of Him you are in Christ Jesus, who became for us wisdom from God—and righteousness and *sanctification* and redemption—that, as it

is written, “He who glories, let him glory in the LORD” (1Co 1:30–31).

Even so in divine healing, we do not “take a pill.” We do not prescribe to the patient: “Now do this and do that, and then the Lord will touch you with healing power.” It is not a question of being made right in our *own* righteousness, or ready with our own *readiness*, for in James 5:15 we read, “and if he has committed sins, he will be forgiven.”

What sufferers need, in all their unworthiness—and even in their sin—is to come in absolute surrender to the Lord and *let Jesus in!*

It is not what He *gives*—but who He is! He *is* Resurrection Life! He *is* Wisdom! He *is* Righteousness! He *is* Healing!

As He once led captivity captive, He will do it again in you and in me. As in the days of old, virtue flowed from Him into the woman who had an issue of blood, so once again, we too can feel the healing warmth of that glorious flow.

The virtue is not in what we do *for* Him. It does not go from us *to* Him. *It flows from Him through us!*

OUR VICTORY

This is the reason there must be death to self. We must acknowledge His Lordship and Headship.

Before the Fall, Adam had eternal life. God created him a living soul. When Adam severed his connection with the Author of Life, he fell under the sentence of death, and the Supreme Sacrifice became necessary to pay the penalty for sin and death.

Our blessed Lord chose to assume the form of man and to take the whole of humanity, which lay under the Adamic curse, with Him into death—even the death of the cross. Into

the grave He went, but then He ascended on high into glorious resurrection life!

Having consummated this tremendous redemptive work, the cry went ringing through the islands and continents for men to turn from their sinful ways and to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ! Accepting Him as their Savior, they were saved. Acknowledging Him as their Redeemer, they entered into redemption.

He took their death into His grave with Him and, coming forth triumphant from the darkened tomb, His voice rang forth—echoing down the corridors of time—“I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in Me, though he may die, he shall live. And whoever lives and believes in Me shall never die” (Jn 11:25–26).

To obtain resurrection life, we must believe in order to receive Him. We can't have it apart from Him. Obedience to New Testament precepts will no more avail than obedience to the Law of Moses. It is only by receiving Christ!

That is the great fundamental. It is the eternal essential. There is *no* other way. We must receive Him. If we receive Him, the self life has to go, for there cannot be two headships in one body. A two-headed creature is always a monstrosity, and there would be endless confusion and ultimate despair with two contradictory governments.

When self is surrendered, and we enthrone Christ as the Captain of our salvation, no longer does the child of redemption cry, “Soul, you have many goods laid up for many years; take your ease; eat, drink, and be merry,” but rather, “For me to live is Christ!” and “I have been crucified with Christ; it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me” (Gal 2:20).

Then comes the surge of that glorious life divine. It is not a struggle. It is rest. It is strength. It is healing, as well as power. Not the power of destructive explosives—but the irresistible power of His life and joy and peace.

People foolishly imagine they must strive and strain, groan and beg to measure up to a life in the high calling of God.

Does a river struggle to roll down hill? Does its water strive and strain as it gently flows to where the great arms of the sea are opened wide to receive it?

We are merely the riverbed, and *His life* is the river. He flows through us, constantly giving, imparting, radiating and infusing, until our very lives are hid with Christ in God. Our natures are transformed by His glorious nature divine. Our sicknesses, our sufferings, and our pain—can they maintain their grip in the warm flow of His love?

In God's deliverance, we find that He can be severe as well as loving. But in His severity there is always love! He will not allow us to take shortcuts, but His command is: "Slay utterly!" There is no other way. Our surrender must not be partial, it must be unconditional.

In *all* our ways, let us acknowledge Him, that He may direct our paths. If we do it just for convenience, or to receive healing, is it any wonder that the thing for which we pray is so many times withheld?

Doctors do not delight in cutting into "proud flesh" but must remove it entirely before healing virtue will come to any wound.

In dealing with the woman who came from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon (Mk 7), superficial thinking might declare that Jesus dealt rather cruelly with her. His words must have pierced her deeply, and one would naturally expect she would be wounded in her spirit because of what He said. But when

we look further into what He did, we find that His seeming severity was baptized in love and impregnated with His tender mercy.

We find that there are no shortcuts in ridding ourselves of the Adamic nature. This is the only way that the divine nature can come forth.

THE WAY TO VICTORY

Beneath the trees in the Garden of Gethsemane, Jesus cried, “If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.” And then, completely abandoning Himself to the Father and His purpose, He finished, “Nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done.”

The only way to the resurrection was through the Garden. The only way to His victory over the tomb was by the way of the cross. He must bring us to that place! “Because I live,” said He, “You too shall live.” But we know full well that His resurrection life in us must be preceded by our death!

Even the seemingly good side of our Adamic nature must be sacrificed with the acknowledged bad. Isaac was the son of promise, yet he had to be “sacrificed” in obedience to God’s command.

Can you hear the heart-cry of his adoring father, wrung from the very depths of his being? Was not Isaac his child of promise? And yet the Lord had said, “Slay him upon the altar of sacrifice.” Slay his “good” Isaac! Slay the child of promise! Here was a man who believed God, for he took that good, living sacrifice and climbed with him to the top of the mountain.

It was in and through Abraham’s obedience that the revelation came. The ram in the thicket was revealed. It was the revelation of a *substitute*, provided by God and therefore acceptable to Him. It opened wide the door to an experience

so stupendous that only the Holy Spirit can reveal it to us with all its implications.

The redemptive plan of our blessed Lord, to cleanse humanity for His indwelling, is not by some “get-well-quick” scheme. Even as there are “quack doctors” who advertise their potions in magazines and papers and who promise recovery for stipulated amounts, within a specified time, so also there are pseudo-religious leaders who have devout ways and systems of divine healing (so called), devised in other than God’s way.

There is only one way. That way is Christ!

Many times in history we have found confusion of tongues and the babble of voices as demagogues have cried this and proclaimed that. The Tower of Babel is not the only place where such confusion reigned.

THE LIVING WAY

In the days of Jesus’ earthly walk, the Pharisees cried, “Lo, here is truth!” and the Saducees, in contradiction said, “No, it is here.” Grecian philosophers had long proclaimed that they had the truth. However, the Lord silenced them all with His declaration, “I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man comes to the Father but by Me.”

There is no difference today. He is our Way. He is our Truth. He is our Life! There is no other Way. There is no other Truth. There is no other Life!

It is all very well to sing, “Jesus shall reign where’er the sun, doth his successive journeys run.” That is true to a degree, and the day is not far away when it will be gloriously fulfilled. But above and beyond that, our hearts should be continuously singing: “Christ liveth in me. Christ liveth in me! Oh! what a Salvation this, that Christ liveth in me!”

Flesh dies, and the Adamic nature must be crucified. It may hurt a bit to completely surrender, but that is where our Lord would bring us before He Himself can condescend to indwell these earthen vessels.

One under testing has been heard to cry, "I cannot bear this cross!"

The voice divine responded, "Do you want Me to take this cross away?"

Understanding, supernaturally quickened, revealed that if it were removed, a harder cross, and perhaps one to which she was not accustomed, might be substituted. She did not ask for its removal.

In a short time, however, there came the same, sweet voice, "Now, commit it unto Me."

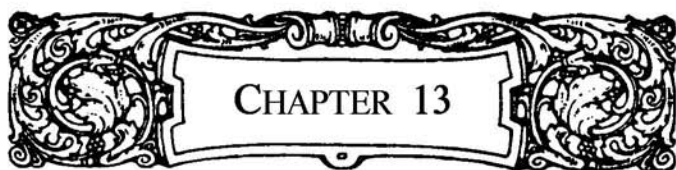
Then, with the committing, the light broke!—the glorious light of revelation that God Himself was rising to take action! Underneath, the Everlasting Arms were lifting, lifting, lifting, and with a surge of resurrection life, the *cross* became a *crown!*

What a privilege it is to surrender! How blessed it is to be invited to lay our all at the Master's feet. How poor our understanding compared to His. How faulty our Adamic wills are in the light of the divine will that was fulfilled in Christ Himself.

Beloved, there can be no shortcuts. The inspired Word declares that if any one tries to climb up any other way, the same is a thief and a robber, for the Lord Jesus Christ is the *only* door to God. No one can come to the Father but by Him. How sweet it is to reminisce as well as testify,

I've found a Friend, Oh, such a Friend,
 He loved me e'er I knew Him!
 He drew me with the cords of love,
 And thus He bound me to Him!

We love to speak, doctrinally, about the Father seeing *us* in Christ. But to my heart He whispers the truth that He would first see *Christ in us*.



THE LIVING WORD

Before Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, godly men of old looked to the written Word. God revealed Himself in supernatural ways to a chosen few, that they might write the inspired Scriptures for others to read and walk by the light of that Word.

The day came when the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. As the written Word was the *thought* of God, so the Living Word became the *embodiment* of that thought, expressed through the miracle of the incarnation, in the Person of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

That is why every throbbing, vital statement that left the lips of Jesus was impregnated with this truth: "I have come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly" (Jn 10:10). The words He spoke were Spirit and they were life. He was the "true Light which gives light to every man coming into the world" (Jn 1:9), for "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all" (1Jn 1:5), and those who follow

Him shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life!

We have read what He said and counted it beautiful. We have read about what He did and have called it wonderful. But oh, that our eyes might *see* the divinely appointed purpose of His ministry and that we might embrace with our hearts the fullness of His redeeming grace!

The written Word can never be read aright without the revealing light of the living word—the Word made flesh. The Word that came to live *among* us now has come to dwell *within* us!

He is our life. He is our healing. He is our strength. Not the word of the printed page, not our faulty interpretations of that written word; but the Word made flesh—the *living Word*. The Word of God once dwelt among us, but is now is the living Word who dwells within us!

Many have taken a few of His sentences and built marvelous sermons around them. He has become, to a great extent, an ideal—a pattern for our living, and an example for our conduct. That is fine as far as it goes, but it certainly misses the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Paul did not ask for wisdom to know more *about Him*, but from the hungry depths of his innermost being, he cried: “I count all things but loss... that I may *know Him*, and the power of His resurrection!” (Php 3:8–10)

It is this vital union with Christ that is vital to our spiritual life. We must stop our struggling to become “like Him.” There is no need to spend long hours reading the biography of a king when you are, at last, in his royal presence!

The woman at Samaria’s well was greatly concerned about where they were to worship God. Was it in Jerusalem, according to the Jews, or in the mountains of Samaria, as contended by the Samaritans?

Jesus said to her, “But the hour is coming, and now is, when the true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and truth; for the Father is seeking such to worship Him. God is Spirit, and those who worship Him must worship in spirit and truth” (Jn 4:23–24).

HE IS OUR LIFE!

He is the Way. He is the Truth. He is the Life! It is not the mental understanding, or the intellectual apprehension of these facts that bring joy unspeakable to the Christian’s heart. It is the experience of it that floods our spirits with His divine power and life.

All creation is groaning for its promised liberation. “For the earnest expectation of the creation eagerly waits for the revealing of the sons of God. . . . [T]he creation itself also will be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.” (Ro 8:19,21).

When at last our “pitchers” have been broken, His light will shine forth more gloriously than the light of the noonday sun. It will be the revelation of the Light of the World, who is Jesus, manifested through the lives of His surrendered and yielded children.

Time was when a wooden ark symbolized the presence and power of God. That day has gone. The Lord has written His law within our *hearts*. The incarnate Christ has been enthroned in the lives of the children of obedience.

The shout is already beginning to well up from within, and when at last the cry goes forth, the walls of the Jerichos of this world will come tumbling down! Just as the inhabitants of Jericho were amazed and confounded, so the world will stand in awe at the manifestation of the Sons of God.

The promises concerning Jesus include not only what He would *do*, but also what He would *be*. The miracle of His grace is not merely what He would do *for* us, but what He would become *in us*. It would have been wonderful indeed, had He come to show us a plan whereby we could *find* Salvation, but it is unspeakably precious when we realize He died to *become* that salvation!

Could a man receive salvation and refuse the Savior? Is there such a thing as Christianity without Christ? Could one ever be spiritual without the Spirit?

That is why our ecclesiastical rituals profit us nothing. Though man has made them substitutes for His lovely indwelling presence, and has tried to find sanctuary for his wounded spirit within the ceremony, He has often closed the door on the King of Glory.

One truth stands out in bold relief in the life and ministry of our Lord. It is the privilege of growth in the grace and knowledge of the things of God.

The Apostle Paul, in whose spirit the living Christ dwelt, proclaimed the same glorious truth and admonished us to *go on to maturity*. That maturity is not the development of human understanding, nor an increase in our intellectual knowledge concerning prophecy. It is, rather, the *unhindered outflow of the knowledge of Christ Himself*, giving us heart understanding and spiritual ability to *receive Him*.

The growth of the Christian life is, in reality, the increasing manifestation of *His life*. As in the natural world the identity of the bride becomes lost in the bridegroom, so it is with the Bride of Christ. She literally becomes a partaker of the divine nature.

“He who believes in Me, as the Scripture has said, out of his heart will flow rivers of living water” (Jn 7:38). The surge of resurrection life will cover body, soul and spirit, and the

divine virtues of our adorable Lord will outstrip everything we have received under the curse of the Law.

This provision includes healing. It means *more* than healing, it is the *perpetuation of health!* It means the continuous operation in us of His divine life.

CHRIST IS ALL

Oh, that the sheep of His pasture, so cruelly beaten by the forces of circumstance and environment, could once again hear the voice of the Good Shepherd, saying, “Come unto Me!”

An innumerable host of cults surround us, with their dogma and their private interpretations. Divine healers advertise their wares, promoting this method and that method, until the atoning sacrifice of our Lord is well-nigh measured out in classes and treatments—as if men could sell sunlight by the bottlefull! We’re bewildered with the multitude of contentious voices from every side, proclaiming this or that virtue.

In the days of old, what demands the Pharisees and Sadducees placed on the people before they would be accepted by the powers that be! They were required to give tithes. They must pray in public. They must do this and they mustn’t do that. With legalisms they bound them, and with chains of ritualism they enslaved them.

But when Jesus came, He swept aside their traditional belief. He upset the apple-cart of their preconceived and pre-established prejudices. He showed His disdain for their Sabbath laws and healed men because they needed His touch, whatever day it was.

His tender appeal was directed to the hearts and spirits of the suffering, the sinful, and the oppressed. “Come unto Me!”

He said. That was all. They were to lay their heads upon His breast.

There was no need to go through this gate or that door, for there was only one Door after Jesus came. There was only one Way. There was only one Life. There was only one Salvation, and that was in the Savior!

Directly they came to Him, there flowed from Him into them, from His illimitable fountains of virtue—life, health, strength, joy and peace! He was their everything! They needed nothing beside Him. Whether one be a self-righteous Nicodemus or a poor, broken Mary of Magdala, He was their illimitable Source of eternal supply, and in Him they found all their need.

How intellectual we have tried to be. With dignified phrases and meaningless platitudes we have shrouded the Person of Christ. Then with what seeming cleverness and ingenuity have we dug our own wells, only to find that the waters were “Marah” (bitter) and couldn’t satisfy.

In the “far country,” no prodigal can ever comprehend the sweetness of the rest and peace we enjoy in the Father’s house.

To let a man stay in the pigsty, though we give him an encyclopedia and textbooks on “How to be Happy, Well, Good, etc.,” will never lift him out of the stench of his surroundings, nor bring to him the peace that he craves in his heart! Neither will it do him any good to sit in submission, listening to lectures on the beauty of the world outside, intermingled with a little vehement scolding because he has gotten himself into the predicament he’s in.

No, there is only one thing. He, as well as we, must determine within the heart and declare, “I will arise and go to my Father!” Then, like the woman with an issue of blood, who pressed through the throng to the Lord’s side, we must push

aside people with their confusing voices, as we crowd our way through this group and that, until we stand face to face with Eternal Peace—the Lord Jesus Christ Himself!

The light from His lovely face warms the heart, and the doors of our spirit swing open to let “the Light of the World” stream in!

AS MANY AS RECEIVED

He says, “Give Me your poor, broken, wasted life, and in return I will give you Mine. Give Me your weakness—battered and bruised by man’s inhumanity to man and the cruelty of sinful circumstance—give it to Me, and I will give you My courage, My strength, and My power! I died that you might live, and now as you die to all that is self, I live in you. I surrendered to the will of God for you, and now you may surrender—absolutely and completely—to the will of the Father through Me.”

We left God in disobedience (in Adam all die). When we return in obedience (in Christ shall all be made alive), we come back to the direct care and keeping of the Creator, our Maker.

It is God’s will that His sheep not wander about in blind superstition, seeking first this and then that as a source of healing. It is His desire that each of His little ones come into direct contact, and live in union with the Christ, that all may come to the Father. All we must do is receive Him.

THE WELL OF GLORY

Receiving *Him* means giving up the right to one’s self. The heart that opens to the reign of Christ enters into the reality of His Presence.

The living, pulsating reality of His divine indwelling springs up within our innermost being like an artesian well of heavenly glory. It is effortless. It just *flows*. It permeates every fiber of the nature. We do not have to wait until the Gates of Pearl unfold before we are lost in wonder, love, and praise.

As the human spirit runs up the flag of unconditional surrender, the flesh gives in, and the Lord of Life is crowned as Sovereign. Christ is all, and in all, and throughout our being all that Christ *was*, He now becomes *in* us!

It is in Him we find our completeness. We turn from agonizing petitioning to realize that in finding Him is life and peace. Not only that, but we enjoy the continuous assurance that when the Christ of God dwells within, there is felicity, bliss, and heavenly joy, as out of the innermost being flows the rivers of living water that proceed from the throne of God.

If, perchance, the trials of the road become heavy, we learn to find our sufficiency not in human attainment, but in that faith, *THE FAITH OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST*, which works by love.

This faith will surmount every difficulty, be it physical, material, or spiritual. And this faith can be found only in the outworking of the indwelling Christ, for it is *in Him* and *through Him* that all our needs are met.