



"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16

The Sanctification of S. L. Brengle

THE GUEST OF THE SOUL

By Samuel Logan Brengle

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THE GUEST OF THE SOUL

A friend of mine said recently, "I like the term, 'Holy Ghost,' for the word Ghost in the old Saxon was the same as the word for Guest." Whether that be so or not, it may certainly be said that the Holy Ghost is the Holy Guest. He has come into the world and visits every heart, seeking admittance as a guest. He may come to the soul unbidden, but He will not come in unbidden. He may be unwelcome. He may be refused admission and turned away. But He comes. He is in the world like Noah's dove, looking for an abiding-place. He comes as a Guest, but as an abiding one, if received.

He forces Himself upon no one. He waits for the open door and the invitation.

He comes gently. He comes in love. He comes on a mission of infinite good will, of mercy and peace and helpfulness and joy. He is the Advocate of the Father and of the Son to us men. He represents and executes the redemptive plans and purposes of the Triune God. As my old teacher, Daniel Steele, (*a holiness scholar of renown Edit.*) wrote, "He is the Executive of the Godhead." The Holy Ghost convicts of sin. Men cease to be self-complacent when He comes.

Self-righteousness is seen to be a sheet too short to cover us; our moral and spiritual nakedness is exposed. Our

pride is rebuked and we are ashamed. Our self-conceit vanishes and we are abashed.

Our eyes are opened, and we see how self-deceived we have been – how un-Christlike in our tempers, how corrupt in our desires, how selfish in our ambitions, how puffed up in our vainglory, how slow to believe, how quick to excuse ourselves and justify our own ways; how far from God we have wandered, how unfit for Heaven we have become.

And He thus reveals us to ourselves in love that He may save us, as a wise and good physician shows us our disease in order to get our consent to be cured. But His supreme work of conviction is to convince us how hopelessly we miss the mark because we do not from the heart believe on and trust in Christ. This is the sin we do not recognize as sin until He convinces us of it: “Of sin, because they believe not on Me” (John xvi. 9).

The Holy Ghost convicts of righteousness. We no longer justify ourselves and condemn God. Our mouths are stopped. We see that God is true and righteous altogether, and in the presence of His holiness and righteousness, all our righteousness is seen to be as filthy rags. We can only cry, as did the leper, Unclean, I am unclean; oh, make me clean! “If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean!”

(Luke v. 12). And then we see that Christ Jesus was “wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed” (Isa. Liii. 5); that He “bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness” (i Peter ii. 24); that He “suffered for sins, the just for the unjust” (i Peter iii. 18); that God “hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him” (2 Cor. v. 21), that we might be able joyfully to sing:

O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

The Holy Ghost convicts of judgment; of judgment present, now – bound up with and accompanying our every act, word, thought, intent and motive, as our shadow accompanies our body; and of judgment to come – of judgment exact, final, irrevocable, from which there is no escape and no appeal. He convicts of judgment unto life: life full, complete, eternal; unto bliss: bliss overflowing, bliss ineffable, if we are found in Christ, approved of God; and of judgment unto banishment: banishment unto outer darkness, banishment eternal; judgment unto woe immeasurable, banishment into shame unutterable, the harvest of our pride, the reaping of our sin, if we are found out of Christ, disapproved of God. The seed may be small, but the harvest great. From little seeds mighty trees and vast harvests do grow.

When the Holy Ghost becomes the Holy Guest He opens the eyes of our understanding to understand the Scriptures. Without His aid the Bible is just literature, and some of it is dry and hopelessly uninteresting and not understandable literature. But when He removes the scales from our eyes and illuminates its pages, it becomes most precious, a new and living Book, in which God speaks to men in love, in promise, in precept, in types and symbols, in warning, rebuke, entreaty and always in love, to save. It reveals God. It comforts, rebukes, inspires, convicts, converts, and rejoices the heart. It is “sharper than any two-edged sword,” and proves itself to be “a discerner of the thoughts and intents [intentions and motives] of the heart” (Heb. iv. 12).

When the Holy Ghost becomes the Holy Guest in the yielded welcoming heart He dwells there ungrieved and with delight. “As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride” (Isa. Lxii. 5), so He rejoices over that soul, while the soul has sweet, ennobling, purifying fellowship and communion with its Lord. He illuminates that soul; purifies, sanctifies, empowers it; instructs it, comforts it, protects it, adjusts it to all circumstances and crosses, and fits it for effective service, patient suffering, and willing sacrifice.

Some time ago my dear friend and comrade of many years, Commissioner Sowton, who has since gone to Heaven, was passing through New York with his devoted wife. He had only recently got well settled in his appointment in

Australia, a country he enjoyed, where he felt at home, and whose people he had come to admire and love, when orders came to farewell and proceed to England to a new appointment.

To go from sunny Australia to foggy London in mid-winter was not pleasant; to leave a field and work and people he loved for the administration of men's social work, where all would be new and strange, was not what he expected or would have chosen; but he told me that the text, "Even Christ pleased not Himself" (Rom. xv. 3), kept whispering in his heart, and so with perfect and glad resignation, and in great peace, he and Mrs. Sowton were on their way to their new home and tasks.

As he told me this, his face was as serene as a summer's eve, and my own heart sensed the Divine calm that possessed him, and was refreshed and blessed. It was the indwelling Holy Guest who whispered those words to his heart and fitted him without murmuring into this providence of God, and made him so ready for service and so peaceful in sacrifice.

When the Holy Guest abides within, the soul does not shun the way of the Cross, nor seek great things for itself. It is content to serve in lowly as in lofty ways, in obscure and hidden places as in open and conspicuous places where waits applause. To wash a poor disciple's feet is as great a joy as to command an army, to follow as to lead, to serve as to rule – when the Holy Guest abides within the soul. Then the soul does not contend for or grasp and hold fast to place and power. It glories rather in fulfilling Paul's exhortation: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus," and it studies Paul's description and illustration of that mind:

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery [or a thing to be grasped after and held fast] to be equal with God: but made Himself of no reputation [emptied Himself, put off His glory and equality with God], and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross " (Phil. ii. 6-8).

And having thus glimpsed the mind, the character of Christ, the soul yields itself eagerly to the Holy Guest to be conformed to that mind. That is its ambition, its whole desire, its joy and exceeding great reward. To do the will of the Master, to please Him, to win souls for Him, to serve and suffer and sacrifice for Him and with Him, is its great business; but to be like Him, to live in His favour, in fellowship and friendship with Him, is its life, its great and solemn joy.

When a guest comes into my home – a guest high-minded, wise, large of soul, pure of heart, generous in impulse – he imparts to me something of his own nobility. Mean things look meaner, low things sink lower, base things seem baser to his presence, and whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise" (Phil. iv. 8), these are the things upon which I would think and about which I would converse; these and these only are the worth-while things in his ennobling presence. But if this be so when a mere man, however upright and holy, comes in, how much more when God the Holy Ghost comes in!

Some people lay great stress upon the second coming of Christ as an incentive to fine and holy living, and I would not minimize this ; but Jesus said: "At that day," when the Comforter has come in as the Holy Guest -- "at that day ye shall know that I am in My Father, and ye in Me, and I in you" (John xiv. 20). In other words: when the Holy Guest abides within, the Father and the Son are there too; and what finer, more searching and sanctifying incentive to holy living can one have than this indwelling presence of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, as Guest of the Soul?

Finally, the great work of this Holy Guest is to exalt Jesus; to glorify Him who humbled Himself unto the shameful and agonizing death of the cross; to make us to see Him in all His beauty; to knit our hearts to Him in faith and love and loyalty, conform us to His image and fit us for His work.

The Holy Ghost as Guest within us does not concentrate our attention upon His own Person and work, but upon Jesus and His work and sacrifice for us. He does not glorify Himself. He whispers continually of Christ and His example. He points us to Jesus. He would have us consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus; who was faithful" (Heb. Iii. 1,2). He would have us "consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest "-- when we are tired and harassed – lest we "be wearied and faint in" our "minds" (Heb. Xii. 3), and feel our cross too heavy to bear. "Even Christ pleased not Himself," whispered He to my friend, who heard

the sweet whisper and was content to follow and be as the Master.

When, after having been a Methodist pastor, I joined The Salvation Army, in the Training College I was set to black the boots of ignorant Cadets. I was tempted to feel it was a dangerous waste of my time, for which my Lord might hold me to account as He did the man who buried his talent, instead of putting it out at usury. Then the Holy Guest whispered to me of Jesus, and pointed me to Him washing the weary and soiled feet of His lowly disciples; and as I saw Jesus I was content. Any service for Him and His lowly ones, instead of abasing, exalted me.

What we need evermore, in every place, at all times, in prosperity and adversity, in health and in sickness, in joy and sorrow, in sunshine and shadow, in wealth or grinding poverty, in comfort and distress, in the fellowship and love of friends and in desolation and loneliness, in victory and defeat, in liberty or in prison, in deliverance or temptation, in life and in death; what we need and shall ever need, is to see Jesus, and, seeing Him, to walk in His footsteps, who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth: who, ... when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously (1 Peter ii. 22, 23).

And this the Holy Guest delighteth to help us to do as we watch and pray,” as we “trust and obey.” To those, and those only, who obey Jesus is this Holy Guest given (Acts v. 32), and when He is given it is that He may abide as Comforter, Counsellor, Helper, Friend.

Chapter 4

THE TRIAL OF FAITH WROUGHT INTO EXPERIENCE

The world owes an immeasurable debt to Christianity for its treasures of music and song. Jesus sang (Matt. Xxvi. 30). Oh, to have heard Him! And in his Letters, especially, to the Ephesians and Colossians, Paul exhorts the Christians to speak to themselves, “teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord,” and making melody in your hearts to the Lord” (Col. iii. 16; Eph. v. 19). They were to sing to be heard not of men only, but of the Lord Himself.

Every great revival of religion results in a revival of singing and of the composition of both music and song. The Franciscan revival in the thirteenth century was marked by exultant singing. And so it was in the days of Luther, of the Wesleys, of William Booth, and of Moody. And so it will always be.

The joys, the faith, the hopes and aspirations, the deepest desires, the love and utter devotion, and the sweet trust of the Christian find noblest and freest expression in music and song. And yet it is probable that in no way do people more frequently and yet unconsciously stultify, befool and deceive themselves, and actually lie to each other and to God, than in the public singing of songs and hymns.

Languidly, lustily, thoughtlessly in song they profess a faith they do not possess, a love and devotion their whole life falsifies, a joy their lack of radiance on the face and of light in the eye contradicts. They sing, “Oh, how I love Jesus!” while their hearts are far from Him, with no intention of doing the things that please Him; or:

I’ve wondrous peace through trusting,
A well of joy within;
This rest is everlasting,
My days fresh triumphs bring --
while they are restless and defeated; or:
Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise --

while they live selfishly and spend much of their time in murmurings and complainings, instead of in praise.

It is a solemn thing to stand before God and sing such songs.

We should think. A hush should be upon our spirits, for we are standing upon holy ground, where mysteries are all about us, enshrouding us, while the Angel of the Lord looks upon us through pillar of cloud and fire, and devils leer and lurk to entrap and overthrow us.

Nearly fifty years ago, at The Salvation Army's Training Home, at Clapton, we Cadets were singing:

My will be swallowed up in Thee;
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face.
Called the full strength of trust to prove ...
and there my heart cried out,
"Yes, Lord, let me prove the full strength of trust!"

And then I was hushed into deep questioning and prayer, for a whisper within me, deep within, asked: "Can you, will you, endure the tests, the trials, that alone can prove the full strength of trust?"

A feather's weight may test the strength of an infant or an invalid, but heavier and yet heavier weights alone can test the full strength of a man. Will you bear patiently, without murmuring or complaining or fainting, the trials I permit to come upon you, which alone can prove the full strength of your trust and train it for larger service and yet greater trials?"

My humbled heart dared not say, "I can," but only, "By Thy grace I will." And then we continued to sing:

My will be swallowed up in Thee
Let all my quickened
heart be love, My spotless life be praise.

And my whole soul consented to any trial which the Lord in His wisdom and love might permit to come upon me. I willed to be wholly the Lord's; to endure, to "bear up and steer right onward" in the face of every tempest that might blow, every whelming sea that might threaten to engulf me, every huge Goliath who might mock and vow he would destroy me. I was not jubilant: my soul was awed into silence, but also into strong confidence and a deep rest of quiet faith.

I felt sure from that hour that if I was to do a man's work, to be a saint or soldier of Christ, a winner of souls, and a conqueror on life's battlefields, then I was not to be a pampered pet of the Lord: that I must not expect favours; that my path was not to be strewn with roses; that acclaiming multitudes were not to cheer and crown me; that I must walk by faith, not sight; that I must be faithful and hold fast that which God had given me; that I must still pray when Heaven seemed shut and God not listening; that I must rejoice in tribulation and glorify any Lord in the fire; that I must keep hot when others grew cold; that I must stand alone when others ran away; that I must look to no man for my example, but that I myself should seek always to be an example to all men; that I must stand on instant guard against the lure of the world, the insurgence and insistence of the flesh and the wiles of the Devil; that I must not become sarcastic, cynical, suspicious, or supercilious, but have the love that thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth; that I must not be seduced by flattery, nor frightened by frowns. I felt that, while esteeming others better than myself (Phil. ii. 3), and in honour preferring others before myself (Rom. Xii. 10), and while I was not to be wise in my own conceits (Rom. Xii. 16), yet I was in no sense to permit my own personality to be submerged in the mass; that I must be myself, stand on my own feet, fulfill my own task, bear my own responsibility, answer at last for my own soul, and stand or fall, when the Judgment books are opened, by my own record.

That moment when we sang those words was to me most solemn and sacred, and not to be forgotten. There God set His seal upon my consenting soul, for service, for suffering, for sacrifice.

From that moment life became a thrilling adventure in fellowship with God, in friendship and companionship with Jesus. Everything that has come into my life from that moment has, in some way, by God's sanctifying touch and unfailing grace, enriched me. It may have impoverished me on one side, but it has added to my spiritual wealth on the other, as Jacob's withered thigh, Joseph's slavery and imprisonment, Moses' enforced banishment from Pharaoh's court, and Paul's thorn and shipwrecks and stonings and imprisonments, enriched them.

Pain has come to me, but in it I have always found some secret pleasure and compensation.

Sorrow and bereavement have thrown me back upon God and deepened and purified my joy in Him.

Agony, physical and mental, have led to some unexpected triumph of grace and faith, some enlargement of sympathy and of power to understand and bless others. Loss and gain, loneliness and love, light and darkness, trials and things hard or impossible to understand – everything has brought its own blessing as my soul has bowed to and accepted the yoke of Jesus and refused to murmur or complain, but has received the daily providences of life as God's training school for faith, for patience, for steadfastness and love.

Paul was right – and my soul utters a deep Amen – when he wrote: “All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose” (Rom. VIII. 28). Listen to Paul's record of some of the “all things” which worked together for his good. He had been ridiculed and treated with scorn by his enemies as an Apostle and minister, and he replies:

Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I am more; in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often [long and dangerous, over bandit infested roads], in perils of waters [on stormy seas and icy mountain torrents and unbridged rivers], in perils of robbers [in Balkan hills and Cilician mountain passes], in perils by mine own countrymen [the Jews were always lying in wait for him in every city], in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness [long journeys wearied him, and stonings, beatings, whippings and holding on grimly to a spar after shipwreck, while the surges of the sea beat upon him to and fro for a night and a day, must have meant excruciating pain], in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness.

Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches 2 Cor. xi. 23-28.

What a list of “all things,” and yet it is not complete! A study of his Corinthian Letters reveals much more of his mental and spiritual trials and conflicts which meant unmeasured suffering to his sensitive soul, so chaste in its purity, so keenly alive to all the finest and loftiest views of life, and so hungry for human as well as Divine love and fellowship. This is the man who glories in his tribulations, because they work in him patience, experience, hope (Rom. v. 3, 4), and declares that in all things he is more than conqueror (Rom. VIII. 37). Indeed, he calls these things a “light affliction, which is but for a moment” (2 Cor. iv. 17).

He looks at them in the light of Eternity and they are so swallowed up in that vastness, that infinitude, that he says they are “but for a moment.” And then he adds that this affliction “worketh for us” -- our slave, working out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal [fleeting, soon to pass away and be forgotten] but the things which are not seen are eternal (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18).

Paul says, “We know” -- his uncertainties, doubts, fears, questionings, had all vanished, being swallowed up in knowledge -- “we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.”

But how did he know? How had Paul reached such happy assurance? He knew by faith. He believed God, and light on dark problems streamed into his soul through faith.

He knew by joyful union with the risen Christ, who had conquered death and the grave. This union was so real that Christ's victory was his victory also.

He knew in part by experience. Paul had suffered much, and by experience he had found all things in the past working for his good, enriching his spiritual life through the abounding grace of his Lord; and this gave him assurance for “all things” and for all the future. Nothing could really harm him while he was in the Divine will, in the eternal order; while he was a branch in the living Vine, a member of Christ’s body (Rom. Xii. 5; i Cor. Xii. 20-27).

Listen to him:

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us (Rom. Viii. 35,37).

Hear him again:

We glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us (Rom. v. 3-5).

Hear him yet once more:

I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord (Rom. Viii. 38, 39).

Any and everything, present and future, which wrought in him patience, experience of God’s love, and hope, he was sure was working for his good, and he welcomed it with rejoicing, for it came bearing gifts of spiritual riches. That is how he knew. We may believe what is revealed in the Bible about this, and enter into peace, great peace; but we come to know, as did Paul, by putting God and life to the test – by experience.

I happened to be present when a young wife and mother was weeping bitter tears of anguish. An older wife and mother, with a face like the morning, full of Heaven’s own peace, who had herself wept bitter tears of anguish, put her arms around the younger woman and in tender and wise words of perfect assurance comforted her. And as I noted the gentleness, the wisdom, the calmness, the moral strength of the elder woman, I thought to myself, “Ah, her trials that were so painful, her tears that were so bitter, worked for her good; left her enlarged in heart, enriched in experience and knowledge, sweetened in character, wise in sympathy, calm in storm, perfect in peace, with a spirit at home and at rest in God while yet in the body.”

And I looked forward with joy in the hope that the younger woman, believing on Jesus, patiently submitting to chastenings and trials as opportunities for the exercise and the discipline of faith, would enter into an experience of God’s love and faithfulness that would leave her spirit for ever strengthened, sweetened, enriched, and fitted to comfort and strengthen others. And so, after years, it proved to be.

Our true good in this and all worlds is spiritual; and trials, afflictions, losses, sorrows, chastenings, borne with patience and courage and in faith, will surely develop in us spiritual graces and “the peaceable fruit of righteousness” (Heb. Xii. 11) which are never found in those who know no trial or sorrow, whose sky is never overcast, whose voyage over life’s sea is never troubled by storm and hurricane, whose soldiering is only on dress parade and never in deadly battle, or who, facing storm or battle, flee away and so escape it.

Holiness of heart does not insure us against those untoward and painful things which try our faith, but it does prepare us for the trial; while the patient endurance of trial reveals to ourselves, to angels, to devils, to men, the reality of our faith and the purity and integrity of our hearts and the grace and faithfulness of our Lord.

When Abraham was tried in the offering up of Isaac, “the angel of the Lord” said, “Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me” (Gen. Xxii. 12).

And again and again the most obstinate opponents of Christianity have been conquered by the patient endurance and the radiant joy of suffering Christians. It was not only so in the days of far-off persecutions – in Rome, when Christians were thrown to the wild beasts, roasted over slow fires, tortured in every conceivable way; but in our own day, and in the history of the Salvation Army, the blood of the martyrs, the patience and triumphant joy of our

soldiers, have won the hardest sinners to Jesus.

Paul looked upon his sufferings as a part of the sufferings of Christ, as though Christ's sufferings did not end upon the cross, but were completed in the sufferings of His disciples. Paul writes: I now "rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the church" (Col. i. 24).

Happy are we if we can receive all suffering in that spirit, whether it be suffering of body, mind or soul. It will then work for our good and through us for the good of others, whether or not we can understand how it is to do so.

It will purge us of vanity; it will deepen us in humility, enlarge us in sympathy, and make us more fruitful in the graces of the Spirit.

How bitter that cup no tongue can conceive,
Which He drank quite up that sinners might live.
His way was much rougher and darker than mine:
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?
Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!

Chapter 5

A PERFECT-HEARTED PEOPLE

God is looking for people whose hearts are perfect towards Him a perfected-hearted people; so there is a kind of perfection required of His people by God.

A friend of mine asked me some time ago whether I believed in and taught perfection. I replied that that depended upon what he meant by the term "perfection."

If he meant absolute perfection, I did not; nor did I believe in the possession by men of angelic perfection; nor yet in their realizing such perfection as Adam must have originally possessed.

God alone is absolutely perfect in all His attributes, and to such perfection we can never hope to attain. Then there is a perfection possessed by the angels, which we shall never have in this world.

Adam also had certain perfections of body and mind which are out of our reach.

There is, however, a perfection which we are given to understand God requires in us. It is a perfection not of head but of heart; not of knowledge, but of goodness, of humility of love, of faith.

Such a perfection God desires us to have, and such a perfection we may have.

In saying this I cannot be accused of being a crank or a fanatic, for I am proclaiming only the plain, simple truth as it is revealed in God's word, and we ought to desire to rise up to all the privileges God has conferred upon us.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," said Jesus (Matt. v.48). What sort of perfection is this which we are to possess? God is a Spirit; we are simply men and women. And further, "No man hath seen God at any time" (John i. 18). How then are we to know what that perfection is which He requires of us – a perfection which it is possible for men and women to manifest? In this, Jesus is our pattern. It is true that no man hath seen God at any time," but the only begotten Son He hath declared Him" (John i. 18) – that is, manifested the Father's nature and perfections in a human life which we can see and understand.

This perfection of heart, of purity, of goodness, was seen in Jesus in several particulars, and in these we are to follow His example.

First: We are to be perfectly submitted to God. We are to come to the place where we no longer fight against God's will; where we do not complain, nor talk back, nor resist, but yield in perfect submission to all His will.

In the terrible General Slocum disaster in New York Harbour some years ago, almost all the mothers and children of one church lost their lives. The next Sunday the bereaved fathers and husbands came to the church, and the pastor, who had lost his whole family, rose and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord" (Job i. 21). These men were perfectly submissive to God in their hearts, and they did not fail God in the hour of their suffering and trial, and fight against His providences.

It is possible to be submitted to God in this way. We may not understand God's providences, but we can say "Amen" to them from our hearts.

Second: Like Jesus, we may perfectly trust God. We may possess a confidence in God that holds out in ways which we do not understand, like the confidence that a very little child has in its parents ; that will trust with all the heart.

Job was rich, prosperous and happy. Then trouble came. He was afflicted, he lost his children, he lost his property, and his herds were carried off by marauders.

And what did Job do? He did not complain and blame God, but said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And when his backslidden wife advised him to curse God and die, Job defended God's way and said, "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" And "in all this did not Job sin with his lips" (Job ii. 10).

Then his friends tried to shake his confidence, and Job – afflicted, full of pain, poor, and bereaved of his children – seemed to be forsaken by God; but he looked up from his ash heap and exclaimed, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job xiii. 15).

It is always so with the perfect-hearted man. I want my friends to trust me, and if they failed to do so when I was out of their sight it would break my heart. So God wants us to trust Him where we cannot see Him.

Paul and Silas, on one of their missionary journeys, were arrested and placed in one of those loathsome Roman prisons – in the inmost, wet, slimy, foul dungeon – with the wounds on their backs from the scourging they had just received gaping wide, and with their feet in the stocks. But they did not worry and complain and determine to go home when they were released. They sang and praised the Lord.

That is the kind of spirit God wants His people to possess ; a spirit that will rejoice with a perfect trust in Him under adversity.

Third: God desires His people to be perfect in love; to love Him perfectly. We are not expected to love God with the heart of an archangel, for we are only poor humble men with limited power to love, but God does expect us to love with all our hearts – with all our power to love.

The little child is to love with all its power; and as the powers develop and grow, our love is to develop and grow apace with our power to love; but we are always to love with all the heart.

Fourth: There must be perfect loyalty. Love is not an emotion – a happy feeling; it is not something on the surface; it is a deep principle, revealing itself in perfect loyalty to God.

What constitutes a perfect son or a perfect wife? Here is a big, ignorant young man. He could not shine in a drawing room. He is hard-working, rough, uncultured, and awkward, and in the eyes of the world is a most imperfect man. But he has a dear old mother whom he loves. He works to give her his meagre wages at the end of the week; he carries up the coal; and when his day's work is done he comes home to cheer his old mother with his presence. He does all he can to make her latter days comfortable and happy.

Now he is a very imperfect man, but his mother would tell you with pride, "He is my perfect son." What makes him a perfect son? Perfect loyalty to his old mother.

So a man has a perfect heart when it beats in perfect loyalty to God – wholly yielded up to fulfil all His purposes. He may be very imperfect as a man, and his imperfections may be apparent to every one; he may blunder and make many mistakes; he may be ignorant and uncultured – yet God looks down and counts him a perfect-hearted man. When God sees a heart perfect in loyalty to Him, He overlooks many mistakes and blunders of the head.

Fifth: God also requires of us perfect obedience. Our performance may not always be perfect, but our spirit may be perfect.

My little boy, with his heart beating high to help his papa and do what I want him to do, goes into the garden to pull the weeds from among the vegetables; but he comes to the corn, and he doesn't know the difference between corn and weeds, and while pulling up the weeds he also pulls up my corn.

When I come home he runs to me, with eyes dancing, bursting to tell me how he has helped me by weeding the garden. I go out and find that, while he has weeded the garden, he has also pulled up my sweet corn. But I see that he has done it with a heart full of desire to please his father, and that the trouble has not been with his heart, but with his ignorant little head; and, seeing his perfect little heart, I press him to my breast and call him my little man. This is the kind of perfection God wants in us – perfect obedience of the heart.

God's eyes are in all parts of the earth, seeking for men with hearts perfect toward Him, in submission, in trust, in love, in obedience; and when He finds such a man He reveals Himself to Him and shows Himself on behalf of that man.

Now let me ask you, what kind of heart have you? Have you submitted to Him? Have you consecrated yourself wholly to Him? Have you put all your powers at His disposal? Have you let Him have all His way with you? How anger and pride and selfishness and uncleanness must grieve Him! The perfect-hearted man has put all these things away.

How can I put away these things that seem to be a part of my very being? How can I change the colour of my eyes or add a cubit to my stature? I cannot! Work as I will, I shall always fail to change my moral nature. But God can. It is His work.

If we go down before Him in complete humility and say, "Lord, I am willing to have my heart changed. Though it may mean that I shall be despised and hated and persecuted, I will take up my cross; I will crucify myself. I am willing that my selfishness and pride and hate and uncleanness shall be taken from me, and that Thou shalt reign in me and create in me a clean heart, perfect in its love, submission, loyalty, trust, and obedience" -- if we will say that to Him, He will answer our prayer to-day, now, this moment, if we will but believe.

Chapter 7

LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD-AFTER SEVENTY YEARS (4)

Seventy years are less than a pinpoint in the vastness of God's Eternity, but they are a long, long time in the life of a man. When I was a child a man of seventy seemed to me to be as old as the hills.

I stood in awe of him. No words could express how venerable he was. When I looked up to him it was like looking up to the snowy, sun-crowned, storm-swept heights of great mountains.

And now, having lived threescore years and ten, I feel as one who has scaled a mighty mountain, done an exploit, or won a war. What toil it has involved! What dangers have been met and overcome! What dull routine; what thrilling adventure! What love, what joy and sorrow, what defeats and victories, what hopes and fears; what visions and dreams yet to be fulfilled! And the River not far away, yet to be crossed. "My soul, be on thy guard!" I remember and marvel.

And yet I feel I am but a child. At times I feel as frisky as a boy and I have stoutly to repress myself to keep from behaving frivolously as a boy, and I hear my friend and brother, mentor and companion of half a century, Paul, saying: "Aged men be sober, grave, temperate" (Titus ii. 2). Then again I feel as old as I am. The leaden weight of seventy years presses heavily upon me.

I look back and it seems like centuries since I was a care-free little lad; then some vivid memory will leap up within me, and the seventy years seem like a tale of yesterday and I am again a wee little boy with the tousled head,"

playing around the flower-embowered cottage in the tiny village by the little Blue River where I was born.

The average age of man is much less than seventy years, so I am a left-over from a departed generation. But while the snows of seventy winters are on my head, the sunshine of seventy summers is in my heart. The fading, falling leaves of seventy autumns solemnize my soul, but the resurrection life upspringing in flower and tree, the returning song-birds, the laughing, leaping brooks and swelling rivers, and the sweet, soft winds of seventy springtimes gladden me.

A history of the world during the seventy years would show such an advance socially, politically, educationally, economically, scientifically and morally as has not been seen during any previous thousand years of recorded history. People without a background of knowledge of history may dispute this, but desperate as are the moral, social and economic conditions of great masses of men to-day, those who know the story of the ages will not dispute it.

Woman no longer has to be mistress and plaything of prime ministers and kings to influence the political destinies of nations; she now sits as man's equal in parliament and senate, proclaims from pulpit and platform the Gospel of God's holiness and redeeming love, and is mistress of her own fortune and person.

Childhood is protected by law. The white slave traffic, while still carried on, is outlawed by civilized nations. Human slavery and serfdom have been swept away among all but the least advanced peoples. Africa has been opened to the light of civilization and the Gospel, and its open sores are being healed. The cannibal islands have been evangelized, and shipwrecked sailors and missionaries are safe on their shore.

When I was a child it took weeks to communicate with Europe, and months to reach Asia. To-day King George speaks words of welcome in London to the peace envoys of nations, and the whole world listens in." We in America hear his royal voice five hours before he spoke, according to our clocks! Admiral Byrd at the South Pole speaks, and we hear him over twelve thousand miles of land and sea before his voice could reach his companion one hundred feet away! Time and space are conquered, and the whole world has become one vast whispering gallery since I was a child.

Diseases which had scourged mankind from time immemorial are now being banished from the earth. War, as the policy of nations, is renounced and denounced. Open diplomacy is an accomplished fact.

Wealth is now looked upon as a trust for humanity. Instead of fitting out pirate ships and ravaging the coasts of China as men would have done long ago, Mr. Rockefeller gives millions to establish one of the most beautiful and up-to-date hospitals and medical schools in the world in Peiping, and untold millions are cabled across the ocean to feed the starving peoples.

When I consider the vanishing darkness, the toppling thrones, the crumbling empires, the fallen crowns, the outlawed tyrannies, the mastery of nature's secrets, the harnessing of her exhaustless energies, the penetration of all lands with the story and light of the Gospel, which I have witnessed in my day, I can but feel that I was born at the beginning of the end of the Dark Ages.

But, while the light increases and widens, the darkness still comprehends it not. And while God's "truth is marching on," "evil men and seducers" wax worse, become more and more self-conscious and class-conscious and organize and mass themselves to fight against God and His Christ and His saints and soldiers more subtly and determinedly than at any time since the days of the Roman persecutions and the Spanish Inquisition; and this may result in:

Vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time ...
And throned races may degrade.

This makes me wish for the strength of youth that I might share in the battles yet to be. But that is denied me. I must go on, like Tennyson's ships, "to the haven under the hill." But I go on serene in unshaken confidence that the flood, in spite of all eddies, flows onward not backward, that the light will evermore increase and that any triumph of "evil men and seducers" will be short.

Many of God's children are longing for Jesus to come in Person, visibly to lead on His hosts to victory. But ever

since that wonderful morning forty-five years ago when He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire, purifying my heart and revealing Himself within me, I have felt that He meant to win His triumphs through dead men and women – dead to sin, to the world, to its prizes and praises; and all alive to Him, filled with His Spirit, indwelt by His presence, burning with His love, glad with His joy, enduring with His patience, thrilled with His hope, daring with His self-renunciation and courage, being consumed with His zeal; all conquering with His faith, rejoicing in “the fellowship of His sufferings,” and gladly made “conformable unto His death.” I expect the true Vine to show forth all its strength, its beauty, its fruitfulness through the branches.

I do not expect the love of the Father, the eternal intercession of the risen and enthroned Son, the wise and loving and ceaseless ministry of conviction, conversion, regeneration and sanctification of the Holy Ghost, the prayers, and preachings and sacrifice and holy living of the soldiers of Jesus and saints of God, to fail. Jesus is even now leading on His hosts to victory, Hallelujah!

I cannot always, if ever, comprehend His great strategy. My small sector of the vast battlefield may be covered with smoke and thick darkness. The mocking foe may be pressing hard, and comrades may fear and falter and flee, and the enemy may apparently triumph as he did when Jesus died, and when the martyrs perished in sheets of flame, by the sword and headman’s axe, mauled by the lion’s paw, crunched by the tiger’s tooth and slain by the serpent’s fang. But the enemy’s triumph ever has been and ever will be short, for Jesus is leading on and up, ever on, ever up, never backward, never forward, ever toward the rising sun. Revivals, resurrection life and power, are resident in our religion. A dead church, a dead Salvation Army corps, may, when we least expect, flame with revival fire, for Jesus, though unseen, is on the battlefield, and He is leading on. “I am with you always, even unto the end of the world” (Matt. XXviii. 20).

In the lonely and still night, while others sleep, He stirs some longing soul to sighs and tears and strong cryings and wrestling prayer. He kindles utter, deathless devotion in that soul, a consuming jealousy for God’s glory, for the salvation of men, for the coming of the Kingdom of God; and in that lonely and still night and out of that travail, that agony of spirit, mingled with solemn joy, a revival is born. Behold, “the kingdom of God cometh not with observation” (Luke xvii. 20). There may be no blast of trumpets, no thunder of drums, no flaunting of flags. The revival is born in the heart of some lonely, longing, wrestling, believing, importunate man or woman who will give God no rest, who will not let Him go without He blesses. Bright-eyed, golden-haired, rosy-cheeked dolls can be made by machinery and turned out to order, but living babies are born of sore travail and death agony. So revivals may be simulated, trumped up, made to order, but not so do revivals begotten by the Holy Ghost come.

Three local officers of The Salvation Army were concerned about the spiritual life of their corps.

Souls were not being saved. They agreed to spend time in prayer. Saturday night they did not go home. Sunday they were not in the meetings. No one knew where they were. Sunday night there was a great “break” among the sinners and lukewarm Christians. Many souls were at the penitent-form.

Many tears were shed. All hearts seemed moved and softened. About ten o’clock at night, with tears streaming down their faces, these three local officers came from under the platform where they had spent Saturday night and all day Sunday in prayer. That was the secret of the great meeting.

Seventy years have passed over my head, fifty-seven of which I have spent in the service of my Lord, and forty-three with The Salvation Army; and the experience and observation of these years confirm me in my conviction that revivals are born, not made, and that God waits to be gracious and aid and answer prayer.

I was converted one Christmas Eve at the age of thirteen, and I have never looked back, though I side-stepped and faltered a bit at times in my early years. Immediately I joined the Church, yielded loyally to its discipline, kept its rules, and though I had not the Blessing of a Clean Heart I felt keenly that I must not prove false or do anything that would bring reproach upon the Church or the cause of Christ. When I was fifteen years old, my mother slipped away to be with the Lord, and I became homeless for the next twelve years, with no one to counsel me; but this loyalty to the rules of the Church safeguarded me.

For five years I taught a Sunday School class, and at the age of twenty-three I became a pastor, with four preaching places on my circuit, in three of which we had blazing revivals. Although not sanctified, I preached all the truth I knew with all my might, and believed what I preached with all my heart, and God blessed me, for He always has

blessed and ever will bless such preaching.

When He gloriously sanctified me my knowledge and keen perception of truth were greatly enlarged and quickened, and my preaching became far more searching and effective. And now for forty-seven years God has been giving me revivals with many souls. This has been the glad and consuming ambition of my life. Place, promotion, power, popularity have meant nothing to me as compared with the smile of God and the winning of men to Him. Hallelujah! And this has enabled me to give myself wholly and effectively to my job without thought of what my job would give to me; and I shout Amen to my Lord's word: "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts xx. 35).

Many kind and generous things have been said to me and about me, but the greatest compliment ever paid me was by General William Booth, when, on two different occasions, he said to me, Brengle, you are equal to your job"; a job [5] to which he appointed me, and in which he took special interest. Since I knew his tongue was not that of an oily flatterer, and that he was not carrying flowers around for promiscuous presentation, I rejoiced; for one of my great desires was to gladden his heart, so often wounded, to put my full strength so far as possible under his vast burden, and to ease his anxieties where some others failed him.

The greatest compliment ever paid to my work was by Commissioner Hay, [6] following my seven months' campaign in Australia. He wrote the Chief of the Staff, saying that the campaign not only brought showers of blessing, but opened up spiritual springs. Showers are transient in effect, but springs flow on for ever.

My father-in-law lived to be nearly ninety, and he said: "As men grow old they become either sweet or sour." He ripened sweetly and became more and more gracious in his old age. I want to be like that.

Let me grow lovely, growing old,
So many fine things do;
Laces, and ivory, and gold,
And silks need not be new;
And there is healing in old trees;
Old streets a glamour hold;
Why may not I, as well as these,
Grow lovely, growing old?

Some painful and a few bitter things may have happened to me during these forty-three years I have been in The Salvation Army, but really I cannot recall them. I refuse to harbour such memories, so they fade away. Why should I pour bitter poison into the sweet wells of my joy, from which I must continue to drink if I would really live? I won't do it. Paul is my patron saint, and he has told me what to do: "Whatsoever things are true,..... honest,..... just,..... pure,..... lovely,..... of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things" (Phil. iv. 8). That I will, Paul.

At the same time I do not want to indulge in saccharine sentimentality, for I remember that Jesus said, "Ye are [not the sugar, but] the salt of the earth." I must not lose my saltiness. But too much salt is dangerous, so I must beware. Nor must I ever forget, as our evangelist Paul bids me, to: Reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. For the time will come [God forbid that it should come to The Salvation Army!] when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables (2 Tim. iv. 2-4).

And though retired I must still "watch in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, and make full proof of ministry" (2 Tim. iv. 5). For the solemn day of accounting is yet to come --coming surely, swiftly -- when I must render an account of my stewardship; when the final commendations or condemnations shall be spoken; when the great prizes and rewards will be given, and the awful deprivations and dooms will be announced.

Apostles though they were, Peter and Paul never lost their awe of that day; nor must I, for Jesus said: Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? And in Thy name have cast out devils? And in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me (Matt. Vii. 22, 23).

Remembering these words I gird my armour closer, grip my sword, and, watching, praying, marching breast forward, I sing:

My soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of Hell are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
Ne'er think the battle won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
The fight of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown!

It is a fight of faith, and faith is nourished by the word of the Lord, to which I return daily for my portion and am not denied Hallelujah!

Endnotes:

4. Commissioner Brengle attained his seventieth birthday in 1930
5. As international evangelist in The Salvation Army
6. Then in charge of Salvation Army work in Australia

Chapter 8

TEXTS THAT HAVE BLESSED ME

When I was a Cadet in The Salvation Army's International Training College, forty-seven years ago, we had on the staff a young officer who had been a wild, reckless sinner. He had been saved but a short while when war broke out in Egypt, and, being a military reservist, he was sent to the front.

He had no Bible, and he could remember but one promise -- "My grace is sufficient for thee" (2 Cor. Xii. 9).

In every temptation that assailed, every danger, every hour of spiritual loneliness, it was through this text that he looked up to God and claimed heavenly resources for his earthly needs. And he was not disappointed. His needs were met. God failed him never.

What a happy man to have such a promise! And yet how poor he was! He was like a beleaguered army with only one line of communication open; like a city with only one aqueduct for water, or one dynamo for light; like a room with but one window, or a house with but one door; like a car with but one cylinder; like a man with only one lung. There was but one star in his sky.

I remember how poor I felt him to be. He was not a juicy soul. He was not radiant. His face did not shine. It lacked solar light. I rejoiced that he was spiritually alive, but it was such an impoverished life! He was like a diver in the deep sea whose supply of oxygen came down through a pipe line, instead of being like a man on top of the world with all the winds blowing upon him, all the stars twinkling and dancing above him, all the glory of the cloudless days irradiating him.

Now, when I am asked for my favorite promise, I smile. It is not one text more than another, but A WHOLE BIBLE that blesses me, assures me, warns and corrects and comforts me. A hundred promises whisper to me. I never know when one of the promises -- perhaps one that I have not met for days or even months -- may suddenly stand before me, beckon me, speak to me tenderly, comfortingly, authoritatively, austerely; speak to me as though God were speaking to me face to face.

The ancient heroes of the Cross "obtained promises by faith." You can buy a Bible for a few cents or pence, and if you have not the money to buy, a Bible Society will give you one. And the Bible teems with promises. They are on

almost every page. But your eyes will not see them, your mind will not grasp them, your heart will receive no strength and consolation from them – if you have not faith. The man who goes through the Bible without faith is like the Boers and natives who walked over the diamond fields of Africa all unconscious of the immeasurable wealth beneath their feet.

When I say that I smile at being asked for my favorite promise, and I reply that it is the whole Bible which blesses me, I do not mean that there is no one promise that looms large to me, but rather that there are so many which bless me and meet my daily needs that I am like a man with a home full of sweet children, every one of whom is so dear to him that he cannot tell which he loves most and which is most needful for his happiness.

My spiritual needs are manifold, and there seems to be a promise just suited to my every need, that matches my need as a Yale key matches a Yale lock, as a glove fits the hand, as light answers to my eye and music to my ear, as the flavour of delicious food matches my sense of taste, and as the attar of roses answers my sense of smell; as the love of one's beloved and the faithfulness of one's friend answer the hunger of the heart.

For three or four years I had known that some day I would have to come to close grips with myself and get the Blessing of a Clean Heart if I was ever to see God in peace and have the power of the Holy Ghost in my life. At last I began to seek in earnest, and for three or four weeks I had become more and more hungry for the blessing. There were two things confronting me which I felt I could not do, but self had to be crucified. The way of faith was hidden from me because I hesitated to approach it by the way of whole-hearted obedience.

But God was faithful. He did not leave me, but deepened conviction until I was in an agony. At last, at about nine o'clock on Friday morning, January 9th, 1885, I could hold out no longer. My heart broke within me, and I yielded. Then instantly was whispered in my heart this text: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I John i. 9). The last part of the text was a revelation to me: "to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" -- "ALL unrighteousness."

I dropped my head in my hands and said, "Father, I believe that," and instantly peace passing all understanding flooded my soul, and I knew that I was clean. "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus" had "made me free from the law of sin and death" (Rom. Viii. 2). Hallelujah!

Two days later I preached on the Blessing and testified to it. But I trembled lest I might lose it.

Then the Lord spoke to me in the words of Jesus to Martha, mourning over her dead brother, Lazarus: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die" (John xi. 25,26).

Again I believed, and in that moment Christ was revealed in me as surely as He was revealed to Paul on the road to Damascus. I melted into tears, and loved my Lord as I never dreamed one could love. Since then I have again and again cried out with Paul: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). And again and again I have said with Paul: "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord" (Phil. iii. 7, 8).

When again I feared lest I might fall, these two texts reassured me: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness" (Isa. Xli. 10); and "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy" (Jude 24).

Then I was tempted with the thought that, when I got old, the light would fade and the fire in my soul would go out. But these texts came with comforting assurance and power to my heart: "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you" (Isa. Xlvi. 4); and, "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing" (Ps. Xcii. 13, 14).

I saw that I must not fear, nor be dismayed, in the presence of any trouble or difficulty, but must quietly trust in the

Lord. And I must not drift about as so many do, but remain “planted in the house of the Lord.”

When I have gone to distant battlefields in far-off lands, among strangers, this promise has put comfort and strength into me: “My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest” (Exod. Xxxiii. 14). And when I have felt any insufficiency I have been reassured with this promise: “Who hath made man’s mouth? Or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? Have not I the Lord? Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say” (Exod. 11, 12).

These are only a few of a multitude of precious promises and words of the Lord which came to me years ago, and which are ever whispering in my mind and heart, challenging my faith, my love, my utter devotion.

They are the joy and rejoicing of my heart; a heritage from the Lord, a lamp to my feet, a light to my path, a sword with which to thrust through the accusations and doubts and fears with which Satan is ever ready to assail me. Hallelujah!

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