

The Ministry of Jesus

By THE EDITOR
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This afternoon, I want to call your attention to the fourth chapter of St. Luke, reading from the sixteenth to the nineteenth verses. "And He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up: and, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto Him the book of the Prophet Esaias. And when He had opened the book, He found the place where it was written: The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

And He closed the book, and gave it to the minister, and sat down. The eyes of everyone were on Him, and they evidently expected Him to say something. They wanted to hear Him preach a sermon. Then when He had preached one, they all became very angry. They rose up, and thrust him out of the church and the city. Then they led Him to a brow of the hill where the city was built, and they were going to cast Him down headlong. This was the opening of the official ministry of Jesus, and it was not very acceptable to the orthodox leaders of the church. Truly, as He Himself has said, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

First of all, I want to call your attention to a statement in the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon Me; because the Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent Me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, . . ." You will notice that Jesus stopped at a comma. He read only the portion that had to do with His present ministry. Concerning the rest of the Scripture, He had nothing to say, for it pertained to the Kingdom Age. It must have been wonderful to hear Jesus preach. It must have been glorious to see Him as Peter and John saw Him. What a thrill must have possessed the hearts of the people as they listened to His sermon on the mount: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they, which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." Heaven itself must have bent closer as He spoke about things pertaining to the Kingdom. A deeper

consciousness of God's love must have filled the hearts of those who were privileged to accompany Him on His errands of mercy and mission of love. In some places, He was received with open arms. In other places, He was refused and driven away. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

This was just after His temptation in the wilderness; not long after His baptism in the Jordan where the Holy Spirit descended like a Dove and lighted upon Him, and there was heard a voice from Heaven saying, "This is My beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased." Jesus was just entering into His official ministry among the cities round about the Sea of Galilee. This was the day of days, when the keynote of His ministry was to be sounded. He entered the synagogue, and was handed a scroll recording the prophecy of Isaiah. He began to read "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me . . ." And, indeed, the Spirit of the Lord was upon Him. The days of preparation were past, and HE HAD BEEN ANOINTED FOR SERVICE. He was now equipped for the ministry. And nothing short of His equipment would accomplish much in those days.

What a world it was to which Jesus came to minister! Darkness had settled upon the minds and hearts of the people. Upon the land, spiritual night had descended. Way back, when sin first came into the garden, the heart of man had become a breeding place for the germs of iniquity. God patiently dealt with the transgressors. But they went from sin to sin until the chastening rod had to be applied for the good of man. At no time, however, did God refuse to forgive their transgressions, whenever His people showed any inclination to turn away from their sins. This has been the story of the Israelites. Spiritually weak, they also became physically weak. They were unable to withstand their enemies without God's helping hand. But so strong were the devil's forces, and so backslidden was Israel, that God's favored people were dragged down to the dust. Their lives were being ground under the heels of Roman autocracy. Yet, though they had repeatedly failed to hearken to God's pleadings, and ignored the dynamic appeal of their own Prophets, I believe God's heart was broken as He beheld their miserable existence. And a brighter day was to dawn! But before the breaking of that day, Israel was shelterless, out in the cold and in the darkness. And I believe God allowed them to be put out of their houses and to endure a night of discomfort, that they might better appreciate the joy and the comfort that the new day was bringing.

Suddenly, a fiery preacher came! He was a dramatic preacher. Dramatic was his appearance, his living and his preaching. "And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leather girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey." His flaming words stirred the whole country from Dan to Beersheba. Pharisees, Sadducees, soldiers, publicans—all classes of people—came to hear him. He had a magnetic force that drew the people from the entire region round about the Jordan. He asked no quarter, and gave none. John preached. John delivered his *message*. One moment, he was pleading with the tenderness of a mother; the next, he gave forth his message in vitriolic, caustic, burning words. He preached the baptism

for the remission of sins. John sought neither homage nor obeisance. He said he was nobody. He insisted that he was *only a voice* crying in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord. I indeed baptize you with water, but One mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire."

John's ministry was to prepare the way of the Lord, to make His paths straight. He was a voice sounding an alarm like a fire bell in tones clear and distinct. Terrified because many of their congregation was getting baptized under John's ministry, the Pharisees and the Sadducees, high priests and members of the Sanhedrin (the progenitor of the present-day Ministerial Association) got after the evangelist. The poor preacher had failed to consult the ecclesiastical authorities about putting on an evangelistic campaign. "What shall we do with this evangelist?" they asked one another. They could not do much with him, because John had a hold upon the people. They would come in spite of their pastors' warning. You see, they liked John's preaching. It reminded them of the old-time religion with its old-time power. Some said he was Elijah. Doubtless others said he was Moses. Perhaps, some looked for him to lead the Israelites out of tyranny. They may have requested him to talk on politics or social conditions. *But John kept to his message.* He in no way modified it to suit the tastes of the people, be they Modernists, Fundamentalists or Pentecostal. God had given him a special ministry, and he had vowed to remain true to it. He emphasized the fact that he was only a voice. A voice has no will of its own. It is only an expression of the will back of it. He was but a herald announcing the coming of the King, making straight the paths before Him. Hallelujah!

Then came the day when the thirty-year old, sublime and majestic Man of Galilee made His appearance. He had been brought up in a carpenter's home. But it had been rumored that at His birth wonderful things occurred. "There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.' And then suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' More wonderful things than these had been prophesied to take place in His later life. But the high priests had tried to kill these stories. It is true that these things did happen, and were to happen according to prophecy. But the hearts of the people could not receive them. They were as full of unbelief as are the people of today. This wonderful Man came to John to be baptized of him in the River Jordan. And when He was baptized, "Lo, the heavens were opened unto Him and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a Dove, and lighting upon Him. And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, 'This is My Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased.' " Then he went into the wilderness alone where He fasted for forty days and nights. There He was tempted in all points like as

we are. But He came out victorious, Praise His Name! Let me say that *the same power, by which Jesus overcame His temptations*, is available to you today, and, *by this same power*, you can overcome your temptations. In the providence of God, that same power is at your disposal.

Having overcome the temptation of Satan, Jesus went back to His own town of Nazareth to proclaim a gospel of power. I can see Him as He enters the synagogue. A scroll is handed to Him, and He commences to read. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." What are you reading to us, Thou Carpenter of Nazareth? What are you telling us, O Thou Minister of God? Jesus is sounding the keynote of His ministry! He is giving *the reason why* He came into the world. He is calling attention to the fundamentals of His Gospel. He is describing the work that His Father had sent Him to do. And Jesus was going to carry out to the very letter every jot and tittle of the commission given Him by the Father. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." A statement of the ministry of Jesus! Was there anything ambiguous about it? Was there any part of it that is not clear? *He came to destroy the works of the devil*, to bring a hundred per cent, full and complete salvation. He came for the poor to be preached to, broken hearts to be healed, bonds to be snapped, and the sick to be healed. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world." And everywhere Jesus went, He went forgiving sinners and healing the sick. Deaf ears were unstopped, blind eyes were opened, the halt and maimed were made whole, and the dead were raised. At the approach of Jesus, even Death dropped his prey and fled. At the Gate of Nain, the body of a young man was on its way to the burial ground. Jesus, seeing the sorrow of the widow mother, had compassion upon her. "Young Man, I say unto thee arise!" A captive was delivered, and another broken-heart mended. Glory be to His precious name! Wherever His Feet pressed the sod, there sprang up flowers of mercy and tenderness and peace! Jesus left behind Him homes made happy. For this, the elite snubbed Him. For this, the Pharisees and Sadducees scorned Him. For this, the High Priests hated Him. For this, Satan sought to kill Him. With his devils in hell, Satan held a high conclave in the realms of the damned. They already had a wicked plan, but who shall bring it to pass? They could not get any help from the common people, for the common people loved Jesus. But an exalted, religious body hated Him! The very instrument of death! So, between this religious association and Judas, a hireling and a traitor, the diabolical plot found its consummation. They took control of the government. False charges were brought against Him. They were trying to put out the Light of the world, for they "loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds

were evil.” Again the Light shines on our pathway today, and men reject it for the same reason.

But He said “The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because *He hath anointed Me* to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.” And the three years of His ministry found Jesus devoting all His energies in the fulfillment of this mission. He was seen going over the hills of Judea and crossing the plains of Galilee: laying a Hand of blessing upon the children; forgiving the woman who would have been stoned by her accusers; drawing the brokenhearted to His own loving side; casting devils out of the oppressed. Oh, what a ministry! But can we expect anything less? Think over His opening words. Ponder them in your heart. They are the key to His entire ministry. Read them again! Was there ever a statement so revolutionary, so amazing, so thrilling, and so gripping! Any more dynamic! He spoke as One having authority, not as the Scribes. The Sadducees and Pharisees could only quote authority. Jesus had authority for He was the Author and Finisher of our faith. He was fraught with heavenly wisdom, and filled with divine unction. There was a true ring in the words that left His Lips, and they burned their way into hearts. People loved to hear Him. Is it any wonder that, at His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, the rabble went wild, crying “Hosanna to the Son of David? Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!” And when He came to Bethpage, just outside the city gates of Jerusalem, Jesus stopped. He cast His Eyes over Jerusalem, and wept over it, saying, “If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes. They shall lay thee even with the ground and thy children within thee, and shall not leave in thee one stone upon another because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation.” And Jesus weeps again, as He looks over Seattle tonight. Seattle is in darkness because she rejects the Light. Oh, “if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!” Oh, what joys we often forfeit because we reject the Joy-Giver! But that is not all. Listen to this: “Because thou *knowest not the time* of thy visitation, they shall lay thee even with the ground and thy children within thee, and shall not leave in thee one stone upon another.” Oh, what evil we bring upon our own heads because we continue to live in darkness.

Not long after the triumphal entry, Jesus went to the room where the Lord’s Supper was instituted. He went there with a consciousness of what was to happen. Having Jesus in a room all to themselves was a joy to the Disciples. They did not know of the tragedy that was impending. Then Jesus told them *that He was going away!*

If there is anything portrayed that touches my heart, outside of the crucifixion, it is this scene. For three years, the Disciples had learned to look to their Master for everything. They had left their jobs; turned their backs upon their own people; braved the jeers of their former friends. They had been excommunicated by their synagogue,

and were made as the filth of the world and the off scouring of all things. Jesus had become their Teacher, Counselor and Guide. They had learned to put their trust in Him, bringing to Him all their problems, grieves, ambitions, hopes, trials, joys and their sorrows. Jesus had become a Friend, a Companion, a Brother, a Sister, a Father and a Mother to them. Jesus was *all the world to them*, for they had forsaken all to follow Him. The Disciples had learned to love Jesus, and now He was going to leave them. Soon they were to be as a ship without a rudder; as orphans without a home: as sheep without a shepherd and a field. Their lives were wrapped up in Jesus. And Jesus said He was going away.

I can hear Him saying, "Disciples, I have to go away. The time has come for Me to leave you." Simon Peter in despair cries out, "But, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." "It is better for you that I go away." Sorrow fills the hearts of the Disciples, and it becomes a lump in their throats so they can only struggle for words to express their dismay. "For, if I go not away," Jesus continues, "the Comforter will not come unto you. Now, Disciples, if you love me, keep my commandments. Live as I have lived. Preach the Gospel that I have preached. Continue the ministry that I have started. I give to you the ministry that the Father has given Me. You know what I have done. You have seen Me minister to the body as well as to the soul. I have been faithful, and you will be faithful, won't you? You will not betray the confidence I have placed in you. You will not fail or even hesitate to carry farther into the darkness of night the lighted torch that I am leaving in your hands. You will be bold and courageous in preaching the Full Gospel message which ministers to both soul and body. You will not doubt or fear, will you? Let not your hearts be troubled. You will not be comfortless. Neither will you be powerless. I will send you the Holy Ghost, the Promise of the Father. He will endue you with power for service. Tarry until He comes.

"Here, Peter, take your torch! Here, John, take yours! Remember: let the Gospel light shine fully. Don't bedim any of its radiance. *Your ministry is just like mine*. The works that I have done, shall ye do also, only in a larger way. You will not be confined to Judea and Samaria, but you will go into *all parts of the world* to preach the Gospel to every creature." Each Disciple grasped his torch with a firm grip, praying God to make him a faithful minister of the Gospel, for Jesus' sake.

Not long after He told His Disciples good-bye, we see Jesus toiling up the hillside to plant His cross on Golgotha's brow. Have you ever seen Him there? Down South, the colored people sing this song: "Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble! Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" I have been there in the spirit. I have watched them stretch that Matchless Form upon the cross. I have listened to the sickening thud as the cruel nails were driven into those blessed Hands and Feet. I have seen the malicious and hateful glint in the eyes of that Roman soldier as he drove his spear and pierced Him in the Side. And sometimes I tremble

when I think how we crucify the Lord these days! At the foot of that cross, there was gathered His persecutors and murderers. Jesus looked into the eyes of their upturned faces. I believe that He was thinking of the awful weight of guilt upon their shoulders, when He said, "Father, forgive them for they know what they do." Today, an infinitely larger crowd stands at the foot of another cross upon which the Theologians are crucifying afresh the Son of God. Again Jesus looks down with pity upon this railing multitude. But He cannot say, "Father, forgive them" for they should know what they are doing. The Father, in His infinite love and mercy, has extended the day of grace, and every honest-hearted soul has had ample opportunity to prove for himself the claims of Jesus. In those days, the Deity of Jesus hinged upon His own assertion—the word of one man. His works were manifested in a limited territory, well within the confines of a hundred square miles. The working hours of His ministry were packed in the brief span of three and a half years. That ministry was confined to one race of people. But today, after two thousand years, the personal claims of Jesus are supported by a great cloud of witnesses *out of every race and nation all over the globe*. Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble when I see how they crucify my Lord.

In obedience to the command of their risen Lord, the faithful few tarried in the Upper Room for the promised Comforter. The fulfillment came on the day of Pentecost. The Presence of the Holy Ghost was made manifest to those upon Whom the Spirit came and to a multitude that came out of curiosity. The coming of the Spirit was not an intellectual concept of some abstract dogma, unfelt and unseen. No, Praise God! *Experience and observation attested* to the presence of the Holy Spirit. One hundred and twenty testified to the experience and the whole city could testify to having observed something, inasmuch as they fought for every vantage point of observation. There was something to be observed for the simple reason that there was a real, definite, tangible and concrete experience. It was an enduement with power—not dormant but active power, visible and perceptible to the eye and ear of the observer and tangible to the entire being of the possessor.

That was the birthday, of the Church! Now, rugged men of Galilee, endued with power from on high, stepped into the breach made by the voluntary sacrifice of their Beloved Leader. They clutched the torch with a firmer grip, and essayed forth in fulfillment of their promise. Christianity spread like a wild prairie fire. It swept over Palestine, and leaped the sea to Old Asia, Thrace and Macedonia. It raged along the coast until it invaded ancient Greece and Italy. Seats of learning began to totter and mad tyrants did tremble on their thrones. You remember how Paul met the learned Athenians, and so upset their theologians until Athens was rocked with a spiritual earthquake. You remember how this same Apostle preached to the crowned heads of Rome until their crowns shook upon their brow. The glad tidings were heralded far and near. It was preached to the poor, and the signs that Jesus said would follow, *did follow*. Hallelujah. And the power, under leash by His ministers, was proof evident that

He was with them always. And the fruits of their labors bore abundant testimony to the fact that the *ministry of Jesus had become their ministry.*

As they went, the sick were healed, the devils cast and the dead raised. But oh, how we try to find some side path so we could get around this healing component of the Full Gospel. Many say that healing is not the work of God. It is hypnotism; they frankly but ignorantly label it. Again there are some who are gallant enough to admit that the touch of Jesus did heal ailments other than mental cases like hysteria and such. But Jesus was obliged to do this in order to support His contention that He was the Son of God. They declare that Jesus had no intention of healing the sick. He was forced to relieve the suffering as a matter of self-protection. The skeptics and ecclesiastics had cornered Him concerning His Divinity, and the sick room was the only way out. But, praise God, this is not so! For every one of His Apostles, every one of His Disciples *duplicated this ministry of Jesus.* I say unto you: THE MINISTRY OF JESUS IS THE MINISTRY OF HIS CHURCH. It is the ministry of His Disciples. It may not be the ministry of *your* church and pastor. But it is the ministry of Jesus and His Church. "Verily, verily, I say unto you. He that believeth on Me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father." Healing is the ministry of believers.

As the ministry of Jesus was revived, what happened? The same enemy of the Church was aroused. He couldn't kill all the preachers this time, so he got them to fighting one another. That kept them busy at something else besides preaching. Divisions and dissension entered the ranks of the Christian army. "I be of Paul," one said. "I of Cephas" and "I of Apollos" others said. Sectarianism is a plant that the devil grew. Paul warned the Church about it, but it seemed to do no good. Dogmatic splitting continued until what remained of the church drifted into the Dark Ages. Night descended upon the land, and it was a long one.

But, Hallelujah, we are on the threshold of another day! The days of restoration are at hand! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Even now, we are beginning to feel the coming back of old-time power. Soon there will be enacted before our own eyes scenes that were an every day occurrence in the days of Jesus. I believe it. I believe it because Jesus says that His ministry is to be the ministry of His Church. Men, who are filled with the Holy Ghost, are today proclaiming a message which *they would not dare to proclaim* were they not sure of a power back of it. Because the preaching of this message demands that the miracles done in the days of Jesus by Jesus, be done in the days in which we live. Take it for what it is worth, Seattle, but I believe this with all my heart: I believe that the church which is true to God and to her mission must announce that she has endorsed the ministry of Jesus, and has adopted it as her own ministry. And it takes Holy Ghost power to run the Church of Jesus, and to reproduce His ministry.

Listen to me carefully! Why did Jesus insist that His Disciples tarry in Jerusalem for the enduement *of power from on high?* Because Jesus did not consider His own

Disciples fully equipped for service without it. Without the indwelling presence of the Spirit, Jesus would soon become unreal to the Disciples; His commission would quickly be forgotten; and back to the fishing nets they would go. But having the Spirit within to remind them continually of the things of Christ, they would have that constant inspiration necessary to transform an ordinary fisherman into an everyday hero; daring fire and water; facing beasts and tyrants, to the end that the ministry of Jesus may have free course. There was nothing inherent in Peter that could satisfy the requirements of the divine commission. Brutal strength and intellectual ability are not considered dangerous weapons in spiritual warfare. When Jesus was baptized in the Jordan, the Holy Spirit rested upon Him. It is significant that Jesus did not enter His ministry until after He received this anointing of the Spirit. It was not until then that the Father publicly voiced His pleasure in the Son. And remember: Jesus Himself is God, for in Him dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily. If Jesus had need of that power, and did not commence His ministry until that power came, I believe we need it, don't you? If we depended upon educational equipment, financial ability, social programs and mental training to win souls, we may as well lock the church doors and throw the key into the Sound. Souls are not won that way. It would be a case of the blind leading the blind, and they would both fall into the ditch.

Listen! Jesus told His Disciples not to go out and preach right away. Why not? Were they not saved men? Did they not believe in Jesus? To be sure, but, as yet, they had not been endued with power for service, and their preaching would be of none effect. But they were eager to go, were they not? Oh, yes, after the resurrection, they gladly would have laid down their lives for the Gospel's sake. But Jesus could not let them go yet. They were not ready. Jesus said, "Tarry in Jerusalem. Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come. Then you will be equipped for service." I have told you before that the power of the Holy Ghost is for service.

Today, we have a lot of sentimental slush and twaddle being palmed off as power. And this business of coming to the altar and receiving the Spirit by faith is just as empty. Brother, if, when you leave the altar, you have nothing more than the faith which led you to the altar, I want to tell you that you have not received the Holy Spirit. Faith fills your consciousness, and its immediate manifestation is spiritual. But the Holy Spirit fills your body, and His immediate manifestation is physical. When the Spirit comes to you, nobody will have to tell you to take Him by faith. His coming is not a matter of drawing upon your imagination. It is not to be taken by faith and preserved in fancy. When the Holy Spirit comes in to abide, your body, your physical body will know it. And so will everybody else. His indwelling will be evidenced by your life of service. Holy Ghost power is service power, ministry power, active power, and productive power! Show me a soul-winning individual, and I will show you a Spirit-filled life. Show me a list of conversions, and I will show you a pulpit occupied by the Holy Ghost. Not by their claims, *but by their fruits*, ye shall know them. I know we have new-fangled and fantastic ways of receiving the Holy Ghost, but the way

Peter received Him is good enough for me. I want that power that made a fiery brand out of a backsliding Peter—that power that could give birth to three thousand souls in a single altar call.

They took their torches, and went forth, keeping in mind that all the light was to be shed abroad into the darkness. A whole Gospel, full and complete, was the kind of light that Jesus gave to His Apostles. And that is the only light that can completely take men and women out of darkness. A partial light will leave them in partial darkness. But, oh how often we interfere with the light! We have hitched it to every brand of denominational chandeliers, and so shaded it with all kinds of dogmatic theologies that our churches are now like the movies; in both cases, the people are in the dark. Lord, give us more faithful torchbearers—men who will bear the torch aloft and before them, instead of placing themselves in front of its light. Seattle, Jesus Christ, wants preachers who will preach His Gospel, unabridged and unadulterated. He wants a church whose ministry is *identical with His ministry* and a church building that is a House of God—not a social center, not a public forum, not a recreation room, a club, a lodge or a dance hall—not a building dedicated to any temporal cause however worthy in itself. No! But a Temple consecrated to the Triune God—God, the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost! Such a place would be a powerhouse where ministers of God could come for a surcharge of that spiritual dynamic vitality so essential to a prolific ministry. Our crying need today is a church that will put itself on the altar, and cry, “Here am I, Lord, use me.” Then the fire will fall upon the sacrifice until all its superficiality is consumed. And out of the ashes of entire consecration will spring up a living church, capable as well as eager to do the works that Jesus has outlined for His Church. The ministry of Jesus is the only legitimate ministry of His Church.

“Yes, Mr. Price, all except the Baptism of the Holy Ghost; all except divine healing; all except being born again; all except . . .” Well, say! Stop! What have you left, after you blue-pencil those out of the Bible? It’s just like picking the meat from a nut—nothing is left but the shell. And that is exactly what the Spirit said through Paul: “Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.”

As I prayed this morning about existing conditions and spiritual dearth among the youth of today, my heart was bleeding. On my knees in the hotel, I saw in fancy what we saw in reality while on our way to the tabernacle this afternoon. As we passed the theater crowds, I said to a brother, “Look at Seattle on its way to hell, and breaking the speed limit.” There never was a day when false pride, gross immorality and brazen looseness so characterized the youth of the land as it does today. They are riding the crest of a tidal wave of iniquity whose onward sweep is ignoring sacred limits. The red light district is no longer an isolated territory; its inhabitants are scattered, and its red lights now burn on the back end of autos. And the big churches are keeping pace with the young bloods. They are shifting scenes to harmonize with the performance of flaming youth. They furnish the background for daring acts. They

have their movies, their jazz orchestra and their hired prima Donna who lives up to the letter of her theater contract on weekdays, and kills the spirit of the meeting on Sundays. We have the big churches, which are accomplishing nothing to enhance the Cause of Christ. They are doing nothing Spiritual besides fighting men and women who are preaching the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and who are otherwise faithful to their sacred vows.

I am not saying this in a harsh way. I would not do it, if it were avoidable. These words escape my mouth because my heart is crushed. As I listened to those dear men from Victoria and Vancouver saying "Amen" 'the other night, my heart was aching, for God only knows what they are suffering. You did not know that one of them has already been forced out of his church. He did not tell you how they demoted him and reduced his salary. He said nothing about the price he paid for walking in the light. Praise God for such spirit! Thank God for men who will take a stand in spite of arch divines and ecclesiastical systems! Brethren, be true to God and He will be true to you! Praise God, I am passed that stage where I wanted to run around and try to drum up ministerial help. I used to seek such support. Now they are jumping on me for going ahead without waiting for their sanction. When I had ministerial backing, ministers were always backing me into a corner. "Ease up on the Baptism, Brother;" "Not so much healing, Brother;" Spare the Blood, Brother." Why, they would have me both hand-tied and tongue-tied, and hog-tied. They would take away my salvation, and have me preach a dead Christ. Personally, I can find more inspiration in lecturing on live topics than in preaching a dead gospel. Preachers, Deacons and Boards used to pile themselves on top of me, but, bless you; I've had my share of Boards and such. The only board I'll have over me is the lid to my coffin. And then I am going to kick that off at the first blare of Gabriel's trumpet. I am going to stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made me free.

Oh Church of the Living God, awaken to your privileges. Consider the opportunities comprehended by your commission. Visualize its possibilities, and realize them by giving free course to the Word of God. Oh Seattle, come back to God. Come back to the old truths. Come back to the Bible. Tarry in the Upper Room. Be endued with power from on high, and ye shall be witnesses (not of the things of the world) but of God in Seattle, in Washington, in the United States and the uttermost parts of the world. The ministry of Jesus is your ministry. Friends, with all my heart, I was going to say, "I believe I am right." But I am not going to be dogmatic. With all my heart, I know I am right. There is a spiritual witness in my soul today.

Jesus went to the pulpit, and began to read: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Oh, it must have been wonderful to have heard Him. And it is just as

wonderful to hear a man today who has the courage of his conviction, a man who is willing to pay the price. It is wonderful to see him climb the pulpit and lay aside his half-a-dozen degrees, his dramatics, his oratorical ability, his polish, his rhetoric, and his brilliancy. It is more wonderful yet to hear him say: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Oh, God, raise up more men like that!

With this story, I close. A young Scotch student was going to London for higher religious education. At the time of departure, his mother was kissing him good-bye. "You are going to study to be a real minister," said the mother. "Yes, I want to be a successful minister, mother." With aching heart and flowing tears, mother saw her precious boy off to the city of London. Not long after that, the young man found himself saturated with the spirit so prevalent in college life. Like Paul Rader, the young fellow lost what religion he had. Three years went by. He was to come home, and deliver a sermon to his hometown people. Now, the passing of those years had also witnessed the passing of his faith in the Bible. He had seen the Book very much torn up by criticism. Very little of it was left. His heart was devoid of joy. But his head was full of up-to-date views about the Bible. The Holy Book was no longer the sacred story of redemption. It had been transformed into mythology by the magic of modern theologians. So, instead of having glad tidings of joy, he had a thesis. It was scientific, artful, masterful, and wonderful! A masterpiece! As he read it over, he felt some pity in his soul for the poor, ignorant people who would not understand him. They would all be in deep water. Doubtless some would get drowned, intellectually speaking, and become an involuntary sacrifice upon the altar of knowledge. But a few can follow him until he takes a dive into the mysterious depths of intellectuality. And when he comes up, they will be waiting with congratulations.

At the station, a little Scotch mother is anxiously watching for his coming. "Why, Mother, you have come all the way to meet me!" "I could not help it, Laddie!" she confessed. "Come on, praise the Lord! It is good to see you home. We are going to have a wonderful day in the kirk tomorrow." "Yes, Mother, I understand." "Laddie, what's happen to you? You ne'er once said 'Praise the Lord' like you used to. What's happen to you, Laddie?" "Mother, you will understand. I have a new revelation. I have a new concept of life."

Throughout the rest of the day, the little mother was wondering. Once she placed her hand on his head, and looked into his eyes. "You are not the same, Laddie. What's happened to my boy?" "Oh, I am perfectly all right!" he assured her.

Ten-thirty the next morning, he was to deliver his able address. He got up early. He prepared his toilet with much care; well groomed was his appearance; immaculate was the impression he made. He came down stairs. The little mother looked sad. He placed his hands on her shoulders, and looked into her eyes. "Laddie!" she started to

say. "Mother, you have been crying," he interrupted. "Ay, Laddie," she admitted, "Mother has been praying for her boy. Laddie, you are going to preach this morning in the little kirk." His hand stole into an inside pocket. The homiletic dissertation was safely reposing there. He thought of its originality, its, etc., and whatnot. Instinctively, a hand went to his coat lapel, and his form extended itself fully. Intuitively, the mother knew what had happened to her boy. With a breaking heart, and tear-filled eyes, she pleaded: "Laddie, speak a good word for Jesus!"

Those words found their mark in his heart. They brought back to his mind the happy, childhood days—the days when he used to run to Jesus and nestle close to His Bosom. There came before him the day when, wounded and weary in heart, he knelt at the altar and Jesus knelt beside him and put His Loving Arms about him. He thought of how he had allowed the devil to rob him of the Christ. He broke away and rushed back to his bedroom. He pulled out the manuscript and tore it up. He dropped to his knees beside the bed, and, from the very depths of his broken heart, laddie cried, "Oh God, help me to speak a good word for Jesus!" It was a heavenly time that the little kirk at Drumtochty experienced that morning.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." That is the mission of Jesus—to preach to the poor, set the captives free and restore sight to the blind. And His ministry is a material evidence that Jesus did not believe in a condensed or revised Gospel. His threefold ministry was the crystallization of the Gospel that He proclaimed—a Full Gospel designed to cover all the needs of the entire man—healing for the body, salvation for the soul, and baptism of the Spirit.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead and cast out devils." That's the commission Jesus gave me. Shall I be untrue? Shall I prove unfaithful? Shall I betray His trust? Shall I prove a traitor to the Cause? Shall I be another Judas? God forbid! But God helping us, we will be true to the Cross. By His grace, we will be true to the Gospel. "And we are going to speak a good word for Jesus." Amen.