

AN IMPOSSIBILITY

You are trying to do the impossible. Your faith would never be strong enough or pure enough for that, though you were to struggle for a million years. What a mistake it is to take our *belief* in *God* and call it *faith*. How my heart has bled when I have seen some of God's dear children (and so have you) struggling to believe for victory over sickness, because they have not discerned the difference between belief in the power of God to heal (which belief even the devils have) and the *faith of God* which brings the victory. There is a great deal of difference between what we call the *faith of man in God*, and the *faith of God* that is imparted to man. Such faith is not the child of effort, neither is it born of struggle.

If it is the faith of God, then we get it *from* Him, and not from our mental attitudes or affirmations. Jesus did not say, "If you have the power to believe that God will remove that mountain, then He will do it." Neither did He say, "If you can believe hard enough that it is done, then it will be done." But He did say, "*Have the faith of God.*" In other words, get some of God's faith; and then when you have that, you will have the only power with which mountains can be moved and cast into the sea.

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

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

All this has led me to believe that it is far more important that we seek the Healer than healing. In the secret of His presence there is a hiding place for the soul. As the life empties itself of the world and its contacts, it makes room for the things which God can *impart*. Have you noticed that at the end of the statement our blessed Lord made to His disciples about the faith that would move mountains, He tells them to be sure to *forgive* everybody against whom they might have some grudge or feeling? Why does He say *that* in connection with this great lesson on mountain-moving faith? Is it not because of the fact that, when God would impart His faith to us, He does not want to find a channel which is choked by hate and an unforgiving spirit?

The frailties of human nature beset us on every hand and side; and the good Lord knows they do. With what patience and care He must watch over us and deal with us; and how many, many times His grace is wrapped around us like a blanket which covers our imperfections; and we hear His voice of love when we do not deserve it. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. I do not mean to imply that He demands perfection of life and conduct before He imparts the grace of His faith, but perhaps there will be things which He will require of us in order that His blessings He might impart. A God of infinite and eternal love wants no malice in the hearts of His children. How can we, who have been forgiven so much, refuse to forgive those who perchance have transgressed against us?

The meaning of the Lord is clear. He is saying that if we are to become the recipients of the faith which is the faith of God, then we must forgive all who trespass against us...It is into such a yielded heart—when the soul cries out its need of God because of its own helplessness—that the benediction of His faith comes; and with it the *consciousness* that it is there.

A WOMAN'S STORY

How well I remember a woman who came to the meetings some years ago in need of healing and prayer. She seemed to be such a noble character, and her family loved her devotedly and dearly. One night we prayed for her in the name of the Lord Jesus, and she went away seemingly happy. She said she was standing on the promises of God; but she was not healed. As the days went by, two of her daughters came to see me, and begged me to pray again. As a matter of fact, they were almost hysterical in their anxiety and desperation. They loved their mother, and they knew that God was their only hope. They asked me to anoint her once again. I did!

Never shall I forget the pleadings, the importunities, and the frantic cries of those dear people as they stormed the throne of grace. They tried to believe; but it seemed to be all in vain. The poor, sick woman brushed the tears from her eyes as we sang, "Jesus breaks every fetter," and went away from the meeting without any evident answer to our prayer. Two days passed. Then she came early, before the service, to the office door. Here was a different woman! Her face was illumined by the glow of the glory in her soul.

"You have been healed!" I said.

She smiled, as she answered, "No, not yet; but I shall be tonight. I have been prayed for publicly, and I believe my Lord wants to touch me by His power in the service tonight, so that all may see that He is faithful." There was no strained, tense atmosphere; no struggle; but rather, sweet and beautiful rest in the Lord. Then she told me her story.

Broken and crushed-almost in despair-she had gone home. She had come to the end of herself and she knew it. As she knelt by the side of her bed, and prayed, she sobbed: "Dear Jesus, I have tried so hard to have faith and I can't. I have failed, dear Lord, and yet I do believe in your promise and your Word. Brother Price has tried, and he has failed. The people in the meeting have tried, and they too have failed. Where can I go? What can I do? Speak to me, Lord. My only hope is in Thee."

Then before her came the thought of a woman who had succeeded her as the teacher of a young people's class. Deep in her heart there had developed a feeling against that woman who had won the hearts of the young people, where once their love and affection had been showered upon her. Was it envy? Was it jealousy? She knew not; but she did know that with the passing of the months the feeling had become intensified. Now she thought of her. She saw then the true condition of her heart. Perhaps she heard the Master say, "And when ye stand praying, Forgive."

This very afternoon she had spent an hour in prayer with that woman, and God put in her heart a deep and beautiful Christian love for her. Sweet hour of prayer! Wonderful place of communion, where we talk to God, and in which God talks to us! The wounds are healed! The envy melted away, and the love of Jesus flowed in. When at last she arrived home, she told the family at the supper table that she would be healed that night. She knew it; but she did not know how she knew it. The consciousness of it was as real as life itself. There was no doubt about it. There was no intercession. That had been a work of the past. There was no agonizing and pleading. It was done; and yet it was not! That is the paradox of faith. Then she said to me, "My Brother, do you know what Jesus has done?"

"I know that my Lord doeth all things well," was my reply.

"He has given me His faith," she said. "Honestly, I do not know the moment I received it; but, praise His name, I know it is here."

And it was. That night the heavenly breezes blew. That night the Christ of the healing road touched, with the power of Omnipotence, the sick, weary body of His needy child. That night a cancer was melted by the touch divine. A mountain was moved by the faith of God which had been imparted to a sick woman by the Lord of Glory Himself.

SEEK THE HEALER, NOT HEALING

Our chief difficulty is that we seek healing instead of the Healer. Of what use is it to look for light and disdain the sun. The woman, recounted in the scriptures, who had the issue of blood, was not struggling to grasp a lifeline of deliverance by the power of mental apprehension. All she wanted to do was to get to Jesus. All the poor, blind, miserable wretch on the Jericho Road did was to crowd into his heartrending cry the story of his own helplessness, and his belief in the love, power, and compassion of Jesus of Nazareth. Even though our blessed Lord did tell him that it was his faith that had made him whole, yet I am sure that what faith he had was given him by the Lord Himself.

Can a man generate enough faith to find healing in walking a few feet on a dusty, Jericho road? The presence of the Nazarene was the source of faith in the days of old; and it is the presence of Jesus that is the source of our faith in these days of doubt and unbelief; even as Jesus said "Without me, ye can do nothing."

Truly the disciples of Jesus love to read the twelfth chapter of Romans. It raises such wonderful possibilities in the standard of separated, consecrated, Christian living! It is the type of gospel, however, that carnal Christians do not like to contact. Paul is beseeching Christians-importuning the children of the Lord-to go on from good to better and from there to better still. They are *not* to be *conformed* to this world; *but transformed-literally, transfigured*. It is to be brought about by the *renewing* of the mind. The Greek word is *renovation*. When you renovate a lawn, you rake out the old and put in the new. This renovation is necessary in Christian living before we can prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God (Romans 12:2).

When that has happened, what then should be our *attitude*? Paul continues in his writing, "For I say, through the grace *given* unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of *himself* more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly, according AS GOD HATH DEALT TO

EVERY MAN the measure of faith." There is a declaration! God deals to every man his measure of faith. What measure? How much? That depends upon Verses One and Two. They come before Verse Three. The point *is*—*God gives the faith*. He measures it out! The Greek, in a word-for-word translation, says: "To each one has the God divided a measure of faith." Weymouth, in his translation in modern speech, says, "In accordance with the amount of faith which God has allotted to each one."

Do you not see how foolish we are to struggle, and to try to believe *mentally*, when we ought-according to the Word-to believe spiritually? There will be head belief, for the mind will acquiesce; but the *renewed* mind will say "Amen" to all the works of grace, by faith. Fundamentally, faith is *born* in the heart. The heart will accept the *unreasonable*. It believes what mind says is impossible. It counts the things that are, as though they were not; and the things that are not, as though they were.

Faith puts strength in Noah's arm to build for a hundred years, when there is no sign of flood. It *sends an army* marching around Jericho's walls, when reason says it would take a million years to wear out the foundations by the tramp of marching feet. It pulls a *nation* to the edge of a deep and impenetrable sea, only to find that the gates of the "ocean" swing wide on the watery hinges of omnipotent power, and that the paths of men are laid in the depths of the sea. It *sends men*, without flinching, into furnaces of fire, and *preserves them* in the dens of lions. Faith *chases death away* from its vigil over bodies, and it *brings back the life* that had fled. Faith! God's *Faith!* Not weak, puny struggles to believe; *not futile efforts* to apprehend the powers of the Eternal.

Can a teacup contain an ocean? Can a grain of sand envelop a planet? Can my poor understanding comprehend the glory of an omnipotent God? Only as His love divine is freely given, *only* as He chooses to reveal Himself to me, *can I understand* and then, *only in part*, for were we to behold the fullness of His glory, no flesh could survive in His presence. Only as He gives His pardon, am I saved. Only as He imparts His strength, can I fight the good fight of faith. Only as He gives His love, can I forgive my enemies. Only as He lifts me, can I rise above the world of sorrow and sin. Great is the Mystery of Godliness; and wonderful, beyond our dreams, is the Plan of His Redemption!

Needy One, at the end of the Road of Self you will find Him waiting. The Author and the Finisher of your Faith is willing to meet you there. Back of you are the tears and the sorrows, the heartaches and the disappointments that are the gifts of a world devoid of faith and empty of belief in God; and the sunlit trail where Jesus stands, is bright and glorious with the light of His presence! Trust Him for His grace. Rest upon His promises. He is the Giver of every good and perfect gift; and the road up which you will walk, together with Him, will shine more and more unto the perfect day!

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

You can have it; for He will give it! Then will you know of a surety that the Faith-your *faith*, that has made you whole-is a *gift from God*.