

Let me again quote Dr. Maclaren: "The power and vitality of faith is not measured by the comprehensiveness and clearness of belief. The richest soil may bear shrunken and barren ears; and on the arid sand with the thinnest layer of earth, gorgeous cacti may blossom out, and fleshy aloes lift their branches with stores of moisture to help them stand the heat. It is not for us to say what amount of ignorance is destructive to real confidence in Jesus Christ. But for ourselves, feeling how short a distance our sight travels and how little, after all, the great bulk of men in Christian lands know of theological truth, and how wide are the differences of opinion amongst us, and how soon we come to towering barriers beyond which our poor faculties can neither pass nor look, it ought to be a joy to us that a faith which is clouded with ignorance may yet be a faith which Christ accepts."

That is my point. He supplies the deficiency. He makes up the need When Jesus descended the mountainside from the scene of His transfiguration glory, He found a miserable, unhappy father and a group of impotent disciples trying to do by their faith what could be done only by the Faith of the Son of God. The man was honest when he said, "Lord I believe; help thou mine unbelief" Has not the scene of those disciples, struggling and shouting, rebuking and trying to cast out the devil-without success, been duplicated over and over again in modern days? But when Jesus walked on the scene, how quickly and beautifully the entire atmosphere was changed and transformed.

Out of the storm there came the calm. Out of the tempest there was born a beautiful peace. Jesus was Master of the situation, and happy was the man who beheld that day the approach of a tender, sympathetic heart which was moved with compassion, and overflowing with divine love. The great essential is that we talk with Jesus; cease our struggle, and turn from our Intercession to that trust and confidence in Him which will invite the impartation of the faith which He alone can give.

For twenty years and more I have been conducting campaigns in which a prominent place has been given to prayer for the sick and the suffering. To this ministry my Lord has called me, and to that call I have responded with all my heart. To His glory and praise, I record that I have seen the eyes of the blind opened Miracles of power divine have raised cripples and paralytics from their wheel chairs and cots, and cancers and tumors have melted by the healing power of our wonderful Lord.

But—do you know what I have noticed? All great healing services have been preceded by nights of consecration and seasons of prayer. When the crowds have rushed forward, seeking healing, the meetings have been hard and difficult. When they have sought the Healer, rather than the healing, however, the sweetness of His presence has broken the power of the enemy; and the sunshine of His presence has melted the icy feeling that gripped the heart. It may be self-pity, or even self-love, which brings us to His feet; but our whole viewpoint is changed—once we are there—as *we at last see Him!*

THE POOR AND THE RICH

It is the poor and the needy who have been given so many good things, and it is the rich whom he has sent empty away. A crippled man was brought to the meetings some years ago. Those who brought him told me he was a man possessed of all the faith in the world and one who was known in the community for his good life and works. He was a good living man and, no doubt, loved his Lord; but he was to go away from more than one service because of the one thing that he lacked, and which His Master was ultimately to reveal to his mind.

How the people prayed for that cripple! I can see him now, struggling to rise in answer to the entreaties of the people that he arise in faith and walk. Many times I knelt by the side of his chair and rebuked the power which bound him. The days went by and yet there was no sign of his healing—no acquiescence had come from the skies in response to prayer.

One afternoon they wheeled him to a comer in the building. He asked the people to leave the two of us alone, and then said something which has lingered in the chambers of my memory.

"What a failure I am," he declared. "I came here strong in what I thought was my faith in the Lord As I look deeply into my heart I find something about which I wish to confess. What a poor, miserable failure I have been. I have been spiritually proud of the fact that people have pointed to me as a man who suffered without complaining. They pointed me out as the man who never grumbled, although he had a cross to bear. I grew proud of my reputation and I can see now that what I termed my goodness has been self-righteousness in the sight of my Lord.

He put his face in his hands and wept. There was something so pathetic about that poor, crippled man, that the tears welled up in my eyes too. I reached out my hands and put them on his head and commenced to pray. I prayed for his healing; and, as I prayed, he stopped me. "Dr. Price," he said, "I don't need healing half as much as I need Jesus. I am so hungry for His presence. More than anything else in my life, I want to know Him better, and I am content to spend my days in this chair if only He will flood this self-righteous heart of mine with His peace and love." So I watched the cripple in the wheel chair disappear around the corner of the building.

He went away quietly, and my heart went with him, as they wheeled him out of the building. All the way home my heart was singing for him the hymn:

"Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by!"

A broken and a contrite heart will He not despise! How sweet it is to come to the end of self! How wonderful, after we have toiled all night and have caught nothing, that He condescends to wait for us on the shore! How gracious the voice that tells us to cast our nets on the right side of the boat, that our joy might be full! What determines which is the right side of a boat? Why, the way it is going, of course. You will soon find out where the right side is if your boat is going toward Jesus; and the boat must be empty, if you would bring the Nazarene on board.

A few days later I was leaving the building in company with Dr. Manchester, the man who buried President McKIDLEY. At the door of the auditorium sat the man in his wheel chair, patiently waiting for the doors to open for the evening service. The afternoon meeting was over. Dr. Manchester looked at the face of the crippled man and stopped. Then he walked over to him and I followed "Are you coming for prayer?" he asked.

"For prayer and to receive healing," was the reply. There was something different about the man His voice--his tone--his eyes--such a look of reflected glory on his face. I knew something had happened. "Tell me," I said, "What has happened. My brother, I discern you have experienced something that is so wonderful I can feel its glory, though I do not know what it is."

Then he told me he had been with Jesus. He had spent the night in prayer—not in intercession alone, but in praise and worship. He told me that at four in the morning a consciousness of the presence of his Lord had overwhelmed him. He knew Jesus was in his room in a special way. He told me how his voice in adoration had commenced to praise his Lord. He said that he then became conscious of an infusion of the Life Divine. Something passed from Jesus to him; and he felt as though a fog had rolled away from his heart and mind. From that moment on he knew his struggles were over; and a sweet and holy peace was wrapped around his soul. He told us that now he knew, when once again he came to obey his Lord in the anointing with oil, strength would flow from Jesus, and life divine would be given him to restore him to health and strength.

As I looked into Dr. Manchester's face, I noticed that tears stood in his eyes. Then he spoke, "Why does this man have to wait until tonight?"

"He does not," I replied. "The Great Physician is here now. Jesus of Nazareth is passing by."

A moment later it was over. Out of his wheel chair arose that man. He ran and jumped and praised the Lord for his deliverance. It was a miracle of power divine. Around him on the snowy street, men and women gathered first to praise, and then to pray. Unsaved hearts were broken, and many were the penitential tears that were shed! More than once I have been with a group of disciples, struggling at the foot of a mountain; and oh, how my heart can testify to the difference it makes when into the midst of our helplessness Jesus Himself comes walking!

YOUR PRAYERS ANSWERED

Do you not know that your prayers can be answered? Do you not know that your burdens and cares can be left at His feet; that you never need bow your shoulders again with the weight of sorrow and care? I am praying, please God, that thousands who will read these lines will come to the place of abandonment of the trail of self-endeavor, realizing that it has led them into doubts and fears which destroy confidence and trust in God.

Know ye not that faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God? In my Greek Testament it reads, "and hearing by a word of God." There is a finer ear than the one with which we listen to the music of the organ in the church service. There is another ear than the one we use when we listen to the reading of the grand old Book. It is not merely the intonation of a human voice that speaks as the Bible is read, for men hear that Book and yet do not hear the voice of God. The Bible is a book through which God speaks; yet all do not hear His voice in the lines!

Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by a word of God. Let Jesus speak to this heart of mine and doubts will take the wings of the morning and fly away. Let Jesus breathe a little word to this poor mind of mine and heaven is brought to earth. Fear is gone like a shadow in the light of His glorious truth. Let Him say, "Bring him to me," and then cometh faith God's faith—His faith—and my poor heart will cry, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." Let Jesus breathe on me, with His love and presence, and mountains will commence to tremble, and the fingers of the foundations will lose their grip!

That is how faith comes! Not through the channels of human concepts. Not along the paths of human understandings. Not by the abilities of minds to comprehend, or the power of the intellect to affirm. Reach with fingers such as those for the moon and you will struggle and groan in vain to possess it. But let Jesus speak, and the soul is lifted. One little word from Jesus is worth all the words in a dictionary of human language.

There is hope for the blind Bartimaeus of the Jericho Road of today, when Jesus of Nazareth is passing this way. "Hope," did I say? Yes, hope—and more than hope; for when He hears our cry of helplessness, He will not pass us by...When He speaks, hope is kindled until it becomes a fire that burns away all doubt and unbelief, and the warmth of a divine and beautiful faith brings healing to the soul.

O Master, speak! In our need and self-helplessness, we would lift our hearts and voices to Thee. Speak the word—that will be all we need. We have tried, with the broken cisterns of our faith and endeavors, to believe; but their waters have failed!

"Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry;

While on others Thou are calling,

Do not pass me by!"