

GOD'S WAY OF HEALING.

A Series of Lectures by the Editor, presenting the Gospel of Healing through Faith in Jesus Christ, as taught by him during his many years of ministry in many lands.

LECTURE TWO.

THE SWEET REDEMPTION SONG.

An Address delivered in Zion Tabernacle on Sunday Afternoon, Aug. 5th, 1894.

INVOCATION.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight and profitable unto this people and unto all to whom these will come, O Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer.

SERMON.

In the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, the 21st to 23rd verses:

"Because the creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption, *to wit*, the redemption of our body."

THE whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together, *until now*," said the Apostle. That "now" was eighteen and a half centuries ago. The whole creation had been groaning and travailing together in pain until Christ came, "waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." But Christ had come, and so this sweet redemption song was sung, and "angels with the white robed throng" still join in that "sweet redemption sang," which tells us that Christ has redeemed us by His blood not only in spirit but in soul and in body. Therefore we are besought by the mercies of God to present our "bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God" which is our "reasonable service." This sweet redemption song is still being sung. O how beautiful it is. It is being sung by the Church of God while she waits for the coming of the King.

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

An ancient Norse Saga, they say, tells this strange old story. It tells of old, old times, in the dark days of blood and rapine when northern Europe was plunged in heathen darkness. It tells of these horrid gods who desired and demanded bloody sacrifices to appease them, Thor and Wodin, gods of war and murder. It tells of how in these days there lived a king who loved not the dark scenes of blood and heathen cruelty, and rejected the evil gods of his fathers. He married a lovely princess who, like himself, hated the heathen rites and though he was a brave warrior, known to be strong and powerful, he loved not war. There was born unto them a beautiful babe, his only child, who grew up in great beauty, and as he grew older the king used to say to his young queen, "I cannot bear to think our son shall grow up among these heathen priests in this dark old northern land, held so long in the grip of winter and of death. I have heard that in the far-away south under cloudless skies there sleeps a beautiful land waiting for inhabitants, a land where the sun shines, where lovely rivers flow, where the leaves never lose their green verdure and where there is neither misery nor war. Let me go and I will search for that beautiful island and when I find it I will come back and take you and my son and all that will come of my kingdom to that land of peace." And so, the Saga says, the ancient king went away, accompanied by many of his great nobles who imbibed his good spirit and went with him. They left their wives and their little ones behind, but hope buoyed up the hearts of those they loved. They knew their husbands were skillful seamen and brave warriors and the king had said: "When the winter is past and the spring is come expect me. Soon after the flowers have come expect me; I will come again." And so the winter passed away, and the queen in her palace looked often out over the wintry scene; and when at last the spring came and the earth was clothed with green verdure, and the flowers and the early summer came, she used to sit out on the green sward on the top of the rock looking away out over the sea. There with her maidens she would sing the songs of love and longing for the absent king, that he would soon come and take them to these beautiful lands. And the little boy played around them and listened to the songs, and was so happy for he would always say, "The king will come today." But when the sun had set and the king did not come, he would say "My father the king will come to-morrow," and so they would sadly go back to the palace. One day, most beautiful and bright, the queen was sitting there, the maidens were singing, and she was looking out over the summer sea. Often she thought she could see the ships in the distant horizon. The little boy was

playing around. At last the sun sank beneath the ocean and she rose up sighing, echoing the little boy's cry, "My Lord will come to-morrow." She called him but he did not answer; and no one had seen the little boy. He was missing. Had he gone into the garden? They seek, but cannot find him. Was he in the castle? They cannot find him. And at last they came to tell her that nowhere could they find the child. A great fear fell upon her heart, and she ran to the brow of that awful precipice with its face overlooking the sea and looked over the rocks. There, hundreds of feet below she saw the dead body of her son tossed by the cruel waves, and being beaten upon the rocks. With a cry of despair she ran down the mountain path where scarce a mountain goat could climb, until she reached the water and put out her hands and gathered up from the cruel waves the dead body of her child, wrapped him in her royal mantle, and leaping up the rocks again sat down under the stars and sang with the dead body of her son: "Oh Balder the beautiful, the white god, the god who hatest death and war and at whose footsteps spring comes, the ice melts and lovely flowers grow. Oh Balder, the beautiful, Balder the beautiful, god of life, give me back my son, that when the king comes I shall not tell him he is dead." And so she sang, bereft of reason almost, and while she sang she was answered. Limb to limb the dead body came to life, and before she knew, there were warm arms of love around her neck and the kisses of her little boy on her lips, with the ever cheering words: "Mamma, the king will come to-morrow." And so her son was given back even from the dead, and on the morrow the king returned, and they went away to that distant land under the southern skies where no winter comes and loved and lived ever afterwards.

The Saga is only a legend but this is true, the church of God is looking for the absent King. Lord Jesus, come, Thy bride, the Church, with longing eyes looks to her home beyond the skies, beyond the seas time and sin and sense and death and hell, and while she waits she chants this song of love

Sweet bridegroom, come, 'tis midnight hour,
And virgin hearts await thy power.
Lord Jesus come! "Lord Jesus, come!
Thine answer sweet our spirits hear,
It calms our hearts we cannot fear
It came to him on Patmos' isle
Who lived and loved on earth awhile,
It comes to us,—*"I quickly come!"*
"Yea, even so, Lord Jesus, come."
Lord Jesus, come!"

And while the church sings this song she is gathering a broken humanity that in its infancy fell and has been dashed upon the rocks of death. She sings that song of redemption for the spirit, for the soul, and for the body.

It is sung again today, as Christ sung it long ago, and limb to limb a broken humanity is brought together in the lap of the Church of the Living God, and raised up by the Spirit's power, it is being prepared for the coming of the King. Shall the King come back and find a dead body or shall He find a Living Church? Yes. He will come back and he will call to himself a living church. There are wise virgins and these wise virgins have oil, they have the Holy Spirit, the oil of God in their vessels, the vessels of their body. With their lamps the redemption of the body has come to them. The Lord Jesus Christ preached that redemption first for the spirit, then for the soul, and then for the body. First salvation, then healing, then holiness. For the spirit first because that is by far the most important, the immortal spirit; the soul next, for that is the animal life we have in common with animals, for the body next because we cannot live a happy, healthful, holy, spiritual life in a defiled diseased and wretched body. And so our Lord, knowing this, came to bring a perfect redemption of which I read to you to-day in Isaiah 35th

THE THREEFOLD SONG OF REDEMPTION FOR SPIRIT, SOUL, AND BODY.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God."

Some of you say, "If I see I will believe." I say, "No." "Oh, yes," you reply, "seeing is believing." No! Many of you see these crutches and braces and hear the testimony of the healed, but do you believe? No! Seeing is not believing; but I tell you *believing is seeing*. We "walk by faith, not by sight." Faith first, sight next. Faith first, healing next. Faith first and all the blessings next. You have ever to walk by faith and not by sight. They who believe shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God."

"Strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you."

Save you. Be strong, fear not. He will come and save you. God does not want you to be weak. He wants these weak hands to be lifted up in praise and prayer to Him. God does not want these knees to be weak. I cannot run in the ways of His commandments with my knees paralyzed or rheumatic. He wants these knees to be set free. Be strong. Fear not. No one can do anything that fears. "There is no fear in love." Perfect love casts out fear because fear hath torment. He that

fears is not made perfect in love. Deliverance from fear is essential to a life of faith and love and hope. I see the fear written in some of your faces. You are afraid. The dark shadow of death rests upon you. Fear is destroying your faith. The message of God in every age has been "Fear not," and the key-note of the song of redemption in every age has been "Fear not." "Fear not," to weeping Adam and Eve in the Garden as God showed them the coming Redeemer. "Fear not," to Noah when tossing upon the wide waste of waters and with all the earth overwhelmed he sent out that dove to find where the waters had abated; and when at last it descended upon the solitary earth where every living thing had been buried beneath the dark waters, an earth without inhabitant save those who emerged out of the ark, he heard God's voice, "Fear not, Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." "Fear not," to Moses when God spoke to him in exile because he was afraid of the wrath of the king. In Midian God took him and disciplined him for forty years of desert life and revealed Himself to him in the burning bush. When He had taken all fear out of his heart He sent him before the throne of Pharaoh to demand that His people be let go. A man without arms, with only God above, there he stood on the steps of that tyrant who could have crushed his life out in a moment. He was not afraid to look into the eyes of that oppressor and say, "Let God's people go, Oh, Pharaoh." A man who was not afraid to lead a nation of slaves into a waterless desert, a man who was not afraid to obey his God when He told him to cut down a tree and cast it into the bitter springs that they might be sweet, and they were made sweet because Moses obeyed God. And when Moses finished his work, God raised up a man who was not afraid to go up and take possession of a land that was in the grip of powerful military forces. Joshua, with Moses' spirit, was told not to fear. "Be strong and of good courage. Only remember to do according to all that God has commanded you. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left." And he went up without fear, and conquered. Fear not! Fear not! The message from heaven has always been that. Daniel was bid not to fear, by Gabriel, the Archangel. Mary was bid not to fear, when the same Archangel announced to her that, though a virgin, she should be a mother. When Zacharias the priest was ministering to God in the temple the angel told that his wife Elizabeth, in her old age should have a son, and his first words were, "Fear not." To Joseph the angel said,

"Fear not," in a dream, when he thought of putting away his wife Mary. God said "Fear not," when he sent the angels who sang that midnight song in Bethlehem. "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." When Christ came he

constantly said these words, "Fear not." When John in the apocalyptic vision saw the risen Christ in His glory, he fell at His feet as dead, but Christ "laid His right hand upon him" and said, "Fear not, I am the first and the Last, I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore. Amen. I have the keys of hell and death." I say to you this, that true religion in every age, and every message from God has been, "Fear not." When a man is weak he will fear. When a man is sick he is going to fear. And if sinful he is going to fear; and if his sins are not pardoned he is afraid to face God.

But if he is free from sin, and healed from sickness, and kept by the power of God, and made strong by the Omnipotent Spirit, he is not going to be afraid of all the powers of earth and hell. And so the sweet redemption song says, "Fear not, He will come and save you." That is the kind of salvation you need, a salvation from fear, a salvation therefore from sin, a salvation that makes the spirit free and fearless. "The meek shall inherit the earth," and the meek are strong. Moses was the meekest man on God's earth, and the mightiest in his time. Christ came to "save" you. Salvation is the first thing in this song, but it does not stop there. The spirit is to be set free from pollution by the blood of Christ the Redeemer. But there is more in it. There is the "utmost" salvation. Oh, this utmost salvation. It is a fountain full and free, a ceaseless, ever-flowing, wondrous grace. It reaches me in all my ends, in my spirit, in my soul, in my body, not only salvation from sin, but salvation from sickness. For the song rings out:

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes"

What a beautiful emblem of a redeemed physical nature!

A man's body, full of evil, full of corruption as well as his evil poisoned spirit shall be cleansed. The eyes to see, the ears to hear, the tongue to talk, the nose to smell, the hands to feel, acute in every sense, a body all clean for God, "the temple of the Holy Ghost." For that is just what the body was designed to be. This body was designed to be a temple for God, "a habitation for God through the spirit." Your bodies should all be temples of the Holy Ghost. Do you seek for God's temple? Do you think you can find it in a pile of stones? Do you think you can find it in marble, in a mass of ornamentations? You will find His temple here to-day, a temple not made with hands, in this body

which God has made, and which He has redeemed by the blood of His Son. This body was designed to be a habitation for God himself by the Spirit. Does any man thirst to-day? Does he long to know what this means? Then the Christ of God is saying in this Tabernacle, as in the Feast of Tabernacles nineteen centuries ago, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink, "He that believeth on me out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." But this spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive. For the Holy Ghost was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified." But now the Holy Ghost is given, Jesus has been glorified and wants our bodies to be pure, and free from disease, so that the Holy Spirit may flow through them. Divine Healing is therefore the second part of the song. "God be merciful unto us and bless, and cause His face to shine upon us that Thy Way (and Christ in God's Way) may be known upon the earth, Thy saving health among all nations." But the sweet redemption song does not stop there. Salvation and healing are not all. There is one more part of the glorious song.

"An Highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

That is a good way to walk in the King's Highway of Holiness. A way where from day to day, you shall feel, and say, "Vouchsafe, O God to keep me this day without sin," and God will say "I Will." And by the Power of the Spirit He will keep you so that when the end of that day is come you shall look up and say "I have walked with God to-day." Then you will go home with "joy and gladness," not with sorrow and sadness. But how many people say, "Well, a man must have his last sickness." His last sickness! O yes. Why don't you talk about a man having his Last bout with sin. Is it necessary for a man before he quits sin to go down into the lowest haunts of vice and have "a big blow out" before he quits? Who will say, "Let me alone for it is my last bout with sin before going to Christ?" That man is never going to be a Christian. Oh well, says another, "You must have your last sickness." I suppose you have a Bible that reads like this: "The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with groans; and everlasting sorrow upon their heads; they shall obtain lamentation and sadness, and sorrow and sighing shall never flee away until the wretched creature drops into the grave." Can you find that in the Scripture? Oh, no. That is not

God's way to bring His children home. We are to enter into the Port of Heaven, like a good vessel with all its cargo on board and with all its sails set. Were you ever on a long voyage? I have been months and months at sea at a time when there were no steamships between England and Australia. When I was a boy I once voyaged 16,000 miles in a dear old tub of a vessel, which took many months to do it. I remember on a number of voyages that when we got near to port, within two or three days of it, the captain stopped everything and said to the men, "We must now clean up." So they set to work to clean the vessel up. The always kept it clean, but it then got a special cleaning. Every place up stairs and down stairs, all the brasses, and the little signal cannon, and the masts and the yards and then the good sails were bent on the yards and the old rags pulled down. Then after we got all ready, the captain sailed his ship into port, with our canvas spread and everyone on board happy and all the cargo safe on board. Oh, how glad we were to come into harbor. This is the way we should go into heaven. Not like a wretched old derelict, with all the masts swept away and one-half the cargo thrown overboard. It is a miserable ambition to crawl into heaven, a wretched polluted creature! Is that the way to go? No. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." How is it with you John Wesley? "With me" he said. "With me, with me—with me—" "The best of all is, God is with us," and he swept into the gates. How is it with you, Brother Cookman? "With me—with me—with me—I am just sweeping through the Gales." And with you Bishop Beveridge, "I am your wife, do you know me? I am your daughter, do you know me?" "No I do not know you but," raising himself up, "Jesus I know Thee whom to know is life eternal. Oh Jesus I know thee," and he swept through the gates of the New Jerusalem washed in the blood of the Lamb. We should enter the heavenly Zion not battered and crushed but with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads, victors over sin and disease and hell, singing "the sweet redemption song."

"My Saviour comes, and walks with me
And sweet communion here have we,
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is Heaven's Border land.

"The zephyr seems to float to me
Sweet sounds of Heaven's melody,
While angels with the white-robed throng,
Join in the SWEET REDEMPTION SONG."

The shadows are fleeing away.
O'er all the earth the the Light is breaking.

Come, oh Thou who canst alone save, and heal, and cleanse, and give us victory. Come *now*, come *here*, and let many now cry, "save me, heal me, cleanse me, pilot me, O Christ of God." Come now, and by the Spirit bless all who hear, and all who will read these words. Amen, and Amen.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not, his benefits."

Leaves of Healing vol 1 No 2 Sep 7 1894 p 22