

Trumpets in the Camp

Nettie Miller

Printed in U.S.A.

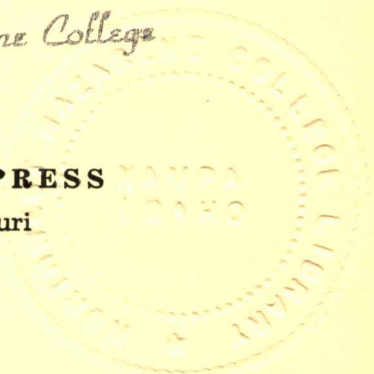
1949

Northwest Nazarene College

LIBRARY

BEACON HILL PRESS

Kansas City, Missouri



16238

DEDICATED
to my eldest sister
ALICE



CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. BRINGING SOULS TO JESUS	5
II. HEAVEN	13
III. HARDENED HEARTS	19
IV. STARVED SOULS	28
V. THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT	35
VI. THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST	42
VII. CHRISTIAN PERFECTION	51
VIII. MY LIFE STORY (1)	60
IX. MY LIFE STORY (2)	72
X. THIS WICKED GENERATION	80
XI. BEHOLD THE MAN	89
XII. THE PRODIGAL SON	98
XIII. THE MASTER CALLETH FOR THEE	107
XIV. "PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD"	115

CHAPTER I

BRINGING SOULS TO JESUS

"And he brought him to Jesus" (John 1:42). My subject tonight is "Bringing Souls to Jesus."

I believe that the greatest achievement possible to any human being in the world today is to be able to bring the lost to Christ. No doubt the greatest indictment against the Church today is that she is losing her soul-saving concern. When a church loses that tender compassion for a lost world, then it might as well put up a white flag. A church without a burden for the lost has no right to exist. I believe that I could prove to you that every person who knows God should get out and win souls to Him. We ought to do it, *first* of all, because of the inherent quality of the new nature. I mean that, if you have been converted, you possess that something that says, "O God, give me a soul or take my own soul."

I never can forget it. It has been almost twelve years ago, in Columbus, Georgia, at twenty minutes after nine. I said, "O Lord, give me peace"; and about that time, down through the plains of night came the glory of the Lord God Almighty. I was so happy I could not sit down and I could not stand up. I ran out of that place where I had found the Lord, and I wanted to tell it. There was that quality of the new nature working. I ran as fast as I could run. The first person I saw was a colored woman walking down the street. I grabbed that colored woman around the neck. I said, "I'm so happy I don't know what to do," and all of a sudden I started weeping. She put her big old fists on her hips and said, "Lord have mercy! that chile has got 'ligion." Since

that night there has been that inner urge that says I must tell someone else.

They say to me, "Nettie Miller, you preach every night. Why don't you take a vacation?" If I take a vacation, I still ask the Lord to give me souls. They say, "Aren't you weary of going to meeting all the time?" And I say, "No, I can hardly wait until the next service begins." And that is the truth. I would rather see one soul kneel at an altar of prayer than anything in the world. Now, honestly, would you rather see a person find the Lord than anything else? If not, I know that, if you did get converted back yonder, you need another dip now.

That old inherent quality works. I found the other day that it is still there. I was on a fast-moving train. I said, "Lord, would You give me a soul on this train?" The devil said, "You're about the craziest person I know. You just closed a meeting last night and are asking the Lord for a soul today." I said, "I surely am, devil, and it's none of your business." I said, "Lord, would You give me one?" I did not see anybody and I kept looking. The devil said, "Uh huh, you aren't going to get one." I walked on. In a moment I went into the ladies' lounge.

The cigarette smoke was so thick I could hardly see. I don't like to smell cigarette smoke. You can't go anywhere to preach the gospel without seeing a grandma on one side puffing, a grandpa on the other, and little upstarts all around, puffing. By the time you get where you are going, you smell like a polekitty.

I started to leave, but in the midst of the smoke I spied a person whose face was scarred with the marks of sin. I spoke to her very cordially. She said, "Howdy." And so I looked at her again and said, "It's been a lovely trip so far." She said, "I can't see anything so lovely about it." I said, "Lord, are You sure this is my soul?" But in a moment I said, "I'll not give up." She said,

"You have really asked me many questions, and I'd like to ask you one. What makes you so happy?"

And then I told her of that night when the Man of Galilee stepped out on the storm-tossed waters of my soul and spoke, "Peace, be still"; how I found in Him a hiding place, and there came a great calm on the inside. "It's in there now." She said, "Would you get out of here?" "No, ma'am." About that time I noticed that tears were finding their way down her cheeks. She said, "Chill bumps are breaking out all over me. Pray for me. I'm dying." Friend, by the time the good Lord puts conviction on you, you'll think you're dying. First thing I knew she was down on her knees. I prayed like the house was on fire. She prayed, and it wasn't long until down came the glory of the Lord God Almighty. That woman jumped up and said, "He's come. I'm as light as a feather."

A woman came into the lounge. "What in the world is going on in here?" The saved woman started to testify. She said, "The Lord has saved my soul. Have you ever been converted?" The woman said, "No, but I feel funny right now." That woman got on her knees, and the new convert was beating her on the back. She jumped up and said, "I'm happier than I've ever been in my life." She went to tell her daughter in another part of the train, and brought her in.

I'm just talking about bringing souls to Jesus. If you have that new nature, you'll go out after them. I can see you now. You're going out to bring the lost to Christ. I admonish you to do that; because of the value of the human soul, I beg you to do that. You know and I know that the world places little value on life, but I'm here to tell you that the Lord does value a human soul.

I see the value of a human soul when I see its capacities. According to psychologists, we are not the only animals with souls, but we are the only animals with

souls having a threefold capacity. The human soul is capable of *intellectuality*. Housewife, that old spider will spin that web around your wall the same way as it did back in Solomon's time. The cattle graze on the hillside today the same way they did during the days of Abraham and Lot. Man, with a soul capable of *intellectuality*, is continually improving the things that he does and makes. The second characteristic of the human soul is a *moral* capacity. A cow will come into your cabbage patch and eat your cabbage, but will not apologize. It has an appetite, but no moral capacity. The third characteristic of the human soul is a *spiritual* capacity. That old spiritual nature—there is not a person living who does not need God. I care not how rich or how poor, every man and woman, every boy and girl in the world today has a need that will be satisfied only when the Lord fills it.

I not only see the value of the human soul in its threefold capacity, but I see the value when I see the contrast that the Lord made concerning it. One day the Lord put out before you and me a great scale. He said, "Now watch it. On one side you put the whole world and on the other side just one little soul." He did not say it had to be the soul of Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, or Queen Victoria. He said *your* soul. It could be the darkest soul in Africa painted black by the brush of heredity. It could be your soul or mine. He said that one soul would outweigh all the gold in the world.

The God who flung the stars in their orbits, who painted the grandeur of the sunset, that same God who one day pictured the meadows and forests, that same God said your soul is worth all the world. That's enough to make you take a running start and run a month and shout every step of the way. I'm about half a month behind in my shouting.

Your soul is worth more than the world. That's shouting territory in my language. Your human soul is valuable because of its threefold capacities and, next, because of the *sacrifice* our Lord made concerning it, the price that He paid for it. Will you go back in your thinking with me to that day when the sky was darkened and the lightning flashed? There the mighty Man of Calvary died on the cross; and He did it for you and me, that here in this city we might have an old-fashioned revival meeting, where we people might cry aloud, "What must I do to be saved?"

"And he brought him to Jesus." What an opportunity to do it now! What an opportunity to be a personal worker, to invite your neighbors to this meeting! With all of us pulling and co-operating, friends, we can see this city brought to God. If people's souls are so valuable, I believe we ought to get them. Go out and compel them to come. That means you will be importunate about it. You will pray clear through for them. There is an atmosphere in this meeting that shows there is unity about the place. There is no telling what kind of Pentecost we will have in this city.

Then we ought to bring souls to Jesus because it is our duty to do it. The Lord not only saves us *from* something, but *for* something; and that something is to go out and get the other fellow. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." I am not afraid of Nazarenes not knowing what to do. We know, but if we would do as much as we know! Man thinks of sin as doing wrong. The Lord thinks of sin also as failing to do right. The Lord says, "Curse ye Meroz," not because of what they did but because of that which they failed to do. I feel that the good Lord is going to help us to do our duty. I believe He can go into the homes of this city and get hold of the housewives while they sweep with the brooms. I believe He can find your daughter and your son out

there somewhere. I believe He can do it. I believe the Pentecostal skies open when people meet the test. We are going to do our duty, and it is to get out and bring them in.

I shall give to you two excuses—I shall not call them reasons, for when we do not have a reason we make an excuse—why we do not bring the lost to Christ. The first is *lack of time*. "I'm too busy." You know, a lady came to me recently and said, "Would you pray for my son, who is out in a world of sin? He gambles and drinks." I said, "Lady, I believe much is accomplished when two believe in a thing. I'll pray all afternoon in my hotel room, and you pray at home." She said, "Oh, I don't have time to pray that long." Friends, the trouble with America is that we have made the excuse that we do not have time to put God first. Instead of our giving God the place He demands, we put Him in the background until His presence is forgotten.

Has God ever called you to do something good, and you just cast it aside and said, "If I had the time I would"? We have the time for pleasure and all the rest; but when God calls, is your excuse like mine? I found the time. God lends us the time we use here. Sometime we must give account to Him. If we would make our lives sublime, we'll have to take the time. Do you feel tonight as if you're going to take the time in this meeting to pray God's blessing on you and on the meeting? Let us take time. It will take time to pray and pull, but you're going to do it.

The next excuse for our not bringing the lost to Christ is *lack of vision*. Listen, my friends, do you know what a vision is? A person with a vision is one who sees *before* others see, one who sees *more* than others see, one who sees more *clearly* than others see. A vision! It is easy to say, "I would like to see souls con-

verted." Do you really have a vision that sometimes makes the food taste like sawdust?

Not long ago I said, "I have thirty-seven hours free." I thought, What can I do? I'll not go to the meeting over there. I stopped. I'll get off at this place and visit. No, I won't. I need to have a little tete-a-tete with Jesus. I got a room and put my brief case down and said, as I knelt by my bedside, "Lord, I want to talk to You." It doesn't take long to get an audience with the Lord if you have a hole already bored in the skies. You can reach Him at a moment's notice. I said, "Lord, I have preached vision everywhere, but I want to know that I have the kind of vision You want me to have; and if it takes all of my hours, I will stay on my knees until I know." A blessed retreat! Alone with God! While alone with Him, I said, "O God, a vision, please."

When I came to, I was on my feet shouting. A knock came on the door. I thought, Oh, I've been shouting! But I said, "If they put me out, they'll put me out happy." I went to the door. There stood the hostess of my floor with the head bellboy. That little hostess said to me, "We heard you praying on the first floor." I said, "Yes, it was I." She said, "Would you do me a favor, please? Would you mind praying a little louder? There are some drunk people next door, and we'd like to run them out." Then she said, "I'm so cold; feel like I'm going to freeze to death." I said, "Come on in, lady," and she came in. With both of us praying together, they told me that the near-by occupants moved.

When she left I said, "Lord, we had a little interruption. It's about a vision"; and I prayed on and on. The minutes and hours flew; and in the early morning, when everything was quiet and still, God was there. When God comes, things take place. You can't substitute science or anything else. God has to come. The

glory has to come. The power has to come. Right there God was. When God comes, everybody knows about it. You can tell the difference every time.

All was quiet, but I heard plainly—tramp, tramp, tramp. "What is that, Lord?" "An army, My child—the army of the lost; and they are going to hell." I cried aloud, "O Lord, help me to snatch somebody out of that army."

It is the army of the lost. That brittle cord of life breaks and, once they are gone, there is no chance to bring them to Jesus. Only one thing to do in this meeting—work harder to do your best for God.

You have heard of the call, "Come over into Macedonia." I hear a cry from this city. It is that of your loved ones. They want help. They are entreating, "Can't you help me? Won't you come and help me?"

Soul, do you have a vision?

CHAPTER II

HEAVEN

"Let not your heart be troubled" (John 14:1). In other words, Don't you worry.

"Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions." That makes me know tonight that there will be many folk who will reach that city beyond the blue. I know that many times we are prone to think we will be the only ones to make it. I reiterate these words, "In my Father's house are many mansions." I am persuaded that many folk will make it into the presence of the Lord.

"If it were not so, I would have told you." In other words, I speak the truth; and if the Lord says it is the truth, it is. He is not a man that He could lie.

"I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go [and He did] . . . I will come again." Would you notice that verb, *I will*. It is the strongest in English diction. *I shall* would have been less emphatic. But He said, "*I will* come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." I am encouraged tonight. He is coming back again; He said so. Many are going to make it; for that I am grateful.

As I preach to you on the subject of heaven, we are living in a modern age in the time when the Modernists say that the virgin birth of Christ is a myth. They say that man never was created; he evolved from nothing. They tell us that there is no heaven and no hell. But tonight I am old-fashioned in my belief; I believe that there is a hell. Do you believe it? I believe that somewhere out yonder in outer darkness there will be a

multitude of people who transgressed the laws of God and failed to observe them. No Sabbath morning ever comes, where they can cry aloud, "Have mercy on me."

I like to believe there is a heaven. I know it is true. I do not blame any thinking individual for saying to me, "Prove that it is true." I could do that too. Everybody who believes there is a heaven, say Amen. You who do, keep believing. I mean to keep believing just the same. I know heaven's real and people are going to make it because, first, *the human mind has always had a mental concept that there is a heaven somewhere.*

Every tribe of people have always thought that there must be a land without any sickness, sorrow, sin, and death. It was my privilege to speak in one of the Indian reservations separated, it seemed, from all the rest of the world. I can see it plainly now. It was just as the shadows of evening began to fall. I watched the Indians approaching. I could see them far away, for that country is flat. I watched as they came in from every direction, toward a fire that we had built. As that crowd of Indians came on, my heart was thrilled. They came on horseback, in wagons, and some were walking. They were coming to the camp meeting. The music started, "Stand Up for Jesus," and it seemed to be heard all across the prairie land.

There was an old dried-up squaw, with one long tooth in front. I said, "Hello." No answer. I punched her and said, "Hello." She said, "Ugh." In a moment I said to her, "How did you get to the camp meeting?" Not a change in expression showed on her face, but all of a sudden she answered me. She said, "Me love Jesus, so me hitchhikum." I said, "That's good."

For your benefit and mine, I called to myself a lovely Indian princess. I said to her, "I know you are the princess of the great tribe. How have you always

thought about heaven? I learned about your conversion. Was there a time when you did not have salvation but thought about heaven?" "Sure there be time when Ponca think about heaven. Me go to Big Chief and say, 'Is there heaven somewhere?' He say, 'Heap much big huntin' ground somewhere.'" You know, I believe that a God who would place such a concept in people's minds must surely have a heaven somewhere.

I come a little further. Let's leave the head and touch the heart. Get religion in a man's head and heart too, and you have something. A lot of folk have salvation in their hearts, but no sense in their heads. I say heaven is real, and people are going to make it, because *the human heart has always felt that there must be a heaven*. When you are tired of doubtings and philosophical arguments about it, and what people do not believe, I dare you to get alone with the Lord. As quietly and as gently as an evening zephyr the Lord says, "Heaven is real," and His presence will strike your soul until you feel that heaven is out there somewhere.

You can feel it. I would not want all my salvation in my head. I want to feel it. Some folk won't like it in heaven because there is some feeling there. One lady told me, "I like to meet in your big crowd, but that lady who shouted made me nervous." There is going to be shouting in heaven. If you can't stand it down here, if you did get to heaven you would have a nervous breakdown in ten minutes. There is going to be some feeling in your salvation down here as well as up yonder.

It has not been easy, this journey toward heaven. There will be singing and shouting throughout the city. There are going to be some weary saints, who have said, "O God, in spite of everything and everybody, I am going to pay the price."

I say it is real because we can feel it—not when we die, but right now. They have taken away the altars

and given us book reviews, when what the world needs is old-time salvation. We need to get back to the Bible and conversion that you can know about and feel on the inside. I said heaven's real. I said I know it because everybody feels that there is such a place.

Wouldn't you like to see everybody in your city have a salvation like that and feel the power of heaven tugging in his soul? It would clean out all the whiskey joints in every city. Taverns and night clubs would be obliterated. Keep heaven tugging in your soul. Heaven is real. Church members, you can make it, but you'll have to clean up.

I know it is real because *heaven alone will solve the mysteries of this life*. There are so many things we do not understand and never will down here. I don't understand how some people could profess this and that and the other and have nothing. I don't understand how people who are converted could lie about everybody and talk about them behind their backs.

Heaven will take care of the unfinished business down here. It may seem that other people get along and don't live as good as you live. I don't know why either, but we'll understand it better by and by. It will be wonderful—if you can wait.

There is a heaven out there. It will take care of all those things you have been wondering about.

The little woman who was at the auditorium that night . . . she had enough glory on her face that it seemed as if one could take a handkerchief and wipe it off. That woman helped me to preach. Every time I would look at her, I would get some more glory all over me. That little woman had the real glory of God. I turned to the preacher and said, "Who is that little saint?" "That little woman is the poorest woman in our congregation." But I didn't agree. I would rather have the wealth of glory on my face that she had than own

all the riches in the world. Your Father is rich in houses and lands, and holds the wealth of the world in His hands.

I found that she lived somewhere down by the railroad tracks. That day I called the preacher and said, "Where are the railroad tracks?" He guided me and I went. That little old woman looked up at me and said, "You came to see me!" "Yes, I want you to take your hands and lay them on my head and ask God to pour out His blessings on me." The Lord began to pour the glory down. Heaven got a little closer. She asked Him to help me to preach. Yes, she is wealthy. She said, "I am exceedingly happy today." I asked her why in particular today. She said, "Some government teachers have come around. They said they would teach me to read and write my name. I told them just to teach me to read the name of Jesus. I'm so happy. I can read it now." I thought about you and me. Privileges of education! I said heaven is going to finish the unfinished business down here. Yes, hold on a little tighter.

People are going to make it. How do you know? Because *the Lord declared it*. That's enough if I had said no more. He said, "I go to prepare a place for you" —"I'm coming back and get you." Many times they ask me over the land, "What will heaven look like?" I don't know; I've never been there. I know this—heaven will be a beautiful place. I judge that by this beautiful world in which we live. When I stood on our Western coast in the midst of the bright sunshine, I looked up and saw snow-capped mountains. I rode a little piece and saw the rippling waters of the great Pacific Ocean. I went farther and watched the palm trees as they swung there in the breeze. Came the night. I watched the pale light of a yellow moon. I looked down on God's handiwork and was reminded that this was a beautiful world that God made. I know that an aesthetic finger made it. And He made it in only six days.

He has been gone over 1900 years, getting heaven ready for us. You can't afford to miss it. Your Church-anity is good, but your Christianity is vital. It will be worth all it costs to get to heaven.

Thank you for listening. I have come to a close. We have had two and one-half yawns. We would have had three, but I looked at that person and he swallowed the other half.

Tomorrow night I will tell you what you did tonight. Bless your hearts. You have listened well. I want you to go to heaven with me.

CHAPTER III

HARDENED HEARTS

"Who being past feeling have given themselves over unto lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness" (Eph. 4:19).

It is a marvelous thing to be able to feel, to be tenderly touched. You and I are made with the capacity to feel. Even the smallest child who plays by his parents' side is struck with genuine compassion when something happens to the parent. If a person in this modern world says that he feels any kind of reaction to a religious phenomenon, they tell us that he is mentally deficient. I say it is a marvelous thing to be able to feel and to be tenderly touched.

One of the most horrible things that faces our country today is the spread of a real hardening of the hearts of the people. People are hard to reach. It takes more to make a person feel today in any emotion. It takes more to make a fellow laugh today than ever before. Not long ago I read all of Shakespeare's comedies again. The funniest thing was this, they were not funny—I never laughed but once. They were supposed to be comedies. Don't I have a sense of humor? Yes, I laughed once at Shakespeare's imp who ran into the forest and came back saying, "I met a fool in the forest today—I met a fool, a motley fool in the forest today."

We have heard so much—the best of everything. Men and women are paid thousands of dollars a week to work up comical programs to make people laugh—yours for the turn of the radio dial. We have everything

at our finger tips. No wonder it is harder now to move a person!

It is a step of wisdom—this letting Jesus come in until you can feel His presence.

I can't help thinking about the many folk who have much knowledge, but not wisdom enough to cry aloud to the Saviour of mankind, "Apply the Blood to my soul!" There is a difference between knowledge and wisdom. Knowledge is the mere accumulation of facts. Wisdom is the ability to utilize those facts properly. I believe that the world of Christendom has enough knowledge about the power of the Blood that there should be revival meetings all over America. People should be finding God everywhere. "Oh, that they were wise, that they understood this!"

The knowledge is out that the Lord came into the world to seek and to save them that were lost. I said He came to save them. There is only one way. I must needs go home by the way of the Cross. That's the one way—that Blood-sprinkled way. It is all through the Book; and, if you ever get to God, it will be because of the blood of Jesus.

Yes, it is a marvelous thing to be able to feel. I have great hopes for that person who is tender in conscience and receptive in spirit. Some folks say that they can sit through a revival meeting and nothing touches them. Somebody told me, "I haven't shed a tear in five years. I am too matured mentally." That's too bad. The brain is a delicate piece of the anatomy. If you have good sense, your brain reverberates a crinkle that will bring a tender spot to your heart.

Not long ago I was walking along and kicked a piece of paper. It looked to me as if it were well type-written. I picked it up and found written thereon a poem about a small boy and his dog "Old Shep." I looked at that piece of paper. That person could feel

and was tender about a little dog, if you please. It is an amiable quality to be tenderly touched. Unless somebody can bring a stir of feeling to your heart, you will never find God the longest day you live.

You can say what you please about the work of evangelism—that evangelists go about the world trying to make people excited over death, and stir them to undue feeling. Let me tell you something. If I knew how to get you excited, I would. People are hard to move today. We live in a precarious hour. We live in a perilous time. But I have the best news that the world has ever known. The Pentecostal skies are just as full as they have ever been. That same God who made the blind to see and the deaf to hear, that same God is visiting men and women, boys and girls, and bringing the miracle of grace that brought shouts of victory in the Church of yesteryear. Our God lives tonight. Aren't you glad?

I would like to warn you tonight of three things. First, *welcome tears*, lest they feel unwelcome and come no more.

I wish you could have seen him. He was just a little paper boy, walking a big city street. I spied the little fellow and wondered if he went to Sunday school. He was just a little paper boy with a dirty face and a clean path of perspiration down each side of it. I said, "I'll follow the little boy to see where he is going." So I did. Finally the little fellow stopped and yawned and put his papers down. I said, "Bless him. I guess he's tired." He yawned again and looked across the street. His eyes got big, and I looked to see what it was. There on the corner was a blind man, asking alms of the passers-by.

The boy looked at the blind man and swallowed big. He reached down in his overall pocket and pulled out some money. I heard him say, "I've gotta give Mr. Johnson \$5.75." Then he took out eighty-five cents and said,

as he placed it in his coat pocket, "Guess that will be enough to pay for Mom's medicine." He had five cents left. It was a buffalo nickel. He looked at the nickel and looked across the street. He looked the second time, and tossed it up and caught it. Then the third time he looked, and tossed it again and caught it. I don't know what he saw after the third catch—maybe an ice cream cone. Could have been an all-day sucker. He took that nickel and walked across the street, and he reached out and flipped it—clink—into the tin cup. "Hey, mister, must be tough on a fellow can't see nothing at all. Ain't you never seen nothin'?" "No, Sonny, I never did." "Tell you what. I ain't got but one nickel today, but I'm gonna bring you a lotta nickels. I'll be seein' ya." Away he went.

I caught that little boy and gave him a whole lot of buffalo nickels. Then I went right straight back to that man on the corner and said, "Mister, I saw that little boy give you that nickel." He said, "That little boy has done more for me than anybody has ever done. I was bitter because of my affliction. I said, 'Why am I the one to be blind, of all the millions of people that walk the street?' I have always been hard, but I feel stirred in my heart now. My eyes are blind, but I can feel some tears trickling down my cheeks. I guess he loved me a lot. Nobody ever cared until now. You heard him. He gave me his last nickel." I said, "Yes, I heard him, but I'm here to tell you Somebody loves you more than the little boy could ever love you."

I told him a story. You remember when those shepherds were watching their flocks on a Judean hillside, when the angelic host broke through the azure blue, singing, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." I told him of another day, a dark day,

when on a cross, suspended between heaven and earth, Jesus Christ died for him.

He listened. He said, "Why did He do that?" "Because He loves you and me." "Me?" "Yes, you." And He does. He loves everybody. "I never dreamed it," he said. "What can I do for Him?" "Let Him come into your heart." "Will you pray with a blind man on the street?" I said, "Yes, I will. I will really pray. I will definitely pray." Out there on a busy street I bowed my head, and he bowed his. God came. In a moment the Man of Galilee and Gethsemane stepped out on the storm-tossed waters of his poor old soul. He need not have told me. I saw peace written on his face. He said, "He's come, and I'm happy for the first time." He said, reaching for my hand, "You've led me to Jesus." "No, that little boy did it." "I wish I could see that little boy—I mean see him with my hands. That's the way I see. If I could just get hold of that little boy, I would be completely happy."

The next day I started looking; I went the same way and looked. I didn't see him at all. Then I heard him saying, "Hey there. You're the one that gimme them nickels." I said, "I'm the one." He said, "You know what? I saved some of them. There's a blind man over yonder. He can't see nothin'. Leastways he said that. I'm going to give some of 'em to him." I said, "I think that will be fine." "Would you like to go with me?" I said, "Sure, I'll be glad to." He said, "I sure do like you." I said, "Well, I like you too." I took that little dirty boy's hand in mine. He said, "He's right over yonder. It's over there. It won't be but just a minute. Can you see him now?" I said, "Yeah, let's go." He took those nickels and said, "Hey, mister, I brought you a lot of nickels today." The old man said, "Sonny, I'm so happy. You've led me to Jesus." He grabbed the boy and hugged him real tight. The boy was frightened

and said, "No, sir, I didn't. Honest, I didn't. I don't even know Him myself. I didn't do it, honest."

I wish you could have heard the rest of that story. I believe if you had been hard on the inside some part of that conversation would have vibrated the cords of your heart. That little fellow after a while said, "Mister, I guess I'd better go now." "But say, Sonny, tell me about your daddy." "I don't know much about him to tell you, but it's like this. One day angels came and took him off. That's what Mom said. He didn't come back no more." "Tell me about your mother." "Well, I've got a mother all right. My mother's sick. She's kind of pale like maybe angels will come after her too. I hope they don't take her because they didn't bring my dad back, and I love my mom." In a little while the blind man said, "How'd you like to call me Pop?" "Gee, I'd think that's great, Pop."

I'm talking about feeling. I'm saying it is a marvelous thing to be able to feel, regardless of the propaganda of the professors of today. Listen, folk, God lives and He can bring a salvation that is real and make you feel that the glory reigns on the inside. I warned you first. You heard it. Welcome those tears. Let them come, lest you drive them back too often and then they will come no more. There you verge on blasphemy. When you can't feel, nobody can help you. Unless you can feel stirred, you can't get to God. Without the Spirit of God drawing you, you will never make it.

Again, I warn you to *beware of an insensibility to religious truths*. Some people have an idea that they don't have to pay attention to God's Word. I don't know why, but they do. I want to tell you that you have to obey God or else you will hear from it. You will have to do what God's Word tells you to. You obey God's Word, and He will bless you. You disobey, and suffer the consequences. I don't say that the Lord will send

you to hell, but listen to me. You can send yourself there. If God speaks to you day in and day out, year in and year out, and you make no move to obey His voice, mark it down, your day of reckoning is coming.

Also, I want to warn you to *move the instant God speaks to you*. I don't know why we think we can put Him off. God's "anger" and God's "wrath" occur frequently in the Scriptures. Folk, God is equal in His attributes. Man is not. I am going to obey God. I'm warning you now, lest you get past feeling. Obey God when He speaks to you—not when you get ready. Move when the voice of God comes. You obey Him the minute He speaks, and He will bless you.

Look at these electric lights. Somewhere outside the tent there is an apparatus that makes the lights go on. Without lights we could have no tent meeting. This same electricity can mean death. You can move one of the bulbs and stick your finger in the socket and in an instant you will die dead. Law sustains right relationship to law.

Folk, you have to obey God and let Him bless you. Listen, I went not long ago to the western part of the country. We had a preacher whose little boy was playing with a neighbor's child. They were playing hide-and-seek. The preacher's boy was to hide. He hid in an old refrigerator, and couldn't get out. An hour passed—two, three, and four hours. The search party couldn't find him. The next day they found him dead in that refrigerator that had been a blessing—that had kept their vegetables fresh, but now brought death.

God will bless you if you will let Him. If not, you'll meet death at the hands of God. "Either you get right with Me, or I will cast you into outer darkness." "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." You know you ought to obey God. Listen, I want to warn you there will be plenty of feeling in heaven. There will be plenty

in hell. A fellow said, "Preacher, if my folks go to hell, I want to go too." There will be plenty of feeling in hell—feeling of remorse and anger. You will scream aloud, "I'm tired, I'm thirsty." There will be feeling. You will remember this revival. That memory will bring feeling. There will be plenty of feeling down there. There will be cries of souls in agony. If you could hear the people in hell tonight, if they could explain to you that one day they sat as you sit, how they could have come and prayed, but how it is now too late—would it stir you? Those sad words, too late—too late—too late!

There will be some feeling in heaven. We'll have a good time up there. It is not going to be a quiet, death-like, cemetery affair. The redeemed of all ages will be there. There will be some feeling, and won't it be great—holiness unto the Lord! Won't that be great! "Holiness forevermore" will be the angels' song. Yes, there is going to be some feeling. When some old, tired, weary, worn pilgrims make it—when they get to that old port of Zion—they are going to say, "It is all over now." There are going to be some tired preachers; preachers who have sacrificed, who have carried the burden for many years. Some of you have held on when there seemed to be nothing left. Your burdens you can then lay down.

There will be some feeling when we see Jesus. We have read about it in the Scriptures and have seen artistic pictures. It sounds good to talk about. It is fascinating to read about it in literature. One day we will see Him face to face. He said, "I'll never leave you nor forsake you." Came the hour of sickness—He stood by my bedside and said, "I'm the Great Physician of the sky." I want to see the One who has gone with me hundreds of miles across a sick land. Listen, folk, it is a great thing to have Him now; but to see Him then, it's going to be greater!

With this I close. Listen—take it home with you. Don't you blame me. Tonight I have looked into the faces of hundreds of people. There are but two places—heaven and hell. If you get to heaven, it will be because you find a place to pray. Unless you *know* that He has come, *He has not* come. Unless you can say tonight, "I know that the Lord did come," you are not in any sense ready to meet God. Listen to me! It is a dangerous thing to procrastinate.

My last warning! If people could turn back the wheels of time and set a clock to when the preacher spoke and they felt stirred, elatedly they would do it. Listen—you cannot turn back the wheels of time. The thing for you to do is move when the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. If you keep disobeying the Holy Ghost and shaking your head in His face, He will not pardon you—it is, "Obey Me now." He says, "Come on." He calls you now.

A man said, "Tell you what I'll do. Tomorrow night I will be the first one to hit that altar." Tomorrow night he was not there. Two and one-half years from then I saw him. I said, "That's the man I tried to get to the altar. It has been two and one-half years ago. God called you to pray, but you didn't pray." He said, "I haven't felt the stir of God from that day to this one. I came to tell you that, if you can preach a sermon that will stir my heart, I'll give you a large check." I said, "I don't want your money." I prayed and begged God to come. He said, "I don't feel a thing. I would give a million worlds if I could."

A lot of people might as well be in their caskets. They have said no so many times. If you do care and there is a stir in your heart, don't be ashamed to admit it. Remember, don't wait until you are past feeling. It is an awful thing.

CHAPTER IV

STARVED SOULS

"And he gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul" (Psalms 106:15).

God gave them that which they insisted upon having. It was not good for them; it was not best that they should have it. But they insisted, and the Lord said, "You are free moral agents; take it."

Material prosperity and spiritual famine often go hand in hand. We have just come through a period of material prosperity. We have come through a time when there has been more money loose in the United States of America than ever before in the history of our great country. We have come through a time of material prosperity. I would like to say that there has been also a real spiritual awakening, but such has not been the case. Morals are degraded. People, religiously, seem not to be as they should. It does not make any difference to me what they say; I know some folks still believe in revivals because you are here by the hundreds and it is Saturday night.

With material prosperity there has come a spiritual famine. The scripture that I read to you was written about a group of people who had magnificent homes and mean hearts. They were overloaded with riches but lacking in righteousness. I call them "skinny little fat folks." Outwardly they had everything, and inwardly they had nothing. It is easy indeed to get people to put meat on their bones. That little imp, avoirdupois, hides itself in the most innocent-looking pat of golden butter; gets in the ice cream and apple pie. The first thing you know, you put some meat on your bones. One of the

most difficult tasks in the world is to get people to put meat on their souls. You can preach until you get laryngitis and you can keep on praying and holding on, and some people will just sit and look. It is difficult to get people to put meat on their souls. I see everywhere I go "skinny little fat people."

I sat one night after service in one of our resort cities. Many times I had frequented that little juice nook. Before going to my hotel I would go there and drink juices. I sat there thinking about the numbers that came to the altar; but hundreds of people walked out of that auditorium and never prayed a prayer or made a step toward God. I said, "What more could I have done than I did do?" I had held on. There are countless hundreds of thousands on their way to an eternal hell. They will be cast into outer darkness. Opportunities to get to God will have died the very last death. Somebody has to do something for them. I had an opportunity.

My eyes fell on those signs around that little nook—coconut juice, lemon juice, celery juice, tomato juice, grape juice, grapefruit juice. I read them all. Then, all of a sudden I saw a huge sign facing me. I looked at it. These were the words: "Vitamins—you need them." I said, "That's it. The world needs them—spiritual vitamins." It seems to me we have a lot of professing Christians, but they are spiritually ill. I went to a physician and he said, "You have a deficiency in certain vitamins." Some Christians are lacking in spiritual vitamins. Now, right there I looked up and said, "Lord, I'll swallow all the spiritual vitamins You want me to take."

There is vitamin A. That is the vitamin that gives you resisting faculties. If you take enough vitamin A, when an old disease germ tries to take hold of you, it won't stay long. Your system is fortified with vitamin A. Now, spiritually speaking, vitamin A, to me, is real

prayer. When I say prayer, I do not mean a "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep." Pentecost took some praying. Those people held on to the horns of the altar. The glory came down like a mighty, rushing wind, and they were blessed in their souls. There were ten days and nights of praying. Now we have ten sermons and can't meet for an all-day and all-night of prayer. We wonder why we can't shout the glory down. It was nothing in olden days for services to be broken up by people shouting it down.

The Lord is not dead. Mohammed is. He's as dead as King Tut. Confucius is dead. But the Lord is alive. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever, without a shadow of turning. He is God! Aren't you glad? Yes, **prayer** will do it. If you can get people to pray—if you would pray till your prayers hit the sky, there's no telling what might happen. The most wicked man in the city could find God.

I have good news for you. Folks, some of you are praying. I feel good about that, don't you? I am talking about praying—real prayer. When you get full of it, you can say, "Devil, get behind me, back where I won't be able to feel you."

John Henry was a slave who prayed like the house was on fire. His master needed some money and so decided to sell John Henry. On one of those old plantations there on a great big stump, John Henry was placed. His master said, "All right, anybody want to buy this slave?" An infidel said, "I'll take him," and so he was sold to the infidel. The master said, "I'll tell you this. He will pray. He prays nearly all the time." The infidel said, "I'll beat it out of him." The day came when he was to go to work for the infidel. He said, "You are not to pray on my plantation. The penalty is a severe whipping." John Henry stood there a moment and said, "Boss, I just has to pray. When I pray, I love you

and the missus all the better. The Lord comes down and helps me to bear my burdens. I won't promise you that I ain't gonna pray. There's an old prayer wheel down there, and sometimes I'se done prayed before I know it." Reminding him again of the penalty, the master sent the slave away. One day as the shadows of evening came on, John Henry was on his knees. They caught him, but he said, "Glory, I have done heard from the Lord." The Master said, "You understood everything I told you." John Henry said, "Yes, but I've done prayed anyhow." The whip was applied.

I tell you tonight, God answers prayer. The Lord looked on the scene. He saw that John Henry's only fault was his fidelity. In the night the master was awakened. He said, "I want someone to pray for me." They sent for John Henry and found him down on his knees. He heard the noise and said, "Lord, have mercy. They've done caught me again." He was taken to his master, who was writhing in agony. He said, "John Henry, will you pray for me?" "Lord, have mercy, I've done been praying for you. That's what I was doing when they come and caught me." He prayed until that infidel found the Lord. John Henry and the infidel went out all over the country to preach the gospel.

I'm talking about vitamin A. That's real prayer. Do you believe it? Do you practice it?

Then there's vitamin B. Now, vitamin B is that vitamin that gives you an appetite. I know of no better way to get a spiritual appetite than to read God's Word, that old Book that has stood like the rock of Gibraltar. The trees, flowers, and grass shall all wither and die; but the word of God shall stand forever and forever and forever. His Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Him. God's Word! Some of you look as if you have a spiritual appetite. I have to give you credit. Some of you really look as if you are hungry,

yes, spiritually hungry. Some of you look as if you would like to get all you could to fill your hungry souls. The more you read His Book, the more of a spiritual appetite you're going to have. People who are spiritually hungry, you don't have to beg them to come to church to eat.

There's vitamin C. That is the vitamin that gives you vim, vigor, and vitality. I know of no better way to get animation for the service of the Lord than to get right out there and get the other fellow. The more people you help, the better you are going to feel. A Christian ought to be happy. I don't mean you won't ever have burdens to bear, but you will always have Jesus to help you bear them. He promised grace enough to travel the road even though it isn't easy. When I look out and see some of your faces beaming, I say, "They have some vitamin C."

They had a testimony meeting in a certain church—I don't know why. It was one of that groaning kind. I despise a moaning, groaning testimony. One sister said, "I've been in the way so long, and it has been such a hard way!" I felt like saying, "Well, get out of the way, sister, and let us by." The next one got up and said, "Well, they don't treat me right. They are always stepping on my feelings." Some people have their feelings out so far you can't help stepping on them.

I was about to tell the pastor it was time to start the service. About that time a little boy with his eyes beaming, said, "Hey, Preacher, let me testify." The preacher said, "Well, I didn't know you had anything to testify about." He said, "I've got one just as good as any of them I heard." The preacher said, "All right, tell us about it." So he said, "Well, thank the Lord, I'm done saved and sanctified and backslid." Now, that little boy was merely describing what has happened to a lot of folks.

There are a lot of ways you can backslide. A lot of us leak out at the mouth. A lady came to the altar in a certain city where I had a meeting, and she was squalling and bawling like a dying calf. She said, "I can't get my tongue on this altar." I said, "Lady, what kind of tongue is in your mouth, that you can't get it on an altar this big?"

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." It is joy unspeakable and full of glory. If you have the kind that makes you go around looking straight up and down, criticizing everything and everybody, you are not happy. You just keep that old tongue in your mouth and sweep around your own door. I'm just talking about getting some real vim, vigor, and vitality—vitamin C.

That certain little boy who prayed through at the altar was a hunchback. He was singing when he went out of the church. The little hunchback went to the Sunday-school superintendent the first thing after Thursday night. He was standing right there waiting for the superintendent. He said, "Guess you know I got religion. Since I got it, I prayed until my mama's got it and my daddy's got it and the lady across the street got it. I can read, and I done read it in the Bible where I ought to go to work. I've been standing out here nearly an hour, waiting for you to come. I want you to put me to work for Jesus in the Sunday school." The superintendent thought, Well, he can't do a thing in the world. I don't know what to give him to do. He said, "George, I'm sorry. I can't give you a thing to do." But next Sunday George was there in the same spot. He said, "I want something to do for Jesus." The superintendent hated to tell him no.

All of a sudden he said, "George, would you ring the church bell for us?" George said, "Oh, yes, I'll bring them in." He followed him to the belfry. Every Sunday morning right on the dot he began to pull that

old rope and the church bell sounded, and the people around that place started coming to Sunday school. Tears of joy streamed down his cheeks and he said, "I'm bringing them to Sunday school."

The days went by. Something happened. Those people let the Lord slip away. One day they said, "We'll just close the church a while." That same place where souls had been born and shouts of victory had gone up to high heaven was closed.

Days went by. One Sunday a man was talking to another one. "Listen, do you hear what I hear? That is our church bell. I wonder if they're having services over there. Let's go." They went. The door was locked. He went through the window to where the bell was sounding, and there was the little crippled boy pulling the rope. "Sonny, are they going to have a church service here?" "I don't know, sir." "Well, you are ringing the bell. Tell us, why are you ringing it?" He said, "This is the job they gave me to do, and I'm going to do it till they tell me to quit." They looked at each other and said, "If we had been faithful to our task, the church would not be in the fix it is in." It wasn't long until the doors opened, and he never stopped ringing that old church bell. Let us be faithful—ring the bell joyfully till Jesus comes.

Friends, there will be many difficulties and things for you to encounter on this journey, but I would keep ringing the bell till Jesus comes. In these days of perplexities, I would remember God's Word and pray the glory down. He says to you, "Fear not; it is I. And I will go with you all the way." When you have gone about as far as you can go, the Lord will say, "Climb on." Hand in hand you can journey with Him.

Work to get people to God. Work, and you will have a fat soul—not skinny on the inside and fat on the outside. Listen, a fat soul is what you need. I believe we can get back where we used to be.

CHAPTER V

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law" (Gal. 5:22).

I believe that too long we have talked about our neighbors and their faults and made excuses for our own lives. "Not my brother, nor my sister, but it's me, O Lord, standing in the need of prayer." The sooner we realize that it is we who need prayer, the better off we will be. It is I who need help from Heaven. It would be a good idea to draw a circle and stand in the middle of it and say, "O Lord, I am going to stand here until you bless everybody in the middle of this circle." Perhaps there is a reason why He is not blessing you.

First, the fruit of the Spirit is love. It makes me love everybody. I heard somebody say, "I'll get it back on him if it's the last thing I ever do." You have to love everybody. You don't have to like everything people do. Some people have some old, ugly ways and I don't like them, but I love their souls, and I would be glad for all the folk I know to get to heaven. Do you love people's souls? Would you rather see somebody find the Lord than anything else in the world? The Lord's nature is one of love. Everywhere we meet Him He is loving someone into the Kingdom. You say, "Oh, I can't preach and I can't sing." But there are lots of ways you can help in the service of the King. Never was there a time when it was so imperative as it is now for us to serve humanity. If people can't find love in us who profess so much, where can they find it?

Friends asked me just a few weeks back if I would like to see a new airport. I went out to look at the air-

port. I said, "Lord, would You give me a soul?" The devil said, "Nettie Miller, you're about the craziest person I ever met." I said, "Devil, it is none of your business; but I'll just stop and tell you. There's a love for souls on the inside." I watched that great eastern fleet coming down. I knew that schedule well. I knew that only fifteen minutes they would tarry there. The stewardess came out and said, "Hello there, preacher." I asked if I might go inside and she said, "Surely."

I went inside and said, "Now Lord, give me a soul, will You?" Then I spied a person who looked as if she could bite a tenpenny nail in two. I said, "How do you do?" She said, "I'm not doing so well." I said, "Would you like to meet Somebody who can make you happy? I would like to introduce you to Jesus Christ." She said, "I'm a person of the world. I don't blame Him for not loving me." I said, "He loves you just the same." She said, "If I thought for a moment that He loved me, I would do anything to love Him in return." I said, "I've come to tell you that Jesus loves you." She said, "Do you mind praying for me?" I said, "I would just as soon pray on an airplane as down on the ground." We bowed our heads. She said, "Lord, forgive me for everything. I want You to love me. I don't see how You can; but, Lord, take me now." The Lord spoke, "Child, it's all right." The waters in that troubled soul were calmed, and she said, "I know He loves me and I love Him." The pilot and copilot boarded the plane, and I jumped off. She said, "Good-by, little girl; I'm going to serve Him." Something struck my soul. There is nothing like it in the world, loving people into the Kingdom. We must have love on the inside for a lost and dying world.

The second fruit of the spirit is joy. How is your joy? I don't speak of joy in the sense of worked-up

emotionalism. The joy of which I speak is that genuine joy that bubbles up. It is no wonder that Peter calls it "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Now I believe you will have some joy if you have the Lord. I do not believe everybody will shout. It's just like this. You take a row of empty vessels and line them up. They are all different sizes, and you can pour water in them and fill them all. You can be full and be different personalities, different by nature, but all of you can be full. You can be full of joy. Sometimes it is joy unspeakable. Sometimes you will weep for joy. Sometimes you may laugh. In some way joy will express itself. How is your joy today? Do you have real good joy away down deep?

Then we have peace. I remember someone spoke to me not long ago, "Nettie, there is no peace in the world today." I said, "Pardon me, but there is some." He said, "Nettie, pardon me, but there is none." I looked at him and said, "Deep down in my heart there is peace"—not as the world gives, but "the peace that Jesus gives never dies but always lives." Do you have peace? Honest, is it there?

Longsuffering. Are you too busy to be longsuffering? I wish you had been there. If you could have seen that little fellow, you would have laughed and cried, too. It was a very fashionable church. That little boy came down to the altar when I made the call. I said, "What do you want Jesus to do for you?" He said, "Nothin' at all. Every time they make one of them calls, I'm the first one here; but Jesus ain't going to do nothin' for me. Ain't nobody ever prayed with me yet, and I ain't never missed a time." I said, "I'll pray with you." He said, "Get at it then." I went to praying and in a moment he said, "Is that the best you can do?" I had preached hard, and my throat was tired. I said, "Well, you pray and I'll pray too." I lifted my face up and prayed. And he prayed too. He said, "Lord, I

don't know nothin' about this here prayin'; but I took Tommy's marbles, but I'll give 'em back." In a minute he said, "Just shut up. Don't pray no more. I just remembered I've got a chew of tobacco in my mouth. Do you reckon the Lord will wait for me till I get it out?" I told him yes, and he got rid of it. We prayed on. Soon he said, "I feel like I've had a bath." Now that boy gets people to God all the time. It wasn't long until that little fellow had four of the teachers in his school brought to Jesus. Only God knows what it would mean if you would tarry by the altar and feel in your own heart that you did something for the meeting.

All right, then comes gentleness, kindness. I believe you can get enough of the Lord to be kind and gentle in the home and out of the home. Home is the place you are treated the best and act the worst. Out in public it is, "Pardon me"; and at home it is, "Move your old feet, and I wouldn't have stepped on them." I am merely saying this, you can get enough salvation to be a Christian at home. I'm talking today about kindness, gentleness.

Goodness. We unthinkingly use that term. We say, "She's a good woman," or "He's a good man." Genuine, old-fashioned, pure goodness! I would rather have it said of me that I am good than anything else in the world.

I was out on the west coast. An elderly gentleman said to me, "I have heard your voice and I am very much interested in it." I said, "Thank you, but I'm in a hurry." I got on a train. I looked and there was that man. He said, "I want to know something. What do you do with your voice?" I waited for him to go on. He continued, "Would you give me a reading?" I said, "I don't like a one-man audience." I was going to be on the train for a while, so I finally consented. I started on a poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

All of a sudden he stopped me and said, "What do you do with that talent?" Before I could answer, he said, "Hollywood needs you." I said, "No, they don't." He said, "Yes, they do." I said, "No, they don't need me." The Lord came near. That man said to me with an eager gleam in his eye, "What would you rather have said about you than that you had the most famous voice in the world?" I said, "I would rather have the Lord say, 'Nettie Miller, your name is still written down in the Lamb's Book of Life.' You can have the applause of mankind, but I will take the presence of the Lord in my heart." He said, "You're religious, aren't you?" I said, "I've met Jesus." He said, "Listen, it won't be any time—it won't be a week's time until you can have everybody saying you are wonderful. What would you rather have people say than that?" I said, "I would rather be good than anything else in the world." He said, "How would you like to be a millionairess?" I said, "I'm already rich." He said, "You look lovely." I said, "My Father is rich. He owns the cattle on a million hillsides. That's my Father." He looked at me and I looked at him. I said, "It is God Almighty." He said, "Pardon me," and wiped some tears from his cheeks. He said, "You're the first person who ever turned me down. Something's got hold of me. Will you pray for me?" I said, "I'll do it." He handed me a card and was gone. The card read, "Paramount Pictures."

I am just talking about goodness. On that old tombstone if they will say, "She never amounted to anything, but she was good," that is all I want.

Meekness. We need to die out, if you please—die out to people and aspirations and what the world is going to think about us for serving the Lord. Right now I don't care who knows I'm saved this minute and sanctified by the blood of the Lamb. One of the highest compliments paid me in your city was by that man who said,

"You have really died out." I don't care who is listening. I still say the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse every person, and everybody needs that cleansing. Lots of folks say they are dead, but they are still kicking. A gentleman came to me during a meeting and said, "They don't put me on the board in this church." I said, "Man, you need a board." Let me die.

I was sitting on that platform in a Southern city. I was to give my life story that afternoon. A newspaper reporter punched me and said, "Three thousand persons are standing up to hear your life story." The devil said, "You preach meekness. In a little while all this great crowd of people will watch you for about an hour. All eyes will be on Nettie Miller. You can afford to preach meekness." I said, "Devil, you let me alone." I looked up to the sky and said, "Lord, You will have to help me right this minute. I will not preach one word unless You show me that I would be willing to preach to a smaller crowd." And the Lord gave me these words,

*Oh, that I might be a wound-dresser of souls,
Finding the aching heart and tired brain
And comforting them as night
Comforts tired bodies as she
Places over them her mantle
Of sleep.*

*As each cold, glistening star
Stands in its place,
So might I stand in mine
With a warm smile on my
Face, and in my soul the
Spirit Divine.*

I said, "Thank You, Lord; I believe You meant it. I would be willing to take my place."

Are you dead this morning? They told me when I went to that city that you couldn't have a revival meeting there. A committee met me and said, "We don't have meetings in this church. We just want to tell you not to feel bad. Our last meeting we had just two hands raised for prayer." I said, "Well, I came to have a meeting. I don't care how dead your outfit is, it can be resurrected by the Lord. He is just as alive as He has ever been." I went to pray Saturday night for that meeting that was to start Sunday morning. Past midnight somebody's prayers hit mine, I tell you. I said, "Lord, if it wouldn't be asking too much, would You let somebody shout in the first service?" They came and packed that place just as the committee said. They came to the altar. The first person who got up sounded like a freight train. I have seen five hundred people shouting at a time, but I never heard as many different shouts as I heard that day. The next night after midnight somebody's prayers hit mine again. People said, "Something has come over me." God came. The glory came down. The last Sunday morning a little woman sat in the rear of the church. She helped me to preach that day. I went back to her after service and said, "Lady, you helped me preach." She said, "I'm just a poor old crippled woman. I live in an attic on Main street." She said, "I haven't slept well and I have been praying past midnight that the Lord would save our wicked city." In that day there will be many to rise up and call that little woman blessed. Meekness!

CHAPTER VI

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

"Who also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven" (Acts 1:11).

The second coming of Christ is an advent looked forward to with joy by the Christian. It is not a matter of speculation as to whether He will come again. We have His own authoritative statement, "If I go away, I will come again." And Jesus Christ is a man of His word. There are more prophecies concerning the second coming of the Lord than there are concerning His first coming. As I look back to the days when I was just a youngster, I remember well an episode that took place in our household about the same time every year. I was attracted by it and always looked forward to it. It was the time when Leila Dell, my sister, who is younger than I, wanted to pull off her shoes and go barefoot. Leila Dell would take her black mammy out into the back yard. She would argue, and old Ruth would say, "I ain't gwinna to let you. If you pull off them shoes, you are liable to catch your death of cold." Leila Dell said, "I guess I ought to be able to. Look yonder, Ruth." And Ruth would say, "Lord have mercy, honey. There's some green leaves on that old fig tree; and when those green leaves get there, spring's done came!" Just as surely as Ruth saw the green leaves on the fig tree, she would say, "It's springtime and it's all right."

Now, folk, there is not a man or woman living who can tell when Jesus is coming back. I shall not speculate, for not even the angels in heaven know when the Lord

is coming back. But I can point out to you some of the signs of His coming. Because of the justice and the goodness of God, He desires that men know the signs of His coming, that they may prepare their hearts to meet Him.

I have chosen several fields wherein there are indications of His soon coming. There are signs among the nations. When I look at the headlines of the newspapers, I can spot here and there the very things Jesus said would happen in the last days. Dictators have sprung up around the world, and one of these days they are going to culminate under the head of one dictator who will be the Antichrist. When he takes possession, I intend to be gone; for then will come the great tribulation period. I shall speak of this later.

But to come to a sign nearer to us—the moral and religious decline of human society. “In the last days perilous times shall come.” We are now living in the most perilous hour that man has ever known. Three weeks ago I heard an intelligent statesman say, “We live in the most perilous hour that the world has ever known.” I doubt that he knew this was prophecy. We are perturbed. There is a spirit of unrest among the nations. We are living in a time when it would behoove every man and woman to look up, for the Lord is coming back to this old earth again. “In the last days perilous times will come.” Men and women will be proud and high-minded. We live in a time when people somehow seem to have some type of lofty air that raises them too high to kneel at an altar of prayer and declare their need of Jesus Christ. They tell us we should take the Blood out of our hymns, that it isn’t nice to sing about blood. When we do away with the blood of Jesus Christ, we have done away with the Bible, we have done away with the cross of Calvary; and we might as well close the doors of the churches when we take the Blood out of the Christian religion.

Do you want to know the one thing that stands out predominantly over all others in keeping people from getting to God? It is the fact that people are so proud and high-minded they are not willing to admit they need God as their personal Saviour. Everybody has, at some time or another, had a desire to be completely satisfied spiritually. Some have joined a church. Too many churches have taken in people who should not have become church members at all. They were just too high-minded and proud to come by the way of the Cross. Before any church lets you in, you ought to be converted. I don't care if your name is on every church roll. Unless your name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, you will never make it. People are too proud.

A lady came to me one night. She said, "I wish I could have what you people have. I would give the whole world if I could have it." I said, "Lady, you give the whole world and you can get it." She said, "Will you pray for me?" I said, "Yes." But listen, she was too proud to come and kneel at an altar. I was preaching in a tent. Many a person had hit the trail and kicked up the dust. She didn't want to go down there. She said, "But you don't know who I am." I said, "I guess I don't." We made a date. I went to her music room. We knelt and she said, "Lord, You know who I am. All of our people are great philanthropists." I prayed and prayed. Then I quit. I said, "You are not going to get converted today." She said, "Well, I guess if I am not, I am not." I said, "You are too proud and high-minded to let the people in this city know you want God. I will say this, if you are too proud and high-minded to say, 'I need God,' you are not going to get it, shut off in a little cubbyhole. You need a God who flung the stars into their spaces; the moon He placed in the sky, and a million or more planets. That same God made you. And you dare say, 'You don't know who I am.'"

In the last days perilous times shall come. People will be proud and high-minded. They are getting more proud and high-minded every day. Recently a lady said to me, "I would get to God, but I just cannot do that." Then she went on to tell me who her ancestors were. It doesn't make any difference to the Lord whether your people came over in the "Mayflower" or on a bicycle. Whoever comes to God will come His way or will not get to God.

In the last days there will be "a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." People will dress up and go to church, but never see a soul get to God. Sunday after Sunday people go to church and hear some little sermonette. Nobody's life is changed. God pity the church that does not have the power of God on its services so that people will find God. We need the power of God, that particular something that puts people under conviction. In ten thousand leading churches last year not one person knelt at an altar and found the Lord. Hundreds of thousands joined the church, still carrying on the way they always did. The Scripture says you must be born again.

I took a Sunday off not long ago. I very seldom get to do that. I was tired. I thought, "If I go to a Nazarene church in this city, they will make me preach, and I need the rest." But I always go to church, so I decided to go to another church in that city. I have seen beautiful churches around this country, but I picked out one of the most exquisite buildings I have ever laid eyes on. I looked at that church and said, "A genius was the architect who fashioned this building." It seemed that the minutest detail was perfect. I went in. I stood there and gazed at winding stairways and marvelously carved altars. I said, "It is great." I sat in the back of that huge auditorium. I bowed my head in prayer, "Lord, bless the preacher who preaches tonight and bless everybody who comes."

The choir members took their places, the minister his. They sang an oratorio, and the minister read his prayer. They sang again. About that time the minister leaned over the pulpit and said, "I see evangelist Nettie Miller in this congregation and will ask her to come up here and preach." I said, "Lord, You heard that man." I don't know whether he knew what he was doing. While that choir sang, he escorted me to the platform. He said, "Radio audience, members and friends of this church, I introduce to you Nettie Miller. I want her to take the service." I stood up, and I give you my word it was the coldest spot I ever stood in in my life. The deadest place in the world can be a cold church, and that church was an icebox full of dead people. I prayed, "Lord, I am standing now in the coldest spot I have ever stood in. You have never failed me yet. Lord, I need some glory and I need it by lightning express." The Lord began to pour His glory down and I said, "Well, glory hallelujah!" Everybody began to turn to see what the other fellow was going to do. Nobody left, so I stayed too.

The preacher had read a text before turning the service to me, so I just took his text. I do not know what he was going to do with it. I know what the Lord made me do with it. I preached a simple message on what a Christian really is. If you ask a fellow if he is a Christian and he says, "Yes, I am a member of the church," you can mark it down he does not know what he is talking about. We have led the people to believe that if they join the church they are Christians, but it is not so. I told that group of people what it meant to be really converted. When I got through, if they were converted they knew it.

I wondered why I had accepted the invitation to speak. I know when a fellow is under conviction, and those people were. I thought, Now I cannot ask these

people to come and pray. I prayed, "Lord, do not fail me now. If I don't give an altar call, I will see those faces the rest of my life." There were hundreds who needed God in that great church. I said, "Lord, help me now. Tell me in about two seconds what to do." The Lord spoke, "Daughter, he turned the service over to you." Then I said, "Folk, do you have what I am talking about?" Do you know, there was not one person who raised his hand that he was converted. I said, "You must have misunderstood. Everybody here who has really been converted, raise your hand." Not a hand was raised. I said, "Everybody who wants what I preached about, hold up your hand." Do you know, those hands went up by the hundreds. People want the real thing. I said, "All right, I am going to make an altar call. Everybody who wants what I preached, meet me at this altar." They came and filled the altar and the front pews.

I said, "Lord, what will I do now? I cannot pray all these people through." I turned to see if the preacher could help me. That little gentleman was pale as a ghost. He didn't have any idea what I was going to do next. I said, "Lord, You will have to help me right now." About that time I saw running down the aisle a beautiful, well-dressed woman. She cried, "O Lord, I am about to die." The pastor saw her and went around the altar to meet her. I went around the other way and beat him to her and made room for her to fall at the altar. She said, "I tell you I am about to die." That poor old preacher did not know what to do with her. I knew she needed God. The minister began to wring his hands. Then he leaned over and said, "O my dear sister, would you like to be baptized?" I said, "Lord, have mercy." Listen, folks, getting baptized won't make a Christian out of you any more than walking into a stable will make a horse out of you. Baptism is a divine ordinance; but listen, it is only an outward sign of an

inner work of grace. That woman did not need to be baptized. She needed the blood of the Lamb.

There I was. A great crowd of people who needed God, and no one to help me pray them through! I knew, if the preacher didn't get out of the way, he would mess up the service. I prayed, and the Lord sent that preacher away. He said he was going to change his raiment for a baptismal service. He climbed some winding stairs and was gone. You know what I did? I beat his members in the back. I prayed with them. I told them to pray. I said, "You ask God to forgive you and tell Him you are sorry about everything you have done." About that time they began to pop up like popcorn. The superintendent got up and said, "People, I want to tell you something. I have been superintendent for fifteen years and have never been converted in my life." I say we are living in the last days, when there will be a "form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

A young girl said, "I owe all of you an apology. This morning I taught your boys and girls in Sunday school, but last night I was as drunk as a dog. This morning I stamped out a cigarette on the steps of this church, but I never knew it would be wrong to teach a Sunday school class without being converted."

Soon a committee appeared—a baptismal committee. I said, "Take them on; they are ready to be baptized now." The lights were lowered; the organ pealed "Shall We Gather at the River?" I gazed at one of the most beautiful baptistries I have ever seen. I rejoiced. The minister took his place. Every person he baptized shouted. He grew paler and paler. He finished, and I hit the front door. I have never been back since.

We are talking about the last days, There will be a form of godliness but no power. Listen, friend, as I come to my conclusion. One of these days, one of these nights, in an hour that we know not, a great trumpet of

the Lord is going to sound. At the first sounding of the trumpet, the dead in the Lord shall rise. The Lord knew what He was doing when He hurled the enemy back into perdition that day and said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." At the second sounding the living saints will rise to meet the Lord in the air, "and so shall we ever be with the Lord." He promised, "If I go, look for Me. I will be back." This same Jesus is coming back for one purpose, to get all the people who have clean hands and a pure heart.

Jesus Christ is coming back. If you are ready, you will go to meet Him in the air. If you are not ready, you will stay here. Two shall be in the bed asleep. One shall be taken, and the other left. Only those who are ready are going. The world is round. It will be night somewhere and day somewhere. If the trumpet of the Lord sounds, will you be left? You say, "Suppose it does sound and I am left. What will happen to me?" Listen, all the Christians will be gone; no one but sinners left. The Antichrist will rule everything. I told you it would take place. He is going to rise and take command of the rest of the people. What will you do? You will do one of two things. You cannot buy or sell unless you wear the mark of the beast. If you refuse to wear the mark of the beast, you can be converted. But if you do not do what the beast says, you will die a death worse than that of any martyr. Eyes have not seen and ears have not heard the terrible things you will have to go through with to get to God during the Tribulation.

People are here tonight to pray you through to victory. If you won't come tonight, I don't believe you will come in the days of tribulation. Today is the day. The Lord is coming back and, if you want to pray, today is your day. I believe you are having your chance. I believe He is coming soon. He speaks continually to

people. Unless you repent, you will perish. Unless you call on the name of the Lord, you will perish. Will you repent? It is going to be up to you. If you will ask God to forgive your sins, He will do it. It is true, the Lord is coming back. He calls you tonight to prepare for His coming. Are you going to say "no"?

CHAPTER VII

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect" (II Cor. 13:11). "This also we wish, even your perfection" (II Cor. 13:9). "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14).

Tonight I have chosen as a subject "Christian Perfection." That is John Wesley's term. That term essentially means the same as entire sanctification. It means the same as that second definite work of grace wrought in the human heart subsequent to conversion. Since I have found it, I encourage all men who teach to teach it, all men who preach to preach it, and all men who write to write about it.

I have always been interested in people. I have noticed one thing about human nature. Man never seems to change. In many ways we are all the same. We all want perfection. I speak of materialistic perfection now. It seems people want the best they can get materially, and that is all right.

I once visited a beautiful estate. The owner said, "How would you like to see our cattle?" I said, "Certainly, I would like to see your cattle." He said, as I looked at those cattle, "You are now looking at the finest cattle in the country." To tell you the truth, they looked like all the rest of the cattle I have seen, but he said they were perfect. There was something about the way he said it that somehow I didn't have any doubt. I believed I was looking at the most nearly perfect cattle in the United States of America. He said, "Would you like to see the finest hogs in the country?" We went to look at them, and I said in my own thinking, "They look just like all I have ever seen." They grunted just like all I

had ever seen, and smelled just like all I had ever smelled. I looked at them and I said, "That is great." There is something in my make-up that has an admiration for an individual who wants the best he can get. If you are going to raise a pig, put out the best little hog you can. I admired him for all of his perfection in his raising of those fine animals.

The lovely little hostess said, "Would you like to see a perfect baby?" I said, "Yes, ma'am." She took me into a nursery and said, "That child is perfect. It is exactly so many months old, so many weeks, and so many days. It is perfect." I said, "That is great."

I admire you for wanting things that are good. Get the best you can get. A Christian doesn't have to look down his nose. I would rather have Christian perfection than anything else I know about. I spoke definitely to the individuals who showed me the perfect cattle and the perfect baby. I said, "That is great, but how much time have you spent in trying to get Christian perfection?"

Folk, I would seek until I got the best that the Lord has for me. I care not how long you search, you will not find a better blessing than entire sanctification. I want you, when we get through tonight, to be able to know what Christian perfection is and what it is not.

First, Christian perfection is not the perfection of God. So many people say that we profess to be as good as God when we get sanctified. We do not. It is not that kind of perfection. It is not angelic perfection. You will never be an angel. Angels already are a created body. I have never wanted to be an angel or change places with one, for we have something that angels can never have. You have the consciousness of a certain spot somewhere—maybe out under the stars, maybe by your bedside, a hallowed place where you and the Lord met face to face. Your heart was burdened and the Lord

said, "Child, repent and I will forgive you." It was then that the Blood was applied to your heart, and you went away rejoicing. When we get to heaven and sing redemption's story, angels will have to fold their wings; "for angels never felt the joy that our salvation brings." The richest person in this city tonight is that person who has a memory of the time when Jesus came into his heart. You cannot imagine the joy it brings if you have never experienced the new birth.

Second, it does not make us incapable of further sinning. People accuse us of saying that when we get sanctified we cannot sin any more. We do not say that if a person is sanctified he cannot commit sin. You can commit sin again after you are sanctified, but you do not have to. You say, "Nettie Miller, I know what you Nazarenes preach. You preach the way a lot of churches used to preach. You go once and repent, and go back again and are sanctified." It is the highway of holiness. "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it"—only the pure in heart. I think it is lovely to live a clean life.

You say, "If the Lord is omnipotent, why does He have to save a fellow once and then later sanctify him?" The answer lies in the moral make-up of man. Man is a creature composed of body and soul and made in the image and likeness of God. Away back yonder in the Garden of Eden, man fell; and with that fall there came a degeneracy on the face of the earth. There is a root of evil in every man's heart. The Bible calls that sin. That is what will make a baby tell a lie before it can barely talk, and steal before it can walk. A lady said to her little girl, "Honey, did you get into that jam?" And the little girl said, "No, ma'am, I did not get into it." She had it all over her face. She surely told a lie. That is the sin principle, carnality if you please.

A lady once asked me if I wanted to see an angel. You know what she showed me—her baby. I said, "That is a lovely little child." The mother said, "She is an angel." But in a minute the mother said something the child didn't like, and it started bawling. I said, "Not quite so angelic now!" That was carnality. She made the youngster mad. That is what we inherit—the sin principle. Every baby born into the world is born with the sin principle.

From that sin principle sins spring forth. These sins are the things that you have actually done. They are the lies that you have told. They are the things you have borrowed and never did take back. They are the sins that you have committed. There is the sin principle which you inherited from the fall. From that sin principle spring the sins you have committed. A person without any work of grace in his heart has an inherited sin principle and also the guilt of sins committed. It will not do you any good just to join a church. You need Jesus to forgive you for the sins you have committed. How old do you have to be? I do not know that. I do know that there comes a time in your life and mine when we know right from wrong; and I know that, when a person is sorry for his sins, that moment the Lord is willing to forgive him.

I have seen people from every walk of life kneel at an altar of prayer and find God. I have seen the wealthiest person in a church kneel beside the poorest. But I have never seen the Lord turn a hungry heart away. He says, "Whosoever will, let him come." It is a wonderful thing to be able to get people converted at an altar of prayer. It takes character and backbone to step out and come to an altar of prayer. You say, "Lord, I am sorry enough to quit." If you are sorry, you are going to quit. The reason why we say and believe that it is not necessary to sin every day and repent every

night is that we believe when a fellow really is converted he quits the sin business. If the Lord knows you are sorry, He is going to forgive you. But you have to mean business. There is nothing greater than knowing when the Lord forgives your sins. The world will seem brighter and people will look better to you.

But listen, just as surely as I am preaching to you tonight and you are sitting down there listening, you have still got that old root on the inside. Nothing happened to that. You say, "You told us we inherited that. If we are not responsible for its being there, don't bother us." You are not responsible for its being there, but you are responsible for its staying there because the Lord has provided a way for its eradication.

I didn't know any more about Christian perfection than you know now. I had that carnal nature and did not know it, but one woman made me mad just to look at her. That woman didn't have to do a thing in the world. All I had to do was look at her and I got mad from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet. I had been converted, but I had something on the inside I didn't like. I said, "Lord, what will I do?" I went down to the fish pond and confided in my dog, Rover. If old Rover could talk, he could preach you a lot of sermons. I had already told Rover that I was converted and I said, "Rover, I got mad. I don't know what to do." I got down on my knees and pierced a hole in the sky. I said, "Lord, help me." The Lord told me there was something else coming my way. I looked at that dog and said, "Rover, I am going to get something else, boy."

It was one night in the Church of the Nazarene I heard the minister preach on the clay in the potter's hand. He said, "I have good news for you. If you have been converted and the Lord has forgiven you for your sins, He will sanctify you wholly. He will take out

that sin principle." I said, "That is what I want. I will get it as surely as anything." The preacher said, "If you would rather be sanctified than anything in the world, meet me at this altar." Folks, I wanted it and I didn't care who knew it. There were a lot of people in that audience, but I said, "I don't care." They started singing, "The Cleansing Stream, I see, I see; I plunge and, oh, it cleanseth me." I started down that aisle. The devil makes it look like two blocks from where you are to an altar. I was going after sanctification. I said, "I need to be cleansed." It takes a real operation to get that old cancer out of there. It is nothing in the world but a spiritual cancer. You leave that old root in there, and that thing will sap out every bit of your spirituality and you will get sick. Unless you get carnality out of your heart, you will backslide.

That night the Lord stretched me out on an operating table and began to operate. His knife is sharp, and it won't take long until God gets through. The operation hurts, but you feel good when it is over. He started cutting, and I started hollering. The Lord said, "What about 'Sweethearts of the Air'? I want you to give Me your life and testify." I saw all that fan mail. I said, "Take it, Lord." He kept asking me about this and about that. I kept saying, "Take it too, Lord." I said, "Lord, I am just about dead"—and you will really think you are going to die; but just before you do, you will breathe one more time.

The Lord said, "Do you know it is going to be hard for people to understand that you have been sanctified? If I sanctify you, will you call it sanctification?" I said, "Many people already think I am crazy because I say I am converted. If I tell them I am sanctified, they will know I am crazy. But, Lord, I must have it." He said, "If you are ashamed of what I am giving you, I will not give it to you." I saw all of my friends out there. They had been saying, "Nettie Miller has religion." The

Lord said, "Will you tell them that you are sanctified?" I said, "Lord, I will tell them I went a little deeper." The Lord said, "You still are not dead enough." I said, "Lord, I am in an awful fix." He said, "You came here to ask Me to sanctify you, and you won't call it sanctification." I said, "Lord, if I tell them I am sanctified, that will be awful." But He said, "I willed you entire sanctification." I made up my mind, if the Lord willed it to me, I was going to get it. I heard Him say, "I suffered without the gate that I might sanctify you wholly." I cried, "O Lord, couldn't You give it to me and let me tell folks I have got a little more religion?" The Lord said, "Name it what it is and, if you are not willing to do it, you are going out of here tonight without it." I said, "I am going to stay down here until I get it." We have to die out to the opinions of people. I said, "Lord, if You will sanctify me, I won't care who knows about it." He said, "What about your father?" I said, "I will tell everybody I meet. I will testify that I am sanctified." And about that time I got the blessing.

I got one blessing when the Lord forgave my sins. When I got sanctified, I had the second blessing. It is great to be sanctified.

A preacher came to me not long ago and said, "Nettie Miller, I heard you tell people in this auditorium last night that they did not have to sin every day." That is exactly what I told them. He said, "I want you to know that I am the pastor of the biggest church in this city; but I sin every day in word, thought, and deed." I told him the devil could not beat him. He said, "I am here to tell you that man has to sin every day." And I said, "Man does not have to sin every day." I pulled out the Word of God. I said, "Doctor, read it." He started reading to himself. He read, "He that committeth sin is of the devil." It is in the Book. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." He came to save us from all sin.

Some people think they do not need to come down to an altar to pray—that they don't have any sins to be forgiven. The Lord tells us that, if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." But, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Some folk are hungry for this blessing. There is no need to argue about little old doubts. Admit that you are hungry, and come and get it. The fountain lies open. You don't have to know all about this blessing to get it. You just have to be hungry for it. Just imagine that some hot biscuits were set before you at breakfast this morning, along with some good country butter and jelly. Do you sit there and say, "I can't understand how some farmer could dig up some earth and plant some wheat—I just don't understand how the biscuits got there and the butter, and I won't eat it because I do not understand it"? No, you don't. You begin to say, "Pass the bread and butter and jelly." If you want holiness, you can get it.

It is dangerous to leave carnality on the inside. I mean just that. It is a dangerous thing to be left there. One night in a certain city a woman prayed through to victory. She came back every night and sat back in the rear of the building. She had a little girl. When I preached on sanctification, a personal worker went back to her and said, "Why don't you get sanctified?" she said, "I got it all when I was saved." The personal worker said, "You really did not get it at all. But remember what the preacher said, 'It is dangerous to leave carnality on the inside,' " and walked away.

Little Martha's mother was doing her own scrubbing on Saturday morning after that Friday night. Dirty water was coming out into the bucket. Little Martha was building a toad frog house. All of a sudden she

wanted her mother to see it and she called, "Mother, come look at my toad frog house." The mother said, "I haven't time now; go on and play. Your father will be home in a little while." But little Martha continued, "Mom, I wish you would come and look at it." Martha came in and said, "Mother, come and look at my toad frog house." Her mother said, "Go on and play. I am very busy." Martha thought, "Guess she is not coming. I know what. I will make her come." She went running back and said, "Mother," and just about that time she turned over the bucket of dirty water on the floor. That mother said, "You make me so mad." Is it wrong to strike a child? No, but it is wrong to get mad in anybody's language.

That little child went out, but not to play. She leaned her head against the post. Soon her daddy came. He said, "Run and I will catch you." But Martha did not run. He said again, "Come on now; run and I will catch you." But she did not run. He ran to her. She was hot and limp. He took her into the room to her mother. The doctor, who was called, said, "She has received a severe blow on the back of the head, and she is not going to make it."

People say they heard that woman screaming far down the street. She was saying, "I said I wasn't afraid to leave carnality on the inside." The doctor said, "Quiet, Martha is trying to talk. She is very sick." Martha said, "Mother, I spilled the dirty water all over the floor, but I didn't mean to. It got the floor dirty. I am tired, too, Mother, and sleepy." About that time she went to sleep. She went to sleep in the arms of Jesus. That woman has told many people that it is dangerous to leave carnality on the inside.

I have not appealed to you from the danger standpoint alone. I have told you that the most marvelous thing in the world is holiness, or sanctification. It is what you need. Why not receive the blessing tonight?

CHAPTER VIII

MY LIFE STORY (1)

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (II Cor. 5:17).

I shall start my story by telling you that I was sprinkled a Catholic when I was eight days old. I remember very well when I made my first holy communion. It was Easter and I was dressed in a long white dress made of net and lace. I remember standing in front of a full-length mirror, and I said as I looked at myself, "Say, but don't I look cute!"

I merely mention that to say this. I have no pleasant memories of confession. I do have one that I have cherished these years, and it is the time that I prayed my first real prayer—one that I had not memorized. The occasion was one Sunday afternoon. My mother, some friends, and I had gone out in the country. Suddenly a loud knock developed in the motor, which became louder and louder. I looked at the woman who was driving and she said, "I wish we hadn't come. What are we going to do?" I sat on the side of the car next to the window, and I looked up into the heaven and the words came to me, "Why don't you pray?" I didn't know any prayer to pray. I knew prayers to be prayed when someone was sick or dying, and so on, but none that would fit this emergency. The knock became still louder. The words came again, "Why don't you pray?" It was then in my own little brain I made up a prayer all my own. I said, "Hey, Lord, how about getting us home O.K.?" I felt good deep down in my heart. I felt

as if we would get home all right. That knock soon disappeared. I felt so good, and wondered if I would ever feel that way again.

I want to tell you that you can feel like that. I have felt that way even today. I would rather be able to get a real contact with the Power on the throne than anything else in the world. There is nothing like it. I want Him to look down and say, "Child, I have heard your prayer."

In reminiscence I go back to one afternoon when I was just past six. My mother and I were out on the lawn. Somebody's radio was playing, and I started dancing. My mother called me and said, "Nettie, I didn't know you could dance like that." I said, "I can, though." She said, "Where did you learn to dance like that?" I said, "At the picture show." She said, "Well, I didn't know you could dance like that." I said, "I told you I can though." She said, "Nettie, how would you like to be a great dancer? You will have to study hard." I said, "When can I?" She said, "You'll have to do everything the professors tell you to do. Will you work hard?" I said, "Yes, ma'am." Next Saturday I started taking dancing lessons. Soon I was dancing at garden parties, silver teas, etc. Then came "Sweethearts of the Air." All my time was monopolized with entertaining the public. But I don't remember a time when popularity satisfied my soul. The devil whispered to me many times, "You should be thoroughly satisfied." But let me tell you, popularity will not satisfy you. It takes the blood of Jesus Christ applied to our hearts in the forgiveness of sins to satisfy. There is one thing I know. The Lord will satisfy.

A lady came up to me and said, "I feel so sorry for you." I said, "For what?" She said, "Why, you don't dance any more and you don't play bridge any more, etc. What in the world do you do for happiness?" About

that time the Lord opened up the windows of heaven and poured me out a blessing straight from the glory world. I hollered, "Hallelujah," and that lady began to run. You need not feel sorry for any person, however old or young, who has fully consecrated his life to the Lord.

And so the days went by—days of entertainment. I shall say this, lest you think I have done lots of things which I have not. I have never tasted beer or whiskey, never smoked a cigarette, and the Lord has kept me clean. But all of us have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and every person here and everywhere needs a touch of the Master's hand on his life.

When I was twelve years old, one Thursday afternoon the death angel came into our home. They took my mother out and buried her. I said, "What will I do now?" Every day she had said, "Nettie, you have danced better than ever before"; but now I said, "Life doesn't matter any more. I'll work myself to death. I'll give readings and dance until I get so tired and worn out I'll take t.b. and die." But I didn't. I went right on entertaining. Days came and went.

Always I was wondering how the rest of the people felt. One day when I was almost fourteen years old, I went to a circus. I asked a clown if he would talk to me a few minutes and he consented. I said, "Do you always feel like a fool?" He said, "I beg your pardon?" I said, "I don't mean to be rude, but every time I see you, you are acting like one." He looked at me and said, "I am going to answer you. I don't always feel the way I act." He pulled out of those big old balloon trousers a Western Union telegram. It told a story of how his youngest daughter had been sent to the hospital. He was to fly to her on the next plane and would probably not get there in time. I said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you feel bad. I just wanted to know if you always feel

like you act." He said, "No, my heart has been bleeding and broken." I said, "Well, I guess we are kind of alike. On the inside I'm not happy. I dance and throw kisses to great crowds of folks, but I guess I don't feel happy. And maybe sometime, someday we'll feel happy on the inside. I'm sorry. Please forgive me." And I went my way.

Folks, if the truth were known, walking up and down the streets there are many unhappy people. Outwardly they live with the crowd, talk with the people, but on the inside they are not happy. It takes Jesus Christ to make a happy person. It takes the forgiveness of sins, and the consciousness that the work is done, to make a happy person.

I will forget a lot of things, but I will never forget this. It was one evening. I went out on the front porch. Everything was still, save for the rustling of the leaves in the trees. I heard some singing from across the street, and it seemed to me as if that singing had come right straight down from heaven. This is what I heard:

*I believe the Bible; oh, it is divine.
Heaven's golden sunlight on its pages shine,
Lights my way to glory, and I'm surely going
through.
I believe the Bible, for 'tis ever true.*

Almost as if by a magnet I was drawn across the street to hear the singing. There in a circle under lights were a group of people just singing away. Their faces were bright. They were the happiest group of folk I had ever seen. I got in an inconspicuous place, in fact, behind a tree. Incidentally, that happened to be a Nazarene prayer meeting. That is the first time I ever knew there was a Nazarene this side of heaven. I saw and heard them. The minister stood and said, "We are going to sing again." They sang "The Old Account Was

Settled Long Ago." As I looked in at that group I said, "I don't know what they have, but that's exactly what I'm looking for." It was then that the preacher said, "We shall now talk to the Lord." I said, "Why, that sounds as if they know Him." There is one thing I know—you can know the Lord. He said, "We shall talk to the Lord," and he called on a good sister to pray. I said, "She will never make it in the world." She didn't have a rosary or prayer book or anything. But she made it! The Lord sprinkled heaven down on that crowd, and they began to shout and sing. I said, "I never saw anything like this before." The preacher said, "We're going to have a testimony meeting now." I didn't know what that meant. The first person to get up was an old man. That brother didn't have a hair on his head nor a tooth in his mouth. He said, "Praise the Lord! It's been pert nigh forty years since I knelt down at an old-fashioned mourners' bench in a country schoolhouse and the Lord saved my soul." About that time somebody shouted, "Well, glory!" I didn't know whether to run or what. I just grabbed hold of that tree. Now, I wasn't supposed to be there. It was a religious service, and I never attended a religious service except in case of a wedding or a funeral.

After I retired that night I rolled and tumbled. I could see those faces. I could hear the words of that song, "I Believe the Bible." I said, "As soon as I awaken in the morning, I am going to see if I can find some people who look like that crowd." The next day I started out. I went everywhere all around the city, looking at people. I would say to myself, "She doesn't have 'it' and she doesn't either." I kept looking. But I'll tell you what. I had a friend who had taught Sunday school in the biggest Protestant church in the city. So I said, "Well, she must have 'it.'" We had been associated at the little theater together. I called her and said, "I want you to come down here." She said, "I'm in a

hurry." I said, "I just want to look at you. I want to see if you have 'it.'" She said, "If I have what?" I said, "I don't know, but you haven't got 'it.'" She said, "Nettie Miller, do you feel all right?" I said, "Yes." She left. She might as well. I could see that she didn't have "it."

I continued my entertaining, but looked eagerly. I searched and began a scrutiny of every face. I am ashamed that I ever danced for a church. They ought to put up a white flag because they are already dead. And so I went on entertaining; but I went on looking, hoping that I would see somebody who looked like those people. I kept looking.

One day after I had finished my broadcast on the radio, I started to leave the studio. Someone was trying to come in the door just as I was trying to get out. I stepped back and saw two young ladies who looked like angels. I said, "Now, where have I seen somebody who looked like that?" Back at the prayer meeting! I backed away and sat against the wall in the studio. The announcer said, "We have two young girls who are going to sing." They sang "The Old Account Was Settled Long Ago." The Lord began to pour glory down on them. I said, "They have 'it' too." I made up my mind I was going to find out what it was they had and how they got it. Their program ended, and I motioned for them to come into a near-by studio. They came gladly, and then I didn't know what to say to them. I just said, "Er—I enjoyed your singing." They said, "We are glad that you did." In a moment one of them said, "We are holding a revival meeting over in Phenix City." One of them said, "She is doing the preaching." I said, "What?" She said, "The preaching." I said, "Yes, ma'am." I said, "Well it is nice to see you." They said, "Would you come to see us?" I said, "Surely," and they asked, "What about tomorrow afternoon at three-thirty?" I told them I would be there.

I always told my father where I was entertaining. I said, "Father, at three-thirty I am going to have a visit with two ladies who have something I don't have." He said, "Well, go get it and come back with it. I want to see what it looks like." I did go, but it happened that their time was monopolized with my answering questions about the church of my rearing. That for which I went I didn't get. I had a program to be broadcast and I had to leave. As I walked down the steps, I stopped and looked again at those women and said in my heart, "I am going to get what you have if it takes my life." I'm glad that the Lord said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." I didn't know where and when, but sometime I was going to find that for which I sought. I wondered when it would be. Every day I wondered if it would be that day.

I went on entertaining, but I said, "I wonder if I will find it today." I kept waiting. The Lord never lets a hungry soul down. Isn't that wonderful! I was on my way to a program one night. It was about seven-thirty. I just happened to look up. Over on the right side of the street a great big sign stood with big red letters which said, "Revival 7:30. Everybody welcome." I said, "That's what that word is." I was riding along there with the Sunday-school teacher I told you about and I cried, "Hey, wait a minute. Stop this car. Wait, wait, wait!" She said, "What have I done? What did I hit?" I said, "Look there. They are having a revival meeting in there." "Is that all?" she said. I said, "I am going." Now she was a little stuck-up. She said, "Why, Nettie, they are even sitting on plank seats in there." I have sat on some overstuffed pews in cathedrals, and the Lord was a million miles away. I would rather have the presence of the Lord than anything else. She looked and said, "Why, Nettie, I am not sure that the

nicest people would go in there." I said, "Well, I am nice and I am going." I went.

It was that night that I heard my first gospel message. That preacher even pulled off his coat. He put on the armor of righteousness. That preacher preached the glory down. He said that sin was sin and, if you wanted to be delivered, you would have to quit it; and, in his conclusion, he said, "How many of you have looked into the faces of others and said, 'If I could just have what they have, I would be the happiest person in the world'?" I said to myself, "I wonder who told him about me." He went on, "I have good news," and he quoted my text of tonight. He said, "If you want the Lord to forgive you, ask Him to do it now."

I started down the aisle. My schoolteacher friend came right behind me. He stood there and stuck out his hand, but all the way down that aisle I prayed like the house was on fire. I said, "Lord, I am sorry for everything I have ever done." It did not take long because I wanted to be converted more than anything else in all the world. I met God's condition and I said, "I mean it."

All of a sudden, down through the shadows of that dark night came the Lord God Almighty. He stepped out on the storm-tossed waters of my soul and spoke, "Peace, be still." I got up. I was so happy I couldn't sit down and I couldn't stand up. You can't tell me that you won't know when you are converted. I know you can know it. And if you don't know it, you are not converted.

Along with all the trends of a modern age when the modernists and the atheists try to tell us that the virgin birth of Christ is a myth, that man was not created, folk, they tell us that you cannot be converted nowadays. They tell us that you cannot know until death that you are saved. You can know it. The Lord said you must be born again and He will give it to you.

I was so happy. I ran out of that place where the Lord saved me. The first person I met was a great big, fat, colored woman. I grabbed that colored woman right around the neck. I said, "I am so happy I don't know what to do." She said, "Lord have mercy, if that ain't Nettie Miller, and that child ain't got nary a thing in this world but 'ligion." I went home crying and laughing and said, "I found it"; and I did find it. That Sunday-school teacher found it too. She is secretary and treasurer of the downtown Church of the Nazarene right now. My brother said, "Nettie, I didn't know you had lost nothin'." I was afraid to go to sleep that night. But I still had it the next morning.

I have made lots of tours. Next morning I made a tour. I have toured state after state, telling my life story in different cities and states all over this land. I made one tour I will never forget. I rang doorbells and I said, "Something has happened to me." One lady said, "Nettie, you don't even look like yourself." I went to the next house. I said, "Something has happened to me. I've been down to the altar at a revival meeting, and the Lord has come into my heart." I went to the next house and the next one and the next one. Somebody said, "You will have to tell the priest about it." I said, "I am telling everybody about it." And so I did testify for five blocks. By the time I got to the foot of Broadway, I was so happy I leaned against the monument and hollered as loud as I could, "Glory hallelujah!" I shouted so loudly the little youngsters came running. They got all their friends and looked at me, and they kept coming. I was looking up in the sky, saying, "God's in His heaven; all's right with the world."

About that time they began saying, "Come on, look here. That is Nettie Miller. She will holler again in a minute." It wasn't long until that crowd split. Part of the youngsters went on ahead of me. They said, "She

is on that block right now. She will be on this one in a minute."

I came to one house and said, "It won't do any good to go in there." But I wanted to tell that woman about it too. I walked by there three times and said, "I am going to tell her." In a moment there she stood. She said, "Nettie Miller, you don't look like yourself." I said, "I don't feel like myself." And so I told her I had been to a revival meeting. She said, "Nettie, I have seen you dance since you were a little girl. I have never seen you like this." She began weeping, and it was not long until she was squalling and bawling. I am so glad tonight that I can tell you that whosoever will may come. Everybody who wants to come may come and drink of the water of life freely. This lady said, "All my life I have wanted something like that. I don't remember a time but that I have wanted something to satisfy me." I did not know the lady was under conviction, but I thought her husband would be home and wonder what I had done to her.

I went home and soon the telephone rang. Someone said, "Nettie, I know what you are talking about. I went all over the house weeping, but it didn't do any good. I began to call this woman who was at the church every time the church doors were open. She came running and said, 'I have been praying for you ever since you have been living here.' We knelt in the living room and prayed, and now I have what you have."

I swung that old telephone round and round and said, "She has it." My father came running and said, "Nettie, she has what?" And then he said, "Nettie, I would like to talk with you. Have you got any new kind of religion?" I said, "I have been converted." He said, "Isn't that acting peculiar?" I said, "Yes, sir." You know, the Lord can fix you up and you will know about it and the rest of the folk will know about it too. People

think you have gone crazy, but it is not a sign that you have.

One day I stood and looked at my costume closet. I opened the door and looked at the costumes. The Lord said, "You will not need them any more." I began to take them down one at a time. They each told a story. The devil said, "Why don't you go back?" The Lord said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." I took each one down and tore it to pieces. The Lord poured the glory down!

One night I was asked if I would pray with a woman who was dying. I consented and went to her house. There was a woman lying on the bed. She was gasping for breath. I said, "Lord, save her. She is wicked." I fell down on my knees there by the bed and began to pray. It seemed that from the glory world a visible rope was let down, and as I prayed I began to pull on my rope of faith. I said, "Lord, forgive that woman. If she dies, she will go to hell." I pulled a little harder and said, "Lord, I believe You will." I said, "Lord, I believe You do"; and about that time, in between those gasps for breath, she said, "Lord, I am sorry for everything. Forgive me. I'll do anything, Lord. Anything!" Then a smile came. God came. He saved her. I thought, "But now if she is going to die, nobody will know He saved her." I said, "Lord, I wish You would touch that woman so she can get out and tell it. Don't let her die. Let her get out and tell it. Lord, I believe You will right now. Touch her." And then I could tell it. She sat up in bed. She got out and told it. I went to see her the next day, and she was gone.

There, sitting on the floor, was a little crippled woman. She was deformed in about every way possible. She said, "How much did that cost her?" I said, "Not anything." She said, "Would you pray for me? I would like to be saved too." I put my hand on that little crippled woman's head and said, "Lord, save her." She

prayed too, prayed clear through. She said, "Will I have a mansion up there? If I can just be where Jesus is, I shall be satisfied." I told her to keep the victory and she would make it. She said, "I am going to tell Jesus the last time I saw Nettie Miller she was telling people to get saved." Friends, many of your loved ones are already over there. Jesus can make of you a new creature, too.

CHAPTER IX

MY LIFE STORY (2)

I was sprinkled a Catholic. I entertained by way of dancing, radio programs, and so on. Popularity did not satisfy me, and I will say to you that it takes more than popularity to satisfy a hungry heart. It takes the blood of Jesus Christ applied to the soul. I am so glad that the Lord can satisfy. Unless the Lord has come in, you are not satisfied; and if He has come in, you are satisfied. I remember so well how the Lord came into my heart. It was in Columbus, Georgia, about nine o'clock in the evening. I looked up into the face of the lowly Galilean, and all of a sudden this Man of Gethsemane stepped out on the storm-tossed waters of my soul and spoke, "Peace, be still." There was a great calm on the inside, and it is there right now.

People did not understand, because old things passed away and all things became new. They called and said, "Will you dance for me?" But I said, "No, I've found something better." Really, I did not give up anything. When I see what the Lord gave to me in exchange for a batch of worldliness, I am the one who received the bargain. I never moped around and said, "Well, now I'm a Christian." I want to tell you that when Jesus came in, the desire to engage in the things of the world was taken out.

One day my brother Jack said, "Nettie, where did you say you went to get what you got?" I said, "To a revival meeting." He said, "What's that?" I said, "Well, you go down to the front and pray and pray until something happens on the inside." He said, "Nettie, I like you like that. How long are you going to keep it?"

I said, "From now on." He said, "Nettie, that sure does sound good. I wish I could be in a revival one time. Can't we have one at our house?" I said, "Yes, we can." Jack had a clubhouse that was quite spacious. At that time it was occupied by pet chickens. Jack said we could use the clubhouse. He asked what time the revival should start, and I told him about seven-thirty. He said, "All right, I'll have all the children in the neighborhood down here at that time."

At seven-thirty we crowded them all into the chicken house, but there were so many of us that we had to crawl back out. And so it was out under the twinkling stars we went. The Lord was near, and it seemed as if He was in His heaven and all was right with the world. I knew the first thing you did was to sing. I didn't know any songs except part of "I Believe the Bible" and "The Old Account Was Settled." I didn't know enough of these songs to sing them, but I spied a little boy who had sung on the radio and said, "How about leading the singing for us?" He said, "All right. We will sing 'Give Me Oil in My Lamp.'" When we finished, he said, "Do you want me to sing another one?" That time we sang "The Old-time Religion."

It came time to preach. I did not have a Bible. But I got up before those youngsters and told them how God had saved me, and in a little while they were weeping. One said, "I wish I had that." I said, "Everyone who wants what I have, crawl into the chicken house." Into the chicken house they went. They didn't leave any room in there for me to come in and beat them on the back. From what I heard they didn't need beating on the back. One little tot said, "Lord, I am sorry I did it." Another one said, "Move over, I am feeling good." Then they began to hatch out of that chicken house. One by one they ran past me and told their mothers and fathers.

Their parents did not understand. They lived different lives, and you will too when you get converted.

And so, there I was having a chicken-house meeting. Those youngsters wanted to have one all the time. They put a cross on the chicken house and painted "Nazarene Mission" on it. Those parents wondered what in the world had happened to their children. They said, "Where did you say you got that?" And the answer was, "Aw, Mother, we got it at the chicken house." So some of those parents who were very eager and wondering what had happened came to the meeting. A definite revival meeting broke out in our city.

I had finished high school early and was still too young to go to college. I went to work in an office. I was so happy just thinking that I had been converted! I would wake up in the middle of the night and say, "Nettie Miller has got religion. Who would have thought it!" I was typing in my office one day when all of a sudden it dawned on me that old things had passed away and all things had become new. All of a sudden you know what I did? That is exactly what I did. I shouted, "Glory hallelujah!" I looked up, and there stood the president and general manager of one of the biggest companies in the Southland. I said, "Pardon me. You don't need to fire me, I'll quit." He said, "Nettie Miller, what in this world were you hollering about?" I said, "Do you know, the Lord has saved my soul"; and when I said that I let out another shout. When I cut loose the second time I picked up my coat and began to make my exit. He said, "Don't leave. I never heard anybody holler for Jesus before." I said, "Well, that is what I am doing." He said, "Well, holler all you want to."

A short time later as I was typing alone in the office, I heard the words plainly, "This is not thy work." I heard it again and again, day after day. On the third afternoon the president of the Businessmen's Evangelistic Club called and asked me to speak at a cottage prayer meeting. As I sat in that prayer meeting I heard that same voice, "This is thy work." I said, "O Lord, I am

happy. I would rather tell what You have done for me than anything else." I went back to the office the next day. Again that voice came, "This is not thy work."

One day I decided I was working too hard. I went to Macon, Georgia, for a vacation. But you cannot run away from the Lord. He can get hold of you wherever you are and don't you forget it. You had better settle up with Him. I had hardly arrived at Macon when I received a telephone call from the pastor of the Methodist church. He said, "Miss Miller, some people saw you at the train station. Would you preach for me tomorrow night?" I meant to tell him "no," but "yes" slipped right out of my mouth.

I did not know how to preach, but there I sat on the platform the next night watching the people come in. I will never forget it. As I sat there I said to myself, "I have danced before bigger crowds than this; I have read before bigger crowds than this—but I am supposed to preach to this crowd. I will never make it. I just cannot preach." Before, the bigger the crowd, the better I always liked it; but that night I didn't like it a bit. All I had was a text. As the special song was sung I realized my turn was next. It was too close for comfort. I said, "Lord, help me now." About that time the Lord said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." They called my name and I stepped up to the pulpit. I gave the text. I am confident that my message was not homiletical, but I was having the time of my life. They tell me I ran all over that man's church. Do you reckon I did that? While I was speaking I heard that voice, "This is thy work." I put out a fleece. I said, "Lord, if you mean this is what I am to do, I want You to let people tonight get what I have. I will make an altar call." I did, and the people filled the altar three deep. I said, "Lord, wait a minute. That is enough."

There was no need of my staying longer in Macon, Georgia. I went home. When I got there the pastor

said, "Nettie Miller, why don't you say yes to the Lord?" I said, "What do you know about it?" She said, "Sometimes the Lord works on both ends of the line." Right there I began to pray. I said, "O God!" He said, "Will you carry the glad tidings of great joy to those who need it?" I said, "O Lord, I just can't do it." He said, "Child, there are many who want the same gospel that you have." I said, "Lord, I would if I could, but I cannot preach." The Lord said, "I will go with you every step of the way." I said, "If You will go with me, I will go." About that time the Lord poured some glory down on me. And so I was called to preach.

I knew that a call to preach meant a call to prepare. I prayed, "Lord, where shall I go?" I knew I must go off to school. Someone came soon and said, "There is a school in Nashville, Tennessee, called Trevecca Nazarene College. All the teachers are saved." I started to get ready to go to Trevecca. I was happy. The happiest person you will ever meet is that individual who is obeying God. I got on the train. Off to Trevecca! What a time! I didn't know a thing about the Bible but I said, "I will know something about it." I took out my Bible. I said, "Everybody ought to know the books of the Bible." I started memorizing them. I learned them before I got to school and some more things too.

As I approached the campus, I could hear prayers ascending to the throne of God. Out on the afternoon breeze they floated my way. I said, "Glory to God!" The next morning as I went to my history class I was blessed when the teacher prayed, "O God, bless these students." It was the same in every class. Oh, say, it was wonderful to be there in that atmosphere! Sunday morning I went to the First Church of the Nazarene. The pastor said, "I want that little girl to testify." After church he said, "Will you preach for me next Sunday morning?" It was not long until I was preaching all the time. The money came in to pay my expenses.

The day came when I finished my course at Trevecca. It was great to feel that God had been with me and seen me through the whole time. The devil had said, "You will never make it." But the Lord had said, "You can count on Me."

On one occasion after I had made a visit back home, the devil got on the train with me and said, "Nettie Miller, you are going to quit." I said, "Shut your mouth, devil." He said, "You are discouraged." I said, "I am not." I said, "Lord, give me a soul on this train. If you don't, the devil is going to get me this time." I went up the aisle, but did not see anybody to whom I felt I should speak. I kept looking and looking. The devil said, "You are not going to get a soul." I said, "You do not know what I am going to get." I said, "Lord, the devil is on my coattail." Then I stopped. It was by the side of a lovely person that I stopped. I said, "Hello there." She said, "Won't you come sit with me?" I said, "Yes, ma'am, I was just fixing to." She said, "Pardon me, but you have something that I don't have. Could you tell me what it is?" I said, "Salvation." She said, "My grandmother died with it. I would like to have it." I said, "Let us pray." It did not take long. God came. She said, "I have it. I know what my grandmother was talking about now."

Right there I shouted. I didn't mean to, but I did. People began to come out of their seats to see what had happened, and the news spread to the other cars. Then the conductor came and said, "What in the world is going on in here?" He made his way to me and said, "What is the matter?" I was about to tell him when the woman started telling him what Jesus had done for her. She shouted right in his face. I said, "Oh, my! he will put me off at the next stop, but I know one thing—he will put me off happy." I started to make my way out, but about that time another woman said, "I want to say something. I was sitting right behind you and I

prayed for myself, and the Lord has given me the same thing that He gave her. Now I am going home to tell my folks about it." I looked at that old conductor. His chin began to quiver. He said, "Wait a minute. I want you to look." Silhouetted against the eastern sky was a little country church. He said, "That is the place. They had a revival there when I was a boy. I went with my mom and dad, and there I found what you folks got today." He turned to me and said, "Girlie, any time you want to tear up a train for Jesus, just tear it up."

When I finished Trevecca, they owed me one hundred dollars. I had been in evangelistic work all through my school years.

Now, you want to know about my family. There is Leila Dell. She is the baby in the family. Leila Dell used to look at me and say, "Why don't you come home and live like a lady?" But one night after I had preached, Leila Dell came to the altar. I heard her moaning and groaning. I heard her say, "O Lord, not me." I said, "The Lord has got Him another one." And I spoke the truth. Leila Dell went to Trevecca. She has been packing suitcases all summer, preaching. She graduated from Trevecca a year ago. She preaches all the time.

And Alice, my oldest sister. I said, "Lord, if You can get Alice, I will do anything." One night I was preaching in a camp meeting when someone handed me a message. Somehow I opened it right away. It said, "Nettie, I have what you have and my husband has it too. We have joined the church."

I have previously mentioned my brother, Jack. He went to Trevecca. He has a marvelous voice. It is well trained, and I believe the Lord is calling him to be a song evangelist. Whenever I preached at Trevecca, Jack would sing for me. Jack had a call to go where your sons went. I remember when it came. I was in St. Petersburg, Florida. I heard the late Franklin Delano

Roosevelt as he said to the world, "America is engaged in war." Jack came back after the war. The cry is, "Give us a spiritual church for those who have come back." I have a request to make. I have traveled around this country and have visited the hospitals. There are some boys who will never be the same again. They will never see a lovely autumn day with its beautiful hues. They are blind because they went to fight for the freedom of religion in America. Some of them have no arms. They will never be what they once were. They do not want sympathy. Some of them said to me, "We want nothing but that America might have revival meetings and get to God in the land of the free and the home of the brave." We ought to do it out of gratitude to them.

CHAPTER X

THIS WICKED GENERATION

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.

"And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.

"And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them.

"But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.

"And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation" (Gen. 6:5-8; 7:1).

I want you to go back with me, if you will, to the days that used to be, to the days in which Noah lived. God had created man for one purpose, to serve the Lord God Almighty. But a definite degeneracy swept upon the people. Man forgot his Creator. He forgot that the Lord made him that he might serve Him. "As it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man." Man has forgotten God in a measure. The crowd is saying, "On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined." I am glad that some have heard the still small voice saying, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate . . . and I will receive you." The great crowds are not doing that. They are out yonder with the crowd on the highway.

The Lord looked out upon His people in that day and said, "I am sorry that I ever made man upon the

face of the earth. Man has disappointed Me in such a measure that I wish I never had made him in the first place." I wonder what He must be wishing now. We are substituting everything for the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ in all of its efficacy. I wonder what the Lord must be thinking. There were more young people selling beer and whiskey than were enrolled in all our colleges and universities before the war ended.

The Lord was out there musing one day. He said, "I never intended that man should do Me this way." While He was thinking all these things, He remembered one man. He is the hero of my story tonight. He had some character. He had some stability. He was a righteous man. Noah had kept the victory in the midst of an unclean nation. The Bible does not have an accusation against him. He had walked the chalk line and in his own heart been pure in the sight of God. The people were doing everything in the world but living right.

The Lord spoke, and Noah lived close enough to the Lord to hear His voice. The Lord said, "Noah, man has grieved Me to such an extent that I am sorry I ever created him. But thee have I seen righteous before Me in this generation." That meant a lot. Because Noah had proved faithful, the Lord said, "With thee will I establish my covenant." The Lord told Noah his plan. Now I believe that Noah, for all his dignity, said, "Glory hallelujah!" And God said, "Noah, I am sending a great flood of waters on the face of the earth. I am disappointed with man. Every living thing will be destroyed. But, Noah, you build an ark and I will take care of you." The Lord will take care of His own. He will do it every time. The Lord said, "Noah, for your sake I want you to build an ark." He told him how to build it. I don't know whether Noah was a carpenter or not. But he never argued with the Lord. If that had been some of us, we would have said, "Lord, what do you think I am? I never built an ark in my life." The Lord said, "Noah,

do it like this." You can afford to listen when the Lord speaks. I advise you to listen when the Lord speaks, and then to obey Him.

The next time I see Noah he is singing. Why? He is happy. He is obeying God. The happiest person we will ever meet in our lives will be that one who said, "Lord, I heard You speak, and I am going to do what You told me to do." Noah is doing what the Lord said. He is building an ark. He was told how to build it, and he is carrying out the Lord's instructions.

There were people snooping around him. We have always had snoopers. They asked Noah, "What are you doing?" "I am building an ark." "For what?" "I heard the voice of the Lord, and He told me to build an ark." They said, "Well, I always knew old Noah was crazy, but now he is crazier than ever." They didn't bother Noah. "Noah, what is it for, no fooling?" And Noah answered seriously, "The voice of the Lord came and said there's going to be a great flood of water on the face of the earth. Every wicked man shall die." "Why, the idea! Who ever heard of a flood of water!" And they mocked and jeered, but Noah paid no attention. Folks, keep what the Lord gave you. Pay no attention to what snoopers say. Keep your eyes on Jesus and keep the victory in your heart, and one of these days you will be glad a million times you listened to the voice of the Lord.

Noah kept building. He warned the people and urged them to repent, but they laughed at him and called him crazy. People are laughing today. They say repentance is out of date. I heard a minister lecture to a group of people, and he made the statement that "so-called repentance is out of date." Well, he is out of date. People do believe in it, and as long as this world stands repentance is still going to be. Yes, they still make fun. People severely criticized Noah. But Noah got his own family. Wouldn't you give the whole world

if you could get your family into the ark of safety? Some of you tonight would give ten million worlds if you could bring in that brother, that boy or girl, that loved one out yonder somewhere. Noah got his family.

The days went by. Noah begged the people to repent but they failed to do so. You can say it is optional but I am here to tell you that, unless you repent, you will perish. People say, "You cannot tell us that the Lord would let us die. He is too good to let us die an eternal death. He wouldn't give us a death like that. He would not send us to hell." Oh, but you can send yourself to hell.

Finally Noah finished the ark. I know a little about how Noah must have felt. Back in Columbus, Georgia, when the Lord saved a number of us folks, I had to go back to the church of my rearing on Sunday morning. There was a stillness, a deathly quietness permeating the atmosphere. I was happy. I was so happy I wanted to shout but I said, "I'd better not shout in here." I never had failed to pray a certain memorized prayer on Sunday mornings. I went into the church and started to pray that memorized prayer but said, "No, I am not going to do it. I know Jesus and I am going to pray to Him." I left the church. It was Sunday morning and I wanted to go to church, but I didn't feel like saying prayers to gods made out of stone and marble. I said, "I am saved. I am converted for the first time in my life." Somehow I felt free. When the Lord sets you free, you are free indeed.

I always wanted to see what was on the inside of the church on the next corner. I went. I wish you could have gone to that service. It wouldn't have helped you any more than it did me. The preacher leaned over the pulpit and said, "We are living in an enlightened age. We are living in a time when man has a little more intellectual capacity than people used to have. Man has more sense now than to say that he can know that he

is converted. No man will know until death that he is saved." About that time the Lord opened up heaven on my soul and I shouted, "Well, glory!" They didn't throw me out of that church. I ran out of there.

But it was Sunday, and I wanted to go to church. I said, "What will I do? I know. I will go to this church over here." If you had gone, it wouldn't have helped you either. That preacher was preaching on heaven. He said, "The road to heaven is a rugged road. Not many people are going to make it. Sometimes I doubt that I will make it myself." And so, I thought, "Well, if that preacher does not know whether or not he can make it to heaven, he cannot help me." So I walked out of that church. It was Sunday and I did want to go to church, but I was in a fix. I said, "Lord, what will I do? You have saved me, but You have ruined me. I am a misfit." When you get really converted, you are not going to feel comfortable in an old refrigerator.

I went to see my friends who had been recently converted. I said, "What did you do?" They all had experiences similar to mine. It wasn't long until an idea was born—an idea to build a church where we could preach and pray and shout and have a good time in the Lord. We bought a lot. I did not know how to build a tabernacle, but I knew some folk who did. So I went to a friend and said, "We have a lot on Sixth Street and we want you to help us build a tabernacle." That architect said, "For what, Nettie Miller?" I said, "I have been converted and I want a church. I want you to help me build this tabernacle." The first time I ever sawed boards in my life I sawed them for that tabernacle. I remember many afternoons sawing and singing "The Old Account Was Settled Long Ago." People for whom I had danced and entertained rode by in their automobiles, and said, "Hello there, Miss Miller," and I said, "How are you doing?" I never will forget when they told my father that I was out on the corner sawing

boards. He wouldn't believe it and came around to see for himself. The walls were going up.

One Saturday I said, "Let us have a meeting in here tomorrow." There was no top on the building. I said, "I'll help pray the rain off." I asked the Lord that night not to let it rain. We met in that unfinished tabernacle, and the Lord opened the windows of heaven and came down. There was not one thing between us and heaven. Not a thing!

There will be lots of things I will forget, but never this. It was late one afternoon. One of the carpenters on the roof of the tabernacle said to us below, "This is the last nail that is going into this tabernacle." The sound of that hammer died away on that afternoon breeze, and the Lord began to bless me. I patted the building. I said, "That is beautiful." I had come out of a church with its inlaid golden altars, but that tabernacle was the most beautiful building I had ever seen in my life; and so I crossed the street to look at it. It seemed to me as if a halo were around it. Some people passed by and said, "What in the world is that thing?" The answer came back, "I don't know, but it looks like Noah's ark to me." It certainly looked good to me. From that tabernacle, ministers, evangelists, and missionaries have gone around the world to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Noah built the ark, and the Lord blessed Noah. It pays to serve Jesus. I have told you every night that God is a God of justice. As long as I preach, I am going to tell you that the Lord will not strike any individual without first warning him. For one hundred and twenty years the Lord sent Noah to strive with the people. They did not heed his warning. Noah said, "I tell you it is going to rain." They had some smart people back there. I can see the astronomers and the astrologists who said, "Why, there is no sign of rain." But Noah

said, "Folk, the Lord said so, and if the Lord said so, it will happen."

The days are up. What is that? It is the voice of the Lord, saying, "Noah, take thee and all thy household into the ark. Bring them in. The time is up." Noah is happy. He has been waiting a long time. He follows the Lord's instructions and gets everything into the ark. Wait! What is that? Look, that is lightning. Listen, there is thunder. The lightning and thunder are incessant. And in a moment it is more ominous. Wait! What is that? Why, it is raining. Mark it down, it will come to pass if God says so. He is going to check up on you one of these days. You are getting by now. Wouldn't you have liked to see those faces changed? I would. Get this, it was no man, no angel, but the Lord himself who closed the door of that ark. When the Lord shuts it, it is shut.

You say, "Nettie Miller, why did you give us this story tonight?" I gave it for one purpose. I gave it to tell you that, if you are going to get your people into the ark of safety, you had better work hard and fast. The Lord has dealt with many of you a number of times. You haven't done anything about it yet. You have promised God that sometime you would get right, but I want to tell you before we go that there is a little verse in Genesis which says, "My spirit shall not always strive with man." You cannot treat the Lord just any way you want to. His nature is like that of a dove. A dove will light on your hand. He will soar off and come back. When he comes back, you can jerk your hand away; and the first thing you know the dove is grieved and it won't come back any more. Don't keep putting the Lord off.

Some of you are listening seriously. Some of you are remembering a day when you almost yielded. I beg you right now to come on in, for when the door is shut there is not a soul who can do a thing for you.

One night I left the platform and went back to a lady. I looked up at her and said, "You have wept through this whole service. Won't you come and let the Lord save you?" Her husband said, "No, you are not going to do it." Do you know, it is better for you that a stone were tied around your neck and that you were cast into the sea than for you to hinder somebody else from getting to God. I pleaded with her. She looked at him. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. If you won't take God's way, one day He will have enough of it. She said, "Husband, if I had done what God wanted me to, I would have gone down to that altar. God called me, and I didn't answer Him." Now, folk, that is a serious thing. The husband said, "Now listen, Wife, don't get so serious."

Neighbors said that long after midnight she was screaming, "I didn't go, and now God has left me alone." They took her to the hospital and strapped her to a bed. It took seven men to hold her. She kept screaming, "God called me, and I didn't answer. His Spirit is gone." I went to that hospital. I could hardly believe what I saw. I approached the bed. Her eyes were glassy. The husband said, "Will you please pray for my wife?" I said, "I will pray." I reached up and said, "O God, last night You begged this woman to come to You. You dealt with her. Beg her one more time." But God said, "My spirit shall not always strive with man." The husband said, "Tell that great crowd of people to pray for my wife." I knew it was too late, but I promised to have them pray. I visited every room, asking each patient if he or she had been converted. Each one told me the same story. They said, "It is the strangest thing. Someone came in here this morning screaming, 'God has left me.' Right then I begged God to save my soul, and He has converted me."

I left that city. I went to a camp meeting. While there I saw some of my friends from the other city.

They had come to deliver a message. This is it: "I am dead on the inside. Don't pray for me any more but, for the Lord's sake, tell everyone wherever you go to answer the Lord when He calls."

Some of you would give almost anything to have the Lord call you as He once did. I would beg you to answer His call tonight while His Spirit still strives with you. "My spirit shall not always strive with man."

CHAPTER XI

"BEHOLD THE MAN"

"Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man" (John 19:5).

I want you to go with me back to the days of the long ago. The shepherds were watching their flocks by night on a Judean hillside when, lo, an angelic host broke through the shadows of night and sang, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Behold His birth. Like as none other born into the world was the lowly Galilean born. The beasts of the fields, the foxes, all of the animals seem to have a place to lay their heads, but not the Christ of Galilee. I am glad He was born, aren't you? No warm welcome awaited the Christ child. Although for centuries the prophets had told of His coming, even to the place of His birth, the world was not prepared for His coming. Even though He was the pre-existent Christ, whose goings forth had been from of old, even from everlasting, He came first to this earth as a Baby, born in a lowly manger because there was no room for Him in the inn.

Behold His childhood. He grew in stature and in favor with God and man. He waxed strong physically, mentally, and spiritually. Not long ago I went to an institution where people had failed to grow mentally. The president said, "I want you to look there, Miss Miller." He showed me a person who had not grown

mentally. I went away depressed and thanking God, too, that I was not housed in such an institution. But for the grace of God, you and I could be there. I went a few days later into another institution. These people had failed to grow, not mentally, but physically. Some men, they said, were forty-five years old. They were lying on baby beds. They failed to grow physically.

Not to grow mentally and physically is deplorable, but the most horrible thing I know about is to find people in a land of Bibles who are not growing spiritually. I think about those Pilgrims. They braved the ocean. The waves dashed upon their frail boats. But they said, "We will get to America." They arrived on the shores of New England and in America found that which they sought—freedom to worship God. That was many years ago, but here in Christian America in this day we substitute for old-time religion a handshake or church membership, neither of which necessarily means that a person has been converted. I say America is not growing spiritually. Ministers are not preaching the gospel as it is written.

I made a statement similar to that in a certain city auditorium. A minister came to me and said, "If I preached to my congregation just one sermon the way you preached last night, they would send me a little note with my check Sunday morning and would say, 'Your services are required no longer.'" I said, "Preacher, what did I say that was not in the Book?" He said, "It was in the Book, but you don't dare to tell the people the truth." I said, "I am going to preach the truth if I have to stand on a soapbox in the middle of the street." America is not growing spiritually. You don't dare make a tiny little bit of noise in the church. You know what a preacher told me not long ago? He said, "My people absolutely do not care for one bit of noise. Why, we have had to put some more velvet in the collection plates so the silver will not tinkle. It disturbs

the people." Isn't that pathetic? We need to get people disturbed, if you ask me.

Back to Jesus. He waxed strong mentally, physically, and spiritually. I want you to behold His childhood. It was on the occasion of the Passover. People came from Bethlehem; they came from Capernaum. They came from all the surrounding territories, and they went up to the Passover. Jesus went along with His parents. I would like to have seen Him. He was in the temple surrounded by doctors, lawyers, and other learned men. They were all asking Him questions and, to their utter amazement, He had the right answer for every question. He was in touch with Deity. He was about His Father's business.

The Feast of the Passover was finished. The people started home, back to the places from whence they came. The men and women went in their own groups. Soon it was discovered that the Boy Jesus was not with either His father or mother. They searched diligently for Him but could not find Him. But Jesus was right back where they had left Him. That is where He is tonight. He is right back there where some of you have left Him. Tonight you can find Him again. He will go home with you. But first you must miss His presence in your heart. Go back to where you left Him, and you will find Him.

When I was a little girl I went out on the front porch and went to sleep in the swing. I must have slept four or five hours. When I awakened it was pitch-dark. I let out a war whoop. I cried, "I am lost out here. I can't see anything." I didn't awaken my own people, but I awakened the folk across the street. They came and rang the doorbell. My folk came to the door, and I can see my mother now. Her eyes got so big. She said, "Nettie, did we leave you out on the porch?" My father said, "O Nettie, I thought you were with your mother." She said, "O Nettie, I thought you were with

your father." About that time old fat, black Ruth came out there and said, "Lord have mercy, they've done left my baby on the front porch and somebody could have come out here and tuk her off." Mother thought I was with Father, and Father thought I was with Mother.

It is not enough to suppose the Lord is with you. If you do not know that He is with you, He is not there. I knew when I came to Birmingham that the Lord would be with your good pastor. But that was not enough for me. I said, "Lord, I want You to go with me to Birmingham." I got down on my prayer bones and prayed, "Lord, go with me. I want to know that You are with me." About that time He said, "Daughter, I will never leave you nor forsake you. I will go with you." Do you know He is with you? If you don't, you go back to the place where you left Him and you will find Him.

Next, I want you to *behold His mission*. This world was nothing but a wilderness. He came to make it blossom as a rose. He came into the world, not to condemn it, but that the world might be saved. He came to His own, but His own received Him not. To them that received Him, to them He gave the power to become the sons of God." And so, my friends, behold His mission. He came to seek and save the lost.

There is one qualification you must have in order to get help from the Lord—misery. The reason folk don't get help is that they are not miserable enough. If you are miserable enough, you are ready to quit the sin business.

I can see him now. He sat on the corner year in and year out asking alms of passers-by. One day somebody said, "Bartimaeus, listen. We do not know whether it is the truth or not, but people are telling about a Man called Jesus who is making the blind to see, deaf people to hear, and lame folk to leap for joy." Bartimaeus said, "What is His name?" They told him it was Jesus.

He said, "If He ever does come this way, I will be sure to see Him." One day while sitting in his usual place he heard a crowd coming. They came closer and closer. Bartimaeus heard the name of Jesus mentioned. He said, "When He gets a little closer I will ask Him to come and touch my eyes." The crowd came nearer. Bartimaeus cried out, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." The people tried to quiet him. But Bartimaeus was miserable. He wanted to see more than anything else in the world. So he cried out even louder. When people are miserable enough they are going to get converted.

I saw a lady come to the altar the other night. She spread out a lovely handkerchief, fixed her hair, and started to pray. I said, "She will never make it in the world." She said, "Lord, I know that You feel honored that I would come to pray." People really do have a high opinion of themselves. I saw another one coming. She was running down that aisle ninety miles a minute. She fell across that altar and said, "Lord, I never amounted to anything and I never will unless You help me." In a few minutes she jumped up and shouted around that place. The other woman said, "Lord, I have given much money to Your cause." I said, "It won't count a lick unless you get right on the inside." You must be miserable.

I invite you tonight to *behold the Man*. He lives and answers prayer. Behold His mission. But people became jealous of Him. Why? He just had a following. Every time somebody tries to do a little something, people become jealous. They lied on Jesus. You know and I know that they were unkind to Jesus. They lied on Him until finally they swept Him away from the place He loved better than life itself. He left Nazareth and went to Capernaum. One day they led Him to the cross on Golgotha. On the cross He died between two thieves.

His mission was accomplished. He died to save sinners. He died for you and me.

I preached in the largest penitentiary in America one day. I brought a message on the lifesaver. I threw out a life line. I said to those prisoners, "Come on and take this life line. It is the Word; it is Jesus." Some of them knelt and prayed, and came up shouting, "Glory to God!" When it was over, I was told I was not supposed to make an altar call. I said, "That is too bad. One already has been made. You are too late."

The chaplain said, "I am the pastor of a church in the city and also chaplain of the penitentiary. If you had preached ten more minutes, I would have got religion myself." He asked, "Would you do something? I don't know how to do it myself." He pointed out a man to me and said, "He is going to die and it won't be long now." He asked me if I would take the death walk with him. He said, "This is the walk we call the death walk, for the people who walk this way never do come back." The sound of our heels in that old death chamber echoed. I will admit that I have never been in a death cell yet but the chill bumps have run all over me. He said, "Do you see that man over there? He is going to die in exactly twelve days. That man over there will die in a week. That one has three days yet to go, but I want you to look at that man." His cheeks were sunken; his eyes were glassy. He said, "That man is going to die right away. If you can help him, help him now. He does not have longer than an hour and ten minutes to live. He has refused his last meal. He called for it but could not eat it." It must be awful to know the minute you are going to die if you are not ready to go. He said, "I want to introduce you now. Do the best you can."

I went to that prisoner and the chaplain said, "Prisoner, this is a preacher. She wants to tell you something." He said, "If it is a preacher, get her out of here. Tell her to go on and get out of here right now. I have

lived the way I have wanted to live all my life, and I am going to die the same way." I said, "Lord, if this man dies in an hour, he is going to hell as fast as he can get there. O Lord, surely You can help me find something that will help him. Isn't there something that would vibrate and bring some tears to his eyes?" Fifty minutes left! I said, "Lord, I am counting on You. Do not fail me now." That man said, "Would you tell me what the Lord has ever done for you?" I said, "He took my load of sin and He gave me peace inside. He wrote His pardon on my heart and made me happy in my soul." He said, "What time is it?" "Forty-seven minutes to go." He said, "Who could be happy with forty-seven minutes to live?" I said, "If you knew you were going to be with Jesus, you could be happy forty-seven minutes." He said, "No, I would not."

And then I saw him break. He said, "To tell you the truth, my mother used to tell me about Jesus. They used to have revival meetings. My mother would always go. She would say, 'Won't you go with me, Son?' But I chose the wrong crowd. I had a great old Mom. I can see her now by the old wood stove cooking. She would sing something like 'There Is Power in the Blood of the Lamb.' Can you sing that?" I said, "Surely," and I began to sing. Tears came. He said, "There is another one. Have you heard it? It goes something like 'Amazing Grace.'" I said, "Surely," and he asked me to sing that one too. I sang,

*Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.*

He heard a noise and jumped. A priest came in and said, "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." He said, "Who is Mary?" I said, "Mary cannot help you now." There comes a time when there is not a soul

who can help you and me but the Lord Jesus Christ. I said, "Lord, if you save this man before he dies, You are going to have to save him in twenty minutes." But Glory Hallelujah! The Lord can save you in five. We talked there for a minute. He said, "You know, I would give anything if I had gone to church when my mother wanted me to go. People got happy and shouted." He went on, "I would give anything if I had not made fun. What would you do if you had just a few minutes to live?" I said, "I would behold the Man, Christ Jesus."

I heard another noise. A man came in with a black kit. I knew what it was. They were getting the chair ready, tightening the screws holding the straps in place. Yes, they were testing it, and I knew the time would not be long. I said, "Lord, help him right away, quickly."

He said, "Do you reckon the Lord would think I am a sissy if I tried to pray now?" I said, "No, I believe He would be glad." He looked up and grabbed hold of those old bars. Tears streamed down his pale cheeks. He said, "Lord, I have always wanted to be good, but I have been wicked as long as I can remember. Could You help a fellow like me?" I wish you had been there. About that time enough grace, enough glory, enough power, enough redemption came and was made applicable to every sin that old prisoner had ever committed. He threw those old hands straight out and said. "God has come. I have beheld Him."

His time was up. All gone! I heard that old hearse drive up. I heard the undertaker talking with the gate-keeper. He said, "Hurry up with that body." But the prisoner stood there and said, "I feel better than I have ever felt in all my life." I looked at my watch. The time was gone. They led him to the death chamber, where they were to give him his final punishment. He said, "You don't need to hold me up. Somebody else walks with me." Those men didn't know what to think.

They said, "What would you like to say before you go?" He turned and said, "I am going to see Jesus in just a little while. I will see my mother in just a little while." Then he said, "Little preacher, wherever you go, tell the people to behold the Man." The last I heard him say was, "Jesus, I'll be seeing You." He told me he was going to meet me in the glory world, and he would tell Jesus he saw me down here telling people about Him.

If you need help tonight, I would behold the Man, Christ Jesus. He wants to help you in your business, in your daily life. He wants to save you, to sanctify you. He was dead, but not for long. The tomb could not hold Him. He arose from the tomb and said, "Because I live, ye too shall live." He lives tonight, and He can give you what you need in your heart if you will let Him.

CHAPTER XII

THE PRODIGAL SON

"A certain man had two sons" (Luke 15:11).

Someone has observed that the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke is used for sermon material more than any other. I do not wonder. I preach on the unpardonable sin. I preach about a judgment day. But somehow, away down deep, I would rather preach on the love of God. When I see the great multitudes of people passing by, I know that the majority of them are dying for a little bit of love. This is a cold world, a hard world, a cruel place in which to live. There are not many people who care whether you make it or not. I realize that people need a little loving. Somehow, in my general make-up, I would rather say, "Kitty, kitty," than so much "scat." It is the philosophy of life—my own philosophy—that I have practiced all my life. Somehow I seem to find something good in everybody.

I made a statement the other day, and it caused some confusion. I said that I have seen an amiable quality about the devil. I found something that I could brag about in the devil. Now, folk, I realize how that old devil, every time we get a tent meeting going, a church service started, every time you start to do right, is right there to interfere. That old boy is about his business. Yes, he sees you on your knees and he crowds right down there by you. He is busy about his own work. I say to you tonight that, if you and I were as busy about our work and as faithful as the devil is about his work, we would not lose any time at all. I would say that most of us could take a warning from the devil. Every time we get a chance to do something for Jesus we ought to be doing it.

Now I am not going to speak condescendingly about the prodigal son. First of all, *he is young and he is impatient*. I shall not criticize his youth—that term the authors take when they want to express beauty.

He is impatient. That is what is wrong with the whole world today. People are impatient. We used to take time to pray and get the glory down, but now we are too busy. The family is scattered out yonder somewhere. Listen, we need to pray. We need to take time to let God come.

Why are there so many backsliders? Some people backslide. They don't have to, but they do not take time to get God down every day in their hearts and lives. Folk, you do not have to be prayed through at every revival meeting. You can keep God twelve months of the year.

This young man is young and he is impatient. One day he goes to his father and says, "Dad, I want you to give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." In other words, "I want what is coming to me, and I want it right away." That dad says, "Bless his little heart. He is Daddy's boy. Here, honey, you take it."

Now, that is the way it goes today. They tell us it is modern psychology. They tell us to let the child have what he wants when he wants it.

When that prodigal son asked for his share, his dad said, "Here, honey, take it. It is not what you need, but take it." I am not going to blame all the juvenile delinquency on the youngsters of this day. I am going to take it to parental delinquency. If the mothers and fathers would spend more time at home with their children, we would not have so many boys and girls over there in the dance halls and the night clubs and beer joints. I believe they would want to hang around a good mother and father and a happy home.

I am saying that I blame on the parents much of the trouble with the youth that everybody talks about. If

the parents would get a real, old-fashioned, Holy Ghost contact with the Lord God Almighty, if they would rear their children right, bringing them up in the fear of the Lord, the children would not be apt to depart from the way of the Lord as they grew older.

The second thing about the prodigal son is that he *seeks freedom*. It is not wrong to seek freedom. People want freedom today but do not know where to find it. I shall not indict him on that point. Everybody wants to be free.

Next thing, *he wants to be happy*. Everybody wants to be happy. But the prodigal son took the wrong route to happiness. There never will be but one route to real, genuine, old-time happiness. I used to think it would be in popularity. Popularity won't satisfy you. It takes the blood of Jesus Christ applied to your heart to satisfy you. That boy said, "I want to be happy and to be thoroughly satisfied." He took the wrong route.

Not long ago I had a reservation on a train and I could not find my ticket. The conductor stood and looked at me and began to giggle. I kept looking and opened up my "lady's pocketbook." I searched everywhere but could not find my ticket. I said to the conductor, "You go on and I will find it by the time you get back." That man said, "Lady, I wouldn't miss this for anything." All of a sudden I zipped open another compartment, and there was that ticket. Now the ticket was there all the time, and I was just looking in the wrong place for it. Happiness is for you, but you are just looking in the wrong place for it. You can drink your beer and cocktails, but you will never get anything but bitter disappointments and heartaches. Folk, I would rather get down on my knees and let God come in. There is only one way—the way of the Cross. If you miss that way, you have missed it all. Unless you get the Lord as your personal Saviour, you have not found happiness and do not know where you will spend eternity.

Yonder he goes. The crowds follow him and hang around him. Yes, he thinks he is having a big time. When you have money, you get bids to this and a lot of invitations to that. The Lord is not going to ask us how many invitations we got but how many souls we brought to Him. We are wasting our time away. The young man is out there with the crowd with all their worldliness. One day he is not as rich as he once was. His money is gone. Another day—and another day—and he is broke. In Georgia that means he hasn't one cent.

I admire him. He is out looking for some work. He is not expecting somebody to bring it to him. He is out looking for something to do. He walks the dusty road and says, as he knocks on a door, "Could you give me something to do?" "No, I am sorry. Not a thing at all." He knocks again. "Sorry, not a thing in the world." Still he walks and knocks. "Say, Mister, could you give me something to do?" "Sorry, not a thing. But wait—yes, I do have some swine. I need somebody to feed them." So he says, "I will feed your pigs." I see him there in the hog pen. Every day he is slopping the hogs. (That is what we call it in Georgia.) He hangs around the place until he begins to smell like the pigs. Folks, you can hang around the devil's bunch until you begin to look like them and act like them and even smell like them.

Now, here is the picture—an erstwhile superior boy. But he wants to be happy and takes the wrong route to happiness and lands in the hog pen. Do you get the connection?

One day I see him sitting right on the side of that old hog pen, and he does what few of us are willing to do nowadays. He begins to think. There is not much real thinking going on in this thoughtless age. All of a sudden he gets a picture of home. He sees a good mother and a good father. He sees the beef cooking on the stove.

He even smells it! Nobody can cook it the way Mom can. He can see those hot biscuits and that good butter.

While he sits there thinking, the next thing I want you to note is that he comes to himself. Now listen, that is a wonderful thing to do. A lot of people just sit down and rest in their sins. But all of a sudden this young man comes to himself and says, "I will arise and go." In other words he says, "I am down, but I will not stay down. I'm coming out of it." Wouldn't you like somebody like that? He saw his mistake. He said, "I have found out I am wrong and I am going home." He picks up the old bucket and says, "I won't need you any more. I am going home." I see him take that bucket and give it one swing. Yonder it goes. He got rid of it. There are a lot of things that would be an encumbrance in our journey to our heavenly home. We have to say, "I am going home now," and get rid of them. He starts out. The old man who hired him sees him and cries out, "Hey, where are you going?" "I am going home." "Why, you will starve to death." He said, "I am going home."

The devil will tell you that you will lose all your friends. What if you do? That worldly bunch cannot help you anyhow. When you have lost that crowd, you haven't lost anything.

The old man yelled, "You had better come back." Now some of us are just like that. Next revival meeting comes along, and we have to come to the altar again. Folk, I would get my eyes on the end of the field where stands the prize. That old devil is a smart boy. He will get you one way if he cannot get you another.

Someone said to me the other day, "He doesn't try to get you, does he?" He tries to get everybody. He knows which way to come after you. That old devil came to me the other day in the form of five brethren. They were nice-looking gentlemen. They came to one of my meetings. They said, "We have been spying on you

seven nights, and we are interested in you. We are building a coliseum in our city. We want you to be the first speaker in it. We will pay you five hundred dollars every night for ten nights. We will pay your transportation from anywhere by air and fly you back. We want you to pack our coliseum. One of our men who spied on you said you preached against tobacco." I said, "I surely did." They said, "Why, everybody smokes tobacco." I said, "I beg your pardon. Everybody does not smoke tobacco. What comes next?" He said, "Well now, one night another on the committee came back with the report that you preach against alcoholic beverages. Now you know that everybody has a cocktail at least once a day." I said, "I beg your pardon. I know a lot of folk who do not use any form of alcohol." He continued, "Well, whatever you do, don't say anything about holiness." I said, "Man, it is in the Book," but he went on and on. He said, "We will pay you five hundred dollars a night for a thirty-minute address. When can we expect you, Dr. Miller?" I said, "I won't be there." He said, "What do you mean?" I said, "I mean exactly what I said, Doctor. I know the devil when I see him." He said, "I beg your pardon?" I looked at that dentist and said, "With all due apologies to you, Doctor, I would not keep the gospel of Jesus Christ hidden for thirty minutes for five thousand dollars. If I have to stand on a soapbox, I will preach the gospel of Jesus Christ and I will not starve to death either." He said, "I see you have turned down our invitation." I said, "You surely do see it." All five men stamped out of that building, and I said, "Goody."

I went back to the hotel that night and prayed, "Lord, get hold of that dentist." Next night I went to church, and the first man I saw was that dentist. He motioned me to come down, and I met him at the altar. He said, "Do I have to wait for you to preach before you can pray for me?" He knelt down and prayed like the

house was on fire. I am talking about moving on. Do not let the devil get ahead of you.

"When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him . . . and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

There was a certain boy went to war. He was a banker's son. He said to his dad before he departed, "Dad, you have been a great father to me. Everything I have ever wanted you have given to me. I wish you would just put your hand on my head and pray that God will go with me to war. I need you to pray for me. I would like to have you to pray for me before I go. Ask the Lord to go with me and take care of me." His dad said, "What on earth do you mean? Do not ever mention anything like that to me again. You are a rich boy and do not need anybody's help." The boy said, "But, Dad, I have always wanted to be good. Won't you just pray for me?" His father said, "You are never to let me hear you talk like that again."

The boy went to an army camp. There he met Charlie, one of our Nazarene boys. Now Charlie just didn't care. If you liked to hear him pray, all right; and if you did not like it, that was all right too. He knelt down by his bunk and prayed, "Lord, I want You to keep me clean and pure." One day George came to him and said, "Hey, Charlie, you are just about to kill me. I promised my father I would never pray another prayer. Can't you get off by yourself somewhere and pray?" Charlie said, "No, I like to pray right where I sleep." So Charlie kept on praying.

They crossed the ocean together. Only God knows what went on. The men were dying in their own blood. One day it got George, the banker's son. He cried out, "Hey, Charlie, it got me. Charlie, can you hear me? Come on, I want you here by me." He said, "Pray for me, Charlie; pray for me now." Charlie prayed the way he prayed by his bunk at night. Charlie prayed as only

he could pray. He said, "O God, save my pal." Then he said, "You pray, George." George said, "I cannot pray. I have never prayed in my whole life." But then he remembered a little piece of paper he had picked up in front of a little Nazarene church. It was the story of the prodigal son, and he had memorized it. All of a sudden, he said, "Why, Charlie, you know what? I am that prodigal. I know Jesus will take me. Why, I have it. He is not mad at me, Charlie. He is meeting me. He's come! It is O.K. Why, I never dreamed you could feel like this. It is great. I have never felt like this in my life. Have you anything I could write with?"

In a moment he wrote these words, "Dear Dad, by the time you get this I will be with Jesus. Please forgive me. I had to. If you will forgive me, take my pal in and treat him the way you would treat me if I had come home. Your son, George."

Then George was carried away into that celestial city.

Then it got our Charlie. It got him in the left arm. In a little while they sent a one-armed soldier back to this country. He was ushered in to meet the president of the bank. He said, "I have something for you." Reaching in his pocket, he took out a crumpled piece of paper and handed it to the father. The father read it. Trembling, he said, "Are you his pal?" He took his great big arm and pulled Charlie up to him and kissed him. He said, "If my boy had come home, I would have kissed him. Come on, go with me."

They drove to a palatial estate on the hill. He said, "My son told me that you are a poor boy and that you don't have a father or mother." Charlie said, "Why, my Father is a rich man. He owns houses and lands, and He holds the wealth of the world in His hands." The banker was astonished and said, "Well, I did not know that." Charlie told him, "Well, I have a Father in heaven and He owns everything." The father said, "Do you

know a scripture that goes like this—‘A certain man had two sons?’” (George had told his father about the piece of paper picked up in front of the Nazarene church.)

Charlie told him the story, and then they both prayed. The father said, “I am going to meet my boy in that land.”

CHAPTER XIII

THE MASTER CALLETH FOR THEE

"She called Mary, her sister, secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee" (John 11:28).

These words are written about a group of people back yonder in the lowly city of Bethany. In a time when people did not always tarry to serve the Galilean theirs was a faithful household—the home of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. In the afternoons, when weary from mingling with the crowds, making the blind to see and the deaf to hear, He could always find comfort and rest in this home.

But sorrow had come. Lazarus, whom Jesus loved, had died. The sisters said, "If our Lord had only been here, our brother would not have died."

The Lord knew of that death but tarried where He was for the glory of God. I have said many times that the Lord will always be on time. I have seen the day when I said, "Lord, if You don't come in a hurry, then this is one time You are going to be late." But the Lord has never been late yet. He has been right there to say, "Daughter, it is I. Be not afraid. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Mary and Martha had been wishing that the Master might come. Suddenly, just when they need Him most, there He is. He has come! Then the voice of Martha as she calls, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

This morning I would like to take that exclamation, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee," as my message to you. There is no other voice like His in all the world. There is none like it. I want you to listen to the voice

of the Master today. The Master is here, and *He is calling all the unsaved folk to salvation.* He is calling you to repent. I am glad I heard that call one day in Columbus, Georgia. I repented. I said, "Lord, I will answer the call if it kills me." When I talk about repentance I do not mean turning over a new leaf, but the beginning of a new life by the efficacious power of the blood of the Lamb. The Master is here and He is calling. Folk, it is a wonderful thing really, definitely to repent of all your sins. Night after night people have come from every church in this city and have repented, going away with the presence of God in their hearts.

Second, the Master is here and *he is calling for you who have been converted to make restitution.* That means to go back over those paths you have crossed, and straighten them up. If you want the victory to remain in your heart and to have the same peace you received when converted to remain, it will be necessary for you to straighten things up when the Lord calls you to do it. Otherwise you will lose that peace. Everyone who is converted has to do some straightening up of his back life. You will have to tell people you are sorry for things you have done.

I never will forget it. I had been converted and I was away at college preparing for the ministry. One day in my room I was trying to pray but couldn't. I said, "Lord, what is the matter with me?" Two blue bus tickets came up before me. I can see them right now. The Lord said, "Do you remember anything about these tickets?" Well, I surely did. Back there when I was in high school I was on my way to a football game. I had some bus tickets. I had to use them every day. That day the bus was crowded, and there was but one seat. I thought a moment and said, "Now if I stop to give him the ticket, I will not get that seat." So I went right by that bus driver and got the seat. My conscience

said, "Nettie Miller, you have never done a thing like that in your life." I said, "Well, I don't care." But I did. I kept arguing with myself. Another time I did the same thing. The Lord said, "How about fixing that up?"

I took a piece of paper out of my desk and put it into my typewriter. I began to type: "To Whom It May Concern: When I was in high school I had two free rides on your bus, but I have been converted and I am in school preparing to preach the gospel. I am returning the money for the tickets, with interest." About that time the Lord opened up heaven and poured a bucket and a half of glory down on my soul.

Then the devil got mad. When anyone gets blessed the devil gets mad. He wants you to do just a half job of it. He said, "Now I wouldn't sign my name to that. If you put your name on that, everybody in Columbus will know that you had two free rides on the bus." I said, "Lord, what about that?" The Lord said, "Are you going to answer this call to make restitution?" I said, "Lord, I will do it or die." Then the Lord blessed me again. I took that letter, properly sealed it, stamped the envelope, and started to the post office. The devil said, "There is no need to mail that thing. Your motive was right. If you had not been willing to write that letter, you would not have written it." I said, "Well, that is right. Lord, what about it?" He said, "Are you going to do this thing right?" I said, "Lord, I will do it." I began to shout, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" The Master is here and calleth for thee. He is calling you to make restitution.

He is calling the backsliders to come on home. I can see Him with outstretched arms. He is saying, "Wandering child, come on home." How good it is to know that the great Shepherd of the sheep stands out there searching to pick up that wandering lamb! Although you have gone away from the fold, He says,

"Come on back. You have slipped away from the group, but I will come get you and bring you safely into the fold again."

You probably do not know it, but Mr. Henry Grady had a sanctified mother. His mother one day took Mr. Grady down to an altar. He was a mere lad then. He consecrated his life to Jesus. He became famous, but yet he served God. One day he got too busy. That is our trouble. We are getting too busy. That peace began to ebb away. The joy of salvation began to get a little farther away from him. Mr. Grady one day awakened to the fact that God was gone from him. The next day he walked into his city office and said to his secretary, "I am going. I do not know when I will get back." He got into a carriage and drove up to a hillside home in Georgia.

Mr. Grady got to the gate, and his mother saw him. She looked and said, "That is my boy. I would know that trot anywhere. There must be something wrong. My Henry is a busy man. He could not come home." She walked to the gate to meet him. She said, "Son, Mother is glad to see you." He said, "Come on, Mother, I need you." They went to the front porch. He said, "Mother, you know I have served God a long time." "Yes, my son. You have prayed as long as I can remember, my boy." "Mother, God has gone. I guess—well, I guess I get too busy but I do not have peace any more. There is no joy in my soul. Mother, take your little old bony hand and put it on my head, and ask God to come back one more time." She took that little old hand and put it on her Henry's head. She called on the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and asked Him to come back into her boy's heart. He prayed and said, "O Master, You are calling me to come home. I am coming back to the fold. O God, I am coming. I will never do it again. I will never be so busy that I cannot

take time for You, Lord." In a moment peace was written on his face.

He said, "Mother, it is all right now. I have peace again. Somehow the air seems sweeter, the grass seems greener. Mother, it is wonderful. Say, Mother, I wish you would take a little walk with me." "Mother is getting old now, Son. She can't walk very far now." "Mother, it isn't far. Come on and I will help you." That little old mother reached up and took her black-and-white-checked bonnet off the nail. They walked together. "Say, Mother, it does not seem any time since we walked this path and I was a little boy stumping my toes on rocks. Those were the days, Mother. Just a little way now. There it is! That old church! The door is always open." He turned that knob and they went in. He said, "You smell those old pine seats and those old straw cushions? Those were great days. Right over here is our place. Do you remember how you would sit on one side and Dad on the other, with all of us in between you? Mother, they used to shout all over this old place. People don't shout much any more, Mom." "My boy, God is just the same, but people have changed."

Soon they made their way back to the little home. The hours went by rapidly. "Mother, it is getting late now and I am tired. Would you come upstairs and tuck the covers in the way you used to do?" In a little while that mother tiptoed up those stairs and said, "Good night, by boy," and kissed him good night the way she used to do. He said, "Mother, would you sing for me?" "Mother can't sing, Son. My voice is all cracked now." But she began to sing "Amazing Grace." Then she tucked the covers in again and kissed him.

He slept like a baby that night, and the next morning he awakened a new creature. He went back to a public that called for him and waited for his words. At the gate he said, "Good-by, Mother." She said, "Son, don't forget that I told you always to answer the Master's

call. Put God first. Never be too big a businessman but that the God of the universe can have His way in your heart and life. I will meet you, my boy, in a better land if you will always answer the Master's call." It was a promise.

It was not long until the shadows of the death angel's wings came, and that little home on the hillside was not the same any more. Out there beneath the pine trees rests that little mother. Mr. Grady said he would never forget his mother's words: "Never be too busy, Son, but that you can let God have His way in your life."

The Master is here, and He is calling for you to come back to Him.

Last, the Master is here and *He is calling unto holiness you who know you are converted.* That is a beautiful call. Holiness is a beautiful word; it is the purest word in all the Book. But I know that there are lots of things that go on that are not holiness, and there are a lot of churches that call themselves holiness churches that are not. We preach John Wesley's doctrine without changing it one bit. We believe in it. It is a beautiful way. The Master is calling converted people to holiness, holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. I will tell you that holiness means more than just to be set apart. Holiness means heart purity in anybody's language. The Master is calling you unto holiness.

Back in Columbus, Georgia, where I was born and reared, we had in our family an old black mammy whose name was Ruth. I was about five years old when Ruth came. She would sing to me. I would say, "Sing to me now, Ruth," and she would begin "Mammy's Little Baby Loves Shawtnin' Bread." I loved to listen to her.

One day Ruth came to work and she was not singing. She was weeping, and it hurt me because I loved Ruth. I said, "Ruth, what is the matter?" She said, "Lawd have mercy! I'se the happiest woman you'se ever seen."

I said, "What are you crying for, then?" She said, "Because I'se so happy." She began to sing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." She laughed and she cried, and I said, "Ruth, I have never heard you sing like that before. I like that." She said, "Honey, Lawd have mercy! We've done had a revival meeting to the church house." I said, "That is good, Ruth." She said, "You know, the preacher was preachin' a sermon and he said you had to get the 'convert.' He quoted a scripture that said 'holiness, without which no man shall see the Lawd.' I said, 'I ain't got that 'holiness.' ' Honey, you know what I done? I told that preacher 'Shut yo' mouth up. If I got to get that 'holiness,' you pray for me.' He talked about putting everything you got on the Lawd's altar. I said, 'Lawd, I bring You everything I got.' I asked Him if He wanted my washboard and tub. I prayed and prayed and I said, 'Lawd, here I is.' Honey, ole Ruth got the 'sanctify,' " and she laughed and cried and said, "I've got that 'holiness.' "

The years went by. I grew up and went away to school to study to preach, and Ruth cried when I left. She said, "My baby's goin' off now; but, honey, I'm goin' to stay here, and you come home every chance you get."

Not long ago I was down at old Ruth's house. She lives about four doors from that old whitewashed church where she got sanctified. She was happy as a lark. She said, "Honey, Lawd have mercy! I'se so glad to see my baby. I heard you on that 'rad-deo.' Honey, you was a tellin' the people that you can get the 'sanctify.' "

Recently I was in Florida and flew to Columbus, Georgia. I had only about two hours, but I went down to see old Ruth. The youngsters saw me and began to holler, "Yonder comes Miss Nettie." They gathered around and said, "Say, Miss Nettie, tell us about them people up Nawth. Don't they talk funny?" And then I saw Ruth. She was sitting in that old chair on the front porch, and down there beside her was my little

old stool. I used to sit there when I was a little girl. She said, "Lawd, have mercy! Here comes my baby." I took Ruth's old black hand in mine, and she cried and said, "Honey, I guess you've done tole a million people about Jesus. You keep a tellin' 'em, honey." We talked a while and it was time to say good-by. She said, "Honey, I'll tell you one thing. Ole Ruth is going to meet her baby over there. Good-by, honey; you keep on preachin' that 'convert.' Tell the people to answer the Master when He calls them for that 'holiness.'"

The Master is here and He is calling for thee.

CHAPTER XIV

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD"

I believe if I had but one sermon to preach, I could choose no better text than this one. Brief these words are, but vitally important: "Prepare to meet thy God" (Amos 4:12).

If I have a hobby at all, it is philology, particularly that phase of it that has to do with etymology or word study. I enjoy words. I like to go back to the Greek and Hebrew and the Latin and find out where we got a certain English word and how long we have had it. I have been interested in the word "preparation" primarily because we use it directly or indirectly every day in all that we do. In times of peace, nations prepare for war. We prepare for small things. You prepared to come to the service tonight. Some of you had to get a meal ready. Some of you had to wash a little dirty face. You made preparation and so did I.

I remember well the days that I made what I called big preparations. I thought then that those would be about the biggest preparations that I would ever know. But I made up my mind one night that the greatest preparation that I would ever make would be the preparation to meet God. I did not have to go to the dressmaker and I did not have to go to the hairdresser. I went to the foot of the Cross, and I looked up into the face of the lowly Galilean and said, "O God, have mercy on me." All of a sudden the glory of the Lord came down and I said, "Everything is all right."

You ought to prepare to meet God. I don't believe that it would take an involved argument to prove to you that you should prepare to meet God. I believe that every person here who can think at all knows defi-

nately that it is a step of wisdom to prepare to meet God. Lots of people look at us as if we were crazy because we pray and ask God to help us, but we are not.

There is a difference between wisdom and knowledge. Knowledge is the mere accumulation of facts. Wisdom is the ability to utilize those facts. People have accumulated a lot of knowledge. They even sneeze in Greek, hiccup in Hebrew, and dream in Latin. That is knowledge. They have accumulated knowledge, but they do not have enough wisdom to utilize that knowledge in preparing to meet God. You are smart if you prepare to meet God. It is not a sign that you are mentally incompetent; it is a sign of wisdom. What do you care what some little infinitesimal human says? If the Lord Jesus says to prepare to meet God, then I am glad I believe what the Lord says. You ought to prepare to meet God. All the world ought to do it.

You ought to prepare to meet God, first, *because the world is going the wrong way*. That is no reason why you have to go that way. The devil is going to get everybody he can. He will get you if he can. There is a still small voice that says, "Come out . . . and be ye separate . . . touch not the unclean thing: and I will receive you, and I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters."

You do not have to go the way of the world. You have looked at us in bewilderment. I have been watching you. I have been reading your lips. There are those who have looked on with their mouths wide open and eyes big when we shouted. We have had, I believe, some real shouting. I have heard some that sent chills up and down my back—you know, the wrong kind of chills. Then I have heard some that just made me want to shout myself, real shouting. When a fellow lives straight, he can shout in my meeting any time. Some of you have never seen anybody pray through. You wonder what in the world they are doing, what is the matter

with them. There used to be a day when they prayed through in all churches. Most churches just quit it, and we picked it up. If our church quits it, the Lord is going to raise up somebody else to do it.

You wonder what has happened to us. For your benefit I will tell you what it is. I see it so plainly in the metamorphosis of a caterpillar to a butterfly. We had a caterpillar in a biology class one day. The professor put a live caterpillar down and said, "I want you to analyze this caterpillar. I want you to tell me everything about it, Miss Miller." I looked up and I said, "Professor, that is about the lowdownest worm I ever saw." He pulled his glasses down over his nose and said, "That was not in the books." He laughed and said that was true all right. He gave me an A.

We observed that caterpillar, and one day something happened. That caterpillar built a cocoon around itself. Another day something else happened. It burst out of that cocoon a beautiful, lovely, exquisite butterfly. I shouted, "Glory be to God," and the professor jumped. He said, "What in the world is the matter with you, Miss Miller?" I said, "That is exactly what happened to me. One day I was out there in a world of sin—down there in the dirt." Every one of you sinners—whether you go to church every Sunday or not—if you have not been born again, you are down there with the rest of the sinners. I said, "I was down there one day with the rest of the crowd, down there like that old caterpillar crawling around in the dirt. One night I got glory in my soul and cried, 'Hallelujah!' I prayed, and God heard me. I separated myself from the outside world and I got alone with the Lord. Professor, it happened. All of a sudden I burst out of that cocoon, if you please, a new creature in Christ Jesus. No more did I love the things I used to love. No more would that caterpillar, now a lovely, exquisite butterfly, want to go back and get in the dirt again." It was nature. It had a new nature completely.

That is what is the matter with us. Our nature has been changed. That is as plain as that nose separating those two eyes. That is the reason that we do not believe in hanging around the world. That is the reason we do not feel comfortable in a beer joint. That is the reason we do not feel comfortable at a card party. That is the reason we do not feel comfortable in a moving picture show, which has damned more lives than any other thing in the catalog of sin. It has taught more young people to drink whiskey and smoke cigarettes and to gamble and curse than any other thing I can mention. It has been glamorized and it is publicized as being heroic and wonderful, but it is sin. I guess you select yours, don't you? You choose your pictures. Even the religious ones have characters in them that live in sin.

Somebody mentioned, "I wonder why you could not choose them." There is no such thing as a good movie. The actors and actresses who portray the part of goodness are absolutely hypocritical. They drink and curse and gamble, and I know what I am talking about. They pose as something wonderful.

I say to you, you ought to prepare to meet God because the world is going the wrong way. You do not have to go that way. You say, "What in the world do you do?" That is what a representative of the Associated Press asked me about three weeks ago. He said, "We understand that you do not dance any more and you do not play cards and you don't do this and that." I said, "That is right." They said, "You are young. What do you do for happiness?" I wish you had been there. The Lord opened up heaven and poured His glory down on me. I said, "Will you excuse me? I feel a shout coming on." When that story came out, it said, "Right there Miss Miller had a shouting spell." You need not feel sorry for anybody who has come out from among the world. There is no other life like it.

Prepare to meet God because the world is going the wrong way. You can join any church almost. I am glad I said almost. You can join almost any church now and do everything in the catalog, and they would never ask you a question. All they do is have Father's Day and Mother's Day and take in all the folks they can get in. That is what is wrong with the churches now. We need a revival in America. America needs to get back to God.

You ought to prepare to meet God, second, *because death is in the land*. Every city of the living is matched by a city of the dead. Tombstones in every city stand as mute evidence that death is in the land. You say, "Preachers are always trying to excite people. They always go around the country telling people they are going to die." You are exactly right. I go around the country and tell people they are going to die. I don't excite anybody very much. Death used to excite people. In one city I was in recently they had a corpse on one floor of a building and a dance on another of that same building. People do not pay any attention to death. Death is in the land, and let me tell you it is no respecter of persons. Death came to some member of your family not long ago. This body is going to go back to the dust from whence it came. It is trying to get back tonight. You are trying to keep death away. How do you feel tonight? Everyone of you hurts somewhere. Some of you right now have a terrible headache. Some of you have eyes that burn and hurt. Some of you have a backache. Some of you have a pain in the neck. Your feet are about to kill you. I said you are hurting some place. I reiterate. This body is longing to get back to the dust from whence it came. You are trying hard to keep it out of the grave. I see that old black hearse going down the street on its way to the cemetery. You say it doesn't mean you. But one of these days it will take somebody you love. One day it will take you.

I used to worry about dying. I worried about it because, in the church of my rearing, they taught me that when I died I had to stay in purgatory a long time. I did not like that. I still do not like it. They told me that it was just imperative for me to go there. I made a trip to see my godmother. I said, "Now, let me get this straight. They told me I had to go to purgatory. I do not want to go there." She said, "Yes, it will be a burning flame." I said, "But what I want to know is how long?" She said, "You will have to stay until you burn on the inside and get good enough to go to heaven." "Is there any way I can shorten my stay?" She said, "You will have to do all the good things you can do, and the more good things you do the less time you will have to spend in purgatory." Lots of people think they can work their way into heaven, but they cannot.

I remember one day after Santa Claus had come, I was rocking a great big doll and looking into the fireplace. All of a sudden I thought about purgatory, and I was more convinced than ever that I was not going to like it. I called my mother and said, "I wish you would give this doll away." She said, "But, I don't understand why you want to give it away." I said, "I am just going to try to stay in purgatory a little while. I am going to do all the good I can, and I might as well start now." I am not afraid of purgatorial fire now. I have the Holy Ghost fire.

Death is in the land. I hope the Lord never again lets me see a person die who is not ready to meet God. I begged a woman to let her two daughters come and visit our tent meeting. It was in Indiana. I said, "Why don't you let them come?" She said, "I do not like to have them get in an excitement like that. You know, you talk about dying and I just do not want my daughters to get upset." I said, "Both of them told me, if they did not come to the revival, they were going out and get drunk." She said, "Well, yes, but they associate with

the nicest people." Nice people, nothing! I said, "Lady, if I were you and my daughters wanted to go to church, I would let them." She said, "I would rather they wouldn't go. I don't want them to get excited about dying."

Two days later, they sent for me. The preacher, his wife, and I went to pray with that woman. It was too late. The death rattle had come. That woman screamed, "I am dying and this is hell, daughters. Do not come where I am." Death is in the land. That woman said she was in hell. I did not dream this. That preacher on one side of the bed and I on the other pulled that sheet up over her face. According to one woman's testimony, she had gone to hell. Death is in the land and, unless you get prepared to meet God, you will go to hell.

Some time ago I was in South Carolina. I was walking along and I asked the Lord to give me a soul. I stopped in front of a house and a lady looked at me. She said, "I know you. I have seen your pictures around. I need you badly." She asked me into the house. I went in and looked on the right-hand side of the room. There lay a little old saint. I said, "She is about to take a trip." "That is my mother," she said. "She is going to heaven," I replied. It seemed as if angels were all over the place. "Do you know your mother's God?" "No." I said, "Let us pray." I got down and began to pray, and God came and He saved her. He saved her, and then He came a little closer and saved another one of the daughters. Then it was not long until the mother called. We went to the bedside and she said, "I am about to go now, children." The oldest daughter said, "Mother, I want you to know that I am going to meet you. Everything is all right." She said, "Glory be to God!" The youngest daughter testified, and the angels began to come a little closer. "They have come after me now. Don't you hear the angels

singing? I am going. Good-by, I will see you in the morning." And she was gone. I felt like shouting. Why? Death is in the land, but she was ready to go.

You can be prepared to go. You can be ready to leave this earth instantly. People are called into eternity every day. Some tell you to wait, that you can get saved when you are dying. But it may be too late. Death is in the land, and you and I ought to prepare for death while we are in good health.

Prepare to meet thy God, not only because death is in the land, but *because there is a Judgment Day coming*. That is the day when the truth will be made known. There will be a book at the Judgment—the Lamb's Book of Life. When they call your name, if it is not in that book, the Lord will say, "Depart from Me, ye workers of iniquity; I never knew you." You may say, "Lord, I went to church. I was good." The Lord will say, "Depart from Me; I never knew you." Won't that be a day? You can stand up and say, "My name is so and so"; but if your name is not in the Lamb's Book of Life, you have not made it. You don't know whether I was converted. You were not there when it happened. But, folk, my name is in the old book up there. Unless your name is written down, you are not going to be able to stand it at the judgment bar of God.

Kings will be there—all will be at the judgment bar of God. Everything that you have ever done will be written down as if it were on a canvas for the world to see. At the Judgment, everything will be revealed unless it has been covered by the blood of the Lamb. You can get it under the Blood, and the Lord will remember it no more. It will be gone. When your name is called, the Blood will cover it. Does it not look as if everybody would know that the reasonable thing to do would be to get ready for the Judgment Day? You were born to die, and after death comes the Judgment. There

is no way to get around it. I wonder what you would do if you had to go tonight. What could you do? If I were you, I would say, "O God, have mercy on my poor soul."

He was the richest man in the city. He did not want to go to the judgment bar of God. He went to the little Nazarene preacher there and said, "Preacher, I am going to die." The preacher said, "Well, we all have to die." "I know, but I am going to die in exactly three months. My doctors tell me that in three months I will be a dead man." "Are you ready to die?" the pastor asked. "No, but this is what I came to you for. I told my doctors if they could only give me more than three months they could have anything they wanted. Preacher, this is why I came to you. I have been all over this town and I have asked businessmen, 'Would you tell me one man in this town who will not tell a lie?' They told me that the preacher would not tell a lie." He continued, "This is what I am going to do. I am going to spend every penny I can gambling. I am going to drink liquor. I am going to have one more good time. Now this is where you come in. I am afraid of that Judgment Day." The preacher said, "You had better be afraid." The man went on, "Now I am going to have all this down in writing. I want them to send for you. I want you to go over to the crematory; I want you to stand there by those hot ovens, and I want you to wait until they cook my body. I want you to take those ashes and dump them in the middle of the Kawnie River, and I won't be afraid of the Judgment Day."

He didn't die in three months. He was dead in a week and one day. Our preacher went. He pulled his collar up around his neck and started off in the cold. He stood there and waited until the attendants handed him an urn which contained the ashes of the richest man in the state. He held that urn in one hand and pulled his collar up around his neck with the other. He went

to the bridge and opened the container. The wind blew. Some of the ashes blew on the bridge. Some of them fell at his feet. Some found their way to the tumbling waters of the Kawnie River. After the last bit of ashes was gone, he turned to the spectators and said, "This man did not want to be at the judgment bar of God. He will be there, and you will, too."

I say to you tonight, every man and every woman, boy and girl, will be at the judgment bar of God. Are you ready? Those sins! Do they rise as high as a mountain?

"Prepare to meet thy God." Why? *Because the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.* I do not know what you believe, but I believe that what we do for the Lord we must do quickly. This world cannot stand as it is. The world cannot survive another war, and it would not survive an atomic war. The Lord is coming back. One of these days, in an hour that we know not, a great trumpet is going to sound. At the first sounding of the trumpet, the dead in Christ are going to rise to meet the Lord in the air. At the first sounding of the trumpet, they are coming up. I would like to be down at the cemetery to see them coming out of the graves. Then will the saying be fulfilled, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" It is coming to pass. At the second sounding of the trumpet, the living saints are going to rise to meet the Lord in the air. Wouldn't it be great if the trumpet sounded tonight? That person sitting next to you would be taken, and you would be left. If you are ready, you would go and he or she would be left. If you are ready, you will go. If you stay here, you are going through a tribulation period. I do not intend to stay. I am prepared to meet God.

Do you see what I see? If you are ready when the trumpet sounds the second time, if you are prepared to meet God, it will not make a particle of difference what you are doing, you will ascend to meet Him. I see that

surgeon delicately wrapping his fingers around the surgical knife. All of a sudden the trumpet sounds and that patient, all ready to meet God, goes to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. I see a church where a funeral is going on. I hear the organ peal. The pallbearers are coming down the aisle. The trumpet sounds. The pallbearers look at one another and their load is light. If you are ready, you are going to leave that casket. I see a housewife bending over a dishpan. The trumpet sounds, and she goes to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. It is going to happen.

I was preaching like this one night in the state of Florida. I told them that the Lord was coming back again. I had only half finished my message when a little boy came running down the aisle, and I thought he was going to run over me. He said, "I want to know if you are lying." I said, "No, I am not lying." He said, "If you are telling the truth and they are gonna blow all them horns, you quit that there preaching and git to praying and a helping me. I ain't ready for them to blow nothin'."

That night I made the quickest altar call I have ever made. I invited the people to come to Jesus, and that little fellow had me down there at the altar. "I want you to git to praying." Well, I got to praying. In a minute he looked up and he said, "Can't you pray no louder than that?" I thought I was doing all right. I said, "Now, you pray." He began, "Jesus, I don't know nothing about this here praying. You are gonna blow some of them horns, and You are a comin' back and git the good people. Now, I want You to git me ready for them horns to blow. How am I doing?" "You are doing all right," I said. "Hot dog!" he said. I prayed on and he said, "Don't you go nowhere." I didn't, either. He said, "If you've got any kind of influence up there, you better git to using it." I said, "You just pray right on." He prayed. Now, you know it wasn't any time until

that little boy jumped up and he looked up and said, "You can blow everything You've got up there. I am ready now."

I learned his name—Jerry, Jr. He started for the door. I called him and I said, "Hey, come back." "No, I'll see you tomorrow night. I'm gonna tell my mamma." I said, "Come on back." He said, "No, I'm gonna tell my mamma." I could not catch him.

When he got home, his mother was walking the floor. She said, "Jerry, Jr., where have you been? I let you go to play with James a little while, and you promised to hurry back. You have been gone an hour or more." He said, "Mother, I'll tell you what. I have been down to the meeting." She said, "I don't understand, but I do know one thing—you have been crying." "Yes, I know it. I went down to the squalling bench." She said, "I don't like it and I am going to talk to your father when he comes. Go upstairs and go to bed." Jerry went upstairs. He fell on his knees beside the bed and went to praying something like this, "Well, I guess I'll be too little up in heaven without my mother and daddy. I guess I will. Lord, You give it to my mother and daddy, won't Ya?" That mother had come upstairs and she heard him. She said, "Jerry, Jr., you have been praying for me and I should have been praying for you." "Mother, I knewed you'd come. I just knewed you'd come. Hot dog!"

The next night I began an eager scrutiny of the faces. I looked for little Jerry, Jr. I could not find him. I said, "He is not here." I stood on my tiptoes and looked up in the balcony. I said, "They have talked it out of that boy. They just would not let him come back." Then I saw a hand waved at me. There he was with his mother and daddy. They had a shine on their faces. That is just what happened. I made an altar call that night and little Jerry, Jr., was the first one to come. Surely he could not understand sanctification.

He stopped two benches from the altar. A man was standing there, and I got close enough so I could hear. Jerry said, "Hey, Mister, are you ready for them horns to blow?" That man crumbled. He said, "No, Sonny, I am not ready but I am going to get ready." Jerry looked up at me and said, "Hot dog!" That little fellow went out and worked the whole congregation. He brought them to the altar, little and big.

Three nights went by and Jerry said to me, "I ain't happy no more. I got to thinking, none of them Christians don't get out there and get the rest of the people." Lots of people profess to be ready, but they never do anything to help somebody else. You stand right next to a person you know needs God, but you never ask him to go to an altar.

The last night came and I was fixing to leave. They were singing "God Be with You Till We Meet Again." Jerry came up to me and said, "You know what that is there? That is where I got ready for them horns to blow. Say, would you make a date with me?" I told him I would. "Would you meet me just inside those eastern gates over there?" "Surely," I replied. "Hot dog!" he exclaimed.

Then I left and went into another meeting. I got a telegram which told me that Jerry was riding a bicycle and an automobile hit him. They put him on the operating table and his lips began to articulate, "I told that preacher girl that I'd meet her up there just inside them eastern gates. I guess it won't matter none. I'm gonna git up there first. I know I will too. I'll just surprise her, I will. I'm gonna git there before she gits there. I'll be first—hot dog!" Jerry went. I promised to meet him one of these days just inside those eastern gates over there.

Would you make an appointment with me? Will you meet me in the morning over there? We have sung and

cried and laughed together. We are about to say good-by. Will you make a date with me to meet each other inside those eastern gates over there? If you keep the appointment you must first "prepare to meet thy God." Will you do it tonight?