

# The Voice of Reason

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Tonight, we continue our talks on the voices that entreat us. I have now come to the voice of reason. And I want to read a passage that you would know that I would be reading. I'm sure you've guessed it if you gave it any thought at all. From the first chapter of Isaiah. Wash you. Make you clean. Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes. Cease to do evil. Learn to do well. Seek judgment. Relieve the oppressed. Judge the fatherless. Plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. And though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land. But if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with a sword. For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Come now and let us reason together. Those are the words of the Holy Ghost through the man Isaiah. The word reason here is a verb as it occurs in this text. But it is also a noun, not here. But it is a noun, reason. We reason because we are reasonable, and then we have the adjective. And we think reasonably, and then we have the adverb. But here it is a noun. That is, in the definition that I want to give it.

And I've thought a lot about reason, and wondered how it might be condensed into a sentence that would say it, that would say what is to be said. And I think this may come near to it, that reason is a wise recognition of things as they really are.

Now if this is true, if reason is a wise recognition of things as they really are, then Christians are of all persons the most reasonable. And they are of all persons, the true realists. Christians are not visionaries, not dreamers, not persons given over to fantasies. But they are truly realists, because they insist upon stripping things down to their hard core of reality.

Now I repeat that there is no person, no kind of person, anywhere in the world that is as realistic as a true Christian. Scientists boast that they are realistic, that they do not deal in fancies nor dreams, but that they test everything and pull it down to its reality. And they are right as far as they go, but let us not believe that the Christian is an opposite to a scientist, because a Christian is a realist, a sounder, truer realist, than a scientist can ever be. Because a Christian insists upon knowing what really is true. He wants to know what is true about life.

A scientist wants to know what is true about life biologically, but a Christian wants to know what is true about life in its broad and everlasting human relationships. And the Christian wants to know about his sins, and he wants to know where they are and what has happened to them. He wants to know about judgment and God and his relation to God, and the future and the resurrection and eternal life and immortality. And he insists upon knowing this.

As a Christian, he insists that his position be realistic and sound, that it be according to reason. And if he is a real Christian, he will refuse to be petted or cajoled or chucked under the chin or told not to mind, and it will go away of itself. He insists upon the facts. He wants to know how about this. He wants to know about where they stand, the Christian does. He wants to know where he stands before God in the judgment. He wants to know about heaven and hell. And he insists upon knowing, and because he does, he is, according to reason. For reason is a wise recognition of things as they really are, not as they seem to be.

Now I charge it back upon the worldling that he is the unrealistic person, because he must pretend all his life. The unsaved man is forced to pretend all his life. And if I were to invent a phrase or term to cover the genus Homo, the human being, unsaved and out of Christ, I would say that he is the great pretender. He must pretend all of his life. He must, for instance, act as if he was not going to die, knowing all the time that he is going to die.

Now that's not realism, ladies and gentlemen. That's the fuzziest kind of phantasmagoria, fancy, you know, the dreamers of dreams. The sinner knows he's going to die. I've wondered about this and thought about it, not only as a Christian, but thought about it just as a human being.

What's the matter with us Christians anyway? I mean us humans, we all act as if we weren't going to die, and yet everybody knows that he is. And the Christian has gotten all ready for it, packed up his grip and gotten all set to go. He's a realist. And do you see him somewhere sitting on his suitcase, you know, in some little shanty someplace? Why, if you look around, you'll see a pair of steel rails nearby. He knows the train's going to pass by him. He's a realist. He's all packed and ready.

But all around about him is a whole world of busy sinners having fun. And they say, look at that dope sitting down there on his suitcase. He thinks that there's a train coming. And he's a dope, he's a dreamer, he's a visionary. He's full of fancies and flighty ideas. And there is nothing in reality corresponding to this queer Christian fellow. He smiles and sits on his suitcase a while, because he hears the shooting of the train down the track away.

But the sinner goes on acting as if he wasn't going to die, but he's got to die nevertheless. Therefore, the sinner is the great pretender. And he is the unrealistic person, not the Christian, who lives according to reason, and according to things as they really are.

Now, all his lifetime, the sinner is forced to act as if he hadn't sinned. Or if he wants to good-naturedly admit that he has, then he wants to make nothing out of it. And in his deep conscience, in his deep heart of heart, he knows that he's sinned. But being a pretender, he has to act as if he hadn't sinned, or as if sin didn't amount to anything.

Therefore, he's unrealistic, unscientific, and strictly unreasonable. And the Christian who says, I have sinned, but God has forgiven. He's the realist. He's got the facts there, and in his hands, he can test the thing. David called it a nail in a sure place. I believe it was Isaiah. A nail in a sure place. The Christian drives his nail in a sure place, and he

comes back a hundred years later, she's still there, because the nail is in the sure place. That's realism.

But the sinner drives his nail in and comes back a few years later, and the termites have eaten the very post in which he drove his nail. But he pretends not to see it. He smiles and drinks himself another Coke, or listens to a hot record, and says, oh, these Christians.

I have a brother-in-law, he's a Christian, and he prays and goes to church, the poor fellow, he's not realistic. He's a lovely fellow, and he's a good provider, and you can't find any fault with him, his wife's crazy about him, his kids love him, and he's job sure because he's always on time and always honest, and there's a lot good can be said about my brother-in-law. But when it comes to religion, he's a dreamer and a fanciful visionary. Whereas the brother-in-law has his name written in the book of life and the nail driven deep in a sure place. He's the realist. But the other fellow is a dreamer of deadly and fateful dreams.

So, all his lifetime the sinner is forced to close his eyes and pretend not to see. He's forced to cover up and hide and dodge and twist and put on another face and put the best foot forward. And when he hears that his friend has dropped dead on the golf course, he swallows his Adam's apple twice and then takes refuge in his masculine vocal cords and says, too bad.

But he was scared stiff when he heard it, because he didn't know but he'd be next. Talk about realism. He's no realist, he's a hypocrite and a pretender and a liar. And he's forced to go through life that way. His little kid twirls up in his lap and looks with little innocent eyes and says, Daddy, what is death? He coughs and clears his throat and changes the subject, but he's scared to death.

Now, talk about realists and say we Christians are dreamers and visionaries. No, a Christian is one who deals with things as they are. And a sinner is one who is forced everlastingly to pretend that things are the way he wants them to be, knowing all the time that he's lying to his own soul. Christians are not on the defensive. The world's on the defensive, not Christians. We Christians have gone around with a hanged dog look long enough, gone around apologetically long enough. We ought to go over to the offensive and tell the world, you're the pretenders and the hypocrites and the liars.

They say there's a hypocrite in the Church. Of course there's a hypocrite in the Church. Certainly there's a hypocrite in the Church. Not only one, but more than one, many hypocrites in the Church. Jesus had his Judas, and Paul, or Peter, had his Ananias and Sapphira, and they died, strange they died, but they had many descendants.

And the Church, I know a lot of them that are in the Churches. But I also know that we need not thus for that reason be on the defensive. We must go over to the offensive and tell the world we Christians are realists. We have gone through and settled some everlasting facts.

Now, the Christian message is according to reason. Come now and let us reason together, because it takes into account all the basic facts that there are. It takes into

account God and man and man's relation to God. It takes into account sin and man's relation to sin and responsibility for sin, and accountability to God under that responsibility. And it takes into account judgment and death and the shortness of life and the deceitfulness of appearances and the certainty of death. It takes all these things into account.

And a real Christian is one whose house is always in order. He has dealt with everything. He's always in order. He doesn't have to stampede heaven wildly and frantically if he finds he's going to die. He only has to just do a few legal matters and settle a few legal matters. Say here that I owe this \$10 to John Smith. See that he gets it. But as far as his everlasting relationships are concerned, he has realistically taken care of them because the Christian message is according to reason.

Now, God being who He is and what He is, there is in the Godhead and in man's relation to God a transcendancy that outstrips reason. But there is never anything that outrages reason. Again, we ought not to be on the defensive here. We ought to go over to the offensive. And we ought to push the sinner into a corner with all his learning and tell him, you can't call me names anymore.

I am not an unreasonable man but a man who lives according to the highest reason there is. And therefore, I am not sitting quietly or lying down and allowing you to say that what I believe outrages reason. What I believe transcends reason but never outrages it. The Christian message is reasonable and altogether according to the facts and according to the sound judgment and recognition of things as they really are. So Christ entreats us with the voice of reason.

Now, this is a strange approach, I imagine. Some of you who have been in schools, even in high school, maybe you have read a little something else besides comic strip. And you have had it charged that reason says one thing and religion another. Whoever says that isn't dry behind his intellectual ears yet. And he can't go to sleep at night without a sugar tip, pacifier, to put him to sleep. And if you don't know what that is, go back to Pennsylvania among the Pennsylvanians Dutch where I was brought up, and you'll know what that is. It's a little glove, finger that size, finger of a glove, stuff that with sugar, sew up the end and give it to the baby.

But a lot of people can't go to sleep without something like that because they're not grown yet intellectually, and yet they go about with their eyebrows raised in an arch of perpetual superiority and look down upon us Christians and say they're unrealistic. And reason, I'm going to go on the side of reason, not on the side of religion. Religion is on the side of reason, gentlemen. And whatever is irreligious and unbelieving is on the side of unreason, and not on the side of reason.

Now Jesus, our Lord, bases his Entreaty upon reasonable considerations. Our lost condition, for instance. Now that's a reasonable consideration. And the devil has put such propaganda abroad that people are not any longer accepting the doctrine that men are lost. They say it can't be, we're on our way up, we're struggling upward.

Well, we've been at it a long time and we're not up any further than we were before. You can't fool me with that struggling upward business. We're a lost people. Why have a lot

of you fellows have very little hair on your head? What's the matter with you? Did you get careless? No, your hair was lost because you're a lost man. Why are some of you ladies, now my southern chivalry is coming to my aid, but why are you not quite so will-o-wish as you were a hundred years ago? You're a lost woman.

Why do I have to duck upstairs when I'd love to go back and mill around and chat with you people and lie down and rest from a sermon? Because I'm a lost man. That is my physical self, I'm a saved man. But I mean I belong to a lost race.

Why did my friend Frank Weir, who gave me this Bible incidentally, in this Bible it says, To my friend Tozer, Frank Weir, Delta Lake Convention 1941. I've been preaching out of it ever since. Why did my friend Frank Weir go to a radio station to preach, sit down on a couch to wait his turn, slumped into a sleep and they said, Reverend Weir is asleep. They went to try to shake him awake when the cue came for him to go on the air and Frank didn't get up. He was with the Lord Jesus Christ, looking on the vision beatific. Why did my friend Frank Weir die last week? Because he belonged to a lost race.

Why do we have a war in Korea and devils in the Kremlin and confused men in Washington and slick men in London and cops on every corner and jails and insane asylums? We're a lost people, that's what's the matter. It's a lost world we live in. And the Christian message takes that frankly into account and doesn't listen to the propaganda of unreason that says we're not lost. We are lost.

A nurse goes into a home or a patient is brought into the hospital. We'll say it's a ten-year-old boy. He's running a fever of 105. His eyes are turned up. He's flushed. His breath is coming in great heavy sobs. There are marks all over his body, strange marks, red marks. Is he struggling upward? Is the doctor going to say, Oh, it's perfectly nothing, it's just nothing. It's not just nothing. Let's play golf. It's just nothing. Let's go out and dream. It's just nothing.

If they have the sense they're born with, they'll recognize a sick boy there. I couldn't tell you what he had according to the symptoms I've given him, but I only know he's a sick boy, that's all. And anybody that doesn't recognize that's not realistic.

And so I say with Bridewell over here and the Goldbergs dying in Sing Sing, I've sat in that chair, Brother Kemp, where they died the other night, sat there and been strapped in. I got out, thank God. I never liked to get out anywhere so well in my whole life. A great big handsome blond boy, maybe 24 years old, with a grin that was just as disarming as Mickey Mantles. And I said to him, Are you one of the... Yes, he said, I'm one of the legalized killers. I said, What's your job? He said, Wheel them out after they're dead.

Why is that necessary? It's the blotch on the body showing of the disease inside. That thousands of volts that ripped through their bodies was the fever of sin that's in the world. And the Christian says where men are lost and we know they're lost. So, the Christian message is based upon reason.

Now the lostness of mankind is not a dogma, it is a fact. And the Christian message is based upon the redeeming work of Christ which is made necessary by the lost condition

of man. And it's based upon the love of God in Christ Jesus and it's based upon the power of the gospel. It's based upon the fact that humanity is perishing. It's based upon the abiding permanence of the will of God. It's based upon the importance of a needed action. And it rests upon all these sound, realistic facts.

And if you came into this building with the eyebrow arched a little, feeling that you liked the old man, all right, and he said some interesting things, but he was hopelessly antiquated and was still naively believing in Christianity, let me tell you that you're the one who must defend yourself, not I. That you're the one who must give a reason for what lies in you, not we Christians, we know. We're not dealing with fancies; we're dealing with facts as hard and realistic as a brick that goes into the construction of this building.

Now, in the text which I have read there is the stern voice of exhortation and the gracious voice of promise, and these are joined, as the poet said, in reason's ear. Listen, wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes. Cease to do evil, learn to do well. Seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. There is the stern voice of God's exhortation.

Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. And there is the gracious voice of promise.

Now my friends, we do a great injury to mankind when we divide these two voices. When that which under God was meant to be a duet becomes a solo. When that which was under God meant to be two sides of the same coin, we split it edgewise and ruin both.

I have in my pocket here a half dollar. An eagle on one side, a lady on the other, with some flowers or something. And that says, in God we trust, 1944, and I hope they still do in 1953, half dollar, United States of America, E Pluribus Unum. Now there we have it. It takes both sides to be worth fifty cents. Get a fine saw and split it edgewise, and neither side would buy a one-cent stamp.

So, we go into the Bible and we're adepts at the art of splitting texts edgewise and destroying both. If I go to my Bible and I read this, Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doing, cease to do evil, learn to do well, seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow, period. Then I have split that coin edgewise and it's no good.

If I go to my Bible and I skip the first part and read, Come now and let us reason together, says the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, and read nothing before, nothing after, I've split the coin edgewise, it's no good either.

Yet we have whole schools of Christian theology based upon coins split edgewise. Texts ripped apart and divided asunder. No, the voices are here. It's a duet, God Almighty. Reason is singing her two songs. The stern voice of exhortation and the gracious voice of promise.

Now I say, we do great soul injury to men by dividing these and trying to make out that we can have our sins forgiven and washed and cleansed without first turning from evil and putting it away from before God's eyes, ceasing to do evil, learning to do good. You cannot.

And this great error has filled the churches with deceived members and helped to fill hell with deceived Christians, or at least with deceived souls. And there are many people who come into the church on a half text. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. They forget that that's only half the text.

There are those that are driven away from the churches because some people preach only the first half of the text. Wash, you make you clean. And they say, dear God, how could I? How can a man as vile as I am ever wash me even if I had all the acids of the world? I could not cleanse my soul. And they go away discouraged because that's only half the text. There are two halves of the text here.

Now, my brethren, it's a great moral impossibility, this, of trying to be forgiven while persisting in sin. That's a great error. It's an impossibility and never can be done. And it does violence to the Scriptures, and it also violates moral reason.

Now, the voice of moral reason says that all pardon is conditioned upon intention to reform. Do you hear me? All pardon is conditioned upon intention to reform. Some people don't like the word reform. I've heard people condemn that word reform and get up and crack their two heels together and say, I don't believe in reformation, I believe in regeneration. I might just as well say, I don't believe in the in-God-we-trust side of the coin, I only believe on the E Pluribus Unum side of the coin. They're both there and they're both necessary to make the coin worth anything.

And so, reformation and regeneration are not enemies, they're friends, they're Siamese twins. And forgiveness is based upon the intention to reform. Reform is another word for repent, do your first works, clean up, get right, straighten out. And it's necessary that we take this into account. They tell a story, I don't know whether it's true, I think it is true. It happened in the United States, one of our states.

They say that a governor, who was a very tender-hearted man and desired to do all he could to help the people in the prisons, went incognito to a prison. They didn't know who he was, he didn't tell them. And he strolled around talking to the men, and he got into conversation with a personable young fellow that he thought looked pretty good. What are you in for, he told him. How long, he told him. They chatted a while longer, the convict never dreaming that he was the governor of the state.

He said, suppose you'd like to get outside again. Oh boy, what I said, once more, outside again. Would I love to be free? Well, he said, it could be, you could be free sometime. No, he said, I don't think so. He said, they threw the book at me, I don't think so that I'll ever get out of here. Well, could be, you know, strange things have happened, said the governor. Strange things have happened. Maybe you will get out sometime.

Tell me, what would you do if you got out? What would be the first thing you'd do? His face went black. The first thing I would do would be to cut the throat of the blankety

blank judge that sent me here. Governor changed the conversation, tapered it off, went on down the corridor talking to somebody else, and that fella stayed in his cell.

If he'd said, oh, I'll never get out of here, I have no hope. But if I ever do, if by any chance I ever should, the first thing I would do would be to try to straighten up the wrongs I did that put me here. First thing I would do would be to go back and admit I lied and get right with some of my friends that I made into enemies and I'd get a job and I'd try to forget all this and I'd try to be a good American and honor that flag that flies yonder on the top of that tower that I see through my bar, the bars. I'd try to be a good man again.

Do you know what would happen? The governor would have given him a pardon because he was fishing around, he wanted him to say that. But he didn't say it. He said I'd cut to throw him a judge. He stayed in there because pardons are conditioned upon intention to reform.

Now you can't save a man who insists upon continuing in the thing that caused him to be unsaved. Just as a lifeguard sees a man bobbing in the water and he plunges in, grabs him to drag him out and as soon as he lets loose of him he plunges back in again and keeps right at it. A lifeguard can't save a man that doesn't want to be saved.

A fireman goes to a building and hears somebody looking out the third story and they get a ladder up and they try to bring him down, and he scratches and fights and kicks and refuses to come out of the fire but they take him down anyhow and he runs right back up. You can't save a man from a fire who insists upon running back into the fire again.

What a terrible, moral incongruity it is to try to teach forgiveness without intention to reform. To teach pardon and cleansing where there isn't any intention to change the life. It would upset heaven and turn it into a moral insane asylum. And in a hundred years you wouldn't know heaven from hell.

No, my brother. Here are the voices, the voice of reason singing its duet stern voice of exhortation and the gracious voice of promise and all stemming from reason. In reason's voice here they all rejoice.

Now, another thing is that intention can be proved only by the changed life. That's the only way of knowing. You notice there are nine active verbs here. Wash, make, put, cease, leave, seek, relieve, and plead. Nine active verbs. Do you know the difference between an active and a passive verb? Maybe some of you haven't been to school so long you've forgotten about it. You went through that thing, and they forced you to learn what a passive and an active verb was. They made you learn voice. Passive voice, active voice.

Now, which is the passive, which is the active voice? And you flunked it. Or you learned it and forgot it just as soon as you could get around the corner. But while teachers, God bless them, have a way of making it look tough for you, really there's something to that active and passive voice business.



The passive voice is a verb that receives the action. I just stand here and somebody does something to me. I passively receive the act. But if I do something that's active, that's a change of voice. I am loved. There it is. That's the old familiar Latin. I am loved. That's passive. Somebody loves me. I don't know how realistic that is. But anyhow, that's the receiving of the action. I receive the action. I don't have to do a thing except stand here and look pretty. I receive the action. But I love. That's positive. That's active.

Now, the curse of religion today is that we're in the passive voice. We're receiving everything. It's coming our way. But God puts nine active verbs ahead of the Word. If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow. He puts nine active verbs there.

Well, nobody's probably changed any because I have said this. Wash you. That's active. I am washed. That's passive. Pray for me. That I may hold faithful unto the end. I am washed. But the Lord says, Wash you. Put away the evil of your doing. The passive voice says, The evil of my doing has been put away. Somebody else did it. They just stood there and looked like St. Francis.

Now, I say the passive voice is the curse of religion. Everything is done for us and everything is done to us. There we are. It's all done for us, and all done to us. We are spectators in place of participators.

Now, the promise of cleansing is here based upon and contingent upon our actively changing our way of life. Oh, thank God I can go on to this. No sin is too vile to be forgiven. All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto man. Whatsoever sins they sin, said Jesus, except one. And that is the unpardonable sin.

And we might as well skip that because the unpardonable sin is one committed by people who wouldn't believe they had if you had told them. So as far as you're personally concerned, you can dismiss the thought of the unpardonable sin from your mind because the man who's committed the unpardonable sin can't do anything about it because he won't believe it and wouldn't if he could.

So there, we'll, without undoing violence to the Scriptures, we'll simply put the emphasis here that all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto the sons of men. That which can't be forgiven belongs in an area that is never affected by gospel preaching. Pharisees and those who are sure of themselves and walk the earth and utter self-righteousness, they've committed it. But if you can still feel sorry and worry about your sin, you haven't.

And so, no matter, says the voice of God's tender, gracious reason, no matter what the man himself thinks of his sin, and no matter what the public thinks of your sin, and no matter if it's as intense as scarlet and as dark as crimson, all manner of sin shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, says the Bible. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as white as snow. Some of our missionaries go to countries where they've never seen snow, and they've never seen sheep.

And so, when they come to this text, and it's oh so necessary, they come to this text and others like it, they don't know what to do when they translate the Scripture, they don't

know where to get a figure that people know, and all the white things they ever knew were dirty, you know, telltale grime. So they have an awful time trying to get something that'll make the people see what it is to be utterly white.

I remember hearing of the washerwoman who was hanging her wash on the line, and a new snow had fallen, absolutely whiter than white. She was hanging up her wash. And the contrast between her very wonderful, lovely wash and the snow looked pretty bad for her. And a passerby, just good-naturedly kidding her, said, your wash doesn't look so clean this morning, does it? And she said, oh no, what can compare with God's whiteness? What can be compared with God's whiteness? So wool and snow are white, but whiter than snow, David said.

Ah, brother, it's wonderful that there's this other part of the text. Wouldn't that be terrible if God's thunderous voice roared at us? Whoosh, you, make you clean! Oh God, how, how? What can I do? The other voice softens down and says, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. I thank God for the cleansing that cleanses the crimson and the scarlet.

And then he says this, if you be willing and obedient, ye shall eat of the good of the land. The willing and obedient Christian, or the willing and obedient person, shall eat of the good of the land. Oh, what a beautiful wealth of mixed metaphors and confused figures.

When God wants to show us how much He loves us, He makes the language groan under the effort. When He wants to tell us how white we can be, He takes all figures of speech and strains them to the breaking point. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin.

Some of those old camp meeting songs tell the story. I was once a sinner, but I came. Pardoned to receive from the Lord. Now I am forgiven. And? I know. That? By the blood I have made whole. Yes, sir. There's a new name written down in glory. And it's mine, I know it's mine. And the white-robed angels tell the story, a sinner has come home. Ah, the old camp meeting brethren who jumped over the benches and praised God with the loud voices, they were realists. They were happy because there was something to be happy about.

But the world is happy over deceptive appearances. Which side are you going to be on? If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat of the good of the land. Humble yourself. Will to do God's will. Put some action in your repentance. Wash you. You say, how can I wash me? Well, really you can't. If it means washing your own heart. But you can get rid of a lot of those dirty habits you've got now.

We preach that men ought to get converted in order to get rid of dirty habits. Borrowing two or three maybe, like dope and liquor. There isn't a habit man has, he shouldn't be able to quit like that.

My father was sixty years old. He had smoked and chewed from the time he could remember. One day he looked at that tobacco and he said, boy, that's dirty looking stuff. He said, I'm going to quit it. And he did. And he didn't even ask God to help him. He just quit it. Oh dear God, please help me to get rid of that dirty, smelly, rotten, foul, polluting pipe.

Help me, Lord. Jesus Christ died on a cross squirming like a serpent. And you haven't got moral backbone enough to quit chewing dirty tobacco. Help me, dear Father, that I may quit going to the movies. God didn't take you to the movies. You took yourself. Help me, Father, that I might quit lying. God never taught you to lie. Quit your lying. Help me to be honest, Father.

Well, that's no prayer to make. If you're not honest, you'll go to jail. Somebody will get you. Help me, Father, that I may not falsify my income tax. Well, Sam will get around to checking you one of these days, and then we'll come and sing for you. Have a meeting where you are.

That happened in one of our Alliance churches. Yeah, that happened. Two of the elders, mind you. Elders in the church in Canada during the World War. Two Alliance elders falsified their income tax. And only got off because they promised to pay up, and the scandal hit the newspapers.

Help me to be honest, Father. Dear God, what kind of sissies are we? Is it any wonder that we're spineless and boneless and without any strength of character. We go through life, Christians unable to resist temptation, the world magnetically pulling us to it. We can't pray. We can't suffer because we're passive Christians.

We think God ought to be doing it all. Forgetting it's a two-way street. Forgetting that it is a reciprocal agreement. Forgetting that we are to obey, be willing and obedient, and we shall go to the land. I have a lot of sympathy for children. I have sympathy for sick people. I have sympathy for people who've been caught in one or two habits they can't escape, such as dope. I have sympathy for those who are in jail and those who are insane. Sympathy for the bereaved and those who lost loved ones by desertion. I have sympathy.

Oh, God knows what sympathy my heart has for it all. But I can't manage to drum up an awful lot of sympathy for some old rounder who has lived like the devil because he loved it and then says, I can't quit. I can't quit.

A woman came down to the altar and she wanted God to fill her with the Holy Ghost and she couldn't say yes to God. Just couldn't say yes to God. She screamed and let her hair come down. They wore hair in those days. Women did. And she, oh, it was a distressing thing and everybody pitied her, you know. Pitied all this soul. She's really struggling. She's really struggling. And inadvertently the feeling was God was being pretty tough on her.

So, after several nights of this writhing and groaning, she took a, nobly and heroically, stripped ring from her finger and tossed it to the evangelist and said, give it to missions, Amen, and she got blessed. The evangelist said, boy, this is a gem. This is a nugget. Will the missionary board be glad to get this? So, he went down the next day and had it appraised. The jeweler said, three twenty-eight. Give you \$3.28 for it.

And she was struggling over that. Now, I can't pity her. If she lost her baby, I could pity her. Then I could suffer with her for that. If her husband was killed in Korea, I could pity

her until my heart ached. But I can't pity that kind of cheap stuff, that kind of passivity. That kind of religious jellyfishism. I can't pity that and I don't believe God does.

It's time that we Christians woke up and wound our backbone. Wound the thing up until it was tight. And said, now God, show me what to do. And got out there and got active. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land. Amen.

If you're willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land. But if you refuse and rebel, nothing but judgment lies before you.

What do you say tonight, friend? God is calling you and you are every sound reason why you should follow him. Every sound reason why you should be an all-out-and-out Christian, every sound reason. And not one lonely reasonable argument can be brought against either staying unsaved or staying half-saved. Not one reasonable argument. Every voice of reason cries not only that you be saved, but that you be fully saved. What about it tonight? Let us pray.

O Christ, everything seems so simple. And we, like the Jews, are looking for miracles. We, like the Greeks, are looking for wisdom. When it's all so very simple. If you will amend your doings, and obey my voice, then I will cleanse you whiter than snow, and make you as white as wool, and ye shall eat of the good of the land.

Father, it's so simple. We beseech Thee, help us to see it. We beseech Thee that we may not foolishly cast away these great gems of truth. We pray Thee tonight, our Father, that we may not fail to hear thee speaking to us when Thou art speaking so plainly. God bless this people. It's hot here tonight. And we, the people, have listened with patience.

O God, Holy Spirit, we beseech Thee, drive Thy merciful arrows so deep into their hearts that they'll not be able to pull them out ever until they come to Calvary's fountain where they are cleansed and forgiven and healed and the old wound of conviction is drawn and cleansed and healed. Help us as we wait upon Thee.

We're going to close pretty soon. Before we do, before I close my prayer, I'd like to know are there those, or how many there are, who would say, I'd like to be included, Mr. Tozer, in your prayer. Please pray for me. I'm not a Christian. I really truly know, or I'm afraid at least, that I'm not a true Christian. I'd like you to remember me.

Now, I won't come back and talk to you. I just want to know that you want me to pray. I want you to stand right where you are. Would you do that? Would you stand? Would you stand up? I don't apologize for this at all. A little thing like that is so small. Communists are standing up for what they believe. Jehovah's Witnesses are down on the street corner giving out literature. Catholics are telling their beads on buses and streetcars. Everybody else seems to have courage. What's the matter with us?

If you say, Mr. Tozer, pray for me, before you close your prayer, stand, please. How about the half-saved Christians? Marginal Christians? Christians that are on the edges of things. You say, Mr. Tozer, I believe you. Every reason is on the side of my becoming an out-and-out, consecrated, Spirit-filled Christian. Please pray for me.

Will you stand? Dare to do it where you are. Yes, stand. Stand and say, pray for me. I want to pray before we close. Before we finish our prayer. I think there are a good many Christians here that are consecrated Christians, all out and out for God, whose lives, whose testimony, whose day-by-day walk, whose generosity, whose long record of faithful praying and faithful living prove that they're not half-Christians, but wholly, totally God's consecrated, Spirit-filled Christians. I believe that.

But there are some, and they know who I mean, and they know that they have no such record of consecrated, Godly, faithful, consistent walk with God. They know it. So, I'm appealing. Would you like to stand and say, remember me? Just where you are.

Well, the dear God knows, Father, we thank Thee for every true Christian, and we don't want to underrate one of them. And we don't want to make a case for ourselves by preaching people down in order to get them back up.

We thank Thee for every true Christian, and we know a lot of them. They wouldn't sin if they could know it was sin. They're true and honest and faithful and right and good and prayerful.

But, O God, Thou knowest how many are carnal and yet sold unto sin, worldly and only marginal Christians. Great God, we pray for all such. Pray that there will come to us a revival that will sweep us like floods out of this condition and revive us again in the midst of the years. Grant it, we pray Thee, in Christ's name. Amen.