

## **Turning Back at Kadesh-Barnea**

**By THE EDITOR  
(Stenographically Reported)**

This afternoon, I am going to talk to you about turning back at Kadesh-barnea. After reaching this stage of the campaign, the preacher needs to become reminiscent about those who have come to the altar. Many have sought God's Face for the first time, to enjoy the peace of pardoning grace; a like number have come with a desire to possess more of the unsearchable riches of God in Christ Jesus. Reviewing the works that God has already wrought in our midst, I sometimes think that we ought to raise a spiritual Ebenezer. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." "Hither, by Thy help, we have come."

We should be glad of the pilgrimage. True, our journey has not always been over green pastures and beside still waters; for somewhere, between the time the Lord gave us deliverance from the enemy up to the present, some of us have had to cross many a Red Sea; drink oft from the waters of Marah; and suffer untold privations during the wilderness sojourn. Through it all, however, we have seen the Hand of a Loving God. Indeed, it was only when in our direst need that we began to form any idea of the vast, untouched resources at our command through the grace of God. But we have not gone all the way yet. This is only Kadesh-barnea. We are just on the borders of the Land of Promise. We have yet to enter the gates that open into Canaan, the land that flows with milk and honey. So, instead of calling a halt, and casting about for a likely spot on which to pitch our tents, we should be eagerly awaiting the word to go forward. "Onward!" should be the Christian's motto.

I have no text this afternoon. We are merely going to follow the Children of Israel as Moses leads them out of Egypt to the very gates of the Land of Promise. But, first, we must take a backward look at the Children of Israel as they toiled for Pharaoh in Egypt land. A new king that knew not Joseph was upon the throne. He feared the Israelites, for they were now grown to two million souls, and he resolved to cripple and crush them by hard and exhaustive labor. Let us look upon a familiar scene. An Israelite, driven by a cruel taskmaster, toils through the burning sand of Egypt, dragging blocks of stone from far-away quarries, while the merciless sun beats down upon him. Or, with curses and maledictions and painful lashings from the hand of the Egyptian slave driver, the poor Israelite is forced to mold his mud-bricks without straw. His task is so menial and his taskmaster so cruel that Israel would welcome the beneficent hand of Death.

But God was looking down the battlements of heaven. He saw how His chosen people were losing interest in life. They were being grievously oppressed. They were just out-and-out slaves, tottering under a cross that was too heavy for them to bear. His sympathetic heart went out to them. They were still His chosen people, and now that, in their helplessness, they are crying out to Him, He comes forth to deliver them. Through Moses, Israel would be emancipated from her bondage, and delivered from the hand of her oppressor. Through the burning bush, Moses received his commission to set Israel free. The method and mode of delivery were outlined to him. As a drowning man grasps at a straw, the Israelites hearkened to the words of Moses. They were to be supernaturally delivered. There was no other way. Israel had neither an army, nor implements of war. Pharaoh had both. So the Israelites had to look to God. And God said, "I will discomfit Egypt. I will wreak havoc among the Egyptians. I will punish them."

Brother, that is the picture that God saw as He looked down upon your sick soul. He saw you torn by remorse and anguish of mind, and, perhaps, racked with physical pain which unforgiving, merciless, and pitiless sin exacted of you. He saw you driven by the lashings and scourging of evil habits, and, withal, forced to gaze upon the sneers of the devil, your cruel taskmaster—you had almost reached the point of distraction. Heavy was the load you had to bear; bent was your back by the weight of woe; and slave you were in far-away Egypt, the land of sin. No physical or mental help could deliver you. Your deliverance lay in the spiritual realm. It had to be the supernatural power of God. And God was ready to deliver you just as soon as you realized your self-insufficiency, and began to appeal to the all-sufficiency of abounding grace. It took you a long time to arrive at the conclusion that the Ethiopian cannot change his skin; nor the leopard his spots; and that not even you, in spite of your intellectual capabilities and scientific achievements, can lift yourself up by your boot-straps.

Let us look at another scene. This is the night of the Passover. Darkness has settled over the land of Egypt. At first, intense excitement prevails throughout the camp of the Israelites. The air is filled with an indescribable something. A peculiar feeling steals over each heart, presaging the advent of something supernatural. Now, an ominous silence permeates the atmosphere, and the Israelites await impending eventualities with 'bated breath. What the night may bring forth, nobody exactly knows! But there is no questioning the imminence of some dreadful catastrophe. God's instructions have been followed to the letter. The lamb is slain. With the hyssop, the blood has been sprinkled on the doorposts and lintels.

And, at the striking of the midnight hour, a terrible tragedy befalls Egypt. In the twinkling of an eye, sudden and unaccountable death comes to every family of Egypt. Without warning and without exception, from Pharaoh's own household down to that of his meanest serf, the first-born of every Egyptian family lies slain by some mysterious hand. The Avenging Angel has unsheathed his sword, visiting every

dwelling that had not been marked with blood. But, when he saw the blood, he passed over. How great! How glorious! How wonderful! How marvelous! This pregnant thought rings through our hearts this afternoon: “When I see the Blood!”

“I have had that experience, Mr. Price. The blood has been applied to the portals of my heart.” Very good, now let us go on. The Blood only prepares us for the journey. It only enables us to say “Good-bye, Egypt! I’m on my way, praise the Lord, to Canaan land!”

“But here is a lovely camp site, right beside the Red Sea. Isn’t it all right to camp here?” somebody asks. Oh, no, my Brother! God does not want us to set up housekeeping just three day’s journey out of Egypt. The Lord well knows that, if we did, our houses would soon be smelling with leeks, onion and garlic, and our mouths would soon be watering for the fish and flesh pots of Egypt. For their own benefit, God does not want His children to live in the suburbs of Egypt. Milk and honey, grapes and figs are much better for children. And it was within the borders of the Promised Land where milk and honey flowed, and grapes and figs abounded.

To discourage the Israelites from going on a periodical excursion to Egypt, the Lord so located the Promised Land that, between it and Egypt, there should be a vast expanse of wilderness territory. So it was through this wilderness—a blessing in disguise—that God would have His chosen people move on. Yes, they had to move on. They had to bestir themselves. They had not yet come to the Land of Promise. And the Land of Promise would not come to them. But God said that He would provide for all their needs throughout the journey. He would see to it that they would be clothed, fed and sheltered. My Brother, God has promised that He would take care of all your difficulties. You need but be willing to take the journey, allowing Him to lead you all the way. You will not need to worry about the itinerary, or bother about the schedule, or be concerned about traveling expenses, or wonder about hotel accommodations, or fear for the safety of your person. The Lord has designed a plan that perfectly fits your life, from the time you gasped for your first breath unto the time when you shall have breathed your last. Brother, just decide to join God’s personally conducted tour; say good-bye to all your worldly cares; and commence to enjoy the scenery.

So there lies the Red Sea before the Israelites. On the right hand, towers a mountain; on the left, towers another. And, directly behind, Pharaoh’s chariots are advancing at top speed. Certain death is what every Israelite sees, as he looks upon the pursuing host. They now begin to berate Moses, their faithful leader, who had done nothing but follow God’s instructions. How that reminds us of our own experience! When the devil pursued us shortly after our conversion, we commenced to blame the preacher who had done nothing but his best to lead us beyond the reach of the evil one.

At any rate, this was no time for quarreling. God had said, “Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.” This was no time even for praying. It was the

time to trust and obey. After going through all those plagues in Egypt, and coming forth without even the symptoms of the diseases which must have reaped an awful toll among the Egyptians, surely it was now high time for the Israelites to believe in their God. But how like you and me were those followers of Moses! Their faith failed them right at the very point where faith, and faith alone, was their only hope of salvation. Eventually, they had to take God at His Word, and, instead of having to swim the Red Sea, the Israelites just walked across it. According to God, Moses told them that the “Egyptians whom you have seen today, ye shall see no more forever.” And, according to His Word, Pharaoh’s might melted before the very eyes of God’s chosen people.

Don’t you remember that experience? I do. How can we ever forget the time when we came to that spiritual Red Sea! On the right hand, towered a mountain of problems; on the left hand, towered another! And, immediately behind, our sins came trooping down after us. Our hope of eternal safety lay across a mighty sea of difficulties. Was there ever a barrier more impassable than that which confronted us? And how we did look for some way around it! At last, satisfied that we could do no better than to take the Word of God, we made a forward move. And miracle of miracles, just as the first step of faith was about to descend upon the uncertain surface of those intervening waters, lo, the dry land appeared! And the crossing was made on material more substantial than any bridge that could ever be constructed out of our combined physical, intellectual and moral resources. Faith is a very peculiar instrument. It dries up the deepest waters as easily as it removes the highest mountains. And when our sins sought to overtake us, the sea swept them out into eternal oblivion. Praise the Lord! He has subdued our iniquities, and cast them all into the sea.

Then, after another three days’ journey, the Israelites came upon the waters of Marah. What relief their eyes promised for their parched throats when first they caught sight of the sparkling waters that must have been made to scintillate by the noontide’s glare! But how much greater was their disappointment, when, instead of being soothed and refreshed by its apparent sweetness, the acid waters only aggravated their misery by its bitterness! In this, we find an experience parallel to our own. After leaving the land of sin, and after directing our faces toward the Land of Promise, we came to a time when we deeply thirsted after the things that used to satisfy the cravings of our fleshly appetites. And when we sighted the rivers of earthly pleasure, oh, how our eyes became charmed and captivated by the seeming sweetness of the waters. But we found that what used to be delightful to the natural appetite, was now turned to bitterest gall, and it left us nothing but deep distress and great remorse.

But when a branch from the tree that God showed Moses, was cast into the bitter waters, they immediately became sweet. Here is another miraculous fact that has been time and again duplicated in our own experience. Very often, in our work for the

Master, we have been called upon to partake of a cup, whose bitter contents were truly and actually nauseating to the natural taste, but because of our faith in God—typified by the branch cast into the waters of Marah—we found delight in draining the cup to the very dregs. Gall tastes sweet when God is in it.

Yes, Sister, you will have a Marah experience long before you reach the Land of Promise. Shortly after your conversion, when the glories and hallelujahs have died down; when Miriam has ceased playing upon the timbrel; you will begin to hear the criticisms. They'll call you a harmless fanatic and a holy roller. But remember the branch of faith. How bitter is the term "holy roller" while you are yet rolling to the Holy Land! How sweet the sound of it, after you have commenced rolling in holiness! Praise the Lord! He has promised to be with us when we pass through the waters, bitter or sweet. And when God is in the waters, the bitter turns sweet. He has also promised to go with us all the way.

But we have not gone all the way yet. And we are not, by a long ways, the possessors of all the riches of God through Christ Jesus. "But, Brother Price, I am now in daily communion with the Lord. We have set up a family altar." That's fine, Brother! The manna did fall daily in the wilderness, but that was merely a daily ration to give the Israelites sufficient strength from day to day, as they traveled toward their destination—the Promised Land that flowed with milk and honey.

God led the Israelites just as fast as He could. But there were many that lingered behind. No doubt, these were getting homesick for the gay life of old Egypt. Oh, the memory of those days when the wine flowed freely and convivial spirits went on with the dance to the merry tune of a jazz orchestra! And the farther they lagged behind, the more homesick they became. The more homesick they became, the weaker they got. It was upon this weakened band of stragglers that the Amalekites fell. Those in the front ranks were not molested. So it is with us who travel toward the Promised Land today. There are some that long to go back to the old haunts of sin, to the bright lights of Broadway. They get restless in spirit. Soon they wander off the paths of righteousness. They neglect to pray; fail to read the Bible; and forget to go to church. The first thing, you know, they are backslid. They have fallen into the hands of the enemy. Brother, look out for the enemy who harasses the rear of the marching column. Bestir yourself; be quickened in your spirit; and take your place among those who march at the front. It is true that the devil bothers you most when you are living close to God, but it is just as true that, at God's side, is the safest place for you. Walk by the light of the fiery pillar, and you will not be so likely to get lost in the darkness of sin.

Onward, still it is onward! Israel can already testify to a victory over Amalek, but there are other victories yet to be won, and the journey's end is still afar off. The Israelites now come upon the Elim wells of water. There are twelve of them. Around these are seventy palms. After a hard day's journey through the wilderness, could anything be more delightful than to find one's self at the brink of a well of sweet

water! Yes, and that is to have a palm standing hard by, groaning with an overload of ripened dates! And that is what Elim had to offer the Israelites one day.

You, too, can now testify to many a victory over Satan, but other battles are yet to be fought. And, separating us from our destination is yet many a weary mile. Needless to say, however, the religious experience of some has already brought them to the twelve wells of water, a well for each year— an all-year-round supply, so they need never be dry. And they have found seventy palms, a palm of victory for each year of man's three score and ten. It is said that there are three hundred sixty-five uses for the date palm. Just so, the Lord should be able to find a use for us three hundred sixty-five days throughout the year.

Such wells of water! Such palms of victory! Such lives of service! To dwell upon these, is to be led to believe that one is already abiding in the Land of Promise!

But onward! Still onward, the fiery pillar leads! This afternoon, time will not permit us to recount all that we have experienced. We are compelled to soar over the landscape, and but mark the mountain peaks of our experience. Yonder is Mt. Horeb, the Mountain of God. Oh, the historic import of this neighborhood! Can we ever forget the thundering, the lightning and the smoking of Sinai? Here it was that God's laws were made known! Here was His Will revealed, and His Glory shown! Here, we found ourselves growing deeper in grace. Here it was that we became conscious of a spiritual development.

Well, may we pause here and thank God for His Help hitherto! But, Brother, I read of a land called Beulah, the Promised Land—Canaan land, the abiding place of God's chosen people! Sister read God's promise to you of this spiritual Promise Land, the Promise of the Father, which is the Baptism of the Holy Ghost! So "Onward, still onward!" then let our cry be.

But, behold! Israel's caravan comes to a halt. What has happened? They are yet without the Land of Promise. This is but Kadesh-barnea. Yes, Kadesh-barnea is the city gate that opens into the land of Beulah—a land that flows with milk and honey. But, at the most, it is only a city gate. And the gate of a city may be considered as an entrance with the word "WELCOME" chiseled into its granite archway. Or the very same gate may be regarded as a forbidding passageway into a forbidden territory, whose battlements bristle with formidable "NO ADMISSION" signs.

Right at the very front gate of the Land of Promise, Israel's marching host comes to a full and sudden stop, as if the fiery pillar had suddenly flashed a red signal without observing the accepted formality of sounding a warning bell. What! Has God changed His own line of march? Has He countermanded His previous orders? Has He changed His infinite Mind? Has God unwittingly come face to face with an unforeseen emergency? And does He now seek to revise His everlasting schedule, and upset His eternal plans in order to adapt them to some incidental and trivial circumstance? One would be inclined to think so, judging from the line of action pursued by the Israelites.

With the advantage of having seen the beginning and the end, as well as all that did take place during the wilderness journey, we can realize the childish foolishness of those Israelites for hesitating, when God clearly gave them word to go up and possess the land. But we withhold condemnation, for we can well remember the time when such action was wholly commendable in our own sight. Doubtless, this very day, there are those who have been traveling with us on this spiritual journey for the last six weeks, and are now come to the gateway of the Promised Land. And, because they are as human as those Israelites, they forget the Word of God as, while longingly peering through the gates, their eyes fall upon a "KEEP OUT" sign. But, My Sister, remember that it is the enemy who paints such signs. Come in, and see what God has painted on the other side. Yes, "STAY IN" is what it says. Certainly, walk right in, and make yourself at home. Like some pastors I have seen, the gatekeeper may be sour looking, but remember: he is only the gatekeeper and not the owner of the house.

Yet, it must have been amusing to hear those Israelites as they pause before the gate, and discuss the question. Finally, they conclude that an emergency case has arisen. Supposedly, God could handle ordinary cases, but a special case requires the attention of specialists. So, it was decided to hold a consultation with the leading doctors to determine the course of future operations. The operation being of the spiritual type, doctors of divinity were drafted from the Ministerial Association and the Federated Council of Churches. Their profound deliberation resulted in the following solemn declaration. "This supernatural phenomenon must first be investigated by physical agents, and apprehended by intellectual means before we can allow our people to appropriate it spiritually." Yes, we ourselves once adopted that very scheme. Manifestly, this is attacking the phenomenon from every possible angle and through every known avenue of approach, but we must confess that, in the employment of such a scheme, we had to trust to luck for results.

Investigate this supernatural manifestation, as if supernatural manifestations were something new! What about the crossing of the Red Sea? What about your regeneration? What about the waters of Marah? What about the creation of a new heart and the renewing of a right spirit within you? What about the Elim wells? What about foretastes of coming glory yonder and glimpses of Beulah land, as upon Mt. Pisgah's heights we stand? These are phenomena on a plane manifestly above both the physical and the mental levels.

But the Israelites had acquired the habit of questioning God and doubting His Word. So, as soon as the doctors were gathered, the conference was called to order, and an Investigating Committee was appointed. The Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Lutheran and other denominations had full representation. These ecclesiastical dignitaries were to visit the Pentecostal meeting, not to worship with the people, but to spy on them. So, with all the dignity of their ecclesiasticism, they enter an unpretentious building where simple and obedient children of God are enjoying a feast. Everybody in the pew is drinking in the sincere milk of the Word--unskimmed

and unadulterated, while the preacher, half-drunk with new wine, gets careless with the honey jar. The preacher continues drinking, and, when he is fully drunk with the Spirit, he upsets the jar, and the honey trickles over the pulpit stand down to the altar railing. How the people flock to the altar to spread their buttered cracknels with honey!

Now, our ecclesiastical spies, disguised with religious false faces, begin to snoop around. They come with open eyes, but not with open minds. They come with open ears, but not with open hearts. I am satisfied that many of them were prejudiced. They had already arrived on a predetermined conclusion long before they started on the investigation.

While the spies were sneaking and snooping around, the poor people waited on the outside. They were waiting for man's word, instead of waiting upon the Lord. But, so far as any need for further divine instructions were concerned, there was no such need. The Word of God concerning this Promised Land is obviously plain. It is so evident and so manifest that it will be difficult to express it in simpler language. In this connection, Peter says: "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." "But, Mr. Price," someone says, "we have much confidence in Dr. So-and-So from our tribe. We bank on his interpretation of the Word of God." My Brother let me say just this much at this time. If your pastor can read Acts 2:39, and exempt you from the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, I must say that he is a very clever fellow. He should be a magician. There is good money for sleight-of-hand performers and expert jugglers. But as for you, Brother, I would advise you not to bank on your pastor's interpretation. It is a bank of sinking sand. Better stand on the promises of God. They are founded on the Rock Christ Jesus.

Spying business being over, we now look for the return of the Investigating Committee. Here they come: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten. The other two must be way behind. (Now, permit me to draw from my memory as well as imagination. I have been there myself.) Here come the ten. Oh, what a lean-looking bunch! They seem to be worn out from the effects of their investigation. They look as if they have just come from the Undertakers' Convention.

The people now gather to hear the Majority Report of the Investigating Committee. The first man to take the floor is the Rev. I. Doubt It. (A ripple of half-suppressed laughter sweeps the audience.) Oh, do you know him? Bless you! I have heard him preach. Listen to what he has to say. "Brethren: We must turn back. The land does look like the Promised Land, but things are not always as they seem, you know. Who knows but that we hit the wrong trail? The pillar of fire has apparently led us to this place, but appearances are oftentimes deceiving. I don't think you will enjoy the place. I can't imagine how anybody can." Adjusting his glasses, and clearing his throat, he continues. "I went in a little ways. I took a peek at the prayer room. But you can't hire me to go back there. The door is guarded by two immense giants. Their

very names would scare you to death. One is called “Prostration” and the other is called “Tongues.” I almost fainted when I looked at the first, but when the other began to talk to me, my heart failed me. My advice is, Back to Egypt. It is better for you to be an out-and-out sinner than to be a holy roller.” I have heard a man make that statement.

Now comes Rev. I. M. Worldly. You know him. He tried to climb Mt. Consecration. He could not make it. He is loaded down with secret society buttons, athletic medals, gymnasium equipment and lodge paraphernalia. Listen to him. Friends: You talk about hard going in the wilderness. Well, you haven’t been anywhere. I nearly broke my neck trying to gain a footing on Mt. Consecration. The blamed mountain stands right in the road, and there is no way around it. Every time I reached a certain point, over I went, and down to the bottom I would roll again. I don’t know what you are going to do. But, as for me, it’s back to the wilderness. I wasn’t built for climbing mountains of that kind.”

Brother B. I. Ology, D.D., M.D., distinguished psychologist physician and philosopher, occupying a big pulpit, now makes his report. He is really an able speaker, never failing to impress his audiences. Listen to him. “Ladies and Gentlemen and Fellow Investigators: First of all, I desire to say that I am, at this moment, in full possession of my mental faculties. Now, I wish to call your attention to the fact (for I shall deal with facts and not with fancy), that no man was ever sorry for being careful. Adam and Eve became sorry. Was it because they were careful with the serpent? Pharaoh and his horsemen became sorry. Was it because they were careful with the waters of the Red Sea? No! Of course not! Carelessness is the downfall of many. I say that emphatically. Then, shall we not take the Word of God? Yes, most assuredly! But, Sir, take it with caution. Go slow. ‘Haste makes waste.’ Take your time. Don’t let your enthusiasm run away with your reason. Be calm! Cultivate the ‘virtue of patience. Wait until I get a better chance to determine the nature of this phenomenon. Remember that my solitude for you in the past has brought you safely through thus far. I would not allow you to touch that manna until I had it analyzed. I refused to let anybody take a drop of that Rock water until I had put the liquid to the test tube. Before those quails were spitted for the roast, or quartered for the stew; I had to pronounce them free from the slightest trace of the precocious bacillus. This promotes circumstantial peritonitis and promiscuous indigestion, often revealing to a semi-conscious mastoid and ambidextrous rheumatism, making the patient subject, and, indeed, oftentimes liable to improvised asphyxiation and dogmatic spasms. Unless a diagrammatic operation could be performed at the psychological moment, the victim may suffer from involuntary, filial enlargement of the vociferous micro-organatus: in which case bla—bla—bla—blaa. . .” (Much applause from the audience.) “With my customary vigilance, I observed a sign post which pointed to ‘Divine Healing City’. To make a long story short, I found the city impossible to enter. The gates are guarded by giants called ‘Pain’ and ‘Ache’ and ‘Cancer’ and ‘Tumor.’ I was told that simple faith could

annihilate those giants. But philosophy and logic tell me that the only way to kill them is to approach them under a barrage of pink liver pills, and then shoot them with a double-barreled hypodermic needle. Or, according to materia medica, they can be bombed with Smith Brothers giant Cough Drops; given the gas, and drowned in castor oil.”

But here come Joshua and Caleb. They are twin brothers to Trust and Obey. Do you see them coming? They are traveling slowly. They are carrying a load. I can see Joshua smiling. And Caleb is grinning. Between them is a big pole. Fastened to the pole, is a huge bunch of giant grapes trailing on the ground. Slung over their shoulders, are sacks stuffed with figs and pomegranates. They are now close enough so we can see their bulging hip pockets. In one pocket, we can see the neck of a milk bottle. The other pocket must have a jar of honey.

Now, listen to the Minority Report. “And Caleb stilled the people before Moses, and said, ‘Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it.’ ” “And,” adds Joshua, “if the Lord delight in us, then He will bring us into this land, and give it us; a land which floweth with milk and honey. Only rebel not ye against the Lord. Neither fear ye the people of the land, for they are bread for us. Their defense is departed from them, and the Lord is with us. Fear them not.”

Praise the Lord for the child-like faith of a Caleb and a Joshua. But for their example of trusting and obeying God, many of us would still be wandering in the wilderness of sin, only to perish on the borders of Beulah land. But we, by trusting in God and obeying His Word, have also found the land that flows with milk and honey. And the giants that we saw—“Prostration” and “Tongues”—they are bread for us. “He that speaketh in an unknown tongue edifieth himself.” And to be humbled by the Mighty Hand of God, is good for us.

Listen, Seattle! “Behold, the Lord thy God hath set the land before thee. Go up and possess it, as the Lord God of thy fathers hath said unto thee. Fear not! Neither be discouraged.” This is no time to backslide. Set your faces toward Beulah land. Heed the words of Caleb, “Let us go up at once and possess it.” “But” someone says, “We have to fight the giants, don’t we?” Certainly, we have to wrestle with gigantic problems and face great difficulties. But that is a wise provision of an All-wise Providence. Otherwise, we would become spiritual lazybones. And you don’t want to be that. Personally, solving problems, surmounting obstacles—the very idea of such adventures, is what appeals to me. Overcoming evil, breaking the bonds of sin, wresting diseased victims from the very hand of Death, hand-to-hand conflicts with the enemy of our soul—these are attractive to people with spiritual red blood. Come on, Seattle! Gird your loins with truth! Put on the breastplate of righteousness! Be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace! Take the shield of faith! Slip on the helmet of salvation! Unsheath the Sword of the Spirit! And go forward in the Name of Jehovah!

Don’t listen to snoopy, old spies. Do you know what happened to those who

did? They were doomed to wander in the wilderness for forty years, and they lay down to bleach their bones on the hot desert sands. Of the original company, excepting Caleb and Joshua, not one above twenty years of age was allowed to enter the Promised Land.

But why argue about it. Come! Taste! If you are afraid to taste, see! Watch those who are enjoying the experience. Look at that brother. He reaches up and pulls down a giant, juicy hallelujah grape. Watch the glory juice squirt all over his face and trickle down his shirt bosom, as he bites into the luscious fruit. Oh. Brother. I've done that myself, and I speak from experience.

"But, Mr. Price," someone objects, "This falling on the floor and talking in tongues seem so silly and so non-sensical." Yes, that's the way it looked to me when I was on your side of the river. I could not understand the simplest spiritual operation. But it works!

Let me recount to you something apparently sillier and more non-sensical than that. Joshua plans the capture of the fortified city of Jericho. Who is Joshua, and what is Jericho? Through Moses, the first and greatest example of Old Testament prophets, God chose Joshua to succeed that great general who had brought two million souls to the borders of Canaan. Out of two million souls, Joshua was the choice. Upon this choice alone, we can claim extraordinary ability for Joshua as a soldier. But his successive and successful campaigns, in which he defeated thirty-one petty chiefs and subjugated six tribes in as many years, amply prove our claim. Jericho was a fortified city. The top of its walls was so immense that houses were built upon it. Warriors of gigantic proportions defended the city.

Joshua now plans the capture of Jericho. The taking of such a strategic fortress by such an able general should provide the war colleges with an example of tactical maneuvering.

The attacking forces advance. They come to a river. Now, note a strange thing. Instead of building a pontoon bridge to cross the Jordan River, they simply walk across dry-shod. Note another strange thing. Instead of approaching the city walls with catapults and battering rams, or with enormous tanks under a barrage of heavy artillery, those Israelites are coming up with some kind of a sacred cabinet at the head of their marching column.

They are now come to the city wall. They march completely around it. And then they camp for the night. How silly! The next day, they come up to the wall again. Again, they march around it. And, again, they camp for the night. How odd! "Can you beat that?" remarks a giant watchman to his companion. The next day, they come up to the wall once again. Once again, they march around it. And once again, they camp for the night. "Did you ever see the like!" exclaims another giant. The next day, and the next day, and the next day, Joshua puts his men through their paces. The giant warriors are now swarming the walls. They are trying to solve the mysterious and puzzling military evolutions. "What are they doing? Making a path, or looking for a

pin-hole in the wall?" they ask of one another. Now comes the seventh day. And Joshua marches his men around and around until Jericho's population goes into hysterics. "How absurd!" "How ludicrous!" some declare. "How foolish!" "How fanatical!" "How idiotic!" others say. "Here they come for the seventh time today!" cries a typical Jerichoite. "They are getting on my nerves. Oh, I feel so dizzy. Catch me, somebody!" And, headlong, over the ramparts he goes! For, with a sudden and a mighty crash'—down! Flat, even with the ground, Jericho's walls are leveled down!

Yes, that's the way we capture spiritual Jerichos now. No battering rams of anger, and no arrows of malice. We simply smile, and praise the Lord! And lo the walls of opposition evaporate into nothingness!

Oh, this is a wonderful country, this land of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost! It is a different land. Its people are different. Their ways are different. They have actually been transformed by the renewing of their minds, and are no longer conformed to this world. Their manner of operation is more than passing strange. But, praise the Lord, it operates with absolute satisfaction. From Egypt to Kadesh-barnea! The journey has been full of thrills that have engaged the whole gamut of man's faculties. Miracles galore have come to baffle human philosophy and logic. Just a hurried summary of them: The Passover, the Red Sea, Marah, Elim and Sinai! All these are marvelous experiences, to gain but one of which, would be worth the lifetime effort of any man. But, Brother, these experiences are but stepping-stones that lead into a veritable wonderland. Oh, the glories of this land! Its splendor and its marvels! Its magic and its charms! Its thrills! Its ecstasies! Its raptures! Who can describe; who can express them! Who can picture; who can imagine; who can conceive them!

Brother, God has prepared for you things sublime which your eye has not seen, nor your ear heard; neither have entered into your heart; for these things are of the Spirit of God, and they can only be spiritually discerned.

"Now, behold, the Lord Thy God hath set the land before thee Go up and possess it. Fear not! Neither be discouraged!" Let us pray!