



# Two Sermons

By

BUD ROBINSON

**TWO SERMONS BY  
EVANGELIST BUD ROBINSON,**

**"GOD'S ABILITY" and  
"THE BLOOD OF JESUS."**



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## GOD'S ABILITY TO SUPPLY OUR NEEDS.

EVANGELIST BUD ROBINSON.

*"And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." II. Cor. 9:8.*

There are enough "alls" in this Scripture for every shoe-maker in the world to have one. God stands behind everyone of them, and they are all pointed toward you. A great many people do not think He is able to supply their needs, but I believe He is, and I want to talk about the abundant supplies He has on hand. *He is "able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."*

Now let us see if He is able to do for us exactly what is needed. The first thing we need as a lost world is the *mercy* of God. Has He a plentiful, or a meager supply? The Book tells us that He has great quantities. Peter writes to the *"elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ; grace unto you, and peace be multiplied. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in*

*heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time."* I. Peter 1:2-5.

Notice in the third verse where he speaks of His *abundant* mercy. That abundance is something like the Atlantic ocean, or the Rocky mountains, or the prairies in Texas. You ask, "How big are those prairies?" Well, there's hardly any end to it. I can get in at my door and ride hundreds and hundreds of miles and see nothing but prairie land. And that is the way God talks about his mercy.

Is there anything else we need? What would we do if we had nothing else but mercy? Think what pardon means to a world condemned? Without it what would have become of me? So God links mercy and pardon, and they make a fine composition. Isaiah says: *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.* Isa. 55:6, 7. And he goes on to say in that chapter: *For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but*

*it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.*

Drop back to the tenth verse: *As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater.* Here let us stop a moment and think of the greatness of God. He has undertaken to feed this world. The whole human family, with all the birds, beasts, fish and insects, would all be dead in twelve months if the Lord did not produce enough food for them. Look at the fowls—where do they get their food? And the people of the earth—it must take at least nine hundred thousand loaves of bread a day to feed this town of six hundred thousand inhabitants, and about six hundred thousand pounds of meat. Where are you going to get this? Where do we get the material to clothe the whole world? Isn't our market groaning under the weight of meat, bread and clothing produced? Where do we get the material? God made it. There isn't a man in the world with brains or skill enough to make one Irish potato. Now you infidels, agnostics and skeptics ought to butt your brains out against the wall and get out of the way. If seed potatoes were lost to-night, there

isn't an infidel that could put the germ of life in and make one potato. God has to make it, and he can do it. He said, "Let there be light," and there was light; and he said, "Let there be potatoes," and they came rolling out from under the hills. We have a very poor conception of the ability of God. We think such men as McKinley and Bryan great men. Why, God is running the world; yes, and ten thousand other worlds bigger and greater than this.

Now, He has *ABUNDANT mercy and pardon* for a lost world, and he says he is able to make *all grace* abound toward you. Isn't he doing this? If you don't love him to-night, I beseech you as an honest man to lay down your foolishness, or quit eating his bread, sleeping on his beds, wearing his clothes, and talking about him, as you think, behind his back. He is looking at you. In Genesis we read, *Thou God seest me*; and in Hebrews 4:12, *"The Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."* Then if you will keep these two thoughts before you, you will quit sin to-night. Every sin you commit, you will have to meet somewhere, and settle for it. *Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's.* He knows how you live, and he will show you every act of your life, and you will have to settle for it somewhere—if not here, at the Judgment, and then it will be too late to make restitution. At the great convention in Chicago, where there were a thousand conversions, men paid from a nickle to

twelve hundred dollars making restitution. Boys paid a nickle to the street-car company for a stolen ride, and people paid up old debts.

Last summer, at Sunset, Texas, a converted—yes, a sanctified man, had something to straighten up. About fifteen years ago he stole a water-barrel, and he had forgotten all about it. But he went out into the woods and got down to pray when he heard a racket, and looking up, saw a water-barrel rolling down a hill at him. He said, "Lord, what's the matter with me?" and then went further down the hollow, and began to pray again, when he heard a racket like a span of horses tearing down on him, and there was that water-barrel again. Then he remembered about the barrel, and the very year he stole it, so he went and confessed it to the man and paid him the dollar it was worth and ten per cent. interest. That wasn't much, you say? No, but it took that to ease his conscience. You've got to settle here in this country. It's a heap easier to get right here, than there.

But I started out to show all God could do. Romans 5:17 we read: *If by one man's offence death reigned by one, much more they which receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ.* This shows that God has abundant grace. And in the 20th verse, *Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.* This shows you law and grace. The law is like an electric light to light up the city. A man is wandering in darkness, and doesn't know where he is. Suddenly he comes to an electric light, and it shows him not only what part of the city he is in, but also the mud and filth of the streets. But if he is going wrong, the



light has no power to stop him and send him back, or to clean up the mud and filth; but it shines on, and locates it. Just so, the law can locate you and show you where you are; but grace must come in and do the rest. He turned on the law to show us the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the exceeding riches of grace. That is a beautiful thought that where sin abounded grace did much more abound. There is more grace than sin. The plaster is bigger than the sore. The supply is greater than the demand. If there is a piece of sin as big as your hand, he has a piece of grace as big as a bed-quilt to cover it. Or if there is a spot on your community as big as a mud-hole, he has six acres of land to cover it. So now we see he has an abundance of mercy, pardon and grace, and that brings us to another thought. Go to Titus 3:5,6: *Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Savior.* He said he would shed the Holy Ghost on us abundantly, would cover us with him, would give us a river to swim in, like the river in Ezekiel 47th, when he and another fellow started out to measure the river. At first it reached their ankles, then it got up to their knees, then to the loins; and after that it was a river he could not pass over. God has an abundance of just such things, and here you go around, with your soul about as big as a teaspoon, when God can fill you up with a whole ocean. The least particle of grace would run you over. When I was seeking sanctification, He just came and touched me and I had to halloo. You don't know how little you are.

I talked like it would take all God had to satisfy me. I didn't know how great God is, and how small I was. It seemed that he just wasted enough grace on me to save Texas. Such great billows rolled out of the skies I wasn't in it. I seemed like a minnow in the Atlantic. It goes beyond the comprehension of man. The idea of you, with your teaspoon trying to empty the Atlantic. Don't you think he can supply you?

An abundance of the Holy Ghost—that gives you abundant life. *The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it MORE ABUNDANTLY.* You get life in conversion; in sanctification you get *abundant* life. We don't know what we *have* got when we tell people we are sanctified. It will roll on through ceaseless ages, and will shine on and get deeper and sweeter. What you have got is as deep as fallen humanity, and as high as heaven. It is a great thing to get sanctified if it fixes you up like it fixed me. It fixed me up for two worlds.

When you get sanctified you actually live in and fulfill the 36th Psalm, verses 7 and 8—*How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.* This brings us under the wings of God himself. Could you be in a better place? How much better do you want? Under his wings—in a house of fat things—drinking from a river of pleasure. **A river is not a creek, nor is it a spring branch. Just think**

of a branch widening out and making a creek, and then being turned into a river. Think of drinking from the Mississippi river and then looking back into the hole! Why, you can't miss it. It don't say that the river is as big as the Mississippi, and it don't say it isn't. I believe it is greater. We know it is big enough for the whole world, and it reaches from Adam clear down to Bud. Aint that wonderful? Get under his wings, and into his house of fat things. That don't mean oyster soup and ice cream suppers and strawberry festivals; but where God lives, and rules, and reigns; and people are filled with a flood of divine love. That's the river of pleasure which abundantly satisfies. That is the blessing which the world is seeking to-day; but they go to the wrong house for it—they go to the devil's house. You will never be satisfied until you are led into the house of God's fat things, and drink from the river of pleasures.

But you talk about your circumstances, and say "If you had these difficulties *I* have to meet." What is a difficulty? What is an impossibility? It is not the place at which you live, nor the condition in which you live—not the outward, but the inward condition, that brings joy. In one place it says, "In Christ Jesus you are a new creature." If you have a difficulty, take the hand-spike of faith and turn him over, and you will find a gold mine underneath. On the outside of the door of heaven hangs the key of faith. Unlock the door, and you will find it like an old Tennessee cupboard, filled with all manner of good things, and you'll come out with hulls in your beard and juice on your fingers. Then, if you

go up the street and meet some fellow who doesn't like you and gives you a slap, he'll get honey on his hands and go to licking it off and get under conviction and come back to see what it is you've got, anyway.

"It shall be done" and "it came to pass" are twin brothers, and "it shall be done" runs clear through the Bible. That's the meaning of this old puzzle, "If at first you don't succeed," suck till you get the seed. That is the only way things are to be done.

If your experience has juice in it, it will have teeth; and if it has teeth, it will bite; and if it bites, it will get hold of somebody; and if it gets hold of somebody, it will make him holloa; and if it makes him holloa, you can get him located and know where to work.

This leads to another passage. Jeremiah 33:6, where he is speaking of the backslidings of the people and city: *Behold, I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the ABUNDANCE OF PEACE AND TRUTH.* I suspect peace and truth are the finest Christian ingredients in a man's life. *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee.* Isa. 26:3; and *Great peace have they which love thy law; and nothing shall offend them.* Psa. 119:165. This brings us to the place where the world can't offend us, and we can in everything give thanks. You say you can't give thanks in everything. "What if I go up the street and a fellow knocks me down with a brick-bat?" Well, thank God from the depths of your soul that you didn't knock him down. If a man lies on you, it needn't offend you. The liar takes his part in hell, and not the man who is lied on. Jesus said in John 14:27, *My peace*

*I leave with you; and in Phil. 4:6, 7, Paul says, Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.*

*The peace of God that passeth understanding.* There you have got peace located. The understanding is located in the head, and peace in the heart, so you see it passes right by the understanding and hits you in the heart. You say that's not the correct rendering. Have you got anything more correct? The peace that passeth understanding runs right by your head. A man's head is nothing but a knot on the end of his back-bone, anyway. God is not after your head, but your heart, which is the seat of the affections. People would be better if they would unload their head religion and get something in their hearts.

*The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth, and of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace, for the law was given by Moses; but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.* John 1:14, 16, 17. You see, now, where we are going to land. John 8:32 says: *Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.* And John 14:6, *Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life.* Bless the Lord, he has just told you what the truth is. So when God reveals abundance of peace and truth, he reveals Jesus Christ, for he says *Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free; and in John 8:36, If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.* I don't

know what the *indeed* means, unless it is to drive the nail through and clinch it on the other side.

Notice two other things of which God has an abundance. The first is *love*. That is the real honey out of the rock, the sweetness and juice of perfect love. It is described beautifully in Eph. 3:14-21: *For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.* Well, of course he had to say "Amen"—there was nothing else to say. He reached the top and couldn't go any further. He had you filled with all the fulness of God, and said he was able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. We will never be able to exhaust his love. He takes what nobody else wants. He loves to save. His great loving heart was moved with compassion for me, and he reached down his loving arms and pulled me up, and put a song in my mouth, and praises in my heart, and it has been twenty-one years, and he's never thrown up my mean kin-folks to me yet. It makes me love him, and shows him to be a God of love.

One other thing, and that brings us to a place where we are ready for heaven. Peter writes: *For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you ABUNDANTLY into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.* So we have AN ABUNDANT ENTRANCE. We won't hug the gate posts, but with our wedding dress on, and all its trimmings, we'll go in and run up the street probably a mile wide, swim across the river and climb the tree of life, whose fruit is as big as your fist, and ripens every month in the year; fruit without any peeling on it, or any seeds in it, and that will melt in your mouth.

Now, put these things together, and see if it is not worth while to trust God to supply all your needs. He has an abundance of mercy, pardon, grace, the Holy Spirit, eternal life, a house of fat things, river of pleasures, an abundance of love, and an abundant entrance into heaven.

If you have got the thing and live it, you will draw. Christ said: *I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.* I'll show you the difference between people. A man or woman comes to your house, you give him a chair, pass kind words, you open the door and he walks away, and you think but little about it. A few days after, somebody else comes. He sits down and talks, and you get close and listen. He talks about Jesus, and about your trials, and sympathizes with you. Before he leaves, he gets down and puts one arm around Jesus and the other around your family. Then he goes to the door and you go. He goes out on the porch and you follow. You walk beside him to the gate. He gets into

his buggy, and you go between the hind wheel and fore wheel, and get one foot on the axle and talk. And then you shake hands, and then you stand and watch him till he gets out of sight, and say, "Well, I do love John." What's the difference between these two fellows? One drew, and the other didn't. I've had such people come to my house. They know what Paul meant by being "all things to all men." That's what I mean by saying, when I see an Indian, I want to be an Indian, with long, coarse, black hair and cheek bones standing up high; or when I'm preaching to the negroes, and they begin to groan and exclaim, "Dat's so, boss!" or cry out, "Lawd, help dis nigger!" and go to shouting, or off in a trance—I look at them and say, "Lord, if I can be a better man by being a negro, kink my hair and flatten my nose out all over my face, and paint my skin black." So our God, by reaching the high and low, brings down the high, and brings up the low, and puts them on the same level, and gives them an inheritance to a home in the clouds.

I am glad he is my Savior, and I can recommend him to you.



## THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST.

BY REV. BUD ROBINSON.

*The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.*

—Rev. 3:18.

I want you to pray while I talk to you awhile on the Blood of Jesus Christ, our only hope of heaven. Back behind our redemption is the blood of Jesus. In the ninth chapter of Hebrews, verses 11-22, we read:

*But Christ being come a high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of a heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ who, through the Eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God? And for this cause he is the mediator of the New Testament, that by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance. For where a testament is, there must also of necessity be the death of the testator. For a testament is of force after men are dead; otherwise it is of no*

*strength at all while the testator liveth. Whereupon neither the first testament was dedicated without blood. For when Moses had spoken every precept to all the people according to the law, he took the blood of calves and of goats, with water, and scarlet wool, and hyssop, and sprinkled both the book and all the people, saying, This is the blood of the testament which God hath enjoined unto you. Moreover, he sprinkled likewise with blood both the tabernacle and all the vessels of the ministry. And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission.*

Notice the last verse—*Without shedding of blood is no remission.* This is a picture, of course, of the blood of Christ, a real atonement. Without it, we are helpless, lost. I have heard it said that we don't need the *blood*; that what we need is the *life* of Christ; that there is no reason why he should have died, because we need his *life*. Remember, *Without blood there is no remission.*

In Rev. 3:18 you will find my text: *The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.* Seven hundred and twelve years before this, Isaiah saw Him as a "Lamb led to the slaughter." And in 1. Peter 1:18, 19, we read: *Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.*

Brother, it gives me more comfort than everything else in the world, to know that while the Father loved me, the Son was willing to die for me. God was willing to rob heaven of its brightest jewel, and Jesus was wil-

ling to get into the human family to redeem it. Paul, in writing to Timothy, said: *Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.* This is a picture of the Son of God getting on a level with the human family. He found us in a world of darkness, and he became our Light. He found us in the lowest depths of poverty, and though he was rich, yet he became poor for our sake. He found us starving to death, and so he became the Bread of Life. He saw us without the water of life, so *in the last, the great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* John 7:37. He found us weary, guilty, heavy-laden, and said, *Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.* Matt. 11:28.

Well, what did we have? Nothing. And when I was condemned to die, he ran to my rescue, and through his blood I have redemption.

This is God getting on a level with us. He had never been on a level with us before, not till Jesus was manifest in the flesh. He had sat on the throne, and people had bowed to him as the God of the universe. But when Jesus was manifest in the flesh, that was God the Father getting on a level with us, God in Christ reconciling the world to himself. Now, God had never been on our level before, because he had never been without a home, till Jesus came in the flesh and could say: *Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.* Luke 9:58. He

had seen men walking this earth without a home, but he did not know how to sympathize till he laid aside his robes and took upon himself, not the nature of angels, but the seed of humanity. He had never before been without friends. The whole earth had taken off their hats to him as God Almighty; but when he came as Jesus the Christ, all men forsook him and fled, and he had no friends. This was getting on a level with you and me. He had never been poor, and so couldn't sympathize with the poor man. But he said he would put on the human form, and be just like one of the boys, and we knew how to treat him then. He had seen many in prison, and tied up to the stake, but he had never taken a whipping. We can't conceive of God at the whipping-post. But we whipped him when he came to stay with us; and *by his stripes we are healed* (Isa. 53:5). God had never paid taxes. He created the heaven and the earth. But when he put on the human, they made him pay taxes.

When we think of God Almighty getting on a level with us, why don't we love him better? Why do we turn up our noses and walk off? Lord, help me to be thankful that he is willing to get his shoulder to mine and help me carry my burden. *Forasmuch as we know that we are not redeemed with corruptible things, but by the precious blood of Christ.*

Another text in Ephesians 1:7 is, *In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.* With the forgiveness of sins is redemption. It is proved beyond a doubt

that without the shedding of blood we could not have been pardoned.

Then through his blood we are justified. But someone says, "I thought it was by faith." Well, it is by the blood of Christ. You have got to exercise faith, and you have got to exercise it yourself. Some people have been waiting years and years for God to put faith in them. If the Lord should put faith in you, you couldn't do anything with it. Turn the thing around and put your faith in him, and when you do, it reaches him. There are men and women who have been living with their unsaved wives and husbands and children for years, and have been waiting for God to put faith in them for their salvation. If I had waited for that, I never would have done anything; but when I put my faith in God, he enabled me to put one arm around him, the other around the world, and get on a level with them.

He came as our Bread and our Water, and *He giveth his beloved sleep* (Psa. 127:2). Why, a sanctified man goes to sleep in the arms of Jesus, and the angels fan him with the breath of heaven and keep the flies off him. We sleep in the arms of Jesus because we put our faith in him. I was talking to a man at the altar the other day, who said he had been praying for twenty-one years, and God had never put the faith in him to believe. A very little faith in God will make the billows of glory roll, and give you a heaven to go to heaven in. We are justified by faith on our part, and by the blood on his part. I am glad we can run back to the atonement, and that we are justified by the blood of Jesus Christ. Tonight, if I knew that a million worlds bigger than this,

and every star filled with gold and silver mines was mine, and I had to give them up, or give up God Almighty, I'd say, "Let the worlds float on." There is nothing so precious as the blood of Jesus, that washes and cleanses. Oh, the songs that are written on the blood of Jesus! Hear Cowper as he sings:

"In evil long I took delight,  
Unawed by shame or fear,  
'Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopped my wild career.

"I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.

"Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look:  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

"My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail him there.

"Alas! I knew not what I did!  
But now my tears were vain:  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord have slain!

"A second look he gave, which said,  
'I freely all forgive;

This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
I die that thou mayst live.'

"Thus, while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue,  
Such is the mystery of grace,  
It seals my pardon, too."

So we are redeemed, forgiven, cleansed, sanctified, all through the blood. To have that cleansing makes a church member out of you. The church is a spiritual institution, and you are born into it, and can't join it. I heard a man say that when he was nineteen years old he was born of the Spirit, and a few days after, they voted him into the Missionary Baptist Church, and he knew that wasn't the true church, because he was born into the one, and joined the other several days after. So, when a man is converted and comes into the spiritual kingdom, he is actually bought and paid for in blood. Every hair that grows on his head, every nickel of money, every dollar that comes into his hand, actually belongs to God.

In Acts 20:28, Paul tells them to *take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.* When you are converted, he brings you into his church, and if you are a member, you are simply his. There is the same idea in the 23d Psalm. You say, "I don't see any connection." Well, if you are the Lord's sheep, every ounce of wool you produce is his. All you do is the wool you produce. If you are the Lord's sheep, every

where. *If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.* I. John 1:7. A dead man don't walk. The blood cleanseth from *all* sin. "All" means the whole lump, and no professor can define all and make it mean a part. Then when cleansed from all sin, you are one of the elect children of God. I believe in election with all my heart. There is but one way you can be elected, and that is through the blood. *Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.* I. Peter 1:2-5. Note here, the Spirit is never given in this sense until after the blood is shed. He strives with me and I obey, and Father, Son and Holy Ghost all three vote unanimously for me, and the angels count the ballots, and they begin to shout over there, and I over here. That's the proof that I'm elected. And there is nobody to vote against me. It's the only election the devil is not allowed to vote in. You can't even elect the officers in a Sunday-school, but what he puts his finger in the pie.

We have a battle here to fight. Because I am elected, doesn't make the devil quit fighting: but there's a way to overcome, as we learn in Revelation 12:11—*They*



*overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony.* When you get under the blood, you become an heir— a joint-heir—with Christ, and it is no trouble to overcome. Of course they had an experience, or they couldn't testify. The churches that discourage testimony, dry up and go to seed. They hold their protracted meetings, and it reminds me of a threshing machine, when they feed the mules and the hands, and raise the dust, and then go around to the spout, and you'll find nothing coming out. I wouldn't run a threshing machine if I couldn't get wheat. I can take you to one city with ten Methodist Episcopal churches, built at a cost of \$240,000, their running expenses \$13,000, and all ten in six years only received forty-nine on probation. They cost \$1,691 a head. For the next eleven years, they took in no members at all. Isn't that running a church threshing machine, and feeding the mules and the hands, and getting no wheat? Let us wake up. But, you say, "We are sanctified, and can beat that." Well, we are not doing much. There are many who are losing ground. Some of you women have lived twelve or fifteen years with a man, and have not won him for Jesus. If a woman couldn't bring her own husband and children to Jesus, it doesn't look as if she could bring any other woman's. Let's get into the fountain and overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of our testimony, and go after our own families. If the holiness movement would undertake to save our own families, we would have the greatest revival that has ever been known. How the fire would fall up and down the land. Go after your own, and go after others, too. I

know a number of men preaching holiness and having apparent success, and their wives and their children are unsaved, and their homes not pleasant. But of course I'm not condemning all—some can't help it. But if anybody in the world is worth saving, it is mine. If *Jesus* loved and died for mine, I ought somehow to get hold and pull down grace for them. I know one good man, and his wife is a perfect notch on a stick—yes, an incarnate devil. There are not many women like that. But he loves her, and he is as patient as an ox, and as sweet as honey. I love him and respect him; but I believe if he would fast and pray it wouldn't be a week till God would shake her over a burning hell; and I believe if my wife was like that, it wouldn't be a month before she was converted or in a lunatic asylum.

I believe there is not a man or woman under the sound of my voice to-night, but what, if you would think calmly of how you are wading through the blood of *Jesus*, in twenty-four hours you would be saved or a raving maniac. But you do not think about where you are going, or the company you will keep. The devil won't let you. Sometimes it flies like a bird over your head; but if you would sit down and think what it cost God to redeem you, you'd be saved. But if you did get to praying and earnestly seeking salvation, the devil would say, "Of course you need it, and you ought to get it after awhile; but there is no use making a fool of yourself and getting it now." I plead with a neighbor to come to Christ, and when he was dying they sent for me to come and pray with him. And while he was dying, he kept begging his wife to keep the devil off while he died, and

his life went out with a wail. His wife fell and never spoke for nine hours. He said the devil had actually come after him before he was dead, and the devil had not let that man think before about eternity.

Have you ever read "Letters from Hell"? The writer describes a man who explored that country and finally came to the river of death, as black as tar—a horrible stream, coming out of that awful country of darkness. He came to a man who was stooping down and trying to wash the blood off his hands, and saying, "What is truth?" About 1900 years ago, the same man tried my Christ, and tried to wash off the stain in a little rain water. Now he is ever washing them in that stream, and saying with a wail, "What is truth? What is truth?" Look at his hands, as the blood drops out of his pores, and he's been washing for 1900 years. It didn't take him long to commit his sin, but he has the blood of Jesus Christ on his soul forever.

When I was at a camp-meeting in Gordon, Texas, there was a beautiful girl came to the meeting, and she was leaning on the arm of a fellow with a buggy whip in his hand and a cigarette in his mouth, and all they did was to laugh and make fun. I went back there in about twelve months, and she wasn't on the ground. While there the matron of a rescue home at Fort Worth wrote my wife a letter and asked us to stop off in the city. We did so. There were about twenty-five girls in the home. One day I got word to come into one of the rooms and see a girl who said she knew me. To my surprise, there lay that beautiful girl, with a four-days-old baby boy in her arms, and her parents didn't know where she was.

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O, the folly of trampling on God's love. I will never forget the awful expression of her face, as great drops of perspiration stood on it, and black rings under her eyes, with no friends, no hope, and she only seventeen years of age, away from home, from mother, from God, and in sin; and just a year before she thought it the funniest thing in the world to make fun of religion.

Friends, if you have not got religion, get it! You are going to need it awfully bad.



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