

He Is Able

By THE EDITOR

(This sermon stenographically reported)

There are some wonderful words to be found in the 7th Chapter of the Epistle of Paul, the Apostle to the Hebrews. Turn, if you will, to the 25th verse and read with me:

“Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.”

I am not going to deal with the whole text tonight, for many sermons could be preached from the various conclusions in this wonderful verse. I am going to take just three words and by the help of the Holy Spirit drive those three words so far into your mind, and stamp them so indelibly on your heart that you will never forget them and never get over them. The three words to which I refer are the ones, “He is able,” Jesus Christ is the center of Christian life. He is the heart of the Christian experience. There is no salvation outside Jesus. There is no experience except we find it in Him. In Jesus is all our hope and from Jesus we derive all our strength. Around us is a heart-broken, sin-cursed, iniquitous old world--a world that is bound with the weight of its sins. A world that oft-times hides a broken heart behind a smiling face. The noise and the tumult and the hubbub of the jazz-mad days in which we live are merely an attempt to hide the feelings that lay buried beneath. Were you to travel with me as I go over the country holding services like these and meeting thousands upon thousands of broken-hearted people you would become acquainted as I have become acquainted with the stupendous fact that this world is in need. Need! And what a need! On every hand and side it is evidenced. I can see it in this building tonight. I can look into your faces and by the very expression I see there I can tell you are in need. What a glorious and wonderful privilege it is to stand before you as I stand before you, and, opening the word of God, tell you of a wonderful promise. “My God shall supply *all you need*.” No matter what the need is, He will supply it, brother! No matter what your need is, sister, the Lord Jesus will meet it.

The first word of my text is the word “He.” Look with me down the years that have sped by across the centuries of time to the cross that is raised on Calvary. The place where my Saviour died! If I read my Bible right and if I understand and rightly interpret the Word of God, the Man that hung upon the tree is the Man that died for you. The Scripture says that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin, and I believe the heart of the Gospel story is for us to believe that when He died upon Calvary’s Cross He paid for your iniquities and atoned for all my sins. No Christless morality can save you. No allegiance to ethical codes will bring redemption

to your soul. No subscription to moral laws will open the portals of heaven, — only Jesus, and Jesus only will bring you through the gates. Jesus Christ of Nazareth is your only gateway to heaven and without Him you are lost and with Him you are saved. No matter where you have turned in days gone by, in your search for truth and your quest for knowledge, before the peace that passeth all understanding can enter your heart, *you must see Jesus*. It is not sufficient to know about Him. “Oh, *that I might know Him* and the power of His resurrection.” If you are looking for Him tonight I want to say that He is looking for you. *Hallelujah!* The Son of God walking the dales and traversing the vales of a sin-cursed old world, looking for a poor, wretched undeserving sinner like you; looking for you when you have not been looking for Him! Seeking you when you have never sought Him! Seeking until he finds and brings you back with rejoicing to the doorway of the fold. Oh, brother of mine, have your eyes ever beheld the Crucified One? Has your vision ever been focused upon the Lord on Calvary’s cruel tree? Have you seen Him as they took Him from the cross and put Him in the confines of the grave? Have you not been there in spirit with Mary on the first Easter morning when He rose in triumph from the tomb, and the resurrection glory of Christ filled the air with a fragrance sweeter by far than the perfume of the rose? Search if you will through life psychologies; walk if you wish through life’s philosophies; delve into its sciences and explore its arts, but if ever you are saved *you must see Jesus*. It does not say in the text “it is able” or “they are able” or “they might do,” it says “*He,*” just “*He.*” Jesus Christ the Son of the living God. Bethlehem’s Babe to manhood grown, He *alone is able*.

‘Since mine eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I have forgotten all beside;
So enchained my spirit’s vision,
Gazing at the crucified.”

I remember a church wherein a revival broke out some years ago. Just cold, empty, dead, formal kinds of people were they. Singing in melancholy tone with an abstract pious expression on their poor drawn-out faces. “Hark, from the tombs of doleful sound” and “prone to wonder Lord I feel it.” Poor souls! With no more rejoicing than that! No more power. No more happiness. I went back to that church after the revival fires had burned upon its altars and I saw the people standing on their toes, hands raised in the air. The glory of the Lord shining from their eyes singing:

“Oh it is Jesus, yes, it is Jesus.
Yes it is Jesus in my soul—
For I have touched the hem of His garment,
And His blood has made me whole.”

So friends, wherever you have been looking before, look tonight *to Him*, for *He*, *He*, just *He*—and that brings me to the second word of my text. “*Is.*”

Not a long word is it? Just two letters, but glory be to Jesus! It means a lot to me— So many people worship the great “I was.” So many people tell of the Christ and

of the Jesus of yesterday. We turn over the pages of the dear old book and we read about salvation and the healing of the body and then we sit back with a sigh and say, "The age of miracles is past." He used to do that! He used to save the souls of men! He used to heal the sick, but He doesn't do it any more. Oh, shame on us for our infidelity. Shame on us for our unbelief! Shame on us for our skepticism and our modernism! He used "to be able." Does the text say that? He was once able? Does the word say that? No, let me shout it from the housetops. Let me proclaim it on the streets. Let it be broadcasted in the pulpit of the village chapel and proclaimed from the steps of the great Cathedral. *He is! He is!! He is!!!* The world is not interested in a Christ who used to do things. They are interested in the power of a Christ *who can do things today*. In the day in which we live, in the town in which we abide, in the building where we are, and in the time that is now, *Jesus is*. No wonder the prayer meetings are empty. No wonder the pews are deserted and the altars of the Lord are forsaken when all we can hear in these days is the story of a Christ who lived in the days of the long ago. We read of the Jesus of history and we hear nothing else but the story of the Man of Nazareth. My friend, Jesus Christ of Nazareth is the Christ of the town in which you live. The feet of our Master not only trod the shores of Galilee in the days of long ago but they are walking over the cobblestones of the streets of the city in which you now abide. We find Him in the busy marts of human industry, in the dens of vice, in the halls of infamy and the places of sin! Wherever there is human need, wherever there is the throb of a guilty heart, there *Jesus is*. I am sorry to say not on the inside of the door of that heart but waiting on the outside knocking gently, knocking with nail-pierced hand and saying with a voice, beautiful and tender, appealing and sweet, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." If you, my brother, will to open the door, I will come in and sup with you and you with me.

People say that the age of miracles is passed. Why, bless your heart, miracles are wrought in this building every night. It is a wonderful thing to see the cancer fade away under the touch of the hand of the Lord. It is a marvelous thing to see the lame man walk and to hear the testimony of the deaf, whose ears have been restored. These we call miracles. Miracles of healing; miracles of God's power; miracles of His love, but there is a greater miracle than the ones I have enumerated that you have been beholding every night. The miracle of *real salvation!* The Lion of the tribe of Judah breaks every chain and gives every poor habit bound sinner the victory again and again. Just a few nights ago a dear old mother came to me, tears in her eyes and for a moment or two she was so overcome with emotion she could hardly tell me of the burden that was on her heart. At last she told me the story of a wayward son who would not come to the meetings because of the hardness of his heart. "A fine boy," she said, 'and he loves his mother, but, oh, Dr. Price, he is drinking himself to death. Drunk all the time, mad at himself because of his drink, and angry because of his iniquity. Will you pray for him, Mr. Price,' she pleaded. "Pray that somehow the Lord will bring him to the service and perhaps in the providence of God he will be born

again.” In my office a little group of us prayed. We often do that! As a matter of fact we do it nearly every night. So many cases of a similar type are brought to our attention. That was nearly two weeks ago. I was coming out of a parking station yesterday morning down town when a man stopped me and said, “Mr. Price, I want to shake your hand.” As he grasped my hand and I gave him my customary God bless you, brother, he gazed into my eyes and said, “Yes and may the dear Lord bless you. I came to the altar four nights ago and I gave my heart to Jesus. I have got a testimony I want to give, a testimony of healing. I have been delivered. Not from the bondage of some sickness. I have been delivered from the power of a habit. I have been saved through the Blood of the Lamb. My mother spoke to you, Mr. Price, about my case and I could not stand to see her tears as she begged me to attend the meetings. I came, and the first night was under conviction and then when saw, last Friday night, so many healed by the power of God I could hold out no longer. It seemed to make Jesus real to me, and I said to myself, “If He can heal a woman of her cancer He can take the drink from me. He has done it, sir. The old habit is gone! *I am saved.*”

Yes, friends, Jesus Christ “*IS*” in the day in which we live, and in the hour in which we are. *HE IS*—and this brings me to the third word of my text, “He Is *ABLE*.” I have often wondered what the critics of divine healing base their arguments on. Do they tell us that God cannot heal the sick today? That He does not have the ability and that He does not possess the power? Oh, no, that cannot be. Such a statement as that would be sacrilege. No man can place any limitation upon the power of God! They *cannot* turn to the Bible and tell us that He has not *promised* to heal; for any little ten-year-old school girl can see it, as I show them the pages over and over and over again all through the blessed word of God where healing has been promised. *Salvation* for the soul and *healing* for the body have come down through the ages, as angels of light marching hand in hand into the darkness of the night of sin and suffering to destroy the works of the sinister angels of the pit, *sin* and *sickness*. “Able”? Yes, praise the Lord, *He is able*. All power was given unto Him and I want to state tonight that the only limitation to the power of God is the limitation of your faith. I am going to say something carefully now and I am going to say it after a great deal of consideration and a great deal of thought. There is not a case of sickness in this town that Jesus Christ cannot heal. There is not a habit that He cannot break. There is not a sin that He cannot forgive. There is not a sinner that He cannot save. Why this incredulity? Why this shameful skepticism? Why this awful unbelief? Listen, friends. I want to issue a challenge. I mean it and I mean it with all my heart. I serve notice on your courts! I serve notice on your police judges and your magistrates!! You cannot bring a man to this meeting bound by dope, in the chains and the shackles of drink, or with the octopus tentacles of habit around him, but *what he can be freed!* You let that man come to this altar, and meet Bible conditions, honestly, and in sincerity give his heart and his life and his all unto Jesus, and before he goes out of the door of this building by the grace of God he will be freed from the chains that bound him. Why

quibble about the power of Christ? Why hesitate about the ability of God? Oh brother, what is your problem? *He is able*. What is your perplexity? *He is able*. What is your habit? *He is able*. What is your sickness, sister of mine? *He is able*. I am asking you to come just as you are without any attempt to lift yourselves out of the mud by your own bootstraps. I am asking you to come to this altar and prove for yourself that "*He is able*."

In the Second Epistle to Timothy, the first chapter and the 12th verse, we read "He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Oh glorious thought, blessed be the Name of the Lord, what have I committed unto Him but the salvation of my soul? What have I committed but my hope of immortality and my hope of the resurrection? He is able to *keep that* in spite of the ravages of the devil. Keep it until that glad happy day dawns when I shall see him face to face. Some day Jesus Christ is coming back to this earth again, not an ethereal, intangible, mystical Jesus, but the Christ of flesh and bones that ascended into Heaven. He is coming back in the clouds of glory. The gates of Heaven will open wide and out of them will step the eternal Son of God. He will plant his footsteps on the stars and walking down the corridors of the Milky Way he will appear in the Heavens above us, and our eyes shall see Him. That day is coming just as surely as the dawn of tomorrow. Just as sure as night comes out of day. Just as sure as the rains water the earth, so surely is Jesus coming. Happy day! Glad day! Day of rejoicing! Day of shouting! Day of victory! In that blessed day I don't know what you are going to do, my brother, but I know that when I see Him I am going to give this old world a kick and go up to meet my Lord in the air. I have banked all on Jesus. I am counting on Him! Not on the sermons that I preach. Not on the souls I win and bring to the cross. I am counting on Jesus and praise His Name: "He *is able* to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Have you surrendered your life? Has He yet healed your heart? If not, say, "yes" to Jesus tonight and the Recording Angel will inscribe your name in the Lamb's book of life and God will bury the sins of your past in the sea of His forgetfulness. Before I close I want to remind you also "*He is able* to keep you from falling." What a wonderful promise that is! It means that you don't have to come to the altar every time a revival like this comes to town and you need not enjoy an intermittent experience; saved one day, lost the next. If you have been living that kind of a life go deeper my brother than you have ever gone before! You are not able to keep yourself but "He is able" to keep you and to keep you from falling. Many barriers will bar the way. Many impediments will have to be removed. Many difficulties will have to be overcome. You may hit your toe against the rocks but He will keep you from falling. You may be tempted and you will be tried, but, praise the Lord, He will keep you from falling. The greater your trial the more abundant His grace. The deeper your perplexity the greater His power. The darker the night the brighter the light that will lead you out.

“I know not where His islands lift
Their froned palms in air—
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.”

Hallelujah. *He is able* to save; *He is able* to keep that which I have committed. *He is able* to keep you from falling if you will only put your trust in Him.

Remember Peter walking on the Sea of Galilee; keep your eyes on Jesus and not on the waves. Keep your eyes on the Master and not on your troubles and you will never go down.

Just one more “*able*” in conclusion. You will find it in Ephesians 3-20. “Now unto Him that is *able to do* exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.” That is a wonderful “*able*.” Some of you have been sitting back there and saying in your hearts, “Yes, that is all right, Mr. Preacher, for the fellow next to me, but you don’t know my case. Your sermon fits exactly the man up there in the gallery but it doesn’t fit me at all. My case is a little different. My case is a little hard.”

Well, bless your soul brother, if I believed that I would shut up shop and get back on the Chautauqua platform. I never would be here preaching the Gospel of a Christ who was not able. It is because *I know Him to be able* that I come to this town and preach as I do the glory of the salvation of my Lord. Now think what you would like Him to do? Then think a little more of something else He could do, and let me tell you that the words here in Ephesians say that “*He is able*” to do *more than that!* What more in the world could you ask for? What more could you desire? He is “*able to do*” exceedingly, abundantly above all that you can ask. He is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that you can think. Glory be to Jesus! That is what I call a Saviour. Oh, as I look into your eyes tonight and see the appeal that is expressed there, as I can feel conviction stealing over this audience by the power of the Holy Spirit my heart goes out in sympathy to you. Sister, I am talking to you. What is your difficulty? What is your problem? What is your heartache? “*He is able.*” Oh, brother of mine, I would that I could come down and take you by the hand and talk to you about Jesus and have you tell me of your habits and of your sins and of your needs; I cannot do it; but I do know that “*He is able.*” After all, there is one place that we can find out whether or not this sermon is true, down here at these altars on bended knee. Praying to Him we can make the discovery. Will you not come tonight? Come as we sing a hymn of invitation and kneel at His blessed feet. Come along sister, bring your burdens to the Lord and leave them there. Come along brother, and submit to Jesus, and before you leave this building tonight the bells of Heaven will be ringing and the Angels of Heaven will be singing and you will go out with the music of the celestial world echoing through the corridors of your soul. You will know definitely, know beyond any shade of a doubt that “*He is able.*” Hallelujah!

HE IS ABLE!