

Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory,
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glory, glory, glory. Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory, glory. We thank God that
you have shown liberality in this way.

We didn't desire it. I've never preached for money. I've never made a condition for preaching in my life.

No, not from 1910 when I first began to preach up to 1964. I've never asked anybody for a dime for preaching. And if they said, Brother Carter, will you come and preach? I could say, I'll be right there on the spot.

Yes, that is if they couldn't afford anything, if they were abominably mean, I might give them a message on judgment. But if they had nothing, it would make no difference to my preaching. I do not preach for money.

But I have appreciated the interest that you've shown. You've listened to those who have loved the word. And that has made it easy and delightful for ministry.

And now, just tonight we've, oh, what a grand time we've had. What fine testimonies we've listened to. And then we had the cross preach.

Oh, that contagious laugh of Mrs. Crosby. We just overflow when we hear it. Makes us think of Isaac.

The word Isaac means laughter, of course. And Sarah said that all that heard her laugh would laugh with her. I'm sure that's true of Mrs. Crosby.

So it's very nice to see Brother and Sister Crosby and Brother Austin with us tonight. Oh, these are friends from Bowman, of course. And we just love to see them and meet them on every possible occasion.

Then it was grand to have that messaging song again by the trio. Oh, we're getting, we're charmed by those voices. And how sweetly they minister to the glory of God.

Well, one other thing. We were just delighted that yesterday was Fr.'s anniversary. He didn't tell us what anniversary, but it's anniversary of his marriage.

And he was married in the same month, not the same year, the same month as we were. Married in October. And so we went out and had a delightful time together.

I want to say how much we've appreciated the motel that we're in. It's just been delightful, been so serviceable. My wife's been able to do a little cooking, and oh, we just love to feel such a home.

To be able to cook a little, not too much. Yes, we go out for the meal, main meal. And I have appreciated the liberty that there's been in speaking with other tongues.

Something I haven't found, and I've been in a good many countries and in a good many assemblies. I've preached in over 300 assemblies, over 400 assemblies in the United States, and over 700 assemblies in Britain, not counting the 50 other countries that I've ministered in. And I've never heard the speaking with tongues in such liberty and under such delightful blessing.

It seems to be different here than anywhere else. And so we really praise God for bringing us here to enjoy the fellowship of this church. Now tonight, friends, because time has slipped away, I've changed my

message.

I had a message that would have taken just a little too long for this evening, and you're going to have an old one and a short one, and I hope the blessing of God will be upon it. It comes in the Gospel of Luke in chapter 7. And it's just these words, verse 14. Young man, I say unto thee, arise.

Young man, I say unto thee, arise. It comes in a very sad little incident, a story, ah, there are sad incidents in life. Life, it's a valley, it's a valley of tears for so many.

The trouble and sorrow and pain and sickness and death. And this is a sad story that these words come in. A sad, it's a story, it's the story of death.

The story of a young man's death. The story of a widow who lost her son. It's a sad story.

It's always sad when death comes. Death comes talking in. Death, which has no vows of compassion.

Death, which is cruel in the extreme. Death came to this woman's house, and she lost her son. It will always be sad as sad.

But some of us, but some of us, we're expecting to go. Yes, we're not troubled at all about it. In fact, we're anticipating with considerable joy the day when the chariot will come, and we can go up higher.

But for a young person to die, for one who hasn't tasted life, who hasn't known, who hasn't lived the years that include the allotted span. Some of us have lived more than the allotted span. But for those who have not, ah, it's incredibly sad to see young people take it.

And here was a woman that lost her son. Yes, but sad as that is, it's sadder than that. For here, in the story, it's the story of a woman who lost her only son.

Now that's doubly sad. For there was not another boy in the house. It doesn't tell us that there were any daughters.

It would almost suppose, it would almost suggest that it was the only child she had. And death had come along, because the only boy she had. I say death is cruel and compassionate.

And it's doubly sad, and it's sadder really than that. For it's the story of a widow losing her only son. Death had knocked on her door before.

Death had come along, claimed her companion, took him away, and left her without a husband. But she did have a son. And death came the second time to take away the son.

All three. Sin and death. Death and sin.

This world, this world is immersed in sorrow. It's stricken with grief. There are troubles on every side.

A widow, can you think of anything sadder than this? A widow losing her only son. Yet the story doesn't enlarge upon how he died. He might have died of a sickness.

He might have grown weaker and weaker day by day. And in spite of all the efforts of the mother to save the boy from death, there comes the moment when the light finally dies from the eye. The breathing ceases.

It's not the son that he has in the house, it's the corpse. Or it might have been that the boy went out to business. He might have had a job across the hill on a farm.

Might have been that he went out partying well in the morn, and the mother looks as he climbs the hill and gives his final wave from the hilltop, a silhouette against the skyline. He's going over the hill to his work. And now she settles down to her work and prepares finally the evening meal for his return.

He doesn't come to time. Something is working overtime. I wonder, ah, he talks to a neighbour and talks about possibly the lad working overtime.

But still he doesn't come. And here are the people coming up the street. There's a man coming forward.

What does he want? He's very sad encountering this man. Yes, what is it? Your son. Oh, tell me, is he hurt? Has something happened? It's sadder than that, my dear woman.

It's very sad. Well, tell me, I want to know. What's the truth? Tell me, is he hurt? Oh, he's badly hurt.

In fact, he died on our hands. The horse galloped away as he was knocked down and they're bringing his body up the street. Partying well in the morning, a corpse at night.

It happened again and again and again. This world is a world that can tell millions of sad stories. Life is full of sorrow.

Oh, how glad we are that there are those that are sympathetic, those that come in to console us, that shed a genuine tear. Maybe the doctor came, but there's no medicine that can cure death. The friends came, neighbours, people of the city, and they engaged mourners.

They do that in the East. I've seen the professional mourners. Professional mourners.

We can't understand that. That's strange to us, professional mourners. We have a lot of professional things, a lot of professional people, but we certainly do not want professional mourners.

But they seemingly do in the East. They pain people to weep. And I've seen them.

I've seen them in processions, these pain mourners. I've seen them weeping and howling. You would think they were breaking their hearts.

You really would. And I believe they would if you didn't pay them. But... But professional mourners, we don't understand it.

We don't want it. We say, give us one genuine tear, and that will be better than the pay-off all that we pay for. No, we don't want that.

But this woman had the professional, it was the custom, the professional mourners gathered for the funeral, and the genuine mourners, the people, much people of the city, and some young men to carry the corpse to the grave. And they begin. They leave the house.

It's a tear. It's a slow procession down towards the gate of the city. To go beyond, finally, is their intention.

To put away the mortal remains of the widow's only son in the sepulchre. They're heading down the hill for the gate and for the grave. The procession moves slowly.

All slowly. And every step that that procession takes is a step further from home and nearer to the grave. Ah, let me say that again.

Every step that that procession took was a step further from home and nearer to the grave. Why, that's your life if you're not converted. Young men, young women, middle-aged men, anybody, that's your life.

You're going down. The pathway of sin and death. And every step you take is a step further from home and nearer to the grave.

You're going in the wrong direction. And they come at last, slowly, to the gate of the city. And there's another procession coming in.

Say, another funeral procession? No. As unlike a funeral procession, as a procession could possibly be. The crowd that's coming in are laughing and rejoicing and talking.

Oh, so thrilling. And there's one in the midst of them that has caused them to rejoice by giving their testimony. If we could only hear them.

If we could mingle with this coming crowd that's approaching the gate. If we could listen, one would be saying something like this. I was blinded.

He put his fingers on my eyes and blessed be the name of the Almighty I've been able to see ever since. And another would say, Ah, but listen to him. My testimony, marvellous.

I couldn't walk. I couldn't have been in this procession. I was lame.

And he just spoke the word. And then, look, and he gives a leap into the air and a shout and a praise to God. And the people are all there laughing and that, talking and that, praising.

And another said, Yes, but listen to me. I was a leper. I couldn't go home to my family.

I had to stand on the hillside and cover my mouth and cry unclean, unclean. And nobody would come near me. When they brought me food, I would stand at a distance and they would come halfway and put it down on the ground and walk away.

And then I'd walk and pick it up. They wouldn't come near to me. I was a leper.

But I wanted to tell him something marvellous. Jesus came to me. Nobody else would come but he came.

And do you know what he did? He did what nobody would have dreamed of doing. He touched me. He touched me.

And when he took his hand and went, I had no leprosy at all. Oh, he said, I have a marvellous. And so they were testifying and talking and laughing and rejoicing and coming in to meet the sacrifices.

The people with tears and sorrow. The corpse. The broken hearted widow.

Isn't it strange how light and darkness meet in the earth? How joy and sorrow come together. Strange, isn't it? And they came together at the gate of nature. The centre of this sad procession was a broken hearted widow.

And the centre of that procession was the Lord Jesus Christ himself. And he who was the centre of that gathering came over to this broken hearted widow and he said, woman, weep not. But sir, how can I help but weep? And turning to the stretcher, I can see him pulling aside that machine covering the corpse and looking into his face and saying, young man, but sir, he can't hear you.

He said, be quiet. The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and those that hear shall live. Young man, I say unto thee, arise.

And the dead heard his voice. The eyes opened. The lungs filled with air.

And the young man sat up and began to talk. And what did he say? I wonder what he did say. Did he say, mother, where am I? He would say, my son, you're on the way to the grave.

And you would have done that if it had not been for Jesus. Oh, is this Jesus. Mother, what shall we do now? We should have to turn right about face.

We can't go any further in this direction. We should have to turn right about face. We're going the wrong way.

We're going down to darkness and to death. We should have to go Jesus way. And so the sad procession turned round and went back home.

And the two processions became one. And here was a greater testimony than ever. And when they got home, I'm sure they'd have a meeting.

They'd have a meeting and one would testify to one thing and then the young man would get up and he said, once I was dead but now I live. Glory, glory. Once I was dead.

Is that your testimony tonight, young man? Young woman, have you heard the voice of the Son of God? Those that hear, they live. And they turn, yes. You're going the wrong way.

You're going the way of sin and death. And darkness, you'll be lost. But you can turn, Jesus is here tonight to turn you round about.

Conversion is turning right about first. And Jesus is his young man. He says to you, I bid us pray.

Will every head bow for a moment in the attitude of prayer? And will those who know the Lord pray? I want to see those that have never found Christ as their Saviour raising a hand tonight. Who's taking Christ? Who's heard his voice tonight? Who's saying, I'm going to turn this very night. I'm going Jesus' way.

I've been going the way of sin and death, but from tonight, by the grace of God, I'm going Jesus' way. Here's my hand. Who's the first to say pray for me? Raise your hand now.

This congregation. You know whether you're on the downward way. You know whether darkness and death is before.

Downward. Opposite to Christ. Not Christ's way.

You're going the wrong way, friend. Young man. Young woman.

Middle-aged person. Elderly person. Whoever you are.

If you're not on the Lord's side, take Christ as your Saviour tonight. Who's number one to raise their hand to say pray for me? I'm looking over this congregation. Yes, I see a hand there.

Thank you for number one. Number two. Thank God for number two.

Number three. I'm looking for number three tonight. The Spirit of God is moving over this meeting.

Would that hand, number three, would you put your hand up? Just until I've seen you, and then take it down with, let me count number three tonight. Word number three. Yes.

Jesus is here. The Spirit of God is moving. Yes.

Pray that little song. Put your hand up. Number three.

I want to see another one deciding for Christ tonight. You're going the wrong way if you're not going Jesus' way. Jesus is the resurrection and the life.

You're going the way of sin and death. Who says prayer? Number three. Listen, if you're away from God, if you're not where you used to be, if your spiritual testimony isn't as good as it used to be, you ought to raise your hand too.

How many say pray for me? I want to get right back to God tonight. Here's my hand. Number three.

Let's see a few more hands before we close the meeting. Any more? Any more? Is that all? The heavens are looking down. The angels sing.

And the joy when sorrow and sin has come back to the Lord. Are there any more tonight before we close? Raise your hands. Our Heavenly Father, we pray for these two who had the courage to raise their hands tonight and pray that they should have a deep and full and satisfying experience of salvation.

Oh meet them in thy mercy. Save them by thy grace and grant that some tonight they shall walk the way that Jesus walked. In step with the Master.

Gathered around him with his people. Testifying and rejoicing in the love of God. Testifying of the goodness of God.

We ask this in the name of our Lord. Amen. Shall we all stand? If there is another here tonight and you have a need, as we sing this song, will you come forward? The purpose in coming forward is to get here in a place where we can pray with you, others can pray with you, and help you.

You need Jesus. If you do not know him and the three patterns of your sin, if you have not become acquainted with him, you need Jesus. As you have not been filled with the Spirit, you should be filled.

You need this marvelous experience of receiving the third person of the Godhead into your very body. Jesus Christ came to baptize, he went back to heaven and sent the Holy Ghost and he has been baptizing people ever since that day. He will baptize you tonight.

He will baptize you tonight. As we sing, I wonder how many would come and just meet us here. Let us pray with you and help you to find all that Jesus has for you.

Video: <https://sermonindex2.b-cdn.net/LYgidh5li6l.mp4>
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