

# If Any Man Be in Christ - Part 4 (Cd Quality)

by Leonard Ravenhill

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*Leonard Ravenhill emphasizes the necessity of living a disciplined life that magnifies Christ, preparing the church as His Bride for His return.*

**Duration:** 38:59

**Scripture:** Psalm 33:2, Matthew 6:33, John 3:16, Romans 12:1, 1 Corinthians 9:27, 1 Corinthians 13:3, Ephesians 5:25

**Topics:** "Christ In You"

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## Description

In this sermon, the preacher emphasizes the importance of dedicating our bodies to the Lord. He refers to Psalm 59, which describes the body as an instrument with ten strings, representing our various body parts. The preacher warns against gossip and highlights the negative impact it can have on the church. He also criticizes the mindset of some preachers who prioritize comfort and luxury over self-discipline and sacrifice. The sermon concludes with a reminder that our choices in this life have eternal consequences, and there is no turning back once we pass from time into eternity.

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## Transcript

2 Corinthians, well, I mean, sorry, in Philippians chapter 1, sorry, and verse 20. I'm looking for another thing here at the same time. According to the earnest expectation of my hope, that in nothing I should be ashamed, so now also that Christ may be magnified by, what, my brains? My belief? Christ may be magnified by my body.

What was it Jesus said to his disciples? This is my body which is broken for you. The apostle Paul could turn around and say to his master, this is my body which is broken for you. Oh, and we take care of this little perishing house of clay.

Paul didn't do that, Jesus didn't do that. Paul says that Christ may be magnified by my body, whether by life or by death, for to me to live is Christ. You see, he had that same love that Christ had.

When Christ went in the street, he saw the multitude, he was moved with compassion. Jesus didn't go to bed very often, and when he did, he slept on a hill. Most of us sleep most of our life away, we waste it.

You live 24 hours a day, you work 8, you sleep 8, and you have 8 free. Put that on the basis of 60 years. You sleep 20 years, you work 20 years, what do you do with the other 20? Work that 20 years out into days.

Well, there's 365 days in a year. For 10 years, that's 3,650. Three times that, that's how many? Almost 10,000 days of 24 hours.

Dear Lord, what are we doing with it? Get this very clear, that once we slip past time, whether you go down the broad way to destruction, or whether you go down the narrow way to life eternal, there's no U-turn, it's over. We only live twice, once here and once hereafter. And there's no changing the destiny afterwards.

So Paul says, I want the Christ to be magnified by my body. That's the body that they whipped, that's the body they lashed. Look to the second, it's the first chapter of Corinthians.

No, I'm sorry, first epistle of Corinthians, chapter 9. First Corinthians, chapter 9. Verse 27, that I keep my body under, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I preach to others I myself should be a castaway. What's he talking about? I keep my body under. He doesn't mean under the bedclothes, he doesn't mean under the table.

I have my bodies in control. What's he talking about? He's talking about running a race. Look what he says in verse 24.

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth a prize. One receiveth a prize. He's talking about the Olympic Games.

They will begin about 736 B.C. And Paul is somewhere around maybe 76. I know Domini isn't he somewhere around there, 60. So for 700 years they knew what the Olympic Games were about.

No slave could run in the Olympic Games. No debtor could run in the Olympic Games. No ordinary man could run in the Olympic Games.

He must be a man with some social standing. No man can run the race of Christ, he's to be born again. And Peter isn't waiting inside the gate with a washtub full of crowns saying, What would you like? Aluminum one or a gold one or diamonds or rubies? Forget it.

He says you're running the race. What do you do? You discipline yourself. Dear God, and I've read the reports of some of these Olympic, these kids only want to live for an Olympic medal.

Oh, if I could get an Olympic medal I'd be glad to retire from all sports. I'd frame it, I'd exhibit it, I'd do this. I'd insure it.

I'd see it goes down to my son and as he passes it to his son for an Olympic medal. But Paul says they do it for a corruptible crown. They went up there with the plaudits and Caesar on his throne.

They took some leaves and put them on the head of the man three days after they were dead. He says listen, so run that you may obtain. I expect to see the dying thief in heaven because Jesus said to be there.

I don't expect to get the same reward as John Wesley. Wesley was converted at 35. He belonged to the most noble family outside of the royal family in England.

He was a genius. He read his Hebrew, he read his Greek, he read his Bible in French and Spanish. On riding on a horseback at night he was studying.

One of the most remarkable men in history. At 35 he was saved. Turned 35 around, he was 53.

Add them together, 88 when he died. What did he leave behind? Six English pound notes worth five dollars each. A handful of books.

The Geneva gown he preached in. And six silver spoons that the IRS actually were after him for them. So he left six silver spoons, six pound notes, a handful of books, a Geneva gown, and what else for 53 years? Oh, let me see, it's something.

Oh I know, the Methodist church. I knew there was something. He could have ridden in a carriage around the country protected, didn't he? He rode horseback.

Apart from Bishop Asbury, the great, what was he, Methodist in America, he rode 20,000 miles more than John Wesley, I believe. And I have a friend, he comes to pray with me once a week. He's a Quaker, Dale Brown.

His grandfather Perry was a circuit rider for the Quakers. And in those days there were no bridges. Over a hundred years ago, no bridges.

They had to go through rivers with water up to the saddle of the horses. They were wet through. He said, often you get to the other side of the river and find a preacher with an arrow through his back.

The Indians had shot him. Or you'll find him in a state of sickness because he'd gone through a river and in the night, in the cold, he got pneumonia. And every inch of the way, they fought their way.

Privation is hardship. Dear God, so that our preachers now say, well, send me a return ticket. Put me in the best hotel.

So you have all the creature comforts. We're a sick crowd. That Christ may be magnified.

I keep my body under and bring it into subjection, unless by any means I might become disqualified. Not even worthy to run in the race, never mind the prize. You see, when they run in the race, there are all signs, distractions.

There'll be a bend in the road. And there behind the bend, there were some charming women. And they'd have a golden ball.

And as the runner came past, they'd throw a ball in front of him. And he'd struggle to get it. And as he grasped for the money, as he grasped for the golden ball, it'd fall over.

There were people who shouted to cheer them. A cheering section and a jeering section. And Paul says, I expect it in this world in which I live.

But I want to tell you something. This body of mine is completely given to the Lord. I was looking at that psalm earlier today.

Was it a psalm? I don't know where it is now. I think it's verse 59. Where the psalmist says that my body is an instrument of ten strings.

Well, what are the ten strings? I'll suggest two feet, two hands, two eyes, two ears, one heart and one tongue. Ten strings. Isn't it wonderful how the Lord made us? I hate to hear people sing, oh for a thousand

tongues.

Sister, if you gossip 999 times more than you do now, it'd be hell living at your house. The churches are bad enough now with all the trouble they have. 999 times more gossip, would you like that AI? That's a thing now.

So here's my hand. Here's my arm. No, that's my arm, it's got five extensions.

Suppose if my tongue had five points on it. Full of bitterness and wrath and anger. Isn't there a psalm that says, Suffer not thy mouth to call thy flesh to sin? Doesn't David say in the 51st psalm? When he says, Lord, open thou my lips.

Was he dumb? No, but he wouldn't be a hypocrite. He wouldn't testify he was the Lord. He'd quit writing psalms.

I've committed murder. I've committed adultery with a woman. It didn't stop some men.

It stopped David. I can't be a hypocrite. Open thou my lips and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

I've got three agencies. My mouth, my lips and my tongue. A thousand tongues.

Dear God. I thought of this commitment that Paul has here. There's an old hymn they sing at Catholic conventions in England.

They sing it very often. All to Jesus. All for Jesus.

No. Not all to Jesus I surrender. All for Jesus.

All for Jesus. All my beings, wants and powers. All my thoughts and words and doings.

All my days and all my hours. Let my hands perform his bidding. Let my feet run in his ways.

Let my eyes see Jesus only. Let my lips speak forth his praise. Oh, what wonder.

Oh, then he says. Oh, Paul would have loved this. It's the very essence of what Paul is talking about.

This woman in a hymn, Miss James says. Since my eyes were fixed. Not looked on him.

Fixed on Jesus. I've lost sight of all besides. So I'm chained to my spirit's vision.

Gazing on the crucified. Oh, what wonder. How amazing.

Jesus, glorious King of kings. Deigns to call me his beloved. Let me rest beneath his wings.

All for Jesus. All for Jesus. He's got the other side of things.

Worldlings. Prized their gems of beauty. Cling to gilded toys of dust.

Bolst of wealth and fame and pleasure. Only Jesus will I trust. You can't have both.

You say goodbye to the world with all its values. Forget its intrinsic values. All its other values.

There's a gulf bigger than the gulf between heaven and hell. Between the world and the Christians. If we can live where God wants us to live.

But do that, you'll be scorned in the church. Oh, he's a holy joe. He thinks he's better than somebody else.

You know, everybody today should be talking about their image. Oh, you've got a, you know, you've such a long image of yourself. Brother Bracey, I don't have a good mind.

Can you remember a scripture where Jesus would rebuke somebody for being humble? Your image of yourself isn't good enough, isn't it? That's what the devil's done. He got kicked out of heaven. The only image you need is the image of Christ.

Good old Wesley rescues me again. Hark, the herald angels sing glory to the newborn king. What's he saying? Mighty ladies, glory be.

Born, the man may, more may die. Born to raise the sons of earth. Born to give them second birth.

Adam's likeness now effaced. Stamp thine image in its place. And that's exactly what he comes to do.

You see, but Paul says, since my eyes caught sight of Jesus, I've lost sight of all besides. He becomes offensive. He says, everything that you classify, you want to get it.

I count it done. Can you think of anything more repulsive? Somebody told me there had been a manger seen in their church for Christmas. That's an abomination, I think.

Well, have a proper one. Go down the road and get some horse dung and stick it there. Not some fresh stuff the old horse dropped.

Go to the stable where it's reeking with urine and put it round there. Get a real Christmas scene. And you'll see the wise men there.

They never were in there at all. Only the shepherds went. The wise men went two years after seeing the young child.

They didn't go to see a babe. But he was born in a manger, laid in a stable, in a manger. I've lost sight of all besides.

So I exchange my spirit's vision, gazing on the crucified. I think that's a wonderful thing. I'm going to say that one.

1 Corinthians 9. What chapter was it? Do you remember? Yes, 1 Corinthians 9. Oh yes, thank you, I see it here now. I've got it marked in, it's another one. Yeah, 1 Corinthians 9. I keep my body under and bring it into subjection.

It by any means, when I preach to others... You know, there's a slogan goes around now. A mind is an awful thing to waste. It is.

But I'll tell you what, a life is an awful thing to waste too. You see, what God is doing in your life now... I made my mind up about this a long while ago. Two things.

Never get worried about your reputation. Reputation is what men think you are. Character is what God knows you are.

You can't assassinate my character. God keeps my character. Reputation is what men think I am.

Does it matter? I'm not going to live recklessly because I believe that. But listen, I've got one life. I hardly call it that anymore.

30 years ago, it used to be called it every time we went to church. At least when I was a kid it did. That's more than 30 years ago.

What was it? Only one life, it will soon be passed. Only what's done for God will last. And there they stopped.

That's not what the poet wrote. What the poet wrote was this. Only one life, it will soon be passed.

Only what's done for God will last. And when I am dying, how glad I shall be... if the lamp of my life has been burned out for thee. We only live twice.

Not twice here, but here and hereafter. Well, I'm going to hang on to that thing that's burned in me... this last two or three days. Again.

Having loved his own, he loved them to the end. Despite all the irritations and everything else... he loved them right to the end. And what thou doest now, what I do now... Peter, you don't understand.

You'll understand it hereafter. He sure will. When everything's changed.

When this corruption puts on incorruption. When we go into His eternal presence. Dear Lord, I hope I can be one.

Maybe I'll die and get up there. I had an old friend. He said, people say, Oh, I want to be on earth when the Lord comes.

I don't. I want to die, sure. Because the dead in Christ will rise first.

Somebody said, that's all Baptist. I don't believe that. The dead in Christ shall rise first.

And we shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. Forever and ever. We don't get excited like we used to in the old Pentecostal meeting.

Dear Lord, you'd hardly go to church... three times in a row without the march round the church. Picked up the Bibles and marched all round. The Nazarenes.

In England they call the Nazarenes the noisy reams. There were twice as noisy as the Pentecostals. But the Pentecostals have lost their glory and the Nazarenes have.

As far as I'm concerned. But oh, I'll tell you when he walks in the next. It's all the difference in the world.

And the Spirit again and the Bride say come. A famous evangelist came to see me. He'd been in big meetings round the world.

I said, have you been in a meeting? Where instead of singing you all raise your hand and say, Come Lord Jesus, come Lord. I'd never heard that. Well the Spirit and the Bride says come.

There's only one thing keeping Jesus from coming into this world. It's not communism or humanism or Romanism. It's a dirty Bride.

She's not prepared herself. I preached to about 2,000 preachers about 3 years ago. And at the end I said, look, with all your labours, all you've done, your big churches, your blissful family.

How many of you tonight would like to say, Come Lord Jesus, I want to bring my church to you. My church is walking in holiness, walking in purity, walking in all the revealed will of God. Lord, we're your Bride, come.

They started crying by hundreds. I'd never thought of that. I said, that's your business.

To prepare the Bride. What the world says about the church doesn't trouble me too much. Though men shouldn't do the silly things they've done and get the scorn of the world.

But when Jesus says his church, for which he died, is poor, wretched, naked, blind and miserable. I'm terrified. I'm terrified.

Let me put it this way to finish. The young princes in England, they usually want to get married in Westminster Abbey. They get married in a naval uniform.

It has six gold buttons, big gold epaulets on the shoulders, they have a sword with a gold handle. And there are 3,000 of the so-called choice people in the world, kings and rulers and scientists. 3,000 people pack into Westminster Abbey, plus chairs down the aisle.

And the guy's up there in the organ loft, and he says, when do I begin piping? You know, here comes the Bride, here comes the Bride. Oh, when you hear a fanfare of trumpets at the door, there are six men with trumpets, and immediately begin to play, you start, here comes the Bride. So the trumpets blast.

The man starts thumping, here comes the Bride. And as he does, a woman comes screaming through Westminster Abbey, stark naked, blind. She crashes into a pew.

Her leg gets all bloody, she rubs it, then rubs it on herself. And a soldier comes and says, Hey, come over here, I'm the Bride. What? You dirty... something he calls a bad name.

You dirty thing, you're bleeding, you're blind, you stink. I'm the Bride. Can you imagine a royal prince taking a bride like that? Can you imagine Jesus coming to a church tonight that's full of worldliness? Oh, at the side of the church now, they've got a building, they call it, what do they call it, the church hall? Family gathering, forget it, it's an entertainment centre.

Did Jesus come out of church as worldly as this? With all its impurity, with all its carnality, with all its bitterness? A fellow called me not long ago, he said, Brother Raymond, I'm going to cancel my church. I'm tired of going to a church, and it's a Pentecostal church. I'm tired of refereeing fights between the deacons and the Sunday school staff as to what colour the carpet should be.

And some other things, trivia. He said, I'm so annoyed with it. The Bride hath made herself ready.

I want to be part of that Bride. I don't just want to go to heaven, that's wonderful. I just don't want to sit down with Abraham and Isaac, that would be wonderful.

I want to be part of the Bride. I want everybody to bow, as the Bride comes. The King of Kings he is, and he's the Lord of Lords.

And he's the Bridegroom of Bridegrooms, he wants the Bride of Brides. Read about her in the, what gives the best description? Psalm 45, the one thing. The King's daughter is all glorious within.

Then you can read the, I can't think of the name of it now. Song of Solomon. You see the majesty and the glory.

Dear God, we have such crazy ideas. The newspapers this morning were all full of that. An opera last night in New York.

Pavarotti sang and some others. And people have waited hours, in the cold, in the shivering, to get into a building, for what? For three hours. Any preacher in this area preached for three hours, they'd fire him.

They can listen to an opera for three hours. They can sit out in the snow, they did last Sunday, I understand, for three hours. And the snow falling on people watching a football match.

But God isn't attractive enough. Jesus isn't glorious enough. We haven't the patience, we haven't the time, we haven't the love.

That's the thing that's missing, we haven't the love. Dear God, usually a fellow in love wants to see the one he loves and talk with her. And I want to talk with him and walk with him.

I don't know all that's happening in my life, why it's happening, and I don't have to. I know this, that he's in control. What thou do, what I do, thou knowest not.

I'm hanging on to that, from here to the end of the trip. I may run into some situations, beyond comprehension. Nobody on earth can advise me, but I know this, my time's in his hands.

He doesn't have to, he owes me no explanations. All he asks me is obedience. This body, I keep under my body, do you? Is it under control? All your appetites, your eating, your sleeping.

That body will demand more sleep than it needs, more food than it needs. But everybody that's in a race has to be disciplined. And we're in the greatest race ever.

Discipline your time. I don't like to refuse to let people see me, because I think I'm kind of stuck up. But I'm not going to offend God.

If God's told me to be quiet, I'll offend anybody. You have to get everything under control, in the hand of God. Dear Lord, I think of these amazing men.

What was that little American doing, I'm finishing in two or three minutes. What was that little American doing, when he lay on his bed, weighing about 95 pounds? And Jonathan Edwards went and said to his daughter, Jess Uren, Darling, don't go in for him, he's a wonderful, he's the saintliest man on earth. But don't go to him, he's got an advanced case of tuberculosis.

And if you catch his breath, you'll get it. But Daddy, I love him. And she went and nursed David Brayman.

What happened? Three weeks after, she died and was buried at the side of him. He couldn't say, I give my body. The greatest student that ever came to America, according to Life Magazine and Newsweek, was a Chinaman by the name of John Sung.

He came here and in three and a half years, he learned English, he learned German and did his PhD in German, I believe. Yeah, he learned three languages. And got his PhD in three weeks, in three years.

Well, I used him one day in a meeting, I said, John Sung came, and then one night, God spoke to him, and he jumped up in his pajamas and ran down through Union Theological Seminary in New York, shouting and leaping and praising God he'd been saved. The next day they put him in an institution. Insane.

While he was there, God spoke to him, I can get you out of here, but if you stay, I'll teach you how to analyze. And he stayed in for, I think, a year and a half. He learned how to analyze the chapter three different ways.

Then he went back to China. And I said, at the end of his life, he went back to marry a girl he'd never seen, according to custom. She became a beautiful Christian.

They had a number of children. He went on crusades. He came back from one crusade totally exhausted.

He was in an advanced stage of tuberculosis. He would kneel down and make an altar call. And I use the illustration that when he was lying on the bed, coming home at night, he never got a suit like the others.

He wanted a western suit. He wore little 50 cent shirts tied on the corner. And he would lay on the bed at night, and his body would be heaving.

His shirt stuck to his back. And the lady who took him some milk before he went to bed said, Every time I saw him on the bed like that, I thought of that word of Jesus. This is my body which is broken for you.

He told his wife when he went back to China and got married, I'm going to live so many years, and that's the end. And that's what he did. And yet they tell me now the church is strongest in China where Watchman Lee preached and where John Song preached.

So what's the good of taking David Brennan's life? I'll tell you. There's a man called Charles Simeon that lived in the days of Wesley. The revival of Wesley touched Oxford University.

It never touched Cambridge University. Why? They'd had revival. Charles Simeon preached in that great cathedral till the deacons took the pews and threw them outside and nailed the door up.

He still went on preaching. And one of the young men that listened to him was a man called Henry Martin, senior scholar in the university. Gathered up more prizes than anybody at 21 years of age.

And he heard the call, Here is this great preacher, scorned, ridiculed. And he poured his life into a handful of young preachers, one of whom was Henry Martin, a genius. He went to India.

And in India he translated the New Testament, the whole New Testament, I think out of the original Greek, either that or the King James Version. And he translated into Hindustani. And then when he'd done that, he went to Cairo.

And he took the same scripture and translated it into a more difficult language than Greek, Arabic. All together in less than seven years. And he was wracked with pain.

God could say to him, What I do, thou knowest not. But every missionary that's in India tonight is a deficit of that young man. And so God goes doing his work.

We don't want to see what God's doing. Just obey him, that's all he asks. Trust and obey.

My final word. Paul says, That Christ may be magnified by my body. What's my body do? It contains me.

It contains my emotion, my will, my brain. All is packed in this little thing called my body. Well, Jesus gave his body.

Paul says, He says that Christ may be magnified by my body. So listen, he has every right to say this. He says, You present your body, a living sacrifice.

Take your hands off it. Let the Holy Ghost direct you. That's one of our starting verses.

He spent eleven chapters in Romans describing doctrine. Now he says it's duty. Present your body.

What are you going to do with it? You don't have it long? What are you doing with your brain? Stuffing it with TV junk? What's under control? Is your will under control? Dear God, what could Paul have done? I don't know. In a natural world, I believe Henry Martin could have been the Prime Minister of England and he'd taken up politics. He could have been the Archbishop of Canterbury if he'd followed through as a scholar in the Church of England.

And he laid in dust life's glory dead. That's love. Love ever stands with open hands and while it lives it gives.

For this is love's prerogative to give and give and give. Alright. God so loved the world he gave his only begotten Son.

Christ loved the Church and gave himself. And if you love you'll give yourself, he says. That's what John says.

And remember again, it's this fiery, hellfire preaching of the Apostle Paul that wrote 1 Corinthians 13. I'll tell you how to read it. The authorised version says charity, selfless love.

Charity, give away your selfless cash. Give away, forget charity. Take it out and put love there.

Love suffers long in this kind. Love envious not. Okay.

Change it. Put Christ there. Christ suffers long in his kind.

Christ envious not. Christ blunders not himself. Christ is never rude.

Christ is never resentful. Now you've thrown out charity, you put in love. Then you put out, took out love and put in Christ.

Now put Christ out and you put yourself in. I suffer long I'm kind. I envy not.

I don't want myself. I'm not puffed up. I'm never rude.

I'm never arrogant. I believe all things. I hope all things.

People tread me in the dust. So what? They did that with Jesus. You say you want to be like Jesus.

Hold your breath. All hell will break loose on you. And then you say, I don't know and nobody else knows.

Thou knowest not what I'm doing. But everything God does in your life is for eternity. Dear Lord, when he opens the books, what it's going to be? Can we have a hymn book, dear brother? I think the hymn is in there.

Face to face with Christ. I don't think so. Is there something like that we could sing? Can we sing it now? We can try.

Do they have books? No, they don't have. I don't know. They might know enough words.

Yeah, we'll try it. You try it. All right.

Face to face with Christ, my Savior. Face to face what may be. When was rapture I behold him? Jesus Christ.

He died to me. He didn't know. He couldn't do it.

Okay. Let's try it. Christ my Savior.

Face to face what shall it be. When with rapture I behold him. Jesus Christ who died for me.

Face to face I shall behold him. Far beyond the starry sky. Face to face in all his glory.

I shall see him by and by. The face of this whole knowledge. Face to face to see and know.

Face to face with my Redeemer. Jesus Christ who loved me so. Face to face I shall behold him.

Far beyond the starry sky. Face to face in all his glory. I shall see him by and by.

Thank you. I know this was given by the Holy Spirit. Tonight, there's nothing more I can add to it.

And there's nothing that I can manipulate out of you or myself. That's going to bring forth anything that's eternal. So I just ask you with me.

To take this. Go with it. If it's not down here, it'll dissipate.

Whether we come to an altar or don't come to an altar. Sometimes I think our coming to an altar is just a way to ease our conscience. Not deal with the real issues.

So, I'm so glad that you were here. And that I was here. To hear this word from the Lord.

This is a vital perspective. That we so easily drift away from. And I praise God for the, what can I say, the compliment.

He's complimented us to hear this. And we are enriched. And I believe that it'll make a difference.

I believe there are young men and young women here tonight. Not just young either. Whose lives will never be the same.

Because the Lord allowed us to hear the word of the Lord. From a vessel that lives uncompromisingly. Hallelujah.

I don't mean to flatter Brother Ravenhill. He wouldn't stand for it. But I feel a privilege to have been able to hear this man deliver the word of God.

Hallelujah. Brother Ravenhill, Sister Ravenhill, thank you for coming. We appreciate it and we'll never forget it.

Praise the living God. Hallelujah. Hallelujah.

Brother Ravenhill, would you come and dismiss us in prayer, please, sir? Father, I pray you'll burn it on my heart. On all our hearts tonight. Particularly younger people.

We know, Lord, they can die tonight like any of us. But Lord, burn on our hearts that we're debtors to the whole world. Like this man an apostle had.

He'd been so marvelously lifted from sin. You purged him, purified him, empowered him. And he lives today.

He's spoken, as it were, in our midst tonight through the word that you gave through him. Lord, I pray you'll consume us as he was consumed. This one thing I do.

That, Lord, in everything you'll have the priority and have the preeminence. That, Lord, in a world that's forgotten, in a church that seems so indifferent, let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us. Bless this church, this pastor, and all these other dear folk here tonight in Jesus' name.

Amen. Thank you.

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