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Holiness Writers

BEHOLD THE MAN

By

Forman Lincicome

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World

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A Lot in Sodom
What is Your Life?
The Three D's of the Sanctified

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DEDICATION

To
all who love the Lord and
who are trying to win the world
to Him
this booklet is lovingly
inscribed.

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FOREWORD

When Evangelist Lincicome preached his great sermon, "Behold the Man," in the Toronto Gospel Tabernacle, so large was the audience that hundreds were compelled to stand and scores were turned away.

The entire service was broadcast to multiplied thousands, and so deeply was it appreciated that a demand arose for its publication. Seldom have we sat under such a fire of eloquence, or such a presentation of divine, soul-stirring truth. Every statement was pregnant with meaning.

"Behold the Man" is a vivid picture of the Christ, a portrayal of His life from Advent to Advent. It is doubtful if language could be used with more telling effect. The descriptive powers of Evangelist Lincicome are amazing. No one can read his graphic portrayal of the sufferings of Christ and remain unmoved.

We bespeak for this booklet a wide circulation and a fruitful ministry, and we pray God's richest blessing on its author.

Oswald J. Smith
Toronto Gospel Tabernacle

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BEHOLD THE MAN

More than nineteen hundred years ago there was a Man born contrary to the laws of life. This Man lived in poverty and was reared in obscurity. He did not travel extensively. Only once did He cross the boundary of the country in which He lived; that was during His exile in childhood. His life's work was confined to a little place much less in size than the State in which I live.

He possessed neither name, wealth nor influence. His relatives were inconspicuous, unimportant, and had neither training nor education.

In infancy He startled a king; in childhood He puzzled the doctors; in manhood He ruled the course of nature, walked upon billows as if pavements, and hushed the sea to sleep.

He healed the multitudes without medicine and made no charge for His service. He never wrote a book, and yet all the libraries of the country could not hold the books that have been written about Him.

He never wrote a song, and yet He has furnished the theme for more songs than all the song-writers combined.

He never founded a college, but all the schools put together cannot boast of having as many students.

He never practiced medicine, and yet He has healed more broken hearts than all the doctors far and near.

He never marshaled an army, nor drafted a soldier, nor fired a gun, and yet no leader ever had more volunteers who have, under His orders, made more rebels stack arms and surrender without a shot being fired.

He is the Star of astronomy, the Rock of geology, the Lion and Lamb of the zoological kingdom.

He is the Revealer of the snares that lurk in the darkness; the Rebuker of every evil thing that prowls by night; the Quickener of all that is wholesome; the Adorner of all that is beautiful; the Reconciler of all that is contradictory; the Harmonizer of all discords; the Healer of all diseases, and the Savior of all mankind.

He fills the pages of theology and hymnology. Every prayer that goes up to God goes up in His name and is asked to be granted for His sake.

Every seventh day the wheels of commerce cease their turning and multitudes wend their way to worshipping assemblies to pay homage and respect to Him.

The names of the past proud statesmen of Greece and Rome have come and gone. The names of the past scientists, philosophers and theologians have come and gone; but the name of this Man abounds more and more. Though time has spread nineteen hundred years between the people of this generation and the scene of His crucifixion, yet He still lives. Herod could not kill Him, Satan could not seduce Him, death could not destroy Him, and the grave could not hold Him.

He stands forth upon the highest pinnacle of heavenly glory, proclaimed of God, acknowledged by angels, adored by saints, and feared by devils, as the living, personal Christ.

This Man, as you know, was Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior.

In speaking of Him, I wish to take for my text the fifth verse of the nineteenth chapter of John's Gospel: "Behold the Man!"

I will have you to first, Behold His Condescension; second, Behold His Purpose or Objective; third, Behold His Death and Suffering; fourth, Behold His Resurrection; fifth, Behold His Ascension, and sixth, Behold His Coming Again.

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HIS CONDESCENSION

First, Behold His Condescension. It was one great leap from the throne of God to a manger in a stable; from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation; from the bosom of God to the breast of a woman; from prominence to obscurity; from infinite riches to abject poverty; from a son to a servant. For He "Made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men."

He put on humanity that we might put on divinity. He became the Son of man that we might become the sons of God.

To get a proper appreciation of His condescension, we must look at Him in His pristine condition — Heaven. Heaven — with its sun-kissed hills, jeweled walls, harps of gold, ravishing songs of angels, and deathless atmosphere. Heaven — where decay never gnaws at fadeless beauty, where Time never writes a wrinkle, and where death never digs a grave. Heaven — where a frost has never chilled the air, where the winds never blow, where rivers never freeze over, and where the flowers never fade. Heaven — where the walls are made of jasper, gates set with pearls, and the streets paved with gold. Heaven — where they never telephone for the doctor, for no one ever gets sick; where they never call for the undertaker, for no one ever dies. There hasn't been witnessed a death in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of that great city.

A crepe has never been seen fluttering from the door knob; the hearse has never been seen heading the sad journey to the graveyard, for there are no graveyards on the hillsides of Glory. Heaven — where the brightest of intelligences cannot define sickness, sorrow and death, for such words are not in Heaven's vocabulary.

Listen! Profound silence in Heaven for the space of one-half hour. What is it all about? It is the Trinity in conference over the salvation of the lost. Look at Jesus as He steps forth and voluntarily says, "I will go."

See Him start for the outer gate and look over the battlements of Heaven on a sin-captured, devil-enslaved world. See Him turn and take one good long look at His heavenly home. Hear Him say, "Good-by thrones, good-by temples, good-by angels," and then leap out of a bright and starry Heaven into a dark and gloomy world.

How must the angels have felt when told that He who threw into space racing planets, whirling worlds and luminous suns; that He who created a world with its wonders of animalisms, beauty of flowers, majesty of rippling rills, glassy seas and lofty mountains; that He who placed the twinkle in the stars, the sparkle in the planets, and the blaze in the sun, was going to lay aside His purple robe for a peasant's gown; that the Infinite was going to become an infant, and that He upon whose shoulders the universe hangs was to become so helpless as to hang at a woman's breast.

Condescension! He was rich, but for our sakes became poor. How poor? Ask Mary, His mother. Ask the camel drivers. Ask the wise men who traveled from the far East to present to Him their gifts.

Examine the records of real estate and see how many farms and city blocks He owned. He did not own the boat in which He cruised the lake; nor the beast upon which He rode; nor the cradle in which He slept; nor the grave in which He was buried.

He cruised the lake in another man's boat. He rode on another man's beast. He slept in another man's cradle, and was buried in another man's mausoleum.

He rode on no fast limited trains. He ever walked over the rough hills of Judea on errands of mercy.

He was poor, for on one occasion He saw the birds flying and the foxes running and He said: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." If He had a purse it was always empty, for once He needed only a small amount to pay His taxes and had to perform a miracle to get it. He was poor in the estimation of the more prosperous classes of His day. I can only think of two well-to-do people who espoused His cause while He lived.

When He died a few people mourned, but a black crepe was hung over the sun.

When He died the world rushed in to take an inventory of His stock and all they found in His possession were the clothes He wore by day and slept in by night. He came to His own, but His own received Him not. Every door was closed against Him but a stable door.

Behold Him, the first night out of Heaven, lying on a bed of straw.

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HIS PURPOSE OR OBJECTIVE

Second, Behold His Purpose or Objective. He had a purpose and it was a stupendous one. It was purposed in the mind of God before the foundation of the world.

Before the mudsills of the earth were laid; before He had stretched out the heavens like a scroll, or scooped out the valleys, or piled up the mountains, or carpeted the earth with verdant green, or laced it with running brooks and flowing rivers; before He had set the furnace of the sun on fire, or called the queen of night into her orbit, or set the stars to dancing in the heavens, or the sons of God to shouting for joy — Redemption was accomplished.

The method Christ used in accomplishing His purpose was a novel one. He did not employ the printing press to create public sentiment in His favor. He did not organize a new political party to lift Him by its vote into prominence. He did not amass a strong army and hurl it against a weaker one. In accomplishing His purpose He did not rely on force as did Napoleon, Caesar, Cromwell and Alexander. In accomplishing His purpose He did not rely on organization, civilization, cultivation, education, reformation, nor any other "ation." He relied upon one intangible thing, namely, "Truth."

In coming to this world He had but one objective. He did not come to save us from sorrow, for He was a Man of sorrow and acquainted with grief. He did not come to save us from temptation, for He was tempted in all points like as we.

He did not come to preach, nor teach, nor to heal. He did not come to work at the cause in the realm of effect; nor to whitewash us, but to wash us white; nor to repair, but to replace. Repaired goods are secondhand goods and Christ is not in the secondhand business. He did not come to put a new patch on an old garment, for Christianity is a sworn foe to patch-work. Nor did He come to deal with our wrong-doing, but rather to deal with our wrong-being.

He came to deal with that thing that blights homes, that breaks hearts and digs graves. He came to deal with that thing that insulted God, that killed the prophets, that robbed Heaven and made hell the high capital of the universe.

He came to transform us from the sensual to the spiritual by extracting the hereditary proneness to evil. His purpose in coming is set forth in the following Scriptures: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

When He started His work wrong was universal. Neros were standing on the necks of prostrate nations. Liberty had fled from the earth. Justice had fallen in the streets, and slavery was almost universal. And to make His task all the greater, all the depravity He saw lying on the surface was inborn in the hearts of the people.

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HIS DEATH AND SUFFERING

Third. Behold His Death and Suffering. It was an early death, a willing death, a voluntary death, a victorious death. Let us follow Him as He wends His way to the Garden of Gethsemane with the sins of the whole world pulling on His heart and brain. Watch Him fall on His knees and pray: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

"And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

And when He arose from prayer and was speaking to His disciples, behold, a multitude, and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them, and drew near unto Jesus to kiss Him. Then took they Him and led Him, and brought Him into the high priest's house, and from thence to Pilate; and after an examination Pilate found no fault in Him, so he chastised Him and let Him go.

Look at Jesus as He leaves Pilate's hall carrying on His back the heavy cross upon which He is to be hung. See the stained gown, badly torn, hanging from His shoulders. See His bare feet leaving splotches of blood on the stones of the streets. Look at His long hair tangled in the dry clots of blood that stand out upon His neck. See that cruel crown of thorns that was pushed upon His brow before He left Pilate's hall. Watch Him as He staggers and falls to the ground beneath the heavy cross, made a thousand times heavier because my sins and your sins were piled on top of that cross. See another come to His side and say, "I cannot die for Thee, but I can bear Thy cross." Watch Jesus as He climbs to His feet and heads that long procession to Calvary, a thief on either side, with a band of soldiers surrounding them to keep the mob from doing violence to Him. Look, and right back of Jesus you will see the Sanhedrin, the law-making body. And back of these countless thousands of scribes, the writers and editors of the day. Then back of these are the priests. And following close on behind are the Jewish rabbis. Look, and you will see a larger crowd still following back of these. Look at the multitude of Pharisees. Following close to these are the Sadducees, and then the servants, then the gate keepers and fruit dealers, until now there is a multitude on their way to Calvary to witness the death of my Lord.

All at once the procession stops. They have reached the Place of Crucifixion, a high and elevated spot where no vegetation will grow.

See that band of soldiers, who have walked all the way by His side to protect Him, form a circle with my Savior in the center. I hear some one say, "Hurry with the crosses," and three crosses are rushed to the scene and put down side by side. I hear some one say, "Let the blasphemer die first," and immediately cruel men rush at Him and strip Him of every vesture of clothing. There He stands with His bleeding back, caused by the whipping He received before He left Pilate's hall.

Watch, and you will see Jesus walking to the cross and placing Himself upon it of His own accord. A wicked man appears on the scene with a sledge and a spike, and with one blow he nails His right hand to the cross. Here comes another, and with one blow he fastens the other hand to the cross.

Those hands that tossed racing planets, whirling worlds and luminous suns into space; those hands that set the stars in their position; those hands that lifted little children into His arms and were laid in blessing upon their heads; those hands that touched the deaf ears and made them hear, that touched the blinded eyes and made them see, that touched the sick bodies and made them well.

Those hands that never struck a blow; those hands that brushed away the tears from weeping eyes; hands that held the hearts of many and kept them from breaking; hands that steadied the feet and kept them from falling.

Look, and you will see another man coming to nail His feet to the cross, and with one blow he fastens those feet to the cross; those feet that were always carrying Him over the rough hills of Judea on errands of mercy; those feet that carried Him on one occasion twenty-five miles to heal a widow's only son; those feet that took Him to the homes that had been bereft of loved ones to shed a sympathizing tear.

See those strong men get under that cross and lift it to the perpendicular; watch them carry it to a hole and, with a thud, it drops into the ground.

Behold your Savior, suspended between Heaven and earth. Hear the crowd break out in an air of triumph: "Hail, king of the Jews, defiler of the temple."

And while hell is holding a jubilee the sun dips behind the clouds; the earth gets sick and shakes as if in convulsions; the graves fly open; the rocks are torn asunder, and the veil of the temple is rent from top to bottom.

And while all this is taking place, Jesus cries, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me? If Thou hadst only stood by me in this great conflict. All my friends who could have been of any help to me found it convenient to forsake me. Angels all left the scene when they started to nail me to the cross. And now, O God, Thou hast forsaken me! Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

And right in the midst of the rending of the rocks, the darkening of the heavens, the shaking of the earth, the opening of the graves, the shrieks of the multitude, and the cry of the dying thief, He drops His head upon His pulseless breast and says, "It is finished!" The words were passed on from one to the other until the assembled multitudes were told, "It is finished!" Aerial vibrations catch up the news and whisper it among the rocks and sing it into the boughs of the trees, "It is finished!" Aerial vibrations thunder it in the storms and sound it in the caves, "It is finished!" The tidings fly from world to world, from sun to sun, "It is finished!" Angels take up the glad tidings and shout it into the ears of the dead, at the gates of hell, and all over the floral hillsides of Glory, "It is finished!"

What is finished? The dispensation of types and shadows that for four thousand years had been pointing to this event, is finished. The dispensation of service that worked around the cause in the realm of effect, that worked from the surface to the center of a man, is finished.

The vast ecclesiastical system of patriarchs, hoary with age, is finished.

Sin, that bound man in slavery and that had the power to work his final ruin, is finished.

The great plan of Salvation that had been in the mind and purpose of God before the foundation of the world, is now finished.

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HIS RESURRECTION

Fourth, Behold His Resurrection. After three hours of dense darkness, God withdrew the drapery of darkness that hid Him from human gaze. For it was not for any one to see Him in His superlative anguish. And now that the darkness has disappeared, all look toward the top of the hill and see Christ hanging upon the cross.

"The Jews therefore, because it was the preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath day, besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with Him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that He was dead already, they brake not His legs: but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water."

There came a man, being a disciple of Jesus, and asked Pilate if he might take away the body of Jesus. Permission was granted and he took the body of Jesus. Then came Nicodemus, which at first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes. Then took they the body of Jesus and wound it in linen clothes, and took Him to a garden near the place where He was crucified, and buried Him in a borrowed tomb. And well may it have been a borrowed tomb, for they didn't need it very long.

Now all hell is holding a jubilee, saying, "We have conquered at last! We have conquered at last!" And for three momentous days a hush pervades the universe, and the whole world alternates between hope and despair.

But on that third and eventful morning an angel went with lightning speed and rolled away the stone, and Christ asserted His power and rose to the emergency, shaking the throne of damnation, and the Christ of God climbs to His feet and walks out of that grave a conqueror of hell, death, sin and the grave, until now we can sing,

"Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives for ever with His saints to reign;
He arose! He arose! Hallelujah! Christ arose!"

And when He arose, He arose superior to all the combined forces that opposed Him. When He arose He arose with the possession of life to be communicated to our dead souls. When He arose He arose with the ability and with the power to enable you to rise; to enable you to rise above your circumstances; to enable you to rise above the world's magnetism; to enable you to rise above the power of inbred sin.

Now that He lives, you and I shall live, for He says: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Reason says a man should live again; science says a man may live again; philosophy says man wants to live again; man's spirit says, "I will live again;" love says, "I must live again;" but Christianity says, "I shall live again." The world is cursed with dead religions because their authors are dead. Buddha is dead; Mohammed is dead; Confucius is dead; Pastor Russell is dead; Mary Baker Eddy is dead; but Christ is alive for ever more. And now we, too, shall live. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The Bible says man in his natural state is dead in trespasses and sins. Sin has killed the soul and laid it low in the grave, and piled huge stones of difficulties upon it, and bound it by habits of sin. But no matter how low sin has laid it, the One who startled a king in His infancy, and puzzled the doctors in His childhood, and ruled the course of nature in manhood; the One who stood by the grave of Lazarus after he was four days dead and said, "Come forth," and he arose and stepped out of the grave clothes that bound him and went shouting on his way to Heaven — this One can stand by the little grave that has held your dead soul for a long time and say to it, "Come forth!" And the stones of difficulty, the seals of habit will roll away and break asunder, and your soul will step out of its grave and go on its way rejoicing and singing, "Jesus breaks every fetter."

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HIS ASCENSION

Fifth, Behold His Ascension. After forty days of resurrected life He takes a few of His followers down through the streets of Jerusalem, then out and then up to the top of Mount Olivet. And just as He begins to climb the invisible stair back to His heavenly home, angels behold Him coming up through the heaven's blue. On one side of the vast expanse of Heaven the angels take up the chant: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." On the other side of the heavenly world another great multitude of angels take up the chant: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle." As last He reaches His home, goes sweeping through the gates, and takes His seat at the right hand of God, where He has ever been, making intercession for the saints.

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HIS COMING AGAIN

Sixth, Behold His Coming Again. While the disciples stood beholding Him ascend into the heaven above, an angel appeared to them and said: "Why stand ye here gazing? This same Jesus that was born in Bethlehem, that was crucified and buried and rose again, will come again in like manner as you have seen Him go." Brethren, He is coming again. just as surely as He walked the dusty roads of Palestine; just as surely as He climbed the invisible stairway to Glory; just as surely He is coming again. "For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout." I think I know what He is going to shout. It will be, "Come up higher." And when He says it, I am going.

With the shout the dead in Christ will rise. There will be many a Sunday-school teacher that will stay in the grave; many a preacher and many a church member that will not come out, for there is only one class that will come forth, "the dead in Christ."

Of all the places I would like to be when He "shouts" would be in the graveyard. If I knew just when He was coming I would hurry home and charter a Pennsylvania limited train and take my wife and children at the rate of seventy miles an hour to Canton, Ohio. We would step from the train into a taxicab and be rushed to the graveyard, and we would go to that grave that holds the bodies of three of our darling children, and when the Lord shouted they would come from their graves; and then we would be changed in a moment of time, and all of us would be caught up in the air with the Lord.

That will be the largest open-air meeting you ever attended, both from the standpoint of quality and quantity. Wait until all the Old Testament saints from Abel down to John the Baptist get out of their graves; all the New Testament saints from Pentecost down to the coming of our Lord; all the children that have died before the age of accountability; and all that were born mentally deficient; plus all the saints who are alive when He comes. I am telling you, that will be some open-air meeting.

The thing that should concern us all most is to be ready for His coming. We are all interested in the time, manner, signs and purpose of His coming, but — are we ready?

"Behold the Man!" A workman some years ago went into an art gallery at the noon hour to look at the many paintings. And all at once a famous painting attracted his attention and as he looked upon it his face became a picture of grief. It was a picture of Christ on the cross.

So intense was his interest that he tarried until it was time for him to go to work.

He took a last look and started for the door only to turn and look upon the scene again. He drew off his hat and began shouting back seemingly unawares of the crowd around him. As he reached the door he shouted out until they could hear him across the street, "Man of Galilee, thou canst depend upon me." In the reading of this little booklet we have beheld Him anew; beheld Him in His

condescension, purpose, death, resurrection, ascension and coming again, and I trust it has made us feel and say in a more determined way than ever before, "Man of Galilee, Thou canst depend upon me.

THE END