

a community called ...

The Copyright law of the United States (title 17, United States code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material. Under certain conditions specified in the law, libraries and archives are authorized to furnish a photocopy or other reproduction. One of these specific conditions is that the photocopy or reproduction is not to be “used for any purpose other than private study, scholarship, or research.” If a user makes a request for, or later uses, a photocopy or reproduction for purposes in excess of “fair use,” that user may be liable for copyright infringement. This institution reserves the right to refuse to accept a copying order if, in its judgment, fulfillment of the order would involve violation of copyright law.

By using this material, you are consenting to abide by this copyright policy. Any duplication, reproduction, or modification of this material without express written consent from Asbury Theological Seminary and/or the original publisher is prohibited.

© Asbury Theological Seminary 2010

Old World

BY
DR. W. B. GODBEY

Commentator and Translator of the New Testament



PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR
BY
GOD'S REVIVALIST OFFICE
CINCINNATI OHIO.

OLD WORLD.

We are not American citizens, as recognized and believed by ourselves, but the children of the Old World. When Noah, the second father of mankind, divided out his estate among his three sons, he gave Shem, Asia; Ham, Africa; and Japheth, Europe. Patriarchal law always gave the first born a double portion of the estate. While Noah knew nothing about America, he inadvertently verified the patriarchal law, as Shem not only populated Asia but America.

We all identify the Indians of this continent with the Asiatics, their physique telling its own story of the confraternity, despite their separation by the great waters. As Bering Strait, uniting the Pacific and Arctic Oceans, and separating America from Asia, is only thirty-six miles wide and so much of the time frozen over, they have nothing to do but travel across. Long ages ago some of the Shemitic family wandered across that strait into America.

The reason why we know they arrived long ago is because when Columbus discovered America, 1492, they were found throughout the three grand divisions of the continent, North, Central and South America, and were estimated at twenty millions.

When I traveled around the world, I almost forgot that I was an American, because they all the time called me a European, which is correct, as we are all the children of Japheth who inherited Europe; whereas

the Indians are the Americans, so named by the mistake which Columbus made when he discovered America while hunting for India. When he landed on the island of San Salvador in the West Indies and saw the natives, he thought he had reached India, and consequently called them "Indians."

CHAPTER I.

Geography.

The geography of Asia is magnitudinous in the extreme. She hugs the great Indian Ocean, six thousand miles long and five thousand miles wide, on her bosom, like an affectionate mother, manifesting her favoritism for this one, as she has him all alone, with no Occidental brother.

The Old World also has the greatest sea on the globe, the Mediterranean, two thousand miles long, seven hundred miles wide, and with a coast of ten thousand miles, including the inter-sea islands. This is really the queen of all the seas, transcendently eclipsing them all in magnitude and celebrity, as she has been the cradle of all the great empires that have ever flourished on the earth, and is really the key to the watery world, and the emporium of universal commerce.

The reason why Britain stands at the front is because she owns Gibraltar and Malta, which command the Mediterranean Sea.

The Old World is honored not only with one great ocean appropriated to herself alone and hugged tightly in her bosom, and the other four oceans, all rolling their briny billows against her rock-bound coast, but she is complimented with the greatest mountains on

the globe, the Himalayas, the largest range in the world, and the highest beneath the skies. The Lord let me climb it in 1906, ascending by a rack and pinion, i. e., with cogs and wheels, running up zigzag to and fro, till I reached the city of Darjiling. Two hundred and fifty thousand people, dwelling in stone houses, are wedged amid the crags and precipices of those huge mountains.

At Darjiling the railroad terminated and we traveled equestrian, till we reached a lofty summit from which we enjoyed a grand view of Mt. Everest, 29,002 feet. We traveled in the night so as to reach Tiger Hill, from which we enjoyed this splendid view, purposely arriving before sunrise, that we might enjoy the unutterable glory of that scene, as it looks like the world is all on fire, there really being nothing in sight but those snowy summits, which so reflect the sun as to appear all aflame.

From that great world of snow which caps the highest range on the globe, arise the Ganges and the Jumna, the celebrated "holy" rivers of India; the Indus, the Irawaddi, and the Bramaputra, all great and beautiful rivers, limpid and bright as they flow from this world of snow which perennially caps the Himalaya range.

Mt. Ararat, on which Noah's ark rested when the flood subsided, is really an isolated member of that great range.

While the Old World is celebrated for the greatest mountains, she is also blessed with many great and beautiful rivers, among which the Nile, of Egypt, has great celebrity through all the historic ages, as that

was the first country settled in the world, and the semi-annual inundations settles a stratum of fertility, rendering the soil inexhaustible and promoting Egypt to historic celebrity as the garden spot of the earth and the granary of all nations.

The ancients had the trite maxim, "Reperire caput Neili" (to discover the head of the Nile), the synonym of an impossibility, as they had settled the matter that it could not be done, arising from the fact that when we ascend it above Ethiopia, we reach the cataracts and can use a boat no farther. Then when we reach the great Sahara Desert, we have thirteen hundred miles, without a human residence as there is no soil and just the burning desert wash on either side, and infested with wild beasts and dangerous serpents, especially the great boa-constrictor, the circumference of an ox around its body and ready to eat you up. In view of these difficulties, the ancients gave it up as an impossibility to find its source, yet in the last century, it was found.

CHAPTER II.

Sacred Mountains.

God, in His majesty and glory, has revealed Himself on mountains, thus rendering them eternally hallowed. Israel, in her march out of Egypt, pursued by Pharaoh and his army found herself confronted by the great Red Sea, lofty mountains on either side, with the Egyptian army thundering in the rear. Consequently they cried to Moses, "What shall we do? Why did you not let us alone in the brickkilns and mortar-yards where we were born?" He responds, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." Then he walks out before them and strikes the sea with his old shepherd's staff, so celebrated for miracle-working. The sea gives way, piling up like a bank of earth on either side and revealing the gravel bottom. Then he says, "Israel, go forward." Meanwhile that fiery pillar, as it was then, moves over the host, shining on them like a noonday sun and it takes its place between them and the Egyptians, dispensing the brilliant noonday to Israel, and dismal midnight to the Egyptians, luminous in front but utterly opaque in the rear.

The Egyptians, who had them hemmed in between these mountains and the sea, supposed they had found a way of escape, and did not know that they were on sea bottom. Consequently they heroically pursue

them, till they cross that arm of the Red Sea, at that place only twelve miles wide. Therefore by the time the host of Israel had passed through and triumphantly ascended on the other side, and, led by Miriam, the sister of Moses, were enjoying a wonderful holiness meeting, all testifying and shouting, Pharaoh and his army had all reached the middle of the sea, and were having much trouble with their chariot wheels coming off, and their vehicles dragging in the sand. Then Moses stretches out that miracle-working shepherd's staff, which he had carried forty years in the leadership of Jethro's flocks, and which God had repeatedly turned into a serpent, while he was preaching to Pharaoh. Reaching it forth over the sea, with the same stentorian voice which had divided it on the other side, now he commands the waters to return to their native abyss, when, with rushing floods, they hasten down from either side and thus wrap Pharaoh and his army in watery winding-sheets.

This is one case of immersion we find in the Bible, and there the word is not used, but the actual event transpired, but it was Satan's people who received the immersion, whereas the Lord's people were "all baptized into Moses in the cloud and in the sea" (I. Cor., 10th chap.), but it was done by effusion, "The clouds poured out water" (Psalms 77). Whereas the word immersion is not in the Bible, the transaction took place twice, as in this case Satan's army was immersed, and in Luke, 8th chapter, when Jesus was preaching in Gadara and so wonderfully saved that legionaire, ejecting the ten thousand demons into the herd of

hogs belonging to Satan, after the demons entered them they rushed down into the sea and were drowned, thus verifying the literal meaning of "immergo" (immerse), which simply puts you down and leaves you there; the immersionists cannot find a case in the Bible of where the subject is plunged in and then lifted out. Therefore the thing they do, which is really an immersion, cannot be found in the volume of truth. These facts ought to break the awful yoke (water worship), which is so heavy on many of the people that they cannot get their eyes off the water god so Jesus can save them.

My testimony to this matter is of infinite value to all who will receive it, because I sought sanctification nineteen years, in the absence of holiness people to help me, having early in that period constrained a Methodist preacher to immerse me, thinking the little sprinkle they gave me in infancy not enough. Jesus, in His mercy, just let me howl on those nineteen years, roaring through the wilderness, as He was not willing to go partnership with the water god. After preaching fifteen years in the howling wilderness, sighing and crying night and day for the fulness of God, the victory of faith and perfect rest in Jesus, finally the water god went into a fog-bank and I've never seen him since. Then something happened which I have been trying to tell these forty-six years, but the job is growing on me.

As "I never can forget how the fire fell, when the Lord sanctified me," thus by sweet experience He

taught me the meaning of "baptidzo," a clean heart, entire sanctification, in contradistinction to the Campbellite humbuggery, with which I had been so long bamboozled.

The sea crossing is glorious at regeneration. If you want to get converted, tip your hat to the devil, bidding him a final adieu, at the same time giving him back all your sins, follies and fandangoes, leaving him forever and dashing on at race-horse speed, up the shining highway of holiness, which Jesus built with His own bleeding, toiling hands, every step from the City of Destruction to the New Jerusalem; no toll gate on it, no lion nor ravenous beast; perfectly free-for-all. There is nothing to do but give up all your meanness to the devil whence you got it, bidding him an eternal good-bye, never to come back. How beautifully is this illustrated in the notable sea-crossing of Israel.

Moses here is God's mediator and beautifully typifies Christ; therefore, sinner, be sure you hear His command and obey Him. "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." You see the sinner does not have to go to a Campbellite preacher or a Catholic priest and get him to do something, but has only to utterly abandon himself to God and take Jesus for everything he needs, open his eyes and behold His mighty works. His sins are an awful stormy sea between him and Heaven, but God will split it in twain and give him an open road, right through on his way to the land of promise.

When Moses had commanded them to stand still, do nothing at all, till he walked out and split the sea, then he commanded them to go forward. Therefore,

when you fully give up to God, and take Jesus for everything, He splits the sea, i. e., knocks all of your sins out of the way, and you have nothing to do but go forward, shouting the victory.

As Mt. Sinai is on the bank of the Dead Sea, they soon came to it; God Himself descending amid smoke and fire, thunder, lightning and earthquakes, and giving them the Law, which had already decided (Ezek. 18:4, 20), "The soul that sinneth it shall die;" which simply means that the sin personality in every heart, i. e., the "old man," must die. In regeneration he is conquered, bound and imprisoned, but in sanctification he is crucified, and his body destroyed, as beautifully revealed in Roman 6:1-6, the normal execution of our Savior's baptism arresting the "old man," nailing him to the cross till he is dead, and then burying him into the death of Christ, as you there read in unmistakable inspiration, leaving him there forever. If he is ever raised up, "the last state is worse than the first."

Under the silly delusions of Campbellism, Mormonism, Catholicism and, we may add, dead Protestantism, instead of having the "old man," i. e., the devil-nature in you, envy, jealousy, prejudice, bigotry, selfishness, self-love, egotism, vanity, folly, ambition, avarice, politics, sectarianism, lodgery, lust, passion, temper, animosity, divisions, heresies, lasciviousness, impurity, adultery, fornication and all the black catalogue emanating from the bottomless pit and focalized in the inbred sin transmitted to every human being through fallen Adam; instead of having this heterogeneous monster crucified and his body destroyed and buried into the death of Christ (Rom. 6:2), and left there

forever in the receptacle of all uneliminated sin, they simply go into the ridiculous humbuggery of taking your mortal body alive, and burying it into water.

This is flatly contradictory of the Scripture, which crucifies the body of sin till it dies and then buries it, never to be resurrected; whereas Satan's false prophets bury your mortal body alive and resurrect the same, meanwhile ingeniously manipulating the rabble so as to ease their guilty consciences, in the vain delusion that they have satisfied Romans 6th chapter and Colossians 2nd chapter, which show positively that the "old man" in the human heart, i. e., depravity, devil-nature, must be crucified and his body destroyed, till the sin in you is actually dead, and that dead body buried into the death of Christ; the magnitudinous receptacle of all sin. At the same time these bold and unequivocal Scriptures, by the most intellectual and cultured of all the inspired writers, affirm that all who do not receive the experience lose their souls world without end.

These poor, ignorant preachers and leading laymen, actually as ignorant of experimental salvation as kangaroos, with their cultured intellects and eloquent speech, deceive the people by wholesale. They will have an awful responsibility when they stand before the great white throne. Jesus, in His Sermon on the Mount, gives us an awful panorama of the popular pulpits not only in His day, but in all ages. Satan has been on the throne more than six thousand years, the great deceiver, calling and sending his preachers, and actually illuminating them and inspiring them with human eloquence, that they may win the people for

swift damnation. Said Jesus, "Many will say to me in that day (final Judgment), Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many mighty works? Then I will confess unto them, that I never knew you, depart from me, ye who work iniquity." These are preachers standing at the front, honored and beloved by the people, who pour out their money so that they live like kings at the top of creation, and yet they are so deluded by the devil that they never do wake up to their appalling attitude till it is eternally too late.

Let us follow Jesus only, no guide but the Holy Ghost, and no authority but the precious Word, remembering that every tub stands on its own bottom. Consequently we cannot afford to follow a fallible leader, and why should we want to do so, when we have the Infallible, calling us night and day, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" The true Gospel preacher never says, "Come to me" (like Campbellites and Catholics), "and let me do something for you or something else," but they all, in the succession of John the Baptist, cry aloud, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," i. e., gloriously delivers you from everything Satan ever put in you, giving you a clean heart, and filling you with the Holy Spirit, here and now, so you have the shine, the shout and the victory.

Jesus goes on in Matthew, 11th chapter, and calls us to come and receive the second work of grace, after we have received the rest of pardon: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; because I am meek and lowly in heart; and you shall find rest unto your souls,"

i. e., put your neck under the yoke and hold still till the Holy Ghost puts in the bow and fastens it with the key, so the devil can't get it out. Then you are ready for the old Roman salutation, "Fortunatus sis, o homo!" ("Happy art thou, O man!") because the neck of the omnipotent Christ is in the other bow. Therefore His omnipotence carries the yoke, load and you too. Consequently you will soon find yourself enjoying a glorious balloon ride with the Lord, mounting higher and higher till you sweep through the gates into the New Jerusalem, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Our Savior positively forbade His own apostles to go and preach under the Holy Ghost dispensation, inaugurated at Pentecost, till they had actually received the fiery baptism. If the Church had rigidly stuck to that grand Messianic, irrevocable precept from the lips of our infallible Savior, the world would have been evangelized long ago and the Lord returned on the throne of His millennial glory, flooding the earth from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same.

All religion is the experimental work of the Holy Ghost in the heart. It is impossible to preach an experience, which we do not have. I preached the doctrine of sanctification fifteen years, before the Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire, burning up the Freemason, the Oddfellow, the college president, and the Southern Methodist preacher, and leaving me nothing but a voice for God, in the succession of John the Baptist, who ignored his own personality, certifying that he was only a voice. People are going to Hell by millions through the churches for the want of hu-

man voices; they do not need ringing in their ears eloquent, man-made sermons, nor learned theological disquisitions, but night and day, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!"

The reason why I am doing all I can to get the people to enjoy full salvation, and to go and preach it, is from the fact that false prophets have literally crowded the world. N. B.—Taking the ordained clergy, throughout the whole world, Catholic and Protestant, not more than one in fifty has the experience of full salvation, and consequently cannot preach it; they can preach the doctrine, but that never sanctifies anybody; it only gives them the instruction they need to seek the experience.

Satan achieved the greatest victory of the ages when he manipulated the churches to ordain and commission unsanctified preachers. He is wonderfully wise and knows that they will never get anybody into the experience. It is simply an indisputable fact that no one has a right to preach the Gospel under the pentecostal dispensation, without the pentecostal experience, which is the crucifixion of the sin personality; because the word which means fifty, was adopted from the fact that it took place just fifty days after the Passover, and that great camp-meeting was instituted to commemorate the giving of the law; as the Passover was instituted to commemorate their emancipation, which was really their national birth, as slaves have no nationality, simply being property like herds and flocks. While the Passover commemorated their emancipation, it also brilliantly symbolized their spiritual regeneration. In a similar manner, Pentecost commemorates

the giving of the law on Mt. Sinai and powerfully symbolizes the execution of the law, i. e., the enforcement of the penalty, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." (Ezek. 18:4 and 20.) Therefore no one can be a bona fide Christian, till the sin personality is slain, i. e., the "old man" is crucified. (Rom. 6:6.)

When we preach conviction, i. e., arrest, prosecute, and prepare to execute the man of sin in the human heart, we stand on Mt. Sinai, God furnishing the thunderbolts, lightning shafts and earthquakes, while we hurl them heroically with all our might. Therefore the Sinai Gospel is the foundation of all real salvation, as there is no conversion without conviction, and no sanctification without conversion, and no heaven without sanctification. (Heb. 12:14.) Therefore, if the Gospel chain has a missing link, it is no chain at all, simply a few odd links lying around and having no power to lift up anything.

I am an old revivalist, the fiery baptism the Lord gave me forty-six years ago having made me a flaming cyclone. I have perhaps had more revivals than any other man living, in my ministry of these sixty-one years. I always took Mt. Sinai for my pulpit, turning my humble instrumentality over to God to use me in His own way; heroically promising Him to manipulate all the thunderbolts, lightning shafts, earthquakes, cyclones, and volcanoes, which, in His infallible wisdom, He might be pleased to give me. I never found any place too hard to have a glorious pentecostal revival, if the people would let me stay long enough to preach conviction down on them, till it would settle like a nightmare, fixing its awful paralysis on every soul,

normally superinduced, by the brilliant panorama of a bottomless Hell, a topless, Heaven and a boundless eternity; holding them with a giant's grip and shaking them over the livid flames and rolling billows till they get their eyes open to see a bottomless Hell coming to meet them, interchanged by hallowed glimpses of a topless Heaven coming down to greet every humble, faithful heart who will leave the devil, fly for refuge and cry for mercy. I have often stood on Sinai's pinnacle preaching nothing but sin, death, judgment, eternity, doom, and damnation, till God would rain fire from Heaven down on the multitude until they would fall all over the house, thus constraining me to open the altar, which I had postponed, pursuant to the maxim of Sam Jones, "Never undertake to scald hogs till you get the water hot, lest you may set the hair till you never can get it off."

Thus reaching a culmination, when everybody that didn't really have the victory in their soul, wanted salvation. I change mountains; leaving Sinai I run to Calvary, and climb its rugged summit, on which the Prince of Glory died.

Then the burden like a mountain on my soul crushing me down to Hell broke loose and went tumbling and bounding down the mountains till it fell into a sepulcher at the base.

Therefore you see I have changed mountains, from Sinai to Calvary, and consequently changed my theme, no longer preaching damnation, but the free grace of God in Christ vouchsafed to every broken heart, contrite spirit, repentant, believing soul. As on Sinai I

preached the terrors of the law till conviction like a nightmare settled down on every soul, now I preach the dying love of Jesus. Out of a heart flooded with the martyr love for every seeking soul.

“He dies, the Friend of sinners dies,
Lo! Salem’s daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For Him who groaned beneath your load,
He shed a thousand drops for you
A thousand drops of richest blood.”

Therefore the burden of my soul and my incessant proclamation, is the dying love of Jesus.

“Oh! for this love let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious tongues
Their Savior’s praises speak!
Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you reach your highest notes,
His love can ne’er be told.”

The great auditorium is filled with weeping, broken-hearted penitents on all sides, lifting up their mournful wails.

God is never delinquent in a case of this kind, but always descends in mercy, unveils His face, and reveals His glory, so “Heaven comes down our souls to greet, and glory crowns the mercy seat,” therefore there is a great salvation time. I have seen them sweep into life by dozens, scores, and hundreds, shouting the victory as if the bottom had fallen out of Heaven and turned down the river of life, with its hallowed floods to inundate the gardens of grace in all receptive, appreciative hearts.

Now that regeneration has become a glorious verity, certified by a cloud of witnesses all around me, I again change mountains. Leaving Calvary I go to Zion, where we embark in that notable ten days' prayer-meeting in the upper room, enjoyed by the 120 overholding members of the Mosaic dispensation, carrying the Church in her normal succession into the pentecostal dispensation, launched by the Conqueror of Mt. Calvary, on that notable day He baptized them with the Holy Ghost and fire, thus superseding the dispensation of the law and the prophets by the Kingdom of Heaven, preached by John the Baptist and Himself, and laboriously prepared in His triennium Bible School, in which He indefatigably, at the risk of His life, taught His own apostles and qualified them to launch the Gospel Church on the great pentecostal day when He Himself consummated that glorious achievement by the administration of His prophesied baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire. So He eliminated away inbred sin; so that Peter never again played the coward, but lived a hero and died a martyr; John and James never again wanted the episcopacy in the Gospel Church, but the latter was the first of all the twelve to receive a martyr's crown, and the former, after living more than one hundred years, was honored with a chariot ride to glory, as Justin Martyr and Irenaeus (his contemporaries), John Wesley, your humble servant and many others verily believe.

Mt. Zion was forever memorialized not only by the pentecostal baptism of the 120 and multitudes more, but by the unprecedented impetus imparted to the Kingdom of God in the earth through the instrumen-

iality of the blood-washed and fire-baptized thousands who radiated from Jerusalem to every point of the compass, wrapping Judea, Samaria, Galilee and all surrounding nations in a pentecostal flame which the combined powers of earth and Hell have never been able to extinguish, though you may rest assured Satan has focalized all his artillery for its obliteration.

CHAPTER III.

Christ and His Apostles.

All worlds must eternally doff the glory to the Old World of this globe on account of the nativity, ministry and martyrdom of God's only begotten Son, from Heaven descended, to redeem Adam's ruined race from Satan's deadly grip and Hell's insatiable maw.

We have in the rescue of Jesus from Herod's cruelty, a brilliant illustration of the wonderful facility with which God beats the devil on all lines. While He was the Son of David, heir of the blood royal in fulfilment of the prophecies, He was providentially the poorest man in the world, in order that the millions down at the bottom of slumdom might have faith in Him, which they could not have done if He had come, as the Jewish hierarchy anticipated, in royal pomp, splendor, pageantry and glory. Therefore, Joseph and Mary were actually too poor to furnish him a coat to wear when He came into the world (apparently paradoxical now when the world is filled with factories, whereas at that time clothing could only be made by hand, and was so scarce and costly). Therefore they picked up every old rag which they saw thrown away, diligently washed it, and sewed all together, thus making a garment for their son. They were too poor to pay for a lodging, and consequently He had to be born

in a stable (I have often been in it, a cave, as many in that country were then used as stables and some are now).

You see how God sent the wise men all the way from the distant east on their camels, furnishing them the guiding star, to hunt Him up and supply to Joseph and Mary all the money they needed for that long and expensive journey into Egypt, to save the life of their Son from Herod's cruelty.

Then you see the panorama of Herod's soldiers recklessly killing all the boy babies two years old and younger, so he would be sure to get the right one, and of course to the end of his life felt sure that he had killed Him. Thus he fulfilled the prophecy, "A voice was heard in Ramah, Rachel weeping for her children and was not willing to be comforted, because they are not." Rachel's tomb is there in full sight of Bethlehem on the spot where she died when (Benjamin) Benoni was born. Of course those infants had a quick passport to Glory, the angels hovering around and gathering them up the moment the soldiers liberated them from their clay tenement. Now contemplate the scene, the angels shouting over the disembodied infants as they waft them to glory, and put them in the nursery in the celestial metropolis to culture them for usefulness in the heavenly kingdom, with ever increasing availability through the flight of eternal ages, and the very one Herod was after safe in His mother's arms as she sat on that stout donkey, led by Joseph walking by her side, making good their journey, far away into the land of Ham.

The analogy here leads us to continue this thought of God's glorious facility and the devil's defeat at every point of the compass; making the application to Moses, the mediator of the old covenant, thus beautifully symbolizing Christ, the real and actual Mediator.

Since Israel multiplied so paradoxically, seventy-five souls, in 215 years running up to the mighty hosts of three millions, no wonder the Egyptians became alarmed lest they would outnumber them some day, turn the tables, wallop them under and take the throne. Consequently Pharaoh commanded the mid-wives to kill every boy baby when he was born and leave the girls alive. Time rolled on and he found them delinquent in their obedience to his order, and called them to account, when they responded that the Hebrew women were so sprightly that the parturition was over before they arrived, and consequently the progeny never fell into their hands

Then Pharaoh changed the order, commanding them to throw all the boy babies into the river Nile, where the crocodiles would immediately eat them up.

During that order Moses was born, and his father and mother kept him three months hidden lest the soldiers might find him and throw him into the river, responsively to the king's order. When they saw they could not keep him any longer, they carefully made a water-proof ark of bulrushes, cemented with pitch so tightly as to perfectly protect him, and putting him in it, obeyed the king's order, which was to put the boy babies in the river, but they did it in such a way as to save his life.

When they put him in the river, his young sister, six

years his senior, kept her eye on him in the brilliant light of the moon and stars, as there are no clouds in Egypt and it never rains there; the whole country being amply irrigated by the periodical inundations of the Nile. People who have never been there have no idea how brightly the sun, moon and stars all shine in Egypt; daylight so strong that it conduces to blindness, so it is estimated that one out of every twenty people is blind; meanwhile the night is almost as bright as our day. Therefore little Miriam had no trouble to keep her keen eye on her little brother, as he floated down the river, till the ark rested against a great rock, and above which there was an eddy so the current carried it no farther. There the king's daughter comes down for her morning bath, accompanied by her two maid servants, who saw the ark and asked her about it, and she tells them to go see what is in it.

When they reached it they raise a shout, "Oh, it is a Hebrew baby!" Then she tells them to bring it to her. There is no doubt but Moses was the most beautiful baby in all the world, because the Greek Scripture (which I read constantly) says, "He was beautiful unto God," i. e., beautiful in the divine estimation. As God is the only perfect judge of beauty, we legitimately conclude that he was the most beautiful child in the world.

Tradition says that the princess' husband had lost his life in the Ethiopian war and she was a widow and the only child of her royal father, and anxious for an heir to whom she could transmit the crown; therefore she immediately conceived the idea of adopting Moses for a son. So she feigned maternity, sending away to

regions remote those two girls who alone knew whence he came.

When he was found, his little sister was standing by, and the queen asked her to call her a nurse for the baby. So Miriam ran and called his own mother; his father, Amram, of course came along, whom Pharaoh appointed superintendent of the royal gardens, thus giving them both lucrative employment at the palace.

Hence you see how easily God defeats the devil. While Pharaoh is having all the boy babies thrown in the river and eaten up by crocodiles, lest some one would rise and lead Israel out of bondage, at that very time he had in his own house the very one who was going to give him all the trouble, and was pouring out his own money to pay his own mother and father to take good care of him.

The Old World is so wonderfully celebrated for the footprints of God's own Son, all the patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, that I am anxiously bewildered in my selections, in writing these brief sketches. We proceed now with the apostles.

James, the brother of John, and son of Zebedee and Salome, was the first of all the apostles to seal his faith with his blood, having been beheaded by Herod Agrippa. (Acts 12th chap.)

James the Less, the son of Alphaeus and Mary, was martyred by precipitation from the pinnacle of the temple, which did not quite kill him, so they finished him with a fuller's club, beating him to death.

Matthew, the author of the Gospel, received Ethiopia for his field of labor. Going thither, he preached

heroically till bloody martyrdom set him free for Heaven.

Mark received Egypt for his field of labor and preached faithfully till a cruel mob in Alexandria assaulted him, and dragged him through the streets until he expired. We now see his tomb when we go to that city. Luke, the noble amanuensis of Paul, was hung on an olive tree in Greece, when they arrested Paul.

Thomas received India, the largest country in the world, as his field of labor, and going thither, preached heroically till the Brahmin priests became alarmed lest his religion would supersede theirs. Consequently they pursued him till they overtook him and hung him up between two trees on a cruel bar of iron run through his body.

Jude received Tartary for his field of labor, and going thither, preached heroically till he raised a great stir and the king diagnosed the matter and pronounced him an enemy of the gods and a disturber of the public peace, and ordered him to leave his country and never come back, and because he would not go, he had them hang him up and shoot his body full of arrows.

Andrew received Armenia for his field of labor, and going thither, faithfully pressed the battle for God and souls till the opposition became intense and they crucified him on an "x" cross, which is transverse, whereas that on which our Savior was crucified was upright and horizontal. Therefore the—"x" cross is everywhere cognomened "St. Andrews."

Philip received Syria as his field of labor, where he did his utmost and finally suffered martyrdom at Baal-

bee, the world's polytheistical capital, the first 4,500 years, as the word means city of Baal, the sun god. As it had enjoyed the honor of religious cosmopolitanism so long, they fought Christianity with desperation, slaying the Apostle Philip, St. Sophia, St. Barbara, St. Cyril, and many others; actually, as history says, outraging the Christian virgins, then killing them, cutting them up and feeding them to swine; and as the hogs refused to eat their flesh they coaxed them by mixing barley with it.

Bartholomew received Phrygia, a wild, heathen country, for his field of labor, whither he went and faithfully pushed the battle, till a great hubbub was raised among the people and the king, upon diagnosis, pronounced him an enemy of the gods and a disturber of the public peace, and ordered him to leave and never come back. As he did not go, he had him skinned alive. I have seen his gigantic marble statue, holding his own skin in his hands, his face on his skin looking perfectly natural.

Simon Zelotes received the British Islands for his field of labor, and going thither, preached heroically, till he, too, sealed his faith with his blood. That word "zealotes" means that he was wonderfully zealous and full of fire. As he was the Anglo-Saxon apostle, it seems that the fire and dynamite have lingered in those countries and accompanied their emigrants into the New World, and are still flashing and spreading over the earth.

Peter received Italy as his field of labor, and finally suffered martyrdom in Rome, on the Campus Martius, where his cathedral now stands.

Rome took fire A. D. 68, and burned like an ocean aflame for several days and nights. Meanwhile Nero, the demonized emperor, sat upon a lofty tower, which I have seen, and played on his fiddle about the destruction of Troy, thus treating that awful calamity so lightly as to impress the people that he had ordered the conflagration. In order to rid himself of the dire accusation, he charged it on the Christians and condemned them all to die for treason against the government and heresy against the Roman gods.

Paul at that time was in Northern Greece and of course they knew he had nothing to do with it, but because he was so prominent a leader among the Christians, they sent all the way thither, arrested him, brought him to Rome, confined him in the Mamertine prison at the base of the Capitoline mountains, formed by drilling down through a great stratum and then cutting out all around till they formed a large room with no entrance but a circular aperture at the top. They used it for the worst criminals against the government. While there, it is said, the jailer and his household were converted under Paul's ministry and a living fountain broke out in the wall, supplying water to baptize them. I have drunk from it.

I have stood in the old judgment hall on the Palatine Mountain, where Paul was tried by Nero and condemned to die. As he was a Roman citizen, the law would not permit them to crucify him, consequently they led him away beyond the wall of the city and beheaded him. Paul's cathedral stands in that vicinity, all the material being the finest marble, and it was built at the cost of \$55,000,000 and fifty-five years of

labor.

When they executed Paul, the saints pleaded with Peter so hard to leave the city that he reluctantly acquiesced. Walking out in the dead of night along the Appian Way beneath the twinkling stars, he suddenly meets Jesus walking rapidly, coming into the city. He says to Him, "Domine, quo vadis?" ("Lord, whither goest thou?") He responded, "Peter, I am going to Rome to be crucified again," and that moment vanished out of his sight. Peter, taking the hint, returns back and tell the saints that he has met the Lord, who notified him that he was to be crucified in Rome.

If you are ever in Rome, as you pass along the Appian Way south, you will see a beautiful, snowy white edifice on your left, with the superscription above the door, "Domine, quo vadis?" a memorial of our Savior meeting Peter at that place.

When they crucified Peter, by his own request they turned his head downward, as he said he was not worthy to be crucified in the posture of his Lord, because he had once denied Him. His cathedral stands on the spot on the Campus Martius, where Peter was crucified. His sepulcher is in the center of the cathedral in which they show us a gold coffin, said to contain his remains. His bronze statue stands near it, his toes already worn off by the little friction produced by the pilgrims kissing his feet so much.

John was the only one of the apostles who did not seal his faith with his blood. He was youngest of all and outlived them a whole generation, truly the patriarch of the apostolic church, Paul having been in

Heaven thirty years, James seventy years and the other apostles along between those two. History follows John all the way down to 101 years, when he was at Ephesus, too old to get away without recognition, but, like Enoch, he was missed and never could be found. Many believed that he was translated.

Why does not the Bible tell us that he was translated? There is good reason for that; John was the last writer, and we have no mail line down from Heaven to earth, though we have a good one from this world to Glory, the dying saints going up incessantly serving as letter carriers. So many people know that when I go up, which will be very soon, I will bear good word to multiplied thousands awaiting in Glory my arrival to tell them about their loved ones in all parts of the earth, as God has given me the world for my circuit.

THE END.