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Letters and Sermons of T.B. Larimore

F. D. Srygley

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LETTERS
AND
SERMONS
OF

T.B. LARIMORE



~~E. H. Still~~
E. H. Still
John L. Norris



T. B. LARIMORE.

LETTERS AND SERMONS

OF

T. B. LARIMORE.

EDITED BY

F. D. SRYGLEY,

AUTHOR OF

*Larimore and His Boys, Seventy Years in Dixie,
Biographies and Sermons, etc.*

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LETTERS AND SERMONS

OF T. B. LARIMORE.

CHAPTER I.

Letters—Origin, Character, and Design of the Book.

THERE has long been a demand for a book by T. B. Larimore. Some want a book of sermons; others want a book of sermons interspersed with other matter of general interest about the man and his work. A few extracts from private letters will define his feelings about such a book, explain the origin and purpose of this volume, and give an outline of the plan on which it is constructed:

“Waynesboro, Tenn., April 17, 1892.

“*Mr. F. D. Srygley.*

“Dear Sir: By request, I write to find a book of sermons by T. B. Larimore, if there is such a book or will be soon. Several parties want such a book. I write this by request of some young people who have heard Brother Larimore in some of his meetings.

“T. F. McANALLY.”

This letter was forwarded to him, with the following note on the margin :

" I write him no such book is out, and I do not know that anything of the kind is contemplated. Do you think it would be well to bring out a book of sermons?"

" SRYGLEY."

He returned the letter and wrote as follows :

"As to bringing out a book of sermons, I think it wise and well to do so, if we can get the sermons; but 'there's the rub.' I once thought I could furnish the sermons, but I know a great deal less now than I thought I knew then. Seriously, I do not think my sermons are worth publishing."

This ended the matter for a time; but the question came up again and again in calls for such a book from Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, Texas, California, and other States where he labored. How he stood against all this pressure, and the conditions on which he finally consented for the book to be brought out, will appear in the following extracts from his letters, covering a period of several years.

Inclosing a letter urging him to let a book of his sermons be brought out for the good it would do, he wrote :

" Truly I need, desire, and ask for, your advice relative to the book of sermons referred to in the letter I herewith send you. If, directly or indirectly, anything emanates from my mind, tongue, or pen, worthy of preservation—anything valuable that may be profitable for publication—I want it to be yours, and yours alone, if

you want it. This has long been my desire. Now, I request you to tell me plainly—fully, freely, and frankly—what you feel, think, and desire. Please write without reserve. I do not believe my mind is a mine from which much valuable matter can be taken, and I have discouraged the idea of a book of my sermons all the time. I think my sermons would not make interesting reading at all. What you think, I do not know. I expect no golden harvest from my literary labors, if there be such labors; but if anything I can say, do, or even write, can bless church or world, I will gladly say, do, or write it.”

To this I replied at length, and concluded as follows:

“All this is intended to approve and encourage the idea of bringing out the book, and I will do all I can to assist you or anybody else in such an enterprise; but I cannot give it my personal attention just now, because I already have more work in hand than I can do, in justice to myself.”

This caused him to write as follows:

“Of course I would be less than human not to appreciate your suggestions and the anxiety of others relative to a book of my sermons, interspersed with other matter about me and my work; but I think that is of small consequence in comparison with your other work. I think all my friends would heartily approve such a volume, if brought out by you, while they would be unwilling to commit the work to other hands. So far as I am concerned, I never approve the thought of even entertaining the thought of committing anything along that line to

other hands; but, whatsoever you may undertake, you may rely on my rendering you all the assistance I can. If good can come of it, I approve it."

This is the shape the matter assumed several years ago. When I took it up with him again, he wrote:

"I am willing to 'preach the word,' but beyond that I am not willing to trust my own judgment. Do in all things exactly as you deem best, direct me to do whatsoever you wish me to do, and be sure you will please me in full in all respects. I want you to do, always, exactly what you may deem best, regardless of what I may think or say or do. You may always rely on my coöperating with you to the fullest extent of my ability. I have never thought my sermons would be readable. Moreover, I have long wanted you, and you alone, to hold all right to publish anything worth publishing from, of, or about me. If you have any wish in the matter, please express it to me, and as you wish, so shall it be; but, remember, I hold you in honor bound to do nothing because I suggest it, to publish nothing because I write it. You are solemnly and unreservedly committed to this. Remember. When you get manuscript—any and all—from me, always do with it exactly what you deem best, and you will always do exactly as I desire you to do. Never forget that. If you undertake to bring out the book suggested, I will gladly help you all I can; but you can never be under obligation to me—never. In figuring on it, financially or otherwise, always keep free from all thought of obligation to me. There is no such obligation; there never has been; there never can

be. It will never be necessary to ask me whether anything you wish about the book will please me. Be it what and as it may, if it is what and as you want it, it is what and as I want it: and you may know so. So you are both of us, so far as bringing out the book is concerned. Do as you deem best, and you will please me. This applies to all I have ever sent you and to all I may ever send you. Please remember that. The day may come when it may be of some advantage to you. You owe me nothing. I owe you much. All I have to say on the subject is: Whatsoever you wish to do, is what I want you to do, and I am at your service to the extent of my ability. That's all. If you wish to do anything while I live in which I can be of any service to you, I wish to know it, and wish to help you all I can. I think, however, my work is almost done. If so, the day is not far distant when all will be in your hands. Then you can do as you wish; it will be nothing to me. The thought that 'I have finished my course' troubles me not. If it were a mere matter of choice with me, I would 'pass over the river' now. I fear nothing beyond—nothing. 'I long to be there.' Now, then, with all the facts and figures before you, you can 'take the case.' 'What I have written, I have written,' and I have nothing more to say. 'Tis all my business here below to cry, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;' and I have solemnly resolved to 'preach the word' in love, and to do as much good and as little evil as possible 'while the days are going by.' My work is to work; that's all—work till God shall call me home."

After I had decided to bring out the book and had indicated to him the kind of matter it would be well to put into it, he wrote:

“900 South College Street,
Nashville, Tenn., March 2, 1900.

“My Ever Faithful Friend and Brother: For more than thirty years we have known each other intimately and well. Though often separated in space, we have never been separated in spirit. When not constant companions, we have been in constant correspondence with each other. During all these years I have confided in you fully, and have never had cause to regret it—never. I’ve told you the best, I’ve told you the worst, I’ve tried to tell you all I’ve known or seen or heard about myself. You know me, if any mortal does. You have received from me trunks, and drawers, and boxes, of letters and selections during these thirty years and more—good, bad, and indifferent; wise, otherwise, and doubtful; original, picked up, and selected; prose, poetry, and pictures; facts, fiction, and fun—from and about me. You have my permission to use these things as you wish. That work is not mine, but ‘thine.’

“Gratefully, affectionately, and fraternally,

“T. B. LARIMORE.”

After I began work on the book, I called to see him about some matters pertaining to it, and by the next mail he wrote:

“Though you tried to be cheerful while with me Friday, there was an indescribable shadow of sadness in your look, language, and manner that you could not

conceal. Still, you said nothing sad, except: 'I feel like I am preparing to write your obituary.' Well, my beloved brother, that is exactly what you are doing. You are tenderly, tearfully, and prayerfully preparing to make the last book that is likely to ever be made for or about me—a crown for me, woven by willing hands, under the direction of a thoughtful head, in compliance with the demands of a loving heart—a heart always loyal and true. Your work will be bedewed with tears of friends tender-hearted and true when the bodies in which you and I now love and serve the Lord sleep in solemn silence in the bosom of the earth. 'O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?' 'The time of my departure is at hand.' I am trying to 'fight a good fight.' I have almost 'finished my course.' 'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness'—for you, too. I want no crown, if my friends must be crownless; but I rejoice to read, to believe, to know, 'there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing'—and that includes hosts of friends as faithful, pure, and true as have ever lived and loved and smiled and sighed in this strange world of joy and sorrow, where 'man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn.' It includes you. I rejoice to know that Heaven knows I am living for the good that I can do; that I am trying to do all in my power to brighten and bless this world as I pass through it; to add as much to the happiness, and as little to the sorrow and sadness, of the suffering, sorrowing, sighing sons and daughters of men as pos-

sible, as I journey to that land where alone I shall ever find real rest, perfect peace, and unalloyed bliss."

I have quoted thus at great length from his letters, to make it entirely clear that, if there is merit in the book, he is entitled to all the honor, for it is his production; if there is no merit in it, I am to blame for putting it upon the public, because I brought it out at the request of others, against his judgment and feelings candidly and frequently expressed.

The design of the book is to do good. He has never consented for it to be published, except on condition that "good can come of it." In passing upon everything that is in the book, I have been guided by my own desire as well as by his wish that nothing but that which will do good be allowed to appear in it. Christianity in theory and in practice is what does good. The plan on which the book is arranged is to exhibit the theory of Christianity, as far as he is competent to teach it, in his sermons; the practice, as far as his life exhibits it, in his letters. The clearest revelation of man's real life and character is his confidential, private correspondence; the best expositions of a preacher's ideals of Christianity are his sermons. This book, then, is the best exposition of Christianity in theory and practice that has been exemplified to the world in the life and sermons of T. B. Larimore. It is not my province to express an opinion as to the merits of either the man or his sermons. I believe they will do good, else I could not publish this book under his instructions. Further than this, I venture neither criticism nor eulogy. I have tried to let him fairly represent himself, both in his sermons and in his

letters, and I believe he has done it. Whatever estimate a discriminating public may form of him, either as a man or as a preacher, I believe those who study this book carefully will know him exactly as I have known him, both as a confidential friend and as a noted preacher, for more than thirty years. While I had unlimited permission to publish any or all of his private letters which in my judgment would do good, regardless of consequences to himself, I have not used that liberty to gratify the reader's curiosity, or to create sensations, or to make a hero of T. B. Larimore. I have simply tried by quotations from his letters to exemplify in his life, as he has tried to teach in his sermons, that which will help sinners to become Christians, encourage Christians to live godly in Christ Jesus, and stimulate preachers to labor earnestly and abundantly to convert sinners and save souls.

It may be said that the letters quoted in this book do not fairly represent the man, because they all indicate virtues and reveal no faults in him. In some of the letters quoted, he frankly admits that his "mistakes have been many and marvelous," but says he has always done what he believed was right when he did it. This is enough to show that he would not have any one consider him perfect. It is well for every one to remember always that there has been but one perfect life in the whole history of the human race. That was the life of Jesus of Nazareth. All other lives have been, and are, imperfect. Even when a man's motives are always good and his purpose is always to do right, his judgment is not infallible, and he is liable at any time to do wrong

unawares and unintentionally. For this reason every one should take Christ as a model and try to be like him. No one should try to be like any other man. It is well to copy the virtues of all men as far as possible, but it is equally important to remember that every man has faults which ought to be avoided and corrected.

The sermons were delivered during a protracted meeting in Nashville, Tenn., the first weeks of the year 1900, and reported by Miss Emma Page, a competent stenographer. The quotations from his letters are just as he wrote them, barring such corrections as would naturally be necessary, to prepare hurried, confidential, private correspondence for publication in a book. The corrections were all made by his permission and with his approval, and the book as a whole—sermons and sermon extracts excepted—was read to him and approved by him in manuscript before it went into the hands of the printers.

I have no financial interest in the book. Brother J. C. McQuiddy, one of his pupils at Mars' Hill, and a life-long friend, has agreed, on behalf of the Gospel Advocate Publishing Company (now the McQuiddy Printing Company), in which he is a partner and of which he is business manager, to bear all expenses of bringing out the book: and, if there is any profit from the sale of it, Brother Larimore will receive it.

CHAPTER II.

Sermon—The Whole Duty of Man.

“**R**EMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them [and these dark days are coming to all who do not put their trust in God and “walk in the light”—the light of his word, his will, and his way]; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity. And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs. The preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and that which was written was upright, even words of truth. The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd. And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." (Eccles. 12.)

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." (Eccles. 12: 13, 14.)

The book called "Ecclesiastes" is a very peculiar book. Of course every book has its distinctive peculiarities; and if a book should be made not being peculiar in some respects, it would be of no special interest to a literary public, because its field is already occupied. But Ecclesiastes is a *peculiarly* peculiar book. It is so exceedingly peculiar that, unless we are careful to understand the general import of it, we may become very greatly bewildered in reading it.

Of all the books that have ever been written, there are

exceedingly few that are simpler, plainer, or more easily comprehended than the beautiful book called "Ecclesiastes;" and, yet, there are few books that are harder to comprehend. It is so simple that little children can understand it from beginning to end. It is so hard that sages may read it from beginning to end, and be worse bewildered when they get through than when they commence. It depends to a great extent on our general conception of the scope, design, and mission of the work whether we understand it immediately or know scarcely anything about it at the end of a lifetime of study. Unquestionably, Solomon, in writing the book called "Ecclesiastes," was, in the hand of Providence, as a great actor upon a stage, with the universe for an audience, trying to teach all mankind that "this world can never give the bliss for which we sigh;" that "'tis not the whole of life to live, or all of death to die." Now, if we will just take this view of it—understand that Solomon is simply a great actor, acting this part, and not his real self, when writing Ecclesiastes, just as Booth, the tragedian, on the stage personated Julius Cæsar, talking as Julius Cæsar, thinking as Julius Cæsar, trying to look like Julius Cæsar, and, at the same time, being in reality Booth—and read the book carefully with this thought in our minds, we cannot fail to understand it. If you have never read Ecclesiastes with that key, with that idea, you, as honest men and women, will not hesitate to say you have never been able to understand it; but if you have read it with that key, you understand it, and consider it one of the sweetest and simplest and sublimest of books.

Man is in quest of happiness. It may be true that "man was made to mourn," as Burns tells us. It is true that "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward;" for not Burns, but the Bible, tells us that. It is also true that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn," even if Burns, and not the Bible, does tell us that. Still, man is in quest of happiness from the cradle to the grave. So, if we see teeming millions tending toward a certain point, foraging, like bees, upon a certain field, or drinking, like thirsty cattle, from a certain fountain, then we may understand that these human beings think happiness can be found there. This is based upon a fundamental principle of the philosophy of the human mind, and is universally true, always has been true, and always shall be true. Now, remembering this, it will not take us very long to see from what source, or sources, people expect to draw happiness in this life.

There is a widespread, deeply seated, and almost universal impression that wisdom and knowledge can give happiness; hence there is a general restlessness in the human family along educational lines. Fathers and mothers are willing to wear their lives away, to give their children advantages, many of whom cannot appreciate these sacrifices until they shed unavailing tears above the silent dust of those who gave their lives, to lift them up and make them happy. Hence it is that men will trim the midnight lamp, and read, and think, and write, until they sap the very foundation of their physical constitutions, and bring themselves to untimely graves, as did Pollock, some of whose finest writings are in condemnation of that very course, notwithstand-

ing he continued to pursue it till it brought him to his grave when he should have been enjoying the health and vigor of strong, mature manhood. Hence our restlessness with reference to the news. If it is time for the afternoon paper, and we, by mistake, get the morning paper, we are badly and sadly disappointed. We want to keep abreast of the times—to keep on learning. Now, Solomon was the man to take the stage and present this to all of us—to go on before us across the stage and tell us the result.

The curtain rolls up for the first scene and we behold this wisest of men, Solomon. Look at him. He is a marvelous man. The expression of his countenance, the shape of his head, his whole mortal frame and all its features, bear the impress of wisdom and knowledge divine. He has divine assurance that he is wiser than was any man who has preceded him on the stage of action, wiser than any of his contemporaries, and that, until time's knell shall sound, no man shall come upon the stage of action who can rival him. His wisdom is such that kings and queens and princes of renown come from distant parts of the earth, to sit, like little children, at his feet and gather wisdom from his lips. Amazed and dazed by the splendor of his wealth and the wonders of his wisdom and knowledge, they return to tell their subjects "the half hath never been told." We see Solomon on the stage enjoying all this prominence. Is he happy? His marvelous mind is earnestly thinking. He takes his pen and writes, where all can see and read and understand: "How dieth the wise man? as the fool dieth." He teaches us that increase of knowledge and wealth is

increase of sorrow and care; that "one event," death, "happeneth" to all. He realizes that the day is not distant when the flaming torch of his intellectual greatness is to be dipped into the bosom of the silent river that laves the shores of time and eternity, and he himself is to be on a level with any toad that treads the earth—in the solemn silence of death, having no superiority over the toad or the dust—which they both are and to which they must both return. Thus writing and thus thinking, he turns and looks at us. We see sorrow, sadness, and despair depicted on his face; and he turns and writes: "Vanity and vexation of spirit." In other words, he writes over the fountain of wisdom and knowledge, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," that the old and the young, while time shall last, may read and understand. It means, if you are not looking beyond this world, if you are not looking beyond the stars, but are expecting to find perfect or permanent happiness in the fountain of wisdom and knowledge, you are doomed to disappointment, and shall find, when the solemn hour of death comes, if not before, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." As Solomon, sad and thoughtful, writes, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," the curtain slowly falls upon the first scene.

The impression that wealth can give happiness, that wealth can give the bliss for which we sigh, seems to be almost universal. Hence, from the rivers to the ends of the earth, there is a ceaseless struggle—people trying to gather, to hoard up, wealth. Men will turn from their loved ones; cross rivers, mountains, plains, and seas; practically bury themselves alive, in their efforts to gain

wealth, as was illustrated especially in the early fifties, when legions of men marched from the older States to the Pacific Slope in quest of gold. Hundreds, if not thousands, of lonely, gloomy graves tell, in solemn silence, where many of these deluded, miserable men perished. Still, thousands are pursuing that same course now. Not many months ago, just after our train left Louisville, Ky., I noticed that a man near me was very restless. A few moments later he engaged me in conversation. Briefly he told me his life story. He was then forty-four years old. He had left his "old Kentucky home" when he was about twenty-two. He had gone to mining districts of Mexico, and had spent twenty-two years there. He was returning home then, with two bullets in his body, and had twenty thousand dollars, gold, in bank in Louisville. In exchange for the joys of his "old Kentucky home," the companionship of loved ones, the joy of making those who loved him happy, he, by slavish toil and almost unendurable privations and sufferings for twenty-two years, had received and retained two bullets and twenty thousand dollars. He asked the conductor repeatedly what time he should reach a certain station. The conductor could hardly pass without his asking him some question. He said to me: "I am going back home. I am expecting my brother to meet me there. Since I left home, my father, my mother, and my sister have all died. My brother is still living, and I expect him to meet me." I said to him: "Now it is all over, and you have given your twenty-two years of life for twenty thousand dollars in gold, do you think it pays?" He thought seriously a few seconds and then said: "No; it has not

paid. I have money enough, if I will be careful of it, to last me the remainder of my days; but things about the old home have changed so that when I go back now with the twenty thousand dollars in Louisville to my credit, I cannot be happy." The train stopped, and he got off, within three miles of his desolate country home. The train simply stopped, to let him off, and started again. I looked back, and saw him in the embrace of a man—his brother, I presume. I noticed standing near them a boy, whom I supposed to be his nephew. As we sped away to other States and scenes, I thought of that wanderer's returning, with his age, his wounds, and his gold, to the desolate home he might have made happy, had not greed for gold made him a homeless wanderer. When he met his brother, he could not ask him: "How is mother? How is father? How is sister?" He knew all about that. He knew their forms and faces had vanished from mortal view forever. He knew they were dead. He could go back home with his brother; but, when he reached home, there was no father to meet him at the gate; there was no mother to come with arms thrown out to receive him in her fond embrace, to kiss him, sob and weep, and thank God for the return of her wandering, long-lost boy; there was no sister in the house, keeping the home neat and tidy, making it a paradise, if possible, because brother was coming home. He could go into the house and see the vacant seats of the absent loved ones; he could go into the orchard back of the house and see the graves of father, mother, and sister, and then remember that he had robbed home of the joy and sunshine and gladness with

which he might have filled it for twenty-two years. He had left father without his help, mother without his sympathy, and sister without his care, until all had died and he had returned too late to tell them about his fortune and divide his gold with them. As I thought of all these things, I did not wonder that he said, with a sigh: "No; it did not pay." I felt as if, had I been he, I would have gladly thrown all my twenty thousand costly dollars into the depths of the deep, deep sea, rather than have kept them, to remind me of what I had lost and what I had deprived others of in my greed and search for gold. But such is the history of man. People have been doing this through all the ages. Many men will live like paupers forty years, to die rich. Solomon was put upon the stage, to show us the folly of such a course. While we are thinking of these things, the curtain is raised, and we see the same actor. He has retained his knowledge, his wisdom, his experience; but he is glittering with flashing diamonds, radiant gems, and jewels rare. The scene is perfectly bewildering. We see nothing less precious than gold—gold and pearls and diamonds—things of wondrous commercial worth. The wealth of the universe seems to have been gathered together there. And why? Solomon is the richest of the rich. Men experienced along that line, experts who have made the necessary estimates, tell us that Solomon's wealth was such that Cræsus, whose name has been a synonym for wealth for ages, was practically a homeless wanderer, a penniless pauper, in comparison with him. In Solomon's days, surrounding nations poured their glittering, golden treasures lavishly into the lap of Palestine, and Solomon

had charge of all those treasures. Gold and silver were as rocks for abundance about Jerusalem then. He realized that his wealth was almost boundless; that it was practically impossible for him, even by reckless extravagance, to diminish it. Was he happy with all this wealth—with all these golden, glittering streams flowing perpetually into his ever-overflowing coffers—dwelling in a palace that caught the rays of the rising sun upon a golden roof? If wealth can make man happy, Solomon was surely happy. Was he happy? NO. The wealth of all the world could not make him happy. The wealth of a thousand worlds like this can make no mortal happy. The soul sighs for something that wealth can never give, that even death can never take away. Solomon knew he could use but little of his wealth; could dwell in but one princely palace at a time; could sleep on but one couch, wear but one suit of clothes, eat but one meal, at a time; could, in a lifetime, use very little of his wealth; and he was grieved and burdened and perplexed because of his anxieties with reference to the great surplus he had. He had sense enough to know he could never use it, and, beyond what he could use, it could not bless him—just as if a man were thirsty, and the Pacific Ocean were the best of water to drink, and he owned it all, and had it hedged about so that no bird or man or mouse could drink of it; he could drink but little of it, and all the rest would be practically valueless. Then the thought ought to come to him: "It is cruel for me to keep all this ocean (when I can drink but a little) and let teeming millions die of thirst in agony." Solomon remembered that he knew not whose these things should

be after his departure—whether this wondrous wealth should belong to friend or foe, wise man or fool. He did not know but that the sons for whom he was hoarding it up would butcher each other and stain with their own blood the very treasures he had spent a lifetime in gathering together. He knew if he should own the whole earth, and own it until he died, there could be but one breath between the millionaire and the pauper; that the hour was coming when he should die, and that one moment after breathing his last breath he should be as poor as the poorest beggar in the land; that his body should sleep in the bosom of the earth; and that should be all of earth to him. Now on the stage before us—before the universe—remembering all these things, in disappointment, sorrow, and sadness, he writes (so all may read and understand forever) over the pool—the deceptive, disappointing, glittering pool of wealth: “Vanity and vexation of spirit.” Thus he says to the human race: “If you expect wealth to make you happy, you may as well stop now; for at the end of your race you shall find it is all vanity and vexation of spirit.” The curtain drops, the scene ends, but the lesson is ours.

We have the same evidence that there is a widespread impression, especially among the young, that revelry, rowdyism, dissipation, frolic, frivolity, and fun can give happiness. There are in this town hundreds of hopeless, hapless, helpless invalids languishing upon beds of affliction, who would be happy, healthy, hopeful fathers and mothers now, had they learned in early childhood and reduced to practice what all of us may learn from the lesson taught us by Solomon, if we will. Their parents

warned them, some of them having probably followed the same course and learned from experience the folly of it, but could not teach them. They thought: "You have had your day and do not want others to be happy." So on they went and wrecked themselves; and others are going on the same way, not taking time to heed the words of warning, but hastening on, thinking they may miss the rocks on which others were wrecked; and so the race goes on. Now, God, taking the place of all anxious, careful, prayerful, prudent parents, put Solomon upon the stage, to show us the folly of such a course. While we are thinking of this, the curtain rolls up, and there is the same actor. The stage is glittering with gems, covered with gold. We see Solomon is still a man of wealth; but his costume is changed, his appearance is changed. He has retained his wealth, his wisdom, his knowledge; but he is dressed like a rowdy. He reels, and every movement shows he is a reckless rowdy. The Bible tells us he gave himself up to mirth, procured men singers and women singers and musical instruments of every character known to the sons and daughters of men, and gave himself up unreservedly to all the follies of man— withheld from himself no good thing—that is, nothing the rowdy calls "good." In that character he stands upon the stage before us now. Is he happy? He is not. He thinks. He cannot retain his wisdom and not think. He cannot think now and be happy. He remembers this cannot last. He remembers that, after a night of revelry, there is a day of headache, a day of gloom and misery— sometimes of remorse. He remembers that, after a lifetime of rowdiness, there is a night of endless darkness.

He remembers that the day is not far distant when the jeweled fingers touching so lightly harp strings that vibrate and give forth sweetest strains of music almost divine are to be cold and stiff as icicles; when the eyes that tenderly and longingly look love into the depths of eyes that look love in return shall be closed to earth and all its pleasures; when that throng of revelers, their laughter and jest and song all hushed forever, shall be cold and silent in the bosom of the earth; and, but for the oncoming tide of humanity, to take the place of the tide that now is, his royal palace should soon be silent as the chambers of death. In deepest sadness he turns and writes over that whirlpool of pleasure: "Vanity and vexation of spirit." The curtain falls; the third scene is ended.

There is an impression in the world that power can give happiness. There is not a crime in the catalogue of crimes too bad for men to commit, to gain and retain power, as the history of all ages clearly shows. The history of this world shows that men will shed innocent blood, convert happy homes into blazing wrecks, drench fertile fields and peaceful lands with blood, bathe them with tears, and fill them with moans and groans and shrieks of unavailing sorrow, to gain and retain power. They will sacrifice the purest, truest, fondest friends that love them, as did Napoleon, who tore from his embrace his pure, faithful, loving wife, as a farmer would dash from his hand a venomous viper, and left her to die of a broken heart, that he might form a matrimonial alliance that possibly might give him more power or help him retain the power he already had. Now, knowing all this.

God wants the sons and daughters of men to know before it is forever too late what must be the result of such ambition untaught and unrestrained. While we are waiting and thinking of these things, the curtain rolls up, and again we see Solomon, with his wisdom, his wealth—Solomon relaxed by revelry—sitting upon an ivory throne glittering in radiant splendor, with a crown upon his head and a scepter in his hand—Israel's king swaying the scepter over Israel's hosts. Within a few seconds the space of forty years sweeps by. Solomon is swaying the scepter over proud Israel, a commander in chief before whose hosts the combined armies of earth are driven like chaff before blast. Is Solomon happy now? Sorrow and sadness supplant his gladness. He is thinking now that this cannot last; that the day is not far distant when the arm that sways that scepter shall be unnerved, and Solomon, the mighty king, shall be no more than a beggar or an atom in the dust. Like Xerxes, who, looking down from his wooden throne upon the marshaled millions he had led across the Hellespont, to rob Greece of her glory and her identity, wept when he remembered that one hundred years from then all those millions and their sovereign should be still and silent in the grave, Solomon sighs when he remembers that a day is coming when Israel's king and Israel's hosts shall be vanquished by an unseen foe. He turns and writes over the whirlpool of earthly ambition, power, and glory, "Vanity and vexation of spirit;" and the fourth scene is ended forever.

We all know enough of the history of the world to realize something of the vanity and vexation of such ambi-

tion. Do we not remember the disappointment of Alexander, who, because of his disappointment, dragged himself down to a drunkard's grave by debauchery when he was scarcely one-third of a century old, when he was recognized as the ruler and conqueror of the world? Do we not know enough of these things to realize that the lesson coming from Solomon is a correct one? But the curtain has fallen. The fourth scene is ended.

While we are thinking that all is ended, the curtain is raised for the fifth and last scene. And now, when I shall have finished presenting this lesson, and you shall have finished your patient, polite listening, you may go home and study and study till God shall call you hence; but you can never find anything that mortals depend upon for happiness that may not, with propriety, be placed under one of these five heads: Wisdom, wealth, revelry, power, communion with nature. The curtain rises, and we see far down the stage. It is a little gloomy, but the mists clear away, and through the rifted clouds the sun shines, and we see, far, far away, on the limitless stage, Solomon. What is he doing? Weary of wealth, revelry, and power, he has retired from the busy haunts of men, to commune with nature in fair primeval woods, to find the bliss for which the soul sighs. He is looking at a dewdrop on the cheek of a fragrant flower—a tear of night, a radiant gem of the morning, in whose bosom the blazing sun is mirrored, a gem surpassing in beauty any jewel in *his* diadem. He hears a bird sing, and looks to see it; but the bird is gone. He turns again to the dewdrop, but the lips of morning have kissed it away. Something attracts his attention. He looks away, and, looking back

again, sees the flower itself has faded. Too sensitive and delicate and frail to endure the sunshine, it falls to the earth and the dust hides its sweetness and its beauty. He looks again. Years have flown by like moments. He sees tall trees, that stood like bannered hosts in battle array, tottering; the cedars fall, even the tall cedars of Lebanon. The hills are crumbling, the mountains are falling. All nations sink down into the bosom of the earth. He turns to the heavens. He sees the stars falling from the withering vault bending in beauty above him, it being night because the sun has been suddenly extinguished. The time for the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds has come. The elements melt like wax before the flame. The right arm of Jehovah is bared. He shakes the earth and folds up the firmament like a scroll. The whole material, created universe is ablaze, lighting up with splendor wild the eternal city of our God. It is done. Solomon turns and writes, by the power of the Spirit of God, upon the bosom of the flame: "Vanity and vexation of spirit;" "Vanity of vanities;" "All is vanity." Now he draws near and stands on the front of the stage. He tells us he appreciates the privilege and opportunity God has given him to show us the vanity of all earthly things, if we look to them alone for happiness; and then, dipping his pen into the living light of God, he brings it down upon the waiting scroll and writes, as he proclaims it aloud to all the millions of earth: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be

good, or whether it be evil." Having thus written the conclusion of the whole matter, from weary fingers he drops his pen, to grasp it nevermore. The curtain falls; the picture is complete; the play is ended.

This is Ecclesiastes. Only in giving his Son to ransom a lost and ruined and recreant race has God manifested more clearly his love for the sons and daughters of men than in placing Solomon upon the stage, to teach us these wonderful lessons—in giving us Ecclesiastes.

I am here to-day to try, in my feeble way, to bring these lessons before you. I rejoice that it is my privilege to encourage you, men and women, boys and girls, to come to the Lord, who invites you to come. Remember, we are drifting, drifting, drifting to eternity's sea. Our hearts,

"Like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

There is no more solemn truth than "man no sooner begins to live than he begins to die." WE are dying perpetually: but while we are dying and drifting, the Lord Jesus Christ practically stands before us, in God's eternal truth, wiser than Solomon, and says to all the weary and heavy laden: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Jesus practically says: "Poor dying sons and daughters of men, I am your Savior; I, by the grace of God, am your *only* Savior. I came from the courts of glory to these low grounds of sin and sorrow, lived a life of poverty and pain, and died

on the cross, to save you; and now I beg you to come to me. If you will come and live in harmony with my will, my God will be your God; my Father will be your Father; my home shall be your home; the Lord of hosts will be your shield and your exceedingly great reward; you shall be holy and happy here and perfectly happy in that deathless land of light and life and love forever." If you believe these things; if you believe the Bible; if you believe the Savior tells the truth; if you believe he does actually and sincerely say to you, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," may Heaven bless every one of you in coming to him now, while we wait to lovingly welcome you and pray that you may come.

CHAPTER III.

Letters—Abundant Labors.

A DISTINGUISHED American has defined genius as "an infinite capacity for painstaking, hard work." All great men have been great workers, and no great worker in any line of human endeavor has failed to make himself felt as a factor in the affairs of men. The divine decree is: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." (Gen. 3: 19.) The law of God, as well as the experience and observation of all mankind, is aptly expressed in the old proverb: "There is no excellence without labor." The great apostle to the Gentiles said: "His grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." (1 Cor. 15: 10.) His idea evidently was that the grace of God abundantly and freely bestowed was an incentive and an inspiration to abundant labor, and that it would have been bestowed in vain had not he who received it labored abundantly. So closely does he connect great grace with abundant labors that, as he sees it, 'twas not he that labored, "but the grace of God which was with" him. The life and teaching of Christ among men were little else than a series of lessons on abundant labors. From his baptism till his crucifixion he was probably the hardest and most con-

stant worker the world has ever known. He was often weary, but never idle. In one of his parables he says: "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" (Matt. 20: 6.) When they said, "Because no man hath hired us," he said: "Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive." (Matt. 20: 7.) The Bible furnishes neither justification nor excuse for idleness. There are always demands for labor, and employment for laborers, in the service of the Lord. When the world was full of idlers and idleness, Jesus said: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." (Matt. 9: 37, 38.) Quotations from letters showing abundant labors in the Lord will be a timely sermon on an important subject always, everywhere, and under all circumstances. Recently he wrote:

"Always poor, I have been busy fully fifty years. I am fifty-five years old now, and if I ever knew what real rest—freedom from toil and care—is, I have forgotten. My rest is all beyond the river. 'So mote it be.' I believe I have neither time nor inclination to rest here. My favorite programme for preaching is: Twice every day and three times every Sunday, when days are short; three times every day, when days are long. I am at home now, but not to rest. I am taking an old-time remedy—getting back to first principles—to get my constitution in first-class condition for work. I am working between meals. The boys and I are clearing a piece of ground. Briers, bushes, vines, and trees of all sorts

and sizes! I have a brand-new ax—four pounds—and handle. We work, and no mistake about it. It tells, too, on me as well as on the woods. It is worth two drug stores and a doctor to me."

The world is slow to learn that Christianity is a workingman's religion. Most of the apostles were fishermen. Paul was a tentmaker, and Jesus was a carpenter. No man can walk in "the footsteps" of Jesus without making a few tracks in a carpenter shop or some other place of honest labor. Of all the men Jesus selected for special work and important positions in the kingdom of heaven, he never chose a gentleman of wealth and leisure for anything. The following newspaper clipping inclosed in one of his letters is in point in this connection:

"Ralph Waldo Emerson once said: 'The men in cities who are the centers of energy, the driving wheels of trade, politics, or practical arts, and the women of beauty and genius, are the children or grandchildren of farmers, and are spending the energies which their fathers' hardy, silent lives accumulated in frosty furrows, in poverty, necessity, and darkness.'"

There is no idle time in the life that is photographed by private letters in this volume. When he closes a meeting at one place, he begins another one immediately somewhere else; when he goes home to rest, he preaches day and night "to the home folks" and works "between meals;" when too sick to work or preach, he writes encouraging letters to other workers every moment he is able to sit up between spells of "heart failure" and "ex-

treme weakness." Several years ago he wrote from home as follows:

"My work is to 'preach the word;' the wide, wide world is my field. My commission from Jesus reads: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' (Mark 16: 15.) How I have endured what I have endured, I do not know. I have worked constantly, under heavy pressure, with all my might all my life, a very few years, beginning with the cradle, excepted. People think I come home to rest when I leave some distant field—well, I *am* going home to rest by and by. For weeks we have scarcely seen the sun here. Rain, rain, rain! During all this time I have preached two sermons a day in Florence, four miles from home, and gone into the water to baptize, usually, once a day. We leave home, rain or no rain, but nearly always rain, at 9 A.M. and 7 P.M.; return at 1 and 11 P.M. After we get home at night, we sit up and talk about what we have done, and said, and heard, and seen, and thought, and felt, till about midnight. Thus far the Lord has sustained me. I am driving four times four miles through the rain, preaching twice and baptizing once every day; but, so far as I can see, I am holding up in all respects as well as usual. Health good, voice perfect, no cold, never hoarse; always happy in the work. I hope they will let me quit this week. Other places are pressing me for meetings."

At another time, while at home resting and preaching twice every day in Florence, he wrote:

"I am gaining strength every day; preaching day and

night, and driving four miles every night after preaching. I thought I was sick when I came home, but I believe I simply needed the remedy I am taking in this meeting. Weather cloudy and rainy much of the time. I am certainly testing my powers of endurance in this meeting. Voice good. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.'

Once, when he was ready to leave home, he wrote:

"I expect to be gone nine months on this trip, and do my very best all the time. Nothing suits me, nothing is endurable for me, but constant work for the Lord."

Every preacher, and especially every preacher's wife, will know what burdens weary hearts had to bear during these long trips from home. Others besides preachers, whose duties demand long periods from home, will read between the lines here their own experience in homesick longings for the dear ones far away. On the principle that "misery loves company," there will be consolation to many readers in the following scrap of poetry inclosed in one of his letters while he was in a meeting in the far West on a long trip from home:

WHEN YOU COME HOME AGAIN.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight glimmers low,
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wreaths of the long ago;
Ever, with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsing vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
To have you home again.

I feel that you are sick of the cities
 And of faces cold and strange;
 But you know where there is ever a welcome;
 So allow your yearning fancies range
 Back to the dear old homestead
 Without an aching sense of pain;
 For there'll be joy in the coming,
 When you come home again.

When you come home—why, there's music
 That may never die away;
 And it seems the hands of angels,
 On a mystic harp at play,
 Have touched with a yearning sadness
 On a beautiful, broken strain,
 To which my fond heart is wording,
 "When you come home again."

Outside of your darkened windows
 Are the great world's crash and din,
 And slowly the autumn shadows
 Will come drifting, drifting in;
 Slowly and sobbing, the night winds murmur
 To the splash of the summer rain,
 While I dream of the glorious greeting
 When you come home again.

On the margin of this clipping he wrote:

"Mrs. Larimore sends me this."

One of the hardest parts a preacher has to play is to be cheerful in his work, entertain and be entertained, visit and be visited, take an interest in everybody and everything around him, nor show by word, look, laugh, or melancholy abstraction, any sign of the burden on his heart he cannot help but feel, if he is any part of a man, for the loved ones in loneliness at home. O yes, "preachers



MRS. T. B. LARIMORE.

have a good time," if it is "a good time" to play a part in home pleasures and enjoyments, and then hide away in hearing of music and laughter, to read a letter from a wife and mother who tries to be brave and cheerful and encouraging, but breaks down in the effort and lets her heart talk in a waif of poetry clipped from a newspaper. Others besides preachers have the same kind of good times. Many a soul in this world has mastered the art of manufacturing pleasure for others out of its own sorrows as raw material. Whoever can do this is a philosopher and philanthropist; and whoever tries to do it is a hero, whether he succeeds or fails in the effort.

Inclosed in one of his letters was a clipping from a local paper in Arkansas, introduced with the following words by the editor:

"The two pretty stanzas below are from the pen of our friend, L. Stevens, of Mill Creek, a gentleman whose sparkling wit, expressed in rhyme, has created so much merriment around Pope County firesides."

The two stanzas are as follows:

TROUBLE'S WINE.

At trouble's table I have dined,
 And drank the dregs of trouble's wine;
 Misfortune held it to my lip
 Until I sipped it sip by sip;
 And when I think the glass to drain,
 It seems some power hidden
 Does replenish it again,
 As though I am forbidden
 To empty it; and thus I find
 Another cup of trouble's wine.

And thus it's been my whole life through :
My troubles great, my pleasures few ;
With all mankind I laugh and jest,
And none of them has ever guessed
That, with all my mirth, I hide a heart
That's filled with deepest sorrow ;
That in this life I act a part,
My mirth I only borrow ;
Nor have they ever yet divined
That I am drunk on trouble's wine.

His idea of " the best thing " is expressed in the following newspaper clipping which he inclosed in one of his letters :

" The best law is the Golden Rule ; the best philosophy, a contented mind ; the best statesmanship, self-government ; the best war, that against one's weaknesses ; the best medicine, cheerfulness and temperance in all things ; the best music, the laughter of an innocent soul ; the best science, the extracting of sunshine from gloom ; the best art, painting a smile on the face of childhood ; the best biography, the life which writes charity in the largest letters ; the best telegraphing, flashing a ray of light into a gloomy heart ; the best engineering, building a bridge of faith over the river of death ; the best diplomacy, effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience ; the best journalism, printing only the good and the true ; the best navigation, steering clear of the rocks of personal contention ; the best mathematics, that which doubles the most joys, subtracts the most sorrows, divides the gulf of misery, adds to the sum of human pleasure, and cancels all selfishness."

His caution, discretion, and tenderness in dealing with

the prejudices of people are proverbial and thoroughly characteristic. In one of his meetings where prejudice was high and opposition to him and his work was strong, he wrote:

“I am well and working well, the load and the team considered. I am patiently doing what duty demands, without imprudently antagonizing prejudices and exciting opposition that might defeat the purpose I have in view in all my work—viz., to win souls to Christ.”

No matter how much work he does, or what success attends his labors, he is never satisfied. He wants to do more every year than he has ever done in one year before. There is a uniformity in his letters at the close of one year and the beginning of another, during his whole life as a preacher, which would be monotonous to the reader. It will save space to publish the following letter and ask the readers to read it one time for the beginning of each year he has been preaching, if they want a complete record of his correspondence on that subject:

“I am exceedingly anxious to do more for Christ this year than I have ever done in one year; but I have scarcely begun yet. My vow for this year is: Be better—do more, pray and labor for better results—than in any previous year of my life. So far as work and results are concerned, I have only eleven months in which to break my record for any previous year. Well, beginning, ‘the Lord willing,’ January 31, I am determined to try.”

Concerning one of his long meetings in Sherman,

Texas, several years ago, an active coworker in the meeting and zealous member of the Sherman church wrote on this wise :

“ Brother Larimore’s work with us has been, in many respects, remarkable. It began with the new year, and has continued, with steady and constantly-increasing interest, to the present—nine full weeks—two discourses every day and three every Sunday. Still, nobody seems tired, and no one seems willing to entertain the thought of closing the meeting. Indeed, the church, preacher, and people seem more anxious and in better condition in all respects for work to-day than on any previous day of the year. There has never been the slightest indication of even a probable decline in the interest or in the mental, physical, or heart power of any one engaged or interested in the work. How our preacher endures all this mental, physical, and heart pressure, and grows clearer and stronger every day, we do not know. He attributes it to Providence, and this may be the secret of it all. The number of additions thus far is small, considering the number and character of discourses delivered—133 discourses, 153 additions. These figures express only a small per cent of the good accomplished by this work. The services are all very simple—a song, a prayer, a song, a sermon, a song, confessions, baptism, any necessary remarks or announcements, a song, benediction. The sermons are strictly scriptural and practical. Our brief voluntary song service closes and the pulpit service begins promptly at 3:50 P.M. and 7:50 P.M. every day; at 10:50 A.M., 3:50 P.M., and 7:50 P.M. every Sunday.

The entire services, not including the voluntary song service, occupy seventy minutes."

A meeting that continues nine weeks is considered long in these times, but there are notices of longer meetings than *that* in the New Testament; and it cannot be considered unscriptural on account of its length, unless it continues "night and day" a longer time than "the space of three years." But how can a preacher hold up so long and preach continuously every day? How can he find sermons enough to preach? On these points I wrote him for his experience, etc., and received the following reply:

"I hastily answer the best I can. We are just beginning to get things loosened up at the roots. The interest is increasing every day. You are anxious to know how I am holding up. I am well. Nothing can be better for me than to preach twice every day and three times every Sunday, unless it is to preach three times 'every day and Sunday, too.' My voice? It's all right. Length of sermons? Fifty minutes. Entire service? Seventy minutes. When is the meeting to close? No mortal knows. Subjects and material for sermons? The Bible is full of them; its treasures are simply inexhaustible. Study? That I do. I am not only studying, but learning—learning rapidly every day. I see new beauties in the Bible every day, and am simply astonished at the sweet, sublime simplicity of God's eternal truth. Exhaust the Bible themes, and thoughts, and truths, at this rate, after a while? Yes, when swallows drink the ocean dry. What books do I consult? The Bible, Webster's Dictionary, and the Bible—these three, and no more. How long do

I purpose to fight on this line? Till mustered out of service. Texas is a glorious country. Sherman is a good, growing town. Young and old are standing by me bravely in this fight. May the Lord forever bless them all. We are having a pleasant meeting—not wild, bewildering excitement, but a genuine revival, the effects of which will last till time shall be no more; a sacred school, where a thousand pupils are learning the word, the will, and the way of the Lord, and learning to respect them.”

Perhaps the New Testament idea is that every church (congregation) is a school, and every teacher should be both a teacher and a pupil. Teachers in secular schools do not run out of subjects or exhaust their powers of physical endurance. They teach from four hours to eight hours every day for ten months in succession. A pupil can always find subjects enough to keep him busy every day, and it is considered no particular hardship on him to hold his place in his classes continuously every day for months, and even years, in succession. Perhaps the *teaching* idea should take the place of exhaustive *ranting* in pulpit work. “They shall all be taught of God.” (John 6: 45.) Thus souls are drawn to Christ. Possibly the demand for Bible colleges is largely due to the failure of preachers and churches to teach the Scriptures thoroughly and continuously. What better Bible college is needed to bring souls to Christ and prepare young men for the ministry than a zealous church, in which the Scriptures are thoroughly and continuously taught? Brethren, “preach the word.”

Whatever else may be thought of him or said about

him, no one can successfully deny that he works. It is doubtful whether any man, living or dead, has preached more sermons under more different circumstances in more different places than T. B. Larimore during the same number of years he has been preaching. Preaching twice every day and three times every Sunday, besides business cares, correspondence, baptizing, visiting, attending weddings and funerals, and worrying over other people's troubles, can hardly be counted the hardest part of his work. Perhaps his hardest labors are the discomforts, exposures, loss of sleep, irregular meals, excitement, dangers, and general inconveniences of travel in long trips on scant time between meetings.

When in a Western city, ready to begin a meeting, he wrote:

"Just reached here this morning. From Monday noon till Sunday morning coming from Florence, Ala. Worn out. Wrecks, washouts, bad connections, etc. Hope to be in good shape for work to-morrow. Sorry I cannot write you to-day."

Think of going into a city Sunday morning on a belated train after such a trip, and then undertaking to preach three times to a strange audience that day, and still hoping "to be in good shape for work to-morrow." Think, also, of keeping up similar work continuously, without a break, for more than thirty years.

CHAPTER IV.

Sermon—Rest for the Soul.

“**T**HEN began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not: Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

“At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight. All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

“Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and

learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." (Matt. 11: 20-30.)

In the Isle of Wight is a beautiful, costly monument erected by the sympathy, liberality, and magnanimity of Queen Victoria, to perpetuate the memory of a pure, sweet girl of beauty and intelligence, who lived and loved, suffered, sorrowed, sighed, and died, in the long, long ago. That monument represents a young lady in a reclining position, her cheek resting upon the marble page of an open Bible, on which page is the language: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

That beautiful girl was the daughter of Charles I., of England; and she was arrested because she was the intellectual, cultured daughter of a king and possessed such beauty of form and features and such sweetness of spirit as to give her wonderful influence among the people of the realm in which and over which her father reigned. She was kept in prison; news in reference to her father was kept from her; nothing in the world was done or said to give her comfort; she was anxious to hear, and afraid to hear, the news; the heartless spirit of that age had no sympathy for her among her father's foes; and, finally, one morning the keeper of the prison found her lying lifeless in her cell, her cheek resting upon the page of her open Bible which says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Queen Victoria thought it proper to perpetuate the memory of that sweet girl, and, at the same time, to erect a monument that would preach—a monument that, in a

very important sense, represents the Savior himself. That monument is ever solemnly saying, in the language of Jesus, to every passer-by, weary and heavy laden: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

We ought not only to appreciate the spirit of the good sovereign who erected that monument, but we ought to go beyond the monument, and beyond the thought that prompted the sovereign to erect it, and see the Savior, and hear him lovingly and tenderly saying to the toiling millions of all time, weary and heavy laden, burdened with sin: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Then, if we have heeded that language, if we have yielded to the persuasive power of the blessed Savior as set forth in this precious invitation, we ought to rejoice that we are saved, that we have been freed from our sins, that we are on our journey home, that we are in Christ, and in the enjoyment of that sweet rest and perfect peace, passing all understanding, that Heaven guarantees to every faithful soul in the service of God from the rivers to the ends of the earth. And, if we are enjoying that rest, and thus having only a taste of the rest that remains to the people of God in that brighter and better world, we certainly ought to sympathize enough with suffering hu-

manity to extend this call to all that need it; to impress it with all the power of earnestness we possess upon the minds of those that are subject to the call; to do our very best to lead the lost to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

I trust all of us appreciate the spirit that prompted Queen Victoria to erect the monument to which I have alluded.

There is not a Christian man, woman, or child in this audience, in this community, or on this earth, that may not invite and persuade people to come to Jesus and find rest for their weary souls; there is not a Christian man, woman, or child upon the earth that may not in some way call the living to the Lord, which will be better than simply perpetuating the memory of the dead. And, while little boys and girls old enough and intelligent enough to be responsible in the sight of God should love Queen Victoria all the more because of the spirit she manifested in perpetuating the memory of that sweet girl, they ought to look far beyond the power and presence of Queen Victoria; far beyond all the pomp, pageantry, pride, power, wealth, glory, and sinfulness of this vain world, to Jesus, the Man of sorrows—now the coronated King of kings and Lord of lords—and love him more, appreciate him more, and be more devoted to his service and consecrated to his will, because he is saying to all the sinful, toiling, weary, and heavy-laden sons and daughters of men who are separated from him by their sins: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and

ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”

Do we, all of us, realize now that this is the Savior’s language?

When I told you of that beautiful monument, and of the spirit that erected it, and of the lines which are inscribed upon it, I think you believed that. I think you believe that is a reality, that you appreciate it, and would be glad to see it, and that, if you were traveling where it would be convenient for you to do so, you would turn aside and stand at the foot of the monument, read its impressive language, and look, through tears that would not stain an angel’s cheek, at the reclining marble figure thereon. If you should ever see that monument, you would think of the sweet girl it represents; of the bloody, tearful period that swept her into eternity and beheaded her father; and then think of this night, and of all the times you have been here, and of the opportunities you have embraced or slighted; and, in all your thoughts, you would realize that Queen Victoria did one of the many thousands of good and great things she has done when she erected that monument.

Why not, then, go beyond and above that to the source from which the language, spirit, and thought emanated, and realize that Jesus is a sublime and blessed reality, and that the language is the language of the Man of sorrows who died upon Calvary’s cross, to redeem you and me and all we love and all who love us? Jesus died on Calvary’s cross to ransom the lost; to lift them from their fallen condition; to roll back the tide of sin and sorrow threatening to engulf the human race; to set our

souls free, to rise above the sorrows and sighs and suffering and sin of this world, and nestle in the bosom of the love of God, with angels and archangels, while eternal ages roll.

If we have a feeling of admiration for, and appreciation of, the good queen who erected that monument, to perpetuate the memory of that sweet girl, and to breathe this sweet sentiment on and on and on till time shall be no more, why not have a feeling of admiration for, and appreciation of, and sympathy with, and purest and truest love for, the Man of sorrows, who uttered that language when he himself was here on earth? And why not show that appreciation, show that sympathy, show that admiration, that love tender and true, by submitting to his will? Shall we feel, and think, and talk, and act in reference to Queen Victoria and her work in a way that will convince the world that we believe these things are real; and then feel, and think, and talk, and act in reference to Jesus and his life and his language as if we believe all these things belong to the shades of the mythological ages of long, long ago? Unless we watch ourselves, there is danger that we shall do exactly that. And surely, when sinners hear this invitation and turn away without any emotion, and, without any manifestation of appreciation, go their way as if Jesus had never called them, they fail to show that they believe these things are real, and their conduct might be interpreted to mean there is no reality in the story of the cross and in this manifestation of the Savior's love for the lost.

We who claim to be Christians think it is strange that intelligent men, women, and children responsible, out of

Christ, will act thus. It may seem to them far more unreasonable and much stranger that we, claiming to believe these things, and claiming to be on our journey through this world of sorrow to the land of eternal blessedness, should be careless and indifferent in reference to the work before us. It may seem to them one of the strangest of all strange things that we claim to believe these things, and, at the same time, mix and mingle with them socially from day to day, week to week, month to month, and year to year, without trying to induce them to cease their sins and their wanderings and come to Jesus, that they may be saved. If we believe the Bible, we believe that practically, in the love light of God's eternal truth, the Savior stands before us and says: "Come unto me, and you shall have rest." We believe he is saying right now to each and every one away from him, out of him: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Do we, all of us, believe the Bible? I deem it safe to say we do, at least safe to say we *think* we do. Then, that being true, we believe Jesus is calling to him every sinner in this audience. Now, do you who are subjects of the gospel call believe he is calling you to come to him? If you believe the Bible, you not only believe that, but you believe he is making you a promise: "Come unto me. . . . and I will give you rest."

Do you want that rest of body, soul, and spirit for all the days you have to live upon the earth, and then

throughout eternity? I hope you do. You know how to get that rest. It is an insult to the Lord Jesus Christ, an insult to Jehovah, an insult to high Heaven, for us, in the light of this language, to claim that we can get that rest without yielding to the invitation, without coming to the Savior as he demands. Why beg us? Why entreat us? Why implore and beseech us to come to him, that we may find that rest, if we can find it away from him? The very language itself practically says: "Unless you come, you cannot receive that rest." For us to say, then, we can receive it without coming, just the same as by coming, is equivalent to challenging the veracity of the Lord Jesus Christ. He gives us a positive promise; but we must comply with the conditions he prescribes—must obey—that we may receive the blessing. We are not to merit it; but we are to come to Jesus, that we may receive it; because he himself, who knows what is best for us, invites us to come, and the promise that we shall receive rest is based upon the demand that we come. Of course, now, the Savior does not mean we are to come through space, as we measure space upon the earth, to him. We cannot do that. But we are separated from him spiritually; we are away from him; sin has separated us from Christ; and now he calls us back to him, that we may find rest. This call does not include the righteous, for the Savior says: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." (Mark 2: 17.) So, then, this call is for sinners. If you do not realize that you are a sinner, then, you do not realize that this call includes you. This call does not include Christians, of course; for the apostle Paul teaches us that Christians are *in*

Christ—that is, in his spiritual body, which is the church. “And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.” (Eph. 2: 6.) It simply includes all the weary and heavy laden, and that is what it says—those who are burdened by sin, those who are exposed to eternal death, those who are living without God and in danger of dying without a promise of a glorious immortality. Now, if we do not belong to the class that is far away from Jesus, we ought to rejoice that we are not far away from him. If we do belong to that far-away class, we ought to rejoice that Jesus loves us, that Jesus sympathizes with us, that Jesus gave his life for us, and now tenderly begs us to come to him. Give how many of the weary and heavy laden rest? All of them that come to him. How can we come? Jesus says: “No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day.” (John 6: 44.) He immediately explains how the Father draws: “It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me.” (John 6: 45.) The terms “heard” and “learned” are here used in the sense of obedient or submissive hearing and learning—hearing in order to learn, and learning in order to live according to the will of God.

Now, that is the way God draws us to Christ, and that is God’s work. God’s power, through the truth, draws every wanderer that heeds the truth—hears, understands, believes, appreciates, and obeys it—toward and to and into Christ, who stands pledged to give the rest. We may resist that power—stay away from Jesus—and never

receive the rest; or we may yield to it—come to Jesus, obey the gospel, walk in the footsteps of our Savior—and reign and rejoice with him in glory forever. That choice is before every sinner in this house to-night. You have the option between the two, and you do not know but that the decision you make in a few moments now is to be the decision that shall settle that question and your destiny forever. A very important question is before you. You have to decide the question whether you will or will not heed this divine invitation to-night. To decide you will not is to reject the Savior for this time; to decide you will is to accept the Savior now. To decide you will not come to him to-night is to decide to still be burdened by sin and exposed to eternal death; to decide to come to Jesus to-night—to come—is to come to the one who promises you rest, and his promise can never fail. It follows, therefore, that to decide to come, to *come*, is to secure peace, pardon, and rest—rest for body, soul, and spirit; rest for conscience, rest for mind; and rest for evermore, if obedient until death.

Of course all of us understand, or should understand, that the word “yoke” is used here in a metaphorical sense; that it does not mean a literal yoke; but we understand it in that figurative sense just as well as we do in the literal sense. When we speak of the yoke of Great Britain, all of us understand that means the government of Great Britain. When Christ says, “Take my yoke upon you,” he means his authority. To be under the British yoke is to be under the British law, or government. To be under the yoke of Christ is to be under the law, or government, of Christ; for Christ is King over his

own kingdom, the Head of his own army. He rules, governs, his own church, his own kingdom, his own army—"only this, and nothing more"—and, therefore, to take his yoke upon us is to obey the gospel, thus entering his kingdom, his army, his church. But, remember, we have no promise, no assurance, no hope, of this rest unless we take the yoke. So, there is no promise of peace, pardon, rest—the rest that Jesus promises—outside of the covenanted relationship with God in Christ, outside of the divine institution of which Jesus is the Head. We ought to appreciate this invitation, because it comes from the loving Lord who died to redeem us; we ought to appreciate it, because there is connected with it the precious promise of rest, if we will only heed the invitation—do what Heaven demands. And just to the extent that we appreciate rest of the very highest character, we certainly ought to appreciate the promise of the Savior: "And I will give you rest." There is no perfect rest out of Christ. We can have rest to a limited extent; but when it comes to absolutely perfect rest, that is found only in the service of him who so loved the world as to give his Son to die, that we might live forever.

Rest is sweet to all the toiling millions of earth. Rest gives opportunity for exhausted powers to recuperate, that toil may be resumed and continued till Nature demands rest for the weary body again; but, if we come to Jesus, obey the gospel, and live right—consecrate all to Christ and his cause, and be ever faithful and true—sweetest rest and "peace that passeth all understanding" shall abide with us forever.

The very thought of rest is sweet to the farmer as he

toils from the rising to the setting of the sun. When he turns his face toward home at the close of the day, knowing love's welcome awaits him, the thought of rest there with loved ones is sweet to him, though he knows he must return to the field of his labor to-morrow, and so on and on with his toil and rest and care till his life of toil and rest and care shall cease.

We, if we are Christians, are laborers in the vineyard of the Lord; and, when the sun of the day of our mortal life shall set, and that night shall come, as the Savior says, "when no man can work" (John 9: 4), we shall enter into a rest sweet and perfect; a rest with the angels, with loved ones not lost, but gone before; a rest that shall never end.

Rest! The thought of rest is sweet to the soldier who has been far from home on bloody fields, and has faithfully done the duty of a soldier, when the war is over—the last battle fought, the last victory won, the cannon cooled, the swords and sabers sheathed, the muskets stacked, the bayonets to be "fixed" no more—and he is honorably discharged and turns his face homeward, ever thinking of the love and peace and rest awaiting him there.

We, if we are Christians, are soldiers of the cross, clad in the panoply of heaven, armed with the sword of the Spirit, filled with the love of God and sympathy for poor, lost, and suffering humanity, marching beneath the fluttering folds of the banner of Prince Immanuel, who died to redeem us; battling against sin and Satan for the glory of God, the honor of Christ, and the salvation of souls. But the day is not far distant when our warfare shall be

ended, when our last battle shall have been fought and our last victory won. Then we can lay down the sword and the cross, and be borne by angels to the land of eternal light and life and love and liberty, receive the crown, and enter into the enjoyment of that perfect rest that shall be ours forever.

The thought of rest is sweet to the sailor who has been tossed upon the restless, storm-swept bosom of the sighing, sobbing sea, far away from home and loved ones, rocked upon the billows, but never at rest. When the time comes for his ship to return home, and he realizes he is homeward bound, his soul leaps for joy at the thought that the day is not far distant when the ship is to be anchored in sight of home, and he is to be conveyed to the shore in a little boat and permitted to plant his feet upon the solid earth, and be taken into the fond embrace of mother, wife, or sister. He is going home, where he can rest and rejoice, while smiles of joy and tears of gratitude shall show how his loved ones appreciate and love him. Then and there he can realize what rest is.

We are sailors on the bosom of the sea of life. If we are Christians, we are aboard the good old ship of Zion, that has borne to the bright port of eternal bliss many millions, and can bear as many millions more. If we are living in harmony with God's law, we are aboard that blessed ship, and Jesus is our Captain. The hand of Jehovah is on the helm, and we are driven by the breath of Omnipotence through the storms, defying the lightning's vivid flash and the thunder's awful roar, defying all the storms of sin and Satan that may sweep the sea around us. The day is not far distant when the eternal

shore shall be in view, and we shall see the gorgeous gates and glittering walls of the New Jerusalem and that Happy Land, as the good old ship casts anchor in the laughing waters of the pearly port of endless peace. Then we shall be conveyed to the shore and be permitted to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem rejoicing in the peerless peace and perfect rest purchased by the blood of Jesus. While the eternal ages come and go, our bliss shall be unalloyed, our rest shall be perfect. There we shall spend eternity—in that blessed land where hearts neither ache nor bleed nor break, “where life is eternal and a treasure sublime;” but, remember, we must be in Christ Jesus and live in harmony with the law of the Lord, that these blessed results may flow to our souls like rivers of bliss while time and eternity last. The sweetest earthborn rest is found in a mother’s fond embrace. Strangely cold-spirited, heartless, cruel, and false must be the boy, it matters not what position of honor and power he may fill on earth, who can forget the sweetness and preciousness of rest in a mother’s arms; or forget or fail to appreciate a mother’s love, a mother’s care, a mother’s advice, a mother’s sigh, a mother’s tears, a mother’s kiss, or a mother’s prayer.

A sweet, Christian girl, living not many miles from my humble home, married and went far away toward the western verge of the United States, stayed there a few years, while consumption was doing its deadly work, slowly, but surely and steadily. The roses faded and fell from her cheeks; she grew paler and weaker and thinner as the days went by, until at last she realized fully that the grave was not far from her, that the day

was at hand when she should cease her suffering, sighing, and sorrowing and enter into that rest that remains to the people of God. She feared no danger, she dreaded no death; for she had gone to Christ for rest, and was securely and safely sheltered from all storms in the bosom of the Rock of Ages; but, still, she was not willing to die then and there. She wanted to be brought back home, her mother to get into the old family rocking-chair and take her upon her lap and let her lean back upon her bosom, her mother to put her arms around her and kiss her, and rock her as she did in the sweet long ago; "and then," she said, "from that sweet rest I am willing for angels to bear me home to the rest that earth can never give." Loving husband and friends brought her back to the dear, old home. The rocking-chair was prepared just as she desired. Her mother, tears blinding her, took her seat in it; the sweet child-woman, almost a skeleton and almost in the grave, was helped to her mother; she took her seat upon her mother's lap, leaned back and nestled on her bosom as she did in the long, long ago, when she was a little child. The mother, sobbing and trying to talk, put her arms around her and pressed her close to her warm, sorrowing heart and kissed her. The daughter laid her head upon the mother's shoulder, drew as close to her as she could, and said: "Rock me now, mamma, and sing me to sleep." Her mother rocked her gently, and tried to sing. Finally the daughter said: "You may put me to the bed now. You are tired. I don't want you to rock me too long." She was taken to the bed and placed upon it, and expressed herself as being perfectly satisfied—not another wish, not

another request; that was all for her in this world—but one more step, and that was to the only rest that is sweeter than the rest found upon a mother's bosom, in a mother's arms. The day of her departure was at hand. A few days came and went; and then her sweet spirit left the crumbling clay, to be buried in the little family graveyard, the spirit to go home to God, to nestle forever in the bosom of the love of him who said when in person here on earth: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

May the Lord bless every soul in this audience, and may every subject of the gospel call here fly like a bird to the sheltering rock—to the "Rock of Ages cleft for" all—that the peace that passeth all understanding may be yours while living, perfect contentment be yours in the hour of death, and unalloyed bliss be yours forever.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Will you come? If so, may the Lord bless you in coming now.

CHAPTER V.

Letters—Work in Hard Places.

THE correct measure of a preacher's consecration is not the great work he does in strong churches under favorable circumstances at liberal rates of remuneration for his services, but the self-sacrificing work he does in hard places for the love of the Lord. It is to the credit of Paul not only that he labored more abundantly than all the other apostles, but that he "strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named," lest he "should build upon another man's foundation," but to preach to those who had "not heard" and "to whom he was not spoken of." (Rom. 15: 20, 21.) His reputation as a consecrated preacher rests very largely on the fact that he was, of all men, "in labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft." The pathos of facts in his life is a strong indorsement of his earnestness: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often,

in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." (2 Cor. 11: 24-28.) In all this he had no sinister motives. "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me." (Acts 20: 33, 34.)

A great victory usually, if not always, comes after a hard fight. Inclosing a photograph of a ten-acre field which nestles among the mountains of East Tennessee, he writes:

"THE TEN-ACRE FIELD.

"I am in the 'ten-acre field' to-day, and my mind is scanning pages and pictures of the past.

"'The ten-acre field' is on 'the ridge,' about one mile nearly due south from Dunlap, the capital of Sequatchie County, Tenn. The beautiful Sequatchie flows along the eastern foot of 'the ridge.'

"'The ridge' would be a mountain in Kansas or Texas; but, in East Tennessee, shadowed by rock-ribbed chains of towering mountains that bound Sequatchie Valley on the east and on the west, and seem to support the heavens that bend in blue beauty above them, it is only a baby asleep on the bosom of the beautiful valley that rests its head upon a green, grassy pillow that connects, at the north, the mountains that bound it, and bathes its feet in the limpid waters of the beautiful Tennessee, and we simply call it 'the ridge.'

"The mountains, the valley, the river, and the ridge are parallel—approximately so, at least. The river, about



"THE TEN ACRE FIELD."

seventy to one hundred miles long, runs from north to south.

“The field and I are about the same age, and both of us are older than we were when we were chums three and thirty years ago. I feel like a boy to-day, however, and the field is not worn out. The soil on the surface of the field is thinner than it was long ago, and I am somewhat thinner on top, too.

“When I was in the middle of my teens, and the field was comparatively ‘new,’ two negroes and I cultivated ‘the ten-acre field’ and other fields. ‘The doctor’ inherited ‘Samps’ and Tamar, and brought them from Currituck County, N. C., when he came to Tennessee. He hired me ‘for six months, includin’ crop time,’ for thirty-six dollars, which was more than the market price of boys of my age and size and strength in ‘the valley’ then. The reason the doctor rendered for voluntarily paying me such an exorbitant price was that he expected me to somewhat oversee and manage matters in my sphere, while he practiced medicine.

“The natural tendency of the doctor’s kindness and confidence and of my financial boom, all coming upon me suddenly and at the same time, was to make me very vain and very grateful, of course; and I resolved then and there that the doctor should never be disappointed in me.

“That spring was very favorable for ‘pitching crops,’ and we succeeded splendidly.

“When the time for ‘laying off’ ‘the ten-acre field’ came, the doctor sent me alone to do that. I was to go alone and ‘lay it off’ one way. Then, as I ‘laid it off’ the other way, Tamar was to ‘drop’ the corn and

'Samps' was to 'cover' it. The field was a lonely spot in the woods. There was not a house in it or in sight of it then; nor was there another field near. I was afraid of wild cats, witches, 'n' things; but a boy who was valued at six dollars a month could not afford to be otherwise than brave; so I went without a murmur. I waited at 'the gap' till day dawned and brightened sufficiently for me to see to 'run a row.' Then that day's work began. A big battle was before me. My heart was set on getting ready to begin planting that field at the dawning of the next day. My honor and reputation were at stake. I resolved to do my very best, and I did.

"The moon, almost full, was hanging low over the brow of the mountain to the east, and I could see my shadow in its light distinctly, when I finished my task. I never entertained the thought of quitting till my task was done, however. Nothing less terrible than the scream of a panther, the cry of a wild cat, or the shadow of a ghost could have driven me from that field till the victory was complete. Years have come and gone since then, and many battles I have fought; but I am not sure I have ever been more elated over any victory I have ever won than I was over that. My task was done, the victory was won, and I was happy.

"The doctor was delighted. He said: 'Make a hurry, "Samps"—make a hurry! Theophilus has laid off the ten-acre field to-day. I thought it would take him two days, but he has done it in one. Make a hurry, now—make a hurry! Get the seed corn ready! That field must be planted to-morrow. Make a hurry, now—make a hurry!'

"How real sometimes seem things trivial and tame that transpired almost a lifetime ago! I can almost see 'Samps' now, and hear the doctor's voice as he says: 'Make a hurry, "Samps"—make a hurry!' That's the way he talked to 'Samps,' but he never did tell me to 'make a hurry.' He encouraged me, praised me, and paid me—paid me all he promised—and *gave* me twenty-five cents. Moreover, he said that he would educate me, and make a doctor of me—a good one—if I'd be *his* boy; but I had to work; I was my mammy's boy, and wanted to be a lawyer!

"I worked for the doctor six months, lost only half a day—one afternoon—and worked till midnight of that day. I thought, if George Washington was the first man, Dr. Fred. Bell was the second.

"The day his firstborn was born and buried, and his right arm was broken, was a dark and dreadful day to me.

"The doctor died long ago, leaving a worthy wife and intelligent children, to fight the battles of life without him. I pray that they may all prosper and always be happy—in time and in eternity. I believe 'Samps' and Tamar 'went away wid de Yankees endu'in' de wah.'"

As a preacher, he has not always worked in easy places. He has held many meetings in strong churches where he had every convenience, comfort, and advantage money could procure, large audiences could provide, or the love and thoughtfulness of a host of friends could devise; he has also done much work without any financial remuneration in hard places and against many discouragements. From a country place where the population was dense,

but the people were poor and the land was poorer, he wrote:

“Our meeting is progressing very nicely. Thirty-three added to the Lord the last three days—thirteen yesterday. I baptized seventeen yesterday in a creek as clear as crystal. When I commenced work here, four members—two men and two women, husbands and wives—were all I could find in this country. Now, at the appointed time for work, they come up to the house of the Lord in encouraging numbers. The saints can possess this land, if they will. Preaching every day at 10:30 A.M., 1:30 and 7:30 P.M.; dinner—basket dinner—at noon; and baptizing at 3 P.M.”

At a time when he was more than five hundred miles from home, hard at work, and many people no doubt thought he was preaching for money and faring “sumptuously every day,” he wrote:

“House small—exceedingly so. Very little, if any, over half the space in the diminutive auditorium occupied by seats. Just about half the seats occupied by people last night. In addition to the almost ludicrous diminutiveness of the house, with small inside and here and there a seat, with broad spaces and spacious aisles, the walls are cracked from foundation to roof. The opinion is said to prevail that it is perilous for any one whose life is worth preserving to enter the little, old, shabby, tumble-down building.

“Brother — explains that he did not, and does not, expect to carry on the meeting in this house very long. The programme is to get up an interest here, and then

move the meeting to a commodious hall. Now, the question is: How are we to get up an interest? The preaching in this little, old, empty house cannot do it, unless we can preach the house down. Of course there is a reason for all these things. What the reason is, I do not know. The preaching is not to blame; for nobody has heard it, a few of the faithful and visitors from a distance excepted. Well, the preacher must just simply do his best and be satisfied with results. That is exactly what he purposes to do."

His determination to "just simply do his best and be satisfied with results" turned defeat into victory against all these discouragements. Later in the meeting he wrote:

"We are all right now. House packed, interest good, success assured."

After the meeting closed he wrote:

"Meeting closed last night. Every inch of available space occupied, from pulpit to door, and I know not how many outside. Nobody moved, and many stood from start to finish of services, which lasted, including baptism, more than two hours. Ninety added to the Lord. Seventeen added yesterday, thirteen of them at the close of the last sermon of the meeting last night."

How preachers who labor in such places are to be supported is a difficult question. I know of no better way than to go and do the work, and look to the people who are benefited by the preaching for support. An effort to raise money at that place to support the meeting before the

work was done would have been a very moderate success, if not, indeed, a complete failure. It would have been easier to raise a thousand dollars for the preacher the night the meeting closed than one hundred the day it began. Even a panic in the preacher about his support after the meeting began would have been disastrous to both the financial interests of the preacher and the spiritual welfare of the town. When a preacher goes to such a place and wins a victory under such circumstances and against such discouragements, I am not disposed to censure him or criticise the people if, after the work is done, the laborer is rewarded in a measure which many good people would consider extravagant liberality. However, preachers who work faithfully, but fail to move the people—as every preacher does in some cases—should not be allowed to suffer want or go unrewarded.

From a place where "the pastor" privately, cautiously, and courteously suggested that he adhered too closely to the Bible in his preaching, and quoted too much scripture in every sermon, to the neglect of originality and intellectuality, he sent the following joke, clipped from a political paper:

"A Kansas Legislator has introduced a bill to enact the Ten Commandments into a law, and his party has sat down on him and flattened him out like a postage stamp for running off after heresies."

There is always a demand for his labor, because he creates a demand by constant, hard work. In every line of human endeavor there is always a demand for men who are constantly employed. Men who will not be idle

are in demand when workers are wanted for anything. Preachers are no exception to this rule. It is hard to get work and places for "unemployed preachers," because people who want a preacher prefer one who will not be "unemployed." This thought is well expressed in the following stanzas, clipped from a paper and inclosed in one of his letters:

I OFTEN WONDER WHY 'TIS SO.

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on.
I sometimes wonder which is best.
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night hours go.
Some hearts beat where some hearts break.
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some wills faint where some wills fight.
Some love the tent, and some the field.
I often wonder who are right,
The ones who strive or those who yield.

Some hands fold where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so, through ages and through lands,
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread
In tireless march a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek, when others shun, the fray.

Some swords rust where others clash,
Some fall back where some move on;
Some flags furl where others flash
Until the battle has been won.



T. B. LARIMORE AND HIS MOTHER AT MARS' HILL.

Some sleep on, while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave.
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name above a grave.

Several years ago he wrote :

" Brother — is kindly calling through the press for work for me. Well, I am much obliged; but I already have calls enough from one State alone to keep me busy as a bee can be five long years. That's all right. Brother — is earnestly doing his very best for all concerned, I am sure."

No small part of his labor is answering letters and worrying over work he cannot do. To lighten this labor as much as possible, he had the following typewritten letter prepared in large numbers, which he mailed in many cases where nothing else was necessary in answer to calls for meetings which he could not hold :

" Florence, Ala., January 7, 1898.

" My Dear Friend and Brother: The time has come when I must say ' Yes ' or ' No ' to your appreciated call —question—request; and, absolutely forced to forego the pleasure of saying ' Yes,' I reluctantly and regretfully say ' No '—I cannot be with you this year. This is my reply to nine-tenths of the calls before me now. I am sure it is safe to say more work is pressing me now than it is possible for me to do in seven years. May the Lord always abundantly bless you and yours, graciously granting you all the desires of your hearts, and love and lead and save us all, now, henceforth, and for evermore.

" Gratefully, affectionately, and fraternally,

" T. B. LARIMORE."

This was the year of his long and serious sickness, which kept him at home, unable to work, from May till September. Nevertheless, the few months he was able to preach that year he did much preaching in country places among very poor people, where his remuneration was exceedingly meager. Less than two months before the date of his circular letter he wrote:

“I am pleasantly and delightfully situated here, in a beautiful little city in glorious old Kentucky, in the best room in the best hotel in the town, in the bright blaze by night of brilliant, artistic, electric lights that look like brilliant buds from the burning bush or blazing blossoms from the bosom of the sun. I am surrounded by all the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of modern civilization and of this luxurious age and country. Moreover, my audiences are fine, fashionable, attentive, attractive, polite, patient, intelligent, intellectual, considerate, courteous, and kind—just such audiences as I always expect to find in respectable towns and cities everywhere; but if you suppose I feel more at home here than among poor people in the country, that I appreciate and enjoy these city comforts and conveniences more than the accommodations in Christian homes in the country, while you may be correct in everything else, you are as far as possible from correct in this. I am here because I considered it my duty to come, and I will stay till I consider it my duty to leave. Style is all right in its proper place and sphere, but it is very light diet. I love flowers—am passionately and childishly fond of them—always have been. ‘A thing of beauty,’ they are ‘a joy forever;’

but fruits are far more nourishing. Peach blossoms are beautiful, exquisitely so to me—my favorite flower. To my eye, a peach orchard in full bloom is the most beautiful thing in inanimate nature; but, to satisfy the appetite and gratify the inner man, as well as nourish the body and keep body, soul, and spirit in good preaching trim, I'd rather rely on one can of a good old country sister's peaches than a big basketful of blossoms."

While at home for a few days after a long trip, he wrote:

"My health seems to be perfect, as is also the weather; but I am so pressed with work, and it is so hard for me to say 'No,' that I am not enjoying either health or weather. I think it is perfectly safe to say more work is pressing me now than I could do in ten years."

It is thought by some that a demand is created for a preacher by the prominence that is given him in newspapers. This is no doubt true to some extent, but hard and constant work will soon bring a preacher into prominence in the newspapers. It is as difficult for a preacher who works hard and constantly to keep out of the papers as for one who is "unemployed" to get any newspaper notoriety. As a rule, a preacher who publishes himself in the papers as "unemployed" and open for engagements simply advertises his own inefficiency. When a preacher begins to advertise for work, the people very properly begin to lay plans to get rid of him, as they prudently try to steer clear of all his sort. There are very few things the world has less use for than an "unemployed" preacher. Soon after he recovered from the

long spell of sickness referred to in another place in this book, he wrote :

“ You can imagine—only imagine—how sorely I am perplexed, how I am worried. At least twenty places are so pressing me to ‘ come immediately ’ that it truly grieves me to postpone, for even one day, going to any one of them. Now, knowing me as you alone know me, consider the pressure from one source, and then multiply that by twenty, and you can imagine how I am distressed. I have not kept count of calls this year, but I believe I have been urged to go to one thousand places. What to do, I know not. Well, I’ll continue to try to do all that duty demands.”

On reaching home, after a long absence, he wrote :

“ I am overwhelmed with work ; weak, weary, and worn ; yet not one day can I rest—not one.”

At the beginning of a dull meeting in a hard place he wrote :

“ I am doing my very best all the time. No two places are exactly alike. I expect to go into this meeting full of hope, without doubt or fear, and preach the word to the close. If, as you say, I am always at my best when under pressure of the greatest disadvantages, and if this field is what I think it is, I shall be better than my best in this meeting. We nearly froze in the meetinghouse Sunday night. They put up a stove on Monday, after they had frozen the meeting. The clock pointed to twelve—midnight—before we dismissed Monday night, but no one could tell what time it was by that clock.

We couldn't even tell by the clock whether it was to-night or to-morrow night. We had no clock last night. The pastor said he supposed it had been taken to the shop. Don't know why they didn't take the pastor and the church to the shop, too. House scarcely lighted at all. They talk of putting in electric lights. Had they had all things ready to begin, the meeting had been a success; but—well, I'll do the best I can."

When he goes into a hard place, he spends money, if he has it, as freely as he gives time and labor, to make the meeting a success and establish the church. While working at such a place, he wrote:

"Please send me, by express, two dozen song books. Please charge them to me, send me the bill, and I will pay it right away. We ought to have six dozen, but we can begin with two. I intend to give the books to these people. They have four song books in this neighborhood already—two of a sort—but they are badly worn. I am trying to give them a little lift. They are good people."

Referring to a matter of business in which we were both trying to help a mutual friend, he wrote:

"Please do not depend too much on me in this matter this time. I am trying to do my very best, but I have thirty days' work to do in three days, and I am so rushed and bothered that I am heartily ashamed of the very best work I can do. I am well, but worried—that's all. I am anxious as possible to help, and would cheerfully give one solid week's work now, if I could; but I really cannot conveniently do that and do thirty days' other work that just simply must be done—all in seventy hours."



BACK VIEW, EAST VERANDA, LARIMORE'S HOME, MARS' HILL.

Men who propose to form big combinations, backed by ample capital, to establish great institutions, have made liberal and tempting propositions, to control his name and influence, to help boost their schemes; but he has been singularly fortunate in keeping out of all such enterprises. One of many letters on this point will be sufficient. While he was in a meeting in a Western city, when town booming was the ruling passion with speculators all over the country, he wrote:

“They think they can locate me here permanently. Town-booming scheme is on foot. Suburb laid off; lots of lots going and lots of money coming, they say. The scheme is to get me to take hold—be president—build up a big school, big church, big town, etc. They tell me I can set—fix, or state—and get—my own salary. Money is no object with them. They guarantee everything, pay everything, do everything, boom everything, etc. Of course I listen patiently and politely as I can, and say nothing. They evidently think ‘money makes the mare go’ and makes the man come and stay, but—well, my duty is to ‘preach the word’—to do as much good and as little evil as possible. ‘The Lord willing,’ that is what I will do, and all I will try to do, as long as I live.”

I select this letter from many others of the same kind referring to similar schemes in different places, because this enterprise, though speculative and inflated, was backed by men—some of them members of the church—who were worth, in the aggregate, millions, and who had been singularly fortunate in former years of successful business. He could have made sure of several thousand

dollars in this scheme at the first venture, with a chance of a fortune in a few years. From this meeting he went home; and in a few weeks he was out of money and preaching in the woods near home to large audiences of poor, but honest, country people—three times and baptizing once—every day.

Strong churches at different places have made very liberal propositions to locate him as "pastor," but he has declined all overtures of that kind and kept steadily to the idea that "the wide, wide world is my field." Soon after he recovered from the long sickness, that threw him "behind, financially and otherwise," he wrote from a country meeting:

"I am away out here in the country, among good people, where I rarely ever see a paper, and hear but little of what is going on in the world—preaching twice every day and three times every Sunday, baptizing penitent believers in a beautiful stream, and hunting 'scaly-bark hickory nuts' in the woods between sermons. I hope to be able to keep up till Christmas and be in good condition for work next year. I am getting old now; but I may have reserve force enough to enable me to rally for a few more campaigns for Christ before I 'go hence.' I have several liberal propositions and strong appeals to locate in easy places with good churches. I would willingly go to any good church to preach twice every day and three times every Sunday as long as I could do more good there than anywhere else, if they would consent for me to go anywhere else at any time and stay as long as I thought I could do more good. I might compromise on

a proposition to preach one time—at night—every day in the week, except Saturday, and twice every Sunday, making seven sermons every week, an average of one sermon every day. Later in life, I may be willing to consent to accept some pleasant place—easy place—agreeing to preach only three times, or even once, a week; but no such place will probably want me then. Indeed, no place may want me then! *Then I shall be glad to 'go hence.'*”

He has never been a member of anything but the body of Christ, which is the church, and of which every Christian is a member because he is a Christian; nor has he ever been employed on a salary by any organization, or directed and controlled in his work by any kind of a board or committee.

Many young preachers become discouraged, despondent, and feel inclined to abandon the ministry of the word because they are not advanced to high places as rapidly as they think their merits demand. In such a case a general reading of one of his private letters of counsel and condolence may plaster and heal many sores before the public even suspects their existence. The following is a letter on this point:

“ Florence, Ala., December 27, 1893.

“ My Dear Young Brother: Yours received. Much obliged. Your experience is not new to all of us. Be brave, my brother; be brave. Make a bold break for the backwoods, my boy. Go into the backwoods. I have been trying to preach for nearly thirty years—more than twenty-seven—and my first successful city work was done in November, 1885—in Nashville. In that selfsame

city I am to finish 1893. Licksillet, Slipup, Rawhide, Skinflint, Puncheon Camp, Raccoon Branch, and 'Possum Hollow suited me best for many years; and it does my soul good to visit those dear old places yet. I'd rather preach in the shade of the trees there than in the most costly cathedral or princely palace in the greatest city on this globe. May the Lord bless you and yours. Love to you all.

T. B. L."

This wholesome advice and timely encouragement will illustrate both the kind of work he has done himself and has advised and encouraged others to do. Referring to this advice, the young brother wrote him, years afterwards, as follows:

"You wrote me that you thought you had done much good by preaching at such places as 'Licksillet' and 'Raccoon Hollow,' and you encouraged and advised me to go to such places and 'preach the word.' I now see that I had wrong ideas then, and that your advice was wise and best. Anyway, you have the love, respect, and confidence of 'us all' here.

"Truly and fraternally,

JOHN HAYES."

In writing "Larimore and His Boys," it was discovered that many of the "boys" whom he dug out of hard places in the back precincts before he did any successful city work are now men of commanding influence in towns and cities in the various vocations and professions of life. This is one secret of his popularity in the towns and cities. It is difficult to find a town or a city in the South that has not men and women in high places on whom he

has a strong hold because of ties of friendship and fraternity formed with boys and girls in the back precincts many years ago. The country boys and girls of those days who learned to love him for his real worth are, many of them, city men and women now, with their fingers on the strings that largely control the current of public sentiment in all the professions and vocations of life. This thought is suggested, not to disparage preaching in towns and cities, but to encourage those who are lighting the dark corners of the back precincts with the word of the Lord.

Once, when asked by a Bible teacher for suggestions as to training, or instructing, young preachers, he replied :

“ Criticise kindly and patiently, but constantly, if necessary. Teach them to be modest, humble, natural, free from all affectation, accurate, chaste, clean, correct, and careful—also cheerful. Never tolerate the singular ‘ we,’ or any other manifestation of affectation or egotism ; or permit the use of any such exceedingly indefinite, unsatisfactory, absolutely meaningless expressions as ‘ for some time,’ ‘ quite a while,’ ‘ quite a good deal,’ ‘ quite a few,’ etc. Crucify ‘ aren’t,’ ‘ weren’t,’ and tobacco ; whisky, profanity, and slang ; gluttony, rowdyism, pride, and idleness. Apply burnt alum, rasp, and sledge hammer with patience, perseverance, persistence, kindness, and love. It is no easy matter to make good preachers.”

In his general make-up there is a strong undercurrent of humor, a little of which *will* “ crop out ” occasionally, though most of it is suppressed. Just after a great bug scourge in Texas he wrote as follows :

“Bugs are not bothering wheat and oats in this country now. They’ve quit, for the same reason ‘Uncle Stephen’ assigned for quitting ‘the widow Jones’ chicken roost.’ ‘Yes, sah, I did took ’er chickens, sah; but I’ze done quit dat now, sah—done quit—ain’t gwine ter bother ’em no mo’.’ ‘How many did you take, Uncle Stephen?’ ‘I tuck all she had, sah; tuck all she had.’”

During one of his meetings several years since he wrote:

“I am making my home with Brother —. He says he is *boarding with his wife*, and makes it a point to eat as much, sleep as much, and rest as much as possible. So, you see, I am in good company.”

Perhaps it was with a kind of kindred feeling—genuine, preacherly sympathy—that he sent to a special friend and brother preacher the following clipping, which he termed a “baldheaded poem:”

WHEN YOUR HAIR IS THIN ON TOP.

There are some awful sorrows
 That pierce you to the quick,
 And they seldom venture singly,
 But others follow thick;
 Yet scarce another sorrow
 Can make your courage drop
 Like the cruel one of finding
 Your

 Hair
 Is
 Thin
 On
 Top.

You can wear a dingy collar
 Or coat that isn't whole,
 And know they simply cover
 A brave, determined soul;
 But a thought to make you falter
 Is the one you cannot stop—
 You're getting old and seedy;

Your
 Hair
 Is
 Thin
 On
 Top.

You say it may be wisdom,
 And tell your grinning friends
 How overstudy always
 A look of ripeness lends;
 And yet, in tearful secret,
 You scout the flimsy prop,
 And ruefully admit it—

Your
 Hair
 Is
 Thin
 On
 Top.

You brush in vain to hide it,
 And buy the latest dye,
 And ev'ry sort of tonic
 With patient hand you try;
 But still the faithful mirror,
 When an anxious face you mop,
 Repeats (there's no denying):

Your
 Hair
 Is
 Thin
 On
 Top.

Ah me! No other sorrow
In anguish's bitter train
Is so inclined to mock you
With hopes and fancies vain
As is the one of finding
A thing you cannot stop—
This growing of years upon you,
When

Hair

Is

Thin

On

Top.

It is not the purpose of this volume to give the estimate which people who have heard Larimore preach have formed of his gifts as a speaker and of his power over an audience; but to furnish data in his sermons and private letters, from which people who have never heard him and who do not know him may form their own opinion of him, both as a man and as a preacher. I have enough flattering eulogies of him to fill several volumes like this, but I shall not publish them. His voice and personality, however, which cannot be put into a book, are potent elements of his popularity as a speaker and of his mastery over an audience. As readers of this book who have never seen him or heard him will be dependent upon the testimony of others as to his gifts in these things, it will not be improper to publish the following clipping from the Madisonville (Ky.) Mail:

“T. B. Larimore has been with us, to ‘preach the word,’ to build us up, to make us one, to make us better, to make us happier, to strengthen saints, to save souls,

and has gone to other fields, to sow the seeds of righteousness, unity, peace, and love.

"The seeds he has sown here are sure to germinate and produce an abundance of fruit to the glory of God, the honor of Christ, and the salvation of souls, having been warmed by the love light of God's eternal truth and watered by the tears of sympathy and love.

"I have heard Gov. 'Bob' Taylor in his happiest moods, and have followed him in his loftiest flights of fancy and dream. I have heard him on 'The Fiddle and the Bow,' when he touched every chord in the soul that can be touched by all that is pathetic and tender and sweet and soul-inspiring. I have heard him on 'Paradise of Fools,' as he talked thrillingly of 'God's first thought for the happiness of man;' and he filled my heart with gentleness, kindness, and love—sweetest sentiments of the soul. I have heard him on 'Visions and Dreams,' when he so eloquently and tenderly told of his return to the dear old home of the 'long, long ago;' and he filled my mind with sweet, sad memories of the delightful days, forever gone, when I dwelt with father, mother, sisters, and brothers in the dear old home that can never be home again.

"I have heard Ditzler on 'The Judgment Day,' and he held me fixed to my seat and overwhelmed with horror as he depicted the tortures of torment and told of the shrieks of the doomed banished into outer darkness forever because of sin. I have heard him in his 'Halleluiah Sermon,' and he pictured so beautifully and vividly the beauty and grandeur and glory of heaven that the flame of love and reverence for heaven and heavenly things he

kindled in my breast has never been extinguished, though long, eventful years have come and gone since last I heard him speak.

“These are but samples of men and things I have heard and seen; yet, as I sat, last Sunday, and listened to T. B. Larimore, as he reasoned of the ‘vanity of vanities’ in wisdom, wealth, pleasure, power, and the alluring beauties of nature—beautiful words of wisdom pouring in torrents and bursting like flames from his lips, and sparkling and scintillating as purest gems of reason in brightest light of thought, filling and flooding every mind present with light almost divine—I involuntarily said, ‘Never man spake like this man;’ and this was the unanimous verdict of one of the largest and most intelligent audiences ever assembled in the city of Madisonville.”

CHAPTER VI.

Sermon—Consequences of Sin and Righteousness.

“**A**ND God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.” (Ex. 20: 1-6.)

“Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.” (Ex. 20: 5, 6.)

“Know therefore that the Lord thy God, he is God, the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments to a thousand generations.” (Deut. 7: 9.)

From these three verses we learn, what we should all

consider seriously: that God visits the iniquities and the righteousness of the wicked and the righteous, respectively, upon their posterity to "the third and fourth," and to the thousandth, generation. Is not that a wonderful thought? Is it not a fearful thing to stand before an audience of intelligent men, women, and children, and undertake to speak to that audience upon such a theme as this, and feel the wondrous pressure of the wondrous weight of the wondrous responsibility resting upon you? If you think not, you are a strange son of Adam, to say the least of it. I am standing before an audience of intelligent people interested in Bible themes. I am standing before people who believe the Bible, and hence believe, as the Bible teaches it, that God visits the iniquities and the righteousness of the wicked and the righteous, respectively, upon their posterity to "the third and fourth," and to the thousandth, generation. Do I stand before a man believing the Bible, and hence believing this wonderful declaration, who is careless and indifferent in reference to the manner in which he lives? If so, a strangely unfortunate man indeed is he, and fearfully unfortunate must be his posterity. There are passages of sacred scripture that seem to contradict these; and yet, there are no real contradictions in God's Book. The language of Ezekiel (18: 19-30, and 33: 1-20) seems to directly antagonize, or contradict, the language I have just read. I shall not take time to quote these passages now, but will quote you a sample of them: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall

be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." This is a sample of the two chapters, and especially of the two lengthy paragraphs, to which I have just referred. The New Testament abounds in statements similar in sense and sentiment to Ezek. 18 and Ezek. 33, which *seem* to contradict the language of the lesson now under consideration; and, still, there are no contradictions in the Bible. "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." (Acts 10: 34, 35.) That makes it an individual and personal matter. A man is not accepted or rejected upon the merits or demerits of his great-great-grandfather, but is accepted or rejected upon the merits or demerits of his own conduct and condition, so far as merit may be justly and scripturally attributed to human conduct and condition. Of course there is a higher and holier sense in which man is accepted by merit; that is the merit of the blood Jesus shed for a lost and ruined race; but this is the language of inspiration, and it places the responsibility upon the man himself. "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." He will render unto every man according to his deeds—not according to the deeds of his great-great-grandfather, not according to the deeds of Adam, but to every man according to his own deeds. "Who will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life: but unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the

truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile; but glory, honor, and peace, to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile: for there is no respect of persons with God." (Rom. 2: 6-11.)

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." (2 Cor. 5: 10.)

"And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." (Rev. 22: 12-14.)

"Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (John 5: 28, 29.)

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." (Eccles. 12: 13, 14.)

"Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared; though he were a Son, yet

learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." (Heb. 5: 7-9.)

"And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." (2 Thess. 1: 7-9.)

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16: 15, 16.)

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." The Savior does not say the son or grandson of the man who believes and is baptized shall be saved, nor does he say the grandson or the great-great-grandson of the man who believes not shall be damned. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

This is a fair sample of what are called "the contradictions of the Bible." There are things along this line that are supposed to be insurmountable difficulties. A very old man, whose head is covered with the snows that never melt, whose natural force is abated, whose eye is dim, whose body is bent almost over his own open grave, said to me only a few days ago: "There is one thing, especially, in the Bible that troubles me more than anything else. I can get around everything in the Bible but that." (Now, why he should try to get around, or wish

to get around, anything in the Bible, I cannot tell you. None of us should want, or try, to get around anything in the Bible.) He said: "I can get around everything in the Bible except where it teaches that God visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation. That bothers me, troubles me. I cannot get around that. That being true, I do not know, and I never can know, whose sins I have to answer for. If my father was a bad man and went to perdition, or if my grandfather was a bad man and went to perdition, or if my great-grandfather or my great-great-great-great-grandfather lived and died in rebellion against God and went to perdition, I have to bear his sins; and if his sins were heavy enough to drag him down to perdition, they are heavy enough to doom me, too; so I am necessarily lost; but if my ancestors were all saved, it is utterly impossible for me to know it, and therefore, necessarily absolutely impossible for me to know whether there is any chance for me to be saved. According to that, a man is not rewarded or punished according to his own sins, but according to the sins of his ancestors. There is no personal reward or punishment for deeds done in the flesh, and that relieves us of all personal responsibility, but leaves us in darkness, and we must grope our way in darkness to the grave, and then learn what kind of man our great-great-great-grandfather was before we can know whether we are saved or lost." I rather think that unfortunate man intended his talk to appear irreverent, notwithstanding he is a courteous, dignified, polished gentleman, whose genuine friendship I appreciate. There seemed to be something in his ap-

pearance, as well as in the very sound of his voice, indicating that he intended that I should understand that he meant: "I have no use for your Bible, no use for your religion, no use for your God." I could not wonder so very greatly, after it was all over, that he should feel that way, reasoning from effect to cause—reasoning from what he said back to what caused him to say it—and I appreciate and respect him none the less because he said it. Is there any difficulty here? None—absolutely none. God uttered a solemn truth, a truth that should make us shudder and be sad at the very thought of doing wrong, when he declared he would visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation; a truth that should make us rejoice and be glad, when he declared he would visit the righteousness of the righteous—of those who fear him and keep his commandments—upon their posterity "to the thousandth generation." God, nevertheless, breathes a truth as immutable as himself in all the passages quoted showing that we are individually responsible; that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." There are two distinct lines of thought, teaching, and action under consideration here. In the passages I read a few moments ago—before I began speaking—God has under consideration what he visits upon posterity through the established, fixed, and unchangeable laws of nature; in the passages quoted that seem to antagonize this, he has under consideration his

dealing with the human race through the laws of divine grace. Whenever this thought is in our minds, as we read, hear, or study these things, the shadow vanishes, the mists are cleared away, and we see there is no inconsistency in them. But does God do what is done by and through the laws of nature? Yes, he does, in the sense that he is the author of the laws of nature. God is the author of the laws of nature, just as he is the author of the laws of grace. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." (Matt. 5: 43-45.) Does he do these things through the laws of grace, or does he do them through the laws of nature? Through the laws of nature, of course. The power that gave birth and being to the material universe, to nature, and to nature's laws, and hence the power that, by and through nature's laws, produces these and all other natural results, being his, he, in this sense and in this way, does everything that is done by and through the laws of nature; and it is in this sense, and in this sense only, so far as we know or have right or reason to infer from the scriptures under consideration, that he visits the iniquities and the righteousness of the wicked and the righteous, respectively, upon posterity, to the third and fourth, and to the thousandth, generation—not only to the third and fourth, but to the

thousandth, generation. But, then, to stem the tide of iniquity and eternal destruction, he sent his Son, by grace divine, to this sad world of sin and sorrow, to suffer, bleed, and die to redeem us; and in, by, and through him, he gave us a system of saving grace. Now this is personal, God regarding us individually when it comes to this, to spiritual blessings in and through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him."

Here are a father and mother and their firstborn babe. It is but a few weeks old—very young and very tender. It is summer time, a leisure time with them, and they go fishing. They are not in all respects what parents should be. They make preparations for the babe before they start, and take it with them. They fix a nice pallet in the shade of a tree, in what they believe to be a safe and pleasant place; and there they lay the little one, who is soundly sleeping and sweetly dreaming. They go off fishing; they sample the contents of a bottle that ought to have been left at home, or broken, because it is filled with something very bad for people to drink, a dangerous thing to drink, a good thing to let alone. Thirsty, again and again, again and again, they sample the contents of that bad bottle. Vexed because the fish seem not to be hungry, they kiss the bottle again. They forget the babe. Hours afterwards, they go back to the tree, a slight and unexpected shower of rain having made them forget their bottle and think of their babe. Now, God

causeth the "sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust," through the laws of nature; and, as the hours have gone by, the shade has moved, so that the sun shines, with full force, into the face of the innocent, tender, little, neglected treasure. It cries, and the tears are made to scald and blister its cheeks as the pitiless rays of the sun pour down upon its face. Its life is almost destroyed, but it is cared for tenderly and nursed back to something like the health it had before; but its vision is destroyed, it is blind all the remnant of its days. Did God do that? Yes, through the laws of nature; and precisely in that sense, and in that sense alone, the Bible teaches that he visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. Its children are born blind, and from that blind family come other blind children, and the blindness is handed down through the laws of heredity to the third and fourth generation. Thus God visits the wickedness of that father and mother upon their posterity to the third and fourth generation; and yet this is through, and only through, the established laws of nature, without which the human race could not exist.

A man is a drunkard; he bequeaths an appetite for strong drink to his boys; they yield to the pressure of that demand and become drunkards; their boys are drunkards; and this drunkenness is handed down to the third and fourth generation, and maybe to the thousandth generation. Thus the iniquity of that father is visited upon his posterity. God does that, but through, and only through, the established laws of nature. The same is true of the tobacco habit and every other habit

that curses the sons and daughters of men. Nothing in this for which we can censure God. Who shall be censured? Those who do the wrong. Who shall be condemned? The guilty, not the innocent. "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son. The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "He that believeth not shall be damned." Still, as we have already seen, the innocent, the guiltless, suffer because of these sins. On the other hand, the righteousness of the righteous may be visited upon posterity to the thousandth generation; so, certainly, there is nothing here for which we can censure God. How careful, pure, and faithful parents should be!

All parents, and all who contemplate being parents, should understand, for their own, and much more for their posterity's, temporal and eternal welfare, that they are under the most solemn obligation to be as nearly absolutely pure and perfect as it is possible for them to be. We are trifling with the rights and interests, temporal and eternal, of our own posterity when we are living bad, or even careless, lives—not only with the rights and interests of a few, but probably of countless millions. We should remember and never forget that the results of our living may be visited upon our posterity to the thousandth generation. It is a fearful thing for either father or mother to live contrary to the principles of purity and right; it is fearful in the extreme for both to do so. What chance have children of parents who habitually live, before the birth of their children and afterwards, so that, necessarily, through the established laws of nature, they curse their own posterity perpetually forever? Some

one asked a physician of world-wide reputation: "Doctor, how early in life do you think the education of a child should begin?" He answered: "A hundred years before the child is born, ma'am." Mortal man, without the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, never uttered a truer truth than that; and not only did he tell the truth when he taught that the education of children *should* begin a hundred years before they are born; but if he had said, "Madam, the education of children *does* begin a hundred years before they are born," he would have told the truth—yea, if he had said the education of children begins a thousand years before they are born, he would have uttered as solemn and important a truth as mortal man hath ever uttered. The influences that tend to make a child what it is and is to be begin long, long before it is born.

The greatest highway robber Tennessee has ever known said, between the time he spent in the Nashville penitentiary and the day when his body was buried in a silent, lonely spot on or near the northern border of the beautiful Sequatchie Valley—near the head of the beautiful Sequatchie River—a neglected spot, shadowed by towering peaks of glorious old East Tennessee mountains: "My father was an honest man, but my mother was 'true grit.' My mother was all right; she backed me and encouraged me; but my father was an honest man." It is a fearful thing for a boy's mother to be wrong; and there is not an ungodly, unchristian, unclean mother in all this land who should not shudder at the thought that she was not a Christian, and as nearly perfect as such as it was possible for her to be, long before

the birth of her firstborn. Still away from God, out of Christ, serving Satan, going to perdition, she should shudder at the thought of death and the probable destiny of her posterity. She ought to rise and rush to Jesus, kiss the cross, and cling to it till she dies. But would you see the saddest sight that has ever shocked the sensibilities of sensitive souls on the storm-swept shores of this sad world of sickness, sorrow, pain, and death? Go not to the city of the dead, where mourners weep about the open grave that waits for what was dearer far to them than life; go not to the lunatic asylum and view vacant thrones once occupied by brilliant minds long since wrecked by sorrows worse than death; go not to the sorrow-shrouded home where faithful Christian wife or husband tenderly presses the hand of loving companion unconscious and speechless in the silent shadow of the valley of death. Would you see a sadder scene than any of these, or than even all of these combined? Go to the home that ought to be a paradise of peace, purity, prosperity, happiness, and love—a bright, blooming oasis in the dark, dreary desert of life—where a pure, clean, chaste, Christian wife is doing all in her power to train her precious treasures—her boys and girls—for usefulness, honor, and happiness in this world, and for glory, honor, and immortality in a world that is better and brighter than this, while a dissolute, dissipated, unclean, reckless, lecherous husband is dragging those same priceless jewels, for whose very existence he is voluntarily responsible, down to degradation and to the eternal depths of everlasting despair, over her aching, bleeding, breaking heart. Look at the withered lilies that kiss the

cheeks where roses once in beauty bloomed ; look at the snow upon the tresses prematurely gray ; look at the blinding tears that should never have been shed that are washing the luster from her eyes ; hear the sorrowful sob and sad sigh that make your own soul sick, as you contemplate the wreck and ruin wrought there by sin ; and then know you have found the sad, sad sight that you have sought. May the Lord bless you and yours in so living as to never be responsible for such a scene.

It is a blessing that our posterity shall inherit our propensities and the results of the manner in which we live here, provided we be as we ought to be and live as we ought to live. Would we bless posterity to the thousandth generation ? Then let us live righteous, godly, pure, chaste, clean, Christian lives. But—Oh it is a fearful thing that posterity shall feel forever the pressure of *our* evil deeds ! I believe—however, I may be wrong in this—nevertheless, I do believe there is not a responsible father or husband, or prospective father or husband, one who contemplates being a father or a husband, in this audience, who can fully realize the wondrous importance of the line of thought I am trying to present, and that is presented on the bright pages of God's eternal truth, and be—continue to be—a bad man. No father or prospective father can practice one bad, pernicious habit without trifling with the dearest interests of his own posterity, if not, indeed, of the human race. Yea, I believe if I had the power to properly impress upon your minds the wonderful, solemn, fearful, awful, and infinite importance of this train of thought, so as to make you feel and comprehend it in all its grandeur, glory, and beauty,

on the one hand, and all its horrible, awful, fearful, dreadful hideousness, on the other hand; that, if there were a hundred of you husbands and fathers, or prospective husbands and fathers, living in the service of Satan, who understand duty's demands, you would all make a sublime rush for Jesus, confess your faith in the Savior, bow in meek submission to his holy will, and, the remnant of your days, live as God would have you live, as you are going to wish you had lived, if lost, when you reach the brink of the deep, dark, dreaded river of death. May God bless you and your posterity to the thousandth generation, through your sublime devotion to the sacred principles of eternal truth—in and through your submission to God's will till life's fitful dream shall end and he shall call you home.

Now, if I have made any declaration that you consider reckless, please remember for whom and for what I have been pleading. I have been pleading for the pure wives, faithful husbands, good fathers, anxious mothers, affectionate daughters, bright boys, sweet girls, and innocent infants—for all the nearest and dearest interests of this community. I have been pleading for the sorrow-shrouded, sin-cursed homes of the land. I have been pleading for generations that are to come upon the stage of action long centuries after these hands shall have been stilled, this tongue silenced, and these lips closed, in the solemn silence and stillness of death—yea, I have been pleading for the rights and happiness, temporal and eternal, of millions living and of billions yet unborn. May the Lord bless all of you—help you take these thoughts home with you and ponder them in your hearts, do all you

can do to swell the tide of zeal and enthusiasm and spiritual reformation and righteous revolution in this land, for the glory of God, the honor of Christ, and the salvation of souls.

CHAPTER VII.

Letters—Humility.

HUMILITY is a token of true greatness and an essential element of Christian character. Solomon said: "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." (Prov. 16: 18.) Paul said "to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think." (Rom. 12: 3.) James said: "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up." (James 4: 10.) A greater than Solomon or Paul said: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 18: 3, 4.) "When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, sit not down in the highest room; lest a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him; and he that bade thee and him come and say to thee, Give this man place; and thou begin with shame to take the lowest room. But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher: then shalt thou have worship in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee. For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." (Luke 14: 8-11.) Much, if not most, of the strife and animosity in the church and in the world comes from

unholy love of high places and great honors. "Only by pride cometh contention; but with the well advised is wisdom." (Prov. 13: 10.) The spirit of rivalry for high places cropped out among the disciples in the presence of the Lord himself. "Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children with her sons, worshiping him, and desiring a certain thing of him. . . . Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left, in thy kingdom." (Matt. 20: 20, 21.) This spirit caused trouble then, as it has caused trouble many times since then. "And when the ten heard it, they were moved with indignation against the two brethren." (Matt. 20: 24.) A purpose of Christianity is to destroy this love of high places and great honors, and make men great by making them humble. "Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." (Matt. 20: 25-28.)

T. B. Larimore is an exponent of a cardinal principle of Christianity to the extent people see in his life and sermons the grace of humility. After hearing him in several sermons, the editor of a daily paper referred to him in an editorial paragraph as a "consecrated man," and in the news columns of the same paper a very complimentary notice of his preaching contained the following words:

“If he is a great man, he is not aware of it; and if told so, he would not believe it.”

Referring in one of his letters to very flattering compliments from an unexpected source, he wrote:

“What I have ever thought, said, done, or been to justify or cause anything of the kind, I do not know.”

Inclosing a letter filled with extravagant eulogies, he wrote:

“Inclosed is a sample of letters I have received from various sources, an occasional sample of which I have sent to you, but never to any other, as you are the only man to whom I tell all. I have never seen anything remarkable in myself—never. I do my very best to be perfect for Christ’s sake, but never succeed in being more than barely passable and endurable in my own estimation. Of course I appreciate friends and admiration, but some esteem me too highly.”

It is to the credit of his modesty and humility that he carefully avoids the use or approval of all honorary titles. In his fraternal association with people, he is “Brother Larimore” to everybody, and by letter he prefers to be addressed as simply “T. B. Larimore.”

On an envelope addressed, “Rev. Dr. T. B. Larimore, Christian Minister,” he has written:

“A new one, certainly. Wonder if that’s the way big preachers do. Truly, ‘the world do move.’”

Bucangrove

Church

of Christ

This is to certify that
Bro E. B. Jones Liberated
to Preach the Gospel
to the best of his ability

D. M. Jones
J. A. Webster
Elders

On another envelope addressed, "T. B. Larimore, Pastor Christian Church," he has written :

"That settles it."

Answering a request to write a sermon to be published in a book, entitled "Biographies and Sermons," consisting of twenty sermons by twenty different men, he wrote :

"Of course you knew when you saw me a few days ago that I ought to be at home in bed. Well, I am in the same condition still. Utterly unable to preach, I have decided to stay at home and do my best to get well. No man knows better than you know how hard it is for me to say, 'I can't.' I want to live no longer than I can work, and I want to work as long as I can. Well, I must submit to the inevitable and try to make the best of the situation. It is scarcely possible that a sick man, in no way related to Solomon, save 'in Adam,' is a very safe man to write a sermon, especially a man who has never tried to write a sermon and who has absolutely no confidence in himself as to his ability to do such a thing; but, as you want me to try, and as this is my only time, I will try."

Every man's ability is the measure of his duty in the service of God. No one should cultivate, or yield to, the grace of humility and modesty so far as to decline to do the best he can from fear that the best he can do may not meet the approval or elicit the applause of men. Somewhere in his travels he found an old copy of a license to preach which so comically expresses this thought, while intending to be perfectly serious, that he sent me a photograph of it, with the remark :

“Everybody ought ‘to preach the gospel to the best of his ability,’ and no man can preach it any better than that.”

Preachers who have the Christian virtues of modesty and humility will resort to no sensational tricks or catch-notice formalities in their work.

When on the ground ready to begin a protracted meeting, he wrote :

“We meet to-night—Saturday—at 7:30, sharp or flat, not sure which, to dedicate the new meetinghouse. We could wait till to-morrow, but somebody might be there, and as I am a green hand at the business and might make a botch of it, I think it best to do the thing Saturday night. Bell not to be rung; simply for the saints. If we can get the house dedicated Saturday night, we will be ready to preach the gospel to the people Sunday when they come.”

After a very successful meeting in a city church, he wrote :

“They press me for another long meeting. I argue that I am not the man for the place, but they argue that facts and figures prove that I am the man they need and want. They say the results of my work there heretofore are permanent and exceedingly beneficial. Really, I do not know what is my duty in this case; but I will try to do my duty, if I can ever decide clearly what it is.”

Inclosing a circular which announced that a certain church proposed “to hold a grand fair, to raise money for the benefit of the church,” he wrote :

“ You know how hard it is for me to antagonize people who, as I believe, mean well ; but I do sometimes speak plainly from the pulpit against tricks and traps—oyster eating, ice-cream feasting, fairs and fandangoes—to raise money for the Lord, thus advertising him as a vagabond, a bankrupt, and a beggar. I cannot well avoid that. He ought to have friends enough to gladly give all his cause needs, and those who love him should claim the privilege of sustaining his cause by gracious giving. He deserves more friends who truly love him.”

Speaking of unchaste language and vulgar witticisms in the pulpit, which sometimes attract attention, create a sensation, and draw a crowd, he wrote :

“ An elegant and refined lady and a gentleman were conversing yesterday, when the gentleman, who is almost as chaste in conversation as a lady, declared something to be ‘ hot as hell.’ The lady, who herself related the circumstance to me this morning, looked at him with such astonishment that he, greatly confused and mortified, said: ‘ I do hope you will pardon me, madam. I heard — — — preach last night, and it always takes me about a week to get over my profanity after hearing him preach.’ Such preachers and preaching no doubt do some good, but they unquestionably do much harm.”

Referring to a style of evangelists that was very popular in many places a few years ago, he wrote :

“ I believe I sent you a clipping from the *Courier-Journal* stating that Evangelist ——— has become skeptical. Well, that seems to me to be a move in the right direc-

tion. I well remember my deliberate conclusion was, when reading accounts of his marvelous meetings a few years ago, that he was then an atheist. I am 'of the same opinion still.' I do not believe—have never believed—a man of his sense, believing in the existence of Jehovah, would do and preach as he did and preached. I believe I have never seriously doubted that he was an atheist. If he has advanced so far as to be simply 'skeptical,' he may yet see and embrace the truth. Moreover, if he can 'come to a knowledge of the truth,' there is hope—reason or ground of hope—that some other evangelists may some time see the light. Reason revolts at the thought that any man who believes in God, Christ, and the Bible will make a joke of the eternal interests of the soul. The work of the preacher is too solemnly sacred for that. The pulpit and the grave are too close together. The preacher whose 'stock in trade' consists of jokes, yarns, fun, frolic, and profanity, is not a child of faith. A child of faith never thus prostitutes the pulpit—never. He would as readily ridicule the features of his own dear mother."

His idea of a consecrated preacher and his preparation for pulpit work is expressed in the following poetry, clipped from a paper and inclosed in one of his letters:

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

I walk down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone;
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As houses where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
 Whose music my heart could not win;
 Long ago was I weary of noises
 That fretted my soul with their din;
 Long ago was I weary of places
 Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
 I craved what the world never gave;
 And I said: "In the world each ideal
 That shines like a star on life's wave
 Is wrecked on the shores of the real,
 And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
 And still found the false with the true;
 I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
 But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
 And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
 Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled, heart tired of the human;
 And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
 Till I knelt long ago at an altar
 And heard a voice call me. Since then
 I walk down the Valley of Silence
 That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
 'Tis my trysting place with the Divine,
 And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
 And above me a voice said: "Be mine!"
 And there rose from the depths of my spirit
 An echo: "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
 I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
 But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
 That fall on the roses in May;
 And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,
 Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

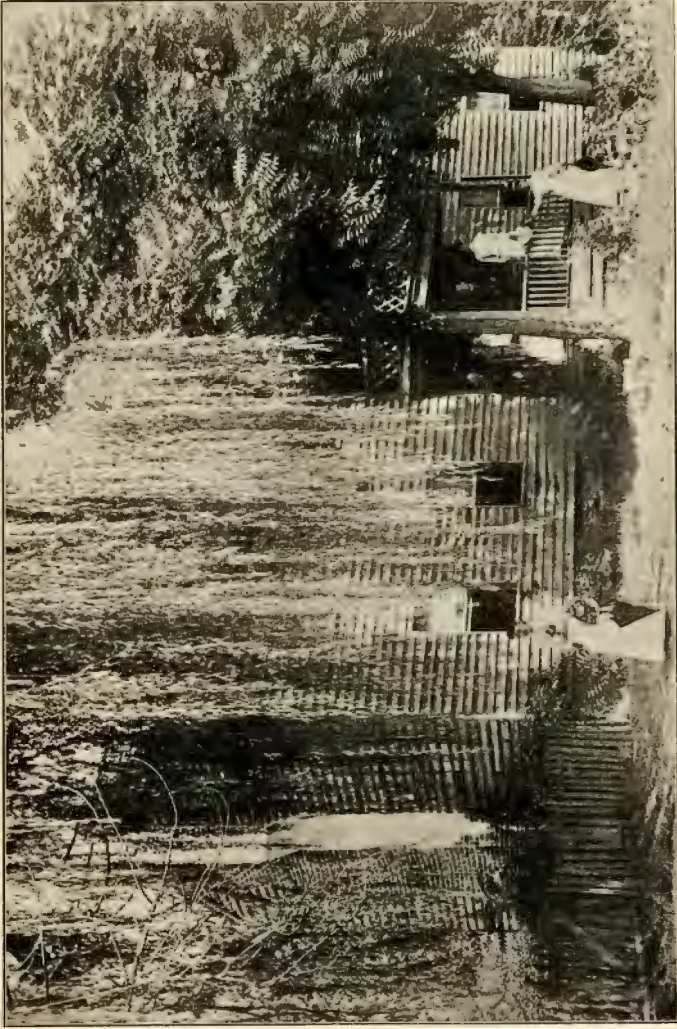
And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces;
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley, like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of that valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mount of prayer.

Without a word of comment or explanation, but probably to show that in politics, as well as in religion, people are sometimes moved by sound instead of sense, he inclosed the following newspaper clipping in a letter:

“When Major Botts lived in Tennessee, about 1855, he had in his household, as members of his family, two young law students—one named ‘Stanton,’ the other named ‘Talbot.’ The former was a young man of wealth, and a college graduate. He was a very bright young fellow and gave promise of a brilliant career, which

promise was fulfilled; for he became a Congressman before he was thirty, and would have been a man of national reputation had he survived the war, in one of the battles of which he was killed at the head of his regiment. Talbott was of the rough-diamond order, without education, but with plenty of practical sense. Both were barely eligible to the State Legislature when the Whigs nominated Stanton for Representative, and the Democrats nominated Talbott. Botts was equally fond of both, and, though he was a Democrat, he resolved not to take part in the contest, thinking Talbott's chances hopeless, as the Whigs had a majority in the county of nearly one thousand. In those days it was customary for candidates for the Legislature in Tennessee to make two speaking canvasses of the county, speaking each time at every town, village, hamlet, church, and schoolhouse. After the candidates returned from the first tour the Whigs were jubilant. It was evident that Talbott was no match for Stanton on the stump. This aroused Botts' party spirit; besides, he began to sympathize with the 'under dog' in the fight. He took Talbott aside and said to him: 'John, let me advise you. When you start out next time, speak loud and long. It doesn't make any difference what you say; utter the first words that occur to you, but on no account halt or hesitate; and occasionally turn round to him and say: "I want you to answer *that* when you follow me."' The young men started on their second round, and in less than two days reports came to town that such eloquence as dropped from the lips of Talbott had never before been heard in Tennessee; he was literally tearing Stanton all to pieces. Confirmation



HOME OF T. B. LARIMORE'S MOTHER, FROM 1866 TO 1879—EAST TENNESSEE.

of this report followed fast and followed faster. When the boys came home, Botts asked Stanton how he was getting along. 'Badly,' was the response. 'I believe he will beat me. You might take the dictionary and cut out of it five thousand words, and put them into a basket and shake it, and then draw out word by word and set them in a row, and you would about have Talbott's speech: and, what is the worst of it, every five minutes he turns to me and says, "I want you to answer *that*," when there is nothing to answer.' At the election Stanton had less than one hundred majority, when he ought to have had one thousand."

He has never adopted the modern evangelistic fad of preaching to "men only," or to "women only," or to "children only," or to anybody else "only," except to those "only" who are where he preaches, when he preaches. His habit, style, and spirit always say: "Who-soever will may come." I have known him to deviate from this but once, and then he inclosed a circular announcing that he would preach to "men only," and wrote:

"As to this 'men-only' business, I simply preached the gospel, at the time and place appointed, to all who came. I had nothing to do with getting it up."

CHAPTER VIII.

Sermon—Reasons for Not Preaching on Baptism.

AS I have delivered ninety and nine discourses in this meeting, and have not preached on the subject of baptism, there may be some in this audience who wonder why I have preached so much, on so many subjects, and have not preached on baptism at all. Well, there is a reason for that, and it is not improper that people should at least ask what that reason is. I have preached on other themes and things than baptism thus far, not because I am either afraid or ashamed to preach on baptism, I am sure. I would and I should be afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, to preach or practice anything that my Savior preached and practiced, personally or by proxy, and positively commands his followers to preach and practice in "all the world," "even unto the end" thereof, till time shall cease to be. I would and I should be afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, to preach anything that is a part of the divine message that Jesus commissioned his apostles to preach in all the world to every creature. I would and I should be afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, to preach anything that constitutes clearly an important part of the great commission under which all gospel preachers have labored in the cause of Christ from the establishment of the church of Christ unto the present day—God's mes-

sage of mercy to man. I would and I should be afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, to preach to patient, polite people about anything that human beings practice by divine authority. I would and I should be afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, to preach about anything that I dare to do in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Whenever you find that I am afraid or ashamed to preach on baptism; whenever you hear me say one disrespectful thing of baptism; whenever you hear me say "it is nonessential," or nonsensical—that it is not necessary for penitent believers out of Christ to be baptized—then you may say, "We shall never see Brother Larimore administer the ordinance of baptism in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ again;" for while I am, and certainly ought to be, afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, to follow the instructions of the Lord Jesus Christ in anything, I should certainly shudder at the thought of doing in his name—that is, by his authority—anything in reference to which I would utter one disrespectful, scornful syllable. I would and I certainly should be afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, to preach about anything I do in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ with the names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost upon my lips. Surely, then, I would and I should be afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, to preach about baptism, the only ordinance Divinity has ever authorized any one to administer or receive in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ as the names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are spoken. I would and I certainly should be afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, to preach on any ordinance to which the Savior

himself in person submitted, and which he, in connection with his submission to it, called a part of "all righteousness." I would be afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, and certainly ought to be, to preach about anything, and especially about the only thing, that represents the burial and resurrection of our Savior, as the Lord's Supper represents his death. I would and I should be afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, to preach anything the Bible teaches is "for the remission of sins." I would and I should be afraid to be ashamed, and ashamed to be afraid, to preach the last commission or command the Savior gave before his ascension, coronation, and glorification. Most assuredly, then, if I have anything like a just conception of the situation, it is not because I am either afraid or ashamed to preach on baptism that I was willing to preach ninety and nine discourses to you, and the one-hundredth one, and still not preach on that subject. There are reasons, however, good reasons, why I have devoted all this time and thought and labor to other subjects, and have not preached on the subject of baptism at all. I think it has not been necessary, nor do I deem it necessary, prudent, or proper, to preach on it now. I really do not know, because the Bible does not tell me, why God has made the subject of baptism so exceedingly simple and plain; why the Holy Spirit has made it clearer, simpler, and plainer, perhaps, than anything else that God has revealed to man. It may be because God knew there would be wrangling and disputing over it; that people would invent various substitutes for it; that preachers would do their best to keep others from submitting to it; that the-

ologians would do their very best to keep people from understanding it. These may be *some* of the reasons why the Holy Spirit, the Savior, apostles, and inspired evangelists made it so plain that there never could be any real reason why any responsible soul could not, or should not, understand it perfectly and thoroughly. I am not sure that is why it was made plainer than anything else in the Book, but that *may* be why. If we are intelligent enough to be responsible, and will read and study the Bible with an earnest, prayerful desire to understand it, we can understand what it teaches on this subject, without any preaching. Does some one say, "We cannot understand it alike;" that one may understand it one way and another *another* way? That cannot be. One may understand it and another may not understand it. You may understand it, and I may not understand it; but if we understand it, we understand it, and that's all there is of that. Shall we claim to be responsible in the sight of God, and acknowledge that we have not intelligence enough to understand the plainest thing in the Bible? But some one may say: "There are so many different phases of it." It does not matter what we may think or say about the different phases of it. If we are responsible in the sight of God, we can, if we will, by reading what the Bible says, understand all that Heaven would have us understand with reference to the action, subject, design—the everything—of baptism. Really, it is not a question of understanding; it is a question of faith. We can, and we do, understand what the Bible says on the subject. The question is: Do we believe it? I do not say the question is: Do you believe it? The question is:

Do we believe it? I never try to separate myself from my hearers, and act and talk in an I-am-holier-than-thou spirit, I-am-wise-and-thou-art-otherwise spirit. Not that. But, just as certainly as "the Lord liveth," so certainly this is not a question of understanding, but of belief, of faith. And now, while I am not expecting to preach on baptism now, and may not preach on it during this series of meetings, I am willing, conceding that you wish me to do so, to just simply quote what the Bible says on the subject, and let you decide whether you are willing to concede that you have not intelligence enough to understand it. I would defend you against the insult, if any man should say you have not sense enough to understand what the Bible says on the subject of baptism; but if you want to say it, I have nothing to say. I would not like for any man to say that *of* you. I will just simply quote what the Bible says on the subject; give book, chapter, and verse for all I quote; and, without giving my opinion, application, or construction of it, or that of any other uninspired man, leave you free to believe, or not believe, it; but I cannot believe that you believe I can believe you have not sense enough to understand it. I know you know I know you have sense enough to understand the simplest thing in the Book of books—simple as God himself could make it. That settles that.

And now, when I am about to quote what the Bible says on the subject of baptism, of course all of you who have read the Bible on the subject, willing, wishing, and endeavoring, to understand and believe it, know I am not going to quote from the Old Testament. Why not quote from it? Why not go to the Old Testament to find what

Heaven says on the subject of baptism? For the very same reason, precisely, that we would not, if we could, go to the North Pole, to hunt June berries in January. One would be just as reasonable as the other, and as successful. There are shiploads of June berries at the North Pole in January for every word in the Old Testament on the subject of baptism. Therefore, of course, unless I want to lead you away from the subject, keep you in darkness, away from the light, I am not going to quote anything from the Old Testament now. Do you ask: "Is baptism not mentioned in the Old Testament?" Not that I know of; but I am not reckless enough to assume that I know everything the Bible says or does not say. So far as I know, the word "baptism" does not occur in any English translation of the Old Testament; and I usually preach in English when I preach to people who understand the English language. I am not saying—positively affirming—it is not there; but I will sincerely and gratefully appreciate the favor if you will direct my mind to the passage where it can be found in the Old Testament. So far as I know, there is not one single, solitary word or syllable on the subject of baptism in any English translation of the Old Testament. So far as I know, there is no word or syllable belonging to the baptism family of words or syllables in any English translation of the Old Testament. We, who are men and women, learned when we were children, and now these children are learning, or have already learned, that "words are the signs of ideas;" and, as there is not one word about baptism in any translation of the Old Testament in our tongue, it is safe to say, in the presence of any intelligent audience,

that, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Malachi, no sign of the idea of the ordinance of baptism can ever be found. If I wished to bewilder you on the subject, I might refer you to the Old Testament—the book that says nothing about it—but I want to instruct you, not bewilder you—bless you, not curse you—save you, not destroy you. Brooding birds sometimes flutter, instead of fly, away from their nests, as if their wings were broken, to keep boys from finding their eggs or little ones; and I have known boys to put a troublesome cat into a bag, carry it far away, over hill and hollow, shake it out of the sack and leave it there, that it, thus so bewildered as to not know whether it was in Mexico or on the moon, might never find the way home again; but I do not wish to bewilder you on the subject of baptism; hence I shall not quote from the Old Testament while we have that subject under consideration. Do you ask why doctors of divinity go back to the Old Testament for baptism? Ask them, please. I am not here to represent other folks. I might misrepresent them, if I tried to represent them; and I should be afraid to do that. You can tell them I never tried to represent them, and, therefore, never misrepresented them. I might edify you on other subjects by taking you through the Old Testament; but, as there is not even the slightest shade of a shadow of an intimation of the sign of an idea on the subject of baptism to be found in it, I would not expect to give you much light on that subject. Well, where does the subject begin in the Bible? Baptism is mentioned first in Matt. 3. You can start there and go back to the beginning of Genesis and never find it mentioned. It is not

there. Do you ask me if this is the reason some theologians go back to the Old Testament and preach more about Moab, Joab, and Judah than about New Testament things and themes? Ask them, please.

But I am ready now to give you some quotations from the sacred Scriptures on the subject; and, remember, I have already assumed that it would be an insult to my audience for me to intimate that there is one soul here ten years old that cannot understand the action, subject, and design of baptism by just simply reading and studying carefully and prayerfully what the Bible says on the subject. Now, this is not assuming anything, of course, that can be offensive to anybody. I am only assuming that you are sane—that you have intelligence enough to understand what is exceedingly simple. I want to quote—and, remember, I want to quote without comment, and do not intend to give you my exegesis or my idea or my understanding, interpretation, or application of the Scriptures; but I intend to simply quote the scripture and tell you where to find it, and let you accept it or reject it, as you will. I have confidence enough in all of you to believe you have moral courage enough to lay aside any prejudice or hobby you may have, that you may know, understand, and believe what the Bible says on this important theme. I may find it necessary to quote a few passages in which baptism is not mentioned, to show the meaning of some term or terms used elsewhere in connection with the subject under consideration; but I wish to confine myself strictly to the subject, if I can—and I think I can. I do not wish to talk after I begin to quote

scripture, lest you be led to think about what I say instead of what the Holy Spirit says.

“Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” (Matt. 3: 13-17.)

“Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.” (Matt. 28: 19, 20.)

“John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins.” (Mark 1: 4, 5.)

“For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.” (Matt. 26: 28.)

“And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.” (Mark 16: 15, 16.)

“And he came into all the country about Jordan,

preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." (Luke 3: 3.)

"And all the people that heard him, and the publicans, justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John. But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him." (Luke 7: 29, 30.)

"After these things came Jesus and his disciples into the land of Judea: and there he tarried with them, and baptized. And John also was baptizing in Ænon, near to Salim, because there was much water there: and they came, and were baptized. For John was not yet cast into prison." (John 3: 22-24.)

"Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation. Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." (Acts 2: 37-41.)

"But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women." (Acts 8: 12.)

"And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying,

Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza which is desert. And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning, and, sitting in his chariot, read Esaias the prophet. Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. The place of the scripture which he read was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth: in his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth. And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man? Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip,

that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing." (Acts 8: 26-39.)

"And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed. And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm: for we are all here. Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house. And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway. And when he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house." (Acts 16: 25-34.)

"And Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord with all his house; and many of the Corinthians hearing believed, and were baptized." (Acts 18: 8.)

"And now why tarriest thou? Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." (Acts 22: 16.)

"Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized

into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?" (Rom. 6: 3.)

"For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." (Gal. 3: 27.)

"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son: in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (Col. 1: 12-14.)

"What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." (Rom. 6: 1-5.)

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power: in whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ: buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him

through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." (Col. 2: 8-12.)

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is idolatry: for which things' sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience: in the which ye also walked some time, when ye lived in them. But now ye also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds; and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him: where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all. Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly; in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one an-

other; in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." (Col. 3: 1-17.) This is to be taken in connection with the quotation from Col. 2: 8-12—one giving rules for our guidance after we are risen with Christ, the other showing how we are risen with him.

"Which some time were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is eight, souls were saved by water. The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." (1 Pet. 3: 20, 21.)

Now, I have nothing to say on the subject—not a thing. This is what the Bible says about it, and we either believe it or we do not believe it, and hence we are on the Lord's side or the other side; and we ought to never forget that glory, honor, and immortality, heaven and all that heaven means, are on the Lord's side. Do you say, "On which side are you?" I am on the Lord's side. Read the scriptures, please. I have given you the references. The sacred Scriptures are sacred truth, and sacred truth is all on the Lord's side. If, after reading, you are still undecided, please read them again, and, as you go along, say: "This is the Lord's side." This is a serious matter. It is a fundamental principle. The world is confused on the subject, and men say it is only a difference of opinion. It is not a question of opinion; it is

not a question of intelligence, beyond simply intelligence enough to be responsible; it is not a question of understanding; it is a question of faith. We know and we understand what the Bible teaches on this important theme. Do we believe it, or do we despise it? That's the question. If we have not intelligence enough to understand these simple scriptures, we are not responsible in the sight of God. If we are responsible in the sight of God, we can understand these things. It is simply a question of faith. We believe the Bible or we do not believe it. That settles that; and may the Lord bless us all in demonstrating our faith—in showing we believe it—by submitting to his holy will without one moment's dangerous delay.

Now, if you want my apology for delivering ninety and nine discourses in this meeting without preaching on baptism, you have it. This is my apology. Please take it home with you and study it seriously. Never forget that I have not given you my interpretation, have not given you my application, have not expressed an opinion as to what the scriptures quoted mean. It is not necessary, has never been necessary, never can be necessary. If theologians through the ages had just simply permitted people to read the sacred Scriptures and interpret them for themselves, they could never have been confused as they are. This is a sample of the sweet, sublime simplicity of God's eternal truth; and, if we follow our own inclinations, hobbies, theories, personal preferences, fancies, or fads, instead of God's eternal truth, and find ourselves lost at last, it will not be because God did not give us intelligence enough to understand his word, or make

his word, his will, and his way so plain that we could not misunderstand them, if we willed and tried to understand them; and nothing confirms this thought more clearly or completely than what the Spirit says about baptism—action, subject, design, change of relationship resulting therefrom, and blessings, temporal and eternal, guaranteed to all the finally faithful in that divine relationship. Therefore, we know if we will to know, can read plainest, simplest English and have tried to know, whether, the Bible being true, we have been baptized; as, also, whether we are “bound for the promised land.” Jesus our Savior says: “If any man will do his will [that is, “willeth to do his will”], he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.” (John 7: 17.) We can know our duty if we will to do it. In the days of supernatural inspiration and revelation, miraculous manifestation and divine demonstration, those who were baptized knew it, and never had right or reason to doubt it.

Just as assuredly, clearly, and certainly do we know whether we have been baptized. It cannot be otherwise, while we have access to the Bible, can read the simplest English ever written, have sufficient intelligence to make us responsible, and “God is no respecter of persons.” As certainly as they knew whether they were baptized, so certainly we know whether we have been baptized.

When and where they were baptized there was water: “And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?” (Acts 8: 36.) “Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized,

which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" (Acts 10: 47.) Much water: "And John also was baptizing in Ænon near to Salim, because there was much water there: and they came, and were baptized." (John 3: 23.) They went to the water: "John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins." (Mark 1: 4, 5.) "And John also was baptizing in Ænon near to Salim, because there was much water there; and they came, and were baptized." (John 3: 23.) "And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" (Acts 8: 36.) They went down into the water: "And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him." (Acts 8: 38.) They were buried: "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." (Rom. 6: 4.) "Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." (Col. 2: 12.) They were raised up—"risen:" "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrec-

tion." (Rom. 6: 4, 5.) "Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." (Col. 2: 12.) "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." (Col. 3: 1.) They came up out of the water: "And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. 3: 16, 17.) "And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing." (Acts 8: 39.) They were—after Christ's coronation—baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ: "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." (Acts 2: 38.) "For as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus." (Acts 8: 16.) "And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord." (Acts 10: 48.) "When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus." (Acts 19: 5.) In (literal translation, "into") the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in [literal translation, "into"] the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you:

and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen." (Matt. 28: 19, 20.)

When and where they were baptized, then, there was water, much water; they went to the water, they went down into the water, they were buried, they were raised up, they came up out of the water.

Now, with all these divine lights before us, do we not absolutely know, the Bible being true, whether we have been baptized? Is it possible for it to be possible for it to ever be possible for us to be mistaken, or to be in doubt, about it?

We know whether we have been baptized.

Who, in the long, long ago—in the days of supernatural inspiration and revelation, miraculous manifestation and divine demonstration—were, by divine direction and authority, baptized? Jesus, the beloved Son of God, many of those to whom John came, preaching "the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins," and those who heard the gospel, believed the gospel, repented of their sins—hence confessed their sins, instead of professing to have no sins—and demonstrated their desire to be baptized, by confessing their faith in Christ and submitting unreservedly to his holy will—all of these who really wished to walk in wisdom's ways; but none who did not demonstrate an earnest desire to be baptized, so far as the divine record shows; and duty demands, as also salvation depends on, our keeping within the record: "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so

now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. 3: 13-17.) "John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins." (Mark 1: 4, 5.) "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16: 15, 16.) "And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." (Luke 24: 46, 47.) "Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." (Acts 2: 37, 38.) "Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." (Acts 2: 41.) "But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were

baptized, both men and women." (Acts 8: 12.) "Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him." (Acts 8: 35-38.) "And Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord with all his house; and many of the Corinthians hearing believed, and were baptized." (Acts 18: 8.) "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. 10: 10.)

For what were they baptized? "For the remission of sins," with the exception of Christ, the sinless Son of God, who was baptized "to fulfill all righteousness." (Matt. 3: 15.) "John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins." (Mark 1: 4, 5.) "And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins." (Luke 3: 3.) "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." (Acts 2: 38.)

What does the Bible phraseology "for the remission of sins" mean? Our Savior says: "For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." (Matt. 26: 28.) That settles that, to the perfect satisfaction of all who believe it.

Into what relationship divine with Christ—hence, with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and Heaven—are we brought by baptism? The Bible says we are baptized into Christ: "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?" (Rom. 6: 3.) "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." (Gal. 3: 27.)

Do we derive any benefits or receive any pleasures from, or by, being "in Christ?" "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." (Rom. 8: 1, 2.) "For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us." (2 Cor. 1: 20.) "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son: in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (Col. 1: 12-14.) "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power: in whom

also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ: buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." (Col. 2: 8-12.)

The law of life in Christ Jesus our Lord is also so clearly and completely revealed that we know, if we will to know, whether we are living as Christians ought to live.

We do absolutely know, therefore, the Bible being true, whether we are "in Christ," and, if "in Christ," whether we are living the Christian life; and the Bible says: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." (Rom. 8: 1, 2.)

Therefore, we know, the Bible being true, whether we are on our journey home, to spend a blissful eternity with the loved and saved of long ago, with all the redeemed of every age, country, and clime, with all the holy angels and archangels, and with Him who says: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." (Rev. 22: 14.)

May the Lord bless us all in being what we ought to be, in living as we ought to live, and, therefore, in reaching that happy home at last.

Now we are going to give all in this audience who are in any sense subjects of the gospel call an opportunity,

not to accept my hobby, my theory, my personal preference, my opinions, or my way; but to simply accept Christ—to accept God as your Father, Jesus as your Savior, the Holy Spirit as your Comforter, the Bible as the lamp to your feet and the light to your pathway—your creed, your discipline, your confession of faith, your God-given guide, through grace, to glory—Christians as your religious associates, the church of God as your spiritual abiding place here, Christianity as your life work, and heaven as your eternal home.

If this be your will, may the Lord bless you in coming, to consecrate yourselves, all that you are and all that you have—body, soul, and spirit; time, tongue, and talent; mind, muscle, and money; head, hand, and heart—to the service of Him “from whom all blessings flow,” to the service of Him who died to redeem you, to that blessed cause divine that brings good to all and evil to none. Regardless of what Satan and his servants may think or say or do, regardless of the world’s dread frown, come to the Savior and be saved.

CHAPTER IX.

Letters—Pure in Heart.

ONE of the first things Jesus taught his disciples in the famous Sermon on the Mount, which has been aptly styled "the constitution of the Christian religion," was: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." (Matt. 5:8.) Long before Jesus appeared among men, Solomon taught: "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." (Prov. 4:23.) Men have always been great with God in proportion as they have been pure in heart: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." (James 5:16.) Righteousness has in all ages been a passport to the favor of God: "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry." (Ps. 34:15.) From the beginning to the end of his life and teaching among men, Jesus indorsed and encouraged righteousness and purity in life and heart every way he could. "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good

fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." (Matt. 7: 15-20.) A righteous life springs from a pure heart as naturally and as philosophically as a clear stream flows from a clean fountain.

The letters and sermons in this book will be a blessing to the world to the extent that they encourage and inspire people, by precept and example, to strive earnestly for pure hearts and righteous lives. No man knows better than T. B. Larimore that many people form their opinions of Christianity from the lives and sermons of preachers, rather than from the life and teaching of Christ; and, for this reason, as well as from a desire to be saved himself, he is always anxious lest something he may do or say may not correctly represent the holy life and sound doctrine which the Bible teaches. Speaking of mistakes men sometimes make in the frailty of old age, after a long and exemplary life in the service of God, he wrote:

"— said things and did things, after he began to 'die at the top,' which have been used against Christianity; — did likewise. Small as I am and little as I have done, I fear the same with regard to myself. When we begin to fail, about the first thing we lose is the power to perceive we are fallible and failing. There's the trouble."

From a Western city, in the midst of a great revival, with the burden of labor and cares heavy on his heart, he wrote, several years ago:

"'Some sweet day' I'll breathe my last. When you tell the world I am gone, please tell them I was ready, willing, and anxious to go; that I dreaded not death; that

I fought and fell believing I was on my journey to the best and brightest place. I never doubt that. I hope it is not egotism, for I feel small as an atom. I hope it is simply faith sublime, but I no more doubt that I am to be eternally as happy as any angel in existence than I doubt the existence of Jehovah himself. That, in my mind, is eternally settled. Conscious of my own littleness, I do my very best, always, everywhere, and under all circumstances, to do all that duty demands—do it with all my might, do it as wisely and well as I can—and do nothing else. So shall it ever be. I want you to know that. My conscience is clear always—never an exception. While I have often come short of duty's demands, and frequently gone beyond the limits of right, I have never done so intentionally. I believe I tell 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' when I say I have never done what I believed to be wrong, never refused to do what I believed duty demanded. My conscience is as clear to-night as when I slept in my mother's arms, fifty years ago. I am sure that is true. Without a clear conscience, I could not endure to live, I could not dare to die. Every day of my life is a day of solemn endeavor with me to keep my heart pure and my conscience clear, to be and to do good. I am living for the good that I can do. If the Lord should say to me, 'Die to-night, or live to-morrow and forty more years with an impure heart and defiled conscience,' I know I would say: 'Lord, please take me now.' You may often blush, as many times no doubt you have blushed, because of my egregious mistakes and ignorance; but, when this head and heart and hand 'lie silent in the grave,' you shall not

have to apologize because of any intentional evil I have done. I live to love and to be loved, to be good and to do good. To this end I eat, sleep, walk, work—do everything I do and refuse to do everything I refuse to do. To this there is no exception—absolutely none—even down to the minutest details of my life.”

At the beginning of another meeting he wrote :

“ I am trying to ‘ clear the way ’ to-day, so as to get down to solid work to-morrow. You may know I am always doing my very best. I have solemnly resolved to always do what I believe duty demands, and do it as nearly to perfection as I can. Knowing that all I am and all I have belong to Him ‘ from whom all blessings flow,’ I have solemnly resolved to do all I can do to contribute to the success of this meeting. Knowing this may be my last opportunity to lead loved ones now lost to ‘ the Lamb of God for sinners slain,’ I vow to do all that circumstances may permit or duty may demand to bring as many souls as possible into the fold of Christ in this meeting. I am to reach home not later than December 24, spend the rest of December there, and begin the new year with the determination, by God’s help, to deliver more sermons, add more souls to Christ, be better, and do more good and less evil than in any previous year of my life.”

He rarely failed to write what he called a “ new-year’s letter ” about the beginning of the year. These letters always contained an expression of his desire and determination to be better and do more good and less evil than in any previous year of his life, and he rarely failed to do

so. From time to time during the year he would refer to these letters and ask me to take them as a basis for calculations, and keep count while he worked and reported results, to see how faithful he was in living up to them. Once he departed from his custom and wrote as follows:

"Columbia, Tenn., December 31, 1895.

"Instead of writing you a new-year's letter, as I have so often done, I write you, as follows, a few of my life rules, as they occur to me in the light of the last day of 1895—rules which I hope to strictly observe, both in letter and spirit, till God shall call me home:

"(1) Be kind; (2) be meek; (3) be true; (4) be humble; (5) be gentle; (6) be polite; (7) be patient; (8) be earnest; (9) be careful; (10) be hopeful; (11) be faithful; (12) be cheerful; (13) be grateful; (14) be generous; (15) be prayerful; (16) be courteous; (17) be unselfish; (18) be thoughtful; (19) be industrious; (20) be consecrated; (21) be conscientious; (22) always 'do the right;' (23) do as much good as possible; (24) do as little evil as possible; (25) eat to live, not live to eat; (26) if possible, be perfectly pure; (27) if not, be pure as possible; (28) always make the best of the situation; (29) be clean—body, soul, and spirit—clean in thought, in word, in deed—always clean; (30) conscientiously consecrate all to Christ—head, hand, heart—body, soul, spirit—time, tongue, talent—mind, muscle, money—consecrate all to Him who gave his very life, to ransom a recreant, lost, and ruined race."

The first marriage in his family occurred December



THE FAMILY UNBROKEN.

DEDIE,
GRANVILLE,

TOPPIE,
MRS. LARIMORE,

VIRGIL,
T. B. LARIMORE,

ETTIE,
HERSCHEL.

30, 1897. His present to the bride—his oldest daughter—was a Bible he had used in evangelistic meetings. The inscription was as follows:

"MARY D. LARIMORE,
December 30, 1897, 2 P.M.

MARY L. GEORGE,
December 30, 1897, 4 P.M."

"My Daughter: Friends and loved ones excepted, this 'blessed Bible,' that has been my constant companion so long, is the dearest thing on earth to me, 'more precious than gold;' and now I sadly and gladly give it to you, my precious daughter, praying that you may always lovingly 'walk in the light' of this precious book—walk in the love light of God's eternal truth—and that the Lord Almighty may graciously grant and give you all the desires of your pure heart till, at the peaceful close of a long and useful life, he shall call you home, to reign and rejoice in glory with Jesus our Savior forever.

"Your father,

T. B. LARIMORE."

On the margin of the typewritten copy of this inscription which he inclosed to me the following paragraph was written in his own hand:

"Our family circle was first broken at 3 P.M. to-day. May the Lord grant and give us an eternal reunion.

"T. B. LARIMORE."

From May till September, 1893, he was at home, sick. Many feared, and he believed, he was liable to die any day for several weeks. As this is probably the last message in permanent form the world shall ever receive from, of, or about him, letters he wrote while facing death, as he believed, during that long spell of serious sickness,

will be of special interest to his friends as long as his memory is cherished. He stopped with me one night on his way home at the beginning of that sickness, and in a few days wrote as follows:

“Sick when I saw you, sick ever since. As usual, when I cannot work I think my life work is about done. I do not want to live, but I do want to work while I do live. I am in no condition for work now. I began this letter Monday, but had to quit and go to bed. This is Wednesday, 9 A.M. I was not up yesterday at all, except a few seconds twice. Could not sit up; may not sit up many moments now. Do not be uneasy about me. I’ll come out all right if I live, I think; if I die, I’ll come out all right, I know. So, then, whether I live or die, it is all right.”

A few days later he wrote:

“Well, it’s all right—all, all right. Of course I am willing to get well, but I am no less willing to die. Why should I be? All I dread is the grave, if I die; all I dread is being a burden to others, if I live. If I could be healthy, helpful, and useful, I would neither murmur nor complain, though I had to live as long as Moses lived. I rally and relapse. I was able to sit up nearly all day yesterday. I have neither been nor done so well to-day, and the day is only half gone. Constant cough, slight fever, extreme weakness, sore throat, sore chest, no appetite, inability to sleep soundly or sufficiently—these are some of the symptoms. Do you say they are alarming? I really do not know. One thing I know: they have not

alarmed me. Why should they? In the long ago we sometimes sang by an open grave:

“‘Why should we mourn departed friends,
Or quake at death’s alarms?’”

We have all sung many times:

“‘I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o’er the way.’”

Did we mean it? I believe I did. I know I mean it now.”

I feared the worst, but wrote him as cheerfully as I could, and begged him especially not to abandon all hope of recovery, but to get well, if he could, and live as long as he could for the good he could do. I also inclosed him a letter from a sister expressing her fears that he should not be with us long and speaking of his work and worth in a way that I thought would be encouraging to him, provided he would not attach too much importance to her “fears of his early death.” To this he replied as follows:

“You say: ‘Do not get scared at the sister’s fears of your early death.’ Scared! I do not understand myself. One thing I do know: instead of being afraid of ‘early death,’ a feeling of disappointment possesses—overwhelms—me whenever I think of not having died long ago. There is not a squirrel that plays, or a bird that sings, or a flower that blooms, that I fear less than I fear death. I want you to remember that when I am gone. I am not worrying. ‘A few more days, or years at most,’ and this life shall be no more with me; but I want to do all the good I can before I go hence, and as long as my

influence may last—for evermore. What this world has in store for me, I do not know. I have hopes, but no fears, of the eternal future. In other words, I know not whether this world hath weal or woe, pain or pleasure, in store for me; but no fear of pain beyond the tomb ever disturbs my mind. As you know, I, for a long time, neither expected nor desired to live here beyond fifty. Somehow I have felt disappointed ever since I passed that point. I tried to do a hundred years' work in fifty, and then I wanted to go home. I am here yet, and that feeling of disappointment overwhelms me to-day. However, I may be permitted to go as Jesse Sewell went, though not worthy to be compared with him. For such a sunset I would be willing to linger here another fifty years. Well, I'll wait as patiently as I can. While waiting, I want to be working—working for the weal of all, the woe of none. I am sitting on the west veranda, with a little clock before me. My thoughts are running like 'music in the air,' howsoever little music there may be in what I write. The long ago sweeps down upon me, and my soul is strangely sad. I almost see the other shore, and then my soul is glad. I've tried to do the best I could. No mortal lives that I would harm. Whether many or few be the days or the years allotted me here to live, as pure and free from all sin as I can, by his grace, I shall spend them all. The Lord grant that I may bless, and not blight, as long as he letteth me live. If convenient, come to see me. Of course you understand me. Do not come unless it is entirely convenient. If it is convenient, however, of course we will all appreciate your coming and try to make your visit as pleasant for



"ON THE WEST VERANDA, WITH A LITTLE CLOCK BEFORE ME."

Many have been my mistakes, & to me,
some of them seem marvelous; but
I am not conscious of having ever
done any thing that I believed to be
wrong. To this, there is no exception.
As I approach the tomb, I fear no
danger, I dread no death.

Not death, but dying; Not the
Judgement, but the grave —
the lonely, gloomy grave —
do I dread. I fear not the eternal
future. Why should I fear?

"The Lord is my shepherd"
The Lord is my shield.

The Lord is my strength & my deliverer.
My title is perfectly clear.

Gratefully, Affectionately & Fraternaly,
T. B. Lovrimore.

you as we can. Birds and squirrels are all around me. I must quit this and give my thoughts and attention to them. Good-by."

The reference to the death of Jesse Sewell would be incomplete in this letter without the following extract from "The Life and Sermons of Jesse Sewell," by D. Lipscomb:

"He began his married life in a log house with one room and a 'lean-to' cookroom. After over fifty years of labor and toil, he closed that life in a cheaply built frame house with two rooms and a 'lean-to' cookroom. Yet he was comfortable and perfectly contented with his outward surroundings. For months he had anticipated his end was near. A few months before his death he told his wife he was satisfied he would not remain with her long; told her, while they had accumulated but little, there was enough to keep her in comfort as long as she might live, and he wished her so to use it; advised her to remain at her own home. Her son, William, lived next door, and some of the grandchildren were much with her. The day of his death he attended church at Philadelphia meetinghouse in the morning. A young brother preached a little lengthily; he kindly and meekly warned him against this habit. He presided at the Lord's table, making an unusually earnest and impressive exhortation to his brethren; took dinner with his daughter; attended the burial of a little child at three o'clock, where he made another short, but earnest and affecting, discourse. He went home, some three miles, unharnessed and fed his horse, did a few necessary chores, fixed the stove wood

for his wife to get breakfast in the morning, and went and seated himself on the porch to rest. His wife, soon passing by, noticed his head dropped to one side; went to him, and found his body still warm, but he was dead. He never breathed again. He had died without a struggle. He was sitting in a common split-bottom chair just on the edge of the porch. His legs were crossed and his arms folded across his lap, his head leaning to one side on one shoulder. Who doubts that he was carried by the angels to Abraham's bosom?

"His life, uneventful and unambitious, yet full of the true and genuine virtues, was wholly given for the good of his fellow-man and to the service of his Maker and Redeemer. He rests from his labors, but the fruits remain to bless man and honor God."

A few days later he wrote:

"If you decide that you can be with us soon, please let me know, and we shall expect you. If you can, that's what I want. Mars' Hill is pretty now. The whole land is green and flowery; chickens, birds, squirrels, etc., are abundant, and seem to be happy. Young squirrels in both verandas. One mother on east veranda has six. We have never known her to have more than four at once before. I hope you may be with us in a very few days. I had a spell of heart failure yesterday morning; was dead I know not how long. I am weak this morning, but feel better. I think 'the time of my departure is at hand.' I hope so, if it be the Lord's will. I have lived long enough in this world. Of course I appreciate all the expressions of love, confidence, and sympathy I receive;

but I hope I shall be beyond the reach of care, or want, or pain, or trouble, or censure, or sympathy, in a few days. The great change is all I greatly desire now. For more than thirty years I have been preaching the gospel, working for the glory of God, honor of Christ, and salvation of souls, to the utmost of my ability, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Thus I expect to do just as long as I live—not long now—a few more years at most. Well, so let it be; I am ready, I am willing; earth charms me not. I dread not death, but it is my duty to live as long as I can. I love and live for the Lord, his people and his cause. If I could live this life again, seeing from the beginning as now I see, I would flee from the shadow of the slightest semblance of sin as from the most venomous viper that lives. There is no real happiness, 'in this world or in the world to come,' without holiness—purity of purpose and purity of life. 'Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.' (Heb. 12: 14.) Heaven gives no better advice than: 'Keep thyself pure.' (1 Tim. 5: 22.) I am scarcely able to sit up, but I cannot consent to do nothing, so I am trying to write. I have been broken down so long now I am becoming discouraged. I may never leave home again till I go *home*, but that is all right. 'There is no place like home.' Do not be uneasy about me; I am not uneasy about myself. If I live, it's all right; if I die, it's all right. If I live, therefore, or die, it's all, all right. Be these things as they may, one thing is sure: if possible, I will practice what I preach, and never do or say anything of even doubtful propriety while life shall last. That much is settled."

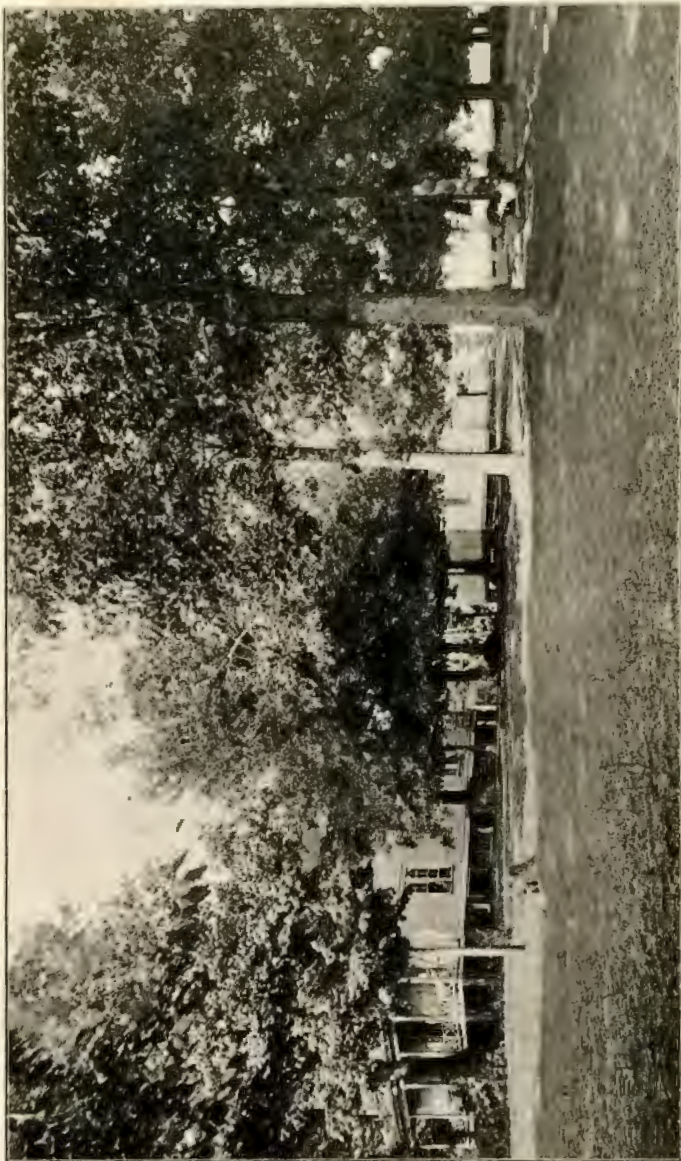
The very first letter that reported any improvement in his health, after this long spell of serious sickness, told me he was preaching again :

“ I am trying to preach some, and hope to be able to resume my life work soon. Yesterday, however, was a hard day on me, and, as a result, I have fever to-day and am scarcely able to sit up. I expect to be better to-morrow. I tried to preach to the home folks yesterday here at Mars’ Hill. The day being pleasant, we had a good audience. The house would not hold the women. Had our house been four times as large, I am sure it had been packed. I think there is no reason why you should be uneasy about me. While I have fever and am scarcely able to sit up now, I fully expect to be better to-morrow. I am feeling very much depressed to-day, but I believe all unfavorable symptoms to be simply results of reaction from yesterday.”

Throughout this long and serious sickness the perfect freedom from anxiety with which he wrote about death and the great hereafter, when he could “ almost see the other shore,” was both astonishing and gratifying to me, and it is still marvelous in my eyes. He talked about this life and the life to come in the same letters, and so blended them as to show clearly that he regarded death as a mere dividing line between here and hereafter which was of too little consequence to demand much attention. To him, earth and heaven were so close together that death was not “ a long journey ” at all, but merely a short step. Soon after he entirely regained his health and resumed his evangelistic work, he wrote as follows :

“ My faith has never been stronger ; my hope has never been brighter ; my head has never been clearer ; my heart has never been calmer ; my life has never been purer . I love all ; I hate none . My love for some lifts my soul into the realm of the sublime . I am willing to die to-day ; I am willing to live a thousand years , to tell the old , old story of Jesus and his love . My friends are dearer to me ; association with them is sweeter to me ; my sympathy for suffering souls is stronger ; my love for all the pure , the true , the beautiful , the good , and the sublime—from the bud , the blossom , the babe , up to Him ‘ from whom all blessings flow ’—is truer , tenderer , sweeter , than ever before . Not a mist floats between me and the land of love and life divine . I’ll never turn back . I’ll never stop to consider what the enemy may think , or say , or do . I shall simply do as much good and as little evil as possible all the remnant of my days , and gladly leave all results with God . I have crossed the river ; the bridge has been washed away . People everywhere treat me with encouraging kindness , courtesy , and sweetness . Truly , I am debtor to all . I sleep soundly , dream sweetly , and ‘ rejoice evermore . ’ ‘ The word ’ is sweeter and stronger to me than ever before . O , it is delightful to love and be loved , and to do whatsoever duty demands ! My vanity is all gone . What the people say does not bother me . I’ll never waver , but always to the right be true . May the Lord always abundantly bless you and yours . ”

The following “ flight of fancy ” from ex-Gov. Robert L. Taylor on the death of Ingersoll he considers worthy of place and preservation in this volume :



LARIMORE'S RESIDENCE AND DORMITORIES, SOUTH YARD, MARS' HILL.

"I sat in a great theater in the national capital. It was thronged with youth and beauty, age and wisdom. I saw a man, the image of his God, stand upon the stage, and I heard him speak.

"His gestures were the perfection of grace, his voice was music, and his language was more beautiful than any I had ever heard from mortal lips.

"He painted picture after picture of the pleasures and joys and sympathies of home. He enthroned love and preached the gospel of humanity like an angel. Then I saw him dip his brush in the ink of mortal blackness and blot out the beautiful picture he had painted. I saw him stab love dead at his feet. I saw him blot out the stars and the sun and leave humanity and the earth in eternal darkness and eternal death.

"I saw him, like the serpent of old, worm himself into the paradise of human hearts, and by his seductive eloquence and subtle devices of sophistry inject his fatal venom, under whose blight its flowers faded, its music was hushed, its sunshine was darkened, and its soul was left a desert waste with the new-made graves of faith and hope.

"I saw him, like a lawless and erratic meteor without orbit, sweep across the intellectual sky, brilliant only in its self-consuming fire, generated by friction with the indestructible and eternal truths of God.

"That man was the archangel of modern infidelity, and I said: How true is holy writ, which declares the fool hath said in his heart: 'There is no God!'

"Tell me not, O infidel, there is no God, no heaven, no hell! Tell me not, O infidel, there is no risen Christ!

“What intelligence less than God’s could fashion the human body? What motive power is it, if not God, that drives these throbbing engines of the human heart, sending the crimson stream of life bounding through vein and artery?

“Whence and what, if not God, is this mystery we call ‘mind?’ What is it that thinks, and feels, and plans, and acts?

“God is everywhere and in everything. His mystery is in every bud, and blossom, and leaf, and tree; in every rock, and hill, and mountain; in every spring, and rivulet, and river.

“The rustle of his wings is in every zephyr; his might is in every tempest. He dwells in the dark pavilion of every storm cloud. The lightning is his messenger, and the thunder is his voice. His awful tread is in every earthquake and on every angry ocean. The heavens above us teem with his myriads of shining witnesses—the universe of solar systems whose wheeling orbs course the crystal dread halls of eternity, the glory and power and dominion of the all-wise, omnipotent, and eternal God.”

I come now to a letter in which he, perhaps without thinking of it at the time, sets forth in a very striking way the philosophy of Christianity as an uplifting force in human character. His great desire to be good and to do good, and his abundant labors in the Lord, are but expressions of his gratitude for blessings he has received. Every blessing he receives from the Lord, every kindness he enjoys at the hands of men, is to him an inspiration to be good and to do good. Probably without thinking of

it in this light, and certainly without saying anything about it, he wrote:

" — is every inch a man. He has just sent me a check for — dollars. He believed he owed it to me. Really, as I see it, it is a gracious gift—purely. Well, I shall always so consider it, anyway. This is not the first time he has been guilty of such a thing. The Lord will reward him, and I will try to do so, too, all my days. He is a sublime friend. How can I ever fall, sustained as I am by such friends and by all the Lord has done for me? I could deliberately starve to death in the midst of plenty as easily as I could intentionally and willfully do anything wrong, anything I believed to be wrong, anything I would be ashamed or afraid to face at the judgment bar of God. Never can I wreck the hopes of friends so firm and true, and grieve the Lord, who has done so much for me. Sustained by everlasting arms that I can almost see and feel, and loved and blessed and guarded by friends than whom man has never dreamed of truer, I have solemnly resolved to be just as pure, just as faithful, just as useful, just as righteous, just as true—true to God and true to man—as possible, 'every day and every hour,' as long as he prolongs my days, doing just as much good and as little evil as possible 'while the days are going by.' This solemn resolve is due, not to my goodness or greatness, but to the devotion of my friends and to the love of the Lord. I cannot disappoint the Lord and such friends in human form."

That is the whole thing in few words. The love of God makes us good, because we are too grateful to him

for all his blessings to grieve and disappoint him by transgression; the love of friends helps us to be good, because we cannot wreck the faith they have in us. "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." (Rom. 2:4.)

CHAPTER X.

Sermon—Christ and Christians.

“**I** AM the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father’s commandments, and abide in his love.” (John 15: 1-10.)

To the true husband, nothing is half so sweet enjoyed alone as if shared with the wife that he loves. Jesus is the Bridegroom; his church, the bride—the Lamb’s wife. We should not be surprised, then, when we find, by

studying God's word, that Jesus jealously guards the reputation, the interests, and the feelings of the church and the members thereof, dividing voluntarily the glory and honor that are his with all those who constitute that spiritual body, to establish which he shed his precious blood. Jesus is the Savior. He said to his disciples: "Ye are the salt of the earth." (Matt. 5: 13.) That property of salt which gives it its intrinsic, as well as its commercial, value is its saving quality. So Jesus teaches that his church saves with him, thus dividing that honor with his bride.

Jesus is the light of the world. "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." (John 9: 5.) To his disciples he said: "Ye are the light of the world." (Matt. 5: 14.) He says in the lesson just read: "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." (John 15: 1-5.) Jesus is the vine, his disciples are the branches; the vine sustaining the branches, the branches coöperating with the vine in bearing fruit, to bless the world. The vine supports the branches, while the branches bear the buds and blossoms, produce the fruit and foliage. The vine and the branches, thus coöperating, bless those who come

into contact therewith in a way to be blessed thereby. The branches share with the vine whatsoever honor there may be in doing that work; and just precisely so Jesus shares the honor with those who are working with him, to bless the world. Jesus recognizes a kindred relationship subsisting between him and his disciples, him and his church. He repeatedly and habitually called God his "Father," prayed to him as Father—claimed to be God's Son, claimed God to be his Father. He taught his disciples to say to God, when praying: "Our Father which art in heaven." Yet, that God is the Father of all human beings, the Savior says is not true. Wicked people, as we learn from John 8, once claimed God as their Father; but the Savior told them he was not their Father. He is Creator of all, Benefactor of all. He is the Father of his own children—Father of those who are "born again," "born of water and of the Spirit," born into his household, family, church—Father of all those who bow in meek submission to his holy will. Jesus, when teaching his disciples to say, "Our Father," recognized this relationship, as well as that subsisting between himself and them, by clearly recognizing them as children of his own loving Father. This allegory of the vine and the branches brings out the same thought, showing that the relationship is as intimate and close as blood relationship can be. The vine furnishes the sustaining power, the life-giving principle, the sap, that runs through every branch, and through every twig and every leaf of every branch; and thus the vine and the branches are made practically one. No blood relationship can be closer

than the Savior recognizes this divine relationship to be, illustrated by the vine and its branches.

Indeed, I am not sure but that it is safe to say—and I am sure it is safe, if it is true—that Heaven has practically exhausted the list of appropriate illustrations and the vocabulary of proper terms with, by, and through, which to illustrate, express, and impress the thought of the nearness, dearness, and heavenly blessedness of the sacred relationship subsisting among all the members of the spiritual body of Christ—a relationship binding Christ to that body, as Head thereof, the same relationship binding every member to Christ and to every other member, and Christ to God, making them practically one, as husband and wife are one. Now, if this proposition be true, it is certainly a blessed thing, that all should appreciate, to belong to the spiritual body of Christ, to be a branch of the only true and living Vine, to be a child of God, a member of his church.

All of us have some idea—have heard, it may be, or otherwise learned—of the tie that binds together the shepherd and the sheep of his pasture, the lambs of his fold. Many touching stories in history, reaching far back to ages of the long ago, express this thought. The church is the fold; Jesus is the Shepherd; all Christians are sheep of his pasture, lambs of his flock. The apostle Peter says: "For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." (1 Pet. 2: 25.) We should all rejoice that we can look to Jesus as such a Shepherd. David, in the long, long ago, rejoiced that God was his Shepherd, and cried from the depths of his grateful heart: "The Lord is my

shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." (Ps. 23.) And this is the sublime sentiment that every soul in the fold of Jesus may cherish every day and every hour. Storms may rage and tempests howl, friends may forsake and foes beset, but even then we can look aloft to the Sun that is never to set, cling to the cross of Christ, and say: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

The blessed tie of friendship is one we have all felt, a tie that is greatly appreciated. Some appreciate it more; others, less; but all appreciate it. We all have friends; we may all have foes. Jesus had foes; Paul had foes; Elijah had foes. As "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward," it may be that he is born to have foes, at least enough to make his friends dearer; to encounter clouds enough to make the sunshine brighter, and sorrows enough to make his joys sweeter. But whether we have or have not foes, we all have friends; and if we are worthy, we have true friends—friends that are loving, loyal, and kind—willing, if need be, to die for us. We all know something of the tenderness of the blessed tie of friendship. There are, in history and my-

thology, prose and poetry, many touching stories told of friendship true, sublime, and sacred. There is the story, brought from the shadows and sunshine of mythological ages, of Damon and Pythias, each anxious to be in prison, that the other might be free; each willing to die, that the other might live. From the Bible, we learn the story of David and Jonathan. The literature of the world, both sacred and secular, abounds in stories of friends and friendship faithful, genuine, and true. This sweet relationship subsists among all the faithful children of God—followers of the Lamb—binding them together in “one body;” binding that one body to Christ, its living, divine, glorious, loving Head; and binding both body and Head to God, thus making them, in an important, sacred sense, one. Jesus, the tender Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, says: “This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.” (John 15: 12-15.) We may know every day we live whether we are the friends of Jesus. If we daily do “whatsoever” he demands of us, we are his friends; otherwise, *otherwise*, his own language being true. How, then, can any man who believes the Bible say anything he commands is nonessential?

We should appreciate our friends, treat them as they deserve to be treated—as we wish them to treat us—show

our appreciation of their love and friendship. We should sigh at the thought of losing friends and friendship, and try to so live that we may never know the loneliness of lost affection. But especially should we rejoice in the privilege of being friends of Christ and of claiming him as our Friend; and we should so live that heaven, earth, and the underworld may see and know we are not wavering, that no power on earth or in the underworld can make us waver, in our fidelity to Christ.

All of us know something of the tie that binds together teachers and pupils. Some of us have had much experience, all of us have had some, along these lines. There is a tie that is tender, a tie that is strong, binding together teachers and pupils in every school in all the earth. I have heard and seen brave men, pure women, and precious boys and girls sob and sigh and weep as if their heads were waters and their eyes fountains, as if their hearts were broken, when the time came for the last song to be sung, the last talk to be made, the last prayer to be offered, the last benediction to be pronounced, for the sad farewells to be spoken, for the tender good-byes to be uttered, for teachers and pupils to leave the spot where for many months they had lived and loved and labored together, to go to places sometimes far away from that (to them) sacred spot, with the assurance that they might never meet on earth again. The church of the living God is a school. The term "disciple" suggests this thought, meaning "pupil" or "scholar." The disciples of Plato—the pupils of Plato; the disciples of Socrates—the pupils of Socrates; the disciples of Christ—the pupils of Christ, members of the school of the Lord Jesus

Christ. Each and every disciple of Christ is a member of Christ's school, and Christ's will is that there be perfect unity, harmony, and love in this school, that every member thereof may be blessed. Sad separation days must come; final farewells must be spoken; good-byes must be uttered. But the day is coming when, if we be faithful unto death, we shall meet to part no more. We are climbing step by step, growing in grace and in the knowledge of the truth; and the time is coming when we shall be promoted to the highest grade, where we shall have angels and archangels, patriarchs, prophets, and apostles for our associates and fellow-pupils; Jesus for our Teacher; the blessed Book of books, that has been our text-book here, for our text-book still. This blessed book, Isaiah and Peter tell us, shall last forever. God is the Head of this divine institution, and we have the assurance that there—in "the upper fold," in the highest grade, in the heavenly grade—there shall never be a separation; the school term shall be eternal. No more farewells, no more good-byes, no more tears! We should rejoice that it is our privilege to be pupils in this school here, and we should so live as to be in that school up there, dwelling in glory with God and all the saved forever.

Of course we all have some conception, though we have not all been literal soldiers, of the tie that binds together soldiers in an army. There is something not superhuman, and yet really mysterious, about the strength and tenderness of that wonderful tie that binds together the soldier boys and binds the soldier boys to their leaders—a tie that lasts as long as they live. Many things in his-

tory illustrate this, showing the affection of the leader for his soldiers, the soldiers for their leader, of common soldier for common soldier, of officer for officer—a tie so tender, true, and strong that sometimes they prefer to die together on the bloody battlefield rather than be disbanded. History tells us that Napoleon, far from France, the country of his adoption, and far from Corsica, the isle of his birth, on the burning sands of Egypt, himself and his soldiers almost perishing of thirst, received a cup of water, and that, instead of drinking it, he poured it upon the burning sands, thus saying to his men: "If you die of thirst, your leader perishes with you." The same spirit was illustrated in the same campaign, when a shell buried itself in the sand almost at the feet of that same leader a few seconds before the death-dealing explosion that followed. As the shell could not be removed or the explosion prevented, his soldiers threw themselves around him, thus forming of themselves a solid, living shield, to save him—that no fragment of the shell, in its death-dealing work, might reach the body of the leader they loved. The same tender tie is illustrated in the case of the French soldier who guarded the tomb of Napoleon on the bare, bleak bosom of lonely, desolate St. Helena, nineteen years, and, when his body was removed to Paris, to the splendid mausoleum prepared for it, turned away weeping when told he could no longer guard the dust he loved, but must leave it to the care of the nation. It is part of the history of the "lost cause," for which so many brave men gave their lives, that when the battle-scarred (but not scared) wreck of the once hopeful host that had astonished the world lost all hope at Appo-

mattox, even generals wept like children, and private soldiers sobbed and cried aloud, and many begged the leader they loved as they loved no other to gather them around him and hurl them in one last, hopeless charge against the victorious hosts they could not hope to vanquish, that they might die together for the cause they loved, rather than surrender and separate to meet no more, and return to their wrecked and ruined homes, many of them to weep unavailing tears over the graves of loved ones who had died of sorrow and hardship, privation and trouble, while they, the soldiers, had been doing what they believed duty demanded during the four bloody years that had tried their souls.

The church of the living God is an army. Jesus is Commander in Chief, "Captain," of that army, and every Christian is a soldier of Christ—"a soldier of the cross." Hence the apostle Paul says: "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses." (1 Tim. 6: 12.) "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier. And if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully." (2 Tim. 2: 3-5.) "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man. For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect

through sufferings." (Heb. 2: 9, 10.) Jesus is here referred to as "the captain of their salvation," the word "captain" being used in the same sense as in 2 Kings 5: 1: "Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man," etc. Naaman was "captain"—commander in chief—of the Syrian army; Christ is Captain—Head—Commander in Chief—of the church, the army of righteousness. This thought should give joy, strength, and courage to every Christian. It is a glorious privilege, that none can too highly appreciate, to be "a soldier of the cross," a follower of Christ, clad in the panoply of heaven, armed with the sword of the Spirit, filled with love divine and sympathy for the suffering sons and daughters of men, marching beneath the fluttering folds of the banner of Prince Immanuel, battling for the glory of God, the honor of Christ, and the salvation of souls, to fall at last at the post of duty, where God demands we shall stand until our warfare shall be ended.

Soldiers have reunions here, when and where they talk of the "times that tried men's souls." War ended, soldiers gather at stated periods at what we call "reunions," and joyous times they are; but there is always sorrow mingled with this joy, for some have passed away. Some who once met with them can meet them nevermore. Years go by. When they meet from time to time, they learn that others have joined the silent bivouac of the dead. There are reunions of the "blue" and reunions of the "gray," but the numbers meeting are growing less as the days and years are going by. Now they are beginning to have reunions of the "blue" and the "gray," and the time is not far in the future when these reunions

shall cease, because the last representative of "our" cruel war shall have silently passed away. At these reunions there is sadness in the thought that they cannot last; but an endless reunion day is coming for the army of the Lord, and that is the day to which I look forward with unspeakable delight. Though I was a young soldier, only a boy, when I wore the gray, "and now am old," for thirty-three years I have been so busy in the work in which I am now engaged that I have never had time to attend one of these reunions. I was once within three miles of one, but I was preaching three times and baptizing once, twice, or thrice every day—four times one day—and hence had no time to spend a moment there. I presume I shall never have time to attend one of these reunions, whatsoever may be my inclination or disinclination; for as long as I am able to go three miles to attend a reunion, I hope to be able to tell the story of salvation to men, women, and children on the way to everlasting perdition or everlasting glory; and I shall never have time to spend in any other way than in working for God, for Christ, for humanity, for the elevation, happiness, and salvation of souls. But I hope and pray that, by the grace of God, the encouragement of my brethren and sisters and friends, and the leadership and sympathy of my blessed Savior, I may so live that, when done with the warfare of this life, and the time shall come for the final reunion of the battle-scarred veterans of the cross, I may be accounted worthy to be there, and may take by the hand those I have known and loved and labored with here—dear, blessed, beloved brethren and sisters and friends who have stood by me in sieges against

sin and Satan in this sad world of sickness, sorrow, pain, and death. When that happy time shall come, when that glorious reunion day shall dawn, we shall think and talk of these times, and rejoice that we are in glory, with no thought of parting, no thought of saying good-by, no sighing, no weeping; for we shall be in a love-lit land,

“Where congregations ne'er break up;”

“where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death are neither felt nor feared;” where hearts neither ache nor bleed nor break; “where life is eternal and a treasure sublime.” The thought of that joyous reunion is enough to repay me ten thousand times for all the sacrifices I may ever make, for all the hardships, afflictions, and privations I may endure, and all the labors I may perform till God shall call me home. I never consider my lot a hard one. I never feel that I have to bear heavy burdens; that my labors are very abundant; that I have any reason to murmur, complain, repine, or boast, or to have one little feeling of malice, envy, or pride in my soul, but I feel, always, that the very thought of having the privilege of being a child of God is enough to make me perfectly satisfied to go right on, and on, and on in the labors of love God permits us to perform—never boasting, never murmuring, never complaining—till life's fitful dream shall be over, till my earth life shall cease.

The church of the living God is a family. God is our Father, Jesus is our elder brother, and all Christians are brothers and sisters, born into God's family—“born again”—hence members of this family divine, God himself being the Father and Head. Of course all of us know

something of the tie binding together the members of a family, and we know something of how stubbornness or anything else bad in the spirit or life of any member of a family may shadow the household, shroud it in gloom, and rob every heart in an otherwise happy home of the happiness justly due. Apply this to the church of God and let each one say: "I will be a ray of sunshine; I will scatter joy around me; I will make others happy; I will be grateful, pure, and good; I will do all in my power to make my spirit home, the church of the living God, a blooming paradise of smiles where sorrow can never come." We rejoice in this life in the thought of belonging to respectable families. If we are Christians, we belong to the highest, the greatest, the richest, the purest, the noblest, the sublimest family in the universe, the royal family of the universe, of which God is the Head and Jesus, the Prince Imperial, our Captain and our King.

Families here separate—"break up." Old family homes are abandoned. There are reunions—family reunions—but there is always sadness in the thought that we can stay together but one week, one day, or one hour; and when the time to separate comes, it seems that it would almost have been better not to have had the reunion, since we have to endure the sorrow that follows. But the time is coming when there shall be a reunion of God's family, a grand and sublime reunion, where no such shadow shall fall upon the heart; for, when the children of God shall gather around the great white throne, they shall realize and rejoice that they are there to stay while eternity shall last.

There is, binding together the various parts of the human body, a mysterious tie; or power, that no anatomist, no physiologist, no physician, no man beneath the stars, has ever been able to fully understand—a tie of such character, binding together the members of the body and the body to the head, that nothing can be done to any member, producing a sensation either pleasant or painful, but that it is known at headquarters the moment the sensation is felt. Whether hand or foot or any other member of the body be injured, the head—which directs, controls, and protects the body—knows it instantly and immediately proceeds to prevent additional pain or injury. Thus, virtually, whatever is done to any member of the body is done to the head. The church of the living God is the body; Jesus is its Head. “For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office: so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.” (Rom. 12: 4, 5.) In the corresponding chapter of the next book (1 Cor. 12: 12) is this language: “For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ.” The Spirit is careful to express this thought so that we may not lose sight of it—that the church is the body, Jesus is the Head of it, and all Christians are members of it, just as all members of a natural, human body belong to that body, subject to the will of the one head thereof—one body, with one head. Then, the analogy suggested by the Spirit being correct, as whatsoever is done to any member of a natural, literal, human body is, virtually, done to the head of that body, so whatsoever is done to

any member of Christ's church is done to Christ. Hence, in the description of the judgment given in Matt. 25: 31-46, it is said that all nations shall be gathered together before the Lord; that he shall separate them, the saved from the lost, the sheep from the goats, placing the sheep on the right hand, the goats on the left; and that he shall say to those on his right hand: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was ahungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Then shall the righteous answer him, saying: "Lord, when saw we thee ahungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?" And then the King shall say unto them: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Then shall he say to those on his left hand: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." I never quote this passage of scripture publicly without feeling strongly inclined to take time to turn from the theme I may have under consideration, to defend my God against the slander perpetrated against him every time he is accused of preparing perdition—hell—for man. Man may go to perdition, if he will; but not because God prepared it for him. It was "prepared for the devil and his angels." You and I can reject God, reject Christ, reject heaven; but God has made no pro-

vision for us in hell; and if we go, we go to be intruders in the dark domain of Satan and his angels—not because God wills that we go there, for he gave his Son to keep us from going there, but because we will not accept his Son—because we reject heaven, prepared for man, and choose hell, “prepared for the devil and his angels.” The Lord shall say to those on his left hand in that dread hour: “Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was ahungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee ahungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.” Can anything be clearer than this? Does it not clearly teach, in unambiguous, unequivocal, unmistakable, unanswerable terms, that whatsoever we do to a Christian, a follower of Christ, a child of God, we do to Christ, and that we shall be judged in its light or its shadow at the last great day, at the final judgment?

We learn, by reference to Acts 9, Acts 22, and Acts 26, something that confirms all that has yet been said on this point. Jesus met Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus. Saul cried out: “Who art thou, Lord?” Jesus replied: “I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest.” In Acts 9: 5 it is, “I am Jesus. whom thou persecutest;”

in Acts 22: 8 it is, "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest;" in Acts 26: 15 it is: "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." Now, I shall not ask you if Saul of Tarsus was persecuting Jesus; for that would be asking you if Jesus told the truth. Saul was persecuting Christ. How? Was he a member of the howling mob that crucified him, that went by night to Gethsemane and arrested him? We have no evidence of that. We have all the evidence we need that Saul of Tarsus had never seen Jesus till he met him on the way to Damascus. Being then made literally blind, he asked, "Who art thou, Lord?" and Jesus said: "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." How could Jesus say that, if Saul had never seen him in person? Just as you could certify that your neighbor had injured you, if he had simply chopped off your hand or your foot. You could certainly testify that he had injured you, if he had injured any member of your body. Saul of Tarsus was persecuting the members of the spiritual body of Christ, his church; was on his way to Damascus, with a band of soldiers, to arrest and drag to Jerusalem for persecution and death men and women guilty of no crime, save spotless purity and sublime devotion to the cause of Christ. He himself subsequently said: "I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against

them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities." (Acts 26: 9-11.) He was persecuting Christians; and—as Christians constitute the body of Christ—just as your head takes notice of anything done to any part of your body, as if done to itself, so Jesus could and did say: "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." This being so, you cannot insult a child of God to-day without thus offering the same insult to the Lord himself. In 1 Cor. 8, are three verses which we can never understand as well without this thought as with it. The apostle Paul here says, in substance, to a real or imaginary, intelligent, strong-minded brother, that the thing under consideration is neither right nor wrong, provided it does not affect, influence, or interfere with, the rights or conscience of another—that is, that the principle of right or wrong is not involved in the thing itself, and that, therefore, it may be done with impunity, provided no other be injured thereby; otherwise, not. That brother seems determined to have his own way, even if it leads to the destruction of some weak-minded brother. Therefore verse 11 says: "And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died?" Verse 12 says: "But when ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ." Christ shall say in that great day: "Inasmuch as ye did it, or did it not, unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it, or did it not, unto me." And Paul says: "But when ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ. Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

If we sin against Christians, then, we "sin against Christ;" if we persecute Christians, we persecute Christ; if we slander Christians, we slander Christ. If we hate Christians, then, do we not hate Christ? And if we love Christians, do we not love Christ?

One more quotation, and I shall close. In the light of the train of thought before us, I want to quote 1 Pet 4: 14-16: "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ [there is no danger of that unless you wear his name; but if you do, there is danger of being reproached for it], happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part [on the part of those who reproach you for wearing the name of Christ—for being Christians—nothing more, nothing less] he [Christ] is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified. But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a busybody in other men's matters. Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf"—or, as it is in the Revised Version, "Let him glorify God in this name." Now, I want to quote this without comment: "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified. But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a busybody in other men's matters. Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf"—"in this name."

Now, certainly it is not meet that I talk to you longer, to impress this thought upon your minds; certainly not meet that I quote more scripture, though there is an

abundance of it in reservation, to impress it on your hearts. These things being true, every child of God is as near to God as self to self—as dear to God “as the very apple of his eye.” These things being true, as you treat Christians, so you treat Christ; and, so far as it bears on your destiny, it has the same effect as if done to Christ personally. If you hate a child of God, the Savior takes it as hating him; if you reproach a child of God, the Savior takes it as if you reproached him; and if you do good to a child of God, it is as if you did the same thing to Jesus. All these things being true, I want to ask you this question: If we love the children of the living God; if we cultivate that love, cherish the tenderest, truest, and purest love for the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, are we not thus loving the Lord? And is not this a solution of the difficulty presented in the thought: “I know not how to love one I have never seen?” As a matter of fact, however, we do love human beings whom we have never seen—learn to love them in the light of what we hear and read about them. Why not thus learn to love beings divine? The Bible being true, if we love one another, we love the Lord; if we do not love one another, we do not love the Lord. “If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?” (1 John 4: 20.) That settles that.

Let us not forget that we are as near to Christ as wife to husband, as self to self. We are near and dear to him, and whatsoever insults are offered us are offered him. Remember, God is our Shield and our “exceeding great

Reward;" Jesus is our Captain, our Leader, our elder Brother, our Priest, our Savior, our King; and if we are "faithful unto death," he will crown us with glory, honor, and immortality, and fill and thrill our souls with bliss unspeakable and full of glory while eternal ages last. Certainly you need only the assurance that Jesus is willing to receive you, to induce you to rush to his outstretched arms, render obedience to the gospel, and follow him, if need be, through floods and flames till Heaven shall call you home. He says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." We pray from the deepest depths of our souls that you may have the moral courage to come to Jesus, dear, dying sinner, now, without one moment's delay, and without one plea, save that he died to redeem you, and, through the grace of God, now gives you a glorious, golden opportunity to come.

CHAPTER XI.

Letters—"Bear Ye One Another's Burdens."

AN admonition of Paul to Christians is: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." (Gal. 6: 2.) To bear the burdens of others, then, is both the doctrine of Paul and the law of Christ. This does not mean that any Christian should lay his burdens upon others, to be borne for him; for Paul says: "Every man shall bear his own burden." (Gal. 6: 5.) It is clearly the duty of every Christian, then, to bear his own burdens, and, at the same time, help others bear their burdens. It was a proverb among the ancients that "the gods help those who help themselves." This is Christianity, if it is not so construed as to justify selfishness. The man who helps himself, to relieve others of the burden of helping him, is within the limits of Christianity. There is no selfishness in that. But the man who helps himself, to the neglect of others, is not a Christian. He is serving, not Christ, but self. The proverb of the ancients, "The gods help those who help themselves," may be Christianized by being so amended as to read: "God helps those who help themselves and help others." It does me good—makes me a better man—to see any one, or to read about any one's, helping others. I suppose it does other people good—makes them better—to see or to read such things. As the object of this book

is to do good, it is legitimate to quote letters on the subject of helping others.

On the margin of a letter from a poor widow whom he had never seen or heard of before, expressing great anxiety to educate her son, an only child, he wrote :

" I want this boy to go to school till he graduates. My heart is set on that, and I think I shall succeed in accomplishing it ; but just exactly how, I do not know. If I had the money—but how can I ever have money, when so many people, like this poor woman and her boy, need it?"

Some years ago he wrote me that one of his friends—a business man—was financially embarrassed, and asked me if I would help him while he helped his friend. I knew nothing of his friend, but, of course, I promised to help him to the extent of my ability—which was very limited—in anything he wanted to do. Referring to this arrangement, he wrote :

" I am impressing the thought on — that you are carrying me and it will afford me great pleasure to carry him. I assure him you will settle all bills against him in Nashville, and I will settle with you. Of course he is greatly troubled, but I assure him we will hold the fort, if he is never able to pay a dollar, and he shall owe no one a dollar, either, till he gets able and ready to pay. He is a Christian, and he will come out all right, I think ; but I would carry him as long as you will carry me, if I knew he could never pay another dollar. Do all you can for him at that end of the line, pay all bills promptly, charge to me, and I will come to time every time to the tune of

one hundred cents to the dollar. It is joy to me to do it. To make him feel easy and to help you carry the load, I am anxious to settle up with you, in full, to date, he and I being one, and you not in it. Now, let us square up, and settle up, and straighten up, in full, to date, all along the line, including all demands on him for the first half of this year. I am not keeping accounts. What will square us up with you to date? You say and I'll send. While this may help you just a little, you may need more help. If so, please say so. If I can help you, I want to do it. I want you never to need a dollar and not get it promptly. You tell me what you need; if I cannot help you, then I cannot—that's all. Well, anyhow, count — and me one, charge all to me, take all you can get from me, and keep the books straight—that's all."

Answering an inquiry about his financial condition during his long and serious sickness in 1898, he wrote:

"Of course my sickness is throwing me behind, financially and otherwise; but please do not send me any money—not one cent; if you do, I shall certainly send it back. It is a crime in morals and against the law to receive deposits in a bottomless bank."

Inclosing a check for fifty dollars for a woman who needed it, he wrote:

"Having just received the inclosed check, I send it to you for Sister ——. I purpose to live the rest of my days for the good that I can do."

Referring to statement of account and vouchers sent to him at his request, with an explanation that he was spe-

cially requested not to pay it till it was entirely convenient, he wrote:

"As it is a small matter, and as it is going instead of coming, I believe I'll just let the thing stand till about December 33."

He paid it promptly, however, "of course."

One quotation will explain how he settles business matters so as to never have any arguments, disagreements, lawsuits, or unkind feelings about it:

"I have long patronized —, of Nashville, Tenn. Some months ago they sent me a statement calling for a few dollars, when I thought I owed them nothing. I offered no protest, but requested an explanation. I have never received it. About ten weeks ago I inclosed to them twenty dollars in currency in a letter, which was some dollars and cents more than all their demands to that date. Thrice have I written them for a 'yes' or 'no' as to whether they received the twenty dollars. Never a word in reply. They have always treated me so nicely and honorably that I do not understand it. My impression is that they have a — for a bookkeeper, and that no man there has any idea how I have been treated recently. Now, please go yourself in person and see Mr. — in person. Place with him the inclosed order, settle up all—past, present, and future—and then tell me exactly how many dollars and cents to send, to square me with you to the time you write, and just as much further along in the direction of the millennium as you please, and then keep me level and square, if you can. I am not willing to quit them under circumstances that might offend them.

I believe they are gentlemen in the fullest sense of the word, but I cannot understand this hitch. No apology from them is demanded or considered due. I just simply want to—want you to set me straight with them—that's all."

I called to see Mr. —, found him a gentleman, settled the business, and forwarded statement and vouchers. In a few weeks the firm failed, and the books proved to be in a tangle; but T. B. Larimore had the confidence, respect, and friendship of everybody, and no trouble with anybody about it. He lost his money, however.

Several years ago a Christian gentleman wrote him as follows:

"I confess that I was a little hurt when I received your letter long since; but, after studying about it, I concluded that it was because you were worried so much about your school matters, and that it was written in haste, so I forgave and forgot all about it; and I have always regarded you as one of my real good friends, and have never seen the time when I would not willingly do what I thought was right and I could do for your interest. I have never had the least unkind feeling for you, I can assure you; and whenever you come through this city, be sure to call on me; and if I can ever serve you in any way, do not hesitate to command me."

On the margin of this letter he wrote:

"I thought he treated me unkindly and unjustly once—long ago—and wrote him a letter such as I would not write now. I wrote him recently, begging pardon and



DORMITORIES AND SOUTH YARD, MARS' HILL.

acknowledging that he was right and I was wrong—which was the truth.”

It is easy for men to settle disagreements and promote brotherly love when they have the spirit of Christ and each is anxious to bear both his own burdens and the burdens of others.

Inclosing a letter from a poor boy who expressed great anxiety to complete his education and be a preacher, he wrote :

“ I send you this letter, hoping you may see some way to bless this boy. Well, I'll send you this one, and then let you rest a while. Be all other things as they may, never let me hamper, harass, or burden you, financially or otherwise. If, at any time or in any way, I can help you, please grant me that privilege. I am glad I do know I will never intentionally cause even the slightest shade of a shadow of a sigh to flit across the path of anything that breathes. How much sorrow I may have caused, I do not know ; but I believe I have never caused any intentionally, and I know I have no desire to do so. Yes, I know I shall be more careful to always bless and never curse in the future than I have been, even till God shall call me home.”

Some years ago he sent me a letter from which it appeared that people he did not know and had never seen were mistreating him and trying to injure him. He wrote as follows :

“ When I am gone, may it be said—truthfully said—of me : ‘ He never tried by tongue or pen—never tried in any

way--to injure any person, place, or thing; but studied, tried, and prayed to do all the good he could.' Why these people treat me thus, I do not know. 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.' 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'"

I regret that I do not feel authorized to publish the name of the illustrious man he refers to in the following letter:

"Of course you know by reputation, if not personally, the illustrious —, author, preacher, lecturer, scholar, and educator. His son has told me much which the world does not know, and probably never shall know, about his illustrious father. He says the lack of one hundred dollars forced his father to face death, and that then, having faced it, he accepted it, to save less than one dollar, because he believed it necessary, the world not knowing his needs; but that when it was forever too late to bless the fallen hero, his coffin and grave were deluged with floral offerings, any one of many of which cost more than one hundred dollars; and he believes there were tens of thousands of men and women, each of whom, that very day, would have gladly given one hundred dollars, to restore him to life and health. This may not be worth relating, but I think it is. It is a case that illustrates a principle. So far as I know, history nowhere intimates that the poet Burns ever tried to save any souls; but he was Scotland's greatest poet, and history is responsible, not for the following language, but facts: He lived in poverty and died in want, having actually begged bread. Many who refused to give him bread, gladly gave gold

liberally, to build a costly monument, to perpetuate his memory—or, to tell the truth, to gratify Scottish vanity. When his aged mother saw the monument, she said, as she brushed blinding tears away: 'Ah, Robbie, ye asked thim for br'ad, an' they gie ye a stun.' Some of the strange facts in the case of the illustrious — are: He was in Florida in January. One hundred additional dollars would have kept him there till spring opened. He knew he ought to stay there—that life might depend on it—but the hundred dollars were wanting. He was not willing to humiliate himself by making his needs known. He plunged from sunny Florida into northern winter. When he reached home, the frozen snow was five or six inches deep. One dollar would have taken him home in a closed carriage. He could not afford to spend the dollar. He stood in the cold wind ten minutes on the snow, waiting for a street car. A few cents took him near home. From there he walked home over the snow. One week from that cold night, he was ready for the grave. He may not have had a dollar when he reached home; if so, he deemed it his duty to save some of it. If I ever write for publication, for permanent preservation, I must write some on the influence of little things.

“‘A pebble in the streamlet scant
Hath changed the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the baby plant
Hath warped the giant oak forever.’”

His idea of help for the living and mourning for the dead is expressed in the following article, which he clipped from a paper and inclosed in one of his letters:



FRONT VIEW, WEST VERANDA, LARIMORE'S HOME, MARS' HILL.

“WHEN I DIE.

“When I am dead and my life work is done; when I am about to be laid away, to await the trumpet of the archangel, and my loved ones are gathered about my coffin, to bid a last farewell to my remains, then I want no flowers from those who did not give me such and wish me good cheer while I lived; I want no hypocritical encomiums or fair speeches of praise from those who cursed, or blamed, or falsely accused, me in life; I want no preacher display of funeral oratory from those who could not or would not fellowship me in the service of my Master.

“I despise the hypocritical cant which praises me when I am dead, but cursed me as a heretic in life. I want no crocodile tears or sprig of evergreen from such. My life is ended; let me go. Turn to the living, the suffering, and give to them the sympathy and praise which may do them good. I have always despised the hypocrisy which railed at a Roman Catholic purgatory and the priestcraft which pretended to pray men through it, and then did the same thing under the name of ‘a funeral.’

“If any have cheered or blessed me while living, or if there be any whose lives I have made brighter, any upon whose countenance I have provoked an innocent smile, or whose burdens I may have helped to bear—if these should attend my funeral and shed an honest tear or lay one flower upon my grave from sincere love, so be it; and may God bless them.

“I am sure life is the time to do good to our fellow-men, and that when they are dead our opportunities for blessing them have forever ceased. No amount of praise

can undo the evil we may have done them; nor can it atone for the sin of not having done the good we could have done. Life's road is a hard one at best, and those who have found a spiteful sort of pleasure in throwing stones at me and across my pathway during life should not add insult to injury by professing a sorrow they do not feel, or by expressing a hypocritical praise for one they damned through life. Still, nothing men may do or say can change the destiny of the dead. His own life, now done, has either worked out for him an eternal weight of glory or sunk him down amidst the wreck of a world, through sin, to unutterable woe. No prayers or tears or words of praise can change the fact that men must reap what they have sown. JOHN T. POE."

On the margin of this clipping he wrote:

"There are volumes in that. A religious paper said, when announcing the death of a faithful old soldier of the cross whom that same paper had relentlessly persecuted while living: 'The old guard will soon be gone.'"

The following story on burden bearing in the home circle, clipped from a newspaper and inclosed in one of his letters, is especially commended as a message from him to boys and girls:

"Can you help me for a few minutes, Marion?"

"I would like to, but I do not see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. 'I have this essay to finish for the society this evening; I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a guild meeting, and get back to my German lesson at five o'clock.'

“‘No, you cannot help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind. If I tie up my head, perhaps I can finish this.’

“‘Through at last,’ said Marion, wearily giving a finishing touch to the ‘Development of Religious Ideas among the Greeks,’ at the same time glancing quickly at the clock.

“Her attention was arrested by a strange sight. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing. That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother’s pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

“‘What made that weary look on this woman’s face?’ asked the stern, strange-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. ‘Has God given her no daughters?’

“‘Yes,’ replied the other, ‘but they have no time to take care of their mother.’

“‘No time!’ cried the other. ‘What do they do with all the time I am letting them have?’

“‘Well,’ replied the Angel of Life, ‘I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works, but they do not know they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those gray hairs come from overwork and anxiety, to save extra money for the music and French lessons; those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses or pansies on velvet or satin.’

“The dark angel frowned.

“‘The girls must be accomplished now!’ exclaimed the other. ‘Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern lan-

guages; those wrinkles came because the girls had not time to share the cares and worries of everyday life; that sigh comes because the mother feels neglected and lonely, while the girls are working for the women in India; that tired look comes from getting up so early, while the poor, exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study or spent at the concert; those feet are so weary because of their ceaseless walk around the house all day.'

"'Surely the girls help, too.'

"'What they can; but their feet get weary enough going around begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick.'

"'No wonder,' said the Angel of Death, 'so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad—loving, industrious girls giving their mothers to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones!'

"'Ah, the hours are so crowded!' said Life, wearily. 'Girls who are cultured, or take an active part in life, have no time to take care of the mother who spent so much time in bringing them up.'

"'Then I must place my seal on her brow,' said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"'No, no!' cried Marion, springing from her seat. 'I will take care of her, if you will only stay.'

"'Daughter, you must have had a nightmare. Wake up, dear! I fear you have missed your history class.'

"'Never mind, mamma; I am not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make these buttonholes, while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I will send word to the guild professor that I must be excused to-day; for I

am going to see to supper myself, and make some of those muffins you like. Now, go to sleep, mamma, dear, as I did, and do not worry about me. You are of more consequence than all the languages or classes in the world.'

"So, after being snugly tucked in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from her daughter, usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Henson fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

" 'I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation,' Marion soliloquized, as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. 'After this, what time she does not need I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well restored, I shall take charge of the house and give up all societies.'

"And Marion kept her word.

"A few months later one remarked to her: 'We miss your bright essays so much, Miss Marion. You seem to have lost your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown daughters! I never saw her looking so well.'

"Then Marion felt rewarded."

The financial crisis of 1893 is an historic epoch in the United States. All over the country fortunes were squandered; old and conservative business firms were wrecked; homes were ruined, hopes were blighted, hearts were broken; and many men who had long justly stood high in the estimation of the people for integrity were imprisoned for technical violations of the law, if not for

moral turpitude, in efforts to dodge disaster. When the panic was at its highest, every bank in Nashville, save one, was closed, and depositors in that one made a rush to draw their money which probably has no parallel in the history of the city. Confident of the strength and solvency of their bank, the president, cashier, and directors decided to waive the custom of banking hours, and, instead of closing at 2 P.M., keep the bank open and pay all demands as long as anybody wanted money. There were several sensational failures during the day, all business was practically suspended, and the streets were blocked by hundreds of excited spectators around the bank on which depositors were making a run. I received a few remittances by mail in the usual course of business that day, and about noon went to the bank, to make a deposit. The line of men, with here and there a woman, crowding toward the bank to draw their deposits extended from the paying teller's window out through the front door, near the middle of the block on College street, up College to Union, and down Union to within a few feet of Market—nearly a block and a half in length. It had held its own at about that length since the bank was opened at 9 A.M., and all day long the clink of gold and silver and rattle of paper money never ceased at the paying teller's window till late in the evening, when the crowd dispersed, with the assurance that the bank would be open as usual and ready to pay all demands at nine o'clock next morning. When I reached the bank, I found a full force of policeman on duty, holding back the crowds and keeping the bank runners in line. At the door, I was stopped by a policeman, who, assuming that I wanted to draw

money, politely requested me to go back to Union street, near Market, and take a position at the tail of the line. When I told him I wanted to make a deposit, he stepped aside and asked me to walk in. On the inside everything was quiet and orderly. The cashier and directors were in consultation around a long table in a private office, the president was standing at the paying teller's elbow closely inspecting every transaction, and the paying teller was counting money and handing it out like a machine. This sketch of the local panic and general crisis is necessary to properly introduce his next letter. When the morning papers came out next day, they contained a list of those who made deposits in the bank during the run, and by the next mail after he saw the paper, he wrote :

“I was rejoiced to see your name among depositors during the run on the bank. Many men and business institutions are ruined when perfectly solvent by a rush of reckless people in a panic. Josh Billings says, ‘When a man starts downhill, everything seems to be greased for the occasion;’ but it is the part of a man and a Christian to sand the track and put on the brakes for the fellow on a downhill run, even if it must be done at great risk and heavy loss. When my lifelong friend, Mr. —, was at the mercy of his creditors, I had in his bank to my credit — dollars. It was intrusted to me by two poor sisters, to keep for them; it was all they had, and the savings of a lifetime. When the crash came, I could have made a rush with the rest and drawn it out, but I did not do it. I have never explained the situation to the two sisters who intrusted it to me. I have simply said to them: ‘Give no anxious thought to your interests there.

You intrusted all you had to me; I put it into the bank; I am managing that.' They said: 'You did right; you could not have pleased us better. As to the money's being perfectly safe, we never had one single doubt.' Well, if I get it, I'll use it; if not, I'll lose it; and in either event, I expect to pay them every dollar of it. Suppose I never see one cent of that money now covered up in the débris of that bottomless bank. Well, if it must so be, then so must it be; but that is only that—that's all. I can work, and I can pay; but I cannot crush or see others crush a fallen, struggling man and lifelong friend, if I can help it."

I once sent him an itemized statement of transactions through me which showed extravagant benevolence. I insisted that he was going beyond his ability and duty to his own financial ruin, and begged him to be more careful in his benefactions and try to keep out of debt and never get entirely out of money. He wrote:

"This lengthy statement required no little time and labor; but, then, it cost me nothing. That's your way. You never do anything 'in a corner.' It's all right, of course. I shall not figure on it. You keep everything straight, square, and level. Send me whatsoever you want to send me whensoever you will, and you may always rely on my sending the needful to meet all demands. If you undertake to keep me from getting out of money, you'll have a government contract on hand as long as we live. It's more than heaven and earth have done yet. A father said of his wayward boy: 'I whip him often enough and hard enough, but he doesn't stay whipped.'

I save some money occasionally, but so many people need it, it will not stay saved. I have just read in a paper about the misfortune of our dear Brother —. Please send him for me all you are willing to risk me to pay, and charge to me."

Of course this meant all I could raise; for I have never seen the day when I would not risk him to pay any amount he wanted and I could command; but where I had any discretionary power at all, even by the most liberal construction, it was the better for him and the worse for the beneficiary of his bounty. Speaking of risking him to pay suggests the story of Albert Marr and his mule, which he greatly enjoys. Marr moved from Alabama to Arkansas, and a merchant demanded a mortgage on his mule, to secure a store account. Marr said: "A man has come to a pretty pass when his credit is not as good as the credit of a mule. I don't owe that merchant a cent. He wouldn't credit me; he preferred to credit the mule. That is not my debt; it is the mule's debt; and if the mule dies, I'll never pay a dollar of it."

There is another reason than the one given at the beginning of this chapter for publishing these letters. It is generally understood that he has received what many people, and especially preachers, consider very liberal support at many places in his work. Under pressure of financial embarrassment, he has in some cases made his needs known in a way which caused good people who really loved him to think he uses too much money and expects too much by way of support in his work. There is some justice in the criticism; but he has laid up no



MISS ETTIE LARIMORE ON WEST VERANDA, MARS' HILL.

money, and has not even had enough at all times to meet the legitimate expenses of an economical home and an industrious wife and children. His letters will give those who are disposed to be just the data they need to form a correct estimate of him "as concerning giving and receiving." If he would use money with more caution and discretion, he would have more for himself and family, and would perhaps do more good in his efforts to help others, without being financially embarrassed and oppressed, even if he should receive less than he does receive by way of support in his work. I have told him this many times, and he has frankly admitted it frequently; but his sympathies and impulses so completely overbalance his appreciation of money that he seems to be constitutionally incapable of systematic and successful financiering. His friends and advisers can no more control him in such matters than they can stop the rain from falling or the sun from shining. I once went over all this with him, told him frankly that he was doing himself and his family an injustice, and encouraging and aiding in their meanness designing people who take advantage of sympathy, to impose upon generosity, when they ought to be put upon the practice of the doctrine of Paul: "For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat. For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies. Now them that are such we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread." (2 Thess. 3: 10-12.) A well-balanced Christian character has enough sympathy to respond to

all legitimate appeals for help; it also has enough of sterner stuff to enforce the wholesome scripture doctrine of industry and self-reliance. However, by the next mail after I called his attention to the weakness of his nature and advised him to profit by the legitimate criticisms of good people who loved him, I received the following letter from him:

"In January of the present year a stranger, whose voice and face and story touched my heart and completely controlled me, called upon me for help to reach her distant home, where a sick mother was longing and sighing to see her, assuring me that I should hear from her immediately after she reached home and mother. I gladly gave her all she asked, which was one dollar less than all I had, and almost immediately regretted that I did not give her the other dollar, and reproached myself for not doing so. She had vanished from my view, however, or my last dollar should have been hers. March is now silently stealing away, yet no tidings have come from that beautiful girl. I have not the remotest idea who or where she is, but I still regret I was selfish enough to withhold from her hand the dollar I kept. I am glad I gave her all she asked, and would gladly do the same to-day, should opportunity offer—if I had the dollars. I'm sure I'd give her all I have. Of course I shall never see that beautiful child of sorrow again, and she may smile when she thinks of my weakness; but I'd rather be 'taken in' a thousand times, and be as poor as Lazarus, or even my Savior, was, than to have a heart hard enough to resist such appeals for sympathy and suc-

cor. 'When my final farewell to the world I have said,' and I am free from all sorrow and censure and care, may no one have reason to say: 'He withheld from me the succor and sympathy for which he knew I sighed, when he could have given me either.' This little story is a sample of many never to be told that illustrate a weakness that has always been mine—a weakness which I would not exchange for a hard, selfish heart and the wealth of a thousand worlds like this. When my tongue is silent, and my heart is still, and my hand can no longer help the needy, men may say, 'He lived and died in poverty;' but I pray that God may know and truth may say: 'His soul was always sympathetic, and he never withheld the helping hand from any suffering, sorrowing soul that appealed to him for help in time of need.'"

After all, his weakness is at a point where most people, and even Christians, have too much strength. Perhaps such weakness will do more good in softening hearts that are too hard than it will do harm in encouraging and aiding unworthy and designing people who are mean enough to take advantage of sympathy, to impose upon generosity.

CHAPTER XII.

Sermon—The Iron Rule, the Silver Rule, and
the Golden Rule.

“**J**UDGE not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. [Surely no honest man can claim or desire more than this—to buy and sell by the same yardstick.] And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother’s eye [little blemish in your brother’s conduct or life], but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye [the greater sin of which you are guilty]? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye [get right yourself]; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother’s eye [you can consistently criticise him when you get right yourself].

“Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

“Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him

a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. 7: 1-12.)

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. 7: 12.)

Long, long ago, He who lived as never man lived, spake as never man spake, and died on the cross for the ransom of a lost and ruined and recreant race, surrounded by a great throng of people on the plain, and weary of his surroundings for the present, withdrew himself from the crowd, and ascended to the summit of a little hill nestling with becoming modesty among the mountains of the Land of Promise; and, when he had seated himself, "his disciples came unto him, and he opened his mouth, and taught them" the things that constitute the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew, now called "the Sermon on the Mount"—a collection of radiant gems and jewels rare that have come down through the ages, sparkling, glittering, flashing, blazing, and flooding the world with light divine for eighteen hundred years, and that shall continue to brighten our pathway, flooding it with light divine, till we wing our flight among the stars, provided we become children of the living God, reduce these principles to practice in our lives, and prove faithful unto death.

Among these jewels we find the language: "Therefore

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all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. 7: 12.)

Man is so constituted that he must have rules, regulations, discipline, government, in all the relationships of life. Every school must have its rules, regulations, government, discipline. It is true that there are arbitrary rules, as there are arbitrary teachers; but the existence of arbitrary rules no more argues against the importance of rules than the existence of arbitrary teachers argues against the importance of teachers. Every school must have its rules, regulations, discipline, government; and these must be properly administered and properly respected, that the school may be a blessing to the community in which it is, and, it may be, a blessing to mankind—to the human race.

The church of the living God is a school, all Christians being pupils, scholars, or disciples, in that school; and the sixty-six volumes of the Bible are the text-books for these pupils to study, that they may grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth. Jesus is the great Teacher—the Teacher of teachers. God is the supreme Head over this divine, spiritual institution; and he has, by the Holy Ghost, revealed all the divine lessons constituting our inspired text-books, that, thus blessed by Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we may know and do his holy will, and be forever blessed.

People are never pupils in a school until they have entered the school, till they have been matriculated. There is never a chance for them to be promoted to a higher grade until they have entered some grade, of course, and

no chance for them to have any place or honor in a school until they have entered it. Just so with the divine institution called "the church." We must, as responsible souls, matriculate in this school, enter it in God's appointed way, come under the law governing its pupils, before we can be benefited by it as God would have us be, before we can be entitled to the emoluments and honors connected with this wonderful institution over which God himself presides. "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son: in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (Col. 1: 12-14.) Having been matriculated in our Savior's school—having become members of his spiritual body, the church; in other words, having, as prayerful, penitent, confessing believers, "been baptized into Christ" (Gal. 3: 27)—we can claim "all the promises of God," if we be faithful and true; "for all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us." (2 Cor. 1: 20.)

Every army must have its rules, regulations, government, discipline, tactics, without which a comparatively numberless host may be routed, wrecked, and ruined by a few well-officered, well-equipped, and well-governed soldiers, submissive to approved military rules, regulations, discipline, tactics, as was demonstrated by the memorable, disastrous crusades of the tearful, bloody long ago.

The church of God is an army. Jesus is the Leader of

that army; God is at the head of the government, directing and sustaining it; and every Christian is a soldier in it—"a soldier of the cross." Hence, Paul says: "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses." (1 Tim. 6: 12.) "Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier. And if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully." (2 Tim. 2: 3-5.) In Eph. 6, we have the soldier's armor spoken of as the Christian's armor: the helmet of salvation, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit—everything connected with the armor of the ancient soldier—mentioned as belonging to the soldier of the cross. "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword

of the Spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints; and for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in bonds: that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak." (Eph. 6: 10-20.) In Heb. 2: 9, 10, the Savior is spoken of as the Captain of our salvation: "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man. For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings"—the word "captain" being used in the sense of commander in chief, Christ, our Captain, being the Leader of the Christian host—the ransomed host bravely battling for the salvation of souls—bravely battling for the right. ✓

Every family must have its rules, regulations, discipline, government, to be a blessing to the world, as God would have all families be. We speak of a well-regulated family—that is, simply a family submissive to good regulations, good rules, properly administered, respected, and obeyed. Families must have rules, regulations, government.

The church of God is a family, the family of God, "the house [household] of God"—God the Father, Christ the elder Brother, and all Christians brothers and sisters in the Lord. "These things write I unto thee, hoping to

come unto thee shortly: but if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house [household, or family] of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." (1 Tim. 3: 14, 15.) "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." (Rom. 8: 16.) This applies to all Christians. All Christians, then, are children of God—belong to the family of God—the church of God, of course. The Bible authorizes all Christians—all the members of God's church—to call God their Father. The church of God, then, including and consisting of all Christians, is a family, and must have rules, regulations, government.

Every kingdom must have its government. The church of Christ is a kingdom: "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son: in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (Col. 1: 12-14.) This divine kingdom must have its law, divine law, by which to be governed, of course.

Every natural human body must have rules, regulations, by which to be governed—we call them "laws of health"—and to the extent that we respect and obey these rules, or laws, we have greater prospect of health, happiness, longevity, and usefulness than otherwise it is possible for us to have.

The church of Christ is compared to the human body: "For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office: so we, being many,

are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." (Rom. 12: 4, 5.) The same thought appears, and is elaborated, in 1 Cor. 12.

Now, then, since each of these—the school, the army, the family, the kingdom (or government), and the natural human body—must be governed, must have rules and regulations, properly observed, that the proper results may come; and since the church is all these, God himself, by his Spirit, being witness, the conclusion comes with clearest, fullest force that the church must have government, must have discipline, must have rules and regulations, to be observed by its members. The church without government can no more prosper and be the institution God would have it be than a school, an army, or a kingdom can prosper without government. The church must have government.

We should not wonder, then, that Christ submitted to his disciples—to the material he was preparing for his own church—the church he promised to build and did build (Matt. 16: 18)—a rule of life, to govern them in their dealings with the sons and daughters of men. This rule he expressed thus: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." It is the royal rule of righteousness, submitted by the Savior to his disciples, to be observed by them and by all his followers till time's knell shall be sounded and all the redeemed shall be gathered home.

There are three rules recognized among men that have received metallic names. The first of these, chronologically considered, is known as the "Iron Rule," otherwise called the "Rule of Cain," because Cain, the firstborn hu-

g. iron.

man being—Adam and Eve were made, Cain was born—was the first to make himself notorious by submitting to its demands. This heartless rule is based upon the Satanic principle that “might makes right.” All the carnage, cruelty, and crime that have cursed the earth for six thousand years, growing out of a domineering, tyrannical, heartless spirit of pride, selfishness, or greed for gold or glory—justifying and emphasizing Burns’ poetic expression, “Man’s inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn”—may be traced with unerring certainty to the shadow of the shrine of the Iron Rule, the principle that might makes right. From the time that Cain murdered Abel, his soul full of hatred and envy toward his innocent brother, no such act has ever stained the earth with blood that has not been committed in obedience to the demands of the Iron Rule. In all the ages there has never been a man, ambitious of conquest; thirsting for personal grandeur, greatness, and glory; longing for gold, power, popularity, and dominion; who has unsheathed his sword and marched his legions into erstwhile peaceful communities and filled them with wrecked and ruined homes, perished hopes, and blighted prospects, graves, aching hearts and sobbing souls, that he might add to his own possessions and power and dominion—doing this work for self—prompted by sordid, selfish, Satanic motives—who was not a worshiper of self at the shrine of the Iron Rule. It is not necessary for us to single out certain characters along that line. This clearly applies to all that heartless, cruel class, as well as to all others who disregard the rights and feelings of others and act upon the principle that might makes right. It is not

necessary to go back over the hills and plains of time to Alexander, who—to gratify his own lust for power, wealth, glory, and dominion—drenched this world in blood and tears, and then wept because he could not lead his heartless hosts to other worlds, to fill them with death, devastation, desolation, and destruction; to Hannibal, who held bleeding Rome under the heel of his tyranny for fourteen years; to Cæsar, in his eight years' Gallic wars, desolating a once fair and free and happy country, butchering and reducing to bondage three millions of her people; to the illustrious Corsican, the adopted son of France, as he crushed kingdoms, overturned thrones, broke scepters, and played with crowns as children in the nursery play with toys—it is not necessary to go to these, to find worshipers at the shrine of the Iron Rule. In all this Heaven-favored land we call "our country"—sometimes strangely called a "Christian country"—there is not a man called "husband" by a faithful, loving, dutiful wife, who, forgetful of solemn promises solemnly made in twilight's semi-sacred hour in the long ago, or sacred vows made at the hymeneal altar—vows as sacred and as binding as any oath ever administered beneath the stars—is now a cruel tyrant, to be feared, instead of a fond, compassionate, loving, considerate husband and father, to be revered, who is not as surely a servant of Satan, worshiping self at the shrine of the Iron Rule, as was ever Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, or Napoleon. He is simply a smaller, but more contemptible, specimen of the same cruel class. It matters not what position—ecclesiastical, political, financial, or social—he may fill; it makes no difference how

pharisaical he may look, how long his prayers or his sermons may be; if that be his character, he is serving Satan to Satan's satisfaction. While he may wear the livery of Heaven, he is serving Satan, and not the spotless Lamb of God, who gave his life to redeem us; who died on the cross to save us; whose law of love is a shield to home, to woman, and her little ones; who, in all his painful pilgrimage of poverty, privation, and sorrow here, never rebuked, criticised, censured, condemned, or refused to bless, a woman or a child, so far as truth divine reveals, even tired Martha being no exception to this rule divine. It is not meet for man to deceive himself with the idea that he is headed for heaven because he prays long prayers or preaches long sermons; for God knoweth the heart, and out of the heart come the issues of life: "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." (Prov. 4: 23.) If the heart is evil, the life is not pure in the sight of God.

We may go from the family circle, from the home shadowed by the spirit of a cruel tyrant, or from a home blessed by such a husband as that cruel tyrant ought to be, to congregations of Christians; and, even there, it may be, find specimens of this same sinful, cruel class. Whenever and wherever we find a "rule-or-ruin," "boss-it-or-burst-it," "my-way-or-no-way" man in the church of God, in any congregation of Christians, then and there we find an Iron Rule character; and that man can do more damage to the cause of Christ, occupying—nominally—a place in the church of Christ, than any seven men of equal power can do while standing in open rebellion against; and avowed opposition to, the church of God.

Occupying that position gives him a vantage ground that no man without that nominal relationship can ever have. Of course you know, and I know you know, I have no reference to the man who stands up, like brave Elijah of old, for God's right to rule. These two characters—the one who is determined to rule or ruin, to boss it or burst it, to have his own way or no way, and the man who is ready to do and to dare and to die for God's right to rule, for "thus it is written," "thus saith the Lord"—for the word, the will, and the way of the Lord Almighty—are as far apart as the opposite extremities of limitless space; as far from each other as the deepest, darkest depths of perdition from the highest, holiest heights of rapture that canopy the eternal throne of God. The one—the rule-or-ruin man—is a curse to the community in which he lives, to the cause of Christ, and to the world, as far as his influence is felt; the other, a blessing to all, a man that angels admire, that the Lord loves, and that Heaven will gladly receive at last. ✓ The one would wreck the church of Christ for his way: the other would give his very life for God's way. Any man who, simply because he has the power, lays hold on that which is not his own, oppresses anybody or robs anybody, worships at the shrine of the Iron Rule. If there be a man, be he pope, or priest, or preacher, who has taken advantage of some technicality of law, or the absence of some important witness whose testimony would have brought truth to light, or the loss of some important paper, to get a decree of court in his favor, and, having succeeded, has thereby taken property—the home and rightful possession of some unfortunate widow and her helpless children, it

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may be—when he knows that, according to the eternal principles of everlasting justice, he has no right to these things, and holds them simply by the decree of court and under the protection of the strong arm of the law, he is a servant of Satan, worshiping wealth and self in the shadow of the shrine of the Iron Rule. No decree of court has ever made wrong right. The decree may come from the lowest court in the land, it may be appealed from court to court until it reaches the Supreme Court of the United States, and the decision of all the lower courts may be upheld to the last; but, still, if the first decision is wrong, the last one is wrong, and all the others are wrong. These decisions and decrees cannot make wrong right. It is presumable, of course, and it may be generally conceded—correctly conceded—that the decrees of courts are right—they certainly should be—but no decree of any court, or all the courts, of men can make it so. It is not unreasonable to believe there are thousands of people to-day holding, by decree of court or courts, property that they absolutely know, according to the eternal principles of justice and right, belongs to others. It matters not what may be their ecclesiastical, financial, political, or social position, they are robbers, trying—in vain—to enjoy the goods of others—property they have worse than stolen. They are Iron Rule people; and there is not grace enough in the bosom of God to save them, unless they repent, make restitution if they can, submit to God, and live the Christian life.

I am sure there is no man in this audience who is willing to be advertised as an Iron Rule man; and I believe there is no man here who questions the correctness of a

single point I have made. You may criticise my logic and my grammar; but I do not believe there is a man here who will criticise the principle I have proclaimed. There is not a man here who is willing to be advertised as an Iron Rule man. If I should say of any man here, "He is an Iron Rule man," this audience would consider it a shame, a sin, a disgrace. Is it not, then, a sin, a shame, and a disgrace for any man here to be an Iron Rule man? It is strange that men—even men of culture and refinement—will be for years, willfully, willingly, knowingly, and intentionally, what they would consider it an unpardonable outrage for any man to either publicly or privately accuse them of being; and, at the same time, and during all that time, persistently refuse to be what they would like for the whole world to believe they are, when they are perfectly free, all the time, to choose to be and be whichever they may wish to be—as every wanderer from the Lord is free to come to Jesus and be saved whensoever he may will to come.

The second of these three rules, in point of antiquity, the one that occupies about the halfway point between the deep, dark, dreadful depths occupied by the Iron Rule and the holy heights whereon we find the law of Christ, has been called the "Silver Rule"—otherwise, the "Rule of Confucius," because Confucius, a Chinese philosopher, who lived about five or six hundred years before the birth of "the Babe of Bethlehem," is believed to have been its author. The Silver Rule, the Rule of Confucius, is this: "Do nothing to others that you would not have others do to you." This, as all can see, is far better than the cruel, heartless, selfish, sinful, Satanic Iron Rule; still, it

lacks very much of being perfect—is very deficient indeed. It is purely negative. Really it does not demand that we do anything. It forbids much, but, beyond this, it demands nothing. It forbids that we rob our neighbor, burn his home, and butcher his wife and children; but it does not demand that we endeavor to succor, shield, or save him or it or them. Its spirit and its language are “do not do.” So far as the Silver Rule is concerned, we may simply step aside and let the sorrowing sigh, the suffering suffer, and the perishing die. I am sure no man in this audience is willing to be called a “Silver Rule man.” Not a man among you is willing to be advertised as—while never intentionally injuring any one—never extending a helping hand to one single, solitary, suffering soul among the sons and daughters of men—simply living for self, and self alone. According to every principle of justice, truth, and right, then, no man here has any right to be a Silver Rule man. It is our duty to be helpful to others, to sympathize with the sorrowing, to succor the suffering, to bless ever, as well as curse never. This principle applies universally to “the brotherhood of man.” To Christians the Holy Spirit says, “Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ”—which is the law of love divine.

The third, the last, of these three rules is called the “Golden Rule”—otherwise, the “Rule of Christ,” because Christ is the author of it. The Iron Rule, the Rule of Cain—“Might makes right;” the Silver Rule, the Rule of Confucius—“Do nothing to others that you would not have others do to you;” the Golden Rule, the Rule of Christ—“Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”

We should all rejoice that Jesus, the immaculate Son of the living God, has given us this absolutely perfect rule of life. We should all rejoice that it is our privilege to enter into his service and live according to the demands of this rule divine. We should rejoice that in living the Christian life we are teaching, encouraging, and helping the world to live according to this divine principle, this Golden Rule.

I rejoice that I have never believed Golden Rule people to be scarce in this world. I may have too much confidence in my fellow-man, and may love my brethren and sisters and friends too tenderly, constantly, and confidently; I may be often deceived by having too much confidence in humanity; but I would rather be deceived and suffer along this line than to suffer under the influence of the thought that Golden Rule people are so scarce in this world that the only safe way is to consider every man a scoundrel until he proves himself to be a gentleman. All over this land are Golden Rule men and women, who, to the extent of their ability, are living up to the rule. I remember a dear, blessed, good woman who traveled from Tennessee to Texas once, and, on her return, found she had ten dollars more money than she ought to have had. She was troubled about it; she thought about it, dreamed about it, prayed over it, and finally thought: "There is just one place where I could have made this mistake." She remembered that at that place the ticket agent changed a bill for her. She quietly wrote the ticket agent at that place in Texas, "Did your money balance, your accounts balance, at the end of August?" not intimating whether she had lost fifty dollars or was fifty

cents ahead. She soon received from that agent a polite note, saying that, at the end of the month mentioned, he was ten dollars short, and had never been able to make his accounts balance. She immediately remitted the ten dollars to him in a safe way, received his grateful acknowledgments, and was then perfectly satisfied. Do you say this is not worth relating? It should not be, and it would not be, if all who claim to be Christians were really what Christianity would make them if they would submit unreservedly to its law, and always practice its principles. A man with whose family I am acquainted amassed a great fortune. Twenty years after his wife died, he died, leaving a son and two daughters. For some reason that has never been satisfactorily explained, so far as I know, he gave his fortune to his son, leaving just enough to his daughters to make his will stand. So far as I know, no one knows why he did so; but doubtless he believed he was doing right. The son waited about forty days after the death of his father before he mentioned the matter to his sisters. Then came the time for a decision as to what was to be done. We can all clearly see that he was confronted by such a situation that he absolutely had to choose one of these rules from the three. On the Iron Rule principle, he could have told his sisters to get out of his way—to leave the old home and all the fortune and hunt another home. Do you say that would have been Satanic? The Iron Rule is always Satanic. On the Silver Rule principle, he could have said to himself: "These things are mine. If the girls want to stay here and risk their chances—live of the crumbs that fall from my table—they can stay; but these

things are mine, all mine." We all know what he did if he observed the Golden Rule, of course. The forty days having elapsed, he called his sisters into the family room—the room where the hand of a fond mother had rocked the cradle in which each of them had slept and smiled and dreamed, unconscious of even a loving mother's heart and care. He then produced three documents. A lawyer himself, he had called to his aid in preparing these papers all a lawyer's experience, observation, and information along that line. He had made a careful invoice of all the property, real and personal, and had made three lists of equal value—one-third of the property on each list. He requested the sisters to listen while he read these lists, that they might be able to decide which they considered most valuable, second in value, and least valuable. Having ascertained their decisions, he turned to the older sister and demanded that she take first choice. She threw her arms about his neck and begged him not to ask her to do this; but he insisted that she pledge her honor to take the one she really preferred, and she finally did so. The same scene was enacted between him and the other sister, who regretfully and reluctantly took her choice, leaving him one-third, instead of all, of the fortune legally his—that third being their third choice. Instead of all the property, he has but one-third; but we can all see that, in reality, he is infinitely richer and happier than if he had all that property and ten times more. His conscience is clear; his record is clean; he has not robbed his sisters. From the Iron, Silver, and Golden Rules he chose the Golden. He is not a robber; he is a man—an honest man. I am not sure but that there are

men who claim to be Christians, even some who preach longer sermons and repeat longer prayers than patient, polite people ought to have to listen to from such a source, who would not, under similar circumstances, do as that man did; and yet, sad to say, he was not a Christian, is not a Christian, and I think there is little probability of his ever being a Christian. Moreover, I am almost sure he was wrecked and ruined spiritually long ago by deception, hypocrisy, sin, wickedness, among those claiming to be children of God. As a lawyer, he had heard and seen and known so much perjury, robbery, fraud, hypocrisy, deception, and rascality among those claiming to be Christians, preachers included, that he had lost faith in mankind, and, therefore, in his Maker, and may, consequently, some sad day, go into eternity without God and without hope of the blessings the Father has promised to all his faithful children. Such lessons should make us realize the responsibility resting upon us as followers of Christ, and see to it that we never fall short of the requirements of this Golden Rule of life—this royal rule of righteousness.

Now, I want to give you a Bible example. I never like to rest a cause, or case, save on the solid Rock. I always wish to leave my audience in the light of Bible truth—the light of truth divine. In Luke 10: 25-37, the story of the good Samaritan, we see a traveler, some robbers, a priest, a Levite, a Samaritan, a lawyer, and the Savior—these seven characters and classes of characters; and we also see these three rules very clearly and very forcibly illustrated. The robbers were the Iron Rule men. "There are many of us, he is alone; 'might makes right;'

we will rob him, beat him, and leave him dead or dying by the wayside." They were Iron Rule men. A priest, traveling that way, seeing that the unfortunate traveler needed sympathy and succor, "passed by on the other side." After him, came a Levite, a prospective priest. He heard the man sigh or groan, came and looked at him, "passed by," leaving the man to die. What rule do these two men represent? The Silver Rule. Then came the "good Samaritan." He heard a groan or sigh, saw the situation, went to the man, bound up his wounds—"pouring in oil and wine"—led his own beast near, put the man upon it, took him to a house, secured good quarters for him, stayed by and watched him until morning, paid the bill up to that time, asked the host to take care of the sick man, and said that whatsoever it cost he himself would pay when he came again. What does he represent? The Golden Rule. The Savior approved it, the lawyer approved it, and the Savior said to the lawyer: "Go, and do thou likewise." All the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty who have subsequently lived upon the earth have approved it—have approved the principle of the Golden Rule: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Now, this is plain, simple, practical Christianity; and when we come short of it, we simply come short of the duties and demands of the religion we profess. If we practice it, it makes us happy and useful; and, if we be "faithful unto death," God will bless us here and hereafter. We ask you to accept a religion of which this is a fundamental principle. And, now, if there are any in this audience who are in any sense subjects of the gospel

call, who are desirous of coming out on the Lord's side, to cast their lot with his followers, may the Lord bless you in submitting to his will. God is willing, Jesus is pleading, mercy is lingering, Heaven is waiting; and all that you have to do is to sublimely resolve, by the grace of God, to abandon sin and Satan, to trust God, surrender unreservedly—unconditionally—to him, obey him, and serve him as long as you live, and carry out that resolution; and God will give you peace, pardon, providential protection, with all the privileges and immunities of Christianity here and life everlasting in his eternal home.

Now, if it is the desire of any or all of you who are subjects of the gospel call to accept the Savior, we give you, at the close of this, the last service of the day, a chance to come—yea, an earnest invitation to come. Our hearts are pleading *with you*, our hearts are pleading with the great I Am *for you*; while the angels who rejoice over one sinner who repenteth are ready to rejoice with joy unspeakable, if you will only come to Jesus now. Will you come? If so, may the Lord abundantly bless you now, henceforth, and for evermore.

CHAPTER XIII.

Letters—The Unity of the Church.

ACCORDING to the plain teaching of the New Testament, the church is a spiritual body, Christ is Head over it, every Christian is a member of it, and there is no organization in it but local congregations. All Christians are "one body in Christ;" there are "many members, yet but one body;" that one body is the church. In New Testament times, the Christians in each locality formed, or constituted, a congregation for religious work and worship. Each local congregation thus formed, or constituted, was the church—the body of Christ—in that place, and every Christian in that locality belonged to it, because he was a Christian, and worshiped in it and worked through it, because there was nothing else for any Christian to be a member of or to worship in and work through. Thus they kept "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." There were no ecclesiastical organizations, denominational institutions, or partisan brotherhoods in Christianity in New Testament times. Christ and all Christians were one, as the vine and its branches are one.

"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are

clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." (John 15: 1-5.)

The same truth is taught with equal clearness at another place by a slightly different figure. Christ and all Christians are one, as the olive tree and its branches are one.

"And if some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a wild olive tree, wert grafted in among them, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive tree; boast not against the branches. But if thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee. Thou wilt say then, The branches were broken off, that I might be grafted in. Well; because of unbelief they were broken off, and thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear: for if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he also spare not thee. Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in his goodness: otherwise thou also shalt be cut off. And they also, if they abide not still in unbelief, shall be grafted in: for God is able to graff them in again." (Rom. 11: 17-23.)

At still another place the figure is changed again, but the truth which is no less plainly taught is the same. Christ and all Christians are one, as the body and its members are one.

“For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit. For the body is not one member, but many. . . . But now are they many members, yet but one body. . . . Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.” (1 Cor. 12: 12-27.)

“There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling.” (Eph. 4: 4.)

“For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office: so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.” (Rom. 12: 4, 5.)

“And that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby.” (Eph. 2: 16.)

“May grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ; from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.” (Eph. 4: 15, 16.)

This one body is the church.

“And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all.” (Eph. 1: 22, 23.)

“For the husband is the head of the wife, even as

Christ is the head of the church; and he is the Savior of the body." (Eph. 5: 23.)

"And he is the head of the body, the church; who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the preëminence." (Col. 1: 18.)

"Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church." (Col. 1: 24.)

This one body is all the church there is in the New Testament, and it is all the church any Christian has any scriptural authority to be a member of now. This church includes and consists of all Christians; it is the body of Christ, and every one who belongs to Christ is a member of it. The church in the New Testament is always spoken of as one, except when local organizations in different places are referred to, and then the church is one in each place. To be a member of it is to be a Christian, and to be a Christian is to be a member of it. Every man becomes a member of it when he becomes a Christian, and remains a member of it as long as he continues to be a Christian, because that which makes a man a Christian constitutes him a member of it. No one can be a Christian and not be a member of the church any more than he can be a Christian and not belong to Christ, because the church is the body of Christ, and it includes and consists of all Christians according to the plain meaning of the passages above quoted.

The plain duty of Christians is to abandon and abolish everything but this one body, which is the church, and keep "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace" in

this one body. The formation, operation, and propagation of ecclesiastical organizations, denominational institutions, and partisan brotherhoods in religion produce strife, contentions, animosities, alienations, envyings, and rivalries among Christians, and inevitably cause open divisions which gender an ugly, partisan spirit in the body of Christ. The logical effect, or constant tendency, of the truth of God is to disintegrate and dissolve everything but the "one body in Christ," which is the church, and of which every Christian is a member, whether the preacher who preaches the truth intends to do that or not, or whether he so much as knows of the existence of anything but the one body in the way of a religious institution. The following quotation from one of his letters is in point here:

"They claim and charge that I preach against certain things, but never name them. I simply 'preach the word,' 'unlearned questions avoid,' meddle not with other men's matters, and exhort all to 'walk in the light,' to simply take God at his word—that is, believe what he says, do what he commands, become and be what he requires, live as he directs, and trust him for what he promises. That's all there is in that—absolutely all. My preaching is Bible preaching. I never try to prove any point in preaching, save by the Bible. I just simply tell them what the Bible says, tell them where to find it, and then tell them that settles that. At the conclusion of a successful series of meetings in 'Uncle Charlie's church,' as everybody calls it, in Bonham, Texas, in the spring of 1892, 'Uncle Charlie,' as he is affectionately



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called—President Charles Carlton—said to an audience that literally packed the house, and repeated it with all the emphasis and power that even he could throw into it: ‘You have heard more scripture quoted—accurately quoted, too; book, chapter, and verse being given for every word quoted—in this series of meetings than in all the days of your lives besides, and you know it.’ He then called upon all who appreciated and fully indorsed my preaching and my course to say so by standing up. The audience arose. Then, having requested any one who might dissent to stand up, to which request no one responded, he declared the indorsement of all I had said and of all I had done to be unanimous, and urged all to never forget it. If my preaching, then, decapitates, up-roots, and demolishes things, I am not to blame. It’s the word of the Lord, therefore the Lord, that does it. I never sit in the pulpit or on the platform, if I can help it; and I usually help it. I sit down with the congregation till time to preach. I never, if I can avoid it, stand behind anything when I preach. I want not even so much as a table, a chair, or a grudge, between me and my audience. I always read, and usually comment upon, a lesson, then reread the text—that’s all. I never read anything when I am preaching—never. Every line of scripture in every sermon after I leave the text and begin to talk is quoted, and book, chapter, and verse are given, from memory.”

The charge that he “preaches against certain things, but never names them,” is no doubt both true and false. Any man who preaches exactly what is in the Bible, and

nothing else, necessarily preaches against everything that antagonizes the Bible, whether he names other things or not, or even so much as knows whether there be any such things. No man can build up things that are not in the Bible without preaching something that is not in the Bible. In this sense the charge is no doubt true; but if the charge is intended to mean that he preaches against things designedly by cowardly insinuations and innuendoes, while pretending to be in favor of them, the charge is untrue and unjust. How can any man preach and practice exactly what is in the Bible, and nothing else, without disintegrating and dissolving, to the full extent of his influence in life and sermons, everything but the "one body in Christ," which is the church, and of which every Christian is a member? "Every plant, which my Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." (Matt. 15: 13.) The Heavenly Father hath planted no plant in the way of a religious organization or institution, save the body of Christ, which is the church. The plain duty of every one is, therefore, to be a Christian, and nothing else; be a member of the church, which is the body of Christ, and of which every Christian is a member, and nothing else; preach and practice all the Bible teaches and requires, and nothing else. The aim and constant effort of the life that is photographed by private letters in this volume have been to do this, as numerous letters, extending over a long period of years, abundantly show. On this point he wrote, several years ago:

"I am more and more confirmed in my irrevocable de-

termination to never be a partisan in any sense; to look, in the light of God's eternal truth, straightforward to the New Jerusalem, 'preach the word' with all the power granted me, and do all I can to comfort and save souls. That is where I am, and I am there to stay. I may be rather lonely, but I purpose to stand there, even though, Elijah-like, I feel so lonely as to be constrained to implore the Almighty to take away my life. Standing on the rock, building on the rock, my soul shall ever be secure. The storm rages now, but the time is coming when those who have stood with 'God, and the word of his grace,' shall be appreciated. Let us bide our time. You may have no fears. You may always know—absolutely know—you run no risk in saying that I am in no sense a partisan; that I simply 'preach the word,' and leave results with God. I have always tried to do this, but have sometimes been drawn aside just a little. Never thus again—never. I purpose to, as long as I live, adhere strictly to the Bible. In that way, I may do much good. On any other line, my work could not fail to be a failure. No religious party may appreciate or demand my services, but, on the Lord's side, I am safe, though no mortal man be with me. Some may interpret this to mean I have no convictions, or, having convictions, have more policy than principle; 'but none of these things move me.' My position and determination are: 'Preach the word' wherever Providence seems to point the way and duty seems to demand; always hew to the line; have no hobbies, attack no hobbies; do always, everywhere, and under all circumstances exactly what I believe duty demands. This is all I can do. I have neither right, in-

tention, nor inclination to try to do either more or less. Christ may have felt very 'lonely' when, because he taught the truth, so 'many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him,' that 'then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away?' But he was right, and Peter was not wrong when he promptly replied: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.' (John 6: 63-68.)"

At another time, years ago, he wrote:

"All who know me know I am an extremist, so far as standing aloof from everything that causes strife and division among Christians is concerned, everything that is rending the church—the body of Christ—into factions. In this, as in many other things, I may be wrong; but I believe I am right, and I am trying to do my duty. I have never intentionally aided or encouraged divisions; but have always, both publicly and privately, urged Christian union and Christian unity with all my feeble might. So far as I know, I belong to nothing except that to which every Christian in the wide, wide world belongs. Thus publicly, privately, and practically I preach and practice union and unity all the time. I was born into the family of the Lord Almighty about twenty-seven years ago, and, by the grace of God, I hope to be faithful as a member of that blessed family till called to my reward, and to never be a member of anything else. Let others do as they may, the church of God is good enough for me. I have solemnly resolved to try to keep my eye on the 'open, pearly portal,' and go straight forward, neither turning nor looking to the right or the left—

simply 'preach the word,' and let professed Christians adjust their differences and difficulties in bitterness and blood, if they will. My earnest desire is to keep entirely out of all unpleasant wrangles. I do not censure those who engage in such unholy strifes; but I must keep out of them, if I can—and I think I can. Now, if people want no preacher but a partisan preacher, they will please not call me. I purpose to finish my course without ever, even for one moment, engaging in partisan strife with anybody about anything."

When this letter was read to him in the manuscript prepared for this book, he opened the Bible and read aloud, without comment:

"'But foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do gender strifes. And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will.'" (2 Tim. 2: 23-26.)

Explaining why he never attends religious conventions, he wrote:

"I never attend conventions of any kind. I never have the money; I never have the time. In all the years I have been preaching, I have baptized hundreds, if not thousands, of people, while others—it may be, better than I—were attending conventions. I was doing what

I believed to be my duty ; they, of course, were doing the same. As to how I have spent the money I did not have to pay my expenses to, at, and from, conventions—well, you know where and how thousands of dollars of it have gone. I have never spoken of it ; but during the time, the very days, set apart by many good people last year to attend a convention, under my labors eighty souls were added to the Lord. It is true I worked—preached three times and went into the water once, and sometimes twice, to baptize, every day ; but that was better for me—body, soul, and spirit—than attending a convention. Had I gone to the convention, the expenses had been at least thirty—probably fifty—dollars. That thirty, or fifty, dollars went the way I thought it would do the most good. Conventions are a costly luxury—too costly for me to enjoy. As to where I preach, I go where I think I can do the most good. Probably I may never be able to convince some of this, even if I try ; but I always go and do where and as I deem best for the cause of Christ.”

From a city where a religious convention met while he was in a meeting, he wrote :

“ Possibly they may expect me to take part in the convention which meets here while I am engaged in this meeting. Well, they would not, if they knew me. Of course they believe it is their duty to work in the convention, else they would not be there ; I know I believe it is my duty to work with all my might all the time in this meeting, else I would not be here. I do not expect them to neglect their duty in the convention, to take part

in the meeting; why should they expect me to neglect my duty in the meeting, to take part in the convention? There is more work for all of us than we can ever do; and may the Lord abundantly bless us in working according to his revealed will."

His proposition to "belong to nothing except that to which every Christian in the wide, wide world belongs;" "publicly, privately, and practically preach and practice union and unity all the time;" and "keep entirely out of all unpleasant wrangles among Christians," is eminently correct and scriptural, and "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but it is hard to do. Speaking of things which have most discouraged him in the "ministry of the word," he wrote:

"'Discouragements?' Envy, strife, and division; hatred, discord, and dissensions; evil surmisings, speakings, and doings; *lack* of love, liberality, thoughtfulness, gentleness, goodness, gratitude, faith, meekness, temperance, zeal, energy, earnestness, enthusiasm, forbearance, forgiveness, patience, politeness, prayerfulness, promptness, purity, consecration, and sanctification among professed followers of the Lamb—these are the things that have discouraged me most, my own shortcomings and evil doings excepted, of course; still, I must not, do not, complain; and certainly have neither right nor reason to boast. It always discourages me to hear a brother say, referring to preparation for Christian work or worship, 'That will do;' when I know he knows available mind, muscle, and money could make it better. The best is never too good for Christ or his cause."



BAPTIZING IN CREEK AT MARS' HILL ANNUAL MEETING IN AUGUST.

In the midst of a meeting, while trying hard to "keep entirely out of all unpleasant wrangles among Christians," when such wrangles were raging all around him, he wrote:

"The storm cloud is dark and threatening. It is a struggle between the church and all sorts of societies, suppers, fairs, feasts, festivals, and frolics 'for the benefit of the church.' If I have kept the account correctly, there are fourteen factions in the fracas. I may have failed to count some I have heard of, and there may be others yet to hear from. One trouble is, Christians here, in little squads, obey the good old song,

" 'Observe your leader, follow him;'

and 'him' is always a man, or some substitute for a man, if he is not a woman. Why cannot Christians learn to be guided in all things by the Bible, and follow Christ in everything? That is easy, and it is right."

In another meeting, while doing his very best to "belong to nothing except that to which every Christian in the wide, wide world belongs," he wrote:

"My home is at the home of a good brother whose Christian wife is 'presidentess' of so many societies and things that it is bewildering to think of how much she has to do in the name of societies, and how little time she has to even think of doing anything simply 'in the name of the Lord,' to build up the blessed church, to establish which he shed his precious blood."

No one but a man who has tried it knows how hard it is, under such circumstances, to "belong to nothing ex-

cept that to which every Christian in the wide, wide world belongs," without getting into a "wrangle" with somebody.

In a meeting at another place, when they had him more closely cornered still, he wrote:

"Sister — says her preacher says: 'We must belong to something.' That means, in the context, the church is nothing. I doubt not that that preacher believes Christians—members of the church of God—are *nothing*, unless *they belong to something*."

When troubled by a faction of Christian Scientists, he inclosed the following newspaper clipping in a letter:

"Speaking of mind healing, John Gilmer Speed writes, in Leslie's Weekly: 'Some years ago a young friend of mine went to a mind healer for a lark. There was nothing in the world the matter with him, but he pretended to be the victim of terrible headaches. The wonderful healer asked no questions as to the cause of the ailment. He did not care about that, for he had one panacea which sufficed for every evil. Said he to the young investigator: "Go home, and whenever the headache comes on, sit down quietly and put your whole mind on it, thinking with all your might that you have not got a headache; then you will not have it, and will be cured." "That's easy," said my young friend. "What is your fee?" "Five dollars." "Well, sir, you put your whole mind on it and think with all your might that you have that five dollars; then you will have it, and will be paid."'"

In 1899 I had a discussion with Brother J. N. Hall, of the Baptist denomination, which was published simulta-

neously in the *Gospel Advocate* and the *American Baptist Flag*. In that discussion I affirmed and Hall denied that the church includes and consists of all Christians, and the same process which makes a man a Christian adds him to the one body—the church. Referring to this discussion, he wrote:

“Of course I shall read your discussion with Brother Hall. You ought to drop all other work and write a book on the church, after you collect all you can of what Hall and others say against your position—the Bible position—on that subject. A book from you on the church of God is badly and sadly needed. While I live I am at your service, to the limit of my ability, whatsoever may be your general or special line of work; but I think the most important work before you now is to write a book on the church of God. Certainly that is needed, if anything is. The people seem to know as little about that as some doctors of divinity know about the gospel. Scarcely a sod has been turned on the broad bosom of that vast plain, save what your plow has turned, and you have simply plowed in spots. You may die—though I hope you may live many years after I am gone—and you ought to write that book now, lest you defer it till it is too late. If you had such a book ready now, I believe I could serve humanity to no better purpose than to aid in circulating it.”

As an indication of public sentiment on this subject, the following newspaper clipping from a speech in an international convention was inclosed in his letter:

“President E. B. Andrews, of Brown University, Bap-

tist: 'It is the great vice of denominationalism that it tends to ignore the church's unity and leads to the sin of schism. This is the characteristic guilt of the ultra-Protestant world to-day—of Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, and Presbyterians. We have a sharp sense of denomination, but almost no sense of church.' John Wesley prayed (Preface to 'Notes on New Testament,' Section 9, dated January 4, 1754): 'Would to God that all the party names and unscriptural forms and phrases which have divided the Christian world were forgot; and that we might all agree to sit down together, as humble, loving disciples, at the feet of our common Master, to hear his word, to imbibe his spirit, and to transcribe his life in our own.'

The following letter, written at the close of a meeting where Christians had long been divided into factions, indicates his idea as to the proper way to settle strife and promote unity among Christians:

"Eighty souls added to the Lord during the meeting—nine the last discourse. Church troubles—none there. A good way not to fix a church trouble is to try to fix it. A good way to fix it is to let it alone, serve the Lord and save souls—live and love and preach the word. A good, safe, sure way to unite forty pieces of lead into one piece, leaving neither crack nor crevice between, is to warm them up—melt them—and give them a chance to get together; hands off—that's all."

After I had read to him and he had approved the manuscript of this chapter down to this point, he inclosed the

first page clipped from the Gospel Advocate of March 15, 1900, and wrote:

"This is a glorious page. It digs things up by the roots—things pestiferous and pernicious. This page is valuable. 'It's all wool and a yard wide.' I remember you touch some of these things in the manuscript you have read to me for the book you are now working on. I hope you will make them strong as possible in the book. Never hesitate to give strength, in love and kindness of manner and style, to anything in the book. I look to you for the strength, as well as the sense and symmetry, of the book, in the arrangement of all my sermons and letters and clippings. Never hesitate to do what you deem best."

The clipping referred to is in two paragraphs. The first paragraph is as follows:

"The following card states a difficulty and asks a question:

"'Protection, Kan., February 24, 1900.—Of what religious denomination is the Gospel Advocate? I have searched the paper for its religious views in vain. I know it advocates immersion, which I like; but I cannot determine whether it is of the Baptist or Campbellite persuasion. Please let me know. Address Mrs. S. A. Ross.'

"Of what religious denomination is the New Testament? The Gospel Advocate tries to be exactly like the New Testament in teaching and practice, without regard to religious denominations; and it always states its 'religious views' as clearly as it can. Has anybody ever

searched the New Testament carefully, to see 'of what religious denomination' it is? Nobody understands that the New Testament is of any denomination. There were no denominations in New Testament times, and there ought to be none now. All Christians were 'one body in Christ, and every one members one of another,' in those days, and they ought to be that way yet. That 'one body in Christ' was the church, and every Christian was a member of it. Every Christian is a member of that same body now, and no one has any scriptural authority to belong to anything else. The Gospel Advocate is of that 'one body in Christ,' which is the church, and it is not of anything else. It belongs to no denomination; it opposes all denominations, in the sense that it opposes denominationalism of every shade, grade, and degree, as unscriptural, antiscritptural, and, therefore, presumptuously wrong. It is not of the Baptist persuasion; nor is it of the Campbellite persuasion. It is persuaded to be a Christian, and nothing else; to belong to the church, which is the body of Christ, and nothing else; to preach and practice everything Christians preached and practiced in New Testament times, and nothing else. Is that right? If not, why not?"

The second paragraph referred to reads thus:

"The following letter is worthy of attention in these columns because of the important question it raises:

"'Palestine, Ark., February 27, 1900.—Dear Brother Srygley: As you have done so much to enlighten the readers of the Gospel Advocate on the church question, will you please give us a lesson on the "invisible-church"

theory? I got a Methodist to read your discussion with J. N. Hall. He says you "did up" J. N. Hall, but that it is the "invisible church." Please dig up the "invisible-church" theory, and greatly oblige your brother in Christ,

RYAN BENNETT.

"I am not sure I know what the 'invisible-church theory' is. If people would 'speak as the oracles of God speak,' they would never talk about the 'visible church' and the 'invisible church.' There are no such expressions in the Bible, and if there is any such idea in the Bible, it ought to be expressed in the exact words of the Bible. We would then be sure we have the exact Bible idea. Any idea that is in the Bible can be expressed in the exact words of the Bible; any idea that cannot be expressed in the exact words of the Bible is not a Bible idea. There is but one church in the Bible; it is the body of Christ, and all Christians are members of it. 'There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling.' (Eph. 4: 4.) 'For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office: so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.' (Rom. 12: 4, 5.) 'For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church; and he is the Savior of the body.' (Eph. 5: 23.) 'And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all.' (Eph. 1: 22, 23.) 'And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the preëminence.' (Col. 1: 18.) 'Who now re-

joice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church.' (Col. 1: 24.) 'For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit. For the body is not one member, but many. . . . But now are they many members, yet but one body. . . . Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.' (1 Cor. 12: 12-27.) The church is as visible as Christians, for Christians are the church. There was no organization in New Testament times for religious work or worship but local organizations. The Christians in any locality and in every locality were the church—the body of Christ—in that place. The thing that is 'invisible' in the New Testament is ecclesiastical or denominational organization of every kind. There is absolutely no organization but local congregations in the New Testament, and there is no scriptural authority for any other organization now. The one and only church in the New Testament is the body of Christ; every Christian is a member of it; there is no organization but local congregations in it. That which makes a man a Christian constitutes him a member of the church, and every Christian belongs to and works and worships in and through the local congregation wherever he is. Everything else ought to be dug up; and if I cannot dig it up, God can, and he will. 'Every plant, which my Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up.' (Matt. 15: 13.)"

CHAPTER XIV.

Sermon—The Prayer on the Cross.

“PILATE therefore, willing to release Jesus, spake again to them. But they cried, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. And he said unto them the third time, Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him: I will therefore chastise him, and let him go. And they were instant with loud voices [listening to no reason, regarding no right], requiring that he might be crucified. And the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed [that Jesus should be crucified]. And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required. And he released unto them him that for sedition and murder was cast into prison, whom they had desired; but he delivered Jesus to their will [notwithstanding he “found no cause of death in him,” knew him to be “just,” “found no fault in him,” “knew that for envy they had delivered him,” and had, in vain, thrice propounded unto them the reasonable, important, and proper question: “Why, what evil hath he done?”]. And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus.

“And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusa-

lem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? And there were also two others, malefactors, led with him to be put to death. And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvery, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

“ Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots. And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God. And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar, and saying, If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself. And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.” (Luke 23: 20-38.)

“ Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots.” (Verse 34.)

Language of the loving Lord, uttered under most trying circumstances; a prayer to the Father for those who nailed him to the cross and cursed him as he died: “ Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.” The human race is accustomed to contrasts. The hovel

stands in the shadow of the palace; the pauper and the millionaire pass each other on the street; the bridal veil and the shroud touch each other; the cradle is rocked on the verge of the tomb. The life of Jesus presents some striking contrasts. The Babe of Bethlehem, the Child of poverty in Mary's arms, had been the darling object of God's delight, his constant companion, counselor, and bosom friend, from all eternity, admiring angels rejoicing to cast their crowns before him and call him holy, while stars were as glittering dust beneath his feet. The Man of sorrows, poorer than the foxes of the fields and the birds of the air, so poor that he had not where to lay his head, notwithstanding "all things were created by him and for him"—that sighing, sorrowing, suffering, sinless Son of the living God, kneeling down thrice upon the bosom of gloomy Gethsemane, while the mantle of night was around him, pouring out his soul in prayer to the Lord Almighty to remove from him, if according to his holy will, the bitter cup he was about to drink, is the one who had, a few weeks before that, stood transfigured upon Hermon's holy height, with Peter, James, and John, Moses and Elias, about him, enveloped in a bright cloud, from the bosom of which came the voice of Jehovah, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him." But all these contrasts combined do not show the Savior in a more glorious light, so far as the attractiveness of his divine spirit is concerned, than his praying on the cross for his murderers: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

When the Savior offered that prayer, the circumstances were such as should make us gladly surrender body, soul,

and spirit to his service without hesitation or delay. He was no intruder on earth. He had been sent by the Father in mercy, to save a lost and ruined, wrecked and recreant, race. While God had sent him, he had gladly come, being glad to do the Father's will, and glad especially to do anything that might stay the tide of sin and lift the sons and daughters of men from their wretched, wrecked, and ruined state and bring them home to God. He had lived one-third of a century in this world, about the average length of life to-day. That life had been a life of purity, love, and devotion divine. He had been unselfish, sympathetic, merciful, long-suffering, forbearing, loving, and kind; but the spirit of partisan prejudice, the blindest and bitterest spirit that has ever cursed the human race, had planned his destruction in a way that would give him most intense misery, and the most of it possible, ending with his death. He had been tried before Pilate, who found no fault, no evil, no wrong, in him. Pilate had thrice asked the throng clamoring for his crucifixion, "Why, what evil hath he done?" and had received no response; but they clamored louder for his crucifixion, still. He had been dragged up Calvary and nailed to the cross. The great, surging mob was reviling him and sneering at his claims to be divine. Losing all sight of his sympathy, and his real mission, and his unselfishness, they demanded that he demonstrate his divinity by saving himself, coming down from the cross, and refusing to die, if his claims were just and true, not understanding that that would thwart the purposes of God and his own purposes, leave the human race unsaved, and prove himself to be *not* the Christ, the Son of God.

He called for a drink of water; but they refused to give him even that. The material universe was sympathizing with him. The moment was at hand when rocks around Jerusalem should crumble, and the veil of the temple should be rent from top to bottom; when graves should be opened and many of the saints arise; when the whole vast universe should be convulsed, and this old earth should roll and rock like a bubble on the bosom of the sighing, surging sea. Notwithstanding all this, the howling mob had no sympathy for him; and yet he was dying for the people in that mob, for those they loved and for those that loved them. But, instead of considering the sympathizing material universe; instead of, that moment, thinking of the mother who bore him, of the friends who loved him, and of the blessed women—last at the cross, first at the tomb, and first to tell the glad tidings of his resurrection—whose hearts were aching, bleeding, breaking, he spent in behalf of that murderous mob—his vilest, bitterest foes—time and breath that might have been spent in pleading for himself or his friends: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

This is a wonderful lesson for us all. We should appreciate it and learn from it to love the Savior all the more because of the spirit manifested in this prayer, and then walk in his footsteps—try to be like him. The Savior teaches all these things, not only by example, but by precept, admonition, exhortation, and advice. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use

you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." (Matt. 5: 43-45.) Did he not thus live and act? Did he not practice what he preached? Did he not, under most trying circumstances, pray for his enemies: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do?" If there are any in this audience who are not children of the living God who think they could not do that, they should at least come to God and try; and if there are any Christians here who cannot do it, they should not be discouraged or give up the struggle, but study more and more the things the Savior teaches in language and in life, learn to love him better and admire his example more, "grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth," and thus become, day by day, "more and more like Jesus." When Peter, in Gethsemane, on the night of the betrayal, drew his sword and commenced using it in defense of his Lord and Master, Jesus immediately rebuked him gently; told him to put up his sword, that those who took the sword should perish with the sword; and said to him: "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be?" (Matt. 26: 53, 54.) Then he healed the injured man, submitted himself to the mob, was dragged to Jerusalem, thence to Calvary, and there nailed to the cross on which he died. It had been written, and the Scriptures must be fulfilled. The salvation of a lost and ruined race depended upon the fulfillment of the Scrip-

tures. Had he summoned "more than twelve legions"—sixty thousand—of angels, destroyed all his enemies, and escaped out of the hands of the mob that had come to destroy him, the purposes of God had been thwarted, the Scriptures had not been fulfilled, and man had not been redeemed. So, we see in these things a good reason—yea, many wonderful reasons—why the Savior did not rescue himself from the mob, or destroy the mob, as he could easily have done by praying to the Father for legions of angels, to execute his will, had that been his will. But when he offered the prayer on the cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," he had already been arrested in Gethsemane, had submitted to the injustice heaped upon him in his trials, had been dragged up Calvary and nailed to the cross, was in a dying condition; and it only remained for him to cry aloud and give up the ghost, that all might be ended. So, he might have wreaked vengeance on that mob then. He might have called down swift, sudden, and certain destruction upon every enemy he had on earth, and still not have interfered with the fulfillment of the prophecy that thus it must be; but he did not do it. We cannot say that, instead of destroying that mob, he prayed for those who murdered him because if he had destroyed them man had not been redeemed; but we must look to another source for the reason for his doing as he did. There is but one reason: he was filled with love divine and with sympathy for a lost and ruined race that was perfectly sublime. So, while he had the power to summon "more than twelve legions of angels" from the presence of God, to destroy every foe he had, in the twinkling of an eye;

instead of that, he lifted up his voice and prayed: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Nothing less than the purest love, the sublimest, sincerest sympathy, could have induced the Savior to offer that wonderful prayer. We ought to love and appreciate him all the more because of the spirit manifested in that prayer; and we should show our love and demonstrate our appreciation by trying to be as much like him as we can. It was nothing unusual for the Savior to pray. All alone, the night before he chose his apostles, he prayed all night upon the silent summit of a lonely mountain. (Luke 6: 12, 13.) He withdrew himself from the presence of mortals, climbed to the summit of a mountain, and there, beneath the silent stars, prayed to God from dark till dawn. He then came down from the mountain to the plain and chose from his disciples twelve apostles to go forth, filled with the divine Spirit, to labor in love according to his will for the salvation of souls. This teaches us that, when we have anything of special importance on head, hand, or heart, we should pray, not only publicly, but especially privately—"in secret," as our Savior prayed, and tells us to pray. On another occasion, at the close of day, he ascended to the summit of a mountain to pray, remained in prayer until late at night; "and in the fourth watch of the night," realizing that a tempest had swept down upon the sea where his disciples were, he descended the mountain, walked upon the waves, stilled the tempest, calmed the troubled sea, and relieved the fears of his disciples, who were "rocked upon the raging billows" and dismayed by the terrific storm sweeping around them. (Matt. 14: 23-33.) In Geth-

semene, on the night of the betrayal, Jesus prayed. (Matt. 26: 37-46; Mark 14: 32-42; Luke 22: 39-46.) He withdrew himself from his disciples, and, kneeling down on the bosom of gloomy Gethsemane thrice, while in agony he sweat, "as it were," great drops of blood, he prayed to God for relief, if man might be saved without his drinking the bitter cup so near his lips; but he submissively added: "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." Jesus prayed for Peter, that he might not fall into the hands of Satan, told Peter so, and said to him: "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." (Luke 22: 31, 32.) The whole of John 17 is a prayer—"the Lord's Prayer"—a few words in the beginning excepted. Jesus was praying at the time of his ascension—when angels came, to take him home: "And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." (Luke 24: 50, 51.)

But the sublimest of all his prayers was the prayer on the cross, for the men who murdered him: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Could, would, did, the Lord Almighty hear and answer that prayer? Whose prayers will he hear? Solomon says: "The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord: but the prayer of the upright is his delight." (Prov. 15: 8.) "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination." (Prov. 28: 9.) "Now we know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshiper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth." (John 9: 31.) "Finally, be

ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous: not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing. For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile: let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace, and ensue it. For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil." (1 Pet. 3: 8-12.) "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." (James 5: 16.) Now, in the light of these passages of scripture, we can all see and understand whom God will hear in prayer and whom he will not hear in prayer. We may not agree with the Lord Almighty, we may not be willing to accept the truth; but we can see and understand, in the light of these scriptures, what God says on the subject. Our not being on the Lord's side, but on the other side, may not prevent our seeing and understanding what he says; but it may keep us from believing it. It is difficult for us to believe what directly antagonizes our cherished opinions. Was Jesus a character that Jehovah would hear? What think we when we look at him in the light of the life he lived and in the light of these passages of scripture showing whom God will hear in prayer? Certainly we cannot question that God could, would, and did answer such a prayer from such a source. What was the character of Jesus? He was simply immaculate; always pure as

a sinless child, harmless as a little lamb, innocent as a cooing dove, divine as Jehovah, guiltless as the Holy Ghost himself; no guile upon his lips, no deception in his heart; sympathetic, loving, tender, true; long-suffering, self-denying, self-sacrificing, and kind; dominated always by a divine desire to do the Father's will, and filled with love and sympathy all the days of his painful pilgrimage upon the earth; doing good ever, doing harm never; blessing his friends and blessing his foes; demonstrating the sublimity of that spirit in the very prayer under consideration, crying, under the most trying circumstances: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." What was the character of the people for whom he prayed? All of us understand, of course, that it was very bad. We are told that Pilate knew "that for envy they had delivered him up" unto death. They composed the howling mob to which Pilate thrice propounded the question, "Why, what evil hath he done?" the response being instantaneous, coming from them as if they had but one mind and one voice: "Crucify him, crucify him! It is not meet that such a fellow should live on the earth!" This mob was composed of and controlled by men who condemned the Savior before he was bought, and bought him before he was betrayed; who hired witnesses, to swear away his reputation and his life; who wrested judgment from him when it was in his favor; who cried, "His blood be on us, and on our children;" who crowned him with thorns, spit upon him, buffeted him with their hands, struck him with reeds, dragged him to Calvary, nailed him to the cross, and mocked him as he died. It surely required the sublimest spirit to

offer a prayer of any kind for good for such a mob as that. And what was the prayer? It was the only prayer that could bless those for whom it was offered: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Of course "forgive them" was used in its broadest, fullest sense. When he prayed, "Father, forgive them," the Savior doubtless willed that all their sins be blotted out; but, evidently, he referred especially to what they were doing, for he mentioned that: "Father, forgive them; *for they know not what they do*"—showing unquestionably that he had under consideration that very sin.

Was that prayer ever answered? There is not a father or mother on earth—a civilized one—I am sure, with intelligence enough to be responsible in the sight of God or amenable to the laws of any civilized land, who would not gladly grant any reasonable, loving, unselfish request coming from a son or daughter in the hour of death. Well, this was the loving Son of Jehovah, in his dying hour, making this request of the Lord Almighty himself. Shall we say the Lord would not hear such a prayer as that, coming from such a source, under such circumstances, at such a time? Surely God would not refuse to answer that prayer—would not only answer it, but answer it at the time and in the way his beloved Son willed him to answer it when he prayed: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Surely we poor worms of the dust, even though redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, justified by faith, and saved by the grace of God, may never hope that any of our prayers are to be answered, if we cannot believe Jehovah answered that prayer of his obedient Son offered—uttered—in the sol-

emn hour of his tragic death. Surely God answered that prayer—answered it just as and when desired in the heart of his dying Son. What Jesus then prayed for, God certainly granted. What the prayer was in the mind of Christ—whatever it was that found expression upon his quivering lips—God certainly heard and answered.

And now I want to ask another question, an intensely practical question; one that no pen, save the pen of inspiration, has ever touched, so far as I know; but a question, nevertheless, that all of us ought to ponder well—a question that ought to be propounded in the pulpit, from the rivers to the ends of the earth, and answered according to the word of the living God: *When* was that prayer answered? It was not answered instantaneously, then and there; it was not answered previous to the death of Christ, which occurred a few moments after he offered it. That did not keep him from offering it, however, and did not prevent its *ever* being answered. This suggests to us this thought: If we have been praying for the reformation and salvation of loved ones forty years, and they seem to be as far away from reformation and salvation as when we commenced praying for them, we ought not to give up the struggle; and if we realize that the death moment is at hand, and we are going to leave this world before our prayers are answered, leaving these loved ones still unsaved and in the midst of all the temptations of earth—we not to be here to love them and pray for them any more—we ought not to doubt that they may yet turn to the Lord and be saved. We should not hesitate to offer up the same earnest prayer, even after

our lips shall have ceased to talk to earthly friends, our souls still praying to our God.

That prayer was not answered before the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. When he burst the bars of death and rose, the triumphant Conqueror over death and the grave, bringing life and immortality to light, he did not hear that that prayer had been answered, that his murderers had been forgiven; for they had not been forgiven. He then spent forty days upon the earth, doing the work that God had appointed him to do in that period of time, between his resurrection and ascension; and when he entered God's eternal home, and was crowned with glory, coronated King of kings and Lord of lords, that prayer had not been answered. As certainly as God is God, and Christ is Christ, and truth is truth, and the Bible is the book of truth divine, that prayer had not been answered when Jesus was coronated King of kings and Lord of lords in glory.

When, one week after that time, the Holy Spirit, by the will of God and the direction of the Savior, in fulfillment of a sacred promise, descended from the courts of glory, and took up his abode in the ("about") one hundred and twenty disciples, and the apostle Peter stood up with the eleven and called upon the vast assembly of men and women present to hear the gospel, that prayer had not been answered.

How do we know these things? It is important that we know them, and that we know how we know them. We know them by knowing what the Bible teaches on the subject. The Bible teaches that when God forgives sins he *forgives* them. We—some of us, sometimes—in a

half-hearted way, halfway forgive sins; but they are not forgiven at all, and three days after we have said we forgave them we are thinking of them just as we did before we said we forgave them—some of us, sometimes. Not so with Jehovah. With him forgiveness is forgiveness; hence we are told that, when he forgives, he remembers the sins forgiven against those he has forgiven, or pardoned, "no more." "This is the covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more. Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin." (Heb. 10: 16-18.) This applies to all cases, of course; but it was written in reference to the new institution—the "new covenant," the gospel age, the gospel dispensation, the Christian dispensation, Christianity, the church of Christ, the church of God—guaranteeing full and final forgiveness therein. Then, the Bible being true, if we know that God remembers and holds a sin against a soul, we know he has never forgiven that sin. Here is an honest merchant doing a small business; so he attends to it himself. He is a straightforward, conscientious, godly man. Now, there being an account in his books against you, not canceled or satisfied in any way, is evidence that you owe him; and his reminding you of it himself, or sending his son to remind you of it, is additional evidence that you owe it—that it has not been paid. After it has been paid, he does not hold it against you. He might make a mistake, however—might forget that you had paid him; for it is as human to err as it is divine to forgive, and the best of men are

only men, at best; but God makes no mistakes, and he declares that when he forgives sins he remembers them no more. So, if we find that he remembers certain sins against certain characters, we know, as surely as God is God and truth is truth, that he has not forgiven those sins. When the apostle Peter, on that ever-memorable "day of Pentecost," stood up "with the eleven" to tell the story of the cross—of Jesus and his love—he was surrounded by an immense multitude—the very same people who constituted the howling mob around the cross on which Jesus died, and for whom Jesus prayed: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Peter and the throng of murderers to whom he preached on that memorable occasion—on the birthday of the church of Christ—were in the city of Jerusalem, where Jesus was tried and near which he was crucified. Then and there the apostle Peter, the representative of Jehovah, inspired, guided, and controlled by the Holy Spirit—God talking by the tongue of Peter—said to those people: "Ye . . . by wicked hands have crucified and slain" God's own Son. He had before him the very people for whom Jesus prayed, and he remembered their sin and reminded them of it. Peter—God, by the tongue of Peter—brought these things to bear upon them to such an extent that they were pierced to the heart—filled with fear and consternation—overwhelmed. He brought down an avalanche of flaming thunderbolts from the arsenal of God on high upon their guilty souls dark with the blood of the Lamb whom they had slain. When Peter reminded them that they were still guilty of the murder of God's Son, they were overwhelmed and terrified by this

divine charge of their guilt. If this does not show that God had not answered that prayer, we have no use for the Bible—no use for evidence. Nor language, nor logic, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, nor all combined, can ever show anything, if this does not show that that prayer had not been answered. What else does it show? It shows that the time had not come for those guilty murderers to be pardoned; that the conditions had not been complied with; that they had not placed themselves in such relation to God that he could answer that prayer without creating spiritual anarchy. When they heard these things, they were overwhelmed, filled with consternation, but not with despair; for, in the midst of this storm of darkness, though they realized that God would still be just, should he hurl them down to the deepest depths of perdition, there came a light, but it came from the cross on the wings of memory, and that gleam of light burst from the bosom of the most wonderful prayer that has ever fallen from quivering lips: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Still they lived, still they remembered that prayer, still they knew it had not been answered; for Peter told them, by the Spirit and power of God, that they were still guilty—guilty of the very sin for forgiveness of which Jesus had so earnestly prayed while quivering on the cross. God remembers their sins; Christ has prayed for their forgiveness, and God says when he forgives sins he remembers them no more forever. So, welling up from thousands of sin-cursed souls in that assembly, comes the cry: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Christ has been preached to them, and they believe him to be the

Son of God. They realize they have murdered God's Son, and are, therefore, guilty of a crime that may send them to the regions of endless despair; but Jesus was merciful and prayed for their forgiveness as he died upon the cross, and it may be, as God has spared them fifty days, that they can obtain forgiveness yet; hence they cry out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"—to be relieved of that terrible sin—of *all* their sins—that the prayer of the Savior might be answered. The apostle Peter answers: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation. Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." (Acts 2: 38-41.) Then and there God answered the prayer of the Savior by forgiving three thousand of the murderers of Christ. Every act of forgiveness then and there was an answer to the prayer: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." When did God answer that prayer? When they heard the gospel, believed the gospel, obeyed the gospel, thus taking upon themselves the yoke of him whom they had murdered only fifty days previous to that time.

Shall we, in the light of this wonderful lesson, imagine that God will pardon poor, lost, and ruined sinners, just because we pray for them, while they do nothing more

than simply permit us to pray for them? Shall we presume to be so much more influential with God than is his own immaculate Son that he will answer such prayers offered by us without requiring obedience of the sinners for whom we pray, when he would not answer thus the prayer of his own dear, dying Son? (Can we hope that God will pardon sinners now before they obey the gospel, when he would not do so then in answer to the sublimest prayer ever uttered, and that the prayer of his own dear Son dying upon the cross?) We ought to rejoice that Jesus offered this wonderful prayer. It ought to make us love him better and serve him more faithfully, and make us rejoice that we have denied ourselves and taken up his cross. It ought to make us determine to do and to dare, and if necessary to die, to make this work an eternal success. It ought to fill our souls with sympathy and love and unquenchable zeal, and make of us an invincible, unconquerable host in the service of him who prayed on Calvary's cross: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." It ought to induce every wanderer in this audience to come back to Christ; it ought to induce every sinner who is a proper subject of the gospel call to arise in the strength of Israel's God and come to Jesus, who prayed for his enemies, who prayed for his friends, who begs you to come and take his yoke upon you, that you may find temporal and eternal rest.

Now, if there are any in this audience who realize their lost condition, we are going to give you an opportunity to come. God is willing, Jesus pleads, mercy lingers, truth instructs, and Heaven waits. You are dying, your souls are drifting toward the desolate shores of eternal dark-

ness, without God and without hope; but it is a privilege granted you by high Heaven to cease your drifting, to rise and come to Jesus now, without one plea, save that Jesus died to save you. He begs you to come and bow in meek submission to his will, take his cross, and bear it; take his name, and wear it; enter his army and fight for the glory of God, the honor of Christ, and the salvation of souls, until God shall call you home, to enjoy the bliss of heaven forever. He guarantees that you shall find peace, pardon, and rest. The Lord Almighty will accompany you, in spirit and in power, through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and then,

"On the happy, golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,"

will crown you with glory, honor, and immortality. He will fill and thrill your souls with bliss unspeakable and full of glory, amid the fadeless flowers of his eternal home—that love-lit land of pure delight where friends never part; where good-byes are never uttered; where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death are unknown; where hearts neither ache nor bleed nor break; where "life is eternal and a treasure sublime." If it be the will of any of you to come to Christ, we wait to lovingly welcome you and pray that you may come.

CHAPTER XV.

Letters—Sympathy.

THE true Christian is touched by sympathy in the joys and sorrows of others. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." (Rom. 12: 15.) "Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular." (1 Cor. 12: 27.) "But now are they many members, yet but one body." (1 Cor. 12: 20.) "That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." (1 Cor. 12: 25, 26.) The Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man is a foundation idea in Christianity. The man who does not feel the joys and sorrows of others is not a Christian. There is scripture truth as well as pathetic sentiment in the old song:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

"We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear."

Heaven and earth are not very far apart when Chris-

tians sing "with the spirit and with the understanding also" this sweet old song, than which there is no sweeter:

"How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill the word;

"When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

"When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;

"When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, with dear esteem,
In every action glows!"

Inclosing a letter from an afflicted sister, he wrote:

"Years ago I baptized Mrs. — and her daughter. Learning very recently that she had lost her health, I wrote her. Letter inclosed tells the rest of the sad story, so far as the letter goes. Long ago she told me much of her life story—one of the saddest of the sad. I must go to see her some time, if I can. If I could write as you can write, I could sit by her bedside a few hours and write a true story that would thrill the world. Storms have swept over her, chilling blasts have blighted her, and hope in her bosom sees nothing this side of the river of death. As I read her letter I could not but realize my own unworthiness. How far I fall below the standard for those who love the Lord!"

The following letter indicates the extent to which he sympathizes with all who are in trouble or distress:

"In a letter just received, one of my dearest friends says:

"' You always look so sad. Why should you ever look sad? I believe I have never seen you look really happy, except in your best efforts in the pulpit. Tell me: Why should you ever look sad, when you have so much to make you happy?'

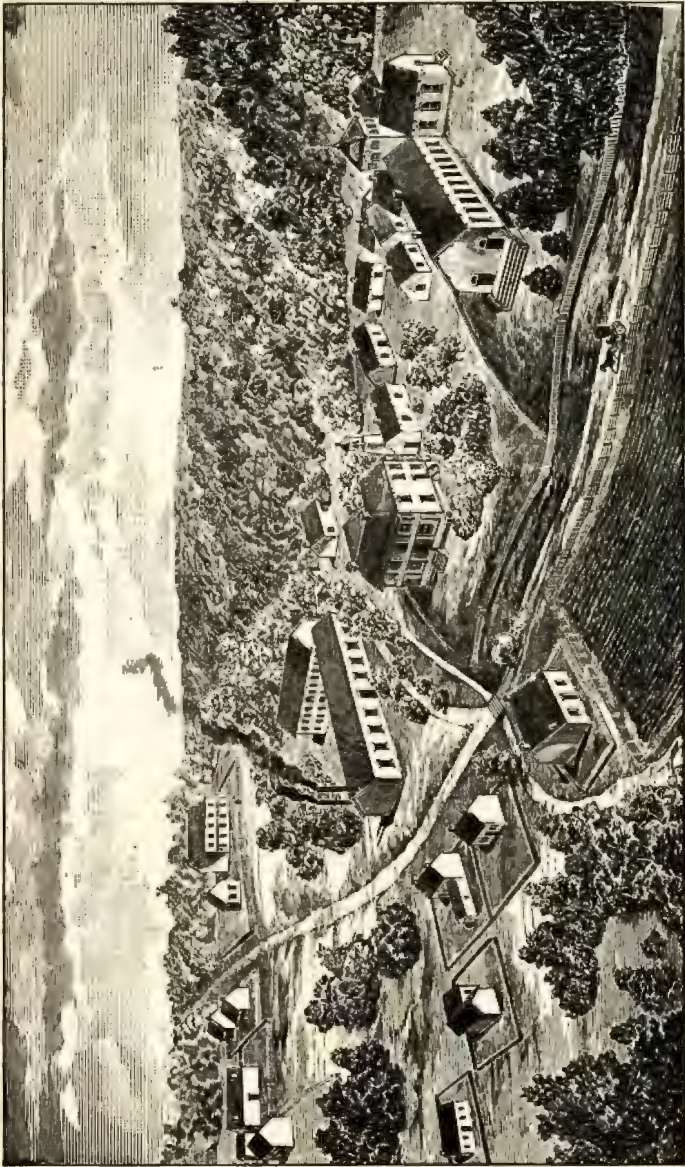
"I had never thought of that; but, really, I believe I am always sad, except when I am preaching or helping somebody in some way. How can I be otherwise than sad, except when I am preaching or helping some one bear a burden, when so many souls are blighted by sin and burdened with sorrow?"

Inclosing a sensational story of sin clipped from a newspaper, he wrote:

"One of our boys the first session of school at Mars' Hill. I baptized his wife when she was a little girl, beautiful and innocent. I hope the story is not true; but if it is, sin has struck me a hard blow in a tender place once more. It grieves me when any of my Mars' Hill boys or girls sin or suffer. I wish I knew some way to help them. Mrs. Larimore—at work, of course—is singing as I write:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee.'

Trying to be everywhere and do everything, she is sometimes near me and sometimes far away; sometimes her



MARS' HILL, ALABAMA—1876.

singing seems strong and sometimes weak, but still she sings. She and Ettie have been getting little Christmas presents ready for 'the children' far away, and now Ettie has gone to mail them. This is a perfect May day; but the sunshine, birds, and squirrels cannot keep me from thinking of loved ones far away. Where are the boys who preached and the girls who sang here in the sweet long ago? I wish we could call together all the children of the Mars' Hill family yet alive, and live and love in one happy band a few brief days, as we lived and loved in the years of sunshine and shadow that are now gone forever."

A poor woman who was in feeble health, and was bitterly persecuted by religious partisans because she had abandoned all denominations, to be a Christian and nothing else—a member of the church, which is the body of Christ, and nothing else—wrote him a very pathetic letter about her sickness, poverty, and trouble. Inclosing her letter, he wrote:

"I do wish you would go to — and interview Mrs. —. I believe it would do you good, and that you could write a true story of her life that would be as interesting and thrilling as the 'Arabian Nights.' She is a pure, intelligent Christian, relentlessly persecuted—suffering martyrdom—for her fidelity to Christ."

The wide range of his sympathy with sorrow and trouble will be strikingly manifest when a scene of distress in a far different station in life is placed in juxtaposition with this case of sympathy for an unfortunate woman "in sickness, poverty, and trouble." There is no respect

of persons or of stations in life with sorrow and affliction, and there should be no social castes in sympathy and helpfulness.

From religious convictions he is opposed to war and all other acts of cruelty, but he appreciates courage and heroic endurance of hardships in those who go to war from convictions of duty, and he keenly sympathizes with bereaved hearts in blighted homes whose loved ones fall in the army. When telegraphic dispatches erroneously announced the death of General Wheeler, he wrote the children at the Wheeler home as follows :

“The sad message announcing the death of your illustrious father, my friend, has just now reached me. I am overwhelmed with sadness and sorrow as I think of the long ago, of my old-time commander, of my friend, whom I shall never see again. Brave, true, and faithful man! Only a few weeks ago, I received from him a characteristic letter, which I shall preserve with special care. Had your fearless, faithful father lived, no man could ever have supplanted him in the district he represented in Congress so long, so faithfully, so wisely, and so well; as mortal man can never supplant him in the heart of his country—for which he died. Others have left the field of death and danger, to occupy a safe place in Congress; he left Congress, to battle for his country where the fight was fiercest, the danger greatest. Others have left the front and retired to the rear on mere pretense of being sick; he, sick unto death, left the rear and rushed to the front, against the earnest protest of surgeons and friends. Honest man, sublime soldier, faithful friend! To say

that you, his bereaved children, have my sincerest sympathy, is but to truthfully say what tens of thousands of others could just as sincerely say. May the loving Lord sustain you in this the second sore trial of your young lives."

In this letter there is no word of bitterness, no spirit of animosity, no approval of war. He saw in General Wheeler an "honest man," a "sublime soldier," a "faithful friend," an "illustrious father;" in the sorrow-shrouded home he saw "bereaved children." It is such a letter as he could have written, and no doubt would have written, and General Wheeler and the rest of mankind would have approved, under similar circumstances, to the "bereaved children" of any soldier of the same qualities who fell in the other army. The following letter will be appropriate in this connection:

"Headquarters United States Forces,

"Camp Wyckoff, Montauk Point, Long Island.

"T. B. Larimore.

"My Dear Friend: I thank you very much for your kind letter. No one can possibly appreciate the crushing severity of the blow. Although my son was only seventeen and a half years of age, he was a strong, well-grown man. He was good in all that word can imply, and had so twined himself around our hearts that we all loved him with the tenderest devotion. Four of us—my daughter, my two sons, and myself—were in the campaign; and although I had often thanked God for letting us all come back, I fear I did not feel as much gratitude as I should for such a blessing, and I also fear I did not feel the sym-

pathy I should for others who lost their dear ones; but in the grief I now suffer I realize it all.

“ With high regards,

“ Truly your friend,

“ September 20, 1898.

J. WHEELER.”

This correspondence, of course, was on the occasion of the death of General Wheeler's son. With all this, he preaches constantly against war and all other forms of violence, takes no part in politics, and, to the extent of his influence, keeps everybody out of personal strife of every kind. One of his old pupils, and a lifelong friend, was thinking about becoming a candidate for Congress, with very flattering prospects of election if he would make the race. When asked how Larimore felt about it, he said:

“ Larimore is squarely against it, and would keep me out of the race if he could, even if he knew I'd be elected.”

After several days' search for the body of a man who was drowned in the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., he wrote:

“ Body of — still in the river. Telegrams have been sent to points below to keep a lookout. Really, I think it better never to find it now, it has been so long lifeless. I think if he were my own child, I would greatly prefer that the body should never be seen again. I wish I could think of something comforting to write to the bereaved family; but what can man do to comfort hearts under such circumstances? Language is a feeble thing, eloquence is dumb, under such circumstances.”

Expressing a desire to encourage and assist a young author with his first book, he wrote :

“ ——— thinks his book will be out by October. I may never read it, may never have time ; but I know he is a good man, and I hope his book is good. I have just ordered three copies of ‘ Biographies and Sermons ’ sent to three sisters who want to read it, but are not able to pay for it.”

Distressed by the financial losses and business complications of a Christian woman in the midst of one of his meetings, he wrote :

“ I urge this dear, sorrowing sister to put all of her business into the hands of our mutual friend and brother, Attorney ———, of Nashville. Please see him for me, and ask him as a favor to me to do all he can for her. She is all right. Her heart is crushed. I assure her that, with all of her business in his hands, she may feel perfectly safe—easy. Of course, if some one has to go to Chicago, to look after her interests, he can do that, and I believe he will do it better than anybody else. She has been in serious trouble for several days. I know not the details, but I know she needs help. She cannot talk to me at all with dry eyes. I am to call immediately to see her. I am nervous. I wanted to write many things, but will close and go to see our sorrowing friend and sister.”

Illustrating the idea that every Christian ought to be anxious to help others without receiving any help himself, he inclosed in a letter the following clipping from a newspaper :

"A little girl wrote the following letter to Santa Claus :

" ' Dear Santa Claus: My father works very hard, but can't make a living for us all. I wish you would get him a better job, so he could make a living, and not have to work so hard. You need not bring me anything.' "

He is even careful not to be a burden to others in his efforts to help them. On this point he wrote :

" Much matter such as I send you may be burdensome to you. If so, please say so. I am trying to help you, and I don't want to hinder you by my efforts to help. As ever and always, all I send you is yours ever after it leaves me, to be used as you may wish. I have some envelopes addressed to you—left over from last year—but I have had one hundred more addressed to you, giving me, say, one hundred and twenty-five with which to begin the new year."

The extent to which people trust him and rely upon him for assistance frequently places him in an embarrassing position. For instance, two of his friends were trying to negotiate a trade. Each asked him to manage the matter and close the trade under confidential instructions, without knowing what the other had done. One authorized him to pay twelve hundred dollars as a maximum; the other authorized him to take one thousand dollars as a minimum. He closed the trade at eleven hundred dollars, and, of course, both parties were grateful to him and gratified with the bargain. One would have taken a hundred dollars less than he received; the other would have paid a hundred dollars more than he gave for the bargain. He wrote about it as follows :

"Still, my conscience is not quite easy. I know I have earnestly endeavored to do my whole duty; but, then, whether I look toward the one or the other, I am just a little troubled. You see, they both trusted me fully; indeed, the whole thing was in my hands. Now, have I betrayed any confidence? I could have added one hundred dollars to the wealth of either at the expense of the other. Well, I know I have earnestly endeavored to do my whole duty. I hope I have missed both Scylla and Charybdis, but my vessel is shaky—seriously so."

His most intimate friends, and even his own wife and children, have often remonstrated with him for buying things he did not need, when he did not have money to pay for things he really needed. The following letter, written in the midst of one of his greatest meetings, will probably shed some light upon this mysterious freak of his character:

"A sweet, modest girl came to me, to sell me a costly book that I did not need and could not well afford to buy. When I told her I neither needed it nor could afford to buy it, she said:

"Well, then, please write me a commendation of the book, that others may buy it. I have myself and an invalid mother to support, and have just taken an agency for this book, hoping to make something that way, and I am to-day having my first experience as a book agent."

"I said: 'I am sorry, but I have never read the book.'

"She said: 'Dr. Solon, Dr. Solomon, Dr. Socrates, and Dr. Sampson—all the pastors in town—gave me good

certificates this morning, and I am sure they will be helpful to me.'

"I said: 'Well, the Doctors have read the book, of course, or they could not testify to its merits.'

"She said: 'No, sir; they all told me they had never seen the book, but that they were glad to help me all they could, and doubted not that the book was good.'

"I said: 'Did they subscribe for the seven-dollar book, or for the cheaper binding?'

"She said: 'They didn't subscribe at all. I haven't sold a book yet. Maybe I don't know how. It's hard to get a start.'

"Just then I saw her beautiful, big, brown eyes were filled with tears that silently stole down and kissed the roses on her cheeks. I knew I was to be far away from there, probably forever, before the time she hoped to begin delivering the book; but, being neither iron nor steel, I could not resist all that, of course. I subscribed for the book—best binding—paid for it in advance, told her I might be gone long before the book was to be delivered, tried to encourage her; bade her good-by, probably forever; have never seen the book, of course; have never heard of the sweet child since, and have no thought of ever seeing her again."

When I thought I saw the dawning of brighter days for him after a long pull in hard places, I wrote him as follows:

"You have every reason to be cheerful over the situation and outlook. I know something of how things have stood, and of how they now stand, with you. I know

you have had a heavy load to carry, and I have sat up with you many a night within the last two years; but I see the way clearer for you now than I have seen it in a long time. As for myself, I am going under the clouds as you are coming out. I feel now like you used to write—blue. I will do the best I can.”

The last part of this letter was unguarded expression of transient depression from overwork and petty cares. I ought not to have written it; and, in fact, I did not know I had let it slip till he returned my letter and wrote as follows:

“I really wish to know what is meant by my emerging from the clouds as you go under. I understand neither my coming out nor your going under. If my coming out causes your going under, then I want to not come out; if my going under will keep you out, I want to go under. If I can help you, tell me how.”

Of course he could not help me, because I had nothing much to do and needed no help. The incident is of no consequence, except as an illustration of his readiness to help to the extent of his ability in any emergency, regardless of consequences to himself.

Several years ago two or three very desirable positions were offered to him through me, to all of which he replied at once in the following words:

“I must forego the pleasure and profit of accepting any position—editorial, educational, financial—any position whatever. Please pardon me and give all the good things reserved for me to others.”

Inclosing two telegrams received the same day, asking him to preach funerals of different persons—one in Alabama and the other in Tennessee—when he was in a meeting in Missouri, he wrote :

“ ‘ O why should the spirit of mortal be proud ? ’ I baptized Miss — long ago. She was ‘ salt of the earth. ’ The other sister, Miss —, was one of the sweetest saints and most charming young ladies I have ever known. She voluntarily promised me in 1894 that she would sit at the feet of Jesus till God should call her home. ”

Inclosing a letter filled with delicate expressions of appreciation, gratitude, and esteem from a judge who had and still has a wide reputation as a lawyer and a potent factor in politics, he wrote :

“ I stood by the judge and helped to save him once—long ago, when he was a young man—when a powerful combination of big men tried (unjustly, as I then believed and still believe) to crush him and ruin him. If I am any judge of true manhood when I see it tested, he is every inch a man. He needs no help now ; but I want you to call to see him and tell him you came at my request, because I want ‘ all my friends to know all my friends. ’ He will know you when you tell him that. ”

CHAPTER XVI.

Sermon—Contending for the Faith.

“**B**ELOVED, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.” (Jude 3.)

There was nothing like affectation in the use of the word “beloved” among the disciples of Christ in the long, long ago; and there is not, necessarily, anything like affectation in the use of it among God’s children to-day. There was no impropriety in it then, and there is no impropriety in it now. Had it not been proper, it had not become and been a part of God’s revelation to his church. Christians were taught in apostolic days to love one another with a pure heart fervently. “Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.” (1 Pet. 1: 22.)

The Savior said to his disciples: “This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.” (John 15: 12.) And if we loved one another as we ought, sympathized with one another as we should, and were ready, willing, and anxious to “bear . . . one another’s burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ” (Gal. 6: 2), in-

stead of its being embarrassing for us to express our affection for one another in a proper way, it would be sweet, stimulating, and encouraging. Then the world might, with perfect propriety, say, "Behold how they love one another!" as it was said when Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus: "Behold how he loved him!" Just as we depart from that blessed state of pure love, and become jealous and envious, and learn to hate one another, and slander, misrepresent, and abuse one another, the cause of Christ languishes, souls are bewildered in darkness where there should be light, and Heaven might weep, if there could be weeping there.

When Jude was writing to Christians about the "common salvation," he gave all diligence to the work before him. He was writing in reference to things involving the salvation of souls; he was writing as a representative of the cause of Christ on earth; he was writing, not for himself, but for God, and it was eminently pertinent and proper and right that he should give all diligence to the work before him. When we speak or write on any subject, we should be thoughtful and careful, and, as Christians, prayerful; but especially is this true when we speak or write about spiritual things, since souls' eternal interests are then involved. He was writing as the Spirit guided him. Now, as it was needful for him to give all diligence to the work before him when he wrote to the saints of the common salvation, himself inspired by the Holy Spirit, how much more needful that we should be anxious and careful when we write or speak of spiritual things, since we are not guided by the Spirit in the sense in which he was! Not inspired as he was inspired!

Jude wrote to the brethren upon an important subject. Of course he would not have written to them by direction of God, had he not had something of importance to say, for God's Spirit would not direct him to write anything not important. He wrote to the brethren in reference to salvation. Salvation in any sense is important. Salvation of one about to perish in the flames of a burning building—salvation in the sense of snatching that body from the blazing building and life-destroying flames—is, of course, of great importance; the salvation of a loved one from impending death and the gloomy grave is, of course, something of great importance; but Jude wrote to the saints about another kind of salvation—salvation of souls—eternal salvation. We use the word "common" in two common senses. We use it in the sense of inferior. A lady goes into a dry goods store and calls for something, naming the article. The polite salesman addressed has a bolt of that kind of goods on the counter, and says: "Madam, here is something of that kind." She says: "This will not do; it's common." He, clearly comprehending the situation, hence asking no questions, pushes the common article aside, turns to the shelf, takes down another bolt of that line of goods, and says: "This is the very best made." He knows exactly what she means by the word "common." Of course, we know Jude does not refer to the salvation about which he wrote as common in that sense. We also use the term "common" in the sense of general. In this sense, instead of conveying the idea of inferiority or low grade, it frequently applies to things of the very highest grade—that is, the best and most important. For instance, we

refer to the light of sun, moon, and stars, the atmosphere we breathe and the water we drink, as "common" blessings, because they are blessings to all. Such blessings are infinitely more important than gold and pearls and diamonds. We could live without all these; but without *any* of those—"common" blessings—life could not last on earth. Still, we call them "common"—common, because they are universal—because all who will may enjoy them. The pauper, as well as the prince; the beggar, as well as the millionaire, may breathe the air; may enjoy the light of sun, moon, and stars; may dip gourd or goblet into the bosom of the bubbling spring and drink that which will slake the thirst and bless the man. So, we speak of these as "common" blessings. When Wesley wrote (Preface to "Notes on New Testament"), "Would to God that all the party names and unscriptural forms and phrases that have divided the Christian world were forgot; and that we might all agree to sit down together, as humble, loving disciples, at the feet of our common Master, to hear his word, to imbibe his spirit, and to transcribe his life in our own," he referred to Christ as "common," not in the sense of inferior, but general—universal—the Master, or Teacher of *all* his disciples, or pupils. Jude wrote to the saints—the "beloved" of the Lord—concerning the "common" salvation—not salvation of a low, or inferior, grade; but salvation offered to all—that all who will may enjoy—gospel salvation—salvation under the great commission that says: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things

whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen." (Matt. 28: 19, 20.) "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16: 15, 16.) It was salvation to all nations; not simply to the Jews, as even the apostles believed in the early days of the infancy of the church of Christ—a delusion that was dispelled from the mind of Peter when he perceived, at the house of Cornelius, that God intended to admit the Gentiles into covenant relations with himself, and therefore said: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." (Acts 10: 34, 35.) Salvation offered to the entire human race, and not salvation offered simply and solely to a favored, elect, predestined, predestinated, and before-the-foundation-of-the-world-ordained few, for whom alone the Savior died, shedding no drop of blood for the already condemned, irrevocably damned-before-the-foundation-of-the-world many. This the Holy Spirit teaches clearly in the language: "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man. For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." (Heb. 2: 9, 10.) "Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears

unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared; though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." (Heb. 5:7-9.)

Now this is the salvation about which Jude wrote when he gave all diligence to write of the "common salvation." It was needful then for Jude to write unto the brethren and exhort them that they should earnestly contend for the faith that was once delivered unto the saints. That was in the early days of Christianity. It was when many were living who had seen the Savior face to face. There were eye-witnesses of his miracles still living; and yet there was indifference, there was carelessness, there was prayerlessness, there was lukewarmness, there was coldness, there was sin among the saints, sufficient to justify Jude in saying it was needful to write unto them and exhort them to a diligent discharge of duty's demands—exhort them that they should earnestly contend for the faith that was once delivered unto the saints. All this being true, we should not be discouraged when we find that we need to be exhorted day by day to a diligent discharge of duty's demands; and we ought to remember that we are actually taught in God's book to exhort one another, "and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." (Heb. 10: 25.) We ought to do that; and if we loved one another as we should, it would never be an offense to any one of us to be exhorted, publicly or privately, to be more earnest in the service of God. If we do become offended when brethren, either publicly or privately, exhort us to be more faithful in the

service of God, that shows that we need to be exhorted, need to be instructed, need a better spirit than we manifest or possess. One thing is sure: if we display a bad spirit when, in loving-kindness, exhorted to do our duty, we need to repent and pray God in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to forgive us the sin of allowing ourselves to drift into that state where we can so easily be incensed.

"It was needful [and he would not have written what he wrote if it had not been needful] for me to . . . exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." Webster defines "contend" "to strive, to struggle." Jude says it was needful for him to exhort the saints to earnestly contend for the faith that was once delivered unto the saints—to strive, to struggle. Jesus says: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." (Luke 13: 24.) Paul says: "But foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do gender strifes. And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." (2 Tim. 2: 23-26.) Here seems to be a clear contradiction; and it is a fair sample of things that are considered contradictions in God's book. Jesus commands his disciples to strive; Jude wrote to the brethren, of the common salvation, and exhorted them to contend, which

means to strive; and Paul declares positively that the servant of the Lord must not strive; yet there is no clash, confusion, discrepancy, or contradiction here. There is a verse in the Bible that harmonizes all these, in the light of which we can see our way out of this imaginary difficulty, and see clearly what God would have us do: "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel." (Phil. 1: 27.) The strife that Paul says God forbids is bitter, selfish, sinful strife—contention. When one brother contends for his way and resolves to have it, regardless of results; and another brother resolves to have his way and contends for it, regardless of right or results; and even some of the blessed sisters become involved, and are wrangling, and disputing, and pulling different ways against each other—then we have the strife that Heaven condemns. The servant of the Lord, as he values the salvation of his own soul and the salvation of the souls that may be influenced by him, and respects and appreciates the word, the will, the way, and the church, of God, does not dare to persist or participate in any such strife. I want to quote Paul to Timothy again, while your minds are filled with this thought: "But foolish and unlearned questions avoid [that is, questions not taught by divine authority—not taught in the book of God], knowing that they do gender strifes. And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God perad-

venture will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." Paul was writing to Timothy, a young preacher, and this applies, of course, especially to all of God's preachers; but the prohibition to strive, in this sinful, shameful sense, clearly applies to all of God's children. "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together [not against each other, not each for his own personal preference, opinion, hobby, fancy, or fad; but] for the faith of the gospel."

Jude tells us *how* to contend, as well as *for what* to contend. We are to contend earnestly; not rudely, not roughly, not harshly, not bitterly, not unkindly; not in a haughty, domineering, overbearing, rule-or-ruin, iron-rule, Satanic spirit—no, not thus. Such a spirit ought never to be allowed to enter the household of faith. God, truth, and duty demand that we contend lovingly, tenderly, tearfully, "earnestly" for his way—"for the faith which was once ["for all"] delivered unto the saints." Men and women are no less earnest in their pleadings because of not being rough in them. Is that poor, distressed wife, with aching, bleeding, breaking heart; with disheveled hair and uplifted face from which tears that would not stain an angel's cheek are dripping; bowed at the feet of her husband, begging and pleading with him tenderly and tearfully to remember the vows he made to her in twilight's semi-sacred hour in the long, long

ago, to abandon his unkindness, abandon his dissipation, abandon his waywardness, return to his first love, to be what the husband of a good, pure, sweet wife ought to be, what the father of boys and girls should be—is she lacking in earnestness because she is not heaping vile maledictions and direful curses and mountains of abuse upon his head and heart? Is that distressed mother whose prodigal boy is killing her day by day—breaking her pure, loving, tender, trusting heart—lacking in earnestness when she throws her arms about him, presses him to her bosom, sobs and sighs and weeps and prays, and begs him, with all the tenderness characteristic of a mother's purest, truest, tenderest love, to flee from the depths of deep disgrace, agony, sorrow, degradation, and perdition toward which he is tending as rapidly and ceaselessly as time speeds away? Is she lacking in earnestness because she is not calling her boy bad names, telling him he is not worthy of the mother who bore him, the father who has protected him, or the home that has sheltered him; not worthy to dwell among human beings, or even among clean beasts—scarcely worthy to wallow in the mire and filth with hogs? It is not necessary to answer these questions. Everybody knows the answer.

By the language already quoted, we are positively forbidden to be rough. We are not allowed to be rough with any one, but are clearly required to "be gentle unto all men." A man in the service of God must be a gentle man—especially one occupying the position of a preacher. God demands that his preachers—gospel preachers—shall be, not only gentlemen, but gentle gentlemen—"gentle unto all men."

For what must we contend? Not for Campbellism, not for Mormonism; for it was seventeen hundred years after Jude wrote this before Campbellism or Mormonism was even so much as heard of, thought of, or dreamed of. No such thing as Campbellism, Mormonism, or any other modern ism existed then, even in the dreams or bewildered imaginations of men. Not for Judaism, for Judaism had already been abolished. Jesus took it out of the way, nailing it to the cross. "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." (Col. 2: 14.) "Having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace." (Eph. 2: 15.) Not for our parties, partyism, personal preferences, opinions, hobbies, whims, systems, fancies, or fads; for that would necessarily lead to confusion and strife, which God condemns. Not that. What, then? Not for human creeds, disciplines, or confessions of faith. They had not so much as been dreamed of when Jude wrote, when he died, or when generations then unborn were buried. Contend for what? "For the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." The Revised Version throws a little additional light on that: "For the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints." That for which they had to contend had, "once for all," then, been delivered unto them—"unto the saints;" therefore the language of our lesson does not authorize us to contend for anything more modern than God's revelation to man. Man may contend for his own personal preferences, his fancies, or his fads; he

may contend for Campbellism, Mormonism, or any other ism; he may contend for any creed or all creeds in Christendom made since God's revelation to man was made—may spend threescore years and ten earnestly contending for these things—and never have the right to quote this language of Jude in justification of his course. Why? There is nothing in it to justify him in contending for these things. Nor can he ever quote any scripture given by inspiration of God in justification of such course. We may, by divine authority, "preach the word" *ever*; but the opinions of men *never*. We should all "earnestly contend for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints"—for Christianity, pure and simple. Certainly this is so plain that every responsible soul can easily understand it; and we can tell whether we are in line with this demand of Heaven by the way we are living, by the way we are pleading, by *for what* we are pleading. If we are lovingly and gently pleading, earnestly and tenderly contending, for the faith that had already been, once for all, delivered unto the saints when Jude wrote his epistle now in the Bible; if we are standing fast in one spirit and with one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel; then, leaning on the strong arm of Providence, we may rely on this book for authority for what we are doing. If we contend for any system more modern than the Bible, there is no authority from high Heaven for one word we utter, for one syllable we write, for one thing we do, in support or defense thereof.

We are simply to take God at his word—believe what he says, do what he commands, become and be what he requires, live as he directs, and trust him for what he

promises. This has never made a Campbellite, because there is not a sentence, sentiment, or syllable in God's book intimating that God has ever required anybody to be a Campbellite. If we will take him at his word, obey his commands—*all* of them—do as he directs, and lovingly trust him until he shall call us home, eternal bliss shall be our reward. If we are in harmony with these things—that is, if we are right—let us rejoice and be glad, and go right on and on and on in the service of our God, till we reach the silent river beyond which we shall rest forever. If we are out of harmony with them—that is, if we are wrong—let us flee from the gathering storm to the outstretched arms of the loving Savior, abandon the wrong, accept the right, and reduce it to practice while we live, and God will bless, strengthen, shield, sustain, and save us.

If any in this audience are in any sense subjects of the gospel call, we invite you to come. God is willing, Jesus is pleading, mercy is lingering, and Heaven is waiting. "Whosoever will may come."

CHAPTER XVII.

Letters—Kindness.

KINDNESS is a prominent trait of Christian character. One of the cardinal graces which Peter admonished all Christians to add to their faith is "brotherly kindness." (2 Pet. 1: 7.) An eminent man wrote a book on charity, entitled "The Greatest Thing in the World." Of faith, hope, and charity, Paul says, "The greatest of these is charity;" because, among other things which it does and does not, "charity never faileth." One thing which makes charity "the greatest of these" and "the greatest thing in the world" is, "charity suffereth long, and is kind." (1 Cor. 13: 4, 8, 13.) A really kind man will manifest the spirit of kindness toward every class of human beings, including even criminals, and will be kind to the very beasts of the field and the birds of the air. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." (Prov. 12: 10.) On kindness in general, to birds and beasts in particular, he wrote:

"You know kindness has always been a prominent characteristic of Mars' Hill life and teaching, howsoever unkind I may have been myself. When the Hill was covered with teachers, pupils, patrons, parents, and children, birds built their nests and brought up their young in the yard, and sometimes in the houses, and were per-

fectly safe and at home there. You remember, one wren hatched and cared for a brood annually in a gatepost in front of the north entrance to the Mars' Hill home; another, in our church house—Bible Hall—where the little birdies and their patient mother may have slept soundly and dreamed sweetly while 'The Old Ship of Zion,' 'Am I a Soldier of the Cross?' and 'How Firm a Foundation!' made the building tremble. Many birds of many kinds, and pretty, playful squirrels are still safe, and seem to know it, there, though in many respects the place has greatly changed. Kindness has an influence over man, beast, and bird that is not always fully understood and properly appreciated. Many a team has been balked and ruined by cruelty, that could have been easily controlled by kindness; many a child has been crushed and worse than killed by cruelty, that would have developed into noble, useful, happy manhood or womanhood under the fostering care of Christian kindness. The cruel scolding and fault-finding habit is a sin and a shame and an unmitigated curse to the human race, if not, indeed, to all other races. Cruelty is a curse to all animate creation. It touches my heart to think of bird or beast coming to me or mine for shelter, sympathy, or succor. Some strangers, armed with a shotgun, passing through our little orchard, 'flushed' a covey of partridges, and sent a load of shot after them. Those that were wounded flew toward the house. One of the little things fell dead at the doorstep; two others, on the veranda. When wounded, they flew to the house; but were dead when they reached it.



MISS ETTIE LARIMORE AND HER BROTHER HERSCHEL'S FAVORITE HORSE.

“O thou that dryest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!”

But there is life for the faithful there.”

Touched by the death of a little dog, he wrote as follows:

“Tony was as pretty a little black-and-tan terrier, I think, as I have ever seen. He belonged to Virginia Stucky, a sweet little girl who ‘was bred in Old Kentucky,’ and who has always lived in Louisville. Virginia gave Tony to me, because her mother considered it not convenient for her to keep him. Virginia brought him to me a few hours before I left Louisville for a brief visit home. Telling me good-by, she started home; but, returning, she stood in solemn silence a few moments, looking tenderly upon the little pet she should never see again, and then, softly and sweetly saying, ‘Good-by, Tony,’ hurried away from Tony forever. We—Tony and I—reached Mars’ Hill next day about noon, having left Louisville about midnight. Tony was an affectionate little fellow, devotedly attached to his ‘old Kentucky home’ and to ‘the girl he left behind him;’ hence I did not wonder that he cried nearly all the way. Like some other lovers, however, Tony was somewhat fickle, and he, in a very few days, succeeded in transferring his affections completely to Mrs. Larimore, who, sympathizing with the little stranger, captivated him by kindness. His devotion to her was simply marvelous. He seemed to consider it his whole duty to keep constant watch and ward over her, and to allow no other living thing to touch



BILL.

her. When Mrs. Larimore, Toppie, and Ettie left home, to spend a few weeks with me in Louisville, Dedie said: 'Mamma, Tony will grieve himself to death about you while you are gone.' She was correct about it. He refused to eat, could not be comforted, wandered about the home premises, evidently looking for the absent loved one, and died a few days before she returned. Poor Tony! I've always been sorry he did not live to meet the one he loved, whose return ten days earlier, I believe, would have prolonged the life of the affectionate little lover indefinitely. Even dogs have hearts, and we should never abuse them. Their affection is unfeigned; their friendship is sincere and as lasting as life."

At the close of a long and successful meeting he inclosed a photograph of an unusually large, fine-looking rooster, and wrote as follows:

"It has occurred to me that a biographical sketch and photograph of Bill might interest you. About two weeks after our meeting began, Bill broke the shell and fluttered out into a blinding, blue blizzard that froze all the chicks in the nest, except him. Bill survived on the principle of 'the survival of the fittest.' He, however, like millions of important factors in the human race, had not survived, but for the timely aid of a sympathetic, self-sacrificing woman, who treated him as Æsop's man treated the frozen snake: 'thawed him out' in her bosom. Having been carefully 'thawed out,' Bill was admitted to all the privileges of the home—places, too: kitchen, dining room, pantry, and parlor. He 'fared sumptuously every day,' and grew marvelously. He became the talk of the town.

and was the point in many a joke. About the time the meeting closed, probably two or three days before, he was taken to a first-class photographer; a good negative of him was taken, from which the photograph I send you was made; the photographer offered a dollar for him, the offer was accepted, and Bill became the property of the admiring photographer. You can form an idea from the photograph of Bill as to the length of the meeting. The meeting was about two weeks longer than Bill. I preached twice every day and three times every Sunday—three hundred and thirty-three sermons—and never missed a sermon. I feel as well this morning as Bill looks. I leave here for my next meeting by the next train."

A few historical incidents and newspaper clippings will illustrate his sympathy for criminals. While on a preaching tour in Arkansas several years ago, he visited the convict coal mines at Coal Hill. The mining camp was in a bad sanitary condition, the convicts had been cruelly treated, and some of them had been killed by brutal guards. An appeal was made to the prison officials to remedy the situation. The Prison Commission and the Board of Commissioners directed that a thorough investigation be made, and that the case be brought before them on its merits. His sympathies were touched by the gloom, wretchedness, and hopelessness which hung over the camp, and he frequently referred to the matter and sent many newspaper clippings on the subject afterwards. Some of the guards at Coal Hill were discharged and indicted by the grand jury for cruelty to the convicts, the question of leasing the convicts to pri-

vate corporations became a political issue in the next State election, the Coal Hill lease to a mining corporation was abrogated, the convict camp was broken up, and the matter was a sensational topic in newspapers throughout the country—all this within a few weeks after he was there. In so far as the question was a political issue, he neither expressed nor possessed any partisan bias; but he watched the developments and progress of the case very closely from a humanitarian point of view. On the margin of a newspaper clipping inclosed in one of his letters, giving an account of the trial, conviction, and sentence of a man to be hung in Alabama for murder, he wrote:

“One of the guards who cruelly treated, and probably murdered, convicts at Coal Hill, Ark.”

A few years later the question of leasing convicts to private corporations attracted attention in politics in Tennessee, and he inclosed in a letter, without a word of comment, the following editorial from a daily paper:

“Under existing conditions, the whole contract system is abominable; but, for the matter of that, so is our whole prison system. We need to reform it altogether.

“It is urged that convicts must not be kept idle, that they must earn their living, that the people should not be taxed to feed and clothe an army of criminals, and so forth, and so forth. Let us see how this works. The State arrests a young fellow who, let us say, in a drunken quarrel has stabbed a companion. He is hurried away to prison; he is brought into court, tried, and convicted:

he is sent to the penitentiary for five years or for ten years, or for life. All the while a young wife and half a dozen little children are left without their natural protector and their support. They huddle in a corner of the courtroom; they hear the lawyers yaup; they listen to the verdict. The case is closed. The young father is bundled off in one direction in chains; the young family is turned off in another direction in tears. The State takes the time, the earnings, the life of the one to itself, leaving the others to starve. The mother dies of despair; the boys grow up thieves; the girls grow up harlots. The law is vindicated; the taxpayer is protected; the criminal classes are replenished.

“Is it not damnable? Does not the society which tolerates such monstrosities deserve all the evils it entails upon itself? The State has no right to take that man’s labor from his wife and children and give them no equivalent. It should punish the guilty, not the innocent. Every dollar that is diverted in this way from the natural needs of the helpless to the uses of the public is base blood money that should and does carry with it the curse of God.

“There will never be peace in this land until the voice of justice, speaking for the lowly, is heard above the demands of rapacity, which holds its festival annually in all our legislative chambers.

“Tennessee has sown the wind; now she is reaping the whirlwind. Not a soldier, not a gun, should be sent to Coal Creek. If one drop of blood is shed there, it will cry to Heaven for vengeance. Take the convicts away, Governor Buchanan; call an extra session and disperse the

contractors, and you will hit it about right. It may be that you will not have much law on your side, but you will have plenty of equity. Down with contract convict labor!"

On the same subject, with no word of comment, he inclosed in a letter the following editorial from the *Courier-Journal*:

"If we are to have repeated in Tennessee the *iliad* of human wrong and woe which has made Pennsylvania rich, then Tennessee were better blotted out of the memory of men.

"That fruitful and famous State has no blot upon its escutcheon. Its history is one long prose poem of heroic effort and splendid achievement. Through the veins of its people flows an unbroken stream of Scotch-Irish blood. Valor and integrity, good sense and good will, spring, like a tropic flora, in spontaneous growth, from that pure source of so much that is great and noble and good in our national life.

"Tennessee is twin sister to Kentucky. The two, like the ladies Rosalind and Celia, have gone hand in hand, one and inseparable, through a century of sunshine and shadow, of glory and daring, until from the blockhouse in the wilderness has been blazed a home for men unequaled in the world, and blessed by every abundance out of the very hands of God. If lust for money is to make a craze among the people; if it is to put poison into their blood; if it is to divert the currents of healthy life and thought away from their natural channels into a dark and turbid river of unfathomable depth, bearing upon its sur-

face the Babylonian splendors of a shameful prosperity, while carrying beneath its surface the degradation and suffering of thousands of men, women, and children, condemned, like galley slaves, to hopeless penury; if, in a word, the outcome of the camp fires of Robertson, Sevier, and Jackson, and their contemporaries, and the end of the civilization of the pioneer church, whose simple music must still echo in strains of Heaven-sent melody and piety, and love and pity, through hearts that have not forgotten the teaching of the fathers—if all this is to come to naught but greed and gain, ghastly wealth and grimy squalor, and the dread contrasts that make life at the centers one horrible pageant of debauchery, rapine, and want, then, indeed, were it better that Tennessee had never been; for, as surely as time lasts, shall it be written of her, as of an older sinner:

“‘ She has scourged the weak and the lowly
And the just with an iron rod;
She is drunk with the blood of the holy,
She shall drink of the wrath of God.’

“ The people of Tennessee, of Kentucky, of the United States, may as well understand now, as later, that, no less than the less favored peoples of the Old World, we have to meet the social question in most of its forms. In Europe, girt round by feudal bonds and tenures, pressing men and women closer to the wall by the ever-increasing swell and force of numbers, the conditions are sharper and more urgent than in a young country, with its great area of territory not yet occupied and its vast resources still accessible to the humblest toiler. But in republican America the same agencies are at work which originally

prevailed in the ancient monarchies, and to which may be traced many of the evils that shadow these closing years of the nineteenth century.

“In dealing with them, and in order that we may employ a wisdom that is at once practical and humane, we must take them, seriatim, as they come before us.

“This whole Coal Creek business is the offspring of an abomination to which the law has given its sanction. In the olden time, when might had a mind to lord it over right, it took its good claymore in hand and went out in search of adventures. It slew its weaker adversary, appropriated to itself his lands and cattle and kine, and came home in triumph, bringing stores of spoil and attended by knights in armor and slaves in chains. Then it gave itself a title and founded a dynasty, and got poets to sing its praises, and fools to make it merry, and historians to write down genius and prowess for mere brute force and cunning, thieving craft and cruel pillage. Modern rapacity is more ingenious and less manly. The older ruffian at least took its life in its hand and gave its enemy a chance. Its degenerate scion finds safer and surer means of achieving its desires. It organizes a corporation; it gets a charter; it hires a lobby; it leases an organ; it buys a Legislature—and there you are! Millions to a few, misery to all others; with the law to sustain the proceeding, and, if need be—just as in the days of yore—troops to enforce it!

“The case of the Coal Creek miners is an intensification of the old, old story, for it is made stronger by the convict-contract feature. Here we have the State using its power as a State to extract blood money from its own



CONGREGATION AND MEETING HOUSE, MARS' HILL,—ANNUAL MEETING IN AUGUST.

citizens, and, by the act of doing so, denying to honest men the opportunity to earn an honest living. Among disinterested and considerate people there cannot be two opinions upon this point. All of us know how these contracts are attained, though it may be doubted whether any of us are fully conscious of how they operate. We know enough, however, to be assured that the system is infamous and brutal, and that the foot of an enlightened and humane public opinion should be put upon it, to stamp it out forever.

“Governor Buchanan is essentially a man of the people. His nomination and election were effected by purely popular agencies. He is a Tennessean to the core, a veritable product of the soil. His fathers fought, to reclaim that earthly paradise from the savagery of nature, and prayed to the Lord of hosts for his blessing upon the work of their hands. The men who slung their rifles over their hunting shirts and followed ‘Old Hickory’ to New Orleans, to drive back the legions of monarchy and keep America free, could not have divined that they were laying the foundations for a possibility such as that which faces the Tennessee authorities at this moment. The men who knelt in prayer under the ministrations of Lindsley and Doak, and sent from God’s temples to the skies the swelling anthem of ‘The Old Ship of Zion,’ could no more be induced to force their fellow-citizens to submit to the wrong that these miners have rebelled against than they could have been made to acquiesce in sin and pay the devil homage. There is but one true course for Governor Buchanan to pursue. He should turn a deaf ear to those who talk about ‘the majesty of the law;’ he

should give a cold shoulder to the attorneys who yaup about the sanctity of contracts; he should go back to Nashville, carry the troops and the convicts with him, call an extra session of the Legislature to convene at once, and recommend the abrogation of the lease system. By thus taking the bit into his mouth, he will avoid useless turmoil, and, it may be, the shedding of innocent blood; will escape responsibility for a line of consequences that can work only hurt to the common weal, and, perhaps, ruin to this immediate region; will discharge his duty as a wise magistrate and fulfill the best traditions of his State and people. In such a policy there is nothing whatever of pusillanimity. When His Majesty, the Law, is in the wrong, it becomes the first of obligations in the executive head to see that the wrong is limited until constituted authority can be invoked to apply the remedy.

“These miners are right; their demands are reasonable. Woe to the men who order a military advance against them!”

Larimore loves the people, and his love for his auditors is probably one secret of his success in winning souls to Christ. In the midst of a meeting he wrote:

“My heart already begins to feel the pressure of the blessed influences around me, and I am beginning to realize that it will be hard to leave here many whom I already tenderly love. Many of the sweetest faces and finest specimens of noble manhood I have ever seen meet me in the house of the Lord here. Already I am in love with the congregation, and my work has scarcely begun.”

He recommended and located a worthy young man to teach school. Some weeks later he wrote, inclosing a letter from the young man:

“He sent me the money referred to in his letter to pay me for getting him a position as teacher. Of course I sent the money back to him by the next mail and wrote him the best—most encouraging—letter I could.”

Referring to his sensitiveness, he wrote:

“They have little ‘chatterboxes’ here which, they say, accurately record every word I speak. They call them—well, I’m not sure what they call them. The first time I met Miss —, she begged the privilege of taking down what I preached, provided the ‘machine’ did not disturb me. She explained what kind of noise the little thing would make, and said: ‘Now, if it disturbs you just the least bit, please tell me so or give me some signal, and it shall disturb you no more.’ I assured her it would not disturb me in the least, and that it would afford me great pleasure to know my preaching was either pleasure or profit to her. She has become a fixture in our meeting. She has a neat table just to my left, where she sits facing my left side—a little back of me—screened from the audience, except a faithful few, by a curtain that adds grace and beauty to the scene, and there she rapidly and accurately records what I say. The first night she worked her machine on me the weather was perfect; the night was bright, balmy, beautiful. Not even a fleecy cloud flitted between us and the stars. I stepped to the front of the platform and began to talk. My mind was completely absorbed in my work. The little ‘chatterbox’

began to click. To me, the sound was exactly that of sleet driven by a brisk, biting, chilling blast against the great stained-glass windows at my back and on either side—windows occupying probably two-thirds of the space across the rear end of the building. Immediately I felt a strong, freezing current of air pouring upon me. I instinctively shivered; then, wondering why the windows had been lowered at my back, I—still talking, but mechanically—turned to glance at the storm through the open windows and ask some one to close them, when, to my astonishment, I saw the windows behind me were closed. At that moment I thought of the busy little machine, instantly comprehended the situation—understood the cause of all my trouble—was perfectly comfortable, and felt the current of cold air no more. After dismissing the audience, I examined the windows thoroughly, and was clearly convinced that imagination alone had caused all that trouble. To say I am—body, soul, and spirit—as sensitive as a barometer, is certainly no exaggeration.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sermon—Communion.

“**W**HEN ye come together therefore into one place, this is not to eat the Lord’s Supper. For in eating every one taketh before other his own supper: and one is hungry, and another is drunken. What? have ye not houses to eat and to drink in? or despise ye the church of God, and shame them that have not? What shall I say to you? shall I praise you? In this I praise you not. For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord’s death till he come. Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup, of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning

the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." (1 Cor. 11: 20-30.)

Some of us sometimes hear very strange questions propounded in reference to the communion spoken of in the paragraph I have just read. We are sometimes asked: "In what kind of communion do you people believe?" Well, if the term "you people" means the people who accept the Bible as their only creed, discipline, and confession of faith, the lamp to their feet and the light to their pathway; the people who are satisfied with the way, the will, and the word of the Lord; the people who are trying to be Christians, and nothing else, then the answer is: We believe in communion with the Lord; believe every child of the living God should enjoy the sacred communion that he grants to and requires of every member of the divine institution the Bible calls "the church," "the church of God"—the church to which the Savior referred when he said: "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. 16: 18); hence the church of Christ.

We are asked if we believe in *free* communion. We have no faith on that subject. It is utterly impossible for that to be any part of our faith, provided our faith is the faith God would have us have, for that faith "cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." (Rom. 10: 17.) The word of God says nothing about free communion; so, of course, if our faith is Bible faith, and if we respect the elements thereof as drawn up and clearly expressed by the Lord Almighty himself, that question can have nothing to do with our faith, and cannot be an article or element therein or thereof. So, if you ask me

that question, it will be necessary for me, in order to give you an intelligible and intelligent answer, to ask you what you mean by it. If you mean by "free communion" a communion in which all the communicants are free, neither priest-ridden nor creed-bound, but free; recognizing no ecclesiastical law but "the perfect law of liberty;" and, to the extent of their ability, free from envy, free from jealousy, free from prejudice, free from bigotry, free from malice, free from selfishness, free from the pharisaic I-am-more-holy-than-thou spirit—free from anything and everything contrary to the will of God or to the spirit of Him who became the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of sorrows, the Child of poverty, and died on Calvary's cross for the sins of a lost and ruined and recreant race—then, I think, the communion should be free—as free as the communicants can make it. Of course, we may never be able to make it perfectly free; but we should certainly try, remembering that one of the very A-B-C lessons, given by the Holy Spirit to God's children while they are babes in Christ, is: "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby: if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." (1 Pet. 2: 1-3.) Yet, we should not become discouraged and refuse to commune, imagining it will be an abomination in the sight of the Lord and bring condemnation upon us to commune if we fail to make the communion as free as it should be. Unless free to a very great extent, however, it cannot be acceptable to Him in whose heart is no deception and whose lips have never uttered

guile. Still, let us not be discouraged, let us not despair, let us not neglect to commune. Let us always do the best we can. We never do the best we can when we decline to do anything God and duty demand.

We are sometimes asked if we believe in open communion. If you propound that question to me, you bewilder and perplex me, just as when you ask the other question. There is not a cloud that floats over the earth, there is not a bud or blossom on the earth, there is not a mist that floats in space, that does not have as much printed upon its bosom, or locked up in its folds, upon the subject of open communion as is found in the whole realm of God's revelation to man. Of course, then, this untaught question cannot become an article of faith with us, cannot enter into our faith, since our "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." To the Christian, a necessary element of faith is to know just what God says about it; and since the Bible says nothing on that subject, it cannot be an element of our faith. I shall just simply have to ask you what you mean by it. If you mean by "open communion" a communion in which every soul communing is open, free, and frank, every soul rejoicing to know, "Thou God seest me." "The Lord knoweth me;" a communion in which every communicant is in such condition as not to dread the consequences of God's turning heaven's search light upon the scene and service, and calling upon all the angels and archangels to see the condition of every communicant, every soul rejoicing to know the day is not far distant when, our life work ended, our life is to be henceforth and forever an open book before God—now, if that

is what you mean by open communion, then I think it should be open, and unless it is open to a very great extent it is not acceptable in the sight of God.

But we are sometimes asked if we believe in close communion. Beholding the heavens that bend in blue beauty above us, look wheresoever we will, we see just as much written by the finger of God in flaming letters of living light—every letter bedecked with radiant gems and jewels rare, flashing in the love-light of God forever—on the subject of close communion, as has ever been found in God's Book—the Bible. So, I shall have to ask you what you mean by that untaught question. If you mean by "close communion" a communion in which every soul communing is in close, sympathetic union with every other soul communing; where all who are communing love each other with pure hearts fervently, and long to get closer to each other, closer to Jesus, and closer to God, the sentiment of each soul being, "Nearer, my God, to thee—nearer to thee"—not only during the communion, but at all times—"Nearer, my God, to thee;" every soul saying within itself, "More like Jesus, more like Jesus, more like Jesus would I be, every day and every hour till God shall call me home;" "Closer to thee, my Savior, draw me by the tenderest cords of love, and still I realize I am ever too far from thee;" each soul determined, by the grace of God, to eliminate from its thought and practice, as nearly as possible, everything that may come between itself and God or any of his children—now, if that is what you mean by "close communion," then, certainly, communion should be *close*—the closer, the better for all concerned.

But, please remember, I have made no effort to answer any of these questions from a Bible point of view. The Bible says nothing about them—absolutely nothing. From the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation, there is absolutely not even so much as one single, solitary sentence, sentiment, or syllable even remotely resembling the shade of the shadow of an intimation that God even imagined that mortal man would ever even think or dream of any such thing as free communion, open communion, or close communion. Do you ask: “Why do preachers preach so much about them, and why do men make tests of fellowship of them?” Ask them, please. We may never be able to understand why the world has drifted so far away from God that the pulpit proclaims more of what is unknown to the Bible than of what is written there. While I have made no effort to give Bible answers to these questions, and while our faith has nothing to do with them, since our “faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God,” and the word of God mentions none of them, still, we think, if the hypothetical meanings suggested be the meanings of these strange, untaught questions, the communion should certainly be free, open, and close.

Do you ask why the religious world is divided on this question? Why not ask why the religious world is divided at all? Christ fervently prayed, and the apostles earnestly pleaded, that it might not be. Such are the questions that divide the religious world. Taught questions are not dividing. We invent and introduce untaught questions and other things, then wrangle and dispute and divide over them; whereas, if we would be sat-

ified with what is written, and would work and worship in the light of God's truth, we would glorify God, honor Christ, and be eternally saved—save others, too.

Does some one ask: "Who is to decide the question: Who shall be invited to come to the Lord's table and who shall be forbidden?" When you propound that question to a gospel preacher, he feels a little more at ease, because the Bible comes to his relief. I read a few moments ago the answer to that question. Paul wrote to the church of God at Corinth: "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat." Now, when God says to all of his children, "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat," he says to each and every one of them: "You must examine nobody but yourself; you must not examine your neighbor." So, if we are Christians, we are positively forbidden to settle that question for anybody but ourselves—each and every one for self, and for none other. I would not presume to invite the most saintly soul—not even a faithful old mother in Israel who has been serving God for fifty years, or a faithful, devout, godly, consecrated elder who has borne the burden of Christian work for threescore years and ten—would not even seriously think of inviting either of these saintly souls to come to this table; nor would I presume to say to any mortal here: "Stand back!" Why? That is a prerogative that belongs to the Lord Almighty alone. I cannot, must not, dare not, assume to supplant God. He says to all his children, in reference to this institution: "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat." If I am God's child, then, God tells me positively not to invite any soul to this feast—not to debar any soul from this

privilege. He says to you, if you are his child: "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat." Certainly I can never hope to reach a higher position in this life than that of a humble, faithful servant in the house of my God. Whether I am a humble, faithful servant of the Lord is not for me to say, of course, unless I say it to myself when all alone; but certainly I can never hope to reach a higher position on earth than that. Would it not be strange conduct for a servant to stand at the door of his lord's dining room and say to one of his master's invited guests or children, "Come in! I think you and I agree in our hobbies and fancies and fads;" and say to another: "Stand back! You and I differ in our opinions?" That would be fearful. No servant should do that. God forbids that his servants shall do anything remotely resembling that. He says, to all his servants, to all his children: "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat." But some one says: "There is a very serious difficulty here. Some one might be mistaken; some earnest, honest man might believe himself to be entitled to the communion, and not be entitled to it—might believe himself to be a child of God, and not be a child of God; and not being entitled to the communion—but believing himself to be—might commune, and thus eat and drink damnation to himself." What made you think of that? Do you say: "In such a case, would not that man eat and drink damnation to himself?" Not if I understand what the Bible says on the subject. If the Bible teaches that, I have not studied the subject as carefully as I should have studied it even before I ever tried to teach it, I am sure; and certainly, when I have been trying to teach it

for more than a third of a century, I ought to know something about it. "But didn't you read a little while ago: 'He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself?'" Yes, sir, I read that; but you would not be willing, I am sure, for any one to occupy the position of teacher for your children after they have left the nursery and passed through the kindergarten—and I rather think you would not be willing for any one to be their teacher in the nursery or kindergarten—who does not know that "unworthily" is an adverb, and modifies, restricts, describes, or qualifies the manner of doing a thing instead of the condition of the one who does it. It is not an adjective, but an adverb. "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." A gentleman and a lady walk into this house and take a seat near the door. Contrary to their wishes, they get in a little late. They are not entitled to the communion, but they think they are. I do not mean they are not entitled to it because of coming in a little late; but they are not entitled to the communion. They think they are, however, and partake of it with as good intentions and pure motives as any man or woman in this audience. When the loaf is passed, each of them takes and eats a bit of it, with appropriate solemnity of feeling and of manner, gratefully appreciating the privilege, "discerning the Lord's body." When the cup is passed, they put it to their lips and taste the contents thereof—"fruit of the vine" that symbolizes the blood that was shed on Calvary's cross—but they are not God's children. They have been misled and confused. They have not been

taught it is their duty to do certain things, without the doing of which they can never be his children; but they are not aware of that. Now, they are not eating and drinking damnation to themselves; they are not cursing themselves or anybody else; they are not acting badly, in doing that. Still, they should have taken no part in the communion, and would not have done so, had they been properly taught. Two other persons enter here. Reckless, weak, and wicked, they have no respect for themselves, their friends, or for God. They take a seat in the back of the house, and after a while the loaf is passed. He looks around, breaks off a piece, nibbles at it, and looks at her as if to say: "I have done something wonderful." She takes a piece, and he giggles and she giggles, and she giggles and he giggles. The cup is passed, and the same scene is enacted. People who could do that, understandingly, could laugh and dance and frolic over their own mother's grave. The latter spirit would be no worse than the former. Now, they eat and drink damnation to themselves, "not discerning the Lord's body," though claiming to be Christians. It is the manner in, and the motive with, which you eat and drink. "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body;" but that suggests no necessity for setting aside God's law—is no reason for not communing. Suppose we make an honest mistake, do we eat and drink damnation to our souls? Not at all. But where is the man who can know our motives, our thoughts, our hearts, better than we can know them? God knows he and we alone can know; so he leaves it as a matter between each

disciple and the Lord. "For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?" (1 Cor. 2: 11.)

"The loaf" represents the body broken for the sins of a lost, wrecked, and ruined race. "The fruit of the vine"—if the Bible calls it "wine" in that connection, I am not aware of it; but it does call it "the fruit of the vine"—the fruit of the vine represents the blood of Christ shed on Calvary's cross "for the remission of sins." This institution represents his death, as baptism represents his burial and resurrection. In and by the Lord's Supper and baptism we have the death, burial, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ clearly represented and memorialized, and we are led to think of all these things.

As to when we are to "break bread"—to commune—to commemorate the Lord's death: all the Bible says on the subject points to "the first day of the week." "And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow; and continued his speech until midnight." (Acts 20: 7.) So, the first day of the week is the day to partake of the Lord's Supper; and if you ask me which first day of the week, I say there is but one; no week has more than one first day in it. But does the Bible say they met on the first day of every week? It says that just as often as it says the Jews were commanded to keep every Sabbath, seventh day, Saturday, as a rest day. The commandment to the Jews was: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy"—"the seventh day"—the day now called "Saturday"—the day the descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob have observed as a rest, or

Sabbath, day for more than three thousand three hundred years. God knew there never would be and never could be a week having more than one seventh day in it; he knew there never would be and never could be a week having more than one first day in it. So the children of the living God are to meet on the first day of the week, to break the loaf, representing the body, and to partake of the fruit of the vine, representing the blood, of our Savior, thus participating in the joys and blessings of free, open, close communion with the Lord. When the first day of the week dawns, we should all rejoice in the thought that it is the birthday of the Savior from the tomb. God has hidden in the great chambers of his own mind, unrevealed, the birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem; so that no mortal on earth knows even the month of the year in which he was born. Of course, we know something of what man has guessed about it—that it was on the night of what we call "Christmas," December 25, that the Babe of Bethlehem was born—and, hence, that every year now closes with a period of drunkenness, gluttony, debauchery, rowdyism, revelry, sin such as the world knows at no other period of the year—all this drunkenness, gluttony, revelry, rowdyism, debauchery, sin being in commemoration or memorialization of the birth of Jesus, the Prince of Peace, the "Babe in the manger," at whose birth angels shouted: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." On tentless fields shepherds were watching their flocks by night when the Babe of Bethlehem was born. It is possible that the man who guessed that memorable night was December 25 missed it as far as he could

miss it and hit the year at all. But we do know the birthday of the Savior from the tomb—"the first day of the week"—and we ought to appreciate the privilege of memorializing that birth and day by commemorating his death thereon, as God permits and requires.

Turning from these untaught questions, we ought to think of the death of Christ—that the world was lost; that generations were being born and buried in the shadow of sin; that Heaven saw our hapless, helpless, hopeless condition, and Jesus fled to our relief; that he became the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of sorrows, died on Calvary's cross, was buried in a borrowed tomb, and arose, bringing life and immortality to light, to lift our souls to God. We can become God's children, followers of the Lamb; and, upon the birthday of the Savior from the tomb, we can come to the house of prayer and partake of the loaf that represents his body and the fruit of the vine that represents his blood. We ought to remember when the emblems are passed that no mortal has reason or right to sit in judgment on others and dictate who may and who may not partake thereof. We ought to rejoice that God says: "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat." While God's children are rejoicing in this privilege, those who are not his children can rejoice in the thought that it is their privilege to obey the gospel, become sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, and thenceforth enjoy all the privileges granted to his children while this life lasts, and then spend a blissful eternity with Him "from whom all blessings flow."

If any in this audience will now accept a gospel invitation, may the Lord bless you in coming.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sermon—The Great Commission.

“AND when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint him. And very early in the morning the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulcher at the rising of the sun. And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulcher? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great. And entering into the sepulcher, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted. And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him. But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you. And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulcher; for they trembled and were amazed: neither said they anything to any man: for they were afraid.

“Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils. And she went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept. And

they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not.

"After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country. And they went and told it unto the residue: neither believed they them.

"Afterwards he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen. And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."
(Mark 16: 1-16.)

The language of the last two verses is what is known as "The Great Commission." It is great in contrast with all other commissions, human and divine, that have ever been given; great in its origin, originating with Jehovah; great in design, the design being the salvation of souls; great in its extent, reaching from the rivers to the ends of the earth, to the end of time, and, in its influence, through vast eternity. Jesus previously sent his disciples out under a commission (Matt. 10), but he restricted them, in their labors, to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. He forbade that they should teach the Gentiles; forbade that they should preach to the Samaritans; required them to preach simply and solely to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Had no greater commission than that ever emanated from the lips of the Lord, then no man under a commission from Jesus or Jehovah could, being true to that commission, preach to us, we being Gentiles, not

Jews. Had no greater commission than this ever been given by divine authority, no mortal had ever had divine authority to preach to any one outside the family of Abraham, the father of the faithful. Of course it was proper and right for the disciples to be restricted to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, under the commission the Savior gave, as recorded in Matt. 10; and the evidence by which we know it is right is that it was that way, for we know whatsoever the Lord doeth is always right. God had had the Jewish family under special providential protection, care, and development for centuries. The day had almost come when the middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile was to be obliterated, and a new institution established upon better promises than those on which Judaism was based—an institution in which national lines should not be regarded, but where, as the apostle Paul teaches, "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all." (Col. 3: 11.) But, while that day was at hand, it had not quite arrived when our Lord and Savior gave that other commission; nor had it quite arrived when he gave the *great* commission, but it was so near at hand that he deemed it wise and well to give the great commission then. The Savior had come to this world of sickness, sorrow, pain, and death for the ransom of our race. He had suffered, bled, and died, had been buried and raised from the tomb; he had lived among, communed and associated intimately with, his disciples forty days after his resurrection, and was just ready to ascend to glory. There were but a few moments left then of

his pilgrimage here on earth in which to give the commission that was to bless the world forever, and he used just so much of that time for that purpose as was necessary. He said to his disciples: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." National limitations were disregarded: Go to the Gentile as well as the Jew—to "all nations." (Matt. 28: 19.) Geographical limitations were ignored: "Go ye into all the world." Class limitations were not regarded: "Preach the gospel to every creature." Go to the continents and to the isles of the sea, to the busy emporiums of earth, the lesser cities, the minor towns, the villages, the quiet rural districts, to the hills, the plains, the mountains, the valleys, throughout the length and breadth of the habitable globe—wherever there are suffering, sorrowing, sinful, sighing people to be blessed, lost and ruined souls to be saved. These disciples personally and through their influence were to go "into all the world;" and wherever they went they were to preach the gospel of the Son of God—the good news, the glad tidings, of salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord. They were to tell the story of the cross. The Savior did not leave them in doubt and darkness as to what they should preach. He did not commission them to preach their opinions, their personal preferences, their hobbies, their fancies, or their fads; but he commissioned them to preach the gospel—only this, and nothing more. Now, all gospel preachers, from that day to this, have preached under that commission. That was the last and final commission from high Heaven to man. Man has no

divine authority to preach, save in harmony with this commission. It is God's license to man to preach—to preach the gospel—to "preach the word." Hence, of course, all gospel preachers recognize it as their license, their authority—not human, but divine—to preach. Had they just simply been licensed to preach, they might have preached Judaism, or something somewhat similar thereto, or some modernism, or their own personal preferences, opinions, theories, or speculations, and claimed this commission as authority for so doing. But, since the Savior was careful to tell them what to preach, no mortal can preach the things I have just enumerated and have any right to claim this commission as authority for that preaching; and if this be not the authority for preaching that the man who preaches has, then he has no divine authority to preach. It follows, therefore, that if I preach my opinions, my personal preferences, my hobbies, my fancies, or my fads; if I preach Judaism, or any modernism, or any other ism, then I am preaching without divine authority. But if I simply preach the gospel, "preach the word," do my very best to lead the lost to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, teaching them what God says they must do to be saved, then I can lay my hand on this blessed Book and claim this commission as my authority for preaching—my "license to preach."

Matthew, Mark, and Luke give the commission; so that, putting all these records together, we have it in its entirety, with whatsoever the Lord Almighty recognizes as a part thereof. Matthew says the Savior, on that memorable occasion, just before his ascension, said to his

disciples: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in [the Revised Version says "into"] the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen." (Matt. 28: 19, 20.) Mark says the Savior, then and there, said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16: 15, 16.) Luke says he said: "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." (Luke 24: 46, 47.) Now, putting these three records together, we find that the Savior commissioned his disciples to preach the story of the cross, and teach the people faith, repentance, and baptism, *all together*, for the remission of sins. "Teach all nations, baptizing them." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." Taking the three, then, together, we have the conditions of pardon for alien sinners prescribed by the Savior, the great Physician of souls—conditions that the disciples were to make known to a lost and ruined world, from the rivers to the ends of the earth—faith, repentance, and baptism. Then the Savior commanded them: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until

ye be endued with power from on high." (Luke 24: 49.) Having said these things, he led them out as far as to Bethany, lifted up his hands and blessed them; and, while he was praying blessings upon them, "he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." A cloud received him out of their sight, and he was carried home to glory, where he was crowned King of kings and Lord of lords.

Now, how did the disciples understand this commission? It is very important for us to know that. How can we know it? How can we learn what they understood by the commission—what they understood the commission to mean? If we follow their footsteps and find what they preached under this commission, find what they induced people to do who followed their instruction, then and there we have demonstrated—demonstrated so clearly that we cannot fail to understand—exactly how they understood the commission under which they labored. There is nothing simpler than this. In temporal affairs we understand such evidence readily and clearly. A great battle rages upon a plain diversified by little hills—by towering mountains shadowed. We occupy a position on some mountain peak overlooking the dreadful scene of cruel carnage. A man commanding ten thousand soldiers is stationed on a high hill near us. We see a carrier start from headquarters through a storm of shot and shell. He is bearing orders to the officer commanding the ten thousand men. He hands him the document. The general reads the orders, and immediately commands his men to fall into line. He places himself at the head of the column, and marches over ground already

slippery with blood and almost covered with dead and dying soldiers; he crosses the plain and charges up a hill where a battery depletes the ranks he is leading. He loses three thousand men, but captures and silences the battery. Do we understand his commission? Do we know how he understood it? He understood it just as he carried it out, if he is a true soldier, of course. What he did is what it meant.

Vessels sometimes sail under sealed orders—that is, the captains of vessels receive orders to go to distant ports, and receive sealed orders as to what they are to do when they get there. A vessel sails away from our shores, the captain bearing sealed orders. We wonder what his orders are, and keep in close touch with him by means of the facilities for disseminating news at the present day. We find he has just reached the distant port to which he was sent at seven o'clock in the morning, and has cast anchor. At noon a telegram comes informing us that at nine o'clock he commenced shelling the town near by, and that the town is now in flames. Can we understand how that man understood his sealed orders? Certainly. No trouble about that, conceding him to be true to his trust.

It is just as easy to see how these disciples understood their commission, on the same principle precisely, provided we can find them at work under that commission, hear what they preach, see what they do, and what they induce others to do under their labors. Can we do this? Yes. Where shall we go for all available information on the subject? To Acts of Apostles. There we find it all, except a few incidental allusions in Epistles written to

“the churches of Christ”—congregations of Christians. Practically, we find all in “Acts of Apostles,” and a moment’s reflection will enable us to see the fitness of this title. We can see that every principle of common sense bearing upon the subject points to Acts of Apostles. In the King James Version of the Bible—and in other versions—it is called “*the Acts of the Apostles.*” Uninspired men gave it that title. It is not “*the Acts of the Apostles*”—that is, all the acts of all the apostles—but “Acts of Apostles”—*some* of the acts of *some* of the apostles. This title is in harmony with the book. These apostles were commissioned to preach the gospel; these acts are some of their acts under that commission. Let us follow them and see how they understood their “license to preach”—the commission under which they labored.

They were to tarry in the city of Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high. Repentance and remission of sins were to be preached, in Christ’s name, to every creature among all nations, and that work was to begin at Jerusalem. The first chapter of Acts of Apostles tells us nothing of their preaching. It simply informs us that they returned to Jerusalem after receiving the commission, and stayed there, waiting for the fulfillment of the promise of the Savior that they should be endued with power from on high. In the second chapter of Acts we find this: “And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the houses where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them

cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." Now, these disciples had been sent by the Savior to the very spot, in the city of Jerusalem, to which material had been previously brought—many centuries before that memorable day—for building Solomon's temple; and it was then and there—fifty days after the crucifixion of Christ, and in the city of Jerusalem—that the spiritual building called "the church of God" was to be—and was—established—built. The Holy Spirit came, took up his abode in this material—material of which the church was to be, and was, built—and there was the church of God in its infancy. Now, when that time came, they were to begin to preach under this great commission; and the apostle Peter, to whom Jesus had promised to give the keys of the kingdom of heaven, standing up with the eleven, called upon the surging sea of excited humanity about him to listen to what he had to say, and commenced preaching. This was the first preaching ever done under the great commission. Those who received it were positively forbidden to preach under it until then—until the descent of the Holy Spirit at that time and place—and they were just as positively required to begin preaching immediately after—then and there. They could not begin earlier, they could not begin later, and not be in rebellion against God. At that time and place, by divine authority and command, their labors under the great commission had to begin. The Savior had said: "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and

whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." (Matt. 16: 18, 19.) This language was addressed to Peter, he having just said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" and the Savior having replied: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." So, then, we have Peter—the right man—in Jerusalem—the right place—at the right time—at the time of the descent of the Holy Spirit, to occupy the material, or take up his abode in the material, prepared for the church of the living God—beginning the work he was required to do—to use the keys of the church that was then and there established. He preached the life, the death, incidentally the burial, and directly and specially the resurrection, of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, his ascension to glory, his coronation as King of kings and Lord of lords, and his sending the Holy Spirit to earth, to bless a lost and ruined world. Remember, but fifty days had dawned since the crucifixion, and those who murdered Christ—many of them, at least—were there and heard what was said. Peter told them they with wicked hands had crucified and slain God's Son, and that God had raised him from the dead, because it was not possible that he should be holden of death. The apostle referred to David and Joel, to the life of the Savior and to his teaching, to prove his divinity; and he proved it so clearly and conclusively that those who heard him believed it—thousands of them, at least. When they heard that he had been raised from the dead, because it was not possible for him to be holden of death; that he had ascended to glory, and had been crowned

King of kings and Lord of lords, all power in heaven and in earth having been given unto him (Matt. 28: 18); and that he had exercised that power in sending the Holy Spirit from heaven to his disciples in Jerusalem, they were shocked, horrified, and terrified at the thought of their hapless, helpless, hopeless condition while they remained as they were. They realized then that their souls were stained with the innocent blood of the sinless Son of God, whom they with wicked hands had crucified and slain, and that, unless something could be done to relieve them of the guilt of that dreadful sin, they must be eternally lost. Though they had ignored the tears and sighs and prayers of the Savior as they nailed him to the cross, and had cursed him as he died, they may have remembered that he was loving, tender, merciful, and kind; that, as he hung quivering on the cross, every muscle writhing in agony, and every feature distorted by pain, he prayed from the depths of his sorrowful, sympathizing soul: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." This thought would naturally bring the light of hope to their hearts—a hope that they might, somehow, some time, in Christ, find pardon for their agonizing, guilty souls. Be that as it may, they cried out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Now, remember, this is the beginning of work under the great commission; remember that high Heaven, through and by the power of the Holy Ghost, is ruling, controlling, directing this work; remember, Peter holds the keys of the kingdom of heaven—the church that has just been established, born, brought into being. How does he understand his commission? What is the condition of these

people? They are lost and ruined sinners, murderers of the Son of God, and they believe what Peter has preached to them. They believe Jesus to be the Christ, the anointed Son of God; and hence in anguish, faith, and earnestness they cry: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" (They were all "brethren" in a twofold sense: they all belonged to the family of Abraham; they all belonged to the universal brotherhood of man; but they were not brethren in Jesus Christ our Lord—they were not Christians.) The Bible tells us: "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation. Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." (Acts 2: 37-41.) What did Peter understand to be the conditions of pardon that he was to proclaim to a lost and ruined world? Faith, repentance, and baptism, the divine record being true. Certainly all of us can see this.

Now, let us go to the eighth chapter of Acts of Apostles. We are told that, after the death of Stephen, the Christians at Jerusalem were all scattered abroad, and went everywhere preaching the word—all of them except the apostles—and that "Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them." "But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the

kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women." (Acts 8: 12.) But, remember, they were not ready for baptism until they had repented, for repentance and remission of sins were to be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem; and Peter, having, holding, and using the keys of the kingdom, had said to thousands who believed: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." (Acts 2: 38.) So, then, in this instance, while we have only faith and baptism expressed, we have repentance just as clearly implied; hence, we have faith, repentance, and baptism—all together—for the remission of sins—the faith and baptism clearly expressed, repentance as clearly implied. Going farther down in this chapter, we have this: "And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert. And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning, and, sitting in his chariot, read Esaias the prophet. Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. The place of the scripture which he read was this: He was led as a sheep

to the slaughter: and, like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth: in his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth. And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man? Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing." (Acts 8: 26-39.) We have in this case faith and baptism positively expressed, and repentance just as clearly implied. This secretary of the treasury of Ethiopia was a Jew, religiously—a descendant of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, or a proselyte to the Jewish religion, as this inspired story clearly shows; and, to embrace Christianity, he had to abandon all error, repent of all his sins. His repentance is as clearly implied as his faith and baptism are expressed. So, then, we have faith and baptism clearly expressed and repentance as clearly implied, the baptism preceded by the confession: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." (Acts 8: 37.) This case shows clearly how Philip, an inspired evangelist,

understood the great commission; or, probably I should say, it shows he *understood* it.

In chapters 9, 22, and 26 we have the story of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, subsequently the apostle Paul. Briefly stated, it is this: He was journeying to Damascus with a band of soldiers, to arrest Christians, to take them to Jerusalem for persecution and death. He met the Savior: a light above the brightness of the sun shone round about him. Literally blinded, he cried out: "Who art thou, Lord?" To this the Savior replied: "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." Believing this, he said: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do." (Acts 9: 6.) Believing in Christ, and, therefore, ready, willing, and anxious to obey him (he would not have wanted to obey him, of course, had he not believed in him), he, as Christ directed him to do, went into the city of Damascus and remained there in a blind, praying, fasting, penitent condition for three days and nights, awaiting the fulfillment of the promise that he should there be told what he must do. The Lord Jesus sent to him an inspired man, who found him in that blind, believing, fasting, praying, penitent condition. Saul's sight having been suddenly restored, Ananias, the inspired man whom the Lord Jesus had sent unto him to tell him what he "must do," said unto him: "And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." (Acts 22: 16.) This he immediately did. (Acts 9: 18.)

In Acts 16, we have an account of other conversions,

this same man, Saul, then the apostle Paul, being a prominent factor therein. "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them. And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed. And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm: for we are all here. Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house. And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway. And when he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house."

(Acts 16: 25-34.) Here we have faith and baptism positively expressed, and repentance as clearly implied. These pagans, all hearing and all believing, as the Spirit clearly states in the language just quoted, promptly rejected paganism, accepted Christ and Christianity, and were baptized "the same hour of the night." Faith and baptism positively expressed; repentance clearly implied.

"And Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord with all his house; and many of the

Corinthians hearing believed, and were baptized." (Acts 18: 8.) Here, again, we have faith, or belief, and baptism positively expressed and repentance clearly implied.

I am not able to tell you why, in the commission, belief—*faith*—and repentance are mentioned but once, while baptism is mentioned twice. The Bible does not tell you, and I cannot tell you; but so it is. Nor do I know why, in so many of these conversions, belief and baptism are so forcibly expressed, while repentance is not directly mentioned, though always clearly implied. I do not know, because the Bible does not say; but I am glad repentance is always implied. "All men everywhere" should repent. "And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." (Acts 17: 30.) That quotation, in connection with the many other clear passages of scripture on the same subject, should be accepted as satisfactory evidence that repentance is an essential condition of salvation. Now, putting all these lessons together, we have this: The apostles and other inspired men who labored under the great commission in apostolic times preached the gospel, preached the word, preached the story of the cross, preached Christ, taught responsible souls to hear the gospel, believe the gospel, repent of their sins, confess their faith in Christ, be baptized into Christ, and live pure, pious, prayerful, consecrated, Christian lives till called to their reward.

If there be here those who are ready, willing, and anxious to accept the gospel call, may the Lord bless you in accepting it *now*.

CHAPTER XX.

Letters—Franklin College.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE, near Nashville, Tenn., was the last school T. B. Larimore attended. It was a remarkable institution; and Tolbert Fanning, its founder and president, was a man of varied talents and decided ability. His brother, A. J. Fanning, who was associated with him in the work at Franklin College many years, was noted especially as a mathematician, but was a man of few words and plain speech, without any gifts of oratory. The author of this volume was especially anxious to recognize in it Franklin College and the philanthropic labors and eminent talents of the Fannings; and the editor was fortunate in securing a picture of the institution and a brief article descriptive of the workings of the College from H. R. Moore, of Huntland, Tenn. When T. B. Larimore left Franklin College, the Fannings gave him a letter of commendation, which he highly appreciated and carefully preserved. To show his appreciation and put the autograph in permanent form, he greatly desired to have a facsimile of the letter in this book, but had not time to find it among his files of papers the few hours he could spend at home before the book had to go to press. When he abandoned the search, for lack of time, and reluctantly consented for the book to go to press without the letter, he wrote as follows:

"My Dear Friend and Brother: Looking in vain for the Fanning letter I am so anxious to find, I have found something that has opened a fountain in my heart.

"Three days before Dedie's marriage, when she handed me a plate of such biscuits as she alone could make, I took two, but could not eat. I wrote a few lines, wrapped them up, and put them away in a safe place. The same was repeated on the morning of her marriage day. She cooked breakfast, as usual, that day. The four (4) biscuits are well preserved. Copies of the pages in which they are wrapped are herewith inclosed."

The "few lines" referred to are as follows:

"Made and baked by Dedie, December 27, 1897—three days before her marriage. Blessed child! Our firstborn, she is the first to leave us. At 3 P.M., December 30, 1897, our family circle must be broken by, not death, but marriage. There is a land where love-bound circles are never broken. The thought of that makes life worth living."

On another sheet of paper to which he refers was written:

"Made and baked by Dedie on the morning of her marriage day—December 30, 1897. Dedie is not only a good cook and a clean cook, but she is a good, pure, sweet Christian. She has been pure and sweet and good all her life. Home can never be home as it has been, sweet child; but there is another home—a brighter and better home—where 'they neither marry nor are given in marriage,' and we shall be perfectly happy forever there."



"DEDIE."

At the close of his long meeting in Nashville, in which the sermons in this book were preached, he drove out to Franklin College, which is now the Fanning Orphan School, and wrote as follows:

“ 900 South College Street,
“ Nashville, Tenn., April 9, 1900.

“ Mr. Woodfin, Birdie, and myself have just returned from Franklin College and Hope Institute—twin institutions about five miles toward the gates of the morning from Nashville, and about three hundred yards apart.

“ A high fence, dividing the space between them about equally, was the dangerous, dreadful ‘dead line’ over which boys and girls threw kisses—cautiously—a generation ago.

“ Sister Lipscomb, at the Institute, and Sister Mary Fanning, at the College, received me so cordially and treated me so kindly that I almost imagined I had found some of the same sweet spirits that loved and were loved there in the long, long ago. May the Lord always abundantly bless these sweet sisters, those they love, and those who love them.

“ Scarcely anything I saw there to-day looked natural. Nearly everything looked less—very decidedly less—than when I was one of the boys there three-and-thirty years ago. This cannot be justly attributed to my feeling less important then than now, I am sure; for, marvelous as it may seem, my mission, when I first visited those institutions, was to assist the giants who then taught there in teaching.

“ It takes time and experience—much of both—to con-

vince some of us that man knows but little here below, nor knows that little long; but the Fannings—Tolbert and Jack—made a believer of me in a very few days. It was a clear case, and they argued it wisely and well. They taught me that I needed to be taught, convinced me, and I gladly became a schoolboy again. They taught me how to think, how to talk, how to teach.

“When I left them, to stem tides of trouble I knew not of, one of them handed me the little letter, approved by both, herewith inclosed. The other said: ‘I have never failed to read a man correctly when I had a good chance. You may never accumulate a fortune, but you will never depart from the faith or disgrace the cause of Christ.’

“Many years have come and gone since those things were written and said, and I—have not accumulated a fortune yet.

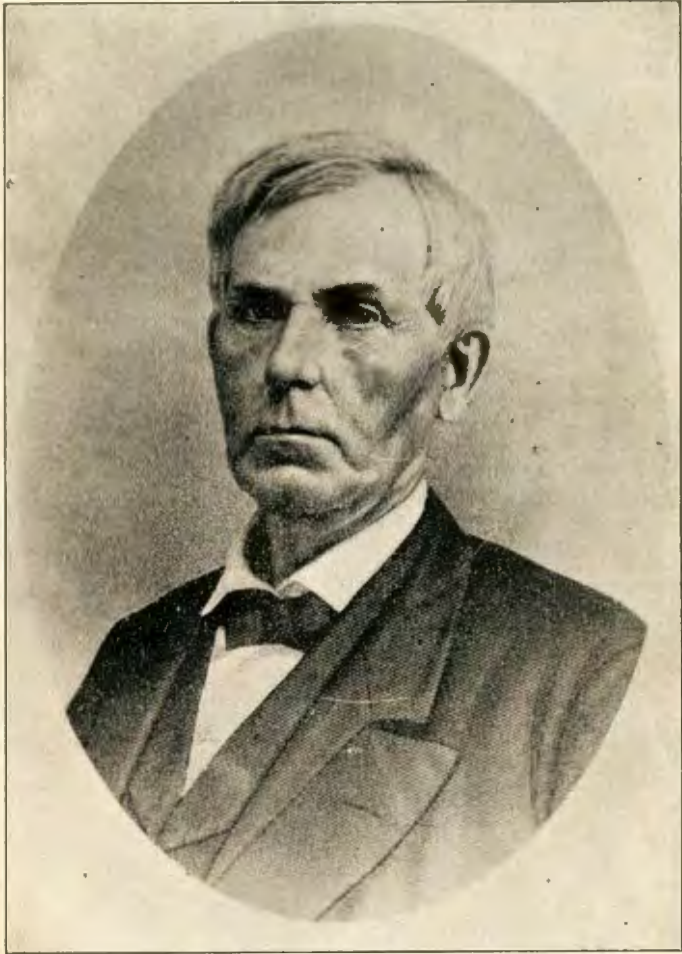
“About one hundred feet from the main entrance to Hope Institute, directly in front of it, just outside the yard; about thirty feet from the front gate, under a square pyramid of massive stones, sleeps the silent dust of an entire family—Tolbert and Charlotte Fanning.

“Why so little has been written and published about these two marvelous characters, A. J. Fanning, and others associated with them in their wonderful work, mortal man may never know. Had I the power to tell the story of their eventful lives, the story should be told.

“I hate no one. I am sure I love all, in the sense in which the Lord demands that I love all. Nor man, nor beast, nor bird, would I harm. I sincerely sympathize with the whole human race, with all things that can suffer, sorrow, or be sad. I would draw no invidious com-

parisons; I would speak disparagingly or disrespectfully of none. I cherish no unkind feeling toward any person, place, or thing. I know no preacher who cannot be helpful to me, if I will listen diligently to what he may say. To say Solomon was the wisest of men is not to speak disparagingly of sages of other ages, countries, and climes.

“Now, I want to say I have known but one Tolbert Fanning. From the days of my youth until now, I have considered pure, chaste, clean oratory, free from profanity, balderdash, and slang, and backed by purity, consistency, earnestness, fidelity, and brains, the sublimest of all the sublime powers of man. I have never fallen at the feet of orators or worshiped at the shrine of oratory, but I have always loved to linger there. In all my life I have heard but one orator whom I deem it reasonable or admissible to compare with Tolbert Fanning. That man was the great and gifted lawyer and statesman, Daniel Voorhees, ‘the tall sycamore of the Wabash,’ whose oratory thrilled the greatest nation on the globe. As I heard him plead with power and pathos for the life, liberty, reputation, and honor of a prominent prisoner in the prime of life, whose beautiful wife—beautiful enough to be the bride of the prince imperial of any realm—sat in solemn silence by his side, weighing well every word, and anxiously waiting to take her husband home—which she was permitted to do in less than an hour after that wonderful oration was ended—I could almost see Tolbert Fanning, and hear his melodious, stentorian voice, as, in faultless English and perfectly rounded periods, he preached, as no other man I have ever heard could preach,



TOLBERT FANNING.

the gospel, 'the power of God unto salvation.' Wonderful men were they!

"Alone I went into the chapel, and stood where I had so often seen that wonderful gospel preacher stand. The stillness and silence of death were there. I looked at the bare walls, the clean floor, the vacant seats; thought of the loved of long ago, and instinctively said: 'O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?'

"Then, though the day was bright and the room was light, I could not see even the vacant seats; but, with Memory's eye of love, that neither time nor tears can dim, I saw Julia, Josie, Jessie; Mottie, Bettie, Katie; Anna, Fannie, Pattie; Mary, Maggie, Mollie; Alice, Lena, Sophie; Ella, Emma, Sallie; Allie, Lottie, Babe; Mildred, Willie, Bith; Mamie, Tempie, Ophelia; Amelia, Gertrude, Jeffie; Sunah, Carrie, Cora; Mattie, Minnie, Martha; Lovie, Dovie, Bessie; Cora, Flora, Florence; Rachel, Rebecca, Ruth; Nellie, Stella, Grace; Laura, Lizzie, Lucy; Hattie, Lucile, Sara; Birdie—all of these and many more—a great throng of angels, pure and good, pretty and sweet, dear to each other, to Heaven, and to me; but too numerous to mention 'one by one.' I was again living in the sweet long ago. The tide of time receded; I was young again. We had met to work and worship in the name of the sympathetic 'Man of sorrows.' The day was dark as gloomy Gethsemane. Somber clouds shrouded the scene and seemed to practically blot out the sun; livid lightnings startled us; distant thunders rocked the earth; the heavens sighed and sobbed and moaned and wept; rain poured down in torrents. Our great teacher announced 'Sorrows' as the song for us to sing.

Then I heard the rustle of clean cambric, calico, and linen—'linen pure and white'—as the throng of angels, every one of whom I dearly loved, arose to sing. Sister Fanning closed her eyes, folded her arms, and led that throng of purity, love, and beauty in singing, as, it seemed to me, only she and those sweet girls could sing. May they all forever sing, with other angels, where sorrows are unknown.

"Many years have come and gone since those happy girls and hopeful boys last together sang 'Sorrows.' 'Sorrows, like tempests,' have swept down upon some of the sweetest souls there then, driving one to distraction, to die in a lunatic asylum. Some of them are inexpressibly sad. Some of them are living in poverty. Fortune seems to have favored a few. The cold, cheerless grave has claimed some. As these eventful years have silently slipped away, I have wandered up and down in the earth, to tell the sweet old story of Jesus and his love. From ocean to ocean, from the lakes to the gulf, have I gone; but I have never heard sweeter strains of sacred song, music more nearly divine, than when I heard Sister Fanning and those precious pupils sing 'Sorrows' before many, if any, of them knew what sorrow is.

"I shall hear some of those sweet souls sing 'Sorrows' no more, but I hope to hear Sister Sallie Joe Carlton sing 'One Step at a Time, Dear Savior,' again and again and again; and I hope to hear 'the saints and faithful' sweetly sing, wherever I may go, till God shall call me home.

"May the Lord who loves and leads us, as, 'one step at a time,' we journey to the tomb, so bless us all in all our efforts to do the right, that, when done with all the

toils and trials and troubles and tribulations and temptations and tears and sorrows of time, we may enter into the rest that remains 'to the people of God,' to roam and rejoice among the fadeless flowers, peerless beauties, and halcyon scenes of God's eternal home forever.

"From the Institute, I walked alone to the College. A gate has supplanted the stile on which we crossed the 'dead line' when we were boys and girls. As I closed



OVERTON FLIPPEN.

the gate behind me, I almost imagined I saw Overton coming to meet me. Pure, precious, tender-hearted boy! When I would walk to some place in 'the woods' to try to preach on Sunday, I might expect him to be 'waiting and watching' for me, and to meet me on the lawn and kiss me, when I reached home, about the time of the setting of the sun. In looks, language, love, purity, and manners, he was more like a sweet girl than an average boy. Tender-hearted, affectionate, and true, 'he loved,

not wisely, but too well.' His love for one he worshiped was not requited. She was all the world to him, but she would not be his. He could not live without her. Friends found him dead in his room. I doubt whether a handsomer, purer, truer boy has ever died.

"May the Lord grant that, when I get home, Overton may be at the gate, 'waiting and watching,' to welcome me. I long to meet and know there the loved who have known and loved me here.

"Miss Mary Fanning, the charming daughter of two marvelous mathematicians, met me at the College, and did all in her power to make my few-minutes' stay there pleasant as possible. I could not recognize any resemblance between her and her father or mother; but she may have inherited the mathematical genius of both. If so, she is certainly a mathematical prodigy. Be that as it may, I am sure she is a good, sweet child, and I pray that she may be happy forever.

"What changes time has wrought! I could recognize and definitely locate scarcely anything there, except the old dining room and kitchen in the basement. All above the basement has disappeared. If living witnesses, facts, and figures did not forbid, antiquarians might conclude that the dining room and kitchen had not been used as such for at least one thousand years. I went into the dining room through the same 'old hole in the wall;' went into the kitchen and climbed out over the wall. That part of the scene is the personification of utter desolation.

"Slowly and sadly I walked back to the Institute, where Mr. and Mrs. Woodfin were patiently waiting for

me. Not a word was spoken. No mortal but myself knew how I felt, and I could not express my feelings: Just as I was taking my final, farewell look at the dear old place, wishing we had not taken the trip I had been so anxious to take, a sweet little motherless girl—Miss Irene Newman—came to tell us good-by. Mr. Woodfin, who loves little girls, as all good men do, tenderly embraced and kissed the precious little treasure, and I think we *all* felt better.

“Our journey home was uneventful. Our conveyance was comfortable and my company was charming, but I was too sad to talk. About sunset we reached home.

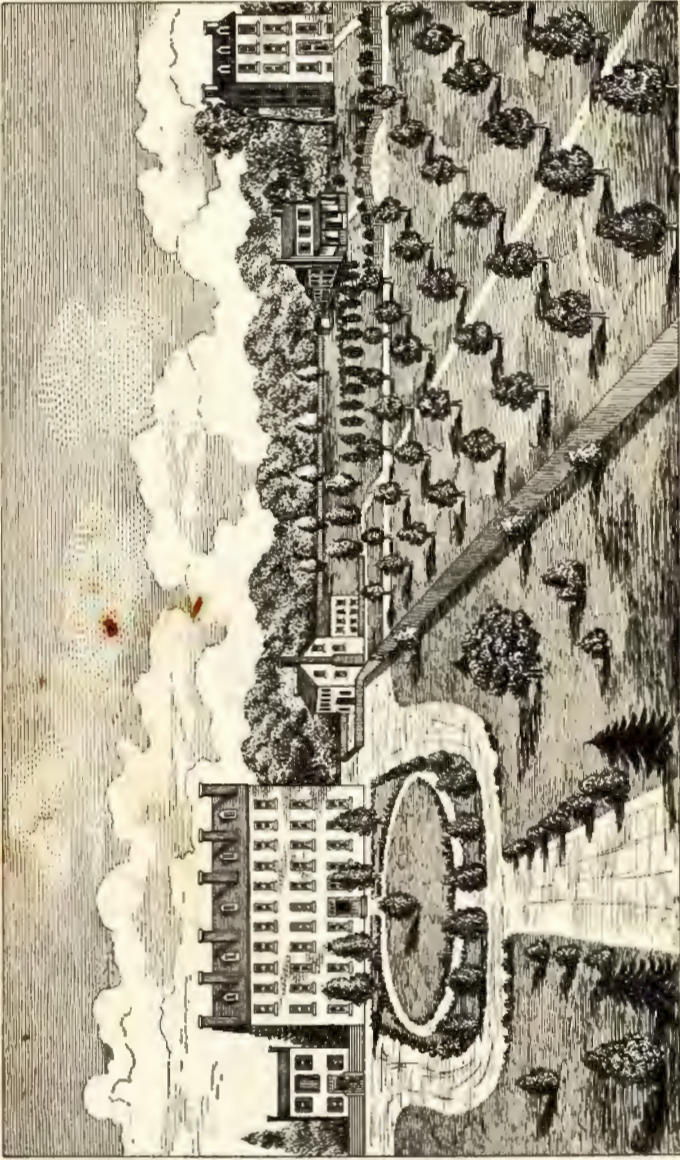
“‘Some sweet day’ we shall reach our eternal home. Then shall we be not sad, but glad; and there shall we rest and reign and rejoice forever. Till then, let us live as Heaven would have us live.”

Huntland, Tenn., April 10, 1900.

Dear Brother Srygley: Your kind favor to hand, for which I am very much obliged. I am pleased to learn that you are inclined to utilize the picture of the old Franklin College building in embellishing the “Letters and Sermons” of your friend and preceptor, the gifted T. B. Larimore.

The picture was taken from a number of *The Naturalist*, a most excellent and ably edited monthly, conducted in the long ago by President T. Fanning, Prof. Joseph S. Fowler, Prof. I. N. Loomis, and, it may be, other members of the Franklin College faculty.

The dim old picture has had a place in my old scrapbook for nearly forty eventful years. I turn it over to



FRANKLIN COLLEGE, NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN., T. FANNING, PRESIDENT.

you most willingly, that it may in future occupy a more becoming and conspicuous place in the book named.

But for the fact that the old Franklin College building was long since destroyed, the picture would be insignificant and of no importance to any one.

But a dwindling remnant of the many students who were beneficiaries of that grand old school during the forties, fifties, and early sixties, still survives the disintegrating forces of time, scattered far and wide throughout this goodly land. The shadows of those that are left are falling far to the east, but perchance the bent of their minds, by the weight of years, is such that their thoughts can be easily attracted, and their fond memories readily awakened, by the pleasing environments that the picture may suggest. The influences of Franklin College have to a marked degree been favorable to our progressive Christian civilization. Its founder and able conductor was a remarkable man and a towering benefactor in his day and generation. Men like unto President Tolbert Fanning have never gone in gangs. If in early life he had entered any secular vocation, his great ability and peculiar force of character were such as to have warranted eminent success. As a preacher, teacher, and editor, he made an indelible impress on his surroundings for good. For years after the organization of Franklin College, her students were required to devote a certain part of their time, during certain seasons, to manual labor. Approved methods in agriculture and horticulture were taught and practiced; various kinds of mechanical work were encouraged and industriously prosecuted. Under this régime the work of the College was highly satisfactory to all concerned.

President Fanning's faith in the wisdom and practicability of the manual labor system, in connection with the regular work of an institution of learning, was never shaken; but the presence of various influences from time to time conspired to gradually relax the rule, and finally resulted in its abrogation.

Franklin College at all times was peculiarly fortunate in having good material for the development of a high order of physical, mental, and moral manhood and womanhood. Her requirements and observed methods were such as not to be specially attractive to the ease-loving sons and daughters of the wealthy, or to the indolent, unambitious poor. The great majority of her students came from frugal, industrious, practical-minded families; from the world-moving middle classes with which our Southland was then, and is still, well supplied. Like many other institutions of learning at that time, graduation at Franklin College meant something. It implied the completion of the announced curriculum without modification or variation. Comparatively few of the students completed a replete course of study. In no grade or department was shoddy, superficial work tolerated.

No inducements were offered to those who were not inclined to cheerfully comply with the rigid demands imposed alike on all. There was probably no school in the land that afforded worthy, aspiring young men, without money, better opportunities than did Franklin College. It was evidently the pride and pleasure of President Fanning to cheerfully help such students. His ability to see over, under, all around, and square through a boy,

was such that his benefactions were rarely misplaced or lost.

As a disciplinarian, he was impartial, exacting, austere, and severe. His methods were trying on petted, spoiled boys who did not know how to "toe a mark"—to submit to rules. As a teacher, he was sometimes patient, at other times impatient, but at all times clear and thorough. His rebukes for not spelling and pronouncing common English correctly and for doing violence to the rules of grammar were severe and impressive. His methods were to first draw out and develop the thinking and retaining powers, and then cram and fix principles thereon. He made a specialty of the Bible, grammar, logic, rhetoric, geology, chemistry, mental and moral philosophy, and the history of philosophic and metaphysical pretensions and theories. In his department he was a signal success. As a preacher, he was critical, argumentative, and aggressive. His comprehensive knowledge of the Bible and his great familiarity with sectarian, philosophic, and metaphysical speculations and theories enabled him to draw the line clearly and prominently between the real, on the one hand, and the imaginary, on the other; between the right and the wrong in matters pertaining to Christianity. His presentations of the all-sufficiency of the Bible in matters of religion, and of the delusive and popular innovations made thereon by the tall, progressive sons of science, were persistent, clear, and powerful. Old students still remember the respectful, yet fierce and uncompromising, war he was accustomed to make on much of the prominent and popular religious and philosophic teachings of the times. He may have had charity for the

human frailties of religious partisan leaders, but certainly had but little patience with their misleading pretensions. He maintained that faith in the most approved systems of moral philosophy and in the best and most popular religious creeds ever formulated by human authority was vain and delusive. He also maintained and insisted that such authorities held by religionists were only productive of acrimonious differences among the thoughtful, and soul-blighting indifference among all others. In matters pertaining to man's eternal welfare, he held and taught that human creeds break down every barrier of correct thinking, and let fancy loose to play her wildest freaks and most meaningless dreams, and breed delusions and impostures, and decoy honest men and women into dangerous extremes, and that they weaken confidence in the divine appointments of the New Testament and lead their adherents to underrate the truth and sufficiency of God's unerring waybill from this to a happier state of being. His faith in the Bible as God's revealed will to man was deep and abiding. He relied on its divine teachings as to the nature and consequences of sin in this life and in the life to come. Not only so; he relied on its revelations in reference to all spiritual light as to religious duties and obligations with a tenacity that knew no wavering or compromise. It is a notorious fact that he saw and foretold, at least forty years in advance of his time, the infidel and skeptical tendencies of speculative sectarianism and metaphysical philosophies that are now rife in many high places. He severely denounced orthodox tendencies, as at times indicated on the part of some of his own prominent contemporary brethren, to

such an extent that he was regarded by such as a captious alarmist; but the divers speculations now afloat in the stylish and fashionable religious world, seen by all discerning men, show the wisdom and sagacity of his protests. With the hand of a master he drew the dividing line that separates God's written revelation, on the one hand, and the misleading and delusive philosophic *a posteriori* and *a priori* methods, on the other, as to reliable sources of spiritual light, as but few could. But I must forbear further expressions as to the well-known characteristics of this great and good man, and hastily indicate the regular routine of the work of Franklin College, under his wise and efficient supervision.

Had you been a student there from January, 1853, to July 4, 1857, you might recall the work of a week and find that it ran about thus: President Fanning (known to all his students and most intimate acquaintances as "Ole Boss") rang the college bell about daylight each morning for devotional exercises, consisting of New Testament reading and prayer. The roll was first called and absentees reported. The penalty for absence was simply "no breakfast." A chapter was read by students by paragraphs. Close attention was paid to the proper pronunciation of words, the observance of punctuation marks, and the emphasis of certain clauses, to properly express the meaning. Questions were frequently propounded and explanations made. This exercise being over, students went to their rooms and awaited the breakfast bell, and thereupon promptly assembled in the long hall on the first floor and formed in line in front of a teacher, or, in the absence of a teacher, some member of

the senior class, who gave orders, when all were ready, to march in double file to the dining hall. Hats were hung on pegs, and each went in order to his place at the table. Standing, thanks were given, then all sat down and went to eating. The menu was not epicurean, but, as a rule, satisfied all who had been accustomed to plenty at home and who had been blessed with a good mother's training as to manners. All left the hall at the same time in good order. The students were then at liberty to go to the spring, get wood, stroll on "the Chicken road," or study. At 8 o'clock A.M. the bell called all to business—some, to recitation rooms, all others to their rooms for study. All were busy, and their work was changed and controlled each hour by the College bell till 12 o'clock M. A few minutes after 12 M. all went to dinner in the same order as to breakfast. At 1, 2, and 3 o'clock P.M. the bell rang and all were similarly engaged as in the forenoon. At 4 o'clock P.M. all assembled in the chapel again for roll call, for two or more declamations by students, and for announcements and short lectures by the faculty. Then the students were free for such recreations and duties as they desired till about 6 o'clock P.M., at which time they again formed in line and marched to supper. Soon after supper the bell again called all from refreshment to labor. At 10 o'clock P.M. the rule was to extinguish all lights and retire for the night. Saturdays were devoted to society work. The best students, as a rule, took great interest in this work. There were two literary societies—the Apolonean and Euphronean—each of which had a well-furnished hall and an ample library. There was no little rivalry between the respective mem-

bers in getting new members and in excelling in debating and other society work. The exercises were conducted in the most orderly and dignified manner. Few deliberative bodies observe parliamentary rules as they did. Each was chartered by the State, and was an ornament to the College and a blessing to most members. About 10:30 o'clock Sunday morning, the students, the young ladies of Sister Fanning's school and of Minerva College, with the teachers, and others of that locality, assembled in the College chapel for preaching. Then and there President Fanning delivered most excellent and carefully prepared sermons. The beloved F. M. Carmack preached occasionally during his connection with the College as a teacher. The singing, in which all were encouraged to participate, was good. At 2 o'clock P.M. the members of the Franklin College congregation assembled for the Lord's Supper. Prof. William Lipscomb hung a bag on the corner of the stand, or pulpit, for contributions. At certain seasons of the year President Fanning had the students to assemble in the chapel, after the meeting of the church on Sunday evenings, for a most rigid and critical drill in from one to five chapters in the Old Testament Scriptures. These Old Testament exercises, and those in the New Testament every morning during the week, were closely studied by most students. At about 7 o'clock on Sunday evenings the young ladies and gentlemen of the schools named again assembled for singing, Scripture reading, and a lecture on some interesting subject or current topic, usually delivered by President Fanning. These lectures were very entertaining and instructive to the young people for whom they were in-

tended. The leading thoughts in new meritorious books were at times presented and discussed; scenes and occurrences in his travels were at other times presented. He often, on these interesting and instructive occasions, discoursed on the laws of health. In insisting on the importance of rigidly conforming to Nature's laws in order to maintain health, he would sometimes say: "It is a sin to be sick. You can violate man's laws, under certain conditions, with impunity; but you cannot trifle with God's laws as contained in the Bible or in nature." On other occasions he would give, with much force and clearness, the distinctive characteristics of a gentleman and of a lady. Still at other times he would dwell with effect on the admirable characteristics of a brave man and of a true woman. He often said: "A crazy fool will strike his fellow-man or shoot him when mad; a brave man has the courage of his convictions, and amid the most trying surroundings will do right, will be a man. A true woman will not place the highest estimate in stylish gewgaws, but in purity, culture, and character."

President Fanning, his good wife, and the entire faculty occasionally encouraged the social commingling of the young ladies and gentlemen who were under their supervision. Certain times would be named, abundant refreshments provided, and a day be most happily spent in an adjacent grove, or an evening in the spacious chapel and halls of the College. President Fanning, who on all other occasions held the students at full arm's length, would on these rare occasions be one of us. He appeared to enjoy "the pleasure of introducing" the most timid and verdant specimens of the occasion and having

them mated for talks and promenades. The tendency was to eliminate timidity and develop composure and free and easy general demeanor. Sweethearts were claimed and recognized. In many cases courtship and happy marriages resulted.

But this hasty missive has gone beyond contemplated bounds. There is no easy stopping place amid the environments of boyhood's happy days and scenes, days and scenes that will be held dear as long as fond Memory is true to her sacred trust. Truly and sincerely yours,

H. R. MOORE.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE ALUMNI.

Class of 1846—A. J. Fanning, Tennessee.

Class of 1847—J. H. Embry, Kentucky; A. L. Johnson, Kentucky; John King, Kentucky; S. H. Parsons, Louisiana; P. R. Runnels, Tennessee.

Class of 1848—C. N. Anderson, Kentucky; E. W. Carmack, Mississippi; S. S. Bush, Tennessee; A. G. Gooch, Tennessee; S. R. Hay, Illinois; W. A. C. Jones, Alabama; W. Lipscomb, Tennessee; Joseph Nelson, Tennessee; H. B. Rives, Alabama; J. P. Smith, Louisiana; N. B. Smith, Kentucky; J. S. Williams, Texas.

Class of 1849—J. E. Campbell, Texas; D. Lipscomb, Tennessee; A. J. Swepston, Mississippi; A. J. Wyatt, Kentucky.

Class of 1850—S. Y. Caldwell, Tennessee; J. B. Clark, Mississippi; S. V. Clark, Mississippi; J. V. Cook, Texas; S. C. Crawford, Arkansas; W. R. Cox, Tennessee; W. Y. Houston, Texas; J. P. Houston, Alabama; L. S. Lavender, Alabama; J. L. McCutcheon, California; P. G. Rives, Arkansas; J. C. Roberts, Tennessee; M. A. Smith, Georgia; D. J. Towson, Tennessee; F. D. Wright, Mississippi.

Class of 1851—Benjamin Abbott, Arkansas; Isaac Bush, South Carolina; F. M. Carmack, Mississippi; D. Galbreath, Texas; J. G. Hester, Kentucky; O. S. Laws, Ohio; T. G. B. Sanders, Alabama; F. L. Taney, Louisiana.

Class of 1852—R. R. Caldwell, Tennessee; E. W. Haddon, Missouri; L. Hodges, Mississippi; A. B. C. Jones, Missouri; S. S. Laffitte, South Carolina; W. T. Richardson, Tennessee.

Class of 1853—A. H. Appleton, Kentucky; G. W. Bailey, South Carolina; C. K. Barnes, Tennessee; A. J. Caldwell, Tennessee; R. E. Fortson, Louisiana; S. L. Freeman, Tennessee; A. P. Reid, Mississippi; E. D. Warder, Kentucky; J. P. Warder, Kentucky.

Class of 1854—H. G. Davis, Alabama; T. W. Watkins, Tennessee; K. M. Vanzandt, Texas.

Class of 1855—W. C. Hubbard, Tennessee; W. I. Lipscomb, Tennessee; T. K. Powell, Tennessee; G. B. Lipscomb, Tennessee; J. E. Scobey, Tennessee.

Class of 1856—T. T. Baudwain, Louisiana; W. C. Bromly, Mississippi; J. J. Jolly, Alabama; M. A. Jolly, Alabama; W. L. Collins, Tennessee; J. T. Settle, Mississippi; W. M. T. Thompson, Tennessee.

Class of 1857—H. R. Moore, Mississippi; W. F. Fulgham, Tennessee; I. L. Vanzandt, Texas; A. L. Anderson.

Class of 1859—John Smith Poyner, Robert H. Powell, Wallace Powell, E. G. Sewell, G. M. Atkerson, Eleanor R. Hill, Sarah A. Harris.

Class of 1860—Thomas A. Head, James Alexander, J. S. McCorkle, L. P. Swain, Thomas W. Davis, J. J. Scott.



FOUR GENERATIONS OF LARIMORES.

CHAPTER XXI.

Sermon—Existence and Value of the Soul.

“**T**HEN said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works.” (Matt. 16: 24-27.)

The mind is so constituted that it is never perfectly satisfied with its conquests. This is clearly demonstrated in life almost from the cradle to the grave. A little boy starts to school, and begins to try to learn the simplest principles of the English language. He learns the English alphabet; he learns to spell, to read, to write; he leaves the first reader, second reader, third reader, fourth reader, fifth reader, behind him and goes into history; he masters one book after another, and all the time sees brighter fields before him and new wonders calling him to go forward and make other conquests. Thus he may go on forever, but still, in the dim distance before him, he sees tempting hills and towering mountains that he longs to climb. He may measure the comet's path, tell

the distance to the stars, weigh worlds in a mathematical balance, and, if possible, fathom the depths of space; but even then his mind will long to take a loftier flight, survey space from a higher height, and from that lofty height plunge into deeper depths, that it may bring from thence knowledge that man has never gained. Thus it is that the mind is never satisfied, in the sense that it is content to rest without further conquests. Now, the Savior, understanding all this, and knowing the preparation of the soul for eternal blessedness to be in importance above all else—to be the “one thing needful”—submitted to the human race this sublimely simple proposition in loss and gain, in “profit and loss”—a proposition simple enough to interest innocent little children, yet sublime enough to engage the attention of sages, angels, and archangels forever: “For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” It matters not how learned or how illiterate we may be, here is thought for the constant consideration of us all as long as we shall linger here.

Man cannot absolutely, completely, fully, gain the whole world; life is too short and man's powers are too limited for that; but we have all the reasons necessary to convince us that, if he could and should gain the whole material world, with all its wondrous wealth, pomp, pageantry, and power, even then he should realize, as he had never realized before, that there is an aching void this world can never fill. Of course there are no historical characters by whom to prove this proposition, from the fact that no human being has ever completely

and thoroughly gained the whole world; but history does furnish examples of men who have practically done so in the line of their own sordid, selfish, all-absorbing ambition; and history also teaches us that such characters were never satisfied. Probably no man has ever lived, not even Napoleon excepted, who had greater longing for conquest, for dominion, for military, political, and regal glory and splendor, than Alexander the Great. That longing seemed to be natural, to have been inherited, manifesting itself in the days of his childhood by prominent characteristics that followed him to the day of his death. When but a youth, learning from his teacher that there are worlds innumerable, the information made him miserable. His teacher asked him why. He said: "There are numberless worlds, and I have not conquered this one yet." When his illustrious father, Philip of Macedon, was conquering the discordant States of divided Greece, one by one, in rapid succession, and all Macedon was filled with joy, Alexander, the prince imperial, was perfectly miserable. Some one asked him why, and he replied: "My father will conquer the world before he dies, and leave me nothing to do." Now, if this world can give the bliss for which we sigh; if one possessing such longing for conquest and dominion can and does subdue the earth, sway the scepter over all its nations, and have access to all its wealth, he certainly *then* must be perfectly happy. Let us see. Just as this ambitious youth reached his majority, his father suddenly and mysteriously died, and it has come down through all the ages from then till now that it was thought and softly whispered all over that land that Alexander put

poison into his cup, to get him out of the way—murdered him.

Combining the Macedonian hosts with the Grecian phalanx, thus forming an army invincible, Alexander began his marvelous military career. Vast armies fell before him, like grain before the modern reaper; proud nations were wrecked by him, as tall trees are uprooted by terrific tempests. The day was at hand, even when Alexander started from Macedon's capital on that ever-memorable morning, when all the armies that opposed him and all the nations that defied him were subdued. Alexander was the recognized conqueror, and practically the possessor, of the world. No nation on earth to oppose him, no man under the stars to question his right to anything he might desire or demand. Virtually the whole wide world, with all its people, pleasures, and possessions, belonged to him. Was he happy? If this world can make man happy, he was certainly happy. He had reached the goal of his ambition, while he was in the very prime of young manhood, just at the age to be most gratified by his conquests, just at the time when he could enjoy the things of time and sense most intensely. So, if this world can give the bliss for which we sigh, Alexander must have been perfectly happy perpetually. Let us see. A historian of that age has given us a pen picture of the world's conqueror, seated upon the summit of a rock against which the billows of the sea are beating. He is watching the waves as they chase each other over the deep, deep sea, casting their whitecaps at each other like children at play, while great tears drip from his cheeks. Why does Alexander weep? Does he weep

because of the wail of weeping widows, the sigh of homeless orphans—because of the destruction, devastation, and desolation he himself hath wrought? Is he thinking of homes that had still been happy homes—abodes of peace, plenty, purity, prosperity, and love—had his sword not slain their defenders and his torch reduced them to ashes? Does he weep because he remembers the wreck and ruin wrought by his own ruthless hand, that the world might call him great? Not that. He weeps because there is no more bloody work for him to do—because there are no armies to vanquish; no nations to conquer; no sons, husbands, fathers, lovers, brothers, to butcher; because there is no more pretext for cruel carnage, no mortal daring to oppose him. He has conquered the world; now what shall he do? He turns away in disgust and disappointment from the restless scene and sighing sea before him, gives himself up to dissipation, to indulgence, to revelry. He drinks till he is drunken; at midnight, when he is already intoxicated, he thrice fills to the brim with the sparkling waters of temporal and eternal destruction the enormous cup of Hercules, and pours the contents into his stomach. Delirium, in which he raves like a maniac, ensues. Disappointment, dissipation, and debauchery suddenly send him in madness and despair down to the dark depths of a drunkard's grave. Such is the sequel to the story of the man who is called Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the world.

Well might the blessed Savior, knowing human nature to perfection and understanding the vanity of all things earthly, with his disciples around him, telling them of the

law of life eternal, assuring them that if they saved their temporal lives by denying him they should lose their souls, but if they died in defense of the right eternal blessedness should be their reward, ask the questions: "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

But I am reminded that thousands of intelligent persons deny the existence of the soul, on the ground that reason should not recognize or concede the existence of the soul, because our natural, corporeal senses fail to demonstrate or detect its existence. This is infidelity, of course; but it is the duty of Christians to meet skeptics, infidels, and atheists—skepticism, infidelity, and atheism—respectfully, kindly, and courteously, with reason and revelation, in the spirit of love—not to treat them with silent contempt. Those who deny the existence of the soul on this ground first assume that it is absurd to concede the existence of the soul, because the corporeal senses can neither demonstrate nor detect its existence, and then they positively affirm there is no soul. The conclusion is false, because deduced from a false premise. The major premise of the argument (?) from which this strange conclusion is deduced is: Nothing exists the existence of which cannot be demonstrated or detected by our corporeal senses just as they are. This is the argument: There is nothing in existence the existence of which cannot be demonstrated or detected by the use of these corporeal senses just as they are. These corporeal senses can neither demonstrate nor detect the existence of the soul; therefore there is no soul. Is that true? Is

the major premise of that argument true? Is it true that nothing exists the existence of which cannot be demonstrated or detected by the use of the corporeal senses with which we are endowed, just as they are? To propound that question to any intelligent audience is to answer it, for every responsible soul certainly ought to know it is hard to find a more absurd proposition. Look whithersoever we will, we find evidences, illustrations, and demonstrations of its absurdity. Let us dip from the bright bosom of a bubbling spring a glass of water, pure and clear as crystal. Let the sunlight kiss it while we look for traces of life in it. Let us bring to bear upon it all the power of our natural senses just as they are, without extraneous aid. We find no trace of life in it. Is it true, then, that there is no life there? No. In that glass of water there are millions, if not indeed billions and trillions, of creatures possessing all the necessary powers of life and locomotion, there being thousands in every drop, and each tiny drop, it may be, being a boundless, fathomless, limitless ocean to the little creature that sports in its depths. There is, as the world now knows, life in the very dew that rests on the lip of beauty. Shall I say there are no living creatures in that limpid water, in that precious dew, because I have never seen them? The microscope reveals them.

The telescope reveals millions of worlds that the unaided eye of man has never seen. Shall I say no stars ever shine in the blue depths of space, save the few, blazing worlds that my eyes behold, simply because I have never seen them? Do you say these illustrations are unsatisfactory, since, notwithstanding our natural, corporeal

senses, without extraneous aid, can neither demonstrate nor detect the existence of the life, creatures, and worlds under consideration, the microscope and telescope reveal them? Very well. I submit them for simply what they are worth; but now please let us go one step further, and see what we can see. It's clearer further on.

Seven acorns are taken from the same forest, the same tree, the same bough, the same twig. Forty of the best scientists of this skeptical class or school on earth are permitted to take first choice, and first choice again and again, until they have chosen six of the seven acorns, leaving the seventh untouched. They take these six acorns to their laboratory, to examine them in the interests of science—simply and solely to try to detect in these acorns life or anything like life. Baby forests are wrapped in the bosoms of those tiny acorns. Do they find them there? They hope to make discoveries that will cause Christians to blush because they claim there is a soul in the human body, yet have never been able to see it. They subject every atom of these six acorns to every possible character and degree of scientific analysis. On these acorns, and all parts of these acorns, they bring to bear all their power, aided by all such instruments as can now be used in such scientific research, just to discover life or the life principle, or even a trace of the forests shut up in those tiny shells—anything to which they can point with pride and say, "That's it!" that they may then consistently challenge Christians to show them the soul. When their work is done, their failure is complete. In the meantime the hand of a little child plants the acorn they left—the one they rejected six times—in a broad

field, where nothing can prevent the growth and development that are desired. The silent dews gather, the gentle showers fall, the bright rays of the sun come, and the acorn begins to swell, the shell breaks, the surface of the earth opens, a tiny green shoot appears, a stem supports two little leaves; the stem grows; the two little leaves multiply; the baby plant is rocked by the winds and warmed by the sun; the tree grows taller and taller, until, a giant oak, it bears thousands of acorns; many of these produce oaks, and these oaks produce acorns, and many of these acorns produce oaks, until at last a vast, magnificent forest covers the once unoccupied field. As these trees bathe their boughs in the battlements of heaven bending above them, we remember that every tree, every twig, every leaf in all that forest sprang from the bosom of one little acorn that was an exact duplicate of each of the six acorns that those skeptical scientists examined in vain with all their skill, wisdom, and power, hoping to find some trace of life therein.

An eagle, proud emblem of American prowess, liberty, and power, builds her nest high up on some lofty crag above a fathomless abyss. Now there are seven eggs in that nest. Our skeptical scientists have recovered somewhat from the embarrassment of their failure to find an oak in an acorn, and are ready to try something else. They manage mind, muscle, and money so as to reach that nest. They take first choice, and first choice again and again, until they have robbed that bird of all her eggs but one. They bring them down and take them to their laboratory, where they scrutinize and analyze them as they did the acorns. When they have done all possible

for them to do, they are forced to admit that failure has met them at every point. No trace of bird or life have they found. In the meantime, that mother bird, directed by a power that man cannot understand, planted in her breast by Him before whom a sparrow cannot fall unnoticed, makes the best of the situation, thus teaching us a lesson we are slow to heed or learn. She subjects the one egg left to a temperature that is absolutely perfect for the purpose designed. In process of time there is the sound of a gentle rapping, tapping, on the inside of that egg—that shell. What is that? Some living thing in there? No; no life there, as certainly as there is no soul in the body; for those Solons, scientists, sages, skeptics, who deny the existence of the soul because they cannot demonstrate its existence, have already taken six eggs from that selfsame nest, examined them thoroughly, and utterly failed to find anything like bird or life therein. There is no window or door in the shell, to admit anything that might make that noise, and no life within it (at least these scientists have failed to find life there); but still the tapping proceeds. It is not modern spirit-rapping; for the lights do not have to be turned down before the rapping can begin. The sun shines, the stars glitter, but the rapping goes on. It is just as strong when the sun is poised upon the meridian as at midnight. It is, therefore, not modern spirit-rapping, of course. That settles that. Finally the shell is broken; for the workman within that shell has not been wasting time and energy by knocking around promiscuously and at random, as many men, who might otherwise be a success, do. Whatever it is inside that shell has never learned that the

constant dropping of water will wear away stone, or that patient, persistent perseverance is sure of success; but still the work goes on. The shell is broken; and then, with a precision that the wisdom of Solomon and the skill of Hiram combined could not have excelled, the little workman elevates or lowers his mallet and begins to work away in another place. An exact semicircle is made—a regular, smooth semicircle; the shell is broken halfway round. By this time the workman becomes impatient, wants more elbow room, spreads himself; the shell is no longer one, but two; it is empty, and an eaglet is in the nest. Where did it come from? From where neither sight nor science, nor all the senses with which God hath endowed us, could find bird or life, as neither sight nor science, nor all the senses with which Jehovah hath endowed us, can reveal the soul within the fleshy shell in which we journey to the tomb—it came from the bosom of an egg, exactly, in all respects, inside and outside, like the six eggs from the same nest, so carefully and anxiously examined in vain by forty skeptical scientists, anxiously hoping, and earnestly and diligently endeavoring, to find therein some trace of bird or life. The time has now come for the mother's work to change—not to rest; mothers get very little rest in this world. They should certainly so live as to enter into that rest that remaineth to the people of God, and should so train their little ones that they may meet them there.

The mother's work changes. She goes on distant journeys, over mountain high and deep abyss; across fruitful fields smiling in summer sunshine; down into deep, dark, gloomy gulfs and flowery, fruitful vales, in quest of food

for her baby bird. Bearing a precious morsel, she homeward flies, happy because her labors have been crowned with glad success. She brings it to her baby, and is glad. The baby bird has nothing to do but lie in the nest—its eyes closed, its mouth wide open—swallow, sleep, and grow. The mother continues her labor of love till she is almost a skeleton—till the baby bird has grown to greater proportions than its mother has ever had, since she was a baby bird, and weighs three times as much as its mother weighs now. Still, that bird that has grown to such ponderous proportions sympathizes not with its self-sacrificing mother—seems to regard it as a matter of course that thus it must be. There are birds without wings in this strange world, where children's inhumanity to mothers makes many mothers mourn, that act too frequently and too long upon that same sad principle, not thinking of mother as they should—mother never complaining, of course. She wants to work for her children, and her labors seem light to her, on the principle that love's labor is always light. Some such children never realize what they are doing until, some sad day, at the setting of the sun, they return from the gloomy graveyard, the silent city of the dead, to the home that mother can brighten and bless no more, and then begin to realize the meaning of "What is home without a mother?" May the God of all grace so bless you that not one of you may ever, under such sad and sorrowful circumstances, have cause for sighing and self-reproach.

It has been a bright, balmy, beautiful, glorious day, the brightness scarcely broken here and there by far-away, fleecy clouds, like angels hovering over earth a few brief

moments, and then speeding away into the depths of space. The mother bird is almost exhausted. Her child has rested till it is restless—tired, indeed, of resting. The sun sets; twilight's semi-sacred hour comes; darkness approaches; through the rent mantle of night a bright star smiles upon the bird in the nest and its mother near by; then another, another, and another, until the whole heaven is a sea of beauty, splendor, and glory—an ocean of glittering stars. The mother bird, near her nest and babe, is resting now, that she may be able to work to-morrow. The young bird is restless; an unutterable feeling possesses it. The night ends; day dawns; the young bird looks far away toward the gorgeous, golden, glittering gate of the morning, and sees towering mountain peaks kissed into gleaming, glittering glory by the rising sun, that wraps them in a mantle of light as he ushers in another bright day. A feeling akin to the sublime takes possession of the restless bird. He rises, shakes the dew from his pinions, plunges like a thunderbolt from on high down into the darkness beneath him—down, down, down, until his pinions brush the bosom of a beautiful little limpid lake asleep in the arms of the valley below; then up, up, up, like a trusting soul on the wings of faith and hope and love and prayer, until the hills cannot be seen and the mountains seem mere specks on the surface of the earth. There he rests on outstretched wings, and then we remember that that bird—a thing of beauty, power, and sublimity—came from the egg that was rejected six times by the skeptical scientists when they chose six of the seven eggs in that nest in which this one alone was left.

Thus all nature, vocal with praises of the great I Am, declares and demonstrates the absurdity of the claim that there is no soul, and that man should not believe in the existence of the soul, because we cannot detect it by the use of these corporeal senses just as they are, just as God has, in his wondrous wisdom, goodness, and power, graciously given them to the sons and daughters of men.

Now, I must come down out of the clouds—no, I must arise and come *up* out of them, out of the mists and fogs and clouds of human thought and reason—and give you the *light* of a few quotations from God's word. I never feel easy—feel that I have done my duty—if I close a discourse so as to leave my audience in the treacherous quicksands of human wisdom, speculation, or thought, when I might have “turned on the light” of revelation—the light of truth divine—and left every earnest, sincere soul submissive to the will of God resting and rejoicing upon the solid rock that shall endure forever. Duty demands, and I always desire, that those who patiently hear me preach be left trusting God and resting upon the solid rock of his eternal truth. Now, let us go to the bosom of God's blessed Book for an answer to that phase of—whatsoever it may be pertinent, proper, reasonable, and right to call it, that claims to believe the Bible, to accept the Bible as evidence, and still denies the existence of the soul.

In Gen. 35 we have an account of the death of Rachel, the beloved wife of Jacob. In verse 18 we have this language: “And it came to pass, as her soul was in departing, (for she died) that she called his name Ben-oni: but his father called him Benjamin.” The writer parenthetically

explains what he means when he says "her soul was in departing"—his explanation being "for she died." As certainly as this teaches anything, it teaches that when she died her soul departed, when she was dying her soul was departing, as her soul was departing she was dying. Let us say, in this house gas and oil are both burning, to give us light. Suddenly the lights are all extinguished. Do they depart, or do they cease to be? You have a flaming torch dispelling the darkness. You dip it into the bosom of the Cumberland River. Does the light depart, or does it simply cease to exist, suddenly and forever? It is not necessary to answer that question. We all know it simply ceases to exist. The Bible teaches that when the soul departs death is the result; the Bible teaches that when the soul is departing we are dying; the Bible teaches that in death the soul departs. That settles that with all who believe and understand the Book. When life ceases, the soul departs—goes away from the body. When the soul departs—goes away from the body—life ceases. That settles that, the Bible being true.

"But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." (Luke 12: 20, 21.) This is part of the lesson on which I based the first discourse I ever tried to deliver—the story of the rich and selfish farmer, prospering marvelously, making preparation to keep all he had and get all he could, God suddenly saying to him: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that

layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." I believed the Bible then; I believe the Bible now.

"And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." (Matt. 10: 28.) This language fell from the lips of the loving Lord himself. He addressed it to his own disciples, whom he tenderly loved. Did he deliberately deceive them? Does not the man who kills the body destroy the life? The man who kills the body does not destroy the soul, the Bible being true. The Savior taught his disciples to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves," dreading no danger, fearing no death, living for the good that they could do. A soul secure in the love and service of the Savior can calmly smile at the assassin's sword, and safely say: "You may kill the body in which I dwell, but you can never kill me; for my Savior says so, and whatsoever he says is true." If this does not teach that within this mortal body there is a soul that shall "survive the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," then logic, truth, reason, and revelation combined can never teach anything. God teaches, Christ teaches; patriarchs, apostles, and prophets teach; the Bible teaches, that man is not all flesh, bone, brain, and blood, but that there is within these tenements of clay something that shall live forever—that shall plunge into eternal darkness and dread despair, if not prepared to meet God in peace; but shall be borne by angels to a place of rest, to dwell in God's eternal home forever, if in harmony with his will the life lived here has been. Well might our Savior, knowing this, ask the question: "For what is a man

profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

We should all remember that "life is the time to serve the Lord, the time to insure the great reward, the day of grace when mortals may secure" the blessings of heaven. In this brief period of probation we must fit ourselves for eternal blessedness, or be wrecked and ruined forever. How brief is life! How short the time! How long, how limitless, is eternity! Some saintly soul has said:

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!"

My dear, dying friends, pilgrims to the tomb, traveling through sorrow and sighing and suffering and sadness and sickness and sin, whither are you tending? Standing on this narrow strip, with the surging billows about you, are you living for time and sense and self in the service of Satan, that at last and forever you may reap corruption; or are you living for God, for Christ, for humanity, for heaven? Are you sowing to the Spirit, that of the Spirit you may reap life everlasting; or are you sowing to the flesh, that of the flesh you may reap corruption? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." (Gal. 6: 7-10.)

Souls secure in the Savior's love and service, "rejoice and be glad;" souls lost in sin—in the service of Satan—come to the Savior and be saved. "Now is the accepted time." "To-day is the day of salvation." "Harden not your hearts," but surrender—body, soul, and spirit—to the Savior while you may.

Come for salvation to Him who came from heaven to earth and died on Calvary's cross to save you, and who now tenderly, earnestly, lovingly invites you to come and be saved.

CHAPTER XXII.

Sermon—The Good Confession.

“**W**HEN Jesus came into the coasts of Cesarea-Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that I, the Son of man, am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But who say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon, Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ.” (Matt. 16: 13-20.)

In the northeastern extremity of Palestine, the land of Israel, the “Promised Land,” there was, in the days of the Savior’s painful pilgrimage upon the earth, a little town or village called “Dan,” corresponding to Beer-sheba in the opposite extremity of the land; hence the biblical ex-

pression, "From Dan to Beer-sheba," meaning from one extremity of the land to the other. Just about three miles from Dan, toward the golden, glittering gates of the morning, stood, in ages veiled in the mists of very remote antiquity, a town, named by the pagans who built it, and called by the heathen who inhabited it, "Paneas," in honor of Pan, the god of shepherds, a hideous creature of the imagination—half brute and half human—whose favor was supposed to be essential to the success of those who watched and fed and guarded flocks and herds on tentless fields. Long ages before the Star of Bethlehem twinkled over the plains of Galilee, and the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings, to flood the world with light divine and lift our souls to God, Paneas became an unsightly heap of shapeless ruins, a fit abode for hissing serpents, bats, and owls. But just before angels shouted, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!" because of the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, a new town was built by Herod Philip, a subordinate ruler—ruler of a province—of the Roman Empire, on the foundation once occupied by that pagan city, Paneas; and this city, built by Herod Philip, he named "Caesarea-Philippi"—"Caesarea" for Cæsar, and "Philippi" for himself—thus uniting his own name with that of his cruel, heartless, merciless, remorseless bloody master; hence the name "Caesarea-Philippi" in the lesson just read. Caesarea-Philippi, like Nashville, was founded upon a solid mass of imperishable rock. It was also *built* of stone, from hovel to palace, from foundation to roof; and, hence, like Nashville, the capital city of my own native State, might well have been called the

“Rock City” and the “City of Rocks.” Cesarea-Philippi was surrounded by a stone wall—high, massive, strong—an effective means of protection for a town in that far-away age of the world. It was situated in one of the roughest, rockiest, most picturesque and romantic spots on all the earth—at the foot of towering Hermon, that cast its deep, dark shadow upon the town at the beginning of every day; and at the head of the rolling Jordan, that leaped from the bosom of the earth and flashed and sparkled and swept on until it was lost in the embrace of the deep, mysterious Dead Sea. Just about one mile toward the rising of the sun from Cesarea-Philippi, resting upon one of the rocky spurs of rock-ribbed Hermon, was a rock fortress that was practically impregnable in that far-away age of the world antedating the use of gunpowder, dynamite, nitroglycerin, gun cotton, and other explosives that are used in the popular, fascinating, seductive science of human slaughter in this Christian (?) age of the world.

It was in the coasts, suburbs, immediate vicinity, of this rock-bounded, rock-founded, rock-surrounded, rock-built, rock-protected, rock-shadowed city that Jesus, the Rock of Ages, the Rock for sinners cleft, said to Peter, the “rock”—to Cephas, the “stone”—in reference to that spiritual institution that had been represented by Daniel, in the then long, long ago, by a little rock cut out of a mountain without hands and subsequently filling the whole earth; that divine, spiritual institution, every member of which is called in the Bible a “lively stone,” a “living stone:” “Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against

it." There is nothing accidental about the phraseology of the Bible—nothing any more accidental about the framing of any picture that hangs upon the wall of the temple of God's eternal truth, than there is about the painting of that picture by the hand of Omnipotence itself. Hence we ought to rejoice that this wonderful picture is presented to us in this wonderful frame. We should appreciate, not only the picture, but also the very frame, shaded by towering mountains, in which the hand of God has hung the picture upon the walls of his temple of truth divine.

There are some truths that bloom in beauty upon the very bosom of the ocean of God's revelation to man, as water lilies bloom upon the bosom of the lakes that give them birth and being; while there are others—precious pearls—buried far down in its solemn, silent depths. The former we can gather by simply a casual glance at the surface of this ocean of truth, just as the dimpled hand of a sweet little child can pluck the petals of a water lily as the boat that bears it on the bosom of the waters is propelled across the lake by a father's brawny arms; while the latter must be brought to light by earnest, prayerful research, as brave men must go down into the darkest depths of the deep, deep sea to bring up the pearls that are hidden there. There is a representative of each of these two classes of thoughts in the lesson I have just read. The one is the thought that suggests the question: Was Christ's church built previous to, or subsequent to, the period of time occupied by the Savior when he said, a few weeks before his crucifixion: "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell

shall not prevail against it?" As long as men, women, and children who speak the English language know whether the expression, "I will build," points to the past or to the future, it should not be necessary to argue that question. We do absolutely *know* whether "I will" points to the past, the present, or the future; and that settles that. The thought here representing pearls in the depths of the sea is the thought that suggests the question: What is the rock on which Jesus said: "I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?" Jesus is called the "Rock of Ages," the "Rock for sinners cleft;" "the tried, the precious Stone;" the "chief Corner Stone." "Cephas" means "stone;" "Peter," "rock;" but did Jesus refer directly or personally to either himself or to Peter when he said: "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?" Not human opinion, but "the word of the Lord," should be respected and received as the one, only, and all-sufficient answer, authoritative and final, to spiritual, biblical questions. "To the law and to the testimony," pure, divine, and true, then, let us go. "According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. 3: 10, 11.) It is absolutely certain that this does not refer to Peter; and a careful, critical examination of the phraseology used by the Savior when speaking on this subject shows that he did not refer personally, directly, to himself or Peter, either, when he used

the term rendered "rock" in the language, "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," the term translated "rock" being of such a gender as to positively preclude the possibility of its representing or personating either Christ or Peter. Jesus is the chief Corner Stone, the Bed Rock, the Foundation of foundations; but he did not mean himself when he said "upon *this rock*."

"When Jesus came into the coasts of Cesarea-Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" Why did the Savior engage in this conversation with his disciples? It was not idle curiosity that prompted him to do so. The Savior's life was too busy a life, his time was of too much importance, to admit of his allowing idle curiosity to occupy his attention for one moment. He himself said: "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." (John 9: 4.) It was not pride that prompted him to ask the question, "Who do men say that I, the son of man, am?" nor was it a desire to be flattered. Had such been his nature and his desire, it had not been necessary for him to come to earth for such gratification; for from all eternity, he had, as the eternal Word, divine as Jehovah himself, been with the great I Am, had been the constant companion and bosom friend of God, and, standing by the great white throne, could look down upon innumerable worlds and claim them all as his own, while angels cast their crowns before him and rejoiced to call him "holy," stars being but as glittering dust beneath his feet. Certainly it would have been a little thing for him to be flattered by men. It was

not to elicit information that he propounded this important question, for he had all the information on the subject. The last paragraph of the second chapter of John (verses 23-25) settles that question: "Now when he was in Jerusalem at the passover, in the feast day, many believed in his name, when they saw the miracles which he did. But Jesus did not commit himself unto them, because he knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man: for he knew what was in man." It follows, therefore, that he could not have asked this question, to elicit information as to what men said or thought about him. Still, there was a reason for the question. Rational men do nothing without a reason, and the Son of God had a reason for all he did. "When Jesus came into the coasts of Cesarea-Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that I, the Son of man, am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But who say ye that I am?" This shows that he was not satisfied with their first answer. Or, to be more nearly accurate, it certainly shows that that was not *the* answer he wished to elicit. Had that been what he wanted to elicit, he would have stopped when they told him what men said of him. "He saith unto them, But who say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." That was what he wanted to elicit, for he pressed the question no further. He went far enough to get what he wanted, and then stopped. He immediately pronounced a blessing on Peter, saying: "Blessed art thou, Simon, Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not re-

vealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. [Hath not revealed *what* unto thee? That I am the Christ, the Son of the living God.] And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church [Upon what rock? The rock that he and Peter were talking about—that I am the Christ, the Son of the living God]; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," or this truth as expressed in that confession—the confession of which Jesus is the soul, the substance, the divinity, the power, and the glory—is the rock on which Jesus said he would build his church. The gender of the term translated "rock" is such as agrees perfectly with this expression, accords perfectly with this understanding. It could not have represented Peter; it could not have represented Christ, personally; but it could and evidently did represent or refer to the confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Now, in view of the importance of the foundation of the church the Savior refers to in this connection as "my church"—that is, his church, Christ's church; hence the church of Christ, the church we read about in the Bible, "the house [household, or family] of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth" (1 Tim. 3: 15)—it is perfectly natural for the human mind to expect to find that God has given extraordinary prominence to this confession—the confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." When we look into God's Book of revelation to man and "search the scriptures" on this subject, we find that revelation meets this demand of the human mind.

In Matt. 3: 13-17, we find this language: "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway [that is, *immediately*] out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." At the baptism of Jesus, then, Jehovah himself made this good confession, that all the vast multitude, standing, with bowed heads, waiting hearts, and listening ears, as also generations then unborn, might hear and understand that God recognized Jesus as his own divine Son, in whom he was "well pleased"—whose obedience he approved—the Holy Spirit resting upon Jesus while Jehovah said: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

The first five verses of Matt. 17 are: "And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him. Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the

cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." This was the transfiguration of the Savior on Hermon's holy height, in the presence of Peter, James, and John. Moses and Elias appeared, and, in the presence of them all, God himself again made the good confession: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Fifteen hundred years before that time, Moses stood on Pisgah's awful brow, in sight of the Promised Land, "and viewed the landscape o'er." Because of their disregard of His word, His will, and His way on a very important occasion, God had decreed and declared that Moses and Aaron should die without reaching the goal of their earthly ambitions—without realizing their highest earthly hopes—without crossing the Jordan as leader, lawgiver, and high priest, respectively, of the children of Israel. Aaron had died on the bleak, barren bosom of lonely, desolate, gloomy Mount Hor, and the time had come for Moses to die. To Nebo's silent summit—to Pisgah's towering top—he climbed, and, from thence, beheld the Promised Land—the land for which he long had looked—the land he longed to enter—the land in which he longed to live. A youth of a hundred and twenty years, "his eye was not dim, his natural force was not abated." As he looked beyond the turbid tide of the rolling Jordan, "the sweet fields of Canaan" were smiling in luxuriant, perennial, bewitching beauty in the presence of the same penetrating glance and withering gaze before which proud Pharaoh fell forty years before.

Beneath him were the hosts of Israel, before him was the Promised Land, "while Jordan rolled between"—

the mad, muddy, rushing, roaring, swollen Jordan, made of millions of crystal springs and rills and rivulets, and limpid tears from the weeping heavens, but lost at last in the lifeless depths of the Dead Sea; as millions of men, women, and children make the turbid tide of humanity forever flowing into the sea of death. Just beyond the Jordan were fruitful fields, green groves, vine-clad slopes, sparkling springs, flowing fountains, beautiful hills and rugged mountains; while far away in the dim distance, at the head of the Jordan he longed to cross, all the more sublime because half hidden by intervening mists, stood, in silent, solemn, awful grandeur, rock-ribbed Hermon, whose snow-shrouded peaks pierced the heavens that bent in beauty above them, and wrapped the fleecy clouds about their icy brows, as if, with becoming modesty, veiling themselves in the presence of the great I Am, who had stationed them there, to keep watch and ward over the world till time should be no more.

Then and there, with that sublime, picturesque scene before him, he ceased to breathe the breath of temporal life; and the Lord Almighty "buried him in a valley in the land of Moab," and then erased every trace of his lonely resting place, that mortal man might never find his grave, and, bowing there, worship the dust of the creature, instead of the divine Creator himself.

Fifteen hundred years have come and gone; generations have been born and buried; Jesus has come (who was typified by Moses), is transfigured on the summit of Mount Hermon, and there stands Moses by his side. Almost a thousand years before that time, Elias—Elijah—was taken away from the land of the dying to the death-

less land of love and life beyond the river of death without touching its chilling tide. Now, Jesus stands transfigured on Hermon's ice-crowned brow, and there stands Elias by his side. Peter, James, and John are there. Moses was called the "lawgiver," because on the summit of shaking Sinai, that was shrouded in somber clouds that were riven by livid lightnings, while thunders rocked the earth, he received from the hand of God, written on tables of stone by the finger of God, the law that was destined to become and be the foundation of the laws of civilization while time itself shall be. Elijah was called the "law restorer," because, when the world seemed to have forgotten the law of the Lord, he restored it. Now, we have Moses, the lawgiver; Elijah, the law restorer; Peter, James, and John, the prospective promulgators of the new law of life and love, all together, with Jesus, the divine fulfiller of the law, on Hermon's ice-bound brow. Jesus is the central figure there. He is robed in the glory that is to be his in the home of God forever, a bright cloud overshadows the scene, and from the bosom of that bright cloud comes the voice of God, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him"—as much as to say: "The time was when you were to hear Moses, but his day is past; the time was when you were to hear Elijah, but his day is gone. My Son has come, the patriarchal age has passed, Judaism is to be abolished, the law of my Son is to be established; and, therefore, I say to you, Peter, James, and John, and, through you, to all the sons and daughters of men, in the presence of Moses, the lawgiver, and Elijah, the law restorer: Hear ye him."

Now, we would naturally suppose there would be precious promises connected with this confession. Looking to the Bible, we find these promises: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 10: 32, 33.) "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. 10: 10.) Having heard the gospel, believed the gospel, obeyed the gospel, and entered into the fold of Christ, God's children may then, as long as they live, confess him by doing right or deny him by doing wrong; and the Savior brings out all these thoughts in the closing paragraphs of the Sermon on the Mount: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity. Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew,

and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it." (Matt. 7: 21-27.) Remember, the Savior has said: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." We are told that he will deny before the Father and the holy angels those who do not obey him, and that he will confess before the Father and the holy angels all who live in harmony with his teachings. This shows that to obey him is to confess him, and to refuse to obey him is to deny him; nevertheless, as we have just now heard, we must confess him "before men." (Matt. 10: 32, 33.)

We are to confess him with the mouth. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. 10: 10.)

For making this confession, Jesus died. In the light of Matt. 26, the paragraph beginning with verse 57 and ending with verse 68, we see Jesus on trial for his life before the high priest. Witnesses were hired, to swear away his life; but their testimony was so inconsistent that it furnished not even a plausible pretext for the premeditated and predetermined butchery; and, finally, the high priest, who, by virtue of his official position, had legal right to do so, put Jesus on his oath to testify on this very point. He said: "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." That was the question at issue—the great confession. "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." He gave

an affirmative answer. Then the high priest said: "What further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye?" They said, "He is worthy of death;" and a murderous storm arose in that mob—a storm that swept Christ to Calvary's heights, where he was nailed to the cross, and where he died for the redemption of a lost and ruined and recreant race, for making that confession. When he died, even pagan Roman soldiers confessed him: "Now when the centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, Truly, this was the Son of God." (Matt. 27: 54.) For making this confession, Jesus died; but we have divine assurance that if we make this confession we shall live forever, provided we obey the gospel and live in harmony with God's will till called hence.

In the days of the terrible persecution of the church of God by imperial pagan Rome in the bloody, terrible, tearful long ago, this was the test. There is an original document in the old Roman tongue, written by the ruler of a province of the Roman Empire at the time of that terrible persecution, explaining his mode of procedure with people tried for their lives upon the charge of being Christians. He says: "When people are brought before me accused of the crime of being Christians [Do you shudder at the very thought that ever, even in imperial, pagan, persecuting, remorseless Rome, it was considered a crime to be a Christian? Well, I am not so sure but that it is, even in this enlightened age and land, considered at least *almost* a crime to be a Christian and *only* a

Christian. Many, if not indeed millions, who consider it perfectly safe, satisfactory, and right to be a Campbellite, Populite, Mormon, or anything else recognized and authorized by politicians and doctors of divinity, but not even so much as mentioned in the Bible, and therefore existing, not by divine, but human, authority, evidently consider it at least *almost* a crime to be what, and only what, the Lord Almighty authorizes and requires any responsible soul to be—a Christian—“only this, and nothing more”]—when people are brought before me accused of the crime of being Christians, I ask them: ‘Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?’ If they answer negatively, I release them; for it is a question of faith, and they alone know, of course, what they believe. If they answer affirmatively, I have them scourged, warn them of the danger of persisting in that pernicious course, and ask them the second time. Then if they answer negatively—renounce their faith—I discharge them. If they answer affirmatively, however, I have them scourged more severely and assure them that they have but one more chance for their lives—that if they answer affirmatively the third time, there is no appeal. Then I ask them the same question the third time, and if they answer affirmatively, I hurry them away to execution, to make room for the next.” Thus, thousands and tens of thousands of brave men and pure women died for their fealty and fidelity to Christ—for making this confession when they knew death would be the result.

Now, in view of all these things, reason almost imperatively demands that we find by searching God’s truth that he requires gospel preachers—workmen working upon

the walls of his temple, the spiritual Zion—to measure material for its walls by this confession. When we come to the Scriptures, we find this demand of reason fully met; and I want to quote just one passage of scripture, though there are many others that might well be quoted, to bring out this one thought—that Jesus, that Jehovah, requires his preachers, gospel preachers, workmen upon the walls of his spiritual temple, the church, *his church*, to measure material for it by this foundation; or, in other words, to take from penitent believers the confession that they do believe with all the heart that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. I will quote the passage, and let you see how it meets the demand. I am sure you can see it. “And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza which is desert [Gaza which is desert]. And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning, and, sitting in his chariot, read Esaias the prophet. Then the Spirit said unto Philip, Go near, and join thyself to this chariot. And Philip ran thither to him, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. The place of the scripture which he read was this, He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and, like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth: in his humiliation his judgment was taken away: and who shall

declare his generation? for his life is taken from the earth. And the eunuch answered Philip, and said, I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man? Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing." (Acts 8: 26-39.)

The man who took this confession was a workman in the spiritual temple of our God. He was an inspired man, directed first by an angel, and then by the Holy Spirit—the Holy Ghost—who remained with him till his task was done, and then took him away to another field of labor, thus confirming Heaven's approval of his work. He was a skilled workman, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." He was a *master mason*, and, with the gospel lever, he prized up from the depths of an Abrahamic quarry a solid block of Judean marble. He applied to it the square, the compass, the plummet, the level, and the rule of righteousness, and tapped it with the mallet of God's eternal truth; he found it had the proper proportions and the right ring; he slipped it into place in the wall of the tem-

ple—the spiritual temple “built on the foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone”—sealed it there by the power of God’s Spirit, and went on his way to another field; while the other pursued his homeward way, rejoicing to take the glad tidings of salvation to his own country lying in the shadow of darkness and the gloom of sin.

Notwithstanding these and many other lessons in God’s Book just as expressive, just as plain, along these lines, there are thousands of pure, prayerful, pious, intelligent, cultured people who object to this confession, who practically ignore it—honestly and conscientiously, of course—thinking some human substitute for it, broader and more comprehensive, fills the place better. Possibly it is not as narrow as some broad-minded men have supposed it to be. We can sometimes judge of the breadth, depth, and strength of a thing by what rests upon it—by what it supports, sustains; and all that rests upon Christ rests upon this confession; for he is the soul, substance, and strength of it. The whole Bible rests upon Christ, and, therefore, rests upon this confession. Let us go back to the beginning, and see. “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” “Darkness was upon the face of the deep.” “God said, Let there be light: and there was light.” We have an account of creation, culminating in Eve. We are told that God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and placed Adam and Eve there, to keep it. In an evil hour Satan invaded that happy home and introduced sin. Eden withered, hope perished, happiness fled, and the souls there were left in despair. God entered the garden—visited his fallen creatures. When he beheld

Adam, made in his own image, made to walk uprightly, obediently, and circumspectly before God, and become and be, *under* God, the lord of all creation, and saw him bowed down with guilt and shame as if beneath the weight of centuries of sorrow, his soul was stirred with sympathy; but when he turned and looked upon Eve—when he looked upon woman—the last, the best, and the brightest of his works; creation's masterpiece; the rich, radiant, resplendent crown jewel of the universe, at the creation of whom the morning stars together sang, the sons of God shouted for joy, and the high hills clapped their hands with delight—when he looked upon her and saw the blush of shame mantling her cheek of beauty, and remembered that she, too, was involved in the wreck and ruin wrought by sin, his soul was swept by a storm of sympathy to its deepest depths; and, realizing that without hope life would be a burden too heavy to be borne, and therefore heart would break, he would not let his fallen creatures leave Eden without a promise on which to base hope, notwithstanding sin and Satan had made them hapless and helpless. Hence he promised, then and there, that "some sweet day" the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head—in other words, that, in some far-off age, a descendant of Eve should come, to bless the world—to crush the power of Satan and check the tide of sin. From that day till Jesus came, to ransom our race, Providence protected that promise, preserving so much of the history of man as was necessary to enable us to identify and recognize Jesus of Nazareth as the Christ of God—the promised "seed." Cain and Abel were born. Abel was righteous; Cain was

wicked. Cain, who, because of his wickedness, could not be a link in the lineage of our Lord, murdered Abel. That made a vacancy that none but God could fill. He alone could furnish a substitute for Abel. "The Lord will provide." When Adam and Eve were one hundred and thirty years old, Seth was born. "Seth," the name of this third son of Adam and Eve mentioned in the inspired record, means "substitute, supplied, appointed." He was the substitute supplied, appointed, by Providence, to fill the vacancy in the lineage of the Lord caused by the death of Abel. Then we have Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, Lamech, Noah—ten of the progenitors of Christ, ten of the glittering links in the golden chain of the lineage of our Lord, reaching from the bosom of Eden to the billows of the deluge. We have an account of the deluge. Noah and his family went into the ark, and God deluged the earth, to blot out sin—literally baptized the literal earth for the literal remission of her literal sins. The storm subsided, the dry land appeared, Noah and his family came forth out of the ark and offered sacrifices unto the Lord. God confirmed to Noah the promise—"covenant"—he had made. Of Noah's sons, Shem was chosen as the representative; and we have Shem, Arphaxad, Sala, Eber, Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah, Abraham—ten more of the glittering links of the golden chain of the lineage of the Lord, the first link fastened securely to the ark as it rests upon Ararat, and the last fastened securely to the tent of Abraham. God told Abraham to look to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, to the heavens that bent in beauty above him, and said, "In

blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the seashore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed my voice;" and the apostle Paul tells us "that seed was Christ." When Abraham was eighty-six years old, Ishmael was born; but Ishmael was not the child of promise. When the snows of a hundred winters had bleached the locks of Abraham and his faithful wife was ninety years old, Isaac, the child of promise, was born. The Lord Almighty tested Abraham's faith by having him to take his son Isaac three days' journey in the wilderness and offer him as a sacrifice to the Lord. Then and there that "scripture was fulfilled which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness; and he was called the friend of God." (James 2: 23.) God saw that nothing could cause Abraham to waver. Then we have Isaac, Jacob, Judah, Phares, Esrom, Aram, Aminadab, Naasson, Salmon, Boaz, Obed, Jesse, David—thirteen more of the links in the chain of the lineage of the Lord, the first of these fastened securely to the tent of Abraham; the last, to the throne of David. The throne of David being established, the crown, throne, and scepter were not to pass from the *house* of David until Shiloh came—that is, till the promised "seed" should come. This made it necessary for the line to be divided. Remember, Jesus was to be a literal descendant of Eve. The blood that flowed from his wounded side as he hung on Calvary's cross was to spring from the same fountain as that which made the cheek of Eve crimson when she

stood blushing before the Lord in Eden ; and, at the same time, he was to be heir to the crown, throne, and scepter of David. Jesus could not inherit the crown, throne, and scepter of Israel from his mother, Mary, since there were kings, not queens, in Israel then. He must inherit the crown, throne, and scepter from some one. He could not inherit these from his Father ; for God, his Father, was not an earthly king, and, therefore, there had to be some one in the line who occupied the place of his legal, but not real, father. From Mary, his mother, he had to inherit blood relationship to Eve ; from his legal—not real—father he had to inherit the crown, throne, and scepter of Israel, that the scriptures might be fulfilled. So, then, the line was divided in David, and through Solomon the line ran down to Joseph, the reputed father of Jesus, and the heir to the crown, throne, and scepter of David, as the divinely authorized genealogy shows. From Nathan, another son of David, sprang Mary, the mother of Christ ; and, four thousand years after the completion of the drama of creation, Jesus was born—the seed of the woman, a literal descendant of Eve through David, Nathan, and Mary ; the rightful heir, through Solomon and Joseph, his reputed father, to the crown, throne, and scepter of David ; the literal Son of the Lord Almighty, as divine as God himself, and the fulfillment of every prophecy, prediction, and promise made or proclaimed concerning Christ from the moment when the Lord Almighty said the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head until the Babe of Bethlehem was born. Jesus repeatedly, during his pilgrimage here, quoted from the various divisions of the Old Testament, thus virtually

giving his sanction, seal, and signature to those things, showing that he assumed the responsibility for their existence. He commissioned men to write the twenty-seven volumes, the two hundred and sixty chapters, of the New Testament, thus assuming the responsibility for their existence. So he stands in the midst of the ages, the fulfillment of prophecy, and reaches one hand back to the throne of David, to the tent of Abraham, to the ark of Noah, to Eden, and holds in that hand the thirty-nine books, the nine hundred and twenty-nine chapters, of the Old Testament. He reaches the other hand down through Bethlehem, Calvary, and Patmos, until it rests in the paradise of God, and in that he holds the twenty-seven books, the two hundred and sixty chapters, of the New Testament. Thus he stands in the midst of the ages, holding the sixty-six volumes, the eleven hundred and eighty-nine chapters, of God's eternal truth, assuming the responsibility of every sentence, sentiment, syllable, page, and paragraph of God's revelation to a lost and ruined race, saying, practically: "As the tree is divine, so also is all this fruit." All these things and many more rest upon Jesus, and, therefore, rest upon the foundation: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Is it not strange that intelligent men and women will say this confession is too narrow? O, it is as broad, as limitless, as the universe itself! It is as deep as the very depths of creation; it is as high as the holy heights of rapture that canopy the eternal throne of God; it is as lasting as eternity, and as pure as that God from whose bosom it burst, to flood the world with light divine and lift our souls to "Him from whom all blessings flow." God's church,

Christ's church, rests upon this foundation, "upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." It is built upon this foundation, and is sustained by the will and power of him who said: "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

We should all rejoice that it is our privilege to belong to an institution divine, resting upon a foundation so strong, so firm, so secure. We that are in this institution should rejoice. We should resolve to battle right on and on and on for the glory of God, the honor of Christ, and the salvation of souls until called to our heavenly home. You who are not in this divine institution should resolve to come to Jesus without delay. We humbly pray that you may come to Christ, our Savior, now.

EXTRACTS FROM LARIMORE'S SERMONS.

PARTISAN BIGOTRY.

“AND the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified.” (Matt. 27: 23.)

We have a sad and shameful scene in the life of our Savior suggested for our consideration by the language I have just quoted. We see on the bench, as judge, the governor of Judea, Pontius Pilate, who holds the position, or office, of governor by the grace, favor, of Tiberius Cæsar, the Roman emperor, who has been, for about twenty years, occupying the throne of the wonderful Roman Empire. Before this judge stands the Savior—pale, sad, troubled, poor, pure, guileless, guiltless, self-sacrificing, ready to sacrifice life itself; a personage such as has never been upon the earth before—such as is never to be on earth again—the immaculate Son of the living God—a prisoner on trial for his life before that judge, surrounded by a tumultuous mob, thirsting and clamoring for the blood of the innocent prisoner.

As Jesus stands there before Pontius Pilate, on trial for his life, he can look back one-third of a century and almost feel the breath of heaven upon his brow—that breath laden with the perfume of fadeless flowers that bloom in the garden of God—and remember that then every flower that bloomed in that paradise on high, every breeze that fluttered the foliage of the tree of life, every

world in existence, every atom in space, belonged to him, while angels and archangels around the throne of God cast their crowns before him, and the stars were as glittering dust beneath his feet. Yet, he has sacrificed all these things; has come to this world and become the Babe of Bethlehem, born in a stable, and cradled in a manger; has become the Man of sorrows, the Friend of sinners, the poorest of the poor—poorer than the foxes of the fields or birds of the air—and now stands, without a friend to defend him, on trial for his life before a Roman governor.

The governor is troubled; his wife has sent him a message: "Have thou nothing to do with that just man." He looks over the mob and wonders what to do. He makes a proposition to release unto them a prisoner, as was the custom at that time, and he hopes they will choose Jesus to be released; but they clamor for Barabbas, a robber, to be released. He asks them, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" and they cry: "Crucify him, crucify him!" Then the governor asks the question, "Why, what evil hath he done?" but they cry: "Let him be crucified!"

The question that Pilate propounded was a reasonable question, one that has been so recognized by rational, reasonable people from that day to this. It was proper and reasonable that he should ask, when that murderous mob clamored for the crucifixion of Christ: "Why, what evil hath he done?" But from the bosom of that mob, swept by a storm of anger, malice, and envy, no answer came, save the furious cry: "Away with him! Crucify him, crucify him!" Mobs rarely listen to the voice of reason,

rarely regard reason, especially such a mob as that—a mob filled with the blindest, blackest, and bitterest thing that ever shadows the souls of human beings supposed to be respectable: the Satanic spirit of religious fanaticism, partyism, bigotry, and prejudice.

They did not reject Jesus because he was an atheist. He never was an atheist. He ever believed in God. They did not despise and reject him because he did not believe the Scriptures. He quoted from them repeatedly, and said: "One jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." He neither disbelieved the sacred Scriptures, then, nor defied the law of the Lord. Neither did he defy or disregard the law of the land. The Father's word and will and way were precious in his sight. He, therefore, regarded no "jot or tittle of the law" as *nonessential*. He had too much respect for the Father for that. They did not oppose him because he was a sectarian, for there was no sectarianism in his soul. Why did they hate him so? Who were they? Who composed, constituted, that mob? The religious advisers, spiritual teachers, ecclesiastical heads and leaders, of the various sects, parties, and denominations then in existence and their deluded followers; and at the bottom and back of their hatred was this reason: Jesus did not regard or respect their religious parties or partyism, as such; did not sustain them in the idea that everything called "religion" is right just because it is called "religion;" and, therefore, did not "hold union meetings" with them or "join" any of them. God had established Judaism fifteen hundred years before that time—established it in a formal way at the foot of shaking Sinai,

when, from the summit of that cloud-wrapped mountain, he gave the law to Moses; but men, designing, desiring, to be leaders, and there being no head places for them, had divided Judaism, to subserve their own base purposes, and reduced it to the level of partyism. God has never set the seal of his approbation on religious partyism. Indeed, he has clearly demonstrated his disapproval of it, and Jesus earnestly prayed that it might never curse his church. (Num. 16; John 17.) Pharisees, Sadducees, and other sects and parties of that day were perpetually striving against each other, each trying to strengthen itself by weakening, wrecking, or ruining any or all the others; but they temporarily laid aside all their bitter strife and wrangling among themselves and formed a great ecclesiastical, crazy-quilt combination, to oppose the Son of God, because he would not recognize their sects or parties—their human, treasonable substitutes for the religion the Lord Almighty himself had established. Upon the same principle that Herod and Pilate could “make friends” on that day, though they had long been foes, so, in the presence of Jesus, these various sects, parties, denominations, of the Jews could and did form a great crazy-quilt combination, to drag Christ to the cross, nail him to it, and curse him as he died.

It behooves each of us, as we value our own souls and the souls of those we love and of those who love us, to think seriously, carefully, and prayerfully, to see whether we are guilty of such sin. Are we doing as that mob did? Do we love supremely the cause of Christ? Are we willing to do, to dare, to die, to lead sinners from Satan to the

Savior? Are we trying to get people to become and be, Christians, and nothing but Christians—"only this, and nothing more"—simply to take God at his word: believe what he says, do what he commands, become and be what he requires, live as he directs, and lovingly trust him for what he promises till he shall call them home? Is that our mission? Is that our hope? Is that the end for which we labor? Or is it our party that we love, our denomination that we are trying to support? Are we loving and serving the Lord and his cause? Or are we simply loving and serving ourselves? Is it our party, and not Christ and his cause, that we defend? These questions are important. Salvation is involved in them.

An editorial clipping from the American says: "If Christ or his cause be assailed, little notice is taken of it; but if the doctrine of some denomination be denounced or criticised, a storm is raised immediately." The American has never published a plainer truth.

A doctor of divinity may deny the divinity of Christ; he may declare the Bible not to be the word of God; he may affirm that Adam was a monkey, and that, therefore, a monkey is the image of God, since Adam was made in God's own image; he may preach whatsoever he wills to preach—may even deny the divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the holy Scriptures, and the divine origin of the church, to establish which the Savior shed his precious blood—but *the* thing he must *not* do is this: utter one word or quote one passage of scripture that may tend to disturb the theological equilibrium of the crazy-quilt combination—this, he must not do.

CONFESSION UNTO SALVATION.

On Sunday morning, February 19, 1900, at the close of the sermon, little Jessie Gleaves confessed faith in Christ. Putting his arm around her, and holding her little right hand in his, Brother Larimore said, "Do you, my child, believe with all your heart that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?" and she replied: "I do." He then added:

"Precious little treasure, manufacturing sunshine and gladness for some fortunate family, some favored home, where, I hope, you are loved and appreciated as you deserve to be! I rejoice that you have the moral courage to stand before this audience and so earnestly and impressively say, 'I do,' in answer to the most important question ever propounded to man, woman, or child. And now I pray that through all your life, you may be an earnest, faithful follower of Him who, more than eighteen hundred years ago, stood before Pontius Pilate on trial for his life. I pray that the Lord may protect you, love you, lead you, and let you live long on the earth, to enjoy sweetest communion with Jesus and the saints in his service here. I pray that you may fully realize all your hallowed hopes and holy, righteous desires for body, soul, and spirit, for time and for eternity. I pray that your sorrows may be few and light and brief, that your joys may be many and lasting and intense. I pray that you may realize the fullest fruition of all your hopes regarding those you love and those who love you, that they may follow your example in coming to the Savior, those of them who are not already in him, in his spiritual body, in his service, and that you and they together may rejoice in the blessings of this life and in the hope of blessings in

the life to come. I pray that Heaven's richest blessings and sweetest joys may be yours through a long life of usefulness; that your foes may be few, your friends many, faithful, kind, and true; and that, at last, full of years and full of honors, full of faith and hope and love, you may have a quiet hour in which, nestling in the arms of the Savior's love, to breathe your last, and that then angels may bear you home and make you unspeakably happy in eternity, where, while the endless ages come and go, you may remember that at this hour you had the moral courage to confess your faith in Him who died that you might live."

WHAT CHRISTIANITY COST.

It is claimed that the world is burdened with the cost of Christianity. I am willing to acknowledge that Christianity is costly. It is not possible, however, for me to give you any statistics that can convey to you the remotest conception of the cost of Christianity. It cost heaven the sacrifice of the darling object of God's delight; it cost the angels the companionship of Jesus for one-third of a century; it cost Jesus the sacrifice of the wealth of the universe and all the joys of heaven for the lifetime of a generation on the earth; and, at last, it cost him life itself on Calvary's cruel cross. So those who speak of Christianity as being costly speak, perhaps, more correctly than they know. It may be, however, that when they say Christianity is *costly* they overlook a shade of difference in the meaning of words. They may mean to convey the idea that it is *expensive*. There is an important difference in the meaning of a thing's being *costly* and its being *expensive*. A watch that costs three hun-

dred dollars is a *costly* watch; but if it requires less than one dollar to keep it in good running order seven years, it is not an *expensive* watch. A watch that costs three dollars is not a *costly* watch; but if it takes seven dollars a year to keep it in halfway running order, it is an exceedingly *expensive* watch. When one of our sweet, guileless American girls, who was rich enough to do as she pleased, paid ten million dollars, "spot cash," for a husband, she got a very costly husband. I am not able to tell you whether he is an expensive one or otherwise. If it takes another million a year to keep him so dressed that she is not ashamed of him, he is *expensive*, as well as *costly*; but if he manages to win enough to support himself, he is not, to her, an expensive husband. He weighs, "they say," about one hundred and fifteen pounds; and some man, figuring it out on that basis, says she paid the highest price per pound, when she bought him, ever paid for veal.

Well, Christianity is costly—not a doubt in the world of that—but it is not expensive. Think of it! Just think if you can afford to stand up before high Heaven and before the world—if you can afford to stand up before even Satan, the archenemy of Heaven and earth—and claim that Christianity has been expensive to you. Can you do that?

There *are* things that are expensive, but Christianity is not. Things that injure us, things that degrade us, things that debase us, things that doom us, things that destroy us, are expensive; but Christianity is not.

Take war, for instance. If Christianity prevailed from the rivers to the ends of the earth, and the Christian

spirit—the spirit of Christ—enveloped the earth as waters cover the sea, we could have no war. And “if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.” (Rom. 8: 9.) War expensive? To say nothing of the cruel carnage, wreck, and ruin wrought, and the distress and desolation caused, by war—the wrecking of thousands of homes, the butchering of millions of men, the breaking of billions of hearts, the deluging of the world with sin—leaving all these things out of consideration—war is exceedingly expensive. After our cannons have been cold, our swords have been sheathed, our muskets have been stacked, and our drums and fifes and bugles have been silent, nearly forty years—since our fratricidal strife, that astonished and shocked the civilized world, ceased—our war debt to-day amounts to many millions of dollars, and our pension list shows an expense, because of that war, greater than the world’s contribution to Christianity. After Germany vanquished the legions of France in, or by, a seven-months’ war, France had to pay Germany a billion dollars—five million francs—to help Germany meet part of the expense incurred in fighting France. In 1878 Russia whipped Turkey, and seven hundred million dollars—one hundred million for each month of the war—had to be paid by the vanquished to the victor. England now, as the last year of the nineteenth century is passing away, is paying a million dollars—a thousand thousand dollars—a day, every day, to meet part of the expense—daily expense—of the Boer-British War in South Africa. Our cruel war cost our country billions of dollars and a million men in four sad years of sorrow and sin, and still we are taxed, to meet the ever-

increasing expense. The estimated expense of the world's wars for the last forty-four years of the nineteenth century is fourteen billion dollars (\$14,000,000,000)—fourteen thousand million dollars! A thousand thousand make a million; a thousand million make a billion. During the most enlightened period of forty-four years of the nineteenth century, the most enlightened century of all time past, the expense of the world's wars was, not including the loss of life, limb, or property, fourteen thousand million dollars (\$14,000,000,000)! These are only samples of statistics that show how expensive, indeed, is the science of human slaughter when reduced to practice. Christianity proposes to lift the pall from battlefields, clear away the smoke from battle-blighted lands, blot out the war spirit, set us free from these and all other blighting curses; then rebuild the homes burned, carry the light of joy and peace into hearts that are broken and homes that are desolate, and flood the world with the light and liberty of love divine. Not Christianity, that blesses ever and curses never, is expensive; but war, that curses ever and blesses never.

War is not the only expensive luxury. Poor, little, downtrodden Ireland, with all her wit and wisdom and other attractive qualities, groaning under the yoke of England, complaining of being taxed until life itself is almost a burden, pays in round numbers sixty million dollars for grog every year! Christianity would save to Ireland sixty million dollars of that taxation without shedding one drop of blood.

What is the record of Christian (?) America? Some one who has made a study of it tells us that, in round

numbers, our contribution for evangelizing heathen lands amounts to five million dollars a year; that we pay twenty millions a year for chewing gum, one billion for grog, seven hundred millions for tobacco, seventy or eighty millions a year to theaters that are called "first-class," "high-toned," "respectable." Think of it! Billions for unmentionable gratifications of the flesh; one billion—a thousand millions—for grog; seven hundred millions for tobacco; seventy to eighty millions to "respectable" theaters, such as deacons and doctors of divinity take their wives and daughters to; uncounted millions to the darker dives and baser sort; twenty millions for chewing gum; and five millions, many windy speeches, and a few long prayers to save the heathen! Thousands and tens of thousands of the sons of free America consider it a rare privilege to pay from five to fifty dollars for a seat, to see two popular pugilists try to pound each other into a pulp. But I forbear. Time would fail me, should I try to tell of all the things pernicious for which billions are gladly given—things that ever curse, but never bless.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." (1 Cor. 13: 11.)

Paul was a sublime man—one of the sublimest characters revealed to the world in the light of history, either sacred or profane—and still he, when a child, spake as a child, understood as a child, thought as a child; and it was not until he became a man that he put away childish things. What folly it is, then, in the light of such lessons

as this, for us who have reached manhood and womanhood to become vexed and worried and discouraged, and even angry and enraged sometimes, because the dear, precious, sweet children, even children who are the Lord's children, lambs in the fold of the tender Shepherd, do not always act like men and women who have grown old in the service of our God; because they do not now, while they are little children, do exactly what the little child Paul did not do—put away childish things! It seems to me that, as the first buds of springtime, whose bosoms seem to be filled with joy and love till they burst with bliss, are the sweetest smiles of spring, coming to supplant winter and fill our souls with joy, just so the childish things that sweet little children think and say and do, welling up from their guileless hearts, ought to fill our hearts with light almost divine, and love, tender and true, every day and every hour.

I am pretty sure the apostle Paul was not scolded and abused very much when he thought as a child, spake as a child, understood as a child, from the very fact that he made a sublime, successful man, which he could not have done if he had been scolded very much when he was a child. If you have children, and are afraid they will be much or do much good in the world, this is the way to prevent it: just simply scold, censure, abuse, and thus crush the precious little treasures while they are young.

Many things that have occurred in the last few days have touched my heart and carried me back almost to my cradle. I expect to go, in a few days, to see my mother, now nearly ninety years old, and bring her to my home to spend the summer; and this being my intention, I have

thought of my mother much, and I have again been in the shadows and in the gloom under which and in the bosom of which she has dropped tears, that would not stain an angel's cheek, upon my own face and head and hands. I have tried to remember whether she ever scolded me; and I believe that, in all the days of my life, she has never felt any more like scolding me than I have felt like cursing you this morning. She always told me that my childhood ought to have been brighter, that there were better days before me; for me to be a good boy, and the day would come when I could look back with joy to the dark days of my life—to the bittersweet moments, bitter with sorrow, but always sweetened and brightened by a mother's love. She sympathized with her child, and did all she could for him. I might have been better if she had been bitter, but I am sure I can never believe it. Eternity alone can tell how much I am indebted to the sweet spirit of that mother who never scolded her child. May the Lord grant that I may never scold, may never censure, may never unkindly criticise a child of the living God.

My thoughts *will* linger with my mother this morning. I can see as plainly as if it had occurred but yesterday—not once, but over and over again—when I would work in the snow or the ice or the wind until my hands were benumbed, almost frozen, how she would rub them in her hands and press them upon her bosom. I can see her get a pan of water and put my hands into it. I can feel her breath upon my brow, her lips upon my cheeks, as she kissed and blessed her boy that had to go out into the cold again, to work, as soon as he was warmed. More

than fourscore and seven years she has lived in the land of the dying; yet her health is as good and her mind is as clear, at least, as mine, I am sure. Her faith is strong; her hope is bright; her love is pure; her title to a happy home eternal is clear as God's eternal truth can make it, for she is a meek and faithful "follower of the Lamb."

MANLINESS IN BOYS.

A boy who is ashamed of his mother, because, forsooth, she wears a homespun dress and sunbonnet, violates rules of rhetoric or grammar when she writes or talks, or does not understand the etiquette of fashionable society, is not the boy to make a man. He may make something that at a distance may *look like* a man, but *not* a man.

ORIGIN OF MAN.

I notice in a sermon reported in one of our city papers, from a very prominent doctor of divinity who has come all the way from Boston, to teach us "the way of the Lord more perfectly," that when God made Adam he simply made a monkey. If it is possible to trace our lineage back to any higher or better source than that, we should certainly do so. If we can manage to switch off at any point along the line so as to truthfully say, "We came from here; we did not come from a monkey," we ought to do it. Well, we can do this, if we will. That may be the doctrine of Darwin and human theology, but it is not the doctrine of the Bible. The Bible says God made man—made Adam. It does not say Adam—man—was a monkey. But what does the Bible have to do with it, if human theology says otherwise? God made Adam and

Eve; and, as all other human beings are their descendants, God is, in that sense, the Creator of all; but that does not make them akin to God. They are akin to Adam and Eve, akin to the original monkeys; but that does not make them akin to God. Because a man makes a house, it does not follow that the house is akin to him. Because God made us, it does not follow that we are akin to God—only akin to the original monkeys; and, as such descendants of Adam and Eve, the great original monkeys, we have no right to call God our "Father," unless we have been "born again," born from above, "born of water and of the Spirit," born into his church, his family. He is our Creator, but we cannot trace our lineage back to him. I suppose God would not care to have us trace our lineage back to him through a monkey; and common, plain, unregenerated monkeys should not presume to claim to be the children of the Lord Almighty. But there is a way for us to become and be children of the living God. How? By entering into Jesus Christ, our Lord, who is "the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth"—in that sense, the *only* Son of God. The apostle Peter evidently had that thought in view when he said: "Thou art *the* Christ, *the* Son of *the* living God." We can get into Christ—into his spiritual body, the church, "the household of faith," "the ground and pillar of the truth"—be recognized by Christ as a part of himself, being related to him; and then have spiritual relationship to God—through Christ, however; not through Adam. Now, if we will, we can enter into that relationship by hearing the gospel, believing the gospel, repenting of our sins—in other words, earnestly resolving by

the grace of God to abandon sin and Satan and serve the Lord—confessing our faith in Christ, being buried with him by baptism into death, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ—into the solemn name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—and raised up to walk in newness of life. Then shall we be in Christ Jesus our Lord. We have thus and then and there been born again and have thus and then and there become the children of God. We are all creatures of his creation and care; but we thus become the children of God by faith, and, if we live right, can thenceforth consistently and correctly call him "Father," he being our Father in a spiritual sense—by virtue of the new birth.

God is the Father of his own children *only*, of course; and if we are not his children, we should not claim him as our Father. It is a sin, a shame, an outrage, and a disgrace to accuse a man of being the father of any children except his own; and surely it is a great insult to God to accuse him of being the Father of Satan's children—the Father of such as our Savior, the Father's own Son, when here in the flesh, positively refused to recognize as his Father's children. Shall we insult both Father and Son—the Holy Spirit, too? The Savior said to certain people who claimed God as their Father: "Ye are of your father the devil." (John 8:44.) The wicked are children of the devil, the Bible being true. (John 8; *et al.*)

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

It has been said that the church of Christ has been, and is, a persecuting power. This is simply an impossibility. Christians compose the church of Christ, hence

the church of Christ consists of Christians; to be a Christian is to be a child of the living God, a son or daughter of the Lord Almighty, a follower of Christ; and to be a follower of Christ is to be subject to the law of Christ, which is the law of love divine. What is the law of Christ? "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." (Matt. 5: 44.) "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. 7: 12.) "Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." (Rom. 12: 17-21.) "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." (Gal. 6: 7-10.) "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." (Gal. 6: 1, 2.) These are samples of the law of Christ, clearly expressing the spirit thereof; and it follows, therefore, that it is utterly impossible for the church of God ever to have been or ever to be a persecuting power—as utterly impossible as for icicles to fringe the mouth of a volcano in active eruption, or for snowflakes to freeze to the boiling bosom of the sun.

THE FAITH OF MOSES.

"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." (Heb. 11: 24-26.)

We are all, to some extent, acquainted with the history of Moses, the lawgiver of Israel. We remember that he was born when the Israelites were in bondage, when a decree was in force that many thousands of the Israelites should be killed in infancy; that he was placed in an ark by his mother and hidden on the brink of the Nile, among the rushes; that he was rescued by the daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and adopted as her own child, and, by the providence of God, his own mother, a slave, was employed by the princess to care for and watch over him—"to nurse him." Thus adopted into the royal family of Egypt, he had before him all the preferment, promotion, all the opportunity for attaining grandeur and glory, that would naturally come to him as the grandson of

Pharaoh, the king of that then great country. But we are told, in the language just quoted, that when he came to years—when he reached his majority, we would say; when he considered himself free to choose his own course—he “refused to be called the son of Pharaoh’s daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.”

There was demonstrated in this refusal to be called “the son of Pharaoh’s daughter” the sublime spirit of the man—his integrity; his true, genuine manhood, when he had just passed through the period of youth. He was not required to take oath that he was of royal extraction; all that was required of him was to be silent, to be submissive to the wishes of his foster mother, and occupy the position in the royal household of Egypt that would naturally be his. But he would have known, after he learned that he was the son of a slave, that the world was deceived with reference to him; that he was practicing deception by acquiescing in it; and the principle of true, genuine, sublime manhood revolted at the thought.

What did Moses reject when he refused to be called “the son of Pharaoh’s daughter?” He rejected all the privileges, emoluments, and glory that would naturally attach to his position as a prince of the house royal; he rejected the wealth of that wondrous country, where constant streams of golden treasures were pouring into coffers already overflowing; he rejected the pleasures of Pharaoh’s royal palace, with its ease, its elegance, its feasting, its revelry; he rejected the prospect of being sovereign of all that land. Being legally adopted, there was, of course, a prospect, a probability, of his wearing

the crown, occupying the throne, of the Pharaohs and swaying the scepter over Egypt; of being buried in the tomb of the Pharaohs, and having his name go down to posterity as an Egyptian sovereign.

What did he accept instead of all this? He accepted the position of a slave—one of a nation of slaves—and finally accepted voluntary, but necessary, banishment from Egypt, and became a sojourner in the land of Midian—a stranger in a strange land. He had a checkered career. Forty years he spent in Egypt, in the palace of the Pharaohs, as a member of the Egyptian royal family; forty years he was a fugitive, a laborer for others—a hireling; and then forty years a wanderer in the wilderness between Egypt and the Promised Land.

What was his reward? What position did Moses really occupy? He was the friend and confidant of Jehovah. The God of heaven chose him to be the leader of the children of Israel, and he led them—not less than three million souls—the people to whom he really belonged—his own people—out of bondage, through the wilderness, to the bank of the Jordan—the greatest, grandest, sublimest temporal leadership in the history of the world. He was the sublimest, the greatest, lawgiver this world has ever known. He was permitted to stand on the summit of shaking Sinai, shrouded in somber clouds that were riven by vivid lightnings, while thunders rocked the earth, and receive from the hand of God the tables of stone on which was written the law that has been, is, and is to be, the foundation of the laws of civilization in every age, country, and clime.

Providence protected Moses, cared for him, and pre-

served him to such an extent that he lived one hundred and twenty years; and, though he bore great responsibility and had many cares, his one hundred and twenty years were years of uninterrupted health and strength, one hundred and twenty years of vigorous youth.

What manner of death did Moses die? God permitted him to live one hundred and twenty years—thrice forty years—then called him to Mount Pisgah's height, to Nebo's loftiest summit, and there permitted him to view the Promised Land. We are told that, when the time arrived, his eye was not dimmed, his natural force not abated. The same eagle glance before which Egypt's haughty king had quailed forty years before was his as he stood on Pisgah's height, the same noble bearing, the same strength of body and mind—a youth of one hundred and twenty summers, standing there with the world spread out before him. What unutterable thoughts were his as he looked upon that scene—at the Jordan rolling at his feet; at the sweet fields of Canaan; at the smiling valleys; the silvery streams flashing back the rays of the sun; the mountain peaks lifting their heads toward heaven; and far away, at the head of the Jordan, grand old Hermon, veiled in misty clouds! While his soul was filled with rapture at this, the sublimest sight ever granted to mortal vision, the hand of God was laid upon the heart of that youth of one hundred and twenty summers, that heart was stilled, and Moses was no more. No pain, no fever, no agony, no fear in dying, no struggle; simply a youth of one hundred and twenty years, standing on the top of that lofty mountain, with the rest of the world spread out in beauty before him—his soul

was filled, his eye was satisfied—the summons came, and he fell asleep without a quiver, without a murmur, without fear, dread, or danger. A towering mountain was his couch, the bending heavens were his canopy, balmy breezes were his shroud, the Lord Almighty was his companion, keeping careful, constant watch and ward over him; no other being there, save the angels that hovered, unseen, but real, around him; and God himself buried him in some lonely spot, unmarked, unknown, “in the land of Moab,” that his tomb might never be desecrated, that his lonely body might sleep there in solemn silence till the trump of God should sound.

Men thirst for glory that will linger after they are gone. Did Moses have this recompense of reward? Ten thousand people—men, women, and children—know Moses to-day as the lawgiver, the leader of Israel, the meekest man of all the earth; ten thousand people know him to-day in every sense in which he would wish to be known, for every one that had known him now, had he been willing to practice the deception that would have given him the crown, throne, and scepter of Egypt; yea, millions know Moses to-day—know him in the unerring love light of God’s eternal truth—whereas, had he practiced that deception, in all probability not one single, solitary soul beneath the stars in this generation would have ever heard of him. Had he chosen to “enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season,” he had simply lived as the son of Pharaoh’s daughter, had been esteemed a prince, and, perchance, had swayed the scepter over Egypt; had gone to the tombs of the Pharaohs, and been forgotten long ago. More than three thousand three hundred years have

come and gone since his death, and yet the civilized world knows Moses; and should ten thousand generations yet be born and buried upon and in the bosom of the earth, the last generation would know him as one who preferred "to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Such was part of the earthly reward that Moses received, through the providence of God, for refusing to be called "the son of Pharaoh's daughter;" but there was something beyond this in store for him. The place assigned to him in the Scriptures is enough to assure us that there is a place assigned to him in God's eternal home. He is spoken of as being with the Savior when he was transfigured on Hermon's holy height; he is spoken of in the Bible in many ways that lead us to conclude that the end of his life on earth was but the beginning of life eternal in a world that is brighter and better than this.

The choice that confronted Moses confronts every responsible son and daughter of Adam's race—the choice between the pleasures of sin and the trials and triumphs of the people of God—and there is given us in the Book of books every assurance that if, like Moses, we esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the transient treasures and sinful pleasures of this world, we shall in no wise lose our reward, either in this life or in the life to come; but shall have the sweetest, because the purest, joys earth can give, and the unalloyed bliss of God's eternal home forever. For this let us live, labor, and pray, and God will save us all.

UNION AND UNITY.

The thought of the union and unity of the followers of Jesus is not a new thought. The Lord's Prayer (John 17), as well as many other parts of our Father's blessed Book, clearly reveals this. Jesus earnestly prayed that not only the disciples then with him, but all who should believe on him "through their word," while time should last, might be one, as he and the Father are one: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me." (John 17: 20-23.) In what sense can Jehovah, Jesus, and his disciples be one? Just in the same sense in which Jesus and Jehovah and the Holy Ghost are one—one in aims, one in purpose, working harmoniously together for the same glorious results. The religious world has drifted so far away from the spirit of that prayer that division and strife have found place even in the church of God; but occasionally some man arises who, in sympathy with the Savior, as expressed in this beautiful prayer, though not strong enough to successfully stem the tide, deploras this condition in the church. John Wesley, in his "Notes on the New Testament" (a standard theological work), in the ninth section, or division, of the introduction, or preface, utters this earnest

prayer: "Would to God that all the party names and unscriptural forms and phrases that have divided the Christian world were forgot, and that we might all agree to sit down together, like little children, at the feet of our common Master, to hear his words, to imbibe his spirit and transcribe his life into our own!" Sublime, sensible, scriptural sentiment this, that sprang spontaneously from the depths of a sincere heart. Wesley was not strong enough to successfully stem the tide; but he had sympathy in his soul for the Savior, and hence, instead of trying to establish some sect or party, and thus get the world farther away from the church of God, he deplored the divisions in the religious world and uttered the prayer just quoted, which is well worth repeating, and repeating frequently. It does not come from a divine source, but it comes from the prolific pen of a great and good man, and at least merits the careful consideration of every thoughtful, earnest Christian. Moreover, it breathes the sacred spirit of the Savior himself.

May the Lord so bless each and every one of us that, when the books are opened at the last great day, it may appear that not one of us has ever done one single thing to prevent the answer of our Savior's prayer for the perfect unity and union of all his people—his followers—for all time.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remem-

ber my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." (Gen. 9: 13-15.)

God's kindness, mercy, and love are universally and perpetually displayed toward the creatures of his care.

"Around, beneath, below, above—
Wherever space extends—
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends."

That was true when it was written, it is true to-day, and it is to be forever true. God has manifested his power, grace, and goodness in giving us memorial institutions, tokens and reminders of promises, and manifestations of divine providence and power, that we, when we see these reminders, may be encouraged, lifted up, cheered, as we journey to the tomb.

The world's history is not uneventful—even the brief period we call the "antediluvian age," a period of 1,656 years, beginning with creation—a wonderful event, of course, to be remembered as such while time and eternity shall last—when God from the boundless bosom of impenetrable darkness called forth light, and in that light completed the drama of creation. Man fell, Eden withered, sin prevailed. Men multiplied and sin increased till God, who could see the end from the beginning and understand all the immediate and remote results of sin, saw it had been better that man had never been made, unless the tide of sin could be stayed, and he resolved that the deluge should come, that the earth should be renovated with water—water and fire being two of the greatest purifiers at the command of God. He resolved that this

literal earth should be literally overwhelmed, enveloped, submerged in an ocean without a shore, for the literal remission of her literal sins. But a remnant must be saved, to repeople, to replenish the earth. That remnant must be the right remnant, and must be saved by the power of Almighty God. "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God." (Gen. 6: 9.) God selected Noah to coöperate with him in the preservation of the human race from absolute extermination. He gave him directions—plain, explicit, and simple—for the building of the ark: its length, its breadth, its height, how and of what to make it—directions as plain and simple as if given to a little child; and Noah, walking simply and solely by faith, followed these directions implicitly, in both letter and spirit.

So far as mortal man has any means of knowing, it had never rained upon the earth until the coming of the storm that brought the deluge. In Gen. 2: 5 we are told that at that time—the time alluded to in Gen. 2: 5—it had never rained upon the earth; and it is reasonable to presume that the elements had never been in the proper condition to precipitate rain till the coming of the deluge. Indeed, the Bible furnishes premises from which it is safe to deduce the conclusion that such condition had never been when the time for the diluvial storm came. For instance, there had been no "bow in the cloud." But now all things are in readiness; a great change is about to come. The people out of the ark see, far away in the dim distance, a dark, towering peak they have never seen before. They look to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, and these living mountains of cloud are there

rising higher and higher, like mighty giants, lifting their heads to the heavens and covering the earth with their hands. Vivid lightnings, never seen before, play upon the bosoms of the valleys between the mountain peaks, and form a wreath of glittering, golden glory round the brows of these gloomy giants in the heavens; the earth beneath begins to tremble, quake, and quiver; the deep mutterings of distant thunder are heard; the whole heavens are shrouded in gloom; the whole earth is filled with darkness and despair.

Suddenly the heavens begin to weep; great tears drop from the clouds. Thicker they fall, and faster. The windows of heaven are opened; the fountains of the deep are broken up; the waters of sighing seas and sobbing oceans rush and roar around the globe. "The windows of heaven" have been "opened;" "the fountains of the deep" have been "broken up." The depths of the deep, deep sea, it may be, have been lifted up, by the hand Almighty, to a level with the grass-covered plains. The plains are covered, the hills are gone, the mountains are submerged, the earth is overwhelmed; waves sweep in triumph over an ocean without a shore. Waters rush and roll and roar above the uplifted mountain peaks. The whole earth is submerged. Sin is blotted out; all sinners are destroyed. Forty days and forty nights the heavens weep and the earth is shrouded in darkness. The storm subsides, the waters are abated, the dry land appears.

Noah and his family come forth, bringing with them all other living creatures in the ark. Noah builds an altar, offers sacrifices to the Lord, and he and his family bow down before that altar and pour out their souls in expres-

sions of gratitude to God, the gracious Giver of all good. God gives them assurance of his continued care—divine assurance of safety from another deluge of water. He enters into a covenant with them, that while the earth remains, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease; that while time lasts, this earth shall never again be enveloped in the waves of a deluge of water; and as a token and sign and seal of this glorious promise, God set the bow in the cloud.

Whatsoever had or had not been, there had never been a rainbow in the cloud. We have a guarantee, sealed and certified by that token, that the earth shall never again be deluged by water; but we also have a positive guarantee in God's truth that it shall one day be purified by a deluge of fire, that the earth and all therein shall be burned. So, the beautiful bow of promise rises out of a flood of water, spans the arch of time, and rests in a flood of fire.

When certain events of extraordinary importance to the human race have occurred, especially events that have demonstrated God's special power, providence, and protection, he has set apart something as a token or reminder of that event. In Ex. 12 we learn of the directions God gave to the children of Israel for the preparation of the passover—as plain and simple as the directions to Noah for building the ark. The building of the ark foretold a deluge of water; the preparation for the passover foretold a deluge of death. At midnight the angel of death swept over the land of Egypt, slaying the first-born in every family, save where the blood of the paschal

lamb upon the doorposts marked the household of an obedient Israelite. The feast of the passover was instituted as a token or reminder of the day when God sent this last plague upon Egypt and caused pitiless Pharaoh to relax his grasp upon Israel and let the people go; and the Jews to this day keep the passover in memory of their escape from that visitation of death.

The Israelites kept the first passover in Egypt, and marched that night from their oppressors toward the Promised Land; but they were not yet delivered from the power of Egypt. The Red Sea was between them and the wilderness of their wandering; beyond the wilderness was the Jordan; and they had to cross the Red Sea, the wilderness, and the Jordan to reach the land of promise. This they could do only under the care and guidance and protection of God.

In Ex. 16 we are told of another memorial institution or token established for an important purpose. God commanded that the seventh day of the week, the day we call "Saturday," should be a rest day to the Jews throughout their generations—no fire kindled in their habitations, no work, no attending to business, no congregating together; but on that day there was to be as nearly absolute and perfect rest as it was possible, and the people still survive.

Why was this? "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." (Deut. 5:15.)

Why had they never been commanded to keep the Sab-

bath day previous to this time? Because the reason for it had never before existed. God had not, previous to this time, brought the children of Israel out of Egyptian bondage by "a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm." Why has the Lord Almighty never required any other people than the Jews—the Hebrews—to rest on Saturday? He has never brought any other people out of Egyptian bondage—the event commemorated by the Sabbath—by the resting of the Hebrews on Saturday.

In the still, quiet hours of this day of perfect rest, the Jews could remember how their ancestors in the land of Egypt were delivered from slavery by the hand of Jehovah himself. The Jews who now observe the Sabbath, if any do really observe it, have time, in the quiet of that day, for reflection; their minds can float back on the wings of faith and imagination to the days of slavery in Egypt; and they still have special reason to be grateful to God for his goodness and power as manifested to their ancestors in the long, long ago.

There is another memorial day, a day commemorating an event of wonderful importance, something brighter and better and more glorious than the covenant memorialized by the bow in the cloud, or the deliverance of the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage, memorialized, or commemorated, by the seventh day—Saturday—Sabbath, the Hebrews were commanded to observe—the birthday of our Savior from the tomb. We learn from the introduction to the last chapters of both Matthew and Mark that this day is the day that immediately follows the Sabbath; hence it is "the first day of the week," the secular name of which is "Sunday."

Since the establishment of the church of God, this day has been observed, not as a rest day, but as a day of spiritual activity. We should read and understand and teach our little ones exactly when the command to keep the Sabbath day came, from whom it came, why it came, to whom it came; and teach them that it was never a command to the Gentiles, and that this is the fundamental reason why we do not rest on the Sabbath day—the seventh day, or Saturday. We should also teach them why we observe the first day of the week, not as a rest day, but as a day of spiritual activity.

We should teach them that this bright, blessed first day of the week is Redemption's Day—the birthday of the Savior from the tomb. Jesus kept the Sabbath in the solemn silence of death; and "in the end [at the close] of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week" (Matt. 28: 1), an angel swept down from the courts of glory and rolled the stone away from the sepulcher, and the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings, to flood the world with light divine and lift our souls to God. God has thus reserved to himself the first fruits of the week, and has placed the stamp and seal and signature of Heaven's approval upon the brow of this bright, blessed day.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

We are either bringing reproach upon the cause of Christ or honoring the name of Jesus by the way we look, by the way we think, by the way we talk, by the way we live, every day and every hour. We should be chaste in word, thought, and deed; purer and better, more self-de-

nying, more self-sacrificing, every day we live. If we would give heed to this one thought suggested in this beautiful verse, "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ," we would bless the world wherever we were, and show a greater fitness than the world can otherwise see in the language of the Savior when he called his disciples "the salt of the earth," "the light of the world." This is what God wishes us to do, this is what he wishes us to be; and just to the extent that we do and be this are we in harmony with his holy will, and to the extent we do and be otherwise we are in rebellion against him. One thing is sure: we are for Christ or against him; we are weights or wings to this world; we are light or darkness; our lives are blessings or curses to the human race, so far as our influence extends, every day we live.

PURE IN SPEECH.

"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel." (Phil. 1: 27.)

The word "conversation" here does not mean what we ordinarily take it to mean in our day—that is, it is not restricted simply to a certain class or character of talk. While it includes all that we mean by the word "conversation," it is much broader in its comprehension; it embraces our entire life, as we learn from Paul's letter to the Ephesians (2: 1-3). It includes what we say, what we do, and what we think, so far as what we think is ex-

pressed in look, language, or life. Still, we should be just as careful how we use our tongues as if "conversation" in this place meant simply what we say when we talk to those who talk to us in return. In the pulpit and out of it, anywhere and everywhere, our tongues should talk nothing that is not proper to be talked by the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, children of the Heavenly King, followers of the sinless Son of God. While the tongues that talk for Jesus, publicly or privately, should always be chaste and pure and clean, this is especially true, under all circumstances, of tongues that talk for Christ publicly.

We that occupy the pulpit should think of this, and those who occupy the pews should bring such a pressure to bear upon us as to make it practically impossible for us to ever forget it—impossible to forget that we are talking for Heaven every moment that we talk, in the pulpit or out of it.

We should have nothing to say, and should say nothing—should have nothing to preach, and should preach nothing—"to men only," "to women only," "to children only"—to men, women, or children—to husbands, wives, parents, or children—*nothing*—that may not, with perfect propriety, be "proclaimed upon the house tops" in the presence of all. "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known," saith the Savior; and then he immediately says: "Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house tops." (Luke 12: 2, 3.)

The tongue that talks where orange blossoms kiss the brow of beauty beneath the bridal veil, when hearts are glad and hearts are sad; the tongue that talks where truest love with tireless hand rocks the cradle, while the sinless creature of a mother's care soundly sleeps and sweetly dreams; the tongue that talks where weeping wife or mourning, moaning mother holds the hand of loved one in the throes of death; the tongue that talks where mourners, clad in blackest black, sob and sigh and weep around the bier and shroud; the tongue that talks beside the open grave that waits for what was dearer far than life to loved ones left behind; the tongue that talks where vacant seats in sorrow-shrouded homes tell of joys forever gone; the tongue that talks for God to man and tells of things eternal; the tongue that talks of the tears and trials and temptations of time, and then talks of the grandeurs and glories and beauties of a world where sorrows are unknown; the tongue that talks of all that is near and dear to the human race, from the cradle to the grave and through vast eternity—that tongue should be a consecrated tongue, pure and chaste and clean, that utters neither vulgarity, obscenity, profanity, balderdash, nor slang—*ever!*

RACE NOT TO THE SWIFT.

We should remember that the race is not to the swift or the battle to the strong, as men count speed or estimate strength; but that the Lord Almighty will give the victory, glorious and eternal, to the brave, the faithful, and the true. Gideon's army when it numbered only three hundred was a greater and stronger army than when it

numbered two-and-thirty thousand; for when it numbered but three hundred, it was the army that God would have it be, doing the work he would have it do, working in harmony with his will for the purpose in view; but when it numbered two-and-thirty thousand, and could make a great display, it was a kind of crazy-quilt concern that the Lord of hosts could not trust. The same is true to-day, always has been true, always will be true. The Lord Almighty and one brave man or true woman who fears no danger, and dreads not even death—"a soul sincere, that fears God, and knows no other fear"—are an overwhelming majority, an invincible host, in any contest beneath the stars. On questions of morality, purity, and right, majorities, as men count, have, as a rule, been wrong in all ages. The story of the deluge, of Sodom, of Elijah, and similar stories clearly confirm this thought.

These are times when the faithful and the true should know no division, no littleness, no selfishness, no wrangling, no strife, among themselves; but should stand as one man for the cause of Christ, clad in the panoply of Heaven, armed with "the sword of the Spirit," with hearts full of sympathy for the sorrowing, suffering, sighing sons and daughters of men, battling bravely on from victory to victory till God shall call them home. Can we afford to be wrangling and disputing and cherishing unkind feelings toward each other, when souls all around us are living in the shadow and darkness of sin? Firemen who would stop when a home or a city is burning, members of a life-saving station who would stop when some mother's child is drowning, to discuss some little personal matters of difference, would be worthy of praise for

fidelity to duty for all time to come, in comparison with the man who, claiming to be a Christian, would sulk in his tent in times like these. There is more than a blazing city or a drowning child involved in this work. The sweetest joys earth can give and all the bliss of heaven forever, for ourselves, our friends, our neighbors, for those that know us best and love us most, are involved in the conduct of each one of us now.

TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS.

If there has ever been a day when it was important for the friends of Jesus to rally to his cause, to stand up for God's will and word and way, that day has dawned upon us. As the great infidel, Thomas Paine, I believe it was, said: "These are times that try men's souls." That language, in various forms, has been quoted thousands of times since he wrote it long ago in reference to the Revolutionary War and the times that immediately succeeded that bloody struggle, and it applies to-day, to this generation, in reference to Nashville and the contiguous country, to the condition of the people here this very moment. These are times that tell who are on the Lord's side and who are on the other side; the one class brave enough to do the right—brave and true enough to do and dare and suffer for the cause of Christ—the other class afraid to stand up for Jesus because, so far as men count numbers, they are in a hopeless minority in the land—because the cause of Christ is unpopular.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

"And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed:

and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever." (Dan. 2: 44.)

More than six hundred years before the establishment of Christ's kingdom upon the earth, in the days of the Babylonish captivity, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, had a wonderful, prophetic dream. We have this dream and many things connected with it placed before us in Dan. 2. This dream represented the four universal empires—the Assyrian, or Babylonish; the Medo-Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman—represented in Nebuchadnezzar's dream by gold, silver, brass, and iron mixed with miry clay, respectively. They are not spoken of by name—only one of them had had existence at that time—but they are represented so clearly in this dream that there is absolutely no reason why the shadow of a doubt should fall upon the mind of any one conversant with the Bible and with profane history in reference to their identity.

From the earliest days of history, ambitious men have been struggling for power, dominion, and conquest, and rivers of blood have been shed, millions of men destroyed, and billions of hearts broken in vain and futile efforts to establish universal empires. Centuries have come and gone, many generations have been born and buried,*and this desire has been in the hearts of millions of men; yet only four empires have been recognized as universal. These lasted, according to accepted chronology, all together, in the aggregate, not much longer than the church of Christ has been in existence—the Babylonish Empire lasting about fourteen hundred years; the Medo-Persian,

three hundred years; the Grecian, ten years; and the Roman, four hundred years.

These empires were established in blood and were shielded and supported by the sword; but none of them could stand. Daniel was a captive under Babylonish rule when the first of these four universal empires was in the very zenith of its grandeur and power and glory; yet, when he came to interpret that dream, he declared that proud Babylon should fall, that the Assyrian Empire should crumble, and another power arise and supplant it, which should, in its turn, be supplanted by another, and that by another, till, in the days of the fourth—the Roman Empire—the greatest of them all—the God of heaven would establish a kingdom that should never be destroyed—a kingdom that should not be left to other people, but that should break in pieces and consume all those kingdoms and should stand forever.

The kingdom that the God of heaven was to set up was to be established in the days of the Roman Empire; it having been established, the Roman Empire should fall, be broken in pieces, and consumed—not be turned over to a supplanting or subverting or succeeding power, but be consumed. The inference is clear that there was never to be another universal empire founded by the sword of mortal man upon the earth.

The Roman Empire fell many centuries ago. Fifty generations have been born and buried since that day, but no universal empire has arisen to take its place. Napoleon, filled with pride and ambition, hoped in the depths of his sordid, selfish, sinful soul that he should be able to subdue the nations of earth and found a universal em-

pire; but just when the realization of his highest hopes and proudest ambitions seemed to be almost in sight, his hopes were crushed and broken and overthrown, and his lofty ambitions ended in banishment to lonely St. Helena. England seems to have breathed the same spirit, and her boast for generations has been that the sun never sets upon her possessions; yet she has never been able to establish a universal empire, and to-day such an event seems less likely than at any other time for centuries past.

What of the kingdom that Jehovah was to establish in the days of the Roman Empire? Jesus, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of sorrows, the poorest of the poor, almost in the shadow of the cross on which he died, with no sword in his hand, no army at his command, said to his faithful followers: "Upon this rock"—this sublime confession, of which I am the soul, the substance, the all—"Upon this rock"—that I am "the Christ, the Son of the living God"—"I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

A few weeks after this he died upon the cross, slumbered in the solemn silence of a borrowed tomb three days and nights, and arose a triumphant conqueror over death and the grave. Forty days after this he ascended to glory.

Seven days after his ascension the Holy Spirit descended from heaven and took up his abode in the material prepared for this kingdom, and the kingdom of God was born, or established, then and there. It consisted of only about one hundred and twenty charter members, and they as poor as the poorest; yet back of it were the

promises: "And it shall never be destroyed"—"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Have the powers of darkness—"the gates of hell"—tried to prevail against the kingdom of God, the church of Christ? The sad and sorrowful, tearful, bloody history of the world for eighteen hundred years can answer that question. The church was born, like the Babe of Bethlehem, in the depths of poverty and obscurity; in the shadow of the towering mountain of Judaism, on the one hand, and the towering mountain of paganism, on the other—Judaism backed by wealth and influence and a thrilling history; paganism backed by political power and supremacy, by millions of money and millions of men. But the kingdom established by the God of heaven was not destroyed. In the days of its infancy it passed through fiery trials at the hands of imperial Rome in Rome's declining, dying days. It has passed through painful, perilous periods of fierce, fiery persecution at the hands of others; it has been assailed by atheism, skepticism, infidelity—by every phase and form, every shade and grade and degree, of the power of sin and Satan—for eighteen hundred years; and still it stands, unmoved and immovable, never having unsheathed a sword, fixed a bayonet, loaded a gun, lifted a battle-ax, or raised a spear, to preserve its existence, extend its dominion, define or defend its rights.

No human institution has had to endure a thousandth as much as the church of God has had to endure; no human institution could have endured a thousandth of what the church of God has endured. Tempests have tried it, storms have swept it, clouds have covered it, lightnings

have scathed it, and thunders have rocked it; still, Satan has utterly failed to destroy it; and its glory and power divine are destined to cover the earth as "waters cover the sea." Of this divine institution and the sacred rock on which it rests may, in truth, be said, almost in the language of Byron relative to Corinth of old:

"Many a vanished year and age
And tempest's breath and battle's rage
Have swept her bosom, still she stands—
A fortress formed by Heaven's hands.

"The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left unscathed that sacred rock—
The pillar of a cause which still,
Though persecuted, earth shall fill."

Kingdoms may be founded, may flourish, and may fall; but the church of God can never fall, can never fail. Atheism may assail, infidelity may scoff, skepticism may smile, and anxious hearts may tremble for the safety of Zion; but Zion stands secure, the literal, living fulfillment of the promise of the great I Am, that the kingdom which *he* was to establish should never be destroyed. The angels may doubt, the stars may burn out, and the sun may cease to shine; the mountains may fall, the rivers may fail, and the earth be wrapped in flame; the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds and the judgment day may come; but, when the angel of the Lord shall descend from above, on pinions dipped in the love light enveloping the throne of God, and, planting one foot upon the land and one upon the sea, shall declare by Him who plants his footsteps upon the sea and rides upon the storm, that time was, time is, but time shall be no more—

even *then* the church of Christ shall stand, secure as the throne of God itself; for Jesus says, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" Jehovah says, it "shall never be destroyed;" and the Holy Spirit, by the pen of Isaiah, the prophet, says: "The word of our God shall stand forever."

F. D. SRYGLEY.

(Discourse delivered by T. B. Larimore at the burial of his life-long friend, benefactor, and biographer, F. D. Srygley, August 3, 1900, and reported by Miss Emma Page, of Nashville, Tenn.)

The opening song was, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus!" followed by prayer by Brother Larimore and the song, "Friends Who Have Loved Us Are Slipping Away." After the sermon, the congregation sang, "Some Sweet Day."

After reading—from Brother Srygley's own well-worn copy of the Bible, his constant companion for years—Job 14: 1, 2, and Rev. 22: 14, Brother Larimore said:

When Stonewall Jackson fell, Lee, immortal hero of "the lost cause," said: "I have lost my right arm." Some of us—I am one—lost infinitely more than that when F. D. Srygley fell; and the cause that can never be lost, lost much more when our dear brother ceased to write, to talk, to breathe, than "the lost cause" lost when Stonewall Jackson died.

The life of our brother was brief, but eventful and important. His life and labors were such that all the ravages and revolutions of time can never erase the impressions he made. The present generation may never properly appreciate him, but generations yet unborn shall know his worth and speak his praises. Such is the history of men who have towered above their fellows. A costly monument marks the place where Burns, the peerless bard of Scotland, died in poverty and want, neglected

and despised. America's own Washington, known the wide world over and almost worshiped now, was shamefully slandered, bitterly reviled, and relentlessly persecuted by some of his own contemporary countrymen, as a traitor to his trust, his friends, and his country, while living as sublimely patriotic and unselfish life as sage or statesman ever lived; and some poetic scribe has said,

"Seven cities strive for Homer dead
Where living Homer begged his daily bread;"

history teaching that each of these "seven cities" claimed the honor of being the birthplace of "the blind, old beggar-poet." The heartrending history of the human race is replete with such lessons as these. Few are the flowers, filled with the fragrance of love, we give to the living. Many, bedewed with the tears of regret, we lay on the graves of the dead.

Our beloved friend and brother, Fletcher Douglas Srygley, was born in the hill country of North Alabama on December 22, 1856. In August, 1874, he was "born again"—born into the family of God, "the household of faith," the church to establish which our Savior shed his precious blood.

Believing the Bible with all his heart; perfectly satisfied with the word, the will, and the way of the Lord; hence deeming it his duty, as it was his desire, to be a Christian—"only this, and nothing more"—he never "joined" anything, never belonged to any denomination. He was simply a Christian. It was joy for him to "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints"—pure, unadulterated, undenominational Christianity.

His not becoming a Christian when he was a little boy, instead of when he was almost a man, was a natural result of a marvelous cause—a cause that should have never existed. The impression prevailed in that community then that *children* should not be encouraged to enlist in the army of the Lord. Possibly that same pernicious opinion prevails in some communities now. *Why*, no mortal may ever know. Satan may strive and smile to have and see it so; but Heaven has never willed it, revelation has never taught it, reason has never recognized it.

Some of the sublimest of the sublime servants of the Lord were lambs in the fold of the divine Shepherd of souls in childhood's happy days. If my information on the subject is correct, Jesse Sewell, Isaac Errett, David Lipscomb, and a host of other sublime soldiers of the cross were born into the family—church—of God in the days of their childhood and early youth—all along the line from seven to seventeen. Neither reason, revelation, history, observation, nor experience justifies the thought that children should not be encouraged to obey the Lord when they manifest an intelligent desire to do so. How strange, then, that even Christian parents will sometimes use their influence and authority to keep their own children from coming to Christ!

At Mars' Hill, Ala., December 22, 1878—his twenty-second birthday—our beloved brother was married to Miss Ella Parkhill, a sweet, Christian girl, scarcely sixteen years old, who made him a good, faithful, helpful, hopeful, happy wife.

At Hopkinsville, Ky., December 26, 1888, he was married to Miss Jennie Scobey, who did her duty, as a faith-

ful, Christian wife, so lovingly, so tenderly, so wisely, and so well that his brother, Filo, was constrained to say to me, a few moments ago: "He was an invalid and had been for years when she married him, and I verily believe she added ten years to his life." He never enjoyed perfect health.

More than thirty years ago I went from Nashville, Tenn., to Rock Creek "Meetinghouse," Ala. My mission was to "preach the word." The church there then numbered seven souls. As, the first time, I approached the door of that old log-cabin "meetinghouse"—a friendless, penniless stranger, lonely and sad, in a strange land—I saw, standing about thirty feet away, to the right and in front of me, twenty feet from the path I was traveling and thirty feet from the door I was approaching, a bright, little, black-eyed, bareheaded, barefooted boy—a picture of health, happiness, peace, and contentment, perfectly beautiful—to me—then, as, on memory's page, now. His cheeks were rosy; his eyes were black; his face was bright. Faultless in form and feature, he stood silent, motionless, erect.

He was standing there, to see "the preacher" as he passed, probably not caring to ever be nearer him than then. Instinctively I turned toward him, went to him, took his little right hand into mine, put my left arm around him, said something I deemed appropriate to him, and led him into the house. From that day to the day when, in the delirium of death, he, suddenly recognizing me, enthusiastically grasped me by both hands and thrilled my soul with an expression I can never forget, he was my devoted friend.

The body of that faithful friend, than whom no human friend was ever truer, lies in the silence and stillness of death before us.

He was my bosom friend, having and holding my confidence, love, and esteem nearly a third of a century—my constant correspondent nearly all that time. A quarter of a century at least—if not, indeed, longer—he, with jealous care, kept watch and ward over me, even as a brave, true husband shields and shelters the wife that he loves, as a fond and faithful mother cares for the babe that she bears. Notwithstanding his life of labor, care, and love—labor enough for a long lifetime—he lacked four months and twenty days of being forty-four years old when he went away, closing his eventful career on earth about fifty minutes after midnight, August 1—morning of August 2—1900, a date long to be remembered in sorrow and sadness by those who knew him, and, therefore, loved him.

As a child, he was submissive, obedient, cheerful, hopeful, helpful, happy, and kind. His loving, unselfish devotion to his mother was simply sublime. Where she went, he was glad to go; where she was, he was glad to be; what she did, he was glad to do. He, though never very vigorous, deemed it not a burden, but a blessing, to make a full hand in the fields, cultivating crops, and, while others rested, help his mother card and spin, cook, wash dishes—work with her, from parlor to pantry, anywhere and everywhere she went and worked. He simply bore, gladly and lovingly, as much of his mother's burden as it was possible for him to bear. Blessed be the boy

who bravely bears his mother's burden, and so fulfills the law of love!

As a husband, he was what every husband ought to be: kind, considerate, appreciative, sympathetic, thoughtful, helpful, and true. O. S. Fowler, prince of phrenologists, says, in a chart furnished him long ago: "You will make as good a husband as any man." Those who knew our brother best and loved him most believe the peerless phrenologist tells the truth. It is probable that no man on earth—even his own father not excepted—knew him more thoroughly or intimately than I; and I believe he always treated his wife and children with all due kindness, courtesy, consideration, and respect. To this, I believe, there was never an exception. Blessed be the memory of all such men!

His trust and confidence in Ella, the child wife of his youth, and his trust and confidence in Jennie, who blessed him so much longer than Ella did, were simply what a husband's trust and confidence in a pure, faithful, Christian wife should be. He told me himself, as others have told me, that, in his literary work, he rarely permitted anything he wrote to appear in print till he had read it carefully to Ella, when Ella was his wife; to Jennie, when Jennie was his wife, that she might suggest any changes she should deem it important or proper to suggest. Without an exception, he cheerfully adopted all such suggestions; and he assured me he had never had cause to regret it, while he had often realized that it was a marvelous blessing. He thus, because he believed it would be pleasant, gratifying, and pleasant to her, as well as because he needed her help, consulted Ella on the day



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of her death—the darkest day of his life—and he told me her mind was as clear and her suggestions were as good that day as ever before.

Jennie tells me there was one exception to his reading everything to her before permitting it to go to press. He did not, because he could not, read all of his last book to her before it passed from his pen to the press. I believe this is one reason he was so anxious to review and revise it, in the light and shadow of all that might be said about it. He realized it was his last, and he wanted her helpful companionship and counsel in perfecting his last book. I hoped we might call "Letters and Sermons" his *latest book*, but we have to call it his *last*.

He trusted, confided in, and relied upon his pure, Christian wife to such an extent that, while she, in her sadness, misses him much, it is not impossible that he had missed her more, had she been taken and he left.

The magnitude of his literary labors was simply marvelous. Few have any conception of the amount of work he did. Through both secular and religious press he reached the heads and hearts and homes of hosts of the sons and daughters of men. He pressed and impressed, through pulpit and press, upon the mind and memory of many—of tens of thousands—intelligent, appreciative people some points of vital importance as no other uninspired man is known to have ever pressed and impressed them. He gave thousands of his hearers and readers some clear conceptions of the grandeur, glory, and divinity of the church as a *divine*, not a *human*, institution, which, though old as the Bible, were practically new.

His literary labors began about twenty-seven years ago

—when he was a schoolboy—when he was my obedient, appreciative pupil—and were a signal success from the very beginning, eliciting complimentary comments from both secular and religious press, and continued till the sweetly solemn summons came to call him to his God. His books—“*Larimore and His Boys*,” “*Seventy Years in Dixie*,” “*Biographies and Sermons*,” and “*Letters and Sermons*,” written in the order here mentioned—have sold well, are still selling well—have all been and are an entirely satisfactory success.

The preparation of his last book, “*Letters and Sermons*,” for the press was purely a labor of love. He had long contemplated preparing and publishing a series of such volumes, and many had urged him to do so. In answer to an appeal urging him to bring out a book about me and my work, containing some of my sermons, he wrote, ten years ago: “I dislike to do anything he disapproves; but when he is gone, if I outlive him, that shall be the work of my life.” Realizing that the day of his departure was at hand, he resolved to prepare “*Letters and Sermons*” for the press, which he did in three months, being inexpressibly sad all the time.

A few hours before he left us, he called for a copy of the book. I found it in the hall, near him, and handed it to him. He opened it, looked at it a few moments, mentioned a correction that, he said, “must be made,” closed it, handed it to me, and said: “I would like to live to read it and all that may be said about it by the press, revise it, and perfect it; then I suppose my work would be about done. I now think of nothing else I want to do.” It was joy to him to say in the *Gospel Advocate* dated the day of

his death: "The new book, 'Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore,' has now been on the market only a few days; but it has already won its way to the hearts of its readers. I have not heard a single adverse criticism on it, but it has been spoken of in high terms of praise wherever it has been read. I am not financially interested in it, but I am anxious for it to have an extensive circulation for the good it will do." To do good was his constant, unselfish, controlling desire. Whatsoever he did, he did, that good might result.

The story of his home life should be told, remembered, and appreciated wherever there are homes. Marvelous as were his literary labors, he did not exclude himself from family, fireside, or friends, to study, read or write. Instead of shutting himself up where neither friend nor wife nor child could bless, kiss, or caress him, he did his home reading, writing, and studying in the family room, with loved ones working, talking, singing, laughing, and playing all around him.

He had to deviate from this delightful rule in getting out his last book, however. In preparing "Letters and Sermons" for the press, he had to examine an immense amount of matter that had accumulated as a result of a continuous, uninterrupted correspondence embracing a period of about thirty years. This made it necessary for him to go from the family room—which he reluctantly and regretfully did, for the comfort and convenience of his wife and children more than for his own—into the room just across the hall, where he arranged around himself—on the floor on which he sat—the contents of trunks and boxes and drawers of letters and sermons and selec-

tions he had to examine. He felt lonely, sad, and far away from wife and little ones then; but that separation was necessary, and he made the best of the situation. There, feeling, as he said, that he was writing my obituary, and realizing that he was prematurely finishing his life work, which was scarcely begun, always busy and always sad, he prepared for the press his last book, making haste to finish that labor of love before he died.

His home is believed to have always been an abiding place of peace, purity, and love; absolutely free from the baleful, blighting influence of unhallowed strife, selfishness, affectation, and pride. Scolding stands close to the head of the list of home curses. Though I have been as intimately acquainted with him and his as a twin brother much longer than he has been the recognized head of a home, I have never seen the slightest semblance of sinful strife or heard even one sentence of scolding there. So far as I know, his home has always been free from all such blighting curses. His loved ones at home always received from him, as he received from them, sympathy and succor, instead of unkind criticism, censure, and scolding.

Once, a few months ago, when he and I were sitting on his front porch, about sunset, we heard one of his little boys crying. He asked to be excused, left the porch, returned after a few moments, with the little fellow in his arms, resumed his seat, and said to the child: "Long ago, in a country called 'Egypt,' lived and reigned a wicked king called 'Pharaoh,' who commanded his soldiers and servants—'all his people'—to kill all the little Hebrew baby boys born in his kingdom. The Hebrews were his

slaves then. One Hebrew mother, who loved her baby as your mother loves you, put him into a little basket," etc. Thus he told the story of Moses, while the listening child forgot his troubles and his tears.

His wife tells me that he, when at home, always prepared the boys for bed, immediately after supper, while she prepared the girls. Then, every member of the family being present, he related some humorous, pathetic, or otherwise interesting story in such a manner as to make it entertaining and instructive to the little ones, as well as to his wife; then they read two or three times as many verses of scripture as there were souls in their little circle—each one who could read, reading, and father or mother reading for each one who could not read, it being thus understood that even "baby" read as many verses as "mamma" or "papa" read. The reading over and comments finished, the entire circle knelt, the baby in its mother's arms excepted, while a fervent prayer went up from that happy home to God; then the children were put to bed, and father and mother talked and worked till nearly "noon of night." If you think such a life is not above reproach and adverse criticism, please ask yourself the question: "How much better is the life that I am living?"

He was never haughty, proud, or boastful. I never heard him boast of anything. The nearest approach to boasting I ever knew him to make was when speaking of his last book, and he was too sad for anything he said to savor of boasting then. When his work on that book was nearly completed, he said: "It will be the best book in the world." After the publishers had sent him a neatly



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bound copy, only a few days before his death, he said: "I may be mistaken, of course, but I honestly believe, the Bible excepted, it is the best book I have ever seen." While this may seem to sound a little like boasting, those who knew him, heard him, and saw him, when, almost in the shadow of death, which he knew was at hand, he said these things know—absolutely know—the spirit of boasting was not there. Fletcher Srygley never boasted.

Long ago he said to me: "I am going to write *me* a book some time." Many a time did I mention that book to him, reminding him of the importance of writing it without delay; and in January, 1900, when he was wanting my permission to publish the last book he ever prepared for the press, I insisted that he should write *his* book first. His heart was set on the other, however; but, while preparing it for the press and keeping up his other literary labors, he wrote three chapters of *his* book—a work that no mortal can ever complete. I believe his book, had he completed it, would have astonished, delighted, and blessed the world and the church.

The warp of that book was to be a beautiful, pathetic, thrilling love story; the woof, the teaching of the Bible relative to the origin, unity, grandeur, glory, perpetuity, divinity, design, and destiny of the church, the church of Christ, the church of God, the church of which we read in the Bible. As is well known, he believed and taught the church to be a divine, not a human, institution, of which every child of God on earth is a member by virtue of the new birth, having been born into it, the church on earth being simply the "house"—household, or family—of God on earth, consisting, of course, of *all* His children

on earth; and, therefore, claimed every other Christian on earth as his brother or his sister "in the Lord." The more he read, the more he wrote; the more he thought and prayed, the more he believed these things.

He believed the name, the nature, the nativity, the doctrine, the discipline, and the destiny of the church are all clearly revealed in the love light of God's eternal truth; that all God's children should be one, should be Christians—"only this, and nothing more"—and that all Christians should "love one another with a pure heart fervently." All these things—the law of induction into the kingdom of Christ, the law of the Christian life—and many other things of thrilling importance—creation, redemption, and salvation; life, death, judgment, destiny, time, eternity—were to be woven into that book—*his* book—the wonderful book that he never wrote, the book that can never be written.

Thinking of that thrilling love story, that none can ever tell or read or write or know, reminds me of what those who knew him and loved him know: a pure river of truest, tenderest, sweetest, sincerest love flowed through his sympathetic heart. This love and sympathy sometimes led him to do things that cold-blooded, stony-hearted men might consider even cranky; but he was never a crank.

To him and Ella were born two sweet little girls—Mamie and Jeffie. Before Jeffie was born, Mamie was taken from the cradle to the grave—was buried at Mars' Hill, Ala., where the little family then lived. Ella, the bereaved child mother, was inconsolable. Sighing and sobbing as if her aching heart would break, she said:

“ Oh! if I had only kept one sweet little curl—one of the curls I loved so well and kissed so often—how precious it would be to me now! But my baby is gone—*all* gone—not even a curl left. How can I live without her? Oh! how can I live?”

The sun was sinking in the west—the day on which little Mamie was buried was nearly gone—when the thought of that “sweet curl” gave birth to that heart-rending wail of woe that touched the hearts of all who heard it. The Mars’ Hill school and community were a family filled with sympathy, confidence, and love—all glad to bear one another’s burdens, “and so fulfill the law of Christ”—the law of love divine. Brother Srygley, his own heart bleeding and almost breaking, in strictest confidence, submitted a strange suggestion to some of us. The mere suggestion was all-sufficient. The sun set, the moon rose, the stars appeared, midnight came. The bereaved, childless mother slept. The silence and stillness of death were there. Little Mamie’s grave was emptied. Her little white coffin was opened. The sweetest curl that kissed her marble brow was clipped—a precious, tiny treasure for which her mother sighed. The coffin was closed and gently lowered into the grave. The grave was filled. At the proper time, and in the proper way, the curl was given to the mourning mother; but she never knew the story I have just revealed.

Early in this year—a few weeks before his death—he went to Coal Hill, Ark., the home of his father and mother after their removal from their dear old Rock Creek (Ala.) home. There, in the room to which he took his beautiful

bride immediately after his second marriage, which was their home during the first year of their married life, and in which he kissed his mother good-by the last time he ever saw her, he wrote his wife the sweetest, and me the saddest, letter he ever wrote. To me he wrote: "I cannot stay here long; it is too sad."

This was his last missionary tour. He tried to preach at Marianna, Ark.; but Dr. Robinson and others, knowing he was in a dying condition, sent him home. At home, immediately after his return, he wrote me: "The doctors sent me home from Arkansas—sick. They say I must not try to preach. I cannot meet you in Murfreesboro June 30, as I had hoped. We will be glad to have you in our home whenever you can come." He preached from the pulpit as long as he could—longer than physicians deemed proper, longer than prudence would permit. Through the press he preached as long as he lived. In our hearts and in heaven he shall continue to live. Through the press he continues to preach. His *influence* may preach forever.

Solomon (Prov. 17: 17) says, "A friend loveth at all times;" and (Prov. 27: 6): "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." Neither Damon nor Pythias, David nor Jonathan, was ever a truer friend than F. D. Srygley. I know whereof I speak when I speak of his fidelity, friendship, and love. He was my friend, faithful and true, almost as long as "the Man of sorrows"—the Man divine, the Friend of sinners, the Savior of souls—lived, loved, and labored; suffered, sorrowed, and sighed, in this vain world of sickness, sorrow, pain, and death. In prosperity, in adversity, at home and abroad, in sickness, in

health, anywhere, everywhere, at all times and under all circumstances, his fidelity, friendship, and love were truly sublime.

He was too wise, and he knew me too well, to deem me perfect, of course; but he was not willing for man to mention my imperfections. He sometimes said to confidential friends: "I'll criticise him when he needs it, if I want to; but no other man shall do it." Not that he loved life less, but that he loved me more, he would have died any day to succor, shield, and save me. Shall I revere his memory and try to succor, shield, and save loved ones he left in loneliness to lament their loss? If I am a man, I will. May the Lord love and lead, succor and shield, abundantly bless, and eternally save, them all—make them happy here, and give them at last an eternity of unalloyed bliss with their loved one, "not lost, but gone before."

He was supremely unselfish. When he was preparing his last book for the press, he called me to the telephone, to tell me of a trouble that constantly interfered with his work. The baby of his family was seriously sick. Recognizing his voice, I asked: "How is the baby?" He replied: "The baby is worse." I asked: "Much worse?" He said, with an audible quiver in his voice: "She cannot be '*much* worse.'" Then he said: "I called you up, to talk to you about a little matter of business that is troubling me all the time. They have promised to pay me for my work on this book. I feel all the time like I am robbing you, or writing your obituary for pay. You agree to let me give you that money; then I can work. As it is, I can scarcely work at all." Not till I had earnestly ar-

gued the question with him and positively assured him I would never, under any circumstances, accept a penny of it, did he yield the point; and when he did yield, he did it reluctantly and regretfully, I am sure. This is simply a sample of some of the proofs of his sublime unselfishness.

The last conversation we ever had together concerning financial affairs was an earnest effort on his part to induce me to accept from him money which he claimed was justly mine. Those who knew him know there was no affectation, duplicity, or deception in these things. He was honest, generous, and frank. He said what he meant and meant what he said. He was sincere.

He believed and preached that "owe no man anything, but to love one another" (Rom. 13: 8), applies to money matters as well as to other things. He practiced what he believed and preached. M. H. Meeks, his life-long friend, confidant, and legal, as well as business, adviser, says there are no complications in his business affairs. It is not known or believed by those who knew him best and loved him most that he left one penny unpaid.

His name will occupy its accustomed place on the first page of the Gospel Advocate; friends who have loved him and who love him still will keep up his page, as well as they can; those who wish to tell of his merits, his worth, and his works can do so in the columns of that page; unpublished paragraphs written by him will appear there; and his loved ones now left without husband and father will, *if they will*—and I hope they will—continue to draw his salary till the remnant of this century passes away, at least. These statements simply express the avowed

purpose, will, and wish of the proprietors and publishers of the paper he helped to edit so long.

His writings were strictly—and, to some, sometimes seemed severely—scriptural, as well as intensely logical; and, while they were sweet and precious to those who knew and loved him, some who felt the force of his logic, the facts he related, and the scripture he quoted, sometimes thought him unkind. Though I knew him long, intimately, and well, I never heard an unkind expression fall from his lips—never. A brother once said to me: “In this week’s Advocate, Srygley says Brother —— has lied.” I was sure the brother was mistaken; but I examined the paper, to see. Without one word of comment, Brother Srygley had simply quoted two brief paragraphs from the pen of Brother ——, either of which positively contradicted the other. That was all. This is a sample of Brother Srygley’s hard sayings. To his writings I appeal for proof. Read what he wrote, that you may know what he said.

Christianity, pure and simple, is the religion he practiced, preached, and professed. The Bible is the only book he regarded as authority in religion; hence he belonged to no religious organization or body, except *the church of God*. How often he read the Bible through, from beginning to end, no mortal knows; but it is known that he read it through consecutively ten times in the last ten years of his life—once each year.

His evangelistic labors were performed principally among the poor, with whom he always sincerely sympathized. He said: “The Savior preached to the poor. It was one of the proofs that he was the long-looked-for

Messiah that the poor had the gospel preached to them. The rich are able to pay for preaching, and many of them have more preaching than they are willing to hear. I want to preach the gospel to the poor. They need it and appreciate it; and, in preaching to them, I am doing as my Savior did." Notwithstanding his reputation and recognized ability, he evangelized very little except among the poor. As a true, self-sacrificing missionary, he preached the gospel, without pledge or promise of pay, in destitute places. Indeed, he did very little preaching except in truly destitute places. Preference, not pay, prompted him to preach when and where and as he did.

I thank my God that Providence permitted me to spend the last week of our dear brother's painful pilgrimage through this world with him and his sorrowing family. I started home once. He did not protest. Had he done so, I would not have started. A few moments before I started he said to me: "We have parted many a time—parted, to meet again; but when we part this time, I think we part, to meet on earth no more." I started, but returned. I could not go. A few hours before his death—after he had been unconscious several hours—Brother Scobey said to him: "Brother Srygley, Brother Larimore has come. Here is Brother Larimore." He opened his eyes wide. At first he looked startled. The next moment he looked surprised—astonished. The look that immediately supplanted that—his last conscious look—was a radiant expression of rapturous delight that swept me back to the joyous days of his innocent childhood. He was in a gently reclining position. He could not lie prostrate. Grasping me enthusiastically by both

hands, he looked steadily into my eyes with an expression of tenderness that almost talked. I said: "Do you know me, Brother Srygley?" He said: "Yes." I asked: "How do you feel?" He replied: "I feel good." Then he closed his eyes and relapsed into an unconscious state that lasted till, without a struggle, he simply ceased to breathe.

Our brother left, to lament their loss, a wife who tenderly loves him; Jeffie, Ella's only living child, about eighteen years old; James S., nine; Fletcher D., six; Sarah Alice, five; Augusta, three; Jean, the baby, only eight months.

Ella sleeps in the cemetery at Savannah, Tenn. Little Mamie lies in the family graveyard at Mars' Hill—my home—four miles from Florence, Ala. The body of the mother our brother so tenderly loved rests at Coal Hill, Ark. No two in the same State, all sleeping among strangers, far away from home and loved ones. His body is to await the resurrection morn in Mount Olivet—Nashville's beautiful cemetery—the only city of the dead I have ever seen that looks, not lonely and gloomy, but bright and attractive, to me. There would I bury all my dead, and there would I be buried, if I could.

Though always armed with sparkling wit, charming humor, and ready repartee, our beloved brother was no exception to the sad, sacred statement: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." He was no exception to the Scottish bard's statement: "Man was made to mourn." He has ceased to suffer. We are left to



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mourn. Let us all so live that "some sweet day" we may meet him and greet him and know him and love him in that love-lit land of pure delight, where sorrow is unknown, where sad farewells are never spoken, where hearts neither ache nor bleed nor break, "where life is eternal and a treasure sublime."

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." (Rev. 22: 14.)

