



**LETTERS
AND
SERMONS
OF**

T.B. LARIMORE



T. B. LARIMORE.

LETTERS AND SERMONS

OF

T. B. LARIMORE.

EDITED BY

EMMA PAGE.

VOLUME II.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
McQUIDDY PRINTING COMPANY
1904.

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MRS. PAGE

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LETTERS AND SERMONS

OF T. B. LARIMORE.

CHAPTER I.

Letters—Why Volume II. Was Written.

F. D. SRYGLEY, editor of the first volume of "Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore," desired and intended to prepare a series of such volumes for the press, if press and people appreciated and praised Volume I. as he believed they would, and he lived to do the work; but, before his work on Volume I. began, he fully realized that his race was run, that the time of his departure was at hand, that that book must be his last. For that reason, especially, he did the work when he did, knowing it was then or never, anxious to complete the book before he went home, believing it would do great good. A few days after that volume came from the press, he passed away, not living to enjoy the full measure of the success of this, his last and greatest work.

When his work on earth ended, the editing of other volumes of T. B. Larimore's letters and sermons seemed ended also, notwithstanding Brother Srygley, when he knew his days on earth were numbered, had repeatedly expressed the anxious hope that some one would take up

the work and continue that series of volumes indefinitely. However, as Volume I. found its way to and into the hearts and homes of thousands of appreciative people, there arose in the minds of many of its readers a desire for other volumes to be published. Many letters were written to the publishers and others, praising the book and insisting that other volumes should be given to the world, without unnecessary delay. An idea of the urgency of these calls may be gained from the following extracts from a few of the many letters on the subject received by the publishers:

William Anderson, President of the Nashville Bible School—a Christian gentleman of intelligence and culture; hence, a good judge of the merits of the book—wrote:

"Having lent my copy of 'Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore to an afflicted brother, to whom it has been a great blessing, I have received, and am reading, another copy. If possible, it is more intensely interesting, entertaining and instructive to me now than ever before. The more I read it, the more I appreciate and enjoy it. I would not change it in any respect, if I could. As to that, I would simply say: Let it scrupulously alone. We need more of the same sort from the same source. I know there are many, very many, rich letters, sermons and sayings of T. B. Larimore of which the world knows not; and I am sure I voice the sentiment of many thousands when I say they—all of them—should be published, that the world may be blessed thereby. The more such books we publish, the more we bless the human race."

W. J. Brown, of Cloverdale, Ind., a very thoughtful and able writer, urging the publication of a second volume of "Letters and Sermons," said:

"I write you in regard to publishing a second volume,

or series of volumes, of Brother Larimore's sermons. In a meeting at Coal City, Ind., I heard him preach many times; and my conclusion in regard to the merits of his sermons is the same as that of all the many preachers who attended that meeting, viz.: that a book of those sermons, or of such sermons from the same source, would do a vast deal of good where Brother Larimore himself cannot go, as well as where he can go and does go—wherever read. In some respects, I am in a position to render an impartial judgment upon the merits of the volume already written, therefore, upon the importance of publishing other volumes of Brother Larimore's sermons. Having read his book of sermons before I ever saw him, I was not influenced in my judgment of its merits by personal admiration. I have about sixty-five volumes of sermons; and I believe no one of them can do more good than Brother Larimore's book is destined to do; and this was my judgment before I ever saw him or heard him preach. I suggest (and this was the decision of all the preachers present at his meeting), that, at his next meeting in Nashville, you have twenty-five or thirty of his sermons preserved for the press by a competent stenographer, and make a book of them. If I could get out a book of sermons that would do the good I believe another volume of his sermons would do, I would, and certainly should, do it."

S. P. Hochstetler, of Coal City, Ind., wrote:

"It has never been my privilege to read any book written by uninspired man that has given me more pleasure than 'Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore.' It is a book that is destined to do much good—to be sought after, read, and reread by all who know Brother Larimore personally or by reputation, and to bless thousands who know him not, and who may never know him personally. I hope all who are interested in doing good, and know the

merits of these 'Letters and Sermons,' will encourage the sale of this great and good book. I hope it may not be long till we shall have the privilege of reading another book of sermons by Brother Larimore; and now insist that it be published as early as possible. I hope you will consider this matter seriously.

Mrs. Silena M. Holman, of Fayetteville, Tenn., a woman of literary taste and ability, writing as to the advisability of bringing out another volume of "Letters and Sermons," said:

" I believe such a book would do great good. I have never known any other book of sermons, I think, to take so well with all sorts of people as that book—'Letters and Sermons.' Wherever Brother Larimore is known and loved—and he is loved wherever he is known—the book is especially appreciated. I think the letters are fully as interesting as the sermons—perhaps more so to many people. Other volumes of Brother Larimore's letters and sermons should certainly be published, without unnecessary delay. Letters and sermons should both have proper place in every volume. I am sure the two together would make a much better, more popular and more salable book than either sermons or letters alone. I have great faith in Brother Larimore. I think he is a wonderful man. Our country has produced few men' of equal ability; and it has long been, to me, a source of sincere regret that his grand sermons have not been preserved in permanent form. While the personal magnetism he possesses in such a great degree cannot be put into a book, something that captivates people who have never heard him or seen him goes with his sermons wherever they go."

Misses Lovie and Dovie Freeman, of New Orleans, writing to Brother Larimore, said:

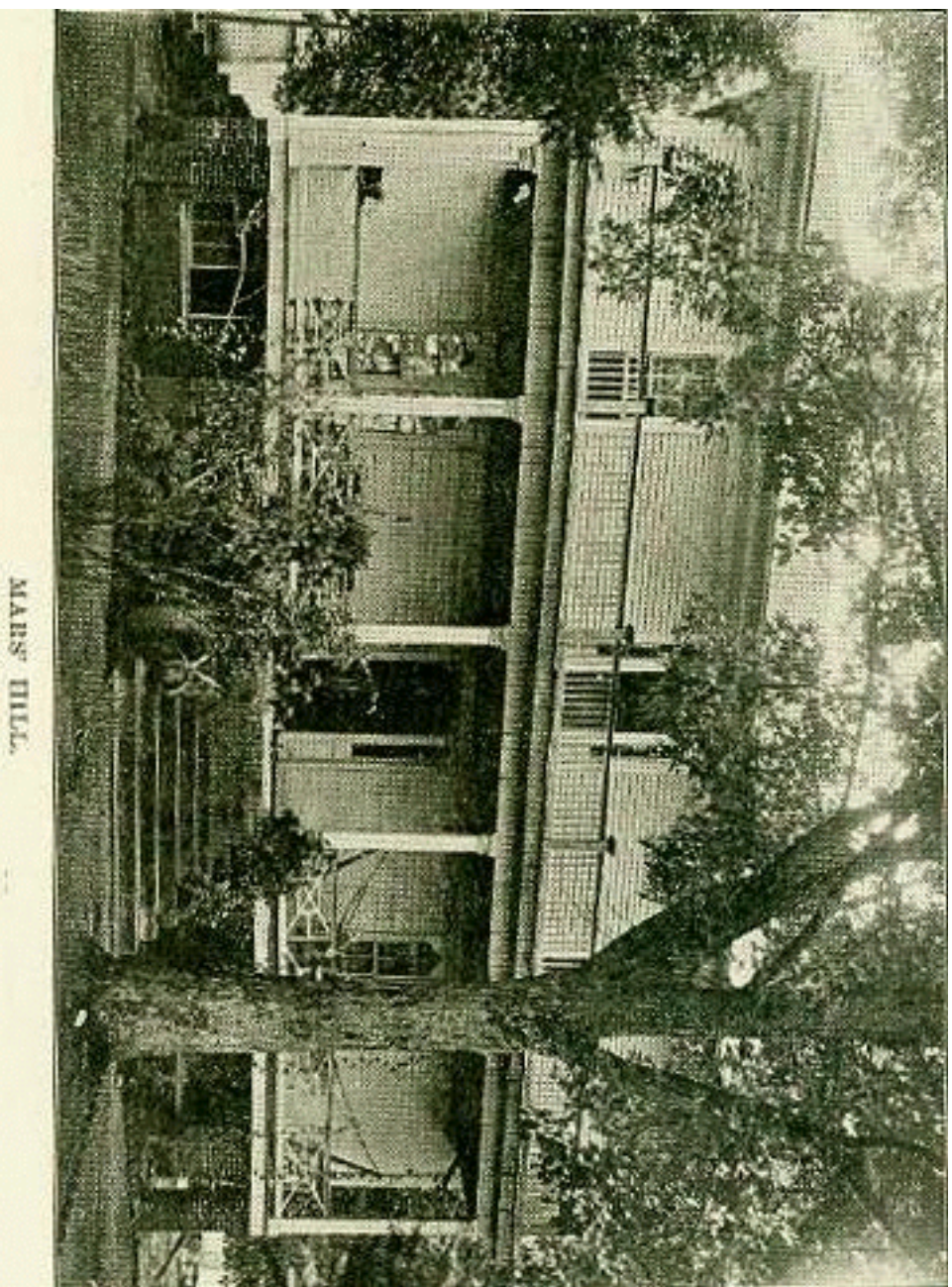
"Other volumes of 'Letters and Sermons' should certainly be published. Much good has already been done by the publication of the first volume, notwithstanding its work has scarcely begun; and there is no reason why much more good may not be accomplished by Volume II., Volume III., and so on, to the end. All the material—letters, pictures, selections, etc.—collected and preserved by Brother Srygley during his thirty-three years' correspondence with you, should be committed to some competent brother or sister who loved him, who loves you, who loves the Lord, his people, and his cause; you should preach for some congregation, or evangelize in some city, where all your surroundings would be most favorable; you should begin at the beginning, and preach to the end, of all you have ever preached; an expert stenographer, in fullest accord and sympathy with you, should be employed by publishers to 'take down' all you might say—having nothing else to think of, to care for, or to do— and volume after volume of 'Letters and Sermons' should be published till all shall have been given to the world. Your sermons on 'Faith'—Heb. 11:6—should be selected as the basis and body of one volume; and your series of discourses on 'Work'—John 9:4—should be chosen for a companion volume. 'Faith' and 'Work'—the two wings that elevate the human race, move the world and waft Christians to the gates of glory! What can be more important than volumes of sermons on these subjects, and from what other source than the tongue and pen of T. B. Larimore can such sermons be obtained? "

Madison Wright, of Ontario, Canada, made the following earnest appeal for additional volumes of "Letters and Sermons: "

"I have read 'Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore,' than which I have never read a more interesting, entertaining or helpful uninspired book. That is much for me

to say, but it is not too much. Other volumes of Brother Larimore's sermons should be published. I have often thought, if the sermons I have heard him preach could be put into permanent form, just as they were spoken, and sent into all the world, the good resulting therefrom would be beyond human calculation or comprehension. A series of volumes from his tongue, such as I have heard him deliver, covering the entire ground, from the fundamental truth 'God is,' to the final, blissful, eternal triumph of the redeemed, would, if published and properly circulated, bless the present generation and all the generations yet to come. While time lasts, such sermons will bless the honest, earnest and thoughtful who hear or read them. Publish Brother Larimore's sermons, if he will permit you to do so; and they will lead the weary to rest, the hopeless to happiness, and the lost to salvation, when his tongue is silent, his heart still, and his grave forgotten—long ages after he shall have gone home. Others will be preaching then—preaching truth or error. He, if living, would then, as now, raise his voice everywhere in defense of justice, truth and righteousness. That cannot be. At no distant day, he and we must pass away. But we can publish his sermons, and thus help him to 'preach the word' while time shall last, and make souls eternally happy.

"He longs to do all the good he can; hence, I believe he will not persistently protest against the publication of his sermons. On the other hand I am sure he will never have them published. Others must do that, or it will never be done. The opportunity to save his sermons should not be neglected; but I have reason to believe it is about to be, not only neglected, but lost forever. The work must be done now or never. The popular demand for his letters and sermons has been clearly demonstrated. Those who hear him rejoice to hear him. Men, women and children who have heard him, and men, women and



MAIR'S HILL.

children who have not heard him—all rejoice to read his letters, sermons and sayings. This justifies the conclusion that his thoughts, if properly preserved, may bless the generation that now is, and all the generations yet unborn. For years I have been almost constrained to write this appeal; but have refrained, through fear of appearing presumptuous. Now, impelled by a sense of solemn duty, believing the work must be done now or never, I appeal to Brother Larimore and to those who love him and the cause to which he has consecrated his life, to give us many more volumes of 'Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore.'"

Such pressure was brought to bear on the publishers of "Letters and Sermons," that at last they reached the conclusion set forth in the following notice, written for the press by J. C. McQuiddy;

"At first, we gave very little heed to the repeated calls for another volume of 'Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore;' but so many thoughtful people still insist that more of Brother Larimore's sermons be put into permanent form, that we do not feel justified in longer ignoring this appeal. There is but one decision in regard to Brother Larimore's work, and that is: 'It does much good.' From this conclusion I have never heard a dissenting voice. Therefore, as our aim in life should be the accomplishment of good—as much good as possible—it is clearly our duty to give the world another volume of 'Letters and Sermons.' Such sermons and thoughts should be preserved, to bless future generations. Brother Larimore has written me repeatedly that he thinks the '*last*' volume of 'Letters and Sermons' has been published; but, while he neither seeks, desires nor expects the publication of other volumes, I am sure he will gracefully yield to the wish of his friends who believe an-

other volume will meet with the same favor as did the first, and will accomplish equally as much good."

Brother Larimore, from first to last, expressed doubt as to the advisability of publishing other volumes. On this subject he said:

"I appreciate all my friends say about the publication of other volumes of my letters and sermons; but I still believe Volume I. is Volume *last*. Absolutely *no* gain or glory do I seek or crave; and I do not believe good would result from the publication of other volumes of my sermons and sayings. I am not my own, am not living for myself, and it is my duty to do good; but I do not believe I can bless the world by furnishing sermons for a book. I have never believed I could preach sermons that should be published. Of course I may be mistaken, but I think not. Literary work—book making—is not my forte—if I have a forte. David said: 'O that mine enemy would write a book!' That's somewhat similar to the wish of the man who wished his enemy 'owned a sawmill!' I am not disposed to write a book or encourage others to write a book—especially about me or my work."

His all-absorbing desire, however, is "to do as much good and as little evil as possible." Volume I. had done great good. No one who had read it, or had heard or read the comments made on it by thoughtful people, could doubt that. The publishers' sales of the book attested its widespread popularity. Under such pressure, he at last yielded a reluctant consent to the publication of other volumes of his letters and sermons, and wrote J. C. McQuiddy as follows:

"I do riot think my sermons or my letters amount to much; but, as you and your associates deem it important to bring out other books of my sermons and letters, it will afford me pleasure to cooperate with you in the work to

the extent of my ability, since so many friends insist upon it."

During his long meeting in South Nashville, in 1900, I reported many of his sermons, some of which were published in Volume I. I had, since that time, lost no opportunity to report his sermons; not with the idea of their ever being published in other volumes, but simply for my own pleasure and profit. It is a valuable education to follow, in shorthand, the speech of such a master of English. I had, in stenographic notes, thousands of pages of his sermons. The publishers finally made arrangement with me to select and transcribe sermons for the second volume and also to edit it. In accordance with the suggestions in some of the foregoing letters, and in many letters not herein quoted, the series of sermons on "Faith"—Heb. 11:6—was selected, to constitute the body of the book. The mass of material from which Volume I. was culled was turned over to me, and I was left entirely free in making selections for Volume II. Brother Larimore kindly consented to assist me in every way possible; but made no suggestions as to what should or should not be in the book. He said—and repeated it many times during the progress of the work: "Of course, you understand, and will never forget, even though I should be so negligent as to not remind you of it more than a few thousand times, that I neither demand, dictate nor direct. I simply send you all, and leave it all to you. You may always confidently call on me, with the fullest assurance that I will gladly help you all I can; but whatsoever I send you is to be appropriated, eliminated, or otherwise disposed of, as you may deem best, regardless of anything I may think or write or say. Please use all I may send you exactly as if I had never seen it. On the margin of a clipping I may hastily write what then occurs to me. You, in copying, may make much more or

much less of it, copy it just as it is, or leave it out entirely. If you 'nip it in the bud,' I shall be grateful for the frost that killed the comment and saved me. I make no suggestions as to what shall go into the book. You are free . to put into it, and to leave out of it, whatsoever you will. I'll just simply shovel tip nuggets, dust, dirt, quartz, rock, etc., promiscuously, for your hopper, mill and mint. You must examine, separate, eliminate and appropriate. What I may consider as nuggets of gold, set with precious stones, you may recognize as nothing but clay, with flint scales intermixed. Always use everything from me, or concerning me, as unwashed ore, just dug from the mines by your own hands and pick. You are, and absolutely must be, free."

Whatsoever praise Volume II. may merit, in a literary way or otherwise, is due, of course, to Brother Larimore; for the book is his work. That is, the warp and woof are his: the weaving is mine. In arranging the letters I have made such, and only such, comment as is necessary to a clear understanding of them, preferring to let them speak for themselves of the principles that govern the life of the author, as the sermons speak of the principles he preaches. Whatsoever censure is due for material put into the book that should have been omitted, or for material omitted that should have place herein, should be directed toward me; as I was left free in the selection of letters, sermons and sayings for the book. Where there is such wealth from which to choose, it is sometimes difficult to make wise choice.

The letters in this book, affording, as they do, an insight into the private life of a man whose sole desire is to serve God—to be good and to do good—have been an inspiration to me to be better and to do better. I earnestly hope the book may thus inspire all who read it.

CHAPTER II.

Sermon—The Foundation.

"NOW faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good" report. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear. By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh. By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith. By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed: and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise; for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." (Heb. 11:1-10.)

Believing it best, believing duty demands it, believing Providence so directs, I purpose to deliver a series of dis-

courses on "Faith." I wish to deliver this series of discourses as an examination of the foundation on which those who are trying to be Christians—"only this and nothing more"—are building—the foundation on which rest their hopes of salvation eternal; because I believe an examination of the foundation on which we are building will tend to strengthen our faith, and induce others to base their hopes of eternal salvation on the same foundation. I have selected the scripture just read and quoted for our special, prayerful, careful consideration, because it sets forth the importance of faith, giving it as much importance as even God himself can give it; for it is his word, and he does nothing imperfectly. It begins with the foundation idea, ends with the foundation idea, and has for its very soul the faith idea:

"Now faith is the substance [*sub stans*, substance— *foundation*, confidence] of things hoped for,, the evidence [assurance, conviction] of things not seen."

"But [for] *without faith* it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

"For he looked for a city which hath *foundations*, whose builder and maker is God."

The importance of the foundation of a building is commensurate to the importance, or value, of the building; hence when any man is about to build, it matters not what or where or when or why, he should give special attention to the foundation on which the building is to rest. He should carefully consider the foundation, whether he is about to build for time or for eternity—especially, of course, if for eternity.

Men recognize the importance of a good foundation for earthly structures. A multimillionaire resolves to erect a mansion that is to cost millions. He, of course, realizes that the importance of a good, reliable, firm foundation is in proportion to the cost and value of the prospective

building. But the wisest and greatest and best of men are only men, at best, and may make mistakes. Like Vanderbilt, this man purposes to invest ten millions of dollars in his mansion. When five millions have been spent, an experienced, expert architect and builder, examining the work for his own personal satisfaction and gratification, regretfully realizes and reluctantly concedes that the foundation is not, and never can be made, safe—that it cannot, and never can, support the building, completed—that it is no safer, indeed, as a permanent foundation for the prospective palace, than a fathomless bed of treacherous quicksand. As an honest man, wishing his fellow-man well, he earnestly, carefully and patiently explains the situation to the man whose millions are being worse than wasted. It is not his house, the money put into it is not his money, and he is not disposed to meddle, offensively or officiously with other people's business, to be "a busybody in oilier men's matters; "but, in directing the attention of the owner to defects in the foundation of the building under consideration, he is following the Golden Rule: "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.) The Golden Rule and "look not every man on his own things for interests only], but every man also on the things [interests] of others" (Phil. 2:4) apply to us, if we are Christians.

All the temporal buildings erected by man in all the earth, through all the ages, are of little value in comparison with the spiritual building every Christian is building, not for time only, but for incomprehensible eternity. We are building for "glory, honor and immortality"—for everlasting life. It is superlatively important, then, that we examine the foundation on which we are building. If we are building on the sand, examination may save us. If we are building on the rock, examination will confirm

and encourage us, strengthen our faith and inspire us to build better; thus making us stronger and better and happier here, and making our eternal salvation all the surer, as well as blessing, temporally and eternally, many who may live or die under our influence. So, then, let us examine the foundation on which Christians are building, by divine direction of the Architect Supreme.

No human foundation is a safe or sufficient support for a spiritual structure. A spiritual structure must have a divine foundation. The Savior said of the scribes and Pharisees, "But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" (Matt. 15:9), and he told them they had made of none effect the commandment of God by their tradition. They were not building on the right foundation. They were not building on the Rock. Therefore they worshiped "in vain." What is the duty of any man who believes we are building on the sand, instead of the rock? Should he try to save us, or should he let us go, as he believes, to perdition? Satan has so duped the world that many would say he should do the latter—simply let us alone—lest he should appear to be an uncharitable, unchristian, unkind meddler in other men's matters. But duty demands, the Holy Spirit demands, Heaven demands, that he shall warn us of what he believes to be danger worse than death. Then we should certainly not be incensed, and certainly will not be if we are Christians, when he earnestly exhorts us to examine the foundation on which we are building. We should thank him, immediately, diligently and thoroughly examine our foundation, and then, without delay, abandon the foundation, if it be human, and therefore worse than worthless, and seek the safe foundation; for we have absolutely no divine assurance of salvation if we build on a human, instead of a divine, foundation. He, therefore, who tries to correct us tries to save us. He should,

however, and he will, if he is a Christian gentleman, do this gently, kindly, courteously, lovingly and tenderly.

In whatsoever sense, and to whatsoever extent, a book may be a foundation on which to build for eternity and base our hopes of everlasting life, the Bible is "*the book*;" but the truth, *God is*—"He is " as expressed in the lesson under consideration—is the foundation on which the Bible itself rests. Therefore, to examine our foundation, as prudence and duty demand, is to search for, find and examine evidence that God is, "and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him;" that is, that the Bible, the book that teaches "that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," is his word, and is, therefore, correct and true. Those who are trying to be, religiously, what, as and all the Bible teaches them to be—nothing more, nothing less—accept the Bible, and the Bible alone, as their rule of faith and practice. They have no creed, no discipline, no confession of faith, no "abstract of principles," no by-laws, rules or regulations, no book, tract, paper, pamphlet, leaflet, catechism, kittychism, or anything else that mortal man can see, say, understand or handle, as an authoritative guide to duty or glory, except God's eternal truth—the Bible. They accept and appreciate the entire Bible; but regard nothing made or said or done by uninspired man as authoritative in the religion they believe it to be the duty of all responsible souls to embrace and practice.

Christians not only respect and revere theologians, ancient, mediaeval and modern, who have blessed the world; but they have due regard and respect for the entire human race. Hence, of course, they duly respect and properly appreciate all the efforts made by theologians and others through the ages, to bless man, glorify God and honor Christ. Just how much we are indebted to uninspired theologians and others for blessings we now enjoy, we may never know. There is, however, a world of difference

between respecting the efforts made by theologians to bless the world, and accepting any man's opinion or theory, to guide us in spiritual things. Notwithstanding we have due regard for the names, the lives, the greatness, the goodness, the labors, the sacrifices and sufferings of Luther, Wesley, Campbell, and all similar characters, we never wear the name of any of them, thus slighting and dishonoring Christ; nor do we accept their writings as guides in spiritual matters. We never accept uninspired productions of any pens as authorities—never. We recognize no such importance in any writings save the sacred Scriptures; and we wear no religious name but *Christian*—a derivative of "*Christ*." The bride should wear the bridegroom's name, not his servant's name, or any substitute suggested by his servant.

We accept the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible as authority in religion; and believe it would be an infinitely greater loss to have blotted from existence even one of the sixty-six volumes or eleven hundred and eighty-nine chapters of God's eternal truth, than to have absolutely obliterated every uninspired thought that has ever been penned by the uninspired theologians of any and every age, country and clime. All that is unquestionably valuable, and infallibly correct and reliable, as spiritual law, admonition, advice, instruction, information and direction, in the writings of uninspired theologians, is what, and only what, they have culled from the book of God. Blot out their writings, and we still have an all-sufficient spiritual guide. Blot out the Bible, and the light of the world is gone. It is absolutely all the revelation we have, to guide us through grace to glory. Therefore, while we respect the rights, the religion, the opinions, the faith and the feelings of all, we wear no name but Christ's, we bow to no book but God's. We preach and practice no religion but the Lord's. Our faith

comes "by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." (Rom. 10:17.)

Faith is *a*, if not *the*, great need of the world to-day. Lack of faith is responsible for lack of love, liberality, zeal, energy, earnestness, enthusiasm, prayerfulness, purity, piety, consecration and loyalty among Christians. Lack of faith is responsible for the world's standing aloof from the church and drifting to destruction and perdition. Since the Bible is the book of faith divine, it is important to examine its foundation, to get down to the bed rock on which it rests, to the very idea of the existence of God—the God idea—and thus strengthen our faith, if we are building on the rock. To this end, we should bring to our assistance whatsoever evidence may be available in the whole realm of nature, look into the Book of books, consider both external and internal evidences of its divine inspiration, and thus reach such conclusion as may be right in the light of the evidence, always allowing an overwhelming preponderance of evidence to decide and definitely settle every question considered, of course. This is always infallibly safe and 'right. Nothing less than this can ever be either safe or right.

To examine a foundation does not necessarily imply lack of confidence in it. Indeed, such examination, conducted in the light, in the presence of intelligent, responsible souls, to convince them that the foundation is firm, sound, solid, safe and sure, and to induce them to accept it as such, evinces the greatest confidence in it on the part of those who suggest, conduct and encourage the examination or investigation. Some shrewd men of mind, muscle and money that they hope to so manipulate and manage as to bring millions and billions into their coffers, select a spot for a city and begin to "work up" a marvelous "boom." They advertise, "from the rivers to the ends of the earth," the grandeurs, glories and advantages

of the proud emporium, the city of cities, they expect to found. The center of that city, *to be*, is "the exact center of the earth;" and, even in the near future, London is to be, in comparison therewith, only an insignificant village. They advertise that, beginning on a certain, specified day, there will be a great public sale of stocks and bonds and lands, in connection with their boom, where the city of cities is to stand till time shall be no more. Capitalists all over the earth become interested and excited, and come, or send representatives, to the place long" before the appointed time.

Forty days before the day announced for the sale to begin, some of the financiers, or their representatives, shrewd lawyers, suggest to the manipulators of the boom that they would like to have access to the books, to examine the foundation on which the boom rests. The manipulators become indignant. They say: "If you have come here to meddle with our business, and to disturb us, you can go home. We've been advertising this business three years. It's all right—all we claim for it. If you are not satisfied with it, you can let it alone. We are too busy to be bothered by you." What does this show? It clearly shows that, while the foundation on which the boom rests may be all right, the manipulators thereof do not believe it is. They believe it is all wrong—a fraud, a deception, a snare. They have absolutely no confidence in it.

Now let us change the scene a little. Forty days before the day announced for the beginning of the sale, the manipulators and managers of the boom announce publicly that their books and papers are open for the inspection of the public; that they want financiers, capitalists and their representatives especially to examine the foundation, ask any questions they choose to ask, search the records, summon and examine witnesses, and continue this examination till the very day the sale is to begin.

They pledge themselves to give all the assistance possible in the examination, that it may be as thorough as . possible; and they faithfully fulfill the pledge. Is it necessary to say they have confidence in their boom? Of course not. No responsible mortal can doubt that. It *may* be built upon quicksand and shadows; but they believe it rests upon the solid rock of the absolute certainty of sublime and signal success. Therefore, they "turn on the light," and invite investigation, that all may see and know exactly what and how it is.

This principle is as manifestly true when applied to spiritual things as when applied to things temporal. If people become restless and manifest dissatisfaction and unpleasant sensitiveness when you are, in a kind, courteous, Christian spirit, in the light of truth divine, examining their doctrine, either publicly or privately, you may absolutely know they believe it will not endure the light. If they are afraid for their doctrine to be turned inside out, and the search light of Heaven to be thrown upon it in fullest force, you need no other evidence that they think it is a fraud. They may be mistaken about it. It *may* be all right, but they do not believe it is. On the other hand, when people are always ready, willing and anxious to investigate, and have and help others investigate, their doctrine, you may know they believe they and their doctrine are right. Being human, they may be mistaken, but they think they are right.

It is very important to make such examination—to turn the search light of Heaven, in fullest force, upon the foundation, and examine it, as dying men and women, that we may know whether it will stand the test—know whether we are right or wrong. If right, examination confirms. If wrong, it corrects. In either case it may save. So, then, it is absolutely safe to examine the foundation—to examine our doctrine—likewise, safe to exam-

ine ourselves, that we may know whether we are "in the faith."

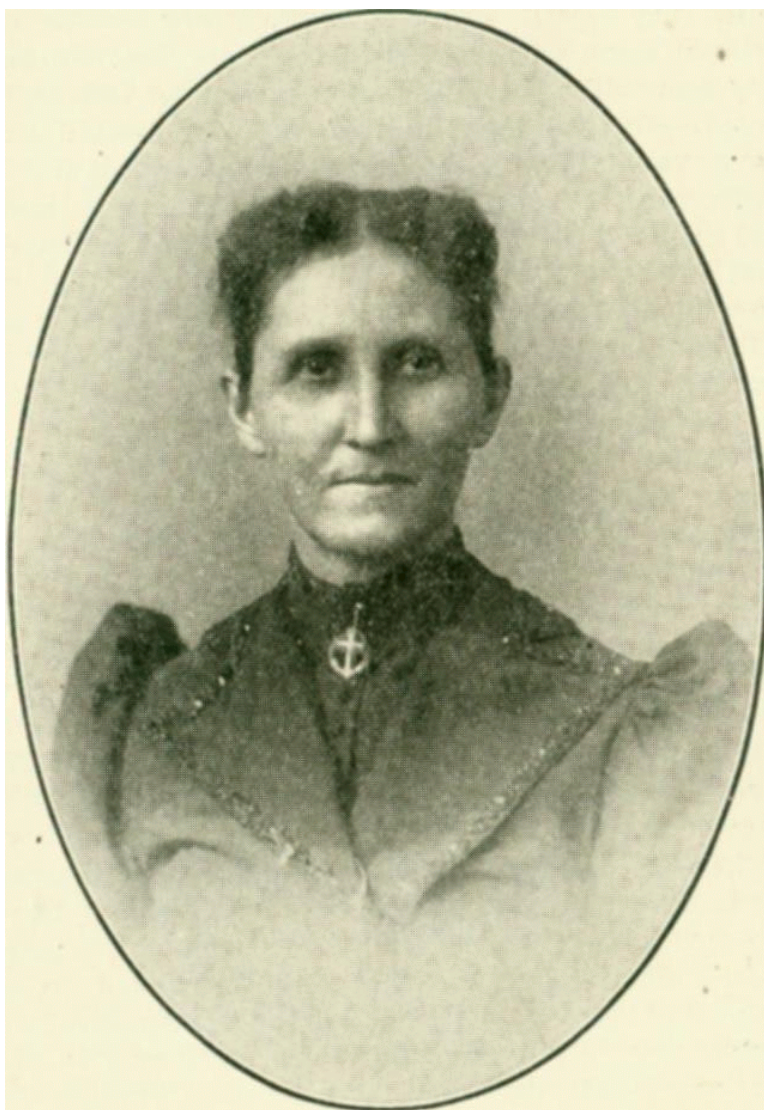
The examination of a foundation may be simply a manifestation of commendable caution. Travelers on railroads occasionally reach stations where men are employed to examine every train that arrives there. On an excursion train bound for Boston, we reach one of these stations. The train comes to a standstill and stays there thirty minutes. While some of us are nervously wondering and asking why we have to stay there so long, we hear the sound of rapping and tapping on each side of the train. Our murmuring ceases, and we look and listen. We see a brave, manly man, with brawny arms, his sleeves rolled up, hammer in hand, intently engaged in work, the importance of which we know not. What is he doing? Meddling with other people's business? No, indeed, far from it. He is tapping the car wheels—carefully inspecting all the machinery under the coaches composing the train in which we are traveling—examining the foundation beneath us. Is this indication or intimation that the man who is thus, examining the foundation, his associates or his employers believe the foundation to be faulty, and, therefore, the train to be unsafe? Of course not. It simply shows that they are cautious; prudent people, whom we may safely trust. This should increase our confidence, and cause us to feel the more secure.

Without such care and caution, there could be no such thing as safety. Men managing and manipulating railroads understand this principle perfectly, and reduce it to practice perpetually; which we should all certainly appreciate. But—adverting again to the brave, brawny man who is tapping our car wheels, to his associates and employers—they presume everything is safe and sound and right; but they are not running trains on presumption. They are running on knowledge, as far as possible; beyond that on faith—not *feeling*, but *faith*—and they

want their faith to rest on a firm foundation. Really; they run by faith and knowledge and works all the way, ever: by feeling, any of the way, never. Now, if everything is all right, nothing discovered or believed to be defective, we resume our journey.

But the man we are watching continues to tap a certain wheel till we suspect his educated ear has detected a discordant sound. He beckons to his side another man, and they tap and look and listen, and finally seven railroad men are there. They consult and examine, tapping the wheel and listening; and, finally, after a little delay and some "switching" that we cannot fully understand, the conductor comes into the coach in which we are traveling, and says: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have found a defective, at least doubtful, wheel under this coach—simply doubtful. It might run indefinitely and cause no trouble, but we want to give ourselves the advantage of the safe side of the doubt. We want to haul this, the rear coach, empty, to where it can be repaired; but the empty coach next in front is safe and is for you. Please go into it." This is official, remember, manifestly safe, reasonable, reliable and right; hence, we should appreciate it, and manifest our appreciation and prudence, as well as politeness, by doing as the conductor directs. The train is a long one, has been delayed, the conductor has orders to start, he gives the proper signal to start: steps into the front end of the front coach, and we speed away, the conductor and his crew having done and doing their whole duty.

In the meantime we fail to act as promptly, wisely and well as we should. Immediately after our careful, cautious, courteous conductor leaves us, we prepare to do as he has directed; but just then a sanctimonious, pharisaical-looking man, standing at the front door of our coach, says: "Ladies and gentlemen, wait a moment. You have started to Boston in this coach, and you should stay in it



MRS. T. B. LARIMORE.

till you get there. Otherwise, you will appear fickle, concede that you are not infallible, and acknowledge that you have not always known all things. Moreover, what will 'they' say? There is another very serious and important question involved in this case, too. Years ago, you remember, there was an excursion to Boston for old people—for old men and *elderly* women—and some of your grandfathers and grandmothers went all the way to Boston in this very coach. Some of them are living yet, and still tell of what they saw and heard in Boston, on that important occasion. They said they went all the way in this coach; hence, for you to get out of it and go into another now will be equivalent to saying your grandmothers lied about it. Right or wrong, go to Boston in the car your grandmothers went in, or die trying."

We listen patiently to all he says, resume our seats and remain where we are, as he suggests. The conductor, busy about other matters, devotes no more time or attention to us then, being far in front of us, and thinking we are where we ought to be, of course. Taking up tickets, answering questions, etc., he is working his way from the front end of the train toward us; but, before we have gone twenty miles, the car we are in is thrown from a high trestle, the other cars all keeping the track, our car is completely wrecked, forty lives are lost, many homes are filled with sorrow, and loving hearts are broken—all because of what? Not because the railroad management was not all it should have been, not because the men who examined the wheels were incompetent or unfaithful, not because the conductor failed to do his duty; but because that meddling man was wicked, reckless or silly enough to advise us to stay in a coach that was condemned, and we were weak enough to heed his advice, instead of following the official advice that was safe, sensible and right.

Such advice, however, would never be given, and such

advice would never be taken, if given, should such cases and conditions occur ten thousand times every year. We act more wisely in transient, temporal things. But thousands give, and millions heed, just such advice in regard to things spiritual and eternal—things of infinitely more importance than all the pomp, pageantry, power, grandeur, glory and wealth of billions of worlds like this. It matters not whether you were consulted, or were even conscious of your own existence, when you were put aboard some ecclesiastical train not even so much as mentioned in the Bible; you are told that your mother or your grandmother or both traveled on that train all the way, and therefore you should do so. Neither train nor schedule is mentioned in the Bible—the book of God—therefore neither is divine—neither is of God, of course; but, still, you are told you must stay there, regardless of results.

Many people are what they are religiously, not because God requires it, truth teaches it, or duty demands it; but because that's what their parents or grandparents or others near and dear to them were or are. Thus God, Christ and the Holy Spirit are practically forgotten; humanity is deified; and divinity is ignored. If, in love, earnestness and tenderness, you remind such unfortunate, deluded souls that the institutions to which they belong, the names they wear and the doctrines they preach and practice are all unknown to the holy scriptures, and are, therefore, human, not divine, and that they are following human, instead of divine, instruction, some of them regard you as an enemy, instead of a friend. Some may appreciate your sympathy and suggestions, investigate and be saved. Others may be inclined to do so, and some one may reprove them, misrepresent and slander you, and finally induce them to treat you with contempt, because of your earnest endeavors to save their souls. Such appeals as the following are made to such

people, under such circumstances, all over the land: "You are in your grandmother's church. Your grandmother was as good a woman as ever lived. She lived and died in our church and went to Heaven. You are in your mother's church, and have been in it nearly as long as you have been in the world. If any man tries to get you to examine your religious foundation, just tell him your grandmother's religion is good enough for you. Your mother settled the church question for you, before you were born. Your mother's church is good enough for you."

Such appeals ordinarily have the desired effect. Many do, however, regardless of all opposition, investigate, understand, believe and obey; but this is sometimes regarded as sufficient cause for anathematizing them, body, soul and spirit, for time and for eternity. This, however, should not cause any one to hesitate to do anything duty may demand. Through floods and flames, where Heaven calls, we should gladly go, though earth and hell oppose. We must deny self and bear the cross, that we may wear the crown with Christ. Jesus says: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Not follow his ancestors, earthly friends, or uninspired ecclesiastical teachers, but "follow ME." We must not decline, neglect, hesitate or cease to do this, even to save our own temporal lives. "For whosoever will save his life [temporal life, by being untrue to Christ or his cause] shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life [temporal life] for my sake shall find it" [find, or receive, eternal life]. We can afford to be loyal to the Lord—to live and die for Christ and his cause. "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.)

It is our duty to examine the foundation on which we are building, and to encourage and help others to examine it. It is not only our duty to do this, but our eternal salvation and the eternal salvation of others, especially those who love us best and trust us most, may depend upon it. Moreover, it is important, because it is one of the easiest of all easy things to become wrong, radically wrong, in reference to things that are as plain as a, b, c, as simple as 1, 2, 3, and stay wrong, unless we examine the foundation on which we base our conclusion and rest our hopes. This may be true of Bible things and themes when there is not the slightest shade of a shadow of a reason, in the light of divine revelation, for the position we occupy. Long, long ago, in the days of my childhood, I got the impression—I know not how, or where or whence or why—that "Noah was one hundred and twenty years building the ark;" during all of which time "he was a preacher of righteousness." I carried the shadow of that erroneous, unscriptural, anti-scriptural impression in my mind from early childhood to young manhood and into the pulpit, without ever even so much as thinking of the possibility of its being incorrect.

One cold, winter day, I went to Purdy, the county seat of McNairy County, Tenn., to deliver one discourse. For good reasons, it was not prudent for me to promise to preach more than one discourse in a place then. I had a large, patient, intelligent audience, and I delivered a long discourse—preached about all I knew, and a little more. That was long ago, when I imagined the longer a man talks the more he says. I devoted a considerable portion of the time I wasted to expressing unnecessary sympathy for dear old Noah, who toiled on the ark and preached righteousness incessantly "one

hundred and twenty years." When the long, tedious talk was ended, the audience dismissed, and I climbed down out of the old-fashioned, two-story, boxed-up abomination then called a pulpit, and got upon a level with the people who had listened so long, patiently and politely, while I exposed my ignorance, a good, honest farmer, who had ridden, horseback, or *muleback*, as I had done, a dozen miles that bleak morning, to hear me preach—a man who had probably forgotten more than I knew—came to me and said, in a modest, quiet, humble way, "Will you please show me, in the Bible, where it says Noah was a hundred and twenty years building the ark?" I said, "Yes, sir, I'll show you," stepped back, got my Bible and tried to find it; but he said, "You needn't hunt it now—there are others wanting to speak to you—just wait, look it up at your leisure, and, when you find it, tell me where it is, please."

If I ever find it, I'll tell him where it is, too, if I can find him. Only about thirty-three years have come and gone since then; and I haven't had time yet to find, in the Bible, that, or anything that remotely resembles it. I have had time, however, to find that, if there is anything the Bible does not teach, that's it. The Bible clearly teaches that, when God first mentioned the deluge and the ark to Noah, he talked to him about his wife, his three sons and their wives. Each of the three sons of Noah, then, was blessed with the companionship of a wife when God first mentioned the deluge and the ark to Noah; and Gen. 11 teaches, plainly and positively, that Shem, who was a married man when the deluge was first mentioned to Noah, was just one hundred years old when his son Arphaxad was born, two years after the flood. That settles that with those who believe the Bible. No mortal can prove that it took Noah five years to build the ark. If it had taken him one hundred and twenty years to build it, unless it had been

miraculously preserved, the foundation would have rotted away before he was ready to tack the roof on.

Do you say "this is not essential to salvation?" That is true. But the point I wish to make is this: If one boy, among all the boys of all the ages, could, and did, get such an erroneous idea as that into his mind; and could, and did, grow up to manhood in the shadow of such an error; and did, even then, try to induce others to believe the same silly fiction; it is possible for it to be possible for some other, some brighter and better boy, more intelligent and with better opportunities, to get just as radically wrong on some vital point essential to salvation, and, therefore, be in danger of being lost and of leading others to perdition.

It is solemnly and supremely important for us to carefully and prayerfully investigate spiritual things, as thoroughly, wisely and well as we can. It matters not who may try to prevent us, we should investigate for ourselves. If all the popes and priests and preachers in all the world advise us otherwise, it is still our duty to investigate, being always open to conviction and ready to yield to every pressure of the hand of Providence, to every demand of truth divine. Jesus is greater than man, and he says: "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." (John 5:39.) May the Lord bless us all in searching the scriptures, with the earnest desire to know, and to do, His holy will—to "walk in the light"—till He shall call us home. If we really will do his will, we shall understand it, too; for Jesus says: "If any man will do ["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.)

May the Lord bless us all in acting our part as wisely and well as we can. May He bless all of us who claim to be Christians in examining the foundation on which

we are building, in turning Heaven's search light in fullest force upon it, and calling all others to come and see what the foundation is. May we be more and more consecrated to Christ and his cause, as the days of life are going by—consecrated body, soul and spirit; mind, muscle and money; head, hand and heart; time, tongue and talent, to the service of Him who died that we might live. May the Lord bless all responsible souls who are not Christians in realizing the importance of investigating for themselves; and, having found the true foundation, may they, bravely build thereon till Heaven shall call them home. Life is short. Death is sure. Eternity can never end. If you believe Jesus is the Christ, the immaculate Son of the living God, and will to abandon sin and Satan, accept him as your Lord and Savior, and live as Divinity directs all the remnant of your days, "now is the accepted time." "Harden not your hearts" by dangerous delay. To-morrow may be eternally too late. Come to Jesus NOW.

CHAPTER III.

Letters—Preaching the Word.

THE only way the church of God can be built up and edified is by and through the revealed will of God; hence the importance of the divinely inspired charge: "Preach the word." (2 Tim. 4:2.) Christians are teaching either publicly or privately, by what they say, by what they do, by what they are, every day and every hour; but, since it "pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe," as long as there are souls to be saved, the responsibility rests upon the followers of Christ to see that the gospel, the glad tidings of salvation, shall be proclaimed publicly—proclaimed, if possible, "to every creature." The commission, or command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature"—"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations"—imposes the solemn obligation upon all Christians to forward, in every scriptural way possible, the spread of the gospel; and they can never free themselves from this obligation as long as there are souls to be saved or nations to be taught of God.

Probably few Christians fully and properly appreciate the individual, personal responsibility resting upon each of them in the important work of preaching the gospel. "There are diversities of gifts," and all have not the power, nor is it the province of all, to preach the gospel publicly; but it is within the power and province, and is the duty, of every child of God, to have part in the work by, at least, giving sympathy and succor to those who devote all their time, talent and power to

preaching the word. The sacrifices made by any sincere, faithful man who accepts "the work of an evangelist" are not always understood and appreciated by others as they should be. The faithful performance of that work means necessarily the sacrifice of home life and home joys—often the sacrifice of wealth and worldly power, fame and honor. The same ability and effort properly applied in some temporal calling would insure to him the rewards the world offers unstintingly for talent and energy; but he turns from these, and chooses the hard work, the scant sympathy and praise, and often the scantier support, of a gospel preacher. His choice is made, not for the sake of an easy life, or because he hopes to make gain of the gospel; but, having the ability to preach the word, he recognizes and realizes, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!"

It may be said that "preach the word" is T. B. Larimore's motto, so often does he use the expression, in both letters and sermons. He says: "My position is: Preach the word wheresoever and whensoever Providence directs or duty demands., Always hew to the line, but never hack toes or chop fingers intentionally. As to where I preach: I preach where I believe I can do the most good. Probably I may never be able to convince some of this, and I shall certainly never try to do so; but the Lord knows, and those who know me and love me neither demand nor desire an explanation. While they may sincerely regret some things that I do, they all believe I always go and do where and what I believe to be best for the cause of Christ—therefore, for all concerned. So shall it ever be, till I cease to live and love and labor here, and enter into that rest that remains 'to the people of God:' when and where 'I shall know even as also I am known'—known even as God himself knows me."

A young preacher wrote him, asking: "What kind of preaching is most needed in a protracted meeting?" He replied:

"What kind of preaching is most needed in a protracted meeting?' Gospel preaching. 'And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' (Mark 16:15.) 'Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures.' (1 Cor. 15:1-4.) Paul's kind of preaching—not 'another gospel'—is the kind needed, and we must avoid all other; for he himself, by the Spirit of the living God, says: 'I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel: which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed. For do I now persuade men, or God? or do I seek to please men? for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ.' (Gal. 1:6-10.) 'The law of the Lord,' the gospel, the word, the truth, the scripture given by inspiration of God, is all-sufficient; hence the Spirit says: 'All scripture [all sacred scripture, of course] is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thor-

oughly furnished unto all good works. I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; Preach the word.' (2 Tim. 3:16 to 4:2.)

"By the lives we live, we are perpetually preaching. Bad habits are bad preaching; good habits are good preaching. Good preaching, not bad, is needed everywhere, at all times and under all circumstances. Every preacher, then, should heed Paul's advice to Timothy: 'Keep thyself pure.' (1 Tim. 5:22.) Moreover, no gospel preacher should ever forget that, as one fly spoils the dish, so one pernicious habit spoils the preacher and his preaching. The Spirit prompted the apostle Paul to write to Timothy, a young preacher: 'Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.' (1 Tim. 4:12.) All this applies to you, my brother, just as certainly as it ever applied to Timothy.

"Study, work and pray, always doing your very best. No gospel preacher should ever be satisfied to do less than his very best—no one, of course, can do more. Of course, the purest, wisest and best preachers may have their hobbies, opinions, personal preferences, and, possibly, even prejudices; but the word of the Lord ever, and these never, should be preached. Sinners should be taught how to become Christians; Christians should be taught how to make their calling and election sure; and all should be earnestly, tenderly and lovingly exhorted to abandon all evil, 'abstain from all appearance of evil,' and walk in the light of God's eternal truth."

Speaking of the source from which he gets material for his sermons, he says:

"My shot and shell are not manufactured by man. My gun is always loaded, and is fired automatically.

My ammunition comes from the arsenal above. While I draw from memory's stores as apt illustrations as I can, and try, as did our Savior, to simplify my teaching by illustration and analogy, I rely always, for proof, on God's eternal truth alone. I try to not steal. Of course, I may use the sentiments and language of others unawares; but I try to never pilfer either pelf or points from my fellow-man. If I have robbed any, I am not aware of it. With all my shortcomings and evil doings, my conscience is clear on that point. I have read a few sermons—very few—and have written one—but I have never read a book of sermons—I think this is true—and I have heard very little preaching in the last thirty-five years—almost none—appreciative of the preaching of others though I have always been. I get all my sermons, not as the darky caught the fish he caught—by 'spectin' his sleeping neighbor's trot line by night—but as a watchmaker gets the watch he makes, as the farmer gets his daily bread."

A man who preaches "twice every day and three times on Sunday when the days are short, and three times every day when days are long," has but little opportunity for hearing others preach, howsoever pleasant and profitable it would be to him to do so.

His success as a preacher is due, not alone to his natural ability, including his rare gifts as a speaker; but, in a great measure, to his unremitting, untiring work. Few have any idea of the regular, constant, systematic study he does; or the close, careful attention he pays to his work. Attention to small things is an essential element of success in any line of work, and he neglects not the smallest detail that can contribute to the success of his business—preaching the word. Two of his rules are: "Always study, to know what to say and how to say it. Leave nothing to chance. Study. Always do your best."

"Always notice everything carefully before beginning the discourse—fire, light, ventilation—everything—and then neither notice nor know anything but your own business till the close of that meeting."

At the beginning of a series of meetings he wrote: "Meeting just begun. Am hopeful, but have not had time yet to get the 'lay of the land.' Am determined to leave nothing that I can do that ought to be done undone or even partly done. We are to stand (or fall) solitary and alone, against the combined hosts of the Hittites, the Canaanites, the Perizzites, the Campbellites and all the other *ites* and *tites* in this goodly land. Three good audiences yesterday. Good singers—a few—but no books. Yes, I think they have half a dozen old 'note edition' and a few 'word edition;' but I never count or consider the 'word edition.' We need books, to distribute over the house, to hand to everybody—'note-books.' The 'saints and faithful' here seem to have never thought of such a thing. Well, I order, and will pay for, one hundred; and then we shall try to 'let all the people sing.' Good people here, and I hope we shall have a good meeting. We have no thought of retreating, stampeding or surrendering. 'If God be for us, who can be [prevail] against us?'"

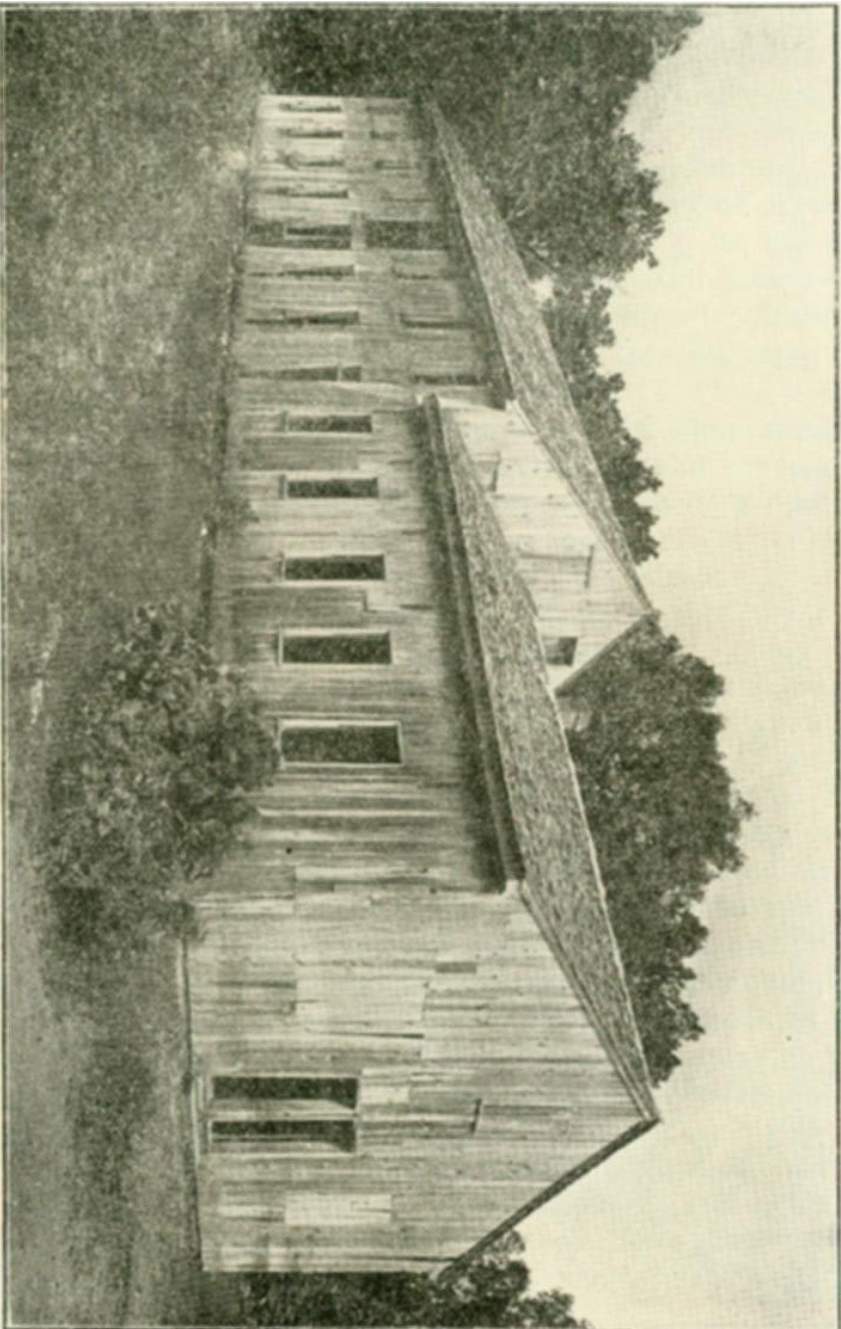
The man who does, and does thoroughly, all he can for the success of his work—the Lord's, work—and trusts God for results, never fails, whether the results of his work are visible to human eyes or otherwise.

Brother Larimore works among all sorts of people, and in all sorts of places, hence in destitute places; and is just as much at home in one place or among one class of people as another. Wheresoever he may be, he always tries to do, and encourages others to do, all the good possible. If a church with which he works needs

a communion set or a clock, he gets it and pays for it; if song books, he buys them: if the house needs seating, he encourages the saints to seat it, and gladly helps them by liberal contribution; if it needs lighting, the same—and so on—all along the line. He believes a hundred cents of every dollar he has belong to Christ and his cause. One of his hardest and, so far as immediate, visible results were concerned, most unsatisfactory series of meetings was conducted in an old, dilapidated, long-out-of-date house, that was really unsafe. He knew the brethren were able to build the very house they needed, and on that point especially he concentrated all his energies. About a year later, an intelligent brother who comprehended the situation perfectly wrote him, relative to that meeting and its results: "Our meeting was a wonderful success. You preached our old house down, and now we have such a house as, otherwise, we never could have had. Your twenty-two sermons on 'Work' did the work—made possible what, otherwise, must have remained impossible."

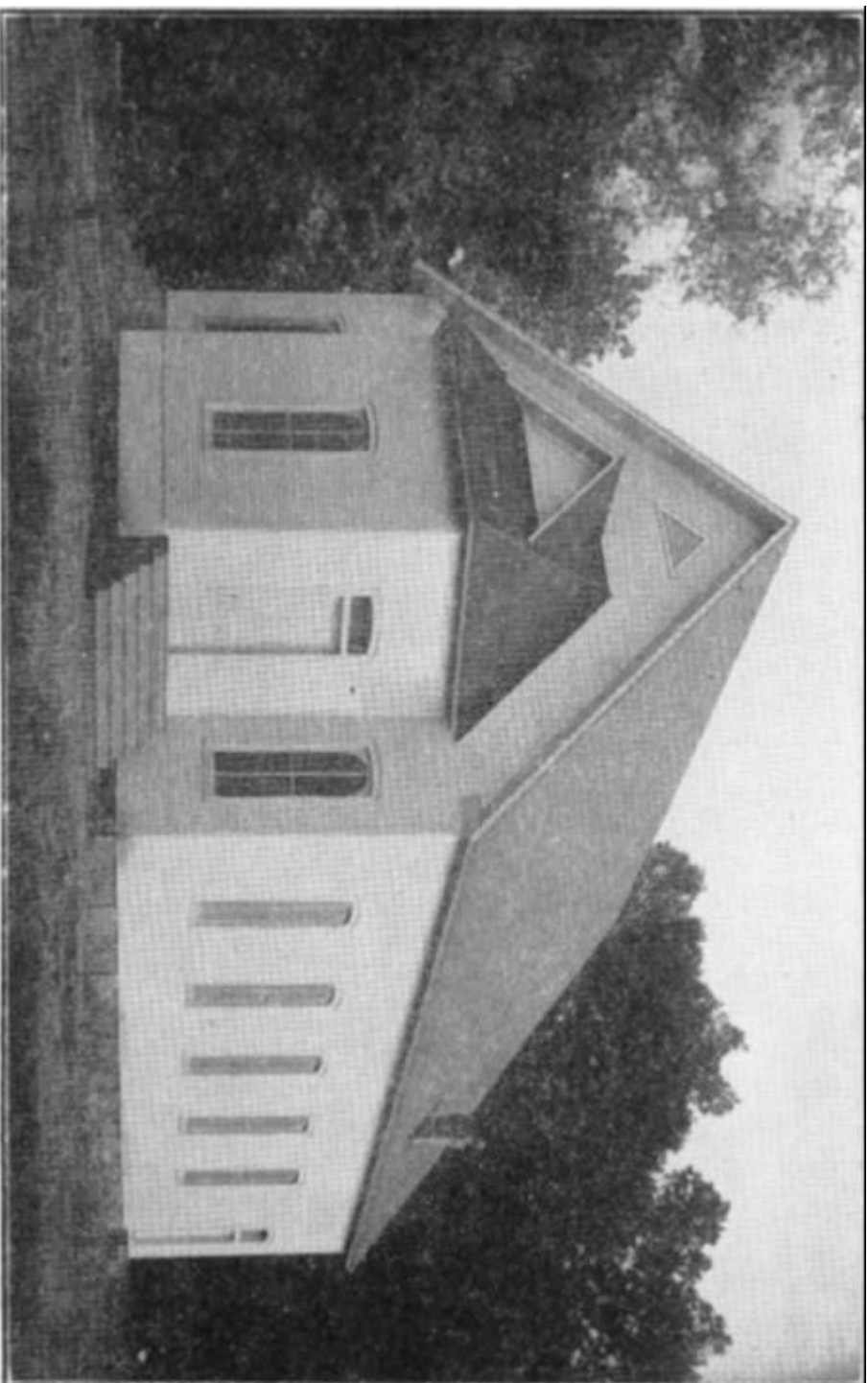
Promptness in everything is almost a hobby with him. He is especially careful to begin every service at exactly the hour—the very moment—announced for that service to begin. Speaking of this, he says:

"I try to never disappoint an audience, great or small, by being or beginning ten seconds late. Indeed, I think honor and veracity are involved in that; and even preachers ought to tell the truth. When I say, 'The Lord willing, our services will begin at seven o'clock,' those who know me are sure they will begin just sixty minutes after six—and they do, too. I have no right to rob any man of ten minutes' time, while he, too polite to leave the house, waits till ten minutes after the time I promised to begin for me to begin. I never do it, either. To do so would look at least a little like laying the bur-



OLD MARS' HILL MEETINGHOUSE

("The old shop"), where many thousands heard the story of Jesus and his love, between 1870 and 1901.



NEW MAIRS' HILL, MEETINGHOUSE.

den of blame upon the Lord; since I had said, 'The Lord willing, our services shall begin at seven.' The Lord is always willing for us to fulfill our proper promises—always willing for all his followers to tell the truth."

He never waits for an audience to assemble, never comments on the tardiness of any who may be late; but he sometimes gives an object lesson on the importance of being on time, as related in the following letter: "

"I'm preaching twice every day and three times on Sunday, and baptizing between times. Good audiences, but the people have not, till within the limits of the present week, been taught to be prompt, they say. The three meetings on the first day were well attended. Just as the moment arrived for the first sermon of the second day to begin, the aged sexton, with black face and white head, entered the house and opened the stove door, preparatory to kindling a fire, I presume—for we needed a fire. He and I were all alone—yet not alone. Presuming we could not sing sufficiently well to satisfy even ourselves, we kneeled, I prayed, and I presume he prayed, too. Then, after reading a chapter, I selected a lesson for our special consideration, preached to my 'brother in black'—we both belonged to the universal brotherhood of man—about fifty minutes, extended a gospel invitation to him, gave him a few seconds to consider the question, delivered the benediction, and all was over for that time—no song—simply a sermon. At the end of that service, the house was well filled; but I confined my tongue and attention strictly to my subject and the sexton, from the beginning to the end of the discourse. I never alluded to any one's being late; but the people have been prompt, always on time, from then till now—a thing never known in this town before, so 'the oldest citizens say.'"

In regard to meetings held by the women of a certain congregation with which the works, he says, in response to a letter on the subject:

"'Sisters' meetings?' I meet, by very special and earnest request, with them; read, pray and talk twenty to thirty minutes; then we, in an informal manner, as the widow of old, contribute to good works. We talk a few minutes socially, learn of each other relative to duty, destitution and distress; I go my way, they linger as long as they deem necessary, and finally all go to do good. No 'society,' no roll, no membership but church membership, no fines, perfect order, union, love and communion. All offerings are strictly 'freewill' offerings. Not a society, fine, fair, feast, festival, supper—nothing, absolutely nothing, but work for Jesus, as Christians, in the name and church of Christ. That's absolutely all."

Many Christians do not realize the personal responsibility resting upon them in the work of preaching the gospel; hence frequently fail to do their part of the work. "The preacher has an easy time of it," according to a very prevalent, popular idea in *Ms* work of winning souls to Christ; and many members of the church fail to feel any special obligation to aid in the work, even by their presence, encouragement and contributions. To the indifference of Christians is due, in a large measure, the indifference of sinners to the preaching of the gospel. If Christians understood and realized the importance of the salvation of souls—if they recognized, realized and accepted in their hearts God's valuation of the soul—if they showed by their zeal, earnestness, self-denial and self-sacrifice that they consider the salvation of souls of supreme importance—the world would not be slow to see and realize its supreme importance too. It is almost impossible for any man to impress upon the world the vital importance of spiritual things, as long as in-

difference chills the lifeblood of the church and worldliness absorbs its vitality.

Many, if not all, preachers who have been long in the service of the Lord can understand and appreciate the feeling expressed in the following letter:

"No prospect of success here. The people are not expecting much. Really, it seems to me they are not expecting anything—even a meeting. The political campaign seems to have—and to hold—the right of way. Christianity seems to be either ditched or sidetracked. I am doing nothing now—or its equivalent: trying to preach Sunday morning and each night except Saturday—seven times a week! That looks to me very much like a joke. We skip Saturday, and thus let the 'old boy' tighten his grip, so we can't disconcert him on Sunday. I've heard of 'ministerial courtesy;' but have never exactly understood it. Is this it?"

In the midst of another meeting he wrote:

"Our meeting is a drag—not like the 'brush drag' we used to catch fish with, however; for we are catching nothing now—except cold. Our house is small. About half the seats in it were occupied last night, about half the people occupying them made their escape while we were singing our invitation song, and at least half of the other half fled as if they were frightened when the audience was dismissed. No hope of success here unless the church can be converted and aroused to a manifestation of more—much more—real interest in the cause of Christ. As long as Christians (?) rest at home, visit or entertain visitors, on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday night, instead of attending revival services in their own house of worship; pay a dollar a seat for seats at a 'horse show' or in a theater on Thursday or Friday night; pay liberally for the privilege of attending matinee Saturday

afternoon; put ten cents into the Lord's treasury on Sunday morning; are too tired to attend the revival meeting on Sunday afternoon; and too sleepy to listen to a sermon on the salvation of souls on Sunday night; they should not be surprised if the cause of Christ in their community languishes and the world about them continues to drift toward perdition. It would be marvelous indeed, almost miraculous, for it to be otherwise."

There is a pointed lesson in the contrast between the foregoing letter and the one which follows. There was no material difference between the two congregations, as to number or ability to hold a successful meeting; but, to the preacher consecrating every power of body, soul and spirit to the success of the gospel—for the salvation of souls—there was a world-wide difference between the zeal and enthusiasm of the one and the coldness and indifference of the other:

"Weather! Weather!! Weather!!!—all sorts of weather, from the first moment of meeting till now, except (with slight smiles and gleams of stars or sun through rifted clouds very rarely) what we call *good* weather. But nothing earth and the underworld combined can do can destroy interest in our meeting—nothing. Good audiences, day and night, all the time. Veteran soldiers of the cross here—sixty, seventy, eighty years old—have never missed one single service, always on time, always linger, to speak words of faith and hope and love and good cheer after the benediction—solid, earnest, enthusiastic, from first to last, all along the line. Through fog, mist, rain, sleet, snow, wind, cold, darkness, mud—'through thick and thin'—the faithful come, and always seem to rejoice and be thankful and glad that they can come and do come. Such are the saints associated with me in this siege. They speak of the meeting as a great school in which they have learned more

about things divine than in all their days before. Along this line the enthusiasm is wonderful. They say, had there been no accessions to the church, the meeting, simply as a school, had been a glorious success."

In the midst of another meeting, he wrote: "Brother Andrews, extensively known as 'Captain Andrews,' because of having been for many years, 'in the good old days of old,' a popular and successful steamboat commodore, is a 'high private'—very humble and lowly, though—in the ranks of the soldiers of the cross. During the year 18—, he attended every Lord's-day service held at his place of public worship, both by day and by night, and was absent from prayer meeting only one time. This, however, should not discourage those who are too old, feeble and infirm to go to the house of the Lord except occasionally, and then only under the most favorable circumstances; for, truly, do 'circumstances alter cases!' Old age may, some dark day, in the faraway future, force Brother Andrews to forego the blessed privilege and pleasure of walking to the house of public prayer as regularly as the 'saints and faithful' assemble there; but it is not probable that such sad and sorrowful fears are to be realized by him in the very near future; for he is now enjoying moderately good health, is full of faith, hope, love, zeal, energy, Christian consecration and devotion to the sublime principles of truth, right and righteousness, and lacks many years of being as old as faithful friends hope and pray he may be before his seat in the house of the Lord shall be found vacant once, or twice or thrice a year. He is only eighty-seven now.

"This reminds me of Brother B. S.—not Alexander—Campbell, who took my confession on my twenty-first birthday. I'm not a Campbellite, though. I wasn't baptized in his name. The snow fell Saturday, Saturday

night and Sunday, so that it was twenty-two inches deep Monday. Brother Campbell was not in 'the assembly of the saints,' at his nearest meeting place, five miles from his home, on Sunday, and the faithful wondered why. On Monday morning, I went out to his home, to see him. He said, 'I'm eighty-eight years old. I know I haven't missed meeting with the brethren on the first day of the week ten times in the last ten years. I wanted to go yesterday, but my children wouldn't let me.'

While holding a meeting in Lexington, Ky., in 1889, Brother Larimore wrote:

"More weather than meeting this week—rain, sleet, snow, mud, slop and slush! On the most inclement night of all—when all the elements previously mentioned conspired with the intense darkness to keep brave men and fearless women—especially the young—at home, close to the fire—our venerable, saintly sister, Mrs. Alexander Campbell, who has been on her journey from the cradle to the grave nearly ninety years, cheered the hearts of the faithful few who were bravely battling against wind and wave and weather, to hold the old ship steady through the storm, by her blessed, hopeful, presence. Dark and gloomy was the night; delightful was the meeting. Sister Campbell reached Lexington in a snowstorm that night, too late to eat supper and reach our meetinghouse on time. She said, 'We started early this morning, and have had no dinner to-day; but I must attend the meeting, and be on time, lest, being late, I disturb some one; so, I will postpone my supper till to-morrow morning'—which she did. Blessed be the memory and bright be the crown of all such souls."

There is wonderful power in even a few brief words of sympathy to one oppressed with a sense of heavy responsibility, and the bravest souls need sometimes to be

reminded that God is above and loyal hearts are near. The following clipping was sent to Brother Larimore by a friend who wrote on the margin: "This reminds me of you: "

"In the winter of 1864, between forty and fifty women connected with the Sanitary Commission met in Washington, to 'talk it over.' After the business had been concluded, about half the delegates decided to call upon President Lincoln. There was no special reason for the call, except, perhaps, a pardonable curiosity on the part of the women to see 'Old Abe' at close hand and to hear his voice. The demand upon his time was probably a matter that never occurred to them.

"Long, lank, haggard and embarrassed, the President certainly looked as if, in the depths of his generous heart, he were silently wishing this additional burden had not been laid upon him. His sorrowful dark eyes—called by a sculptor who had given many days to the study of President Lincoln's face, 'the strangest and saddest eyes that mortal ever had'—were far sunken under cavernous eyebrows; his thick, dark hair lay wildly at cross-purposes over his head; his large nose loomed above a wide mouth set in a heavy muscular framing which looked as if it had never smiled. Each one of the women; as she shook hands with him, had tried to say some pleasant thing, and he had gravely and perfunctorily replied with an expressionless 'Thank you.' The moments were getting fearfully long. 'Can we not get out?' a lady asked in a whisper.

"Just then a dear old Quaker lady took the long-suffering giant's down-stretched hand. She had to rise on tiptoe; and as she did it, her sweet voice uttered some words difficult to catch, but their effect was easy to see. As when the lights suddenly blaze behind a cathedral window, so the radiance illuminated those rugged features and poured from those wonderful eyes. The gaunt

form straightened. The mouth became beautiful in its sweetness. It is not possible to give the words of either exactly, but this was their import:

" Yes, Friend Abraham, thee need not think thee stands alone. We are all praying for thee. The hearts of all the people are behind thee, and thee cannot fail. The Lord has appointed thee; the Lord will sustain thee; and the people love thee—yea, as no other man was ever loved before, does this people love thee. We are only a few weak women, but we represent many. Take comfort, Friend Abraham. God is with thee; the people are behind thee "

" I know it.' The great soft voice rolled solemnly and sweetly forth from the trembling lips. 'If I did not have the knowledge that God is sustaining me, and will sustain me till my appointed work is done, I could not live. If I did not believe the hearts of all loyal people are with me, I could not endure the burden; my heart would have broken long ago. Ladies, you have done me a great kindness to-day. You have given a cup of cold water to a very thirsty and grateful man. I knew it before: I knew good men and good women were praying for me; but I was so tired that I had almost forgotten it. God bless you all.' "

Long ago Jesus said, to some who rejected his teaching: "John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, He hath a devil. The Son of man is come eating and drinking; and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners! But wisdom is justified of all her children." (Luke 7:33-35.) The world is now, as then, given to finding fault; and human nature is human nature still Inclosing a letter adversely criticising his preaching, Brother Larimore wrote:

"Such is life. One censures me for preaching faith,

repentance and baptism too much. This dear brother censures me because I did *not* preach faith, repentance and baptism in each of my fifty discourses at that place. One good saint is 'so glad you said nothing about baptism to-day!' Another says: 'You came mighty nigh telling us something good to-day; but you stopped before you got to the water!' Evidently this brother finds fault with my preaching at that place because my introduction was too *dry*. A preaching brother once wrote me, a few weeks after the close of my then latest protracted meeting—series of meetings—with his home congregation, saying: 'I'm truly sorry I did all I could to prevent the success of your recent meeting in our town. Because you said so little about baptism, and nothing about the sects, I believed you were not sound in the faith—not loyal to Christ; hence I believed it to be my duty to try to prevent the success of your meeting—which I did. I now believe I was wrong in the worst sense of the word. I am sincerely sorry. I beg your pardon, promise to never commit such a sin again, and hope and pray you and the Lord will forgive me.' Of course I forgave him. He is not the only brother who has tried to prevent the saving of souls in my meetings; but he is the only one who has ever asked me to forgive him such sin. 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.' Well, I shall try to not even think of these things; but, trusting in the Lord, and knowing 'no man after the flesh,' I shall simply 'preach the word,' and leave the results with Him from whom all blessings flow."

By his grateful appreciation of merited criticism he has, in more than one instance, turned a carping critic into a faithful friend. In a letter inclosing a sum of money, he wrote:

"The inclosed 'freewill offering' is from an infidel who has been one of my most attentive listeners. He

had, before kindly asking me to accept this offering, submitted, for my careful consideration, some scathing criticisms on my preaching, which I genuinely appreciated and sincerely handled in the pulpit as kindly and courteously as I could—never, of course, revealing his identity. Some, at least, of his criticisms were correct, important, valuable and just. With this offering, he handed me the little note herewith inclosed, sincerely, I believe, expressing his respect for me and his appreciation of my 'kindness, courtesy and consideration.' "

Speaking of the fears sometimes entertained by brethren that a meeting may continue too long, he says:

"By the way, brethren as good as the best are sometimes anxious to close a meeting 'before it goes down on us,' as they express it. Well, I've stood under them more than threescore and ten days twice told, during very disagreeable, as well as pleasant, weather—during all sorts of weather—and I've never known one to 'go down' yet. I've always left 'em on the up grade. There is no foundation, in reason or revelation, for the fear that a meeting will 'freeze out'—will 'die on our hands.' So far as I know or believe, they never die while we 'sit up with 'em.' I should like to preach twelve months, twice every day and three times on Sunday, in some good community, backed and blessed by just such a blessed band of brethren and sisters and friends as I have around me here, and then have some artist to photograph the meeting—the meeting that had had time to 'freeze out,' to 'die on our hands,' if meetings ever die on the hands of the faithful. I think it would be about as lively a corpse as has ever been photographed or buried."

Many Christians who are solicitous about following "apostolic example" in other things are opposed to "long meetings"—meaning by "long meetings" meetings that continue eight or ten weeks. In Acts of Apostles we

read of meetings that continued longer than three months, five months or twelve months. Not all meetings reported in the New Testament were lengthy; but, unless a meeting continues longer than three years, it has not exceeded New Testament limit or example. In Paul's final farewell to the elders of the church at Ephesus, he says: "Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." (Acts 20:31.)

As suggested in one of the foregoing letters, a series of meetings should be looked upon as a school for Christians. It *is* a school, if it is what it ought to be. Secular schools continue weeks and months; and pupils attend school year after year. Teachers have no difficulty in finding subjects to teach or something important to say; nor do students fail to find something profitable to study and learn each day. In the sacred school for Christians, the text-book—the Bible—is an inexhaustible fountain of knowledge. Preaching cannot fill the place of personal, individual study of the Bible, and should never be allowed to supplant such study; but good, pure, scriptural preaching—the right kind of preaching—is a valuable adjunct to it. In secular schools, regular, prompt attendance and diligent attention fit pupils for better study at home; and diligent study at home enables them to appreciate and appropriate the lessons taught in school. So, also, in a series of meetings—a Bible school—the more prompt and regular the attendance, and the more diligent the attention given to the preaching of the word, the better fitted for personal study of the Bible, at home and elsewhere, are the hearers—the pupils of that school; and the more they diligently study the Bible personally, the more they appreciate, and are profited by, the public preaching of the word.

While Brother Larimore was engaged in his five-months' meeting at Sherman, Texas, in 1894, F. D. Srygley wrote him, asking about the progress of the meeting, its probable length—it had then been in progress nine weeks—how the preacher could stand such long-continued work, and how and where he found material for sermons, etc., etc., etc. In reply, he wrote:

“Yours received. Much obliged. I hastily answer the best I can. We are just now 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 on 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 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.

“Young and old are standing by me bravely in the 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—yes, while the eternal ages come and go—a sacred school, where a thousand pupils are learning the *word*, the *will* and the *way* of the Lord, and learning to love and heed them, too.”

Early in the year 1903, he sent me a copy of the Hart County News, a paper published at Munfordville, Ky., on the margin of which he had written:

"The editor, J. W. Payton, was with us last Sunday. He is a nephew of the first person I ever baptized, Dr. C. G. Payton. I baptized him in this—Hart—county, June 10, 1866. On Saturday afternoon, June 2, 1866, C. G. Payton and I walked from Franklin College 'way out into the cedars.' and spent the night at the home of Brother Townes. Next day I preached at Burnett's Chapel, I believe it was, from John 17, on union. C. G. made the good confession, and, after school closed on Wednesday, June 6, he paid my way to Hart County, Ky., that I might baptize him when and where his mother could witness it. He has gone to his reward."

Since that baptism more than thirty-seven years ago, Brother Larimore has baptized many thousands of penitent believers. In January, 1903, he was again baptizing in Hart County, and wrote of it as follows:

"I am well; but if you ever see me alive again, you may know I'm a genuine, true, tough, typical East Tennessee mountaineer—which, indeed, I am, and of which I'm not ashamed, and have certainly never had right or reason to be. Imagine me preaching twice every day and three times on Sunday, and, after preaching an hour to a large audience, in a hot house at night, doffing my duds and donning such clothes as friends 'scrap up' for me, going nearly every night, 'way over beyond the railroad and the mill,' walking across a long bridge, and then baptizing in a pond covered with ice and surrounded by snow.

"While icicles hang from the eaves and the branches',
And winter winds moan 'round the dwellings of men'—
no baptismal suit—it being in process of repair, in far-

away New York—absolutely no earthly protection—and you have it. If this were to be repeated but two or three times, the little inconvenience would not be entitled to a passing thought or a casual consideration; but it's nearly every night and sometimes between nights. I'm all right, though. Not hoarse, not tired, not sick, not scared—not in any danger—perfectly safe and sound and satisfied."

True to his own teaching, he made the best of the situation, and found good in what could not, otherwise, have been a very pleasant experience; for, a few days later, he wrote:

"Baptismal suit received all right. Took thirty-three days to make the trip from Nashville, Tenn., to Horse Cave, Ky., via New York. I'm glad of it. It gave me a good opportunity to prove Providence, without tempting the Lord. The test was perfectly satisfactory."

In another letter he tells of a baptism in that pond "covered with ice and surrounded with snow," that may serve to encourage timid souls who are afraid to be baptized when the weather or the water is cold:

"Last night, when we got to the water, we found that no one had cut the ice. There seemed to be a misunderstanding all 'round. Notwithstanding men could walk on the ice, the ground had thawed on top, it had rained a little, was very dark and very muddy, the sloppy mud resting on a firm foundation of frozen earth. Finally, after we had stood there from twenty to thirty minutes, 'they' succeeded in beating, with a long, heavy piece of timber, room through the ice for the baptizing. The lady who was to be baptized had on old, thin, leaky shoes; hence, of course, her feet were wet from walking and standing in the deep sloppy mud—mud almost as wet as water, nearly as cold as ice. Some one went after

a rake, returned and reported 'no rake.' Finally, however, a rake was secured. The broken ice was raked to right and left, till it was possible for the baptizing to be done.

"In the meantime, the little woman who was to be baptized was not the least bit nervous; but she was afraid 'they' would insist on postponing the baptism. She was as calm, from the moment she stepped out of the mud into the water, as if she had been in the most pleasant place in the world—never nervous. She said, 'The water doesn't seem to be very cold.' As we went down into the water, I said: 'I'll take good care of you.' She said, 'The Lord will take care of me.' I said, 'Yes, he'll take care of us both.' It was not the slightest trouble to get her into proper position and depth of water. As I lowered her into the cold grave, the broken ice naturally closed over her, so that she was literally covered over—the grave filled—with ice. The mass of broken ice over her must have been many inches thick. As I raised her up, she said, 'O! I'm so glad!' Talking and praising God in a low, soft, sweet voice, she 'came up out of the water,' pushing great blocks of ice out of her way. When she reached the bank, loved ones hastened to wrap her up as quickly and completely as possible; but when they betrayed some anxiety about her, she said: 'I'm not cold at all.' She never complained of the least unpleasant sensation. She had to be up nearly all night with her baby boy and little girl, hence, slept scarcely any; but she is bright, cheerful and happy to-day, hasn't had a pain or an ache, and, though her 'throat trouble' seemed to be chronic—had lasted so long that she and loved ones feared so, at least—she declares her throat is perfectly well. She says: 'Dark as last night was, it was the brightest night of my life.' Hers was certainly as disagreeable and as delightful a baptism as I have ever witnessed."



FAY EATHERLY.

LUCILE PARRISH.

No real harm ever comes to any soul as a result of obedience to a command of God. No human being has right or reason to consider, for even one moment, what may or may not be the results, where obedience to the Lord is involved. Render the obedience, and leave results with Him who demands the obedience. I like Brother J. A. Harding's answer to a woman who consulted him as to whether she ought to take the risk of being baptized, the weather being cold, and she not being in robust health. He said to her: "I have never known any one to be made sick by being baptized, no matter how cold the weather or how delicate the person; but if I knew it would kill you, I would still advise you to be baptized, without delay." This is true faith; and anything short of this, falls short of the faith God requires. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Children often display sublime trust and confidence in the providence of God, as did the little girl of whom Brother Larimore wrote as follows:

"The little girl—Miss Fay Eatherly—from whom her aunt—'Sister Maggie'—quotes, was eight years old November 27, 1899. I baptized her November 28, 1899. She had been vaccinated, and her arm was sore. She heard a physician—the one who had vaccinated her—tell her mother it would be perilous for her to be baptized. She said, to her mother, very quietly, 'Jesus wants me to be baptized, and it'll not hurt me.' And it didn't hurt her, of course—has never hurt any one. A few days after she was baptized, I said to her, 'How's your arm, Little Treasure?' She replied, 'It's well now. It never troubled me at all after I was baptized. I knew the Lord wouldn't let it hurt me to do what he told me to do.' I send you a photograph of Fay and her little cousin, Lucile Parrish."

He is happiest when most busily engaged in work for the Lord. He says:

"The more I work, the better I work, and the more I enjoy it. The longer meetings last, the stronger my voice and my body, the clearer my voice and my mind. Preaching three times every day and baptizing every night agree with me perfectly. Work—constant work—is best for me—the more the better. One of my happiest days—Sunday, October 14, 1894—at Dixon Spring, Tenn.—I met with the church for work and worship seven times—three times, to preach; four times, to baptize in an icy creek, half a mile away."

His life, year in and year out, proves that this is not mere talk. He is always busy. When a meeting at one place closes, he goes immediately to some other place and begins a meeting, and keeps this up twelve months in the year, year after year, allowing himself practically no vacation or rest from incessant work, preaching at home, as well as abroad. Several years ago, he wrote:

"While 'resting up' for my St. Louis work, I am to deliver three discourses a day in 'Colbert's Reserve,' twelve or fifteen miles from Mars' Hill [his home], by way of recreation. We have some good people there, also some good material, and I hope we may have a good meeting. Of course there's a 'church fuss' there, to be let alone; but I think I can let it alone. If I can simply 'preach the word,' and 'know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified,' the fuss will 'fix' itself. I'll try."

The urgent calls he receives from all quarters are incentives to him to do more work than he ought to do; but such calls as the following he finds hard to refuse:

"If you have ever been needed anywhere, and needed badly, you are badly needed here. We want you to come and preach for us some time this winter. You can do

us a world of good. All the brethren are more than anxious to have you. They say you are the man, over and above all other men, for us. We are poor; but we have been saving our Lord's-day collections for a few weeks, to be able to pay your expenses, and more, if possible. My brother, you must come. The voice of God's people crying for help should, and must, receive favorable consideration. Until we hear from you, we shall pray God to put it into your heart to come."

Referring to that letter, he wrote:

"This is a sample of letters that come to me from all over the land. I think I can truthfully say I cannot do one per cent of the work I am asked to do. Possibly some people think I preach for pay, the *pay* being the principal point. Be that as it may, the poverty of these people is the strongest point in their plea, and I think it is strong enough to make me go. Such pleas make it practically impossible for me to ever take a vacation."

He went.

A brother wrote, urging him to come to Indiana, to hold a meeting for a congregation not strong, numerically or financially:

"Of course all your traveling expenses, etc., shall be paid, and the saints will gladly entertain you, but you must not expect much more than that; for we are neither Wealthy nor many, but poor and few. We will do the best we can. There is good material to work on here, but it will take a strong preacher to reach some, and we think you are the man to do the work. We hope and pray that you may come."

On the margin of this letter, he wrote:

"The Lord willing, I shall accept and fill this call. We all need money—a little—not much—but we who

claim to be Christians *must* be missionaries, and I see no reason why it is less important to do missionary work in a destitute field in Indiana than in Africa or China." That missionary work was done.

Inclosing a letter from a young friend who was soon to be married, asking him to perform the ceremony, he wrote:

"Of course I cannot promise to officiate at the marriage mentioned in the letter herewith inclosed. I accept few such calls—cannot close a meeting, or in any way interfere with *my work*, to do that that can be done just as well by some one not engaged as I always am. Of course I appreciate all such calls, but duty forces me to forego the pleasure of accepting them, except when and where I can do so without neglecting my more important work. Then I gladly, but always sadly, tie the knot that I always hope and pray may give temporal and eternal bliss. It keeps me busy to preach to good, intelligent audiences twice every day and three times every Sunday, baptize all confessing, penitent believers who so desire and request, do my duty at funerals, visit the afflicted and distressed, and halfway attend to my constantly increasing correspondence."

Inclosing a letter asking him to deliver the annual address at a certain college, he wrote:

"The 'President' who wrote the inclosed letter is our little 'Ed'—one of our Mars' Hill 'boys.' How often what we call 'no chance at all' proves to be a truly first-class chance, and what we call 'the best chance in the world' proves to be worse than no chance! Instructive volumes might be written along that line. I am very anxious indeed to accept this call from my dear boy, to deliver the annual address at the college of which he is president; but duty demands that I forego that pleasure.

I must be about my Father's business.' For many years such calls have been coming to me from places great and places small; but I have been so busy that I have never, I believe, accepted one of them. I was selected, elected, solicited and booked to deliver the alumni address at Carson College—my Alma Mater—in June; but the enlisting, in that month, of one hundred and one soldiers in the army of the Lord richly compensated me for being forced to forego that pleasure. Of course I appreciate such honors; but I appreciate far more—ininitely more—the privilege of preaching the gospel to the poor, and such confidence and affection as are expressed in the inclosed letter. Such expressions of confidence and love sustain and strengthen me. May the Lord always abundantly bless all my true and faithful friends. Their love, liberality, confidence and esteem are more than life to me. I always realize that my work is their work, and pray the Lord to reward them accordingly."

* * *

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and" ever." (Dan. 12:3.)

CHAPTER IV.

Sermon—Crucifixion Day.

BUT without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Heb. 11:6.)

It was suggested at the close of the discourse immediately preceding this, as one of the many reasons why we should "search the scriptures," being always honest, humble and modest enough to be open to conviction, and brave enough to do the right, that it is one of the easiest of all easy things to get wrong, radically wrong, with reference to even things that are plain and simple and remain wrong" all the remnant of our days, unless some one cautiously suggests to us that possibly we may be wrong, and we have the courtesy, prudence, honesty, sense and intelligence to investigate, and the moral courage to abandon the wrong, accept the right, and walk in wisdom's way—"the good and the right way."

Another reason why we should diligently, honestly, earnestly, carefully, prayerfully and thoroughly "search the scriptures"—examine the foundation—is this: we, having accepted the false, instead of the true, may teach theological absurdities, ecclesiastical monstrosities and speculative abominations that many honest, earnest, sincere, intelligent, thinking souls cannot accept—conscientiously teach them as a part of God's truth, sincerely believing them to be such. Thousands of these honest, earnest intelligent, thinking people, while they do not, because they cannot, accept such absurdities, monstros-

ities and abominations, as true, hold, not us, but the Bible, responsible for them; and, after we have thus driven them into skepticism, infidelity or even atheism, we sometimes treat them as dogs, instead of unfortunate human beings, for being what we have virtually forced them to be—treat them with contempt for not being Christians, notwithstanding we, by our false teaching, as well as false living, have literally driven them away from Christianity into infidelity. Many an honest man has thus been driven to disbelief, desperation and despair. The history, career and teaching of the great and gifted Robert G. Ingersoll, for whom I have long cherished the profoundest respect and sincerest sympathy, confirm this thought. He was a hapless victim of just such teaching; and, even since his very recent, sad, sudden death, some of the theological absurdities and ecclesiastical monstrosities and abominations that helped to make him what he was, of which the eternal damnation of sinless souls, even "newborn babes," is a sample, have been stricken from one of the most popular "creeds of Christendom." They have not all been blotted out, however; and, indeed, some of them, more dangerous, it may be, than the doctrine of "infant damnation," may be found outside of written creeds.

Many years ago, I was driving in an open buggy, along the principal street of Florence, Ala., going home, when a man, standing in the door of his place of business, signaled me to stop. I did so. He came to me and said: "I have a request to make of you, a favor to ask, one of importance to me, and I believe you'll grant it." I assured him it would afford me great pleasure to grant the favor if I could. He said, "Thank you. I thought so. I was educated for the ministry, notwithstanding my father was a very successful St. Louis merchant, and I am his only child. He gave me all the advantages he could—all the education my mind would receive. I

graduated from various schools and colleges, the last one being what he believed to be the best theological school on earth. After graduating from that school, having been licensed to preach, I was about to accept a very important charge when the thought occurred to me that I had never studied the Bible! I had read the Bible, some of it, of course; but I had never read it through consecutively, nor had I ever read it all, had never studied it, could not have repeated, in order, the names of all the books of the Bible, and could not have even told how many books or chapters it contains! It is not possible for me to tell you exactly how I felt then. The thought of presuming to teach dying men, women and children the way of life eternal, when I was, myself profoundly ignorant of the only book revealing that way, absolutely appalled me. I, then and there, solemnly and irrevocably resolved to never again enter the pulpit till I had diligently studied the Bible three years, just as I had studied Latin, Greek, Hebrew and other things. I accordingly read what I then believed to be the book of God—read it consecutively and promiscuously, and studied it topically and critically.

“I had not gone very far, however, before I found what seemed to me to be discrepancies, inconsistencies and irreconcilable contradictions—things that tended to shake my faith; but I continued to read and pray and study, till I struck the rock that wrecked me—Matt. 12:40. That states plainly that the Savior said positively that he would be 'in the heart of the earth'—in the grave—'three days and three nights.' I may have previously read that verse repeatedly; but it had certainly never so seriously and strangely impressed me before. I was astonished, shocked, disappointed, disconcerted, discouraged, crushed. I had already learned that the Bible teaches that Christ was out of the grave early Sunday morning. There could be no mistake about that.

I had been taught in the days of my childhood, and the thought had been confirmed by what I had subsequently learned on the subject, that he was crucified on Friday. Now, while I may know but little, I do know, absolutely know, and have known as long as I have known the names and order of the days of the week and how to count three, that there are not, never have been and never can be 'three days and three nights,' according to any kind of count or any sort of sense, even respectable nonsense, between Friday evening and Sunday morning. Of course we all know that, if we know anything. That is a matter, not of opinion or speculation, but of positive, actual, absolute knowledge; so, I have never wasted any time or thought over it, of course. The Bible certainly teaches, if it teaches anything, that Christ was crucified on Friday, that he was out of the grave early Sunday morning, and that he himself positively declared he would be 'in the heart of the earth'—in the grave—'three days and three nights'—between his burial and his resurrection, of course.

"Well, sir, when I first saw all that, I was perfectly paralyzed; but I rallied a little, and said, 'I'll go to my Bishop and tell my troubles to him.' I did so; and he said: 'Yes, Christ was crucified on Friday, was out of the grave early Sunday morning, and he was "in the heart of the earth," in the grave, "three days and three nights." I modestly asked, because I was seriously anxious to know, 'Which three?' Then, instead of answering, or even trying to answer, my question, which seemed to irritate him, to actually make him angry, he said: 'See here, young man, I want to give you a little bit of advice. Just drop that thing, right now. The less you think about it the better. You have been in the church nearly as many days as you have been in the world, you inherited the theology of your ancestors, you have taken a thorough course in the best theological

school on earth, you have license to preach, and you can have, if you will accept it, a good charge. Just take that charge, now, and think no more about these things. The less thought bestowed upon such things, the better for all concerned.' That was 'the straw that broke the camel's back.' I saw that my Bishop himself was an infidel: that he had so little confidence in the Bible that he was afraid for me to study it. When I went to him, I had already gone from skepticism into infidelity, and was on my way, through infidelity, to atheism. When I left him, I was an atheist. I believed Jehovah to be no more real, hence Jesus no more divine, than Jupiter; the Bible no better than Mythology—and I am of the same opinion still.

"I am as unhappy as I can be. It is not financially necessary for me to be here at work. I work, simply and solely, to while away time and make life endurable. Earth has no charms for me. I can scarcely endure to live; and, still, I cannot dare to die. I absolutely cannot believe the Bible; and, still, I cannot free my mind from the fear that possibly it may be true. If there is nothing in the religion of Jesus Christ, I must die like a dog, rot in the earth, be forgotten—and that's the end of it. If there is anything in it, since I do not and cannot believe the Bible, I am condemned, must always be condemned, and must be miserable eternally. It is impossible for me to believe the Bible, in the face of all these positive, important, clear contradictions. Of course the Bible's not true—not a book divine; but I'm miserable. I'd give billions of worlds like this, if they were mine, for faith in the Bible—for faith in the God and the Christ it reveals—if it is true. But it's not true. Still, billions of people better than I have believed it to be true, millions now believe it to be true, and mortal man can never prove it is not true—positively prove it to be false, and thus settle the question definitely and

forever. It is not true, however. One is not two, and two is not three.

"I have asked legions of preachers to explain this matter to me, either publicly or privately; but not one has ever even tried to comply with my request, or manifested any serious inclination to do so. I presume they think, as I am an infidel, I am no better than a dog; hence, am not worthy of any more respect, courtesy or consideration than they would and should accord to a dog. I have read what books say on the subject, but have not been benefitted thereby. They tell me 'we must count a part for the whole;' but not one of them that I have read even tries to show *which* 'three days and three nights' Jesus spent in the grave. Why? Counting all of Friday and all of Sunday—and certainly no sane, honest man should ask more than that—where are the three nights? So far as I know, no man has ever tried to answer that question. When I absolutely *know* a thing is not true, how can I believe it? Everything I have ever read on the subject has confirmed me in my disbelief. Still, I am not satisfied. I want you to preach on this subject at Mars' Hill next Sunday, if you please. I'll be there, if possible, to hear you."

I told him I would do the best I could to help him out of his difficulty, bade him good-by, and resumed my journey home.

It is scarcely four miles from Florence to Mars' Hill—my home; but, in my ignorance, I figured the difficulty entirely out of the way long before I completed my brief journey. Ignorance is very helpful sometimes. It may be even bliss. I believed my friend was mistaken about the phraseology of Matt. 12:40. Of course, I should have known better; but I did not. I was satisfied that it says: "three days and nights," not "three days and three nights;" and, as Christ was in the grave Friday night, Saturday and Saturday night—one day and

two nights—and as one and two are three, he was in the grave" three days and nights," the days and nights together being three. I could see no real reason for being so seriously and sadly bothered about a thing as simple as that. So I said to myself, "That's easy. I can certainly satisfy him on that." While such a solution was not entirely satisfactory to me, I considered it decidedly safer and better than infidelity; and hence tried to be satisfied with it.

I hurried home, got a Bible, turned to Matt. 12:40, and found that my troubled friend had quoted it correctly—that it plainly and positively states that the Savior plainly and positively said he would be "in the heart of the earth" "three days and three nights"—so, my friend was right and I was wrong as to what the Bible says the Savior said on the subject. That settled that, so far as the King James Version of the Bible was concerned. Then I examined all the English translations of the New Testament in my little library, and found no variation, but perfect agreement, as to the "three days and three nights." I then appealed to the language in which the scripture under consideration was originally written; and, by the dim twilight of my very limited knowledge of that language, found that this is, not a liberal, but a literal, translation of the language of the Savior, as reported and recorded by Matthew; and that, therefore, the Bible being true, our Savior stated, plainly and positively, that he would be "in the heart of the earth" "three days and three nights." So that settled that, as "Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week" (Mark 16:9) seems to settle it that Sunday, the first day of the week, is the Savior's resurrection day, his birthday from the tomb.

The Bible teaches—Matt. 28, Mark 16, Luke 24, John 20—that the Savior was out of the grave early "the first day of the week"—Sunday morning—the next day after

the Sabbath, seventh day or Saturday. Nothing is clearer than that. I was confronted by the positive declaration, from the lips of the Savior himself, that he was—*was to be*—between his crucifixion and his resurrection, in the grave—"in the heart of the earth"—"three days and three nights." I had been taught, and had accepted it as true, without question or investigation, that Christ was crucified on Friday. Of course I knew, as my friend had stated, and as all of us know, that there are not, never have been and never can be "three days and three nights" between Friday evening and Sunday morning. So, then, I had to either discard the Bible, and admit that skeptics, infidels and atheists are correct on that important, vital, pivotal point, or discard my opinion—a very prevalent and very popular opinion—and go from the open, empty sepulcher back beyond Friday, to find the Savior's crucifixion day. But was it possible to do that, without running over reason or revelation or both? It was positively certain that I could not go back very far, without running over Good Friday; and to run over Good Friday was to run over human theology, tradition, speculation and superstition.

But, to me, it seemed better to run over human theology, tradition, speculation and superstition, Popery and Protestantism, than to let Jehovah, Jesus, the Holy Spirit and the Bible rest under a shadow, a cloud, and honest, earnest, sincere souls drift, through the darkness of skepticism, infidelity and atheism, to destruction. Moreover, I had to find some sort of satisfactory solution of the difficulty, or my own faith might be wrecked. So, I determined to investigate diligently, honestly and earnestly, regardless of all my opinions, prejudices and personal preferences, to see whether the Bible does teach that Christ was crucified on Friday; and, if anything had to get out of the way, let all these and human theology go.' Remembering that Jesus had, when he was the per-

secuted Man of sorrows here, rebuked men for making of none effect the word of God by their tradition, it occurred to me that it might be so now. Something had made the word of God of none effect, so far as my troubled friend was concerned, at least. What was it? It was my duty to try to ascertain what it was; for it had wrecked him, and might wreck me and many millions more. I investigated the subject, and am willing to give you the benefit of the investigation, whatsoever that may be, not claiming infallibility or superior wisdom, knowledge or scholarship, *of course*.

Do you ask, "Why agitate this question? Why investigate this theme?" Why agitate or investigate any question or theme? The Savior says, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." (John 5:39.)

So, then, let us "turn on the light." We should "search the scriptures," because the *Savior* says "search the scriptures." We should investigate, to elicit truth and eliminate error. We should investigate, to be prepared to meet skepticism, infidelity and atheism. Suppose some honest man, of breadth and depth and power of intellect and information, like Ingersoll, for instance, should say to me now, in the presence of this intelligent audience: "I understand that you people who claim to be Christians—'only this and nothing more'—accept the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible as your guide, your discipline, your rule of faith and practice; and that you ask people to accept, not your opinions, personal preferences or 'private interpretation' of the Bible, but the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible. Is that a correct statement?" I assure him it is. He says, "Well, of course, you are willing for an honest man, earnestly, anxiously and sincerely seeking truth, to make a request of you, or to propound a question to you, that he and others may be spiritually

benefitted thereby;" and I tell him I am most assuredly willing to answer any question I can. answer in the light of divine truth—to do all I can, to help benighted, sincere souls honestly seeking truth, out of darkness into light. He says, "Well, I understand that your Bible teaches, and therefore you teach, that Christ was crucified on Friday." I say, "Yes, sir, that's what the Bible says about it, therefore what we believe and teach on the subject. 'Where the Bible speaks we speak, and where the Bible is silent we are silent.'" He says, "From your position, or point of view, that is certainly very safe. The Bible, not man, is responsible for your teaching. I understand that your Bible teaches, and therefore you believe and teach, that Christ was out of the grave early Sunday morning?" I say, "Yes, sir, that is certainly correct."

He says, "I happened to read, this morning, Matt. 12:40, which purports to be the language of the one you claim to be the divine Savior of souls; and it states that he positively affirmed that he would be 'in the heart of the earth' 'three days and three nights.' Does that mean he would be in the grave three days and three nights, between his crucifixion and his resurrection?" I answer, "Unquestionably so. It must mean something; and it cannot mean anything else, of course; therefore it means that." He says, "If you please, then, for I am sincerely and seriously interested in this question, tell me which three days and which three nights came then between Friday evening and Sunday morning. Please count them on your fingers, and name them, one by one, as you count them. I want to record them." Then he patiently stands, paper and pencil in hand, and waits for my reply. Now, in all seriousness, would you not be sincerely sorry for me? How long would it take me to designate, name and count those "three days and three nights?" All the ages of eternity could not suffice

for the performance of such a task. When we do absolutely know and do absolutely know we absolutely know a thing is not true, shall we continue to teach it, and thus hold the Bible responsible for it, knowing that such teaching may wreck sincere souls, and rob them of peace, hope, happiness and Heaven—the sweetest joys earth can give and all the bliss of Heaven forever?

Do you say, "In taking the position that Christ was not crucified on Friday, we antagonize the theological scholarship of the world?" Suppose we do. Is that the unpardonable sin? Shall we sacrifice the inspiration of the Bible, the honor, veracity and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ and our hope of Heaven on the altar of the theological scholarship of the world? The theological scholarship of the world is not necessarily divine. The theology of the Bible is of divine origin, hence is heavenly; but the theology of the world is "of the earth, earthy." Shall we refuse, or even hesitate, to accept a conclusion drawn from the Bible and clearly sustained by both reason and revelation, because, in accepting that conclusion, we antagonize the theological scholarship of the world? On that principle, the world would stand still forever. No advancement could ever be made in anything. Luther antagonized the theological scholarship of the earth when he uttered "words that shook the world;" and was therefore anathematized by human ecclesiastical authority and power. The theological scholarship of the world was against him; but the Bible and the Lord of hosts were with him.

When Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, and hastened to bless the human race by publishing his discovery, he antagonized the scholarship of the world on the subject; hence men ridiculed him, cursed him, hung and burned him in effigy; but, while they were treating him thus, blood circulated, exactly like Harvey said it did, and so it is circulating still. The scholars

of the world were wrong on that important point; but he set the world right. He was boycotted, persecuted and despised all the remnant of his days for doing so, however.

When Columbus was earnestly and anxiously making the supreme effort of his life to bless the human race by discovering the American Continent, as history and tradition relate, he was bitterly and persistently opposed and persecuted by scholars and others, because he was antagonizing the scholarship of the world. People applied to him a term meaning "crazy crank." He was ridiculed, scorned, scoffed, and abused. Finally, scholars of Spain decided to "put an end to his nonsense." Spanish sages called a mass meeting, an indignation meeting, and the largest available space in the Spanish capital was packed, orators having been selected for the occasion, to make speeches showing the folly of heeding, or even hearing, the silly, senseless teaching of crazy Columbus. The first Solomon who appeared upon the platform apologized for even so much as mentioning anything so supremely ridiculous as the absurd ideas advanced by the "crazy crank;" but he said he simply wished to make people think. He said, to get to this new world Columbus talked about, they would have to go through the Torrid Zone, where the waters boiled with fervent heat, and the very mists and fogs scorched like withering flames; so, if they ever got there, they'd be either soup or souse before they landed!

The second orator sagely suggested a different, and what he considered a stronger, objection. He said: "This visionary idiot says the earth is round, and the continent he is forever talking about is on the opposite side of the globe from us—from Spain. Everybody knows Spain is on the top side, of course; and he wants us to send men and ships to that imaginary continent that, according to his own theory, is on the bottom side.

Now, suppose we send them and they get there, they can never get back; because it's uphill all the way, and who ever heard of a ship's sailing uphill? "

But they reserved the best for the last. Finally their favorite orator took the stand. He said: "We all understand, as my friend has remarked, that Columbus not only concedes, but claims and contends, that the continent he wants us to help him find is on the opposite side of the earth from us. Spain, as everybody knows, is on the top side. That continent, then, if it's anywhere, is, according to his own theory and contention, on the bottom side of the earth; 'probably inhabited, certainly inhabitable,' he says; and who, except him, can believe there are, ever have been or ever can be, men, women and children, on the bottom side of the earth, walking around, with their heels up and their heads down, like flies on a ceiling?" That sage, scientific suggestion settled it. All were perfectly satisfied. The meeting was a complete success. Every one went home convinced, or confirmed in previous conviction, that Columbus was crazy, and that there was no continent on the opposite side of the earth. Still, the scholarship, oratory and ridicule of Spanish sages to the contrary notwithstanding, Columbus believed what he preached, preached what he believed, and pressed his claims successfully, though the scholarship of the world was against him; and it is possible that even Spanish sages and statesmen now suspect that there is *something* on this side of the globe, and that it is alive and right end up, too

The course of all those who thus opposed the truth was just as reasonable and right, to say the very least of it, as is the course of any man who refuses or hesitates to investigate or accept any Bible theme or truth or thought because it antagonizes his opinions, personal preferences, party, partyism, or the theological scholarship of the world. I have no hobby on this theme. The

truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is what and all I want. Therefore, I can investigate it without prejudice. It is no pleasure to me to antagonize theologians or others—to antagonize any one; but I feel perfectly safe, hence free from all fear, when I present to intelligent people any truth taught in the Bible; or turn to the Bible, to investigate any question. Whatsoever the Spirit says on any subject is perfectly satisfactory to me. If I am right, I want to be confirmed in the right, that I may remain right, and lead others into the light. If I am wrong, I want to be convinced, corrected and converted, that I may be safe and right, and lead others out of darkness into the light. We can lose nothing, but may gain much, by such investigation. We may lose much, but can gain nothing, by refusing to investigate. So, then, let us investigate, as wisely and well as we can, this important theme; and learn and accept what truth divine teaches on the subject, regardless of whatsoever opinions, prejudices, or personal preferences we may have. "To the law and to the testimony," to the Book of books, to the "scripture given by inspiration of God," to the testimony, words or witness of the Spirit, let us now appeal, and be forever satisfied with whatsoever the Spirit says.

The Spirit says our Savior said he would be "in the heart of the earth"—in the grave—"three days and three nights." (Matt. 12:40.) The Spirit just as plainly and positively teaches that he was out of the grave early Sunday morning" (Matt. 28:1-7; Mark 16:1-7; Luke 24:1-7; John 20:1-7); and the Spirit no less clearly teaches—Mark 15:42, 43; Luke 23:53, 54—that he was crucified on the "preparation day." The weekly preparation day was the day that immediately preceded the weekly Jewish sabbath, the seventh day of the week—the day still called "the sabbath" by Jews—called "Saturday" by both Jews and Gentiles—by all who speak the Eng-



TEXAS. CANADA. TENNESSEE.

SAMPLES OF HIS FRIENDS FROM FAR-SEPARATED SECTIONS.

lish tongue. Hence, the weekly preparation day was Friday, the sixth day of the week. So, then, Christ was crucified on Friday, and was out of the grave early Sunday morning, notwithstanding he himself had positively affirmed that he would be in the grave "three days and three nights;" and, therefore, the Bible clearly contradicts the Bible, the Spirit contradicts the Spirit, furnishing facts and figures that plainly and positively contradict the Savior, proving him to be, or to have been, a false prophet, *provided*, the word "sabbath" as used in the sacred scriptures, always and everywhere, of necessity, means the weekly, Jewish rest day, Saturday, the seventh day of the week. It all hinges on that point; the credibility of the sacred scriptures, the veracity and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the veracity, if not, indeed, the very existence, of the Holy Spirit, being involved therein. Therefore the very foundation of our hope of everlasting happiness is clearly and certainly involved in the subject, as well as the object of this investigation.

Does the word "sabbath" as used in the Bible always mean Saturday, the seventh day of the week, the Jewish weekly rest day? Let us see. The very moment we "turn on the light," we see it does not. The word "sabbath" simply means "rest." Any period of rest, then, whether partial or perfect rest, is a sabbath period. Hence the plural form of the word "sabbath" occurs frequently in the Bible. The Lord, speaking unto the children of Israel by Moses, said: "Ye shall keep my sabbaths." (Lev. 19:3, 30; 26:2.) Indeed, Leviticus abounds in plain, positive proof of this point, chapter 23 being an all-sufficient sample. In the first paragraph of Lev. 25 a sabbath year is spoken of—a whole year is called a sabbath. It is called "sabbath" four times and "rest" twice in that paragraph of seven verses. In the next paragraph—ten verses—the expres-

sion "seven sabbaths of years" occurs twice. In the first seventeen verses of Lev. 25, then, we find "sabbath" four times, "rest" twice, and "sabbaths" twice; but not the slightest allusion to the weekly, seventh-day sabbath. Therefore "sabbath" does not necessarily always mean, or have any reference to, that day. Six years, beginning at a certain, definitely stated period, the children of Israel were permitted to sow and reap; but the seventh year was a sabbath year, a rest year. Hence, in that year they could neither sow nor reap, plant, cultivate nor gather their grain or fruits into storehouses or barns. (Lev. 25:1-7.) The forty-ninth year—the end of a period of "seven sabbaths of years"—was a sabbath year. The fiftieth year was a "Jubilee," also a sabbath year. Two consecutive years, then, in every period of fifty years, were sabbath years—one of them a *high* sabbath year—a Jubilee year. This occurred, therefore, twice in every century while this law was in force. Consequently there were eight sabbath years in every period of fifty years, hence sixteen sabbath years in every century. (Lev. 25:1-17.)

This is sufficient to show that the word "sabbath," as used in the Bible, does not necessarily always refer to the seventh day of the week—the day we call Saturday—the day God commanded the Hebrews to observe as a day of absolute rest. They were commanded to observe that day in commemoration of their bondage in Egypt and deliverance therefrom: "And 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.) The weekly, seventh-day sabbath had to be observed; but there were other sabbaths—sabbath days and sabbath years. There were "high" days, holidays, "holy-convocation" days, on which the children

of Israel were forbidden to do any servile—slavish—work; but on which they might do certain kinds of work. (Lev. 23:33-39; Num. 28:16-25.)

The weekly sabbath was to be observed as a day of absolute rest: "The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." (Ex. 20:10.) "Six days shall work be done, but on the seventh day there shall be to you a holy day, a sabbath of rest to the Lord: whosoever doeth work therein shall be put to death. Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the sabbath day." (Ex. 35:2, 3.) The Hebrews, then, were not permitted to do any manner of work on that day. Nor were they permitted to allow their children, their servants, their cattle, or the stranger within their gates, to do any manner of work whatsoever on the weekly sabbath day. They were not allowed to even kindle fire in their habitations—homes, or houses—on that day.

Does some one say they must have perished, if they had not been allowed to kindle fire in their habitations? The Bible says they were forbidden to kindle fire in their habitations, and that settles that with all who *believe* the Bible. God has never given any man a law that that man could not obey. For the first two thousand five hundred years after the completion of the drama of creation—from blooming Eden to shaking Sinai—so far as the divine record shows, therefore so far as any human being knows, God never required any mortal to keep the sabbath day. When he delivered the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage, and led them to Sinai, where he gave them the law, he demanded that they should rest on the seventh day of the week—observe it as a day of absolute rest. A violation of this command, even to the extent of kindling fire in their habitations.

was punishable by death. He required the Hebrews and those sojourning with them to keep the sabbath—required them to keep it for fifteen hundred years, from quaking Sinai to bleeding Calvary—and, during all that time, he kept them where they could observe the sabbath day and be comfortable "all the year 'round," fire or no fire, one day in seven. So, also, when he demanded that they should give the land a sabbath every seventh year, he made provisions for their living and being free from such suffering as might be supposed to naturally follow from allowing the land to rest every seventh year: "Wherefore ye shall do my statutes, and keep my judgments, and do them; and ye shall dwell in the land in safety. And the land shall yield her fruit, and ye shall eat your fill, and dwell therein in safety. And if ye shall say, What shall we eat the seventh year? behold, we shall not sow, nor gather in our increase: then I will command my blessing upon you in the sixth year, and it shall bring forth fruit for three years. And ye shall sow the eighth year, and eat yet of old fruit until the ninth year; until her fruits come in ye shall eat of the old store." (Lev. 25:18-22.)

The law required the Jews to observe the weekly sabbath as a day of absolute rest; but Jesus fulfilled the law, "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.) The Gentiles, never having been in, or delivered from, Egyptian bondage, have never been required by the Lord Almighty to rest on Saturday or any other day, in commemoration thereof, "thy stranger that is within thy gates" (Ex. 20:10) excepted—if this is an exception, and it seems to be. The Hebrews knew. It is not necessary for us to know.

As we have already seen, and as scores of passages of sacred scriptures clearly teach, the weekly, seventh-day

sabbath was a day of absolute rest, the law for one of them being the law for each and all of them, there not being, in all the realm of God's revelation to man, even the slightest shade of a shadow of an intimation that anyone of them should ever be regarded or observed as, in any sense, higher or lower than, or different, in any degree or respect, from, any other one. All were to be regarded and observed exactly alike. Every weekly sabbath was to be regarded and observed exactly as every other weekly sabbath was to be regarded and observed. The law for one was the law for all. This seems to preclude the barest possibility of there ever having been a "high" seventh-day sabbath. How could one weekly sabbath be higher or lower than another when all were exactly alike, each one being exactly like every other one, the law for one being the law for all?

The Jews, in obedience to divine command, observed other sabbaths—sabbath days—days of rest from "servile work"—on which they were permitted to do work for which the law would have condemned them to death, had they done it on the seventh-day sabbath. They observed these high days, holidays, holy-convocation days, in addition to the weekly, seventh-day sabbath; as we, while we observe "the first day of the week," also observe Christmas, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and other national holidays. Any national holiday is a national "high" day, a national high-sabbath, or rest, day, on which men, beasts and even women—some of them—are supposed to rest, to some extent, from servile work.

There was, "under the law," one sabbath in every period of seven consecutive days. In a period of seven consecutive days at the time of the passover—beginning the next day after the passover—there were two holy-convocation days, holidays, high-sabbath days—days on which the Jews were commanded to do no *servile* work. So, then, in that week there were three sabbaths; one

weekly sabbath and two special, or "high," sabbaths: "These are the feasts of the Lord, even holy convocations, which ye shall proclaim in their seasons. In the fourteenth day of the first month at even is the Lord's passover. And on the fifteenth day of the same month is the feast of unleavened bread unto the Lord: seven days ye must eat unleavened bread. In the first day ye shall have a holy convocation: ye shall do no servile work therein. But ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord seven days: in the seventh day is a holy convocation: ye shall do no servile work therein." (Lev. 23:4-8.) The same is taught in Num. 28:16-25. Christ was crucified at the time of the passover. So, then, when Christ was crucified there were three sabbaths—one weekly and two special or "high"—in one week, and one of these "high" sabbaths immediately followed the day of his crucifixion.

Waiving all consideration of Jewish calendars, ancient, mediaeval and modern, of which, indeed, the world knows little that is known to be absolutely correct; and waiving, therefore, the question of the possibility or impossibility of any one of these high days ever having come on the weekly sabbath day, it is absolutely certain that the "high" sabbath day that immediately followed the crucifixion of the Savior was not the weekly, seventh-day sabbath. The last paragraph (verses 62-66) of Matt. 27 states positively that the very leaders of the Jews did, on the "high" sabbath day that immediately followed the crucifixion day, and let it be well known that they did, what the law would not permit them to do on the weekly, seventh-day sabbath. While the Jews had departed from the law in many things, making of none effect the commandments of God by their tradition, they were sticklers for the strictest observance of the seventh-day sabbath, being ready to condemn the Savior and others for even the slightest semblance of a violation thereof.

They certainly, then, did not regard the "high" sabbath that immediately followed the crucifixion day as the weekly, seventh-day sabbath.

The weekly preparation day was Friday, the sixth day of the week. If, however, one of these "high days" came on Friday, the day immediately preceding the weekly sabbath, then preparation must, of necessity, be made for both on Thursday; since preparation had to be made for both, and could not be made for either on the other. In that event, Thursday, not Friday, was preparation day. We can readily understand this, if we can understand why, when Christmas comes on either Saturday or Monday, housewives make preparation for both Christmas day and Sunday on the same day. Hence, though Jesus was crucified on the "preparation day," it does not follow, necessarily, that he was crucified on Friday, since Thursday was sometimes, at the time of the passover, preparation day. Do you say, "Since this is so important, if the day of the crucifixion of the Savior was the preparation of the passover, instead of simply the ordinary preparation of the weekly sabbath, why doesn't the Bible say so?" Well, let us see what the Bible does say about it: "And it was the preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour: and he [Pilate] saith unto the Jews [on the crucifixion day], Behold your King!" (John 19:14.) That settles that.

Do you say, "It is strange, if this is true, that the Bible does not tell us plainly that the sabbath day that immediately followed the crucifixion day of the Savior was a 'high day,' and thus definitely settle the question forever?" Suppose the Bible did say, plainly and positively, in these very words, "that sabbath day was a high day," would you believe it, give up your traditional, Romish, Good-Friday theory, and accept the truth? Do you answer, "Yes?" Well, that is exactly what the Bible does say—the very language in which it

says it, too. "The Jews therefore, because it was the preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the sabbath day, (*for that sabbath day was a high day,*) besought Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away." (Verse 31.) If that does not settle the question, then what use have we for the truth, for divine testimony, for the witness of the Spirit, for the word of God?

A friend recently gave me a book written by one of the greatest—because one of the best—theologians of modern times, a man whom I respect and love—a truly great man. The book closes with what the writer claims to be proof positive that Christ was crucified on Friday. He presents it as the crown of his climax of proof. It is such a pen picture that he virtually says: "There it is. Look at it. That settles it. There's nothing more to be said." It is the account Luke gives of events immediately following the crucifixion, beginning with verse 50 of chapter 23 and ending with verse 3 of chapter 24. Luke says, when Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus and others buried the Savior, certain women watched where they laid him—looked on, with the tenderness of true love, through tears of sympathy, sadness and sorrow. Christ was buried just at the close of the preparation day on which he was crucified. They hurried, to get him into the grave and the grave closed before the beginning of the sabbath—the "high" sabbath that immediately followed the crucifixion day, which closed at six o'clock. Those women watched where he was buried, "where they laid him," and then "returned, and prepared spices and ointments," for the anointing of the body of the Savior, and "rested the sabbath' day according to the commandment." (Luke 23:56.) Not the high sabbath, but the weekly sabbath on which they could do *no manner of work*.

Evidently they used much spices and ointments for

such purposes then; for Nicodemus carried one hundred pounds of spices, to contribute to the work. (John 19:39.) How much those faithful women "bought" (Mark 16:1) and "prepared" (Luke 23:56) and carried to the sepulcher of the Savior, no mortal knows. It was Love's last offering to the Lord in the tomb, and was liberal, of course. It was no little work to prepare those things. It took time and thought and care and labor to do it. When did those sad, self-sacrificing women buy and prepare the spices and ointments they bought and prepared for the body of the crucified One whom they so tenderly and truly loved? Not on the day on which he was crucified; for he was buried at the very close of that day, and they bought and prepared the spices and ointments after his burial. Not on the weekly, seventh-day sabbath; for the Bible says they rested on that day "according to the commandment;" and the commandment forbade that they should do any manner of work on that day. So that settles that. When, then, did they buy and prepare those spices and ointments? On Friday, that "high," special sabbath, on which work, but not "servile"—slavish—work might be done, that came between Thursday, the preparation day on which Christ was crucified, and Saturday, the weekly sabbath day on which they rested "according to the commandment." That high sabbath began at the close—six o'clock—of the day on which Christ was crucified, he being buried at the very close of that day, and they subsequently preparing the spices. They prepared the spices. There was no other time in which to prepare them. Therefore they prepared them then. Nothing can be clearer than that; yet, strange to say, a great and good man relies upon this as proof positive that Christ was crucified on Friday, whereas it proves most positively and emphatically that he was *not* crucified on Friday!

Now let us see. How long was Christ in the grave?

"Three days and three nights." *Which* "three days" and *which* "three nights?" Counting time as God himself, in the beginning of Genesis teaches us to count it—"and the evening and the morning were the first day," "and the evening and the morning were the second day," and so on through the six successive days of creation—and "counting a part for the whole," as is practically universally claimed and conceded to be correct in this case and connection, and beginning with Thursday evening—the evening of the day on which Christ was crucified, the Bible being true—we have Thursday evening and Friday morning, the first day; Friday evening and Saturday morning the second day; Saturday evening and Sunday morning the third day—"three days"—and we have Thursday night, Friday night and Saturday night—"three nights"—hence we have, as all can see, "three days and three nights," counting in the re-creation as God, himself, counted in the creation. Christ was crucified on Thursday, as certainly as he told the truth and the Bible records are correct. *Christ was crucified on Thursday.*

The Bible says he said he would be raised again "the third day." (Matt. 16:21; Mark 10:34; Luke 18:33.) "The third day"—*what?* It could not have been the third day *of* his death; for, there was but one day of his death. Not the third day *of* his burial; for there was but one day of his burial. Not the third day of his death *and* burial; for they both occurred on one and the same day. "The third day"—*what, then?* "The third day" *after* his crucifixion, death and burial, of course. The language means that. It must mean something. It cannot mean anything else. Therefore it means that. He should be crucified, and "raised again the third day" after his crucifixion. He should be buried, and "raised again the third day" after his burial. "The third day" after his crucifixion, death and burial, then, he was to

be raised from the dead. The day *of* his crucifixion, death and burial could not have been a day *after* his crucifixion, death and burial. It is not possible for it to be possible for it to have ever been possible for the day *on* which anything was done to have been a day *after* it was done. Surely no one can seriously question that. Having died and been buried on Thursday, the first day *after* his death and burial was Friday; the second day, Saturday; the third day, Sunday. "He rose again the third day according to the scriptures." (i Cor. 15:4.) "He rose again" on Sunday, "the first day of the week." Sunday is the third day after Thursday. *Therefore he teas crucified on Thursday.*

Suppose I say, "They were married on Thursday, and left the city the third day after their marriage." On what day did they leave the city? Let us see. If they were married on Thursday, Friday was the first day after their marriage, Saturday was the second day after their marriage, and Sunday was the third day after their marriage. They left the city on Sunday. Now let us reverse our view of the event. "They left the city on Sunday, the third day after their marriage." When were they married? Sunday was the third day after their marriage; then Saturday was, necessarily, the second day after their marriage, and Friday was, of course, the first day after their marriage. They were married on Thursday, then. Christ was raised from the dead on Sunday, "the first day of the week," the third day after Thursday. He was to be in the grave "three days and three nights." He was to be raised again "the third day." Hence, he was crucified on *Thursday*, as certainly as he told the truth, and the Bible records are correct. *He teas crucified on Thursday.*

On the day on which Christ rose from the dead, some . of his disciples said to the Savior, alluding to the condemnation, crucifixion and burial of Christ, "To-day is the third day since these things were done." (Luke 24:

21.) Sunday, then, the first day of the week, the resurrection day, was the *third* day *since* these things were done; hence Saturday was the second day, and Friday was the first day "since these things were done." On what day, then, were these things done? On Thursday, of course. The day *on* which Christ was crucified could not have been a day *after* he was crucified. The day *on* which "these things were done" could not have been a day "since these things were done." Christ was crucified and buried on Thursday; otherwise Sunday absolutely could not have been, as the Spirit positively affirms it was, "the third day *since* these things were done." That needs no proof. It is axiomatic—self-evident.

My friend came to Mars' Hill the next Sunday after he told me his troubles, and I did the best I could for him—said, in substance, what I have said to you—and he went away rejoicing, claiming that there was not the slightest shade of a shadow of a doubt in his mind in regard to the difficulty that had so sorely distressed him so long. When he reached home, he received a telegram calling him to St. Louis. His father had just dropped dead. He obeyed the sad summons, and I have never seen him since.

I have done my best for you. I may be able to do better tomorrow, as I am always earnestly and diligently endeavoring to learn the truth and otherwise improve; but I have done my very best to-day. I fully realize that I know but little, hence make mistakes many and great; but I do know, the Bible being true, Christ was not crucified on Friday, it not being possible for it to be possible for it to have ever been possible for there to be "three days and three nights," even "counting a part for the whole," between Friday evening and Sunday morning; for Sunday to have been "the third day after" Friday; or for "the first day of the week" to have been "the third day *since*" things done on the sixth day of

the week were done, there being only seven days in the week. We cannot afford to teach or accept as true what we do absolutely know to be unreasonable, unscriptural, impossible, and therefore false. Let us be loyal to the Lord, consecrated to his cause, true to the truth, and brave enough to reject the wrong and defend the right, regardless of opposition, persecution, affliction or even death, till the grave shall claim our bodies and heaven shall claim us.

May the Lord bless us all in rising above the mists and fogs and clouds and darkness of human theology, theological tradition and ecclesiastical mysticism, superstition and speculation, that we may be forever free from all such doubts and difficulties. The inconsistencies, discrepancies, contradictions and absurdities that perplex and distress us, for which we hold the Bible responsible, disappear when we "turn on the light" and walk in it. We should 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 lovingly trust him for what he promises till he shall call us home.

All who recognize themselves as being, in any sense, subjects of the gospel call are lovingly exhorted to come to Christ. 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." The angels in Heaven, who rejoice more over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance, are ready to rejoice if you come, while loved ones, fervently praying for you, are waiting and watching to welcome you. Come to Jesus, love him and serve him as long as you live, and be unspeakably happy with him for evermore. Come. "Now is the accepted time." "To-day is the day of salvation." "Harden not your hearts."

CHAPTER V.

Letters—Evil Speaking.

Oh! the world! the world!

All ear and eye; and such a stupid heart,
To interpret ear and eye; and such a wicked tongue,
To blare its own interpretation!

—Mrs. Browning.

AMONG the precepts God gave his chosen people—the Hebrews—by the tongue and pen of Moses is this: "Thou shalt not raise a false report: put not thine hand with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness." (Ex. 23:1.) In the margin "receive" is suggested as a substitute for "raise"—"thou shalt not receive a false report"—and in the Revised' Version it is translated: "Thou shalt not take up a false report." Whether we read it "raise," "receive," or "take up," the lesson is one the world needs to learn and Christians should never forget. We should be exceedingly careful to never raise a false report. If such report reaches our ears, we should not receive it—that is, believe it. Hearing it unwillingly, and forced, by the weight of testimony, to give it credence, we should not take it up, in the sense of repeating it, thus giving it wider circulation. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is impossible for us to know whether an evil report that reaches our ears is true or false, especially impossible to know it is true; hence we are practically forbidden to even receive, and are positively forbidden to raise or take up, *any* evil report; and why should we wish to do so?

But, unfortunately, many, even many professed followers of Christ, who would shrink from giving testi-

mony as witnesses in court, though all testimony there must be not hearsay, but of knowledge, and should be the plain, simple truth, will voluntarily, and sometimes even gladly, make of themselves unrighteous witnesses against a fellow-creature, by believing and circulating an evil report, without any knowledge as to the truth of the testimony they bear; thus setting at naught God's command, "put not thine hand with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness," as well as frequently violating another divine command—one of the Ten Commandments written on tables of stone—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." (Ex. 20:16.)

God has condemned slander and talebearing, slanderers and talebearers, through other tongues and by other pens than the tongue and pen of Moses. The Bible abounds in admonitions against evil speaking. David wrote: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved." (Ps. 15.) "Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off: him that hath a high look and a proud heart will not I suffer." Ps. 101:5.)

Solomon says: "These six things doth the Lord hate: yea, seven are an abomination unto him: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren." (Prov. 6:16-19.)

Christ, in his Sermon on the Mount, wherein he prescribed principles for the government of his then prospective kingdom—principles to control, not only the lips and pens, but the hearts and lives of his followers—said: "Judge 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." (Matt. 7: I, 2.)

Paul, writing to citizens of the kingdom of Christ, members of the church of God, wrote: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." (Eph. 4:31, 32.)

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law," and love is the ruling principle in T. B. Larimore's life. He says:

"It is true that I never write or speak evil of any one, but that should not invalidate what I *do* write or speak. I simply follow the divine injunction, 'Speak not evil one of another, brethren,' and the poetic advice:

"Then let us speak well of each other:
If we can't, let us not speak at all.' "

That he follows this "divine injunction" and this "poetic advice" no one who reads his letters to F. D. Srygley can doubt. Like probably every other man prominent in public life, he has been the subject of criticism, misrepresentation and slander. He wrote constantly and very confidentially to F. D. Srygley, who always espoused his cause and defended him against unjust censure. Naturally he made, frequent allusions, in that confidential correspondence, to those criticisms, misrepresentations and slanders; but in the large number of letters that came into my hands when that mass

of literary matter was committed to my care and keeping, comprising a continuous correspondence of more than thirty years with his most intimate friend, I have never found one unkind word in reference to those who have so unjustly censured him. In one letter referring to such criticisms, he says:

"They seem determined to crush me or compel me to do what I believe to be wrong. They may do the former. I will never do the latter. Nor will I ever deny anything of which they accuse me, and thus be drawn into a row or wrangle. My business is to 'preach the word.' If they accuse me of stealing sheep, I shall not deny it; but shall simply continue to preach 'Christ, and him crucified.' If they stab me in the back while my face is to the common foe, I cannot help it. Nor shall I ever resent it, or, in any way, try to avenge myself or injure them. 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge' shall be my constant and only reply."

The spirit manifested in this letter is the spirit manifested in¹¹ his letters. With one letter, he inclosed a list of "NEVERS," marked "Rules that I hope to faithfully, constantly and conscientiously observe till the Lord shall lead me home;" and, among them are: "Never speak evil of any one;" "Never misrepresent any person, place, or thing;" "Never trifle with the feelings, rights or reputation of any one."

He condemns slander in forcible terms, in the pulpit and out of it. In a letter he quotes from a newspaper clipping inclosed, and comments on it as follows:

"Emperor William declares, 'there is no difference between him who mixes and presents a poisonous draught to another, and him who robs his fellow-man of his honorable name, and, from the safe shelter of his editorial sanctum, kills him with the poisoned darts of

his slanders—kills him by the mental torture he inflicts.' William may be a marvelous man, and may be correct in most of his convictions, comments and conclusions; but, mighty Emperor though he be, he certainly misses the mark when he declares the common assassin to be as vile a character as the slanderer who deliberately, by tongue or pen, maliciously robs men, women or children of that which is dearer far than life. Still, many a man who claims to be respectable, and some who even claim to be Christians, do that very thing, and, by so doing, shorten the lives of their hapless, helpless victims, thus ruthlessly robbing them, not only of that which is dearer than life, but of life itself, thus becoming assassins in a twofold sense. If ordinary sinners and common assassins scarcely be saved, where shall such sinners as slanderers appear?"

Do you think this language is too severe? Remember, "whisperers" and "backbiters" are included in the fearful list of evil doers enumerated in Rom. 1:29-32, and the judgment there pronounced against them, by the Spirit of the living God, is that God himself accounts them worthy of death; which "judgment of God" the Spirit says they know, and still "not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

Many years ago, writing of a case where a young girl was the victim of slander, he wrote:

"I do not believe one word of the vile story, and shall never hesitate to say so. It may cause me to appear ridiculous, and to be smiled at, and my motives may sometimes be impugned; but I am glad I believe and feel it to be my duty to help, defend and protect the helpless, the defenseless and the innocent—therefore worthy women and children—whensoever and wheresoever I find them. I believe every Christian man on earth should regard himself as a divinely-appointed pro-

lector of virtue and innocence, and should always be glad to help the helpless, defenseless, poor and needy." In another letter, in regard to the same case, he wrote: "As flies will frequent the cleanest of homes and sip the dew from the sweetest lips, so the tongue and pen of slander will, if possible, pollute and poison the purest life stream that flows. I am not sure but that slander and slanderers are the vilest things beneath the stars. I do not wonder that a 'lying tongue'—or pen or look or gesture—is 'an abomination unto God.' All over this land—sometimes called, strange as it may seem, 'a Christian country'—are hearts that are sad and sorrowful—hearts that are crushed and broken—that would be happy, glad, joyful, but for the blighting breath of slander. Some who are called Christians are responsible for some of this sadness and sorrow—some for stating, some for circulating, some for encouraging, slander. May the Lord have mercy on us all, and save us from the tongues and pens of slanderers."

He inclosed with a letter the following poem, saying:

"This expresses my sentiments on the subject of slander much better than I can ever express them, I'm sure, being neither a Solomon nor a poet. Please preserve it. It's too good to be lost. It may not be first-class poetry. Not being a poet, I do not know; but it ought to be put into permanent form. It is worthy to live forever, poetry or no poetry. His Satanic Majesty claims to have too much 'self-respect' to associate with slanderers or permit them to pollute his prehistoric premises. If this claim is correct, he is not as disreputable a character as he is ordinarily and almost universally represented to be, and is therefore himself a subject of slander, and his abode is free from at least one cruel curse that has wrecked homes, blighted lives and broken hearts on earth for ages. Let us 'give even the devil his due.'"

THE DEVIL'S SOLILOQUY.

(Suggested by hearing a man speak disparagingly of a young girl.)

One night as the devil sat musing alone,
 In the midst of his cozy warm fire,
 Trying to figure the difference in guilt
 'Tween a thief and an all-around liar,
 His memory turned to the scenes of his youth,
 And his eyes filled with hot boiling tears;
 So he took down his ledger and turned to a page
 Dated back about six thousand years.

"I suppose," he exclaimed as he glanced through the book,
 "I am doing the best that I can,
 For my business denotes a continual increase
 Ever since the creation of man.
 I've cribbed a good harvest for six thousand years,
 And should be content with the yield,
 And give my opponent permission to have
 The gleanings I leave in the field.

"I've gathered a very diversified crop
 Of merchants and lawyers galore;
 I've bound politicians in bundles until
 The ends of my fingers are sore.
 I have fiddlers, gamblers and insurance men;
 I have murderers, forgers and liars;
 I've filled up my furnace with green Populists
 Till they actually put out the fires.

"I have railroad conductors and doctors to spare,
 Horse traders and preachers to spend;
 Republicans, Democrats, Tories and Whigs,
 And two or three newspaper men.
 But there is one class, I'm happy to say,
 Can never gain entrance here;
 Their souls are so dirty that I'm sure they would
 Demoralize hell in a year.

"I refer to that 'thing,' neither human nor beast—
 The carrion crow of the world—
 Who never is happy unless he can feast
 On the wreck of an innocent girl.
 A million of years in my warmest of rooms
 His slanders could never atone;
 So I give him a match and advise him to start
 A select little hell of his own."

With his fingers he lit an asbestos cigar;
And, placing his book on a shelf,
He muttered, "I may be a very bad man,
But I've got some respect for myself."

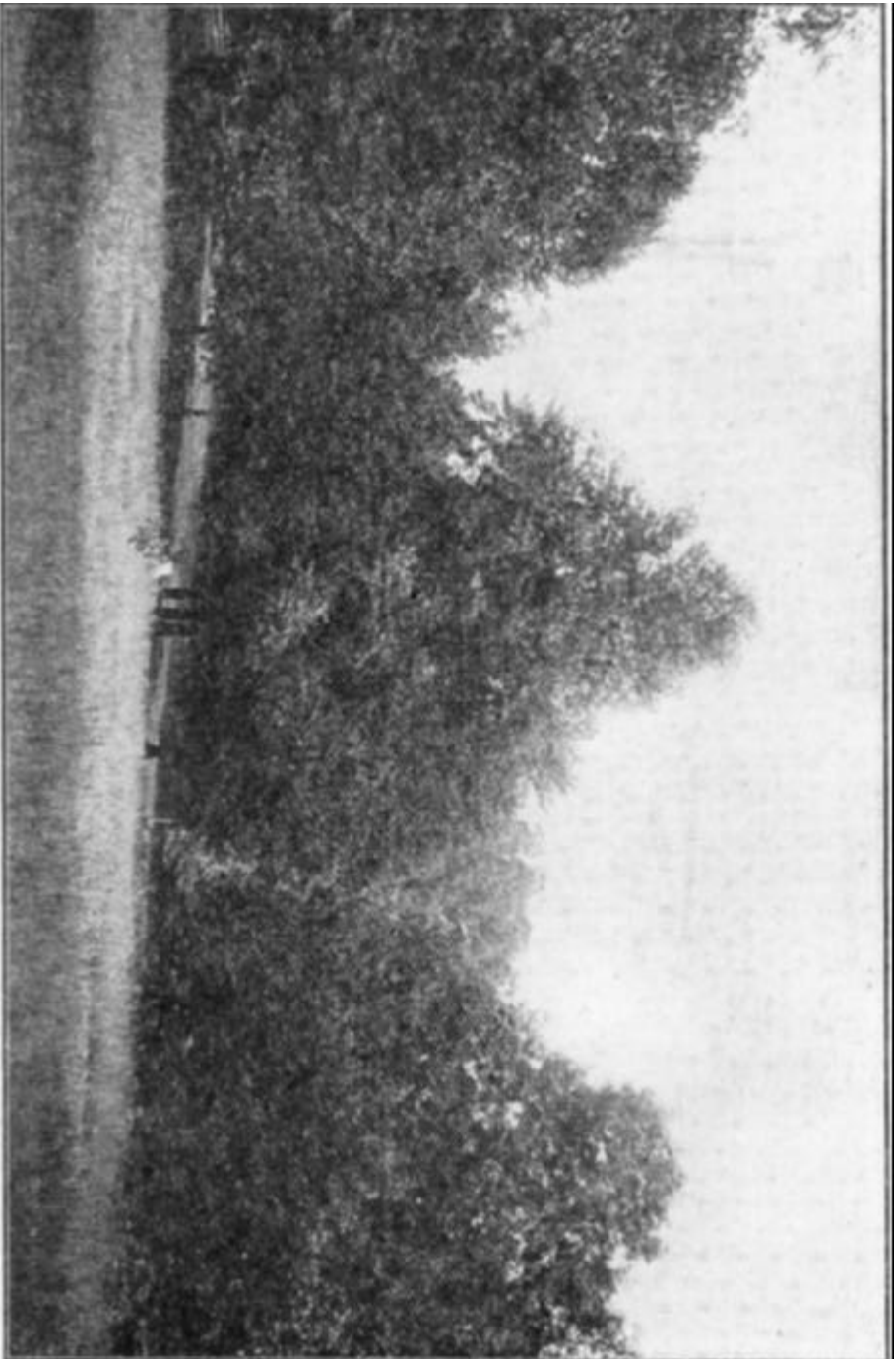
A good woman, who, after being forced to listen to an evil story concerning another woman, was charged, "Now, don't repeat this," said: "No, indeed, I will not repeat it. I wouldn't undertake to tell any story unless I charged my memory with the details of it, so as to tell it correctly; and I would not, for the world, charge my memory with such a story as the one you've just related. I should be afraid for the Lord to see such a thing as that voluntarily and carefully inscribed on the tablet of my memory. I shall never tell it." If all slanderers were rebuffed by such reproofs as this, slanders would be short-lived, slanderers would be few, and, therefore, there would be fewer broken hearts and darkened homes in the world.

If "man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn," what may not be said of woman's inhumanity to woman? It is often more heartless than the harsh judgment of men—sometimes more cruel than death. Brother Larimore approves the following article, written by one of his friends, as a strong plea to women to "do justly and to love mercy," in their judgment of a slandered sister woman:

"SLANDER.

"It has been 'borne in upon me,' as our Quaker friends would say, to write a few lines on" the above subject, in the earnest hope that I may bring about an 'arrest of thought' in the minds of some good people, who, without a thought of the evil they may be doing, sometimes inflict great wrong upon others, by helping to circulate some slanderous story that has no foundation whatever

MARS HILL, BEECHES.



in fact. A breath of slander is blown, from some vile wicked mouth, over the fair fame of a woman as pure and spotless as the new-fallen snow, as innocent of intentional wrong as the angels in Heaven; and thus a vile deed is done that breaks a woman's heart and makes Satan rejoice. Many people think there must be some foundation in fact or truth for every evil rumor afloat. This is not true, however. As long as Satan retains his rule over the hearts and tongues of bad men and women; just so long will it be possible for him, by and through them, to manufacture and circulate falsehoods, or to so twist some innocent, thoughtless action as to put a false construction upon it.

"A good man once wrote: 'There is an abundance of "circumstantial evidence" to condemn the purest man or woman of power, prominence and influence, on earth, when magnified and shaded to suit a slanderer's purpose; and all persons are hapless, and many of them helpless and hopeless, when streams of slander are turned upon them. The purest life may be blighted, the brightest home may be darkened, the truest heart may be broken, by slander.' 'Circumstantial evidence' may so torture some innocent action of the purest person on earth as to give it an evil meaning. Then, given lips anxious to repeat the vile suspicion, and eager, willing ears to hear it, the falsehood goes forth on its death-dealing, diabolical mission of destruction. Like a ball of snow that is rolled on billions of white flakes that have fallen, it gathers as it goes, until the innocent action, thoughtlessly performed, has grown into an evil of mountainous proportions.

"Years ago I knew a fair, sweet girl whose life was ruined by falsehood as black as Satanic slander has ever been. The circumstantial evidence was as strong as wicked hearts would have it. Not a link was lacking to make the chain complete. The girl's life was blighted

as hopelessly as if she had passed through the fires of hell. Many years later, after she had almost wept her life away over the graves of hopes that had perished forever, the whole vile story was shown to have been absolutely false from beginning to end. The 'faultless chain of circumstantial evidence' was torn link from link, and every link was absolutely obliterated, every action that had been condemned was proved to have been entirely innocent, so that none could doubt, and the girl stood before the world vindicated—a sad, heartbroken woman, whose life had been blighted, whose hopes had been blasted, whose prospects had been wrecked and ruined, by the vilest thing known to the sons and daughters of men—the Satanic tongue of slander. With others, I had believed the vile story; but, when I found how greatly we had wronged an innocent girl, I wanted to get down upon my knees before her and beg her pardon for the wrong I had done her. And then and there I promised myself that in future I would know the truth of a report against a girl before I condemned her—against anybody, before I accepted and acted upon it as true.

“Since then I have known more than one pure, good woman to suffer in the same way. I have seen good names blackened, and bandied back and forth, by lips moved by hearts that delighted in the evil they were doing, that felt no remorse for the murderous stabs that were slaying the helpless victims of their slander. But, thank God, not without protest, when I had the slightest hope that protest would do any good. A woman's good name is worth more to her than anything else in this world. There is no good woman living who does not know this to be true. No money value in all this world can compensate a woman for the loss of her good name. People—women—know all this; and, yet, they—some of them—will tear another woman's reputation for integrity and chastity to shreds with as little remorse

as they would tear worthless paper to pieces and cast it into the fire. They would not steal five dollars or five pennies from her purse, or encourage others to do so. Oh, no! That would be dishonest. But they will help to circulate an evil report against her, that takes away her good name, which is worth a million times more to her than the wealth of worlds.

"Some one has said, 'The reason we are so ready to believe evil of others is there is something in us that makes us know that, under certain circumstances, we would have acted as we are so ready to believe others to have acted.' Whether this be true or false it is very certain that many people hold themselves in readiness to believe every evil thing they hear of others; and 'not till listeners refrain from evil hearing, will talkers refrain from evil speaking.' I do verily believe slander is 'the vilest thing beneath the stars.' But there are people, calling themselves Christians, who will readily receive and repeat a slanderous report against a woman—and believe it, without a particle of positive proof— even a woman whom they have known all their lives, and against whom they have never heard a breath of evil before. Should not the woman's previous lifelong good character have fortified her against the breath of slander?

"Dear friends, I am writing this to you, who have seen, as I have seen, a good woman's fair name go down before the poisonous breath of a slander as false as the face of Satan. If I can but persuade you, as Christian people, to reflect a moment before believing or repeating a slanderous story, I shall not have written in vain. In all these things, let us always remember that hearsay is not evidence; and not till proof positive, that cannot be gainsaid, be adduced, should we believe evil of any one, and especially of one of whom we have always known only good. Don't believe it! Don't repeat it! Stand up boldly for purity and goodness, Christianity

and right. Even when true, it does no good, but often great harm, to repeat an evil report; and, when we do not practically absolutely know it to be true, it is *wicked* to repeat it. The Bible says: 'Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile;' and we are not doing this when repeating the slanderous tale that has been poured into our ears, from over-eager lips, with no scintilla of evidence beyond hearsay to prove it true.

"May God help you to see this as I see it, and give you grace to fight the slanderous story that is ruining some good woman's fair name, and blighting her life and breaking her heart, and bringing sorrow and desolation, wreck and ruin upon her family and her home.

"SILENA MOORE HOLMAN."

With one of his letters he inclosed an account of the acquittal of Roland B. Molineux, who spent four years in prison and was twice tried for his life on the charge of murder. He was convicted on the first trial. On the second trial, which lasted three weeks, it required only thirteen minutes for the jury to decide that he was entirely innocent of the crime of which he was accused. In the letter with which the newspaper clipping was inclosed, Brother Larimore wrote:

"Still some Christians (?) will sometimes condemn, on the slightest, as well as the strongest, circumstantial evidence, or the testimony of *one* wicked and bitterly prejudiced witness, without giving their helpless victims even one trial, and then proceed to ostracize, persecute and hound to destruction the innocent, as well as the guilty, whom they have unjustly condemned. Strange as it may seem, some pursue this Satanic course, seeming to think they are thereby proving their own superiority, as well as their loyalty and devotion to the cause to establish which the Savior shed his precious blood

on the cruel cross, on which, for his vilest foes, he prayed, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

"Justice, reason, right, revelation, the law of Moses, humanity and the Lord Jesus Christ all condemn this cruel, heartless, unchristian course. All—the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the noble and the ignoble, the innocent and the guilty—are entitled to a patient hearing and an impartial trial, before judgment is passed upon them. 'Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great; ye shall not be afraid of the face of man; for the judgment is God's.' (Deut. 1:17.) 'One witness shall not rise up against a man for any iniquity, or for any sin, in any sin that he sinneth: at the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be established.' (Deut. 19:15.) Nicodemus, alluding to this law of the Lord, said to Jews who condemned Jesus, but refused to hear him: 'Doth our law judge any man, before it hear him. and know what he doeth?' (John 7:51.) Jesus fully approved and clearly commends all this, as his teaching abundantly shows and plainly proves. Moreover, no judge or jury—no court on earth—infidel or Christian, condemns any man, black or white, without giving him a patient hearing, face to face with friends and foes, accusers and witnesses, giving him an opportunity to vindicate himself, giving him the advantage of all reasonable doubt as to his guilt, and even providing and paying (the law doing so) competent counsel for him, if he is too poor to procure and pay counsel for himself.

"Now let us, who claim to be Christians, diligently consider all these things; and, in their light, determine whether we are what and as we ought to be. Christians cannot be too careful, thoughtful, prayerful or pure. '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.' (Jesus.) 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.' (Paul.)"

He approves the following, as illustrating the difference often existing between God's law and man's practice:

"If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican.' (Matt. 18:15-17.) Thus the Savior spoke in his legislation on personal and private offenses. It is as simple and sublime as are all other laws of which he is the author.

"If thy brother trespass against thee, thou shalt in no wise go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; for it might be that he would hear thee and thou wouldst gain him. But thou shalt go first to thy neighbor and tell him thy brother's trespass against thee, and thou shalt give all diligence to take with thee one or two of thy friends, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established against thy brother. Thy neighbor shall not neglect to hear thee; but he shall, with thee and all others who have ears to hear, give all diligence to go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp and tell every man his neighbor. Shouldst thou find a man who will not hear thee, thou shalt shake off the very dust from thy feet for a testimony against him, and he shall be 'unto thee as a heathen man and a publican.' (Latter-day Revision.) This; modern revision is, as all must know, not a literal translation—not true to the original text—but was sug-

gested by the popular practice. In other words, it presents the practices and purposes, not only of people in general, but also of many who claim to be Christians. Dear reader, are you guilty? Pause and ponder and weigh the question well. A soul—your own at least—is in the balance, and found wanting if you are guilty. Repent and pray and henceforth obey the requirements of Matt. 18:15-17."

On the margin of a letter from a young girl, in which she harshly criticised a certain preacher, he wrote:

"A sweet girl, but she slanders a good man. I know the influences around her. She simply repeats what she hears from those who should teach her better. It's truly sad."

Accompanying that letter was the following clipping from an article by Henry Van Dyke:

"Remember, 'charity thinketh no evil,' much less repeats it. Two good rules, that ought to be written on every heart, are: Never believe anything bad about anybody, unless you are positively certain it is true: never tell even that, unless you believe it is absolutely necessary; and remember, even then, that God is listening while you tell it."

Some of the evil speaking and fault-finding in the world is due, no doubt, to malice; more of it, to want of thought and proper teaching; and more still, to misunderstanding and misconception of the motives and purposes of those we criticize, and to ignorance of the difficulties and perplexities that beset them. If we could see "face to face," instead of "through a glass, darkly," our harsh judgments would be oftener tempered with mercy; and, therefore, our thoughts and our speech, more pleasing to Him who looks upon the aspirations and endeavors, frailties and failures, of humanity with sympathy tenderer than human hearts can know. With this

thought in mind, probably, Brother Larimore inclosed with a letter the following verses:

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

If we could draw back the curtain
That surrounds each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should—
We should love each other better,
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To o'erflow integrity,
We should judge each other's sorrows
With more patient charity.
If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim, eternal roughness
Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah, we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the stream of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

—Rudyard Kipling.

CHAPTER VI.

Sermon—Is God, or Chance, Creator?

"BUT without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Heb. 11:6.)

The constituent elements of faith—that faith without which it is impossible to please God—are clearly stated in this passage of sacred scripture. Without faith it is impossible to please God. Why? "For he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." So, then, "God is" and "He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him" are the constituent elements of faith—the two propositions the belief of which constitutes, or is, that faith without which it is impossible to please God.

The first of these two propositions, God is, directly antagonizes atheism. Atheism, expressed in plain English, is simply no-God-ism—A-the-ism: no-God-ism. Therefore, to believe that God is, to believe in the existence of the one true and living God, is to believe the very reverse of atheism. The second proposition, "He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," involves the inspiration of the holy scriptures; since it is from the holy scriptures alone, directly or indirectly, that we learn that "he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." To have an intelligent belief, or faith, then that God "is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him" is to believe the Bible to be what it purports to be, the revealed will of the Lord Almighty. To accept the Bi-

ble as a revelation from God is to accept the doctrine of the divinity of Christ; because the Bible clearly teaches that Jesus is the Christ, the divine Son of the living God. To believe in the inspiration of the Bible, and therefore in the divinity of Christ, is the very reverse of infidelity, in its theological, not literal, or etymological, sense; and not only the reverse of infidelity, but also of every grade, every shade and every degree of skepticism. Infidelity, in its literal, etymological sense, is simply unfaithfulness. Skepticism is fixed, settled, controlling doubt of the inspiration of the Bible, and, therefore, of the divinity of Christ; but infidelity implies positive disbelief of the inspiration of the Bible and the divinity of Christ; as atheism implies positive disbelief of the existence of God. So, then, the first of these two propositions—God is—directly antagonizes Atheism, and the second directly antagonizing infidels, between antagonizing atheism and every degree of skepticism.

This being true, an honest, intelligent, sincere examination of the foundation of our faith, and public presentation, or proclamation of logical, legitimate deductions therefrom, must, of necessity, bring us into direct antagonism with skepticism, infidelity and atheism, if the foundation of our faith is, in all respects, what we assuredly believe it to be. There is, however, a world of difference between antagonizing skepticism and antagonizing skeptics, between antagonizing infidelity and antagonizing infidels, between antagonizing atheism and antagonizing atheists. I have neither right nor inclination to antagonize man, woman or child. I would no more entertain an unkind feeling for atheists, infidels or skeptics than for the purest, sincerest, sublimest Christians that breathe the breath of life. I would no more intentionally say anything to grieve, insult or incense any atheist, infidel or skeptic, than I would intentionally slander the sweetest Christian girl that brightens and

blesse the world to-day. Christians believe atheism, infidelity and skepticism are unmitigated curses that curse all concerned—especially atheists, infidels and skeptics themselves. Hence, in antagonizing atheism, infidelity and skepticism, they are laboring to bless, not to curse, all concerned, and to bless especially atheists, infidels and skeptics. What I say I shall endeavor to say, as duty demands, in such a spirit and manner, prompted by such motives, that not even the most sensitive soul can have right or reason to be displeased. I shall try to show, as duty clearly demands, the inconsistency and danger of atheism, infidelity and skepticism; and the sublime truthfulness, beauty and consistency of what Christians believe to be the word of the living God.

It is proper, important and necessary, at this stage of our investigation, to raise the question of the existence of the one true and living God—to consider the proposition, GOD IS. When a gospel preacher undertakes to consider this proposition, its truthfulness being the point involved, GOD IS being the proposition to be proved, he necessarily finds himself in an awkward position; for gospel preachers depend upon the Bible for their faith, and rely upon the Bible for proof of nearly every proposition they proclaim, "thus it is written," "thus saith the Lord," being the end of all controversy with them. But, in investigating this fundamental proposition, this foundation principle, in endeavoring to prove this important point, they cannot appeal to the Bible for proof; as that would be to beg the question. To appeal to the Bible in support of the proposition GOD IS, is to assume the very proposition to be proved; for it is to assume the Bible, that teaches the existence of God, to be a competent, reliable, truthful witness, which it cannot be unless GOD IS. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth" is the first sentence in the

Bible, and he is recognized and represented as a sublime, blissful and awful reality from the beginning to the ending of the Book of books. We cannot appeal to the Bible, however, for proof of this important proposition; but must appeal to the material universe, search the fields of space, consider the question of creation, without appealing to the revelation found in the book Christians accept as the word of the God they believe to be.

As to the question of the creation and preservation of the material universe, two propositions, or positions, cover the entire ground. One is, that God is the creator and preserver: the other, Chance. We cannot escape the conclusion that either God or Chance is the creator by assuming that, while we do not believe in the existence of the one true and living God, we do not believe Chance is the creator; but do believe a great, original, all-wise, all-powerful First Cause gave birth and being to the material universe; for that great, original, all-wise, all-powerful First Cause is the very being Christians accept and adore as their God. To deny the existence of God, and, at the same time, affirm the existence of a great, original, all-wise, all-powerful First Cause that created, preserves and perpetuates the material universe, is to simply deny and affirm the same proposition with the same breath. These two positions or propositions: God is Creator, Chance is Creator, cover the entire ground. We may, then, in surveying the fields of space in quest of evidence to either prove or refute the proposition, GOD is, regard it as definitely fixed, settled and certain that either God or Chance is the creator.

To prove or disprove one of these propositions, therefore, is to disprove or prove the other. Whatever tends to disprove or prove one, tends to prove or disprove the other. It is absolutely certain, and has been definitely and positively proved and settled beyond doubt, question or quibble, that A or B murdered C. Both are not

guilty; but one of them committed the crime. A positively proves and clearly establishes an alibi. Then B is guilty. It is positively proved that A committed the crime. Then B is guiltless. This plain, important principle, readily recognized and clearly comprehended, applies to the propositions now under consideration. Either God, the great, original, all-wise, all-powerful First Cause, or Chance, is creator. If, therefore, God is not the creator, Chance is. If Chance is not the creator, God is. If God is creator, then GOD IS—which is the proposition to be proved.

According to the very clearest conceptions—indeed, all just conceptions—of the workings of Chance, wheresoever Chance creates and controls, confusion necessarily prevails. Hence, until Nature presents such a picture as this: the zephyr that cools the brow at noon scorching like withering flame at midnight; the limpid, crystal mountain brook of yesterday black as blackest ink to-day; the tree of life bending and breaking beneath its burden of the dread apples of death—until Nature presents such pictures as this, it is reckless, unreasonable and wrong to attribute creation to Chance. If Chance is not the Creator, God is.

Whatever exhibits unmistakable evidences of design thereby declares and plainly and positively proves that it originated in the mind, and came from the hand, of a designer. This is universally conceded. All sane, sober, intelligent, responsible mortals recognize that it must be true. Whatsoever exhibits evidences of design must be the work of a designer. With regard to temporal, transitory things no responsible soul ever challenges this plain, important principle. It has been thoroughly advertised that a great lecturer from Chicago will deliver a lecture at a certain time in the largest auditorium in our city, town or community. We know not what is to be his theme; but, being assured that he

will not discourse of Heaven or heavenly things, of duty or of destiny, we are anxious to hear him. The lecture is to begin—and does begin—at nine o'clock. By 8:30 the house is literally packed, we knowing the lecturer's theme will not be religious, and the admission fee being only one dollar.

Exactly three minutes before nine, the lecturer makes his appearance on the platform. On a costly table on the platform is a beautiful, jewel-bedecked chronometer. In a few moments after the great lecturer begins to address us, we learn that this chronometer is the subject of his lecture. He lectures an hour and a half, but we are not weary. We are interested and, therefore, not one of us is weary, restless or listless. Of course we could not have listened attentively, patiently and politely an hour and a half, if he had been telling us of eternity, of Heaven and heavenly things, of duty and of destiny—if he had been trying to save us and our children and our children's children, even to the thousandth generation; but he's talking about a *clock*, and we are interested. He convinces us that this chronometer—his chronometer—is the marvel of the ages; that it can count and keep the seconds and minutes and hours and days and weeks and months and years and decades and centuries, right on and on, indefinitely, "without the slightest perceptible variation or deviation from the correct time.

Finally he says: "Ladies and gentlemen, I fear I have made a wrong impression on your minds, and I want to remove that impression. It is, at least, possible, if not indeed probable or certain, that I have caused you to think you are listening to the man who made this chronometer—the wonderful man who wrought this wonderful piece of mechanism. Now, I want to assure you that I had absolutely nothing to do, intentionally, with the making of this wonder of the ages. Whatsoever part

I may have played in it was purely accidental." This voluntary, frank admission, as we regard it, increases our admiration for the man. His apparent honesty and integrity win for him a higher place in our estimation than he occupied before. He says: "Ladies and gentlemen, no man, woman, or child, living or dead, had anything in this world to do, directly or indirectly, intentionally, with the making of this chronometer." Then the thought occurs to us, it is of superhuman origin, then. But he immediately adds: "I assure you, on the honor of a gentleman who would not willingly deceive you, that no intelligent being, human, demoniacal, or divine, had anything, directly or indirectly, to do, intentionally, with the making of this chronometer." Now sadness, sorrow and sympathy overwhelm us; for we are sure he is insane, and it touches our hearts to think of such a man's being a mental wreck.

He continues: "I will now relate the story of the creation, or making, I should say, of this wonderful chronometer. As some of you well remember, less than a generation ago—October, 1871—the Chicago that then was became a heap of smoldering ruins, to make room for the Chicago that now is. I was a jeweler, watchmaker and clock dealer, in the heart of that great city then. During many hours after the fatal fire was started, on that eventful Sunday evening, October 8, and the furious storm of flames began to sweep over the city, leaving wreck and ruin, devastation and desolation in its track, I felt no special alarm about my own personal safety or interests; because I believed my block of buildings to be perfectly fireproof, as well as because there were many blocks of buildings, supposed to be fireproof, between my block and the fire. But, when I saw great blocks of buildings similar to my own melting like wax before the flame, the ocean of fire sweeping everything before it, great billows of furious flames spreading in

every direction, while fire filled the air as does snow in a fierce snowstorm, I knew the time was at hand when my buildings must go.

“Filled with consternation, but hoping to save something from wreck and ruin, some of my employees and I hastily threw watches, jewels, wheels, springs, tools--just anything and everything, without thought care, consideration or judgment—into a large basket, till we filled it. Then we carried it a few blocks away, in the opposite direction from the fire, where we hoped the flames could not reach it; left it there, on the outer edge of the broad pavement, at the crossing of two prominent streets, and hurried back to similarly fill another large basket, and bring it to the same place. As we returned with the second basket, when we were within forty feet of the first, a team that seemed to be as wild as the fire and as furious as the flames, came dashing by, attached to an empty vehicle. The team turning suddenly to the left and rushing across the corner of the broad pavement, between us and the basket we had placed upon the corner of the pavement, the vehicle struck the basket and knocked it into the middle of the streets. The horses dashed on. The vehicle disappeared. We put the second basket down upon the pavement, and hurried to gather up the contents of the first basket; but, when we reached the center of the streets, we saw that the tools and other things that we had put into the first basket had been so knocked together as to make this chronometer. There could be no mistake about it; for, with our own eyes, we saw it sitting in the center of the streets, calmly keeping time, regardless of the confusion around it; and, what is, if possible, more marvelous still, it was accurately regulated, or adjusted, to the meridian of Chicago, and has never varied the billionth part of a second, so far as the most competent experts have ever been able to detect. It has never been wound, oiled, regu-

lated or changed in any way, from that day to this; for it has always been strictly correct and absolutely perfect in all respects. So, ladies and gentlemen, not man, but Chance, made this chronometer."

Can we believe this? Never. All the evidences earth can furnish can never induce one of us to believe it. Why? Because it is so ridiculously absurd and absurdly ridiculous that it is not possible for it to be possible for it to ever be possible for any sane, sober, sensible mortal to believe it. Still it would have been an honor to Solomon in his palmiest days to believe such an absurd story of the imagination in comparison with even entertaining the thought of believing that Chance created the material universe. Our lecturer never even intimated that Chance made the material for the chronometer. The jewels and wheels and springs and tools were all there in close contact with each other. They were hit, and hit hard, and had to fall somewhere, in some relation to each other. Why could they not just simply happen to fall so as to make that chronometer? You say it was, is and ever is to be absolutely impossible. Is it possible, then, for it to have ever been possible for Chance to create this wonderful chronometer we call the material universe, with its blazing wheels, its hidden springs, its sparkling jewels, its glittering dial, its unexplained and inexplicable power, silently, but accurately, keeping time for all the earth and all the worlds, as days and weeks and months and years and ages come' and go, generations are born and buried, and empires are founded, flourish and fall? But when man denies the existence of the one true and living God, he practically claims to believe, and virtually affirms, that this great chronometer, this wonderful timekeeper, that we call the material universe, is the work of Chance.

This wonderful chronometer never needs to be wound, never needs to be regulated, never needs to be repaired.



JAMES W. AND DEBIE LAIMORE, GEORGE.

All its movements, from age to age, as the ages silently slip away, are so absolutely accurate that man can calculate the time, character and extent of far-away phenomena and reach conclusions that are absolutely correct. An astronomer—created by Chance, if God is not—calculates the time and extent of an eclipse of the sun to occur a hundred years in the future. His calculation becomes part of a book on astronomy for school boys and girls to study. The astronomer closes his earthly career, his lifeless body sleeps in the gloom of the grave. Two generations are born and buried. At a certain time when all Nature might be supposed to be basking in sunshine in the land where that astronomer lived, strange and unexpected darkness shadows the scene, filling the land with fear and gloom. Just then some sweet little girl remembers there is, in her astronomy lesson for that very day, something about an eclipse of the sun. By the light of a lamp, the lesson is examined, and it is found that the eclipse occurred exactly, in all respects, as was foretold a hundred years ago, by a man who has been in his grave threescore years and ten. He based his calculation on the immutability of the movements of the different parts of this great chronometer, the material universe. There could be no reliability in these things if Chance created and controlled. Every item or atom of evidence of design is evidence of the existence of a designer; therefore, the entire material universe is a universe of evidence that GOD IS—which is the proposition to be proved.

The manifest utility of created things is unanswerable evidence of the existence of God. We may not always be able to understand, or to ever thoroughly comprehend, the design, object and utility of all created things; "but every new scientific discovery or development bears testimony to the existence of an all-wise, all-powerful Creator, by demonstrating or otherwise reveal-

ing the utility of some created thing. Things which, by one generation, are regarded as unmitigated curses, may, by the next generation, be justly regarded as invaluable, inestimable blessings to the human race. Electricity illustrates, proves and demonstrates this point. A few generations ago, when the affrighted denizens of earth saw the livid lightning leap from the battlements of the cloud-shrouded heavens to the storm-swept earth, shatter trees, burn buildings and kill man and beast, they regarded it as an unmitigated curse. But, since that time, a man—made by Chance, and by the exercise of mental and physical powers created by Chance, if God is not—lifted the right hand of his mighty mind up to the bending heavens, captured that free bird of the storms that flitted among the clouds like a butterfly among flowers, brought it down to earth, caged it and controlled it and compelled it to serve the sons and daughters of men. When he completed his course and passed from earth, others took up his work and carried it on till they gave place to others; and now electricity is one of the most submissive, valuable and appreciated servants of man. It lights our cities and towns till midnight is made the rival of noon. It conveys us along streets and avenues and country highways in vehicles that move like birds on the wing. By its aid, a friend standing on the bosom of one continent can talk to a friend on the bosom of another continent, a restless, rocking, sighing, surging ocean intervening, thoughts and language passing from one to the other with a speed outstripping time in its flight. By its assistance, we are enabled to read, in the dawning of the morning, thrilling accounts of events that transpired on the opposite side of the globe during the darkness of the night that is just giving place to the light of day. Blessed by its service, two lovers can stand a thousand miles apart and talk to each other, even the ripple of the laughter of love going in sweet

waves from the lips of the one and sinking down into the quivering depths of the heart of the other; and, though they are a thousand miles apart, their conversation consumes no more time than that same conversation would consume if they were standing face to face. Still, the development of the science of electricity may be only in its infancy, notwithstanding it has practically converted our globe into "one vast whispering gallery," obliterated space and time, and made all the nations of earth near neighbors.

Now, with the thought of the utility of created things and the existence of an all-wise, all-powerful, all-merciful Creator in our minds, let us leave our dear native State, Tennessee, and go to her twin sister, Kentucky. There let us go down into the depths of the solemn silence and eternal darkness of Mammoth Cave, into that subterranean world of wonders, where no ray of light from sun, moon or star can ever shine, and take from its limpid waters a fish indigenous there; that is, in plainer, simpler English, one that has always been there—that has never been elsewhere. Let us examine this fish carefully. It is a perfect fish, with one exception—it has no eyes. Why? Upon the hypothesis that God is not, and, therefore, Chance is creator, we might just as reasonably expect to find the eyeless fish in the limpid waters of the mountain brook kissed by glittering stars and glowing sun; and the fish with two good eyes in the darkness of Mammoth Cave, as to expect to find these things as they are. But, on the hypothesis that God is, that he is all wise and all powerful, merciful, loving and kind, and that he careth for all his creatures, all such things are easily understood. The Creator has adapted the eye to light and light to the eye. Where there is no light, the eye can be of no service. To the fish in the darkness of Mammoth Cave, the eye could not only be of no service, but might be a constant curse. Being a sensitive

organ, it might cause pain, but could never bring pleasure; hence, the eyeless fish there. In the light that brightens the bosom of the mountain brook, the fish sporting in its depths can see; hence the Creator has blessed it with two good eyes.

Some standard scientific works tell us "there are eight hundred thousand distinct degrees, or variations, of light between the light of the sun and the light of the moon." Of course this estimate is somewhat arbitrary. These same scientific works might probably just as well say a million as eight hundred thousand. Probably truth says the number is infinite. A man with two good eyes can stand in the light of a beautiful day in midsummer, when the sun is on the meridian, not a cloud intervening, with a good, clearly printed copy of the Book of God in his hand, and, from that book, read: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart." "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." At noon of the following night, cloudless, beautiful and bright, when the full moon is on the meridian, that same man can stand on the same spot, with the same book in his hand, let the light of the moon fall upon the selfsame page, and read: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." The eye readily, intuitively and almost instantaneously, without consulting the volition or soliciting the cooperation of its possessor, adapts itself to these extremes of light. Did Chance create this wonderful organ we call the eye? Did Chance create the light and create the eye so as to thus adapt itself to the light? If not, then GOD IS.

The telescope reveals worlds millions and billions and trillions of miles away, buried in the depths of space, so far from earth that, astronomers tell us, light rushing

through space at the enormous rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second, requires thirty millions of years to come from the most distant world revealed by the telescope to the position on earth occupied by the astronomer who beholds it. Let the eye of a little child look through a telescope so adjusted as to reveal the most distant star yet discovered by man, and instantly all that incomprehensible space is practically obliterated—that far-distant world is in view—the vision of the child virtually traveling, in the fraction of a second, as far as light, traveling at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second, travels in thirty millions of years! Did Chance create the eye? If not, GOD IS.

But wonderful, incomprehensible and inexplicable as is the eye, man possesses a power so superior thereto that, when contrasted therewith, the wonders of the eye disappear, as does the light of stars when the sun throws open wide the gorgeous gates of the morning. That wonderful power is the marvelous, mysterious something we call the mind. A man may be arrested, condemned, shackled, handcuffed, chained, confined in a dark, damp, cheerless dungeon, in some shameless Sodom of earth, where no ray of light from sun, moon or star can ever reach him; but, even then and there and forever, his mind may be unfettered, unchained, uncontrolled. Absolutely free, it may leave the shackles and handcuffs and chains with the body in the dungeon, flit away from the prison and the Sodom in which the prison stands, and, in a moment, be among icebergs that have rested on the frozen bosoms of Northern seas through gloomy ages; the next moment, flit, like a bird, or quiver, like the light of the sun, among the fruits and flowers and evergreen foliage of the beautiful, balmy, sunny South; glide over the billows of storm-swept seas; rise to the bending heavens and wing its way from star to star; go to the

verge of creation, and peer into the depths of illimitable space beyond; may, at one moment, shudder in the darkness of perdition, and, the next moment, "bask in the effulgent beams that envelop the eternal throne of God; and then, remembering the body to which it belongs, it may, in a moment, be back in the darkness of that dread dungeon, overwhelmed with sorrow and sympathy for the poor, unfortunate victim there. Did Chance create the mind? If not, then *God is*. And still, back of all this, there is a mightier power—part of man: that mysterious, incomprehensible something we call the soul, that moves the mind that moves the muscle that moves the world; that that makes us akin to divinity, that that is to survive the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds and exist forever.

Man's power more closely approximates creative power than any other power, not divine, known to man; but what can man create? He can demolish mountains, fill up valleys, tunnel through the everlasting hills; he can navigate oceans, seas, lakes and rivers; he can plant and cultivate and shout the harvest-home, rejoicing in the fruit of his labors; but what can he create? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. All the farmers, philosophers, scientists and sages of all the earth have never been able to create one single, solitary seed. Not only is this true; but, let the mysterious, invisible, intangible, incomprehensible thing we call life, or the life principle, in any seed, as a grain of wheat or corn or a mustard seed, become extinct; then commit that seed to the care and keeping of all the skeptics, scientists and sages, philosophers and farmers of earth; furnish them with all the comforts and conveniences that mind, muscle and money can invent, make or procure; let them try, for forty long years, to reanimate that seed; and, during all that period and at the end thereof, that lifeless seed will be as dead as if it had been tossed upon the billowy bosom of an

ocean of flame a thousand ages. The Creator has drawn a line between the realm of creation and the realm of manipulation—a line that human mind and muscle can never cross—thus saying to boastful, skeptical man, "Thus far shalt thou go; but this line is the limit of thy labors, the boundary of thy sphere. I alone can create, I alone can absolutely destroy."

Let an honest, intelligent atheist, anxious to find some lack of system in the material universe, to prove that Chance, not God, created all things, take his position on the brow of a little hill, resting on the bosom of a great plain diversified by beautiful hills and surrounded by towering mountains, at the close of a bright, summer day. The shades of night float over him, shaking dew-drops from sable pinions as they pass. He sees a dew-drop, a tear of night, to be a gem of the morning, on the velvety cheek of a fragrant flower arrayed in more splendor than Solomon in his regal magnificence ever displayed. The fragrance of that flower may be inhaled by an army of ten thousand men marching by, and, when the army has passed, the air shall still be filled with that same sweet fragrance almost divine. Let him look at the beautiful hills, on the bosom of the plain, like waves on the bosom of a sighing, surging sea. Let him look farther away, to where the hills rise higher and higher, till they touch the mountains that pierce the heavens, while stars seem to be bright signal fires blazing upon their icy brows. Let him look to the heavens bending above him, and behold the stars floating there,

"Forever singing as they shine,

'The hand that made us is divine.' "

Let him, through a mighty telescope, scan the vast fields of space he cannot see with the naked eye, searching for evidence of lack of system he cannot find.

Now let him close his eyes and send his mind, his im-

agination, away, away, away, as Noah sent the dove from the ark, in quest of land. His mind may flit and float on and on, searching, in vain, for some evidence of irregularity in the material universe, till it passes the remotest star seen by telescopic aid. It may rush on till it reaches the very verge of creation, may pause there and shudder as it peers into the fathomless depths of the eternal darkness of the boundless void beyond. Then that weary, astonished, disappointed mind, imagination, can do nothing more appropriate than to return, like Noah's weary dove, from its fruitless wandering on weary wings over the wild waste of waves, to the bosom whence it wandered, and, resting there, whisper, in the very language with which the Bible begins: "In the beginning *God* created the heaven and the earth."

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard." (Ps. 19:1-3.) The whole, vast, illimitable universe says to man, in language easily understood and not readily forgotten, that *God* is the Creator who gave birth and being to the material universe and who perpetuates and preserves it by his power. As certainly as God is the Creator and preserver of the material universe, just so certainly he is the author of "the Book of books," the Bible. The Bible assures us that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That divine, sinless Son of the living God willingly suffered, bled and died on Calvary's cross, for the ransom of our lost and ruined and recreant race. Now he sweetly, lovingly, tenderly begs the weary, suffering, sighing sons and daughters of men to come to him for peace, pardon, rest, safety, satisfaction, salvation—everlasting life. The Bible teaches that those

who hear the gospel, believe the gospel, honestly and earnestly repent of their sins, confess faith in Christ, "are buried with him by baptism into death," and, raised HP to walk in newness of life, walk in newness of life till the grave claims their bodies, and eternity claims them, shall enjoy an eternity of unalloyed bliss, with God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, angels, archangels and all the redeemed, ransomed and saved of every age, country and clime.

CHAPTER VII.

Letters—Work in the West.

T. B. LARIMORE'S evangelistic labors have not been confined to any one section of country. In his work of preaching the word, he has traveled from ocean to ocean, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and beyond the limits of the United States. His work in the West has been principally in California, Indian Territory and Texas. January 3, 1895, at Los Angeles, Cal., he began a series of meetings—regarded by him then and now as one of the most pleasant in which he has ever been engaged. He gives a graphic and interesting account of his three-thousand-miles journey across the continent:

"At 4 P.M., December 26, 1894, I left Mars' Hill—my Florence, Ala., home—in the beginning of our first, and probably last, blizzard, or snowstorm, of the present winter, for far-away California. Burning bushes, or rather a brightly blazing brush heap, at our little country station, kept us from freezing—kept us comfortable and cheerful, at least—till, above the roar of the storm, we heard the whistle, rush and rattle of the approaching train. Then we said 'good-by,' I boarded the passing train, northward bound, and my Christmas communion with loved ones at home was ended for 1894."

At 3 A.M. that night—3 'A.M., December 27—he reached Dixon Spring, Tenn., having traveled the last twenty-four miles in the darkness of night, through a terrific snowstorm. Commenting on this, he said:

"That's the way railroads rob the poor as well as the rich, not sparing even poor preachers. The Louis-

ville and Nashville Railroad charged me eighty-four cents for taking me twenty-eight miles—from Nashville to Gallatin—in fifty minutes; whereas, a polite, gentlemanly, live-and-let-live liveryman charged me only seven dollars for transporting me 'over the ice and over the snow,' twenty-four miles—from Gallatin to Dixon Spring—and I had seven long hours in which to enjoy the ride! That's the way railroads rob folks! "

Having "solemnized the rites of matrimony" for friends who deemed his presence and services almost indispensable, he returned that selfsame day—December 27—to Nashville, where he bade the bride and bridegroom "good-by," as they, with happy hearts, hastened on toward their Washington, D. C., home, and he resumed his westward journey, to which he alludes as follows:

"As we—plural we—the only 'we' I ever use—leave Nashville, the wintry winds are sweeping over the land, and the temperature is making a heroic and almost successful struggle to get down to zero; but we see very little ice or snow after passing Decatur, Ala.

"Here is Birmingham, Alabama's 'Magic City,' the pioneer 'boom' city of the South, if not, indeed, of the world, where millions have been made in a day. Marvelous Birmingham! with her flaming furnaces, her foundries, her forges and her factories, still growing, despite the 'hard times' of which we have all been hearing nearly all our lives.

"At New Orleans, 'the Crescent City,' we all together cross the muddy Mississippi—cars and all—in a boat. Now we pass through vast sugar plantations, where busy hands are still 'working up' the cane—that is, stripping and cutting the cane, extracting, by grinding, the juice, and converting the latter into molasses, syrup and sugar, by 'boiling it down.'

"Here is Texas, great and glorious Texas, the vast

and valiant 'Lone Star State,' the State that gained and maintained her independence single-handed and alone, and then stood alone, bravely facing, defying and defeating her foes, till, wooed and won by 'Uncle Sam,' who had been captivated by her matchless charms, she fell into his fond embrace. Now, as her vast and fertile fields are coming into cultivation, she is abundantly able, and always willing, to feed and clothe millions of Uncle Sam's needy children. Thus the wisdom of the wooing and the wedding is clearly vindicated.

"We travel in Texas from Orange to El Paso, almost a thousand miles—nine hundred and thirty-seven, if my information is correct—and, as we ascend the Rio Grande, from El Paso, we are still in Texas. Five hundred and seventy-seven miles westward from New Orleans is the historic Spanish-American city, San Antonio, said to be a great sanitarium for consumptives, with its ever-to-be-remembered Alamo, in which the eccentric Tennessee patriot and statesman, 'Davy' Crockett, and many other patriots, fell fearlessly facing their foes and bravely fighting for freedom in the bitter, bloody long ago, when Texas was bleeding at every pore.

"At Rio Grande, a small station forty miles eastward from El Paso, we get our first glimpse of the great Rio Grande River, that rolls between us and Mexico; great like the Po, the Thames and the Tiber, because of historic and traditional associations; great because of being, for many miles, the boundary between a great country on the one side and a great State and a greater country on the other; and great because rivers are rare, streams are small, fountains are few, springs are scarce, and water is precious here; but by no means great in volume or velocity. Here, forty miles below El Paso, it seems to be about one hundred feet wide, and looks very much like our North Alabama Shoal Creek. Three miles above El Paso, where we cross from Texas into

New Mexico, the Rio Grande is, I think, from ten to twenty feet wide, and reminds me of our little Mars' Hill Creek, in the limpid bosom of which so many penitent believers have been baptized. This historic river is not always so narrow, so shallow, so peaceful, so placid, so calm, or so clear, notwithstanding it is said to be sometimes dry where we cross it out of Texas into New Mexico and many miles further from its source.

"At Salton we are on the bottom of the 'deep, deep sea' of ages long since past—two hundred and sixty-three feet below sea level—where a crust of salt covers the earth, and the sultry breath of seeming summer surrounds us, while the mountain heights above us wear spotless robes of whitest snow.

"Now we are at Beaumont, seventy-four miles west of Salton, and two thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine feet nearer the cloudless heavens that bend in blue beauty above this western world of wealth and wonders, than we were four hours ago; looking down and eastward upon 'the eternal hills.' At Beaumont, two thousand five hundred and sixty-six feet above the sea level, we are on the mountain top, and the glories of golden California are spread out in enchanting beauty before us, as we look far away toward the ocean and the setting sun; the bright vision being all the more glorious because of contrast with the wide, wide wilderness—the dreary desert—through which we have passed, the weird scenery of which, with its 'bad lands,' seas of sand, inexplicable mirage and other wonders simply beggars description."

A few days later, he wrote:

"Los Angeles, Cal., January 10, 1895.

"Here am I, far away from home and friends and loved ones, farther than ever I've been before, in the 'city of the angels,' near the deep, deep sea, the ocean of oceans,

the peerless Pacific, in a land of perennial verdure, a land of perpetual spring—grass growing, buds bursting, flowers blooming, fruits pending, vegetables maturing, sun shining, birds singing, and balmy breezes softly sighing all around me; while spotless snows that shroud the high hills defy the sun that strives in vain to give life and birth and being to vegetation on mountain heights above me. The same sun shines on those high hills and snow-shrouded, ice-covered mountains, that shines upon these lower lands of life and beauty, where winter is unknown. They frown, these smile. They are frozen; these are full of life. They are bleak and barren; these are a paradise indeed. Altitude makes the difference. So, the same 'Sun of Righteousness' shines for all. But some heads and hearts are so high, so haughty, so proud, so cold, that they can neither be moved nor melted by even 'the sweet, sad story of the cross'—of God and his goodness—of Jesus and his love."

After a three-months' sojourn in Los Angeles, he wrote:

"This is truly a great and good and glorious country—a 'goodly land,' of grapes and gold, of health and wealth, of fruits and flowers, of high hills, majestic mountains, fertile fields, and balmy breezes, of sunny slopes and sublime scenery; but the prettiest, brightest and best things I have found here, as elsewhere, are the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve, friendship, fidelity, purity, loyalty, liberality and love. May the Lord always love and abundantly bless these good people.

"My home during our present pleasant meeting, or series of meetings, is the home of a justly popular merchant of Los Angeles, B. F. Coulter, a truly good man, as well as a successful soldier of the cross, a true Tennessean, whose accomplished Christian wife is a Kentucky woman. While he gives himself almost wholly to the work of the ministry—preaching the word, visit-

ing the distressed, burying the dead, etc.—about one hundred worthy men, women, boys and girls are busy as bees can. be, selling and delivering dry goods to his vast and ever-increasing army of customers, wholesale and retail. Bright little Fanny, of fourteen summers, family favorite and household pet, is his only daughter—gentle and modest and sweet as a sweet little graceful girl can be.

“Coeducation of the races is customary, and is considered all right, here. Indeed, no distressing discrimination is made here, in any particular, against men, women or children simply because they are white! Many men, and women, too, in this country, are entirely free from arbitrary rules and regulations that enslave us all in older States. If women wish to ride like men, like men those women 'ride—a stirrup for each foot. Brother Coulter has officiated at two marriages on Saturday night—all parties concerned being nice, worthy people, of the white variety—since our meeting began three months ago. Every day is marriage day here, 'every day alike.' Such is life in California, in 'The City of the Angels,' where I find people pure and true; than whom better people, 'like angels' visits, are few and far between.”

He preached in Los Angeles twice every day and three times every Sunday from January 3 to April 17, and baptized about one hundred and twenty-five penitent believers. Alluding subsequently to the people with whom he had lived and labored, and whom he had learned to love, in that beautiful California city, he wrote:

“One of the hardest things I have ever had to do I have just done. I have just telegraphed—'gladly would I, if I could; but I cannot'—in response to a pressing and appreciated appeal from Los Angeles, Cal., to live and labor with loved ones there till called to that brighter, better and more beautiful 'City of the Angels.'

Los Angeles is a paradise, and I love the people who love me there; but I, belong to the Lord and all my friends, and must be free to go wheresoever the Lord, love or duty may call me, as long as I live and labor on earth. I appreciate every call to permanent work I receive; but I expect to 'do the work of an evangelist' as long as I linger here. When I shall have gone hence, no mortal can say, without slandering me and disgracing self, 'T. B. Larimore tried to supplant me.' I love and pray for faithful pastors who do their duty scripturally, as faithfully, wisely and well as they can; but I want no work but 'the work of an evangelist;' and would not accept the place of any president or pastor in this wide world."

Much of his work in the West has been done in Indian Territory. He says, speaking of his regard for the Indians and of his work among them:

"There is an element of romance and pathos in the history, progress and probable destiny of the American Indians which makes almost anything and everything concerning them interesting to thoughtful people, old and young. I have spent much time traveling and working among them as a preacher of the gospel, have associated with them intimately, have visited their homes, conversed with them, preached to them, and watched the development of their children. Among my very best friends on earth, I can count some of the purest-blooded Indians now living. Their friendship is genuine, their love is unfeigned, their fidelity is simply sublime.

"In a camp of fifteen hundred Comanche Indians, I once conversed a few moments, as well as I could by word and 'sign,' with a Comanche warrior in his war paint. He was as fine a specimen of humanity, physically, I believe, as I have even seen—about thirty-three years old, six feet six inches tall, 'straight as an Indian,'

and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. We shook hands when we met—also when we parted, I having been introduced to him as a Medicine Man,' that is, preacher. Holding me by the hand, as we parted, he said, in a low, soft voice, in a solemnly earnest and impressive manner, something that sounded strangely and thrillingly sweet to me. Fortunately for me, as I was anxious to know the meaning of the strangely sweet sentence, the friend who had accompanied me to the camp heard and understood the sentence. My question, 'Did you hear and do you understand that?' elicited the following reply: 'Yes, I heard it distinctly and I understand it perfectly, notwithstanding it is language rarely used; but there is nothing in my English vocabulary strong enough to fully express its meaning. It means that everything between you and him is absolutely all right; but it also means much more than that. It means you are more to him than self to self, and that his life is at your service. In defense of you, he'd fearlessly face the whole Comanche tribe, and would gladly die rather than see you killed or hurt or harmed. You are safe now. You can go where you please. He is your friend—much more than friend—and you have a guard fifteen hundred strong.'"

Of some of his friends among the Indians, he wrote: "'Granny' and 'Mammy' are Chickasaw Indians of the purest, truest and noblest type—'Granny' a full-blood; 'Mammy,' half—who have long lived in 'Happy Hollow,' a delightful, hospitable, happy home seven miles from Minco. I. T. James H. Bond, 'Mammy's' husband, 'Granny's' friend and 'Happy Hollow's' proprietor, justly has the reputation of being one of the best and most influential men in that country. He is a man of general intelligence and courteous bearing. He



QUANAH
COMANCHE CHIEF

QUANAH, COMANCHE CHIEF.

has been very successful in business enterprises, and is a true philanthropist in the scope and character of his benefactions.

"Reford Bond, son of James H. and 'Mammy'—one-fourth Indian—is a brilliant, polite and promising youth about twenty years old. He is influential and very popular among the best people of that country. As an educator, for many years I watched the development of some of the best and most successful young men of my own race, and Reford Bond does not compare unfavorably with them. I hope he may be leading, helping and blessing the race and generation to which he belongs many years after I shall have completed my course, and gone to my reward.

"'Mammy' seems to be earnestly trying to do all the good she can every day. She is known throughout the length and breadth of the land in which she lives by the endearing name of 'Mammy,' because of her motherly care of 'cowboys' and all others for whom she has an opportunity to do a deed of kindness, or perform a labor of love. She seems to live to be good and to do good. She is probably the most popular and influential woman in Indian Territory: unquestionably one of the best. The immortal Pocahontas never deserved more honor, gratitude or love than modest 'Mammy,' who would blush at the very thought of being praised; nor can there be a brighter crown or better place for Pocahontas than for 'Mammy' in the 'happy hunting ground.' She speaks and writes English fluently and correctly, and is self-possessed, graceful, dignified and at ease in any circle of good society.

"'Granny' lives all alone, yet not alone, in a neat little cottage about three hundred yards from 'Mammy.' 'Granny' and 'Mammy' are very remotely related, if, indeed, they are related at all, as we count relationship; but they belong to the same tribe—the Chickasaw;

and, as 'full-bloods' are scarce in that tribe, and as 'Granny' is an honest, worthy woman, not only is 'Mammy,' but so are all the Chickasaws in that land, interested in her. She is now a little more than seventy-seven years old. She can speak English to some extent, but 'Mammy' was interpreter for her, in what she lacked of ability to express herself in English, when I visited her. They converse with each other in the Chickasaw Indian dialect.

"'Granny,' 'Mammy' and Reford are Christians. I baptized Reford and 'Granny,' in July, 1896. 'Mammy' was baptized some years earlier by our Brother R. W. Officer, who has long lived and labored as a missionary among the Indians in Indian Territory, and who has and holds their confidence, respect and love. In preaching to 'Granny,' I had to express myself in English, of course, as I could not talk the Indian language. The subject of Christianity was made as plain as possible, and 'Mammy' said: 'She understands it perfectly, I think; but I want her to confess her faith in Christ in our own language, and then I'll know she understands it.' This was done, and both were evidently very happy, 'Granny' having heard and made the good confession in both Chickasaw and English. Tears flowed freely from 'Granny's' eyes as prayer was offered to God in her behalf. The Indians among whom I have labored receive the gospel readily when they really understand it, and in all matters of religion they are very anxious and careful to make no mistake."

Soon after one of his visits to Indian Territory, he wrote to "Mammy: "

"Florence, Ala., May 7, 1897.

"My Dear Sister Bond: My mother, who was born in beautiful, picturesque East Tennessee, January 3, 1813, was, in the long ago, a great favorite among the Indians who inhabited the land where she lived. She

could converse with them easily and fluently, learned to love them, still remembers much of their language, and has always, from childhood's happy days till now, been sincerely interested in their welfare. This may be one reason why, in my schoolboy days, I would never advocate the white man's side of the Indian question in debate, and why my sentiments and sympathies are still the same. When I was with her February 3-5, this year, she was intensely interested in all I told her about my friends in Indian Territory; and she loves them, because I love them. Her hands are always busy. She gave me a little rug she had just made, to take to 'Granny.' It is not valuable, but it is my mother's own work; and she begs 'Granny' to accept it, from her, as a token of friendship and love. I would gladly take it to 'Granny,' if I could; but I shall never see that goodly land or those I love there any more. I have been sick a long, long time. As I can never take the rug to 'Granny,' it will be expressed to you immediately. My home folks are making something for her. You will find some other little things in the box. Please accept them as tokens of friendship and love, and do with them as you may deem best.

“Wishing everybody in that wonderful country, that beautiful land that I love, peace, prosperity, health, happiness and eternal life, I am, as ever,

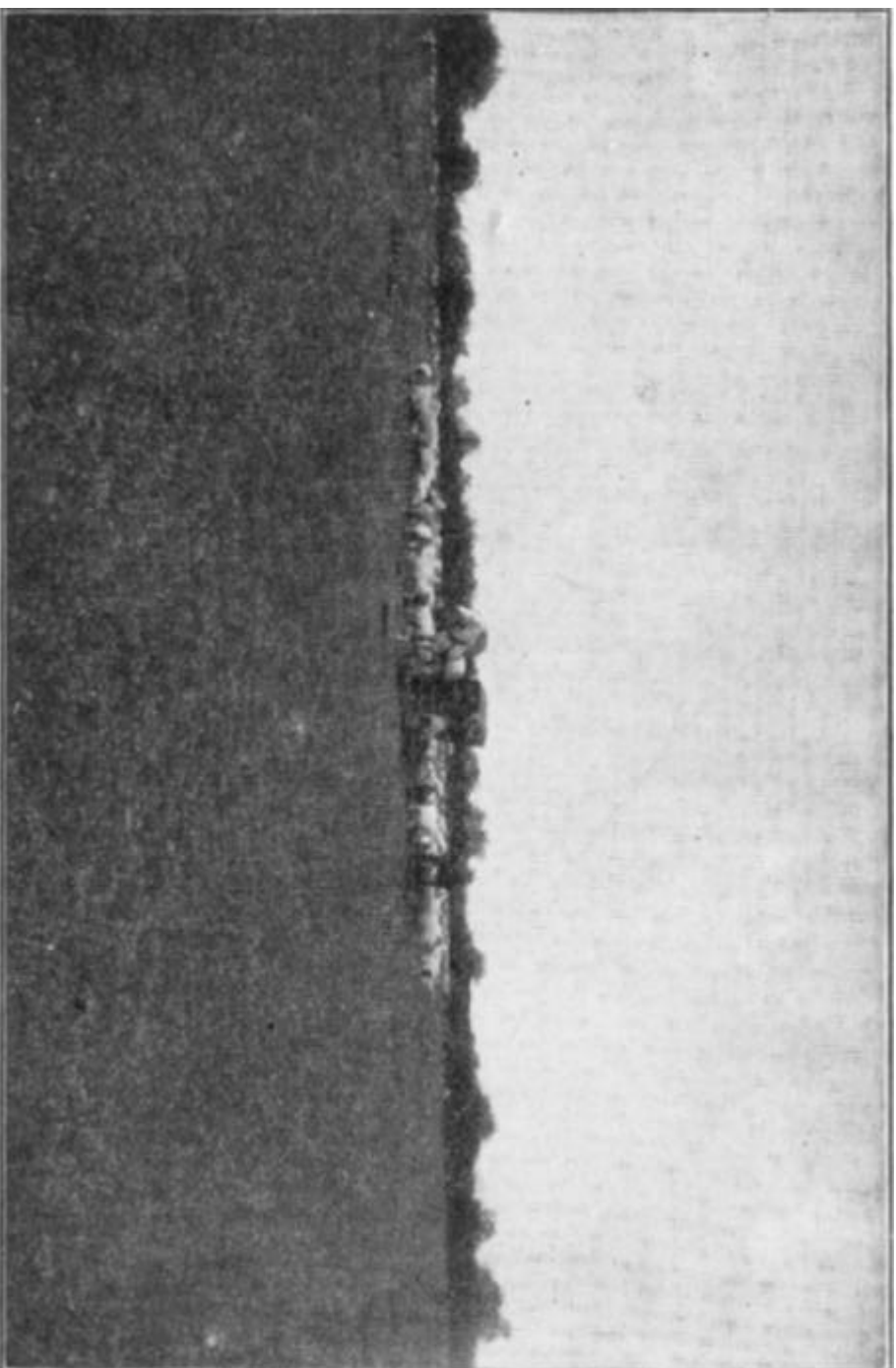
“Gratefully and affectionately your brother,

""T. B. LARIMORE.""

In reply, Mrs. Bond wrote:

“Minco, I. T., May 22, 1897.

“Dear Brother Larimore: Your kind letter received—a most welcome and appreciated messenger. We were glad to hear from you, but sorry to know you are in so serious a state of health. We sincerely hope you may recover. Granny and I cried when we read your letter. Granny cries about you every night, and whenever she



A WESTERN FLOCK AND FOLD.

comes to our house. We received the presents you sent, and I can't begin to tell you how much we appreciate them. Granny wears her apron on Sundays, and says she wants it and her rug buried with her. Mr. Bond and Eddie are well. Reford expects to graduate next month. We are having beautiful weather, and have had plenty of rain. The prospects for an abundance of fruit and other fine crops are excellent.

"I nope you may soon be restored to health, 'if the Lord wills.' What a blessing to be able to say, 'Not my will, but thine, be done.' You have lived longer than you wished to live. When we think of this world, with its sorrows and cares, and then think of the world beyond, where sorrow and care shall never be, it is not strange that we long for the time to come when we shall hear the 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant,' and enter into its joys. I know this will be the sequel of your call, for you have laid up treasures in Heaven. I hoped you might be able to preach for us this summer, but we must submit to whatsoever sorrows and disappointments may come upon us. If we meet no more on earth, I hope we shall meet in that better and brighter world. I hope to live to see Mr. Bond become a Christian. I hope Reford may remain steadfast and faithful all his life. I think he has never wavered, and I believe he never will. He has written some nice letters to my brother's boys on the subject of Christianity.

"Hoping this letter may find you in better health than you were when you wrote, I am your friend and sister,

"MRS. J. H. BOND."

He inclosed with a letter the following clipping relative to the work of Henry Benjamin Whipple, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Minnesota, among the Indians of the Northwest Bishop Whipple's diocese contained twenty thousand Indians, and for more

than forty years he labored for the protection and uplifting of these helpless wards of the nation, who, be it said to the shame of our civilization, have often fared ill at the hands of a people who boast of their humanitarian principles. His interest in the Welfare of the Indians and his life among them caused his white brethren to bestow upon him the title, "St. John-in-the-Wilderness;" while his upright and unselfish character and straightforward dealings won for him among the Indians the expressive name, "Straight Tongue: "

"November 10, 1859, Bishop Whipple began his work among the Indians in Minnesota. The Indians, then, were in a pitiable condition—'without government, without protection, without personal right of property, subject to every evil influence, and the prey of covetous, dishonest white men; while "fire water" flowed in rivers of death.' For these unfortunate people he sought justice, mercy, magnanimity, in the face of angry, self-seeking covetousness. Not only did he see, and demand the right of, Indian wrongs; but he labored indefatigably, and with no small success, to have them righted, proclaiming that the nation was directly responsible for the degradation of the Indians, because it had suffered to cluster around them influences that 'would make a Sodom of any civilized community under heaven.' When the Sioux massacred the whites, he looked his fellow-countrymen in the face and said the blame was theirs. They threatened him with violence. His only answer was: 'These things are true, and the nation needs to know them; and, so help me God, I will tell them if I am shot the next minute.' Such men are seldom shot. His death is a severe loss to the Indians of the Northwest; for they cannot easily find another such friend and counselor."

With another letter he inclosed the following clip-

ping, which exhibits a prominent and characteristic trait in Indian character—a sacred regard for truth, pledge or promise—that might well be imitated by their white brethren, whose word is not always "as good as their bond," and whose bond is sometimes broken:

"Kansas City, Mo., August 10, 1896: Next Saturday a game of Indian ball is to be played at Fairmount Park in this city. One of the players, a young Choctaw Indian, will go back to his home a few days after the game, and will present himself before his tribe, to be shot for a crime for which the death penalty has been imposed upon him. The date of the execution was postponed from August 1, to allow the young Indian to participate in this game, and he was allowed to leave the reservation near Duquesne, Ark., on his promise to return when wanted. All the Indians who will play in the game are full-blooded Choctaws; and one of them is a son of former Governor Gardiner, of the Choctaw Nation."

At the beginning of his first meeting in Texas, many years ago, he wrote:

"I am well pleased with everybody and everything. If these people and these things are fair samples of Texas, Texas is good enough for the best. 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 indeed to leave many of these friends whom I already tenderly love. Many of the sweetest faces and finest specimens of humanity I have ever seen meet me in the house of prayer here. I am in love with Texas and Texas people, notwithstanding my Texas work has scarcely begun."

Since that time, he has gone to Texas again and again, sometimes spending six months of a year there, always preaching twice every day and three times on Sunday.

He is of the same opinion still—that the "Lone Star State" is good enough for the best. He conducted a series of meetings at San Angelo, Texas, beginning February 1, of this year—1904—and, while there, wrote:

“Texas is a wonderful State. It has territory sufficient for an empire, a population that any country might justly appreciate, the diversity of climate, soil and scenery of a hemisphere—a semi-tropical coast region of vast extent; broad, beautiful rolling prairies; a healthful, delightful hill country; millions of acres of soil, much of it many fathoms deep, rich enough to be profitably used as a fertilizer in many fields that are cultivated every year; high, grassy plains, on which vast flocks of sheep and herds of cattle graze, and mountains that would be considered respectable even in East Tennessee. Here are a few 'facts' about this great State, gleaned from a recent issue of the Houston Chronicle:

“Texas contains 265,780 square miles; or, to express it in terms more easily comprehended by many, about 170,000,000 acres. Its area is greater than that of either France or the German Empire—greater than the area of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Iowa combined, and nearly seven times that of Tennessee or Kentucky. If all the people of the United States lived in Texas, the State would still not be as densely populated as is the kingdom of Belgium.

“Plain, positive proof of the attractions and resources of Texas is furnished by her increase, during the thirty-three years just past, in population, railroads, wealth and productions—an increase in population' from about 815,000 to about 3,300,000; from 700 miles of railroads, to 11,000 miles; from \$170,000,000 of taxable property, to more than \$1,000,00,0,000; from a crude, unsatisfactory system of public education to a school system that might be profitably copied by many older States, she now having a school fund of \$42,000,000, and 700,000

children in her public schools. Thirty-three years ago. Texas produced less than 1,000,000 bales of cotton. She now produces one-third of the cotton crop of the United States, one-fourth of the cotton crop of the world. With only one-fifteenth of her arable land in cultivation, she produces about one-twelfth of the entire farm products of the United States.

"In 1870, her State Capitol would have done discredit to many counties as a courthouse, under present conditions. Now her Capitol is surpassed in size by only six buildings in the whole world, and is surpassed by none as a commodious, magnificent building, appropriate for the purpose for which it was designed. To accomplish this, the rate of taxation was not increased; and the rate of taxation in Texas is lower than that of any other State in the Union, except three.

"There has never been a truthful charge of corruption preferred against an executive or judicial officer of Texas since she became a State; nor has there ever been a defalcation on the part of a State official. No charge or hint of bribery has ever been heard concerning the election of a United States Senator in Texas. She has been singularly and gratifyingly free from the domination of political bosses.

"Nowhere, in all the earth, is the sanctity of the home or the family more safely guarded or securely protected, by either law or public sentiment, than in this imperial Commonwealth. She has thrown over and around the home and the family the shield of constitutional protection against forced sales, of which policy she is the pioneer among all the States of the Union and the nations of the earth.'

"Ties as strong as the strongest bind Tennessee and Texas together. Tennessee gave Texas 'Sam. Houston,' 'Davy Crockett,' and thousands of other patriots— soldiers and citizens, many of whom, while still loving



THE HOUSEHOLD AT "GERMANIA."

Tennessee, died for Texas. Intelligent Texans say, "There are more Tennesseans in Texas than in Tennessee."

He went to Sherman, Texas, to begin a meeting of indefinite duration, the latter part of December, 1900. He was not well when he left home. When he reached Sherman, he was sick. He tried to deliver a few discourses, though it seemed reckless to do so. Finally, unable to even try to preach, he was removed from his pleasant Sherman home to the country home of J. L. German, near Whitewright, about seventeen miles from Sherman, where he remained many weeks. While there, sick, he wrote:

"I have had all the time, have now, and shall continue to have, all the comforts, conveniences and attention money can procure and skill and love and tenderness bestow. I have been sick about thirty days. I'm working to get well—not succeeding very well, however. Friends and physicians all along the line say I must not resume work for many days yet. My heart says I must; but my head—my body, from head to foot—says I must not. Accordingly, with a sorrowful heart, I submit. I hope to be able to resume work in the not very distant future. All my work in this sad world of sin and sorrow—work or worry—is in the *near* future, I think. I shall soon go home. I'm ready, willing and waiting—but I want to work while I wait."

To another friend, he wrote:

"I'm improving. Nothing is necessary now but prudence, patience, purity and prayer. I confidently hope to be better and to do more and better work in 1901 than I have been and done in any previous year of my life. This is no sentimental sick-bed resolution. I try earnestly, all the time, to make my record, written and unwritten, public and private, seen and unseen, known

and unknown, for each and every year purer, cleaner and better than any of its predecessors. I'm older now than I've ever been before, and I shall do my best to live a pure and perfect life henceforth; and if I fail, I shall 'try, try again,' as long as I live. When I thought I was about to cross the river, I was ready—not a cloud intervened.

"Friends here do all in their power to make me comfortable. When Texans hate, they hate with all their might. When they love, they love with a tenderness and devotion perfectly sublime. They make bitter enemies. They make faithful friends. They are simply strong characters; which, probably, can be easily accounted for, by reasoning from effect to cause; likewise from cause to effect. Friends elsewhere write me good letters that do me good—much good. The love, support, confidence and fidelity of friends and the privilege of doing good make me hopeful and contented. I'm on my 'home stretch' for glory now—and I'll soon be there.

"I have named this pleasant home 'Germania.' 'We are seven,' twice told—fourteen: Brother and Sister German, five boys, six girls and myself. 'Germania' reminds me, in many delightful respects, of one of my happy Nashville homes—the one from which I have started West so often—the Perry home. These two homes, and these two families, as well as many other homes and many other families, have done much for me and mine. May the Lord always abundantly bless them both and all is the fervent prayer of one who loves them with a grateful heart that *never* forgets their kindness, their liberality or their love."

A few weeks later, he wrote:

"The saints and faithful here have agreed for me to preach twice every day and three times on Sunday, beginning February 17. While I'm not myself yet, I'm able to 'resume work, and I'm still improving. While

doing all the work I can, I am enjoying rest and recreation—resulting in rapid recuperation. By the way, I am, at last, a full-fledged, officially-ordained and authoritatively-installed Pastor, in the literal sense of that important term. Brother German has about three hundred sheep, besides many lambs—the number of the latter increasing almost every day. His fold, consisting of about two hundred acres of the richest of land, securely fenced, and located on his 'home place'—eleven hundred acres of 'black waxy'—is a beautiful grass plot and grove. He has turned flock and fold over to me, to care for, love and enjoy. I call the father of this fleecy family 'Abraham.' Mary McKenna, one of my sweet little friends, went with me to see the sheep one day. I told her 'they sheared fourteen pounds of wool from Abraham at one time.' When she went home she told her mother of her visit to the pasture, of the birds, the flowers, the sheep and the lambs—especially of Abraham—and finally said, 'Oh! mamma! Brother Larimore says they got fourteen pounds of fur off of Abraham at one time!' In the fold, with the flock about me, I spend much of my time every day. Of course such rest and recreation must result in rapid recuperation."

One of his friends, Thomas E. Milholland, of Leonard, Texas, who visited him and heard him preach at Whitewright, soon after he resumed work, wrote:

"Brother Larimore is preaching the word with wonderful power. He has passed through many trials since he came to Texas—sickness, opposition, and the death of dear friends. He has passed through all unflinchingly, and is still going. His health is improving; the interest is increasing; and he is preaching twice every day and three times on Lord's day. He is a wonderful preacher—inexhaustible in resources; rich in thought; abounding in imagery; clear and convincing in argu-



"ABRAHAM" AND BROTHER LAINGORE.

ment; plain, but powerful in delivery. I pray that he may be spared many years, to labor for the cause he loves so well."

One of the friends referred to in the above letter, who was taken from earth suddenly while Brother Larimore was sick at Whitewright, was H. F. Williams, who was a student at Mars' Hill many years ago, and, subsequently, a successful and able preacher of the gospel. In youth, Brother Williams met with an accident that caused the loss of both hands and his right arm; and, just in the prime of manhood, by another accident, he lost his life. Many friends and former fellow-students publicly expressed, from pulpit and press, their grief caused by his death, and their appreciation of him as a brave, hopeful, cheerful, self-reliant friend and fellow-worker. Brother Larimore wrote J. C. McQuiddy, who was also one of the Mars' Hill students:

"I have just read your touching tribute to the memory of Brother Williams. I am glad my beloved 'boys' and others are telling the world the truth about my marvelous, no-handed, energetic, successful, useful 'boy.' I would gladly write something about him, if I could; but, as I am absolutely overwhelmed with work that must be done without delay, I forego that painful pleasure, and let others tell of the worth and merit of him whom I appreciated and loved as pupil, friend and brother. On the day of his first matriculation at Mars' Hill, I said to him, 'You want no writing material, of course.' He made no reply, but astonished and delighted me by writing my name quickly and well, smiling significantly and characteristically as he did so. When he fell at Mars' Hill and broke his collar bone, as you well remember, we all not only sincerely sympathized with him, but were deeply distressed. On that hill, in that school, family, community, there was but one cheerful, happy soul then—but one who could meet Dr. Stuart with a smile, a

jest, a joke. That cheerful, happy, hopeful soul was H. F. Williams, who, though he had no hand and only one arm, and his collar bone was broken, verily believed all of us should, instead of being sad because it was so bad, be glad because it was no worse. He never seemed to realize that there was any reason why any one should be sorry for him. May the Lord always abundantly bless his children and their brave and faithful mother. She and they are worthy of all the love, sympathy and succor they may ever receive."

In contrast with comments on his work by Thomas E. Milholland and others who are in sympathy with him, it may be well to note how his work is regarded by those who occupy a somewhat different point of view. Of his work in Texas, S. M. Stewart, a Baptist preacher, wrote the American Baptist Flag, as follows:

"T. B. Larimore, who is one of the most scholarly Campbellite preachers in the South, is closing to-day a month's meeting here, which is not his first—or, probably, his last—meeting in Sherman, Texas. He clings so closely to the exact wording of the scriptures, and makes such a profound impression against partyism, that many may be led by him. Here is a sample: 'The Bible says baptism is for the remission of sins; it nowhere says it is for anything else.' This is the only statement, in four long sermons, I heard him make that I could not accept as true, both as to purpose and meaning. The statement is difficult to prove false; but evidently it teaches baptismal generation. Without showing the dangerous tendency of this statement, I introduce it here, to show how hard it would be to reply to him. I am told he never debates. Like Dr. Gambrell, he considers debating beneath his dignity, I presume. No man who visits Texas elevates Campbellite doctrine more than T. B. Larimore. There is no use for Bap-

tists to make sport of him or his doctrine. Mark my prediction: Sherman, Whitewright, Bonham, and every other town to which he has preached a month will have Campbellism spreading like Johnson grass; and, like Johnson grass, it can never be destroyed, except by digging it up and cultivating something else in its place."

This "note of warning" was quoted in the Gospel Advocate, and the following comment was therein made upon it .

"We are glad Brother Stewart uses 'Campbellite' but twice and 'Campbellism' but once in this brief paragraph; for Brother Larimore loves him, and has nothing but good to say of him. Yes, Brother Larimore is a dangerous man, in Texas, Tennessee, or any other State—a very dangerous man. As Brother Stewart correctly states it, 'he clings so closely to the exact wording of the scriptures, and makes such a profound impression against partyism, that many may be led by him'—as many have been led by him from 'partyism' to Christ and Christianity, from partisan prejudice to Christian principle, from the human to the divine. There is the danger that demands this solemn warning. He is a true believer. He believes divine truth; and, therefore, preaches it as it is. He heeds the sacred admonition, 'But foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do gender strifes.' (2 Tim. 2:23.) He has nothing to do with rationalism, higher criticism, or any other form or phase of skepticism, infidelity, or atheism, except to expose their weakness by showing the strength of God's eternal truth. He is perfectly satisfied with what is written—with the word, the will and the way of the Lord Almighty. 'Thus saith the Lord,' or 'thus it is written' is the end of all controversy with him. All such men are very dangerous.

"Yes, Brother Larimore says, 'The Bible says baptism is for the remission of sins;' and, to prove it, he

quotes: 'John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.' (Mark 1:4.) 'And he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.' (Luke 3:3.) 'Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins.' (Acts 2:38.) Brother Stewart says this 'statement is difficult to prove false.' Yes, it *is* somewhat difficult to prove the Bible false. As to the 'it nowhere says it is for anything else,' it cannot be difficult to prove that false, if it is false. Simply show where the Bible says it is for anything else, and that will settle that.

"Brother Larimore believes—and, therefore, teaches—that baptism has something to do with fulfilling all 'righteousness.' '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.' (Matt. 3:13-15.) He believes—and, therefore, teaches—that baptism is 'the answer of a good conscience toward God.' '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. 3:21.) He knows what a fountain of joy a good conscience is; longs to see everybody temporally and eternally happy; and, therefore, exhorts people who are properly and perfectly prepared for baptism to be baptized; and to then live a consecrated Christian life till God shall call them home. Is this 'baptismal generation?'"

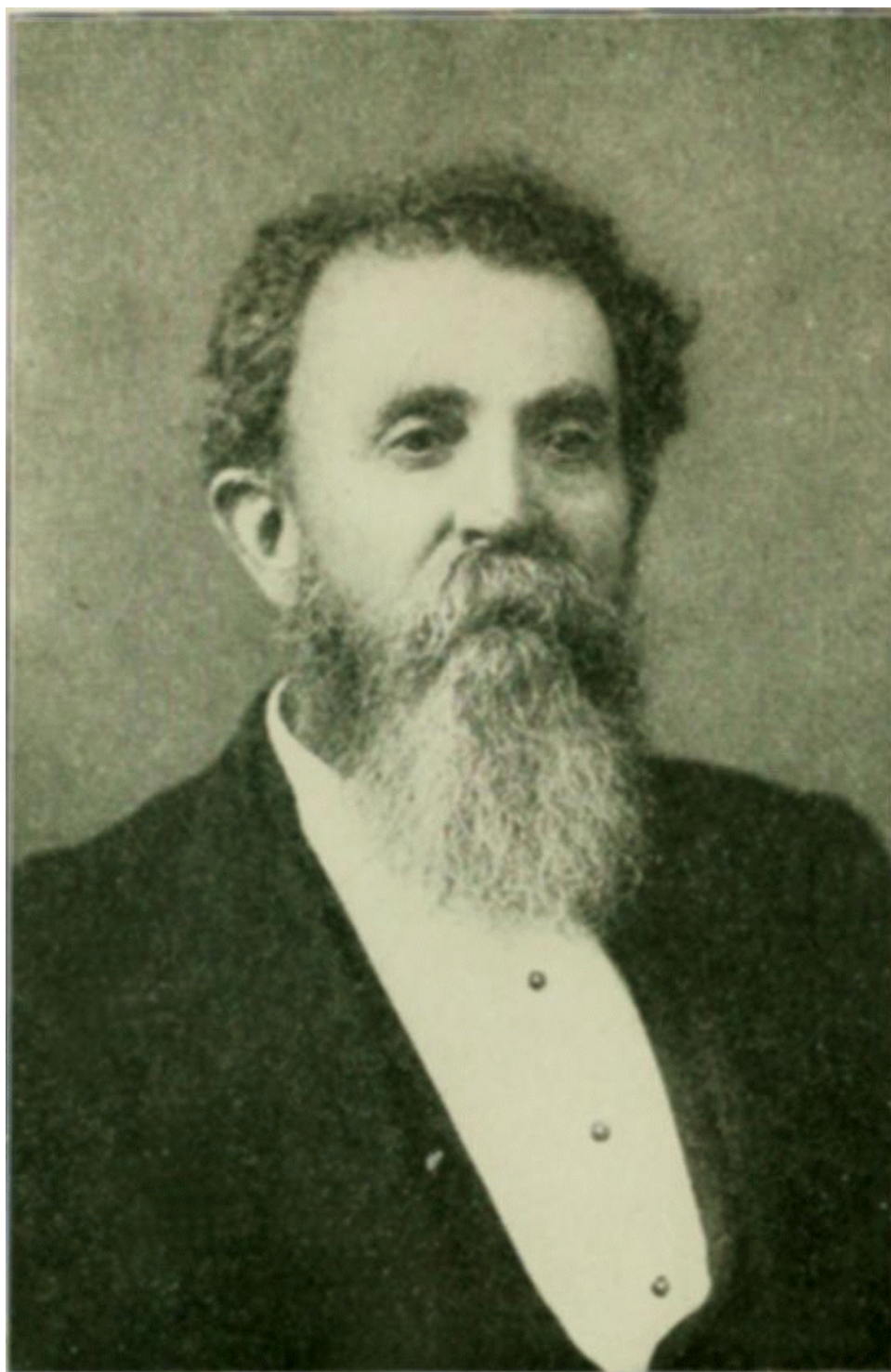
The letters Brother Larimore received while at Whitewright, sick, would make a volume; and all were filled

with expressions of confidence, tenderness, sympathy and love Of one letter received at that time, he says:

"The date of Brother Dimmitt's death being so near the date of the following pathetic letter lends a melancholy interest to his otherwise interesting, prophetic love letter. It is a sad, sweet, tender, hopeful message—a message almost from the very valley of death—written in solemn, meditative silence, by our dear brother's busy hand, when he could almost feel the breath of eternity upon his brow."

Brother Dimmitt's letter was dated February 21, 1901. Ten months later—December 21—he died suddenly, of paralysis, at the home of his daughter, in Sherman, Texas:

"Dear Brother Larimore: Your letter was a happy surprise. I would not object to their being more frequent. I have never ceased to love and deeply respect you, Brother Larimore; nor will I, as long as my life and memory may last. I often see you in my waking hours. Your voice would be gladly recognized among a thousand. I often call it back, and feel anew the old inspiration of the 'days of yore.' I could but feel sad over your last letter—the expression, 'I presume we shall meet no more in this world.' I can but hope you are mistaken. Life's experiences have taught me that He, only, knows the events of the future, who uses men and all things for His own purposes and the happiness of those whom He loves with a love deeper, stronger and purer than man ever knows. There are clouds in life's review; but none was ever dark enough to prevent my seeing, in every clear place, the meek, peaceful face of T. B. Larimore. No word or act of mine has ever conveyed other than the clearest and strongest conviction of your earnest sincerity and faithfulness to what you believed to be right, and, therefore, best. I have never ceased to pray for you and the great work you are doing

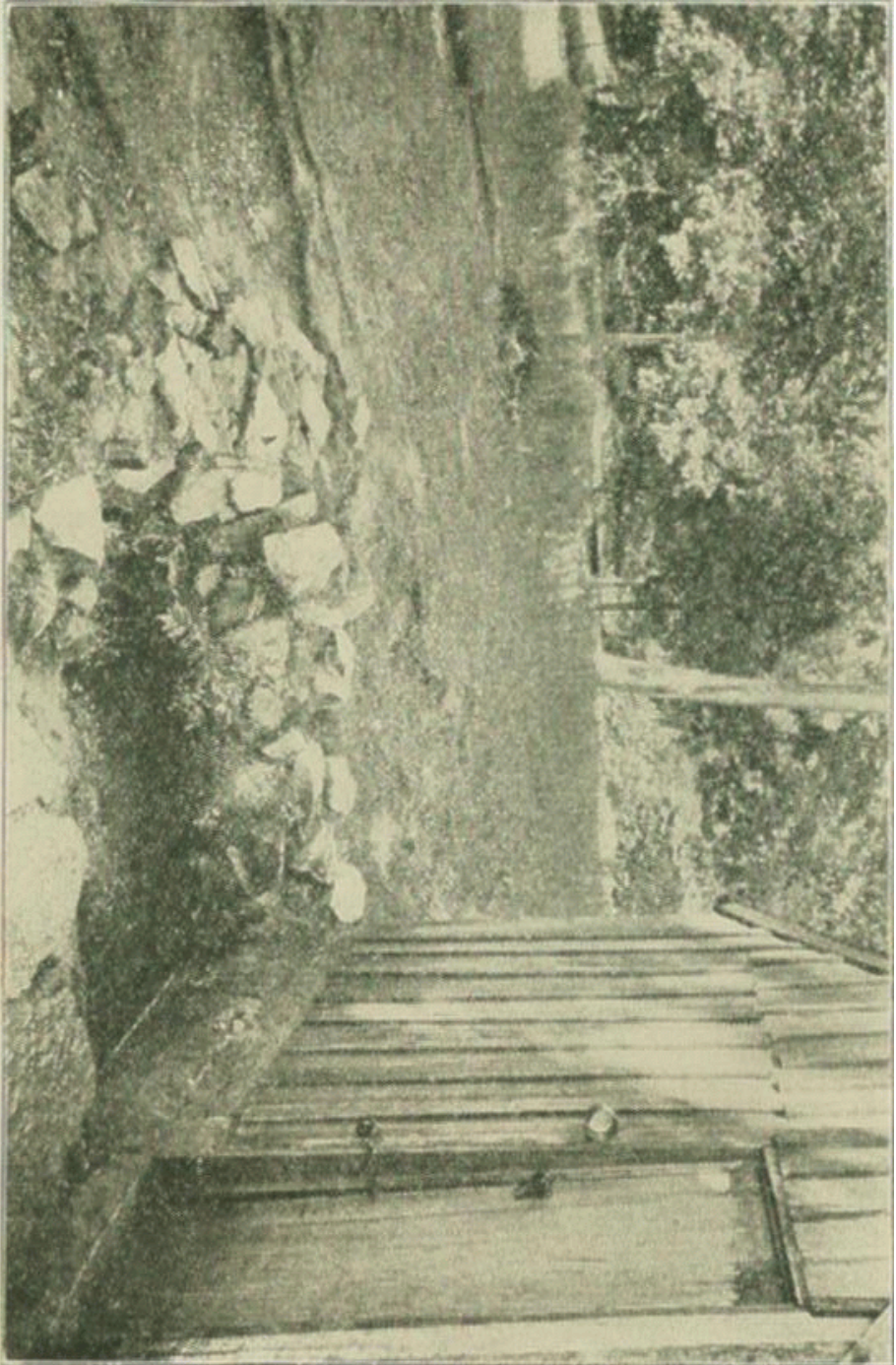


W. C. DIMMITT.

"I read, with much interest, your funeral discourse on the occasion of the loss of your friend and pupil, Brother Srygley. Your old confidence and strong, earnest love came to us in every line. There are few problems harder to solve than the premature passing away of such men as Brother Srygley I was selfish enough to want him to live till the clouds yet lowering over 'our Zion' had passed away. I felt, and yet feel, that that is a not distant day. I seldom, if ever, kneel at our long-ago established family altar without pleading for 'the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.' It may be deferred, for reasons known only to Him who alone can answer prayer; but it will come. A cause so just, so necessary to God's purposes, as to have called forth the prayer of his own Son, can never be lost. Some good day, we or our children shall rejoice in the answer of that prayer.

"My wife and I are all alone. I talk briefly here, before communion, three Sundays in each month, and preach morning and evening of the fourth Sunday. I preach on the first Sunday of every month at Trescott School house, beyond the South Wichita River, about twelve miles from town. I go in all sorts of weather, and enjoy it very much. I look for a harvest there this year. My wife has just recovered from a severe attack of la grippe. I was no little alarmed for her. She is still an active worker in the church; and is greatly beloved by all our neighbors, especially by Our membership. The loss of our precious daughter, Sallie, hurt her very much. It is, even yet, a tender chord to touch; but ever ends with the music of 'the sweet by and by.' O happy day! It shall soon come to both of us; and then—oh. then—we shall meet again, where sorrow, tears nor death can ever come. We shall always be glad to hear from you, when you have time to write.

“THE SPRING IN THE VALLEY”



My wife joins me in love, and in prayer for your greatest usefulness, happiness and success.

"Affectionately, your brother,

"Benjamin, Texas.

W. C. DIMMITT."

One of his Mars' Hill pupils—who developed into a preacher while there—wrote him as follows, not knowing he was sick:

"Hear, believe, repent, confess, be baptized; wear the name that honors Christ; attend all the meetings of the saints in the Lord's house, if you can; break bread on the first day of the week, in commemoration of the Lord's death; contribute of your financial prosperity, your 'temporal things,' to have the gospel preached at home and abroad; sing 'with grace in your hearts to the Lord;' love and try to bless all men, women and children, especially those 'who are of the household of faith;' seek the salvation of every individual soul; live as nearly exactly as you believe Christ would live, if personally here, on earth, now, as possible; strive to not wound, but to heal; when reviled, revile not again; 'if it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men'—these are some of the salient points in the majority of my sermons. How do you like that for safe doctrine? You see, notwithstanding I have been in the battles of life many years, I have not lost much of the training I received under the oaks, by the spring in the valley, within sound of the big bell, in the now nearly long ago! I shall not expatiate on the influence that that early training has had on me through all these years; but, suffice it to say, whether my stay on earth be long or short, I shall always remember with gratitude and love my friend and teacher of those happy years.

"Gratefully and affectionately,

"OSCAR."

Another of his "boys"—a successful preacher and teacher, now at the head of a flourishing school—wrote him just at the close of the year 1900, and the letter was forwarded to him at Whitewright:

"Life seems so short, and there is so much to be done! I have more to do than ever before. Duties performed, like seed we plant, make more. I sometimes think, when any duty is well done, it becomes the means of bringing before us greater duties and responsibilities.

"This is my last letter for 1900. Not because you are last, but because you are first, do I write you just as the old year and the old century cease to be. I write you last, because I love you best. May the dear Lord, who has kept you this long in this century, keep you just as long as you may wish to live in the next, is the prayer of your boy, David."

CHAPTER VIII.

Sermon—Revelation Necessary.

"BUT without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Heb. 11:6.)

While "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork;" while "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge;" and while there is no place in the universe that does not speak, silently, but plainly and impressively, of the existence of God and the glory of his handiwork; revelation is essential to our knowing the one true and living God, and rendering honor to whom honor is due for the creation and preservation of, not only man, but of the material universe—of all created things. While the whole vast universe—illimitable space—with its wondrous worlds, its glittering stars and shining suns, is vocal with the praise of God, man, without revelation, could only guess whether there are billions of gods, or whether there is but one, the one true and living God revealed in the Bible.

There are in the United States, especially in the Mississippi Valley, myriads of mounds, of mysterious, prehistoric origin, called Indian mounds. Men who have made a specialty of studying them tell us they clearly show that those who made them had advanced considerably in the arts of civilization, far beyond the state of civilization enjoyed by the people found here when Columbus discovered this continent. Still, though these silent, mysterious mounds are continually declaring the

glory, the wisdom, the handiwork and, therefore, the civilization of those who made them, no mortal can tell who those people were. Men who have written histories of the United States, searching for and recording facts and fiction, truths and tradition, in the light of other histories, experience and observation, looking backward to and through the twilight of prehistoric ages, to the darkness beyond which nothing is known, have not been able to identify the builders of these mounds. They sagely tell us these mounds were constructed by the "mound builders." In other words, they gravely inform us that "those who built them built them." This is all they know. No mortal knows more; and, if this secret is never to be revealed, if no additional light is ever to be thrown upon the subject, till time's knell shall be sounded, no man can ever tell who made the mysterious "Indian mounds."

If, however, from the bosoms of some of these mounds, stones, plates, or tablets, covered with hieroglyphics, should be brought to light, and it should be made manifestly and unquestionably clear, beyond reasonable doubt, that those who built the mounds prepared the plates or stones or tablets, cut the hieroglyphics and placed them there, and then these mysterious hieroglyphics should be deciphered and translated into very plain, simple English, and if we, knowing English, should read these translations and find therein given the names of those who built the mounds, and many other things, of interest connected therewith, then, but not till then, in the light of that revelation, we could be able to render honor to whom honor is due for the building of these strange monuments.

So, also, though the heavens are perpetually declaring the glory of God, and the firmament is perpetually showing his handiwork, without some revelation of the truth that there is but one true and living God, who did this

wondrous work, we could never be in a mental or spiritual condition to intelligently render due homage to the great Creator divine who gave birth and being to the material universe.

Here is a temple, the walls of which are almost covered with paintings, masterpieces of the ages. The windows of the temple are darkened, the doors are closed, barely enough light being admitted to make dim twilight within. Even in that dim light, however, we can see enough to be satisfied that these paintings are wonderful productions. They are perpetually declaring the glory, skill, wisdom and handiwork of those who made them. It is not possible, however, for us, without additional light revealing the names of the makers of these paintings, to render honor to whom honor is due. But suddenly the doors and windows are thrown open wide, the temple is flooded with light, and we see, on the lower right-hand corner of each painting, the name of the master who made it. Then, but not till then, in the light of that revelation, can we attribute honor to whom honor is due.

Just precisely so is it in reference to this gorgeous temple we call the material universe, with its wonderful pictures, its wonderful light, its wonderful worlds. It proclaims the glory, skill, wisdom and handiwork of its Creator; but the revelations of the book of Nature, compared with the revelations of the book we call the Bible, are as dimmest twilight compared with brightest noon; and, in that dim twilight, we cannot see, cannot learn, cannot know to whom the honor is due.

Man has never been able to reason "from Nature up to Nature's God." The heavens that bend above Greece are as bright, brilliant, beautiful and blue as the heavens that bend above our own blessed country. Grecian scenery is as sublime and Grecian surroundings are as soul-inspiring as the scenery and surroundings of our

own happy land. "But notwithstanding all this, the Greeks, with their sculptors and sages, their statesmen and soldiers, their philosophers, painters and poets, never advanced any further in rendering honor to whom honor is due for making the heavens that bent in blue beauty above them and the classic land in which they dwelt, than to people earth, air and sky with divinities, living and moving in a perfect wilderness of imaginary deities. On this point, profane and sacred history corroborate each other. From profane history we learn that the Greeks once worshiped thirty thousand gods. From the Bible we learn that, when the Apostle Paul went to Athens, he told the Athenians they were too superstitious—had too many religions—too many gods. They then worshiped thirty thousand gods; but, fearing they did not thus pay homage to all the gods, they erected an inscription "To the Unknown God;" and him whom they ignorantly worshiped—the one true and living God—Paul declared unto them. So, then, sacred and secular history strengthen, sustain and support each other in clearly showing that even the wisest, the greatest and the best of the Greeks never reasoned "from Nature up to Nature's God."

Grecian sages astonished the world with their learning; but, reasoning from Nature, they came no nearer to a correct knowledge of the one true and living God than to worship thirty thousand gods; and, realizing that their worship was still incomplete, they erected an inscription to "The Unknown God." "The world by wisdom knew not God." The man therefore who claims to be a believer in the one true and living God, but, at the same time, claims to be independent of the Bible for his faith, howsoever honest, earnest, intelligent, conscientious, modest and sincere he may be, does, nevertheless, virtually claim to be wiser, in reference to this greatest of all themes, than all the sages of all the ages

that have come and gone, who did not walk in the light of revelation divine. How God revealed himself to man before he gave us the Bible is a question not relevant to the subject now under consideration; but it is clear that he did not thus reveal himself to the Greeks, and that he does not so reveal himself now. The wisest of men, reasoning from Nature, worshiped thirty thousand gods; and history is replete with illustrations of the truth that man cannot reason "from Nature up to Nature's God." Hence, we may consider it fixed and settled, once for all, that, without divine revelation, man could never have been able to worship the one true and living God with the unerring certainty that is essential to the satisfying of the soul.

When we concede the existence of God—concede that God is, and that he is the Creator and Preserver of the material universe—of all created things—to be consistent we must also concede that the Bible is a revelation from God. When we concede that he is and that he is the universal Creator, Preserver and Benefactor—and to concede any part of this is virtually to concede it all—we concede that, through the laws of Nature—which are no less his laws than are the laws of grace—he has made the richest provisions to meet all the temporal, rational, normal wants, not only of man, but of all living creatures on the earth. Does man hunger? Then earth, air and water teem with animal, vegetable and mineral substances, to be so used as to meet the demands of his body indicated by that faithful monitor we call hunger. Does man thirst? The weeping heavens mercifully pour out their crystal treasures, while ten thousand times ten thousand springs well up, like living, sympathizing things of life and love, from the bosom of the earth, and rills and rivulets and lakes and rivers tender their treasures, that he may drink and thus satisfy the demands of his body indicated by thirst. Do man's

wearied, exhausted physical powers demand rest and recuperation, that he may go forth properly prepared for the discharge of the duties that devolve upon him? Then "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," infolds him in her magic arms; and he sleeps soundly, dreams sweetly, and wakes with renewed energy to discharge the duties of life.

So of every normal, natural, rational, reasonable physical want of man or beast or bird. God has made the richest provision to meet all the natural, rational, reasonable bodily wants of all his creatures. By the practice of pernicious habits, we may create an unnatural, irrational, unreasonable demand for which God has made no provision; but this is, in no sense, proof against the point I am trying to impress. The only rational thing for us to do with any or all such habits is to quit them—abandon them without delay. As God has so arranged that food and drink and sleep satisfy the demands indicated by hunger, thirst and fatigue; so, also, hath he made provision to fully meet the demands of all the natural powers man possesses: light for the eye, sound for the ear, and so on, all along the line.

It is manifestly evident to us all, hence needs not to be argued, that the Lord Almighty has made perfect provision to perfectly meet all the natural, temporal wants of all his creatures; but, as the universe is greater than an atom; as the soul is more important than the body; as Heaven is brighter and better than the earth; as eternity is longer than time; so man's spiritual needs are infinitely greater than his temporal wants. Food and drink and rest may fully satisfy beast and bird, reptile, fish and insect; but man realizes, even when all these temporal wants are completely satisfied, that there is still an aching void this world can never fill. There is a longing, a craving, a looking, a striving, a real demand, for something this world can never give. He longs to know his

origin, his duty and his destiny. What am I? Whence came I? What must I do? Whither am I tending? What is to be my final destiny? These are questions that must engage the attention of every responsible soul beneath the stars. Does Nature answer these questions? With all the aid that Nature can give him, man is not able to see, with absolute certainty, even one moment into the future.. Without revelation, he must simply recognize himself as being here, a higher order of animal creation, to live this life to the end, then die and be forgotten, without ever knowing his origin, his highest duty, or his eternal destiny; notwithstanding these are the things, above all others, every responsible, intelligent soul longs to know.

When a loving mother rocks, with tender hand, the cradle in which suffers and sighs one dearer far to her than life itself, as it grows weaker and paler and thinner day by day; when she looks through tears into the little sufferer's face and watches, with aching, bleeding heart, as it gasps and struggles and ceases to breathe—when a loving mother passes through such an ordeal as this, and then follows the lifeless body of her little one to the cold, gloomy grave, she longs for something that can comfort and heal her breaking heart. She realizes that "this world can never give the bliss for which we sigh;" and longs to know "'tis not the whole of life to live, or all of death to die." She feels that "all our hopes and all our fears are not prisoned in life's narrow bound," and would willingly, gladly give even life itself to know

“Beyond this vale of tears, there is a life above,

Unmeasured by the flight of years—a blissful life of love; "
but without revelation divine, she hopes and looks and longs for comfort and consolation in vain. The same is true when parent, husband, wife, brother, sister, lover,

friend—any loved one—goes. The sad departure leaves an aching void this world can never fill. Generations are born and buried, the human race rushes from the cradle to the grave, seeking and sighing for something to satisfy the soul. If the Bible is not a divine revelation, for six thousand years God has left the world without anything to satisfy this intense, intelligent, universal longing of the soul, and, hence, will, we may reasonably conclude, leave us in this hapless, helpless, hopeless condition forever. Reason Revolts at, and rebels against, such a thought—the thought that God would leave man, the highest grade of his creatures, in such a state of dread despair. He has done so, however, unless the Bible is his revelation to man. It follows, therefore, that reason revolts at, and rebels against, the thought, or theory, that the Bible is not God's revelation to the human race; for, if the Bible is not such revelation, there is no such revelation.

The very existence of the Bible is proof unanswerable of its divine inspiration. The books we call the Bible were written by men—by inspired men. Christians claim—men inspired by the Spirit of the living God: by uninspired men, atheists, infidels and skeptics claim. All men are either good men or bad men; true men or false men; sincere men or hypocritical men. The Bible was written by men belonging to one of these two classes, of course—by good men or bad men—since these two classes have always included all men. Man does nothing without a motive. We may not always readily recognize the motive; but the motive is there, nevertheless. We may safely consider it finally and forever fixed and settled, beyond any reasonable doubt, question or quibble, that no sane man ever does anything without a motive. What motive could have prompted bad men to write these books? It could not have been the love of filthy lucre. The writing of these volumes was no little

labor Indeed, in those far-away ages, when the facilities for writing were so exceedingly crude and unsatisfactory, to write even an ordinary chapter of any one of the books of the Bible was a tedious, tiresome task; and, when time and thought and labor and money had been devoted to the making of one of these books, there was no golden harvest to be reaped by the writer, such as enriches authors of pernicious dime novels that are sown broadcast over the earth, to corrupt the morals, wreck the lives, destroy the happiness and doom the souls of men and women, boys and girls, to-day. Lust for neither gold nor worldly glory could have prompted men to write these books. It was scarcely possible for bad men to write them, to justify their own wickedness, for they condemn every species of wickedness The hope of gaining Heaven could not have induced bad men to write the books constituting the Bible; for, if they were written by bad men falsely claiming to write by inspiration of God, when God had nothing to do with it, the men who wrote them could certainly have hoped for no desirable reward from God. If the Bible is not what it purports to be—a revelation from God to man—it is not possible for the mind of man to imagine a reasonable motive that could have prompted the men who wrote it to do so.

If bad men wrote the Bible, then men of the very highest grade of intellect, education and culture—for they must have been marvelously intellectual and thoroughly educated, if they were not inspired—deliberately devoted their lives—their time, talents and labor—to the writing of a book or library condemning every vice and commending every virtue, while they themselves were living in the practice of vice—that very work condemning, in unmistakable terms, the lives they were living and the work they were doing. They not only did all this, but they did it without the slightest shade of a shadow of a



KIOWA SQUAW, PAPOOSE AND CRADLE.

hope of any remuneration, any glory or gratification, for body, soul or spirit, in time or in eternity, in return for their erroneous labor and infamous deception. To believe this is to defy Reason. Reason revolts at the thought of accepting such a conclusion. The only conclusion Reason will respect is. 'bad men did not write the Bible; therefore good men did: and, therefore, it is God's word,' since the writers, knowing, so claimed, and good men never intentionally make false claims. There is absolutely but one way to account for the Bible. God gave it to man.

So far as I know or have any reason to believe or suspect, no mortal believes or has ever believed that there is or ever has been even so much as one single solitary page, paragraph or passage, sentence, sentiment or syllable, written by any contemporary of the writer of any book in the Bible, questioning, directly or indirectly, the inspiration of the Bible or any biblical writer. If these men were not inspired, the ages that produced them produced men of such marvelous intellectual power and such wonderful literary attainments that no mortal, of any age, has ever surpassed them. Is it not marvelously strange that, while producing such intellectual, learned, literary, lying, hypocritical deceivers as these men were, if the Bible is not revelation from God, the ages that produced them did not produce at least one honest, intelligent, sincere, truthful, cultured man or woman, to write at least one page, paragraph, or passage of protest against the deception of these vile deceivers of the human race? The absence of such protest is proof unanswerable, if not positive, of the inspiration of the book we call the Bible.

The system pervading the Bible came from the same source from which emanated the power, skill and wisdom that made the material universe. Man is not the author of such system. While billions of bright worlds

are forever living through space, no clash or confusion ever occurs among them. In the Bible are sixty six volumes, eleven hundred and eighty-nine chapters, written by about forty men living in different ages and countries and conditions and under different circumstances, through a period of about fifteen hundred years; some writing in poverty, some, in affluence; some in prisons, some on thrones; the differences in condition, locality and time, centuries coming and going, generations being born and buried, while these works were in process of preparation, positively precluding the barest possibility of there having been anything like concert of thought or action among them; still, when these fifteen hundred years had come and gone and the writers of these books had passed from earth, these sixty-six volumes were brought together, identified as being the genuine productions of certain characters who claimed to write by inspiration divine, and bound together, thus constituting the book we call the Bible: and there is no more clash, confusion, or lack of harmony in this library of marvelous volumes than in the heavens that bend in beauty above the earth or in the limitless fields of space where numberless worlds revolve from age to age without clash, conflict or confusion. There is, in these volumes, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation, the same mysterious system that pervades the material universe, thus bespeaking for both the same origin or authority—an origin or authority divine.

Man is not so systematic. Uninspired men cannot produce such a library. Imagine, if you can, the confusion and contradiction characterizing sixty-six volumes the size of the books of the Bible, written on theological themes, without concert of thought or action, by the wisest forty theologians on earth to-day, and then bound together as are the books of the Bible. Then remember that sixteen centuries silently slipped away between the birth of

Moses and the death of John. Then think of the system pervading the Bible from beginning to end; and then say whether you believe the writers of the books of the Bible were inspired. Men habitually contradict themselves and each other in their writings, especially if years intervene between their times of writing. Long lapse of time is not essential to these contradictions, however. No man is always in proper condition to write or talk or think. The sage who, long before the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, wrote, "No man is sane at all hours," wrote the plain truth when he wrote it. Lawyers, who are the universally and justly recognized authority on evidence, understand this phase of human nature. Men of the very highest order of honor, integrity and true manhood may testify on oath in any court, relative to things they have actually seen, and, in their testimony they believe to be true contradict each other. They maybe so influenced by their temperaments, their prejudices and their environments, possibly unawares by their personal interests, as to contradict each other, notwithstanding each of them earnestly endeavors to "tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." Thus a dozen men may testify, honestly and sincerely, relative to something all have personally witnessed, and still their testimony may be a mass of confusion.

I have a clipping from one of the great St. Louis dailies, giving a brief report of the beginning of the trial of John Joyce for the murder of R. C. Montgomery, in April. 180.8. When the report was written the State had examined twelve witnesses: and, notwithstanding the murder was committed in "broad daylight," in one of the most popular thoroughfares of the city, in the presence of hundreds of witnesses, no two of the State's witnesses agreed as to all the details of the tragedy. It was positively proved by responsible, reliable men, that Joyce was going north and going south when he fired

the fatal shot; that Montgomery was going south and going north when he received the bullet in his back; that Joyce was standing behind a third party and fired over that third party's shoulder; and that that selfsame third party was standing behind the assassin, and, looking over *his* shoulder, saw him fire the fatal shot. The report says: "No two of the State's witnesses agreed upon any important fact, except that Joyce killed Montgomery."

A statement relative to Shem, one of the sons of Noah, made by each of three truly great men—Anderson, the great historian; Barclay, the learned, devout, consecrated author of the standard work called "The City of the Great King;" and Campbell, the greatest theologian of modern times, is relevant to the point under consideration. Anderson alludes incidentally to Shem as "the eldest son of Noah;" Barclay, in the same casual way, refers to him as "the second son of Noah;" and Campbell speaks of him incidentally as "the youngest son of Noah." That they were all truly great, good and wise men, and therefore never intentionally wrote for truth what was not true, needs not to be said; for their character, record and reputation prove that. Then why this manifest discrepancy? They were simply men—uninspired men—and the wisest and greatest and best of men "are only men at best." They simply expressed an opinion—each of them—incidentally, relative to something within the realm of revelation divine, but not clearly divinely revealed. That's all. Marvelously great as were these three modern saints and sages, their testimony on this simple point was as conflicting as testimony can ever be.

Inconsistencies, discrepancies and contradictions abound in books written by uninspired men; but not in the book we call the Bible. Why? Men imagine they find mountains of inconsistency, discrepancy and contra-

diction there; but the most formidable mountain of this character they find there is only an imaginary mountain,

that vanishes when the light of true investigation is thrown upon it. Now, which is more reasonable to believe, claim and contend that vile, lying, hypocritical deceivers wrote these wonderful works, that have with stood storms of opposition and criticism for ages and are the greatest wonder of the world to-day—justly regarded by competent critics as the greatest literary productions the world has ever seen—or that those who wrote them were what they claimed to be, the inspired servants of the living God, writing as the Spirit of God inspired and directed them? We are absolutely forced to accept one of these two positions or conclusions. It is as positively and manifestly clear that one of them must be and is correct as that we are here Which shall we accept? The preponderance of evidence in favor of the latter is a billion to one The Bible is the book of God.

This blessed Book of books teaches the true way of life, both temporal and eternal. These sacred scriptures teach, as certainly as they teach the existence of God or the divinity of Christ, that, if we hear the gospel, believe the gospel, honestly and earnestly repent of our sins confess our faith in Christ, and are buried with him by baptism, into death in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ into the solemn name of Father. Son and Holy Spirit, and raised up to walk in newness of life we shall be thus, then and there delivered from the power of Satan and translated "into the kingdom of his [God's] dear Son, in whom we have redemption, even the forgiveness of sins."

If we, then, as becometh sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, live as we should live—pure, chaste, clean consistent, Christian lives—God will recognize us as his beloved in the Lord will be our shield and our "exceeding great reward" and when life's fitful dream shall

end, crown us with glory, honor, and immortality, and make us unspeakably happy with all the redeemed of every age country and clime, as long as eternity itself shall last

If, therefore, we are Christians, let us live as Christians ought to live, being faithful unto death If we are not Christians, let us obey the gospel without delay, and then spend the remnant of our days in the service of Him from whom all blessings flow, in the name of Him who died that we might live Now if any of you realize it is prudent and proper and right to come to Christ, may the Lord bless you in coming while you can.

CHAPTER IX.

Letters—Purity.

GOD demands of his children purity—purity of body, soul and spirit. The apostle Paul, writing, by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, to the church of God at Corinth, "to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with *all* that in *every* place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord," wrote:

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? if any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy: for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." (1 Cor. 3: .6, 17.)

"What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Cor. 6:19, 20.)

"And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. 6:16-18.)

John, admonishing those whom he sometimes addressed as "my little children"—Christians, members of the family of God—wrote:

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth

not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." (1 John 3:

2, 3.)

"Keep thyself pure" is an admonition given by Paul to the beloved young preacher, Timothy. (1 Tim. 5:22.) Realizing the importance of this divinely-inspired admonition, T. B. Larimore strives to teach, in the pulpit and out of it, by precept and example, the lesson of purity. He says:

"I have no right, nor has any other mortal who stands as a dying man in the presence of dying men, women and children, preaching godliness in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to have any habit that the purest, sweetest, cleanest Christian mother in all the earth cannot consistently and conscientiously commend to her children. There is no exception to this—none. A preacher is not necessarily better than any other member of the body of Christ. If he imagines himself to be better than his brethren, because of the position he occupies—imagines he is a kind of 'reverend,' 'divine,' or semi-'divine,' connecting link between ordinary Christians and divinity indeed—that is proof positive that he is not as good as humble Christians whom he regards as his inferiors. All of us, whether in the pulpit or out of it, should seriously consider the question of duty and destiny, of influence and responsibility; and never forget that we have solemnly agreed to try to be like Jesus, and should, therefore, try to be better, purer, cleaner, more like Jesus, than we are.

"A preacher is not necessarily better than other Christians; but it is his duty to be as good as he can be; and, therefore, with very few exceptions, to be better than he is. He is regarded, and frequently followed, by the flock as a leader. He wields, in every social circle, in

every home, he enters, an influence that he could not wield if he were not a preacher; and he ought to realize the responsibility that rests upon him. He ought to be as nearly absolutely perfect as it is possible for him to be. He ought to appreciate any and every just, correct, charitable criticism upon his conduct, his habits, his look or language, calling attention to some imperfection, some wrong, provided such criticism is offered in the spirit of love. If he is a true man, realizing the responsibility resting upon him, willing and anxious to do his whole duty, hence worthy of the position he occupies, he will appreciate and profit by the criticism, give up the wrong, cling to the right, and try to live, every day and every hour, as God wills him to live."

In the following story he tells how a preacher received a much-needed lesson on the importance of practicing, as well as preaching, purity:

"A good Texas preacher told me, a few years ago, of an incident in his life that caused him to give up the use of tobacco. Before he obeyed the gospel, he became a slave to the tobacco habit—a habit that no Christian should contract, and that no preacher should practice, of course. About the time he began to attract attention as an evangelist, he was the guest of one of the best families in the town in which he was conducting a series of meetings—which, by the way, is the universal experience of evangelists. A conversation between two of the children of the family, on the gallery near his room, one morning, attracted his attention. The little girl was begging her brother to quit smoking—the thing the little boy and the preacher were both at that moment doing. The little fellow seemed to be very obstinate about it, and his sister said: 'You'd better quit it. Papa'll find it out. if you don't.' He said. 'Papa does it himself.'"

She said, 'I know he does; but he'll skin you alive if he catches you at it!'

"Isn't that a horrible thought? There was a sweet, pure, precious little girl begging her brother, who was taking preliminary lesions in impurity from his own father, who was voluntarily responsible for the very existence of those children, to quit practicing a pernicious habit he had inherited and learned from his father; the little girl, in all the earnestness of her anxious, loving heart, saying, and meaning it: 'He'll skin you alive if he catches you at it!' That man was regarded and respected as a prominent, representative member of the church of Christ. That home was called and considered a Christian home. Yet that intelligent, earnest, sweet little girl shuddered at the very thought of her father's seeing her little brother practicing a habit the father himself practiced habitually, if not perpetually, in his own home and elsewhere—a habit the child had inherited, with other weaknesses, from the father he feared!

"The little girl carried her point, as little girls, and larger ones, too, frequently do. Love for his sister and fear of his father finally caused the boy to throw away his cigar or cigarette. He did it very reluctantly, however, saying: 'I'll quit it now; but if I live to be a man I'll do it; I'll be a preacher, like Brother——,' mentioning the name of the preacher who was listening, 'and then I'll smoke. He does it.' The preacher said he quit that habit then and there, without a moment's hesitation; and, though many years had come and gone since that day, he had never practiced it again, and had never wanted to. There was, for a short time, an appetite, a demand of the flesh, for it. He said: but, realizing it to be the duty of every Christian to not permit the flesh to dominate the spirit—to 'keep under' his body, as Paul expressed it—to 'keep his soul on top,' as a sweet, little girl expressed it—he had, he said, never really

wanted to practice it, and, by the grace of God. he never would. He said he had never realized before as he realized then the responsibility resting upon him. He was admitted into the best homes in the land, and it was his solemn duty to not practice before any mother's children anything she could reasonably and righteously object to their practicing."

Brother Larimore preaches a series of discourses in which he impresses, with special force and emphasis, the necessity of Christians' being pure and chaste and clean—free from all bad habits—taking for a text Rom. 12: 1: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." I have never known him to deliver this series of sermons without one, and often many, of his hearers resolving to give up some bad habit or habits. At one of his meetings in Texas, a brother said: "I believe Brother Larimore will preach on Rom. 12 throughout this series of meetings, unless I give up the use of tobacco"—and he gave it up.

He appreciates such a result of his preaching. A few years ago, he wrote:

"Frank B—— is Frank B——still. He was a *man*—a hero—when he was a schoolboy at Mars' Hill. He is a hero still. I make my home with him here, and have baptized his wife since this series of meetings began. I saw that Frank was ruining himself by the inordinate use of coffee and tobacco. One result of our meeting is Frank's freedom from the cigar, the cup and the quid."

In another letter, he wrote:

"I sent the first sheet of your letter to Colonel ——, my friend, who is smoking himself to death. That sheet is a strong 'no-to-bac-tract, and I sent it to him be-

cause I think he needs it. I want to do all the good I can—that's all. I live for nothing else."

With a letter he inclosed the following clipping from the New York Medical Journal:

"One of the most unfortunate evil consequences of an early and liberal meat diet,' says Dr. Winters, 'is the loss of relish it creates for the physiological foods of childhood—milk, cereals and vegetables. A child that is allowed a generous meat diet is certain to refuse cereals and vegetables. Meat, by its stimulating effect, produces a habit as surely as does alcohol, tea, or coffee, and a distaste for less satisfying foods. The foods which the meat-eating child eschews contain, in large proportions, certain mineral constituents which are essential to bodily nutrition and health, and without which the processes of fresh growth and development are stunted. There are more so-called "nervousness," "anaemia," rheumatism, valvular disease of the heart, and chorea, at the present time, in children, from excess of meat and its preparations in the diet than from all other causes combined.' "

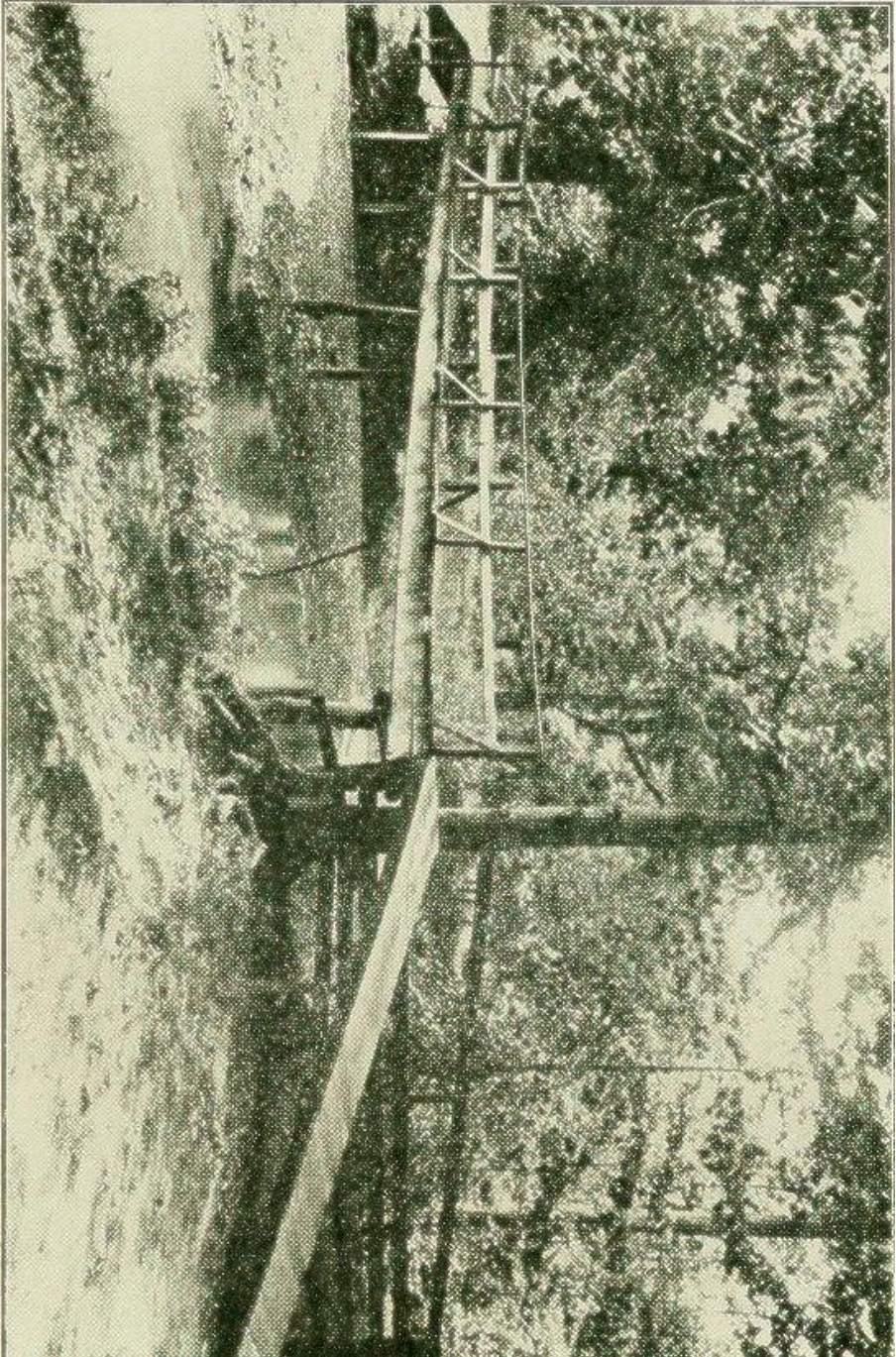
In the letter with which he inclosed that clipping, he wrote:

"I have long believed that. I thank my God that poverty prevented my having access to much meat in the days of my childhood and youth. It may be that poverty is also to be praised for my not forming the tea habit, the coffee habit, the tobacco habit, the grog habit, the idleness habit, and many other habits that curse the human race. *Now* it is second nature with me to abstain from all stimulants and narcotics and some other things that curse the sons and daughters of men—all stimulants except buttermilk. I do drink that about three times a day, when convenient; but that is the only 'strong drink' in which I indulge, and I eat very little

meat. I abstain *in tota* from swine's flesh; not simply because Jehovah demanded that the Hebrews should abstain from either tasting or touching it (Deut. 14:8), telling them, 'it is unclean unto you:' but because I believe it to be unclean, unwholesome food for any and all—for Gentiles, as well as Jews. Probably the oldest two jokes that are popular among men are that women cannot keep a secret and that preachers are veritable hawks on the chicken question. I know there is no truth in the former—for which somewhat less than a billion men should be devoutly thankful—and, to say the least of it. I'm sure there is one exception to the latter. I'm not 'orthodox' on the chicken question: but I believe I'm right. Few kinds of flesh, if any, are more stimulating than chicken."

Speaking of the responsibility resting upon every parent to heed the Heaven-given admonition. "Keep thyself pure," he says:

"One of the most mysterious of all mysteries to me is that any sane, civilized, sensible man, especially one who claims to be a Christian, will form or practice any habit he objects to his children's forming or practicing. If it is pernicious, he should certainly not practice it; if it is pure and proper and right, he should not protest against his children's practicing it. Parents are responsible for, not only the existence, but, in a great degree at least, for the tastes and habits, inherited and acquired, of their children: hence, responsible, to some extent, for their character, their conduct and their destiny, for time and for eternity. It is a sin and a shame and an outrage for parents to practice before their children any habit they object to their children's practicing. This applies to the whole human race: but it applies especially to Christians. Parents are under obligation, if they believe the Bible, to become Christians as early as they



MARS' HILL BRIDGE

can, if they are not already Christians—which they should be. Then they are under obligation to live faithful Christian lives, and thus set a good example before their children. No man, especially no man claiming to be a Christian, has right or reason to be less careful, chaste or clean in heart, habit or language than he desires, commands and tries to compel his children to be."

Several years ago, in a letter to a friend, he wrote: "I really do not know which I consider the greater curse, grog or tobacco. When I see a man who has a wife who ought to have a husband, and children who ought to have a father, drinking himself to death, I think grog is the curse of curses. When I see young men and little boys, in broad daylight, puffing poisonous smoke into the faces of decent men and women and innocent little children, and remember that this very habit begets a thirst for the fiery waters of death and destruction, I think tobacco is the curse of curses. When I see both, I think they are twin curses.

"My candid conviction is—if there is any distinct difference—tobacco is a greater curse than grog; as it sometimes 'dips' and 'brushes' the mother, and 'smokes' the little ones, who have inherited the vitiated tastes of their parents, while yet they nestle in, or stand on the edge of, the home nest, too young to venture into the deadly darkness of a grogshop. Moreover, tobacco naturally and necessarily creates an appetite and a physical demand, for alcoholic stimulants, to counteract the depressing influence of tobacco on the heart. Millions, however, rely on tea and coffee to help the heart to bear this depressing burden that it should never have to bear; and thus billions of brains have been bewildered and lives cut short. Many a mother is careful to disinfect the nest in which a hen warms and watches eggs, to hatch little ones for market or table, while her

own precious little ones are compelled to live in a nest that needs disinfecting ten thousandfold more than the hen's nest that she disinfects has ever needed it. If grog is the poisonous tree, tobacco is the deadly root. Tobacco, grog and crime!"

On the subject of condemning one form of impurity while indulging in another equally bad, he says:

"A preacher who has smoked and 'chawed' himself brown presents the charge of drinking against an obscure brother who was tipsy last Christmas, and who refuses to say, 'I'm sorry and will do so no more,' and four 'fathers in Israel,' each with a quid in his mouth, consider the case, withdraw fellowship from the unfortunate, misguided, ignorant, weak brother, light their cigars and take a smoke, while they sagely consider the question: 'How shall we cheek the deplorable tendency toward corruption in the church of Christ?'"

Writing of the grog habit, he says:

"There is not a Christian beneath the stars who has right or reason to practice any bad habit; hence, all Christians who have bad habits should abandon them without delay. The idea that the slaves of bad habits cannot live without serving such masters is a delusion and a snare. A man can quit drinking whisky and still live, if he will. This has been demonstrated so frequently that it is not necessary to argue the case. An educated man of towering intellect, who once wielded a wonderful influence in the world, is serving a life sentence in a penitentiary, as a result of bad habits, with others whom bad habits have sent there, as such habits have wrecked and ruined millions. He had been the slave of strong drink, as well as other bad habits, so long that he verily believed he could not live without it. He was allowed to stop at the last grogshop he

passed on his way to the penitentiary, to 'fill up' on bad whisky. Of course it was *bad* whisky; for there's no other sort. He went into the penitentiary drunk, but has never been under the influence of 'strong drink' since, though nearly twenty years have come and gone since the prison doors closed behind him. I saw him not long ago, and he seemed to be in perfect health. So far as the curse of 'strong drink' is concerned, it is a blessing to him to be where he is. I am sincerely sorry for him, and would make him temporally and eternally happy, if I could: but he has demonstrated that a slave to strong drink can live without even tasting that that has wrecked and ruined him and many millions more—that has cruelly cursed the human race from the days of Noah until now. The same is true of all other bad habits."

With a letter, he inclosed an article written by Theodore Cuyler, from which the following is an extract:

"Paul wrote, 'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.' The inherent wrong of using intoxicating drink, then, is twofold; it exposes to danger the man who tampers with it; for we are positively assured in the Book of books that no man can play with the adder that lies coiled in the wine cup without being stung by it; and our using 'strong drink' puts a stumbling-block in the way of him whom we are commanded to love as we love ourselves. If a glass of wine on my table, or the influence of my example, entraps into drunkenness some man weaker-willed than I, then I have set a trap for his life: yea, for more than his life—for his very soul. I am his tempter. If he commits some outrage under the influence of that stimulant. I am, to a certain extent, guilty of that outrage. I have partnership in every oath he utters, every blow lie

strikes, every bitter wound he inflicts on the hearts of those who love him, while under the spell of the glass I influenced him to drink. Under this view of the question, certainly every Christian and, in fact, every lover of mankind, should, and certainly will, abstain from anything and everything that can intoxicate. I plead for old-fashioned total abstinence—plead for it, as Paul did. for the sake of those who stumble.

"Oh, those stumblers! those stumblers! I dare not speak of them. It would touch many of us too deeply. It would open wounds in too many sad hearts. It would reveal the wrecks of too many lives that have gone down, at midday, into the blackness of darkness. For your own sake, for the sake of your children, for the sake of your brother man, heed the warning of inspiration: 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' "

* * *

THE CRIMSON BALLOT.

One day, in the crowded courtroom,
A sentence of death was said,
In the hush of awful stillness:
"To be handed by the neck till dead!"
A mother's heart was broken,
As she murmured a treasured name;
A father's face was furrowed
With tears of grief and shame.
It was only one of the dramas
Enacted every day,
And the judge on the bench had formally asked
What the prisoner had to say.
"The jury has said I am guilty,"
Was the low, resigned reply;
"The law has summoned the hangman,
And the judge says I must die.
"But, before the God of heaven,
I did not kill my friend,

And to the looming scaffold
A guiltless man you send.
The dramshop did this murder;
'Twas drink that fired my brain,
That made me do its bidding.
While it held me in its chain.

"But not upon the dramshop,
Or brewery, or still,
Or on the high officials,
Who watch them steal and kill;
But on your brow, Your Honor,
And every man's who stood
To legalize the ginshop,
Is stamped the brand of blood."

His voice rang like a bugle.
No other sound was heard;
While something akin to terror
In all who listened stirred.
The crowded courtroom cowered
Beneath the lash of truth.
The boy seemed judge and jury,
And they, the sentenced youth.

"Yea, back of the law's officials
Is the law that spells my fate;
Back of the law are the people,
And the people are the State.
My hand held the murderous weapon,
And the blood on its blade they saw;
But back of that deed was the dramshop,
And back of the dramshop, the law.

"And whosoever hath voted
To license this evil, ties
The shameful noose of the hangman
'Round the neck of the man who dies.
On his hands, then, are the blood drops,
On his brow is the sign.
That he is the man who sheddeth
His dead friend's blood and mine."

Back to his cell they led him;
On the fatal trap he must stand;
And the bloody farce will be acted
Again and again in the land.
But every reddened gibbet
Shall be for a nation's blame;
And every ballot is crimson
That is cast for a nation's shame.

CHAPTER X.

Sermon—The Destruction of Jerusalem.

"BUT without faith [not knowledge, but *faith*] it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe [not *know*] that he is. and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Heb. 11:6.)

To "believe that he is. and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," is the faith without which it is impossible to please God. I am not sure but that thousands of intelligent people make the mistake, sometimes a serious and fatal mistake, of imagining that their obedience to God cannot be acceptable unless they *know* that God "is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." It is nothing very unusual, even in this land and age, to hear a man, even a man who prays in public or preaches, say, "I know what I have felt, and I wouldn't give that for all the Bibles ever printed." Any man who talks thus needs faith. If he *knows* God "is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," he does not and cannot *believe* these things: for it is impossible to believe what we know. Faith is never knowledge. Knowledge is never faith. Inspired souls, hence biblical writers, writers of sacred scripture, also Adam, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Elijah and other ancient worthies, may have *known* many things that we can only believe: hence Job says, "I know that my Redeemer liveth:" and Paul, who was "caught up to the third heaven"—"into paradise"—where he "heard unspeakable words." says: "We know that if our earthly house

of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" but faith has never been knowledge; knowledge has never been faith. The realm of faith and the realm of knowledge are as distant, the one from the other, as Europe and America; as Kentucky and Tennessee.

This may be considered a close distinction; but it is a just distinction, nevertheless, and a very important one. During the celebrated debate between Alexander Campbell and Archbishop Purcell, in the city of Cincinnati, Campbell stated that Purcell had said in one of his speeches that he did not doubt that there are popes in hell. Mr. Purcell, in a kindly, courteous way, immediately called attention to the mistake and appealed to the chair to sustain him. He said he did not say he had no doubt of it; but that he simply said he believed it. He said it would be absurd for him to say he had no doubt of it; for where doubt ceases knowledge begins, and it was not possible for him to know the destiny of the men whose character Mr. Campbell had proved to have been so bad. Mr. Campbell promptly and politely acknowledged that the Archbishop was correct, that he had neglected to recognize that nice distinction. Thus the unintentional wrong was readily and gladly righted. Archbishop Purcell and Mr. Campbell were both gentlemen of the highest type; hence, even though both may have made mistakes, were glad to promptly acknowledge and correct their mistakes when convinced of them; and always treated each other with that courtesy, kindness and consideration characteristic of gentlemen—not only Christian gentlemen, but all gentlemen. A religious discussion—investigation—conducted by such men, in any community, to elicit truth and eliminate error, may be, certainly should be, a blessing. A religious wrangle, for personal victory, is necessarily, always, everywhere and under all circumstances, a curse.

The former should be encouraged. The latter should be condemned.

Reverting to the subject under consideration, let us try to clearly comprehend the difference between faith and knowledge. When in the realm of knowledge, we are beyond the realm of faith. When we see or feel or otherwise know a thing, it is not possible for us to believe it—we simply know it. It is not possible for angels around the throne of God to believe God is. They know God is; therefore it is a matter of knowledge; hence cannot be a matter of faith. Doubt is always possible in the realm of faith; therefore where the possibility of doubt ceases faith ends and knowledge begins. There is simply a line—that which has length, but neither breadth nor thickness—between the realm of faith and the realm of knowledge.

I deem it my duty to make the distinction between faith and knowledge as clear as possible for various reasons, not the least of which is, intelligent, pure, prayerful, pious people are sometimes seriously troubled and distressed because even the slightest shade of a shadow of a doubt as to their religion and, therefore, their eternal destiny, flits through their minds. Till upon 'our enraptured vision shall burst the matchless beauties, grandeurs and glories of God's eternal home, doubts of even the existence of God, the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the holy scriptures must be possible: for not till then can faith be supplanted by knowledge. Till then we must live by faith, walk by faith, and doubt is always possible in the realm of faith. Faith is never knowledge, and the Spirit repeatedly says, "the just shall live by faith." (Hab. 2:4: Rom. 1:17; Gal. 3:11: Heb. 10:38, in Habakkuk the pronoun "his" being inserted—" the just shall live by his faith.") The apostle Paul, in 2 Cor. 5:7, declares, "For we walk by faith, not by sight." We can never be entirely free from the possi-

bility of doubt while we live in this world and please God; for as long as we live in this world and walk by faith, we live and walk where doubt may come; and if we do not live and walk by faith we do not walk according to God's will. Let us therefore never be discouraged because doubts may sometimes arise, and fogs and mists hang over the way that leads to the land of eternal blessedness. It does not follow that we should covet or cultivate doubts, or that all of us ever have serious doubts; but we cannot get beyond the point where doubts are possible while we live where "we see through a glass, darkly," for to do that is to get beyond the realm of faith, and "the just shall live by faith."

We may expect doubts and doubters in reference to everything that has not been positively proved and . plainly demonstrated, and in reference to many things that have been positively proved and plainly demonstrated, as long as man is man. There are men in America to-day who believe the earth is flat, and that the sun is but a shining speck in size in comparison with the earth. Millions of things that were once the subject of serious and almost universal doubt have been clearly demonstrated to be true.

At the very time—the very hour—when Fulton's famous steamboat was making its first successful trial trip, a learned professor, the head of one of our greatest educational institutions, was delivering a scientific lecture, before a vast audience of intelligent people, to prove the absolute impossibility of there ever being a realization of Fulton's hopes in reference to navigating lakes, rivers, seas and oceans by means of steam, and his audience believed he proved it, too. But, while he was proving that it could never be done, it was done; and steamboats are still stemming tides, ascending and descending rivers, and crossing lakes, oceans and seas, notwithstanding positive proof of the impossibility of such a thing's

ever being done was plainly presented by the learned professor while Fulton was doing the theoretically impossible thing.

The lamented, learned, pious Dr. Broadus, of Louisville—one of the greatest and best of men—stated in a sermon in Louisville one Sunday that Archbishop Whately, of Logic and Rhetoric fame, once wrote a book, to prove that no such mortal as Napoleon Bonaparte, the marvelous, mysterious "man of destiny," ever existed; that Napoleon the Great was simply a creature of the imagination. Dr. Broadus said he had seen one man who was a thorough convert, made so by that book, to the theory that Napoleon Bonaparte was a myth. Of course, the learned, logical Archbishop did not believe Napoleon was a myth; nor did he expect, when he wrote that book, to induce any one to so believe. He wrote it in all seriousness, however, to show the fallacy, weakness and absurdity of the proofs presented in support of skepticism, infidelity and atheism. One of my good friends living in Louisville saw in the *Courier-Journal* next morning what Dr. Broadus had said about the book, and she resolved to find a copy of it for me, if she could. It had long been out of print; but she found a copy in some old bookstore, and it is in my little library now. I seriously doubt that all the skeptics, infidels and atheists on earth can formulate, produce or present a stronger plea against the existence of God, the divinity of Christ or the divine inspiration of the Bible than is this argument against the theory that Napoleon Bonaparte has ever been more than a myth. The author reasons against the theory of the existence of Napoleon exactly as skeptics, infidels and atheists reason against the theory of the existence of God, the divinity of Christ and the divine inspiration of the Bible; quoting from their books, giving book, chapter and section for what he quotes, showing clearly and proving positively that, by a simi-

lar line of argument, it is possible to prove that Napoleon Bonaparte was simply a creature of the imagination, and thus he proves the absurdity of their plea.

We may expect doubts and doubters in reference to everything that is not susceptible of positive demonstration, and in reference to things that can be demonstrated till they are demonstrated, and in reference to many things after they are demonstrated, as long as man is man, as long as human nature is human nature. When investigating such subjects as the one we now have under consideration, we should certainly be honest—hence open to conviction—honest with ourselves, with each other and with God; willing to be converted from error to truth, whatsoever may be the error and whatsoever may be the truth. We should also be, and, if honest, are, willing to let the preponderance of evidence settle the question. If rational, we do not expect all the evidence to be on one side, of course; but we should sincerely, honestly, weigh all the testimony and allow the preponderance of evidence to settle the question. This is the rule in the investigation of other questions; and certainly should be in this, the most important of all questions.

The literal fulfillment of prophecy proves the Bible to have been written by inspiration divine. Let us suppose that, in the year 1000 of the Christian era, approximately five hundred years before the discovery of the American Continent by Columbus, some man, claiming to be inspired, wrote a voluminous volume, containing a minute description of the American Continent, giving its geography, its topography, its climate, its size, its shape, its latitude, its longitude; giving an account of its discovery, describing Columbus, his little fleet, and the sailors who manned his fleet; giving an account of colonization on the continent; giving a prophetic history of this great country down to the year 2000, enter-

ing into the minutest description of the minutest details even of things that seem to be absolutely unimportant. Then let us suppose that, in the year 2000, approximately five hundred years after the discovery of the American Continent by Columbus, a thoroughly competent, therefore honest, truthful, conscientious man, prompted by no motive but a desire to give the facts and truths of history with strictest accuracy, writes a history of this continent, from the day of its discovery by Columbus to the present, and, in the light of local tradition, for many ages antedating its discovery by Columbus, and, when this volume and the old prophetic volume written a thousand years previously are compared, they are found to agree perfectly, even down to the minutest detail of the most insignificant things of which they speak. Could any sane man, woman or child old enough to be responsible doubt that the author of the old prophetic volume was inspired? Which is more reasonable: to believe he was inspired, as he claimed to be, or to believe he simply guessed all these things, guessed them with strictest accuracy all the way down to the end of the thousandth year after he completed his volume? It is no exaggeration to say it is a billion times more reasonable to believe he was inspired than to believe he simply guessed all these things. It is possible for him to have been inspired—absolutely and positively impossible for him to have guessed all these things.

The propositions now under consideration—the proposition "God is" and "He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," hence the Bible, the book that teaches these things, is the divinely inspired book of God—are sustained, plainly and positively proved, by the greatest abundance of just such testimony. Reason rejects not this testimony; but receives it, appreciates it and appropriates it. Prophecy concerning the Abrahamic family, and the literal fulfillment thereof,

prove these important propositions. Many, very many, marvelous prophecies of this class have been so clearly fulfilled as to leave no ground on which to base a reasonable doubt of their divine origin; but I wish now to call your attention especially to prophecies concerning the destruction of Jerusalem—prophecies found in Deut. 28 and Ezek. 5:12. Deuteronomy was written fifteen hundred years before the destruction of Jerusalem, before the Israelites crossed the Jordan and took possession of the promised land, long years and centuries before Jerusalem was Jerusalem—at least forty generations before. Ezekiel wrote seven hundred years before the destruction of Jerusalem, to which terrible tragedy each of these prophecies plainly points.

Deut. 28 consists of two grand divisions. The first paragraph, consisting of fourteen verses, is a list of marvelous blessings promised to the descendants of Abraham, through Isaac and Jacob, on condition that they lived according to God's direction, which would as naturally tend to bring these blessings to them as industry, integrity and economy tend to make successful the life of an intelligent man who possesses these characteristics now. The remaining fifty-four verses of the chapter constitute an appalling list of terrible tribulations that should come upon them if they abandoned the course God prescribed for them. Not that God wished to see them suffer, but that these terrible tribulations should come upon them as effect follows cause; should come upon them as naturally, if they abandoned the divinely prescribed course of life, as the temple came down with a crash upon Samson and the Philistines, when Samson removed the pillars that supported it. It was optional with the children of Israel to escape these terrible tribulations and be perpetually prosperous and happy, by living in harmony with God's clearly expressed will, or to bring upon themselves and their posterity sorrow,



MARY, JULIA AND ALEC, GEORGE—DEDIE'S CHILDREN.

sadness and slavery, distress, dispersion and destruction, by living contrary to the will of Him from whom all blessings flow.

It is positively declared in this thrilling chapter that, if the Hebrews defied God and lived, contrary to his holy will, an army should come "from the end of the earth," to devastate, desolate, devour their land—an army speaking a language unknown to them. History reveals nothing more clearly than that the Roman army, coming from the Italian Peninsula, a strip of land extending far down toward the south, terminating in a point, called by the ancients "the end of the earth," came into the land of Palestine for the destruction of the Jews fifteen hundred years after Deuteronomy was written. This army was to speak a language unknown to the Jews. Linguists tell us, there was less analogy between the ancient Hebrew language and the old Roman language than between any other two languages then spoken by man. Thus points of prophecy that seemed to be insignificant were literally verified, fulfilled, in the Roman army's coming from the "end of the earth," speaking a language unknown to the Jews. That army, invading Palestine, was to spread over the land, devour, devastate, desolate, practically destroy, it. History teaches that the Roman army spread over the land of Israel, devastated and desolated it, thus robbing it of its glory and beauty as prophecy had foretold. The Palestine of today is a howling wilderness, a desert waste, in comparison with the Palestine the Roman army cursed and crushed and robbed and ruined.

Fifteen hundred years before a Roman soldier ever planted his foot upon the bosom of Palestine, it was predicted that the Israelites should be besieged behind high walls in which they trusted, their country having been devastated, desolated, and drenched in blood; and Ezekiel prophesied concerning the same time and trou-

ble, seven hundred years before the Romans besieged Jerusalem, that two-thirds of the Israelites should perish by famine, pestilence and sword. The Roman army thrown around Jerusalem, far from the city, the lines were steadily shortened and drawn in, over the dead and the dying, toward the doomed city, to which the living flocked like sheep fleeing from hungry, howling wolves to the shelter of a fold, closer and closer, slowly, but surely and steadily, as a net and fishes are drawn to shore by fishermen. The scattered Jews hastened to Jerusalem for shelter, until the country was practically depopulated, all the Jews being in Jerusalem; then the lines were closed, and the merciless siege began. Vespasian being called to Rome, to the throne, left his illustrious son, Titus, in command, and he pressed the siege mercilessly six long months, the most terrible months this world hath ever known. Pestilence, famine and sword, the terrible trio confirming Napoleon's declaration, "War is the work of barbarians," did their dreadful work till two-thirds of the population had perished. Prophecy then many centuries old declared that then and there two-thirds of the Hebrews should perish. Josephus tells us that one million one hundred and eleven thousand of the children of Abraham perished by pestilence, famine and sword, during that terrible period of destruction, devastation and desolation, just as, when and where then ancient prophecy said they should perish. There was war without, and war within, the city, the Hebrews in the city being divided into warring factions, seeking to destroy each other, instead of making common cause against the enemy. In literal fulfillment of prophecy, that time was a time of such trouble as this world had never witnessed, the climax of cruelty, sorrow and suffering having been reached. One historian says the captive Jews were crucified around Jerusalem till there was no timber left, of which to construct crosses;

or room, to plant the crosses made. Of course this is an exaggeration; but the very truth that circumstances were such as to suggest such an exaggeration is appalling in the extreme. History, probably without the slightest exaggeration, teaches that Jerusalem was surrounded by a wilderness of crosses, on which Hebrew captives suffered the torture of the most horrible death ever known to the children of men—death by crucifixion. There were bodies that, in advanced stages of decomposition, had, by their own weight, fallen from crosses; others, ready to fall; others, in the first stages of decomposition; others, that had just ceased to struggle for breath; some, in the hour and article of death; others, just beginning to suffer the tortures of crucifixion; others, being nailed to crosses; others, being dragged to crosses, screaming for mercy when and where mercy was unknown. Great swarms of flies tortured and tormented the helpless, hapless, hopeless victims, who could not even brush them away. Prophecy then fifteen hundred years old declared that beasts of the field and birds of the air should devour them, and none should fray them away. Vultures sat upon crosses and calmly feasted upon bodies hanging there, not even sparing the eyes of living victims, who could not scare them away. Night was made hideous by the screams of wild beasts that devoured the bodies of the dead. The Roman soldiers, instead of driving them away, were glad for such scavengers to devour the bodies that were creating a horrible, sickening stench. This intolerable stench went out in death-dealing billows over the land, producing deadly pestilence, of course. Food grew scarce and scarcer in the city, and thousands died of starvation. Of the hapless children of Abraham, one million one hundred and eleven thousand perished by pestilence, famine and sword, as history tells us, which was in plainest fulfillment of the prophecy then many centuries old, that two-

thirds of them should perish by pestilence, famine and sword. How did the prophet that wrote that know it? It is not possible for him to have guessed these things. He wrote them, however, many centuries before they occurred. What shall we say, then? There is but one thing to say: he was inspired.

In Deut. 28 it is plainly predicted that, in that time of terrible tribulation, mothers should eat their own offspring. The writer even minutely describes a "tender and delicate woman," who, he declares "for delicateness and tenderness," "would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground," who would eat her own children at that terrible time. This scene was accurately and minutely described fifteen hundred years before the Romans invaded Palestine. Josephus, writing of the destruction of Jerusalem and events connected therewith, describes just such a scene in that city, at that time. He tells of certain men, robbers, murderers, demons in human shape, who went to the house of a lady of wealth, a palatial home in Jerusalem, and demanded of the lady who met them at the door something to eat. She told them she had nothing to eat. They positively contradicted her statement, and told her they "smelled the smell of meat." That's the historian's own phraseology. Seeing that she was detected in her deception, and terrified by the very thought of falling into the hands of such men, she brought to them a dish on which was the half of her own babe, which she had killed and cooked, and, having devoured half of it, had kept the other half to eat when subsequently tortured by hunger. When the robbers saw that fearful sight, they went away and left the unhappy mother to complete the work of eating her own child, in fulfillment of prophecy of the most improbable character, then fifteen hundred years old.

Do these things mean nothing? There has never been

a man of intelligence—and, if not inspired, the writer of these things must have been a marvelously intelligent man—who would risk his reputation for sense, integrity and veracity, by writing such an improbable prediction, if he did not believe himself to be inspired. In recording that prediction, the writer stemmed the purest, holiest, strongest, deepest, divinest current that has ever flowed through human hearts—the current of a mother's love. Not a degraded, brutal, heathen mother, but an educated, delicate, sensitive, refined, cultured, Hebrew mother is the principal figure in this appalling picture. Imagination can scarcely paint a more improbable picture than that. Others may forsake us—a mother, never. Those we regard as friends in prosperity may abandon us in adversity; a brother may forsake his brother; even a sister may forsake her sister; and circumstances may arise that may cause a father to abandon his own offspring; but, when all others have forsaken us, mother is faithful still. A wayward boy may set at naught all his mother's counsel. He may trample beneath his feet every loving suggestion she offers, and despise every prayer she has ever offered, every tear she has ever shed because of his waywardness. He may wreck and ruin himself, bring deep disgrace upon the family he ought to bless, but his mother will forgive and love him still. She may find him in the gutter, drunk, degraded and despised; but she will be neither afraid nor ashamed to kneel by his side, lift up his head, place it upon her lap, kiss his bloated cheek, and, looking up to Heaven, pray, "O God, save my boy!" If the assembled universe were there, she would not be ashamed to acknowledge him as her child. The man who wrote Deuteronomy knew a mother's love. All the world knows that. Had he not believed himself to be inspired, he would never have recorded so improbable a prediction. It was written forty generations before it

was fulfilled; but it was fulfilled, even to the minutest detail thereof. The recording of that improbable prophecy proves the writer believed himself to be inspired. Its literal fulfillment, fifteen hundred years after it was written, proves he was inspired.

We have to accept by faith statements of history proving the fulfillment of the prophecy now under consideration; but we do that in reference to nearly all we claim to know; for we really do not know the things of which we read in history. We simply believe them—accept them by faith. The same principle that would justify us in rejecting these statements of history would practically blot from existence all the history that has ever been written. We must accept as true the literal fulfillment of this prophecy; and this is but a sample of many predictions in the Bible that have been fulfilled, as history teaches, as literally as this. Now we are left to choose between two conclusions, and risk our reputation for veracity, sincerity and intelligence, if not indeed our soul's eternal salvation, upon our choice. We must either believe that a vile, hypocritical deceiver, more than fifteen hundred years before these things came to pass, brought by chance, by guess, from the depths of a heart filled with vilest deceit, all these thoughts, and carefully recorded them, so that, in their fulfillment, there is perfect verification; or, that he was what he claimed to be, and what Christians claim he was, a man inspired from on high, and that the same wisdom that gave birth and being to the material universe gave birth and being to these predictions. Certainly no intelligent being should experience any difficulty in deciding between the two. If we had access to but one such prediction so plainly and perfectly fulfilled, that should be enough to satisfy us perfectly; but this is simply one of many evidences of the existence of God, the inspira-

tion of the holy scriptures, and, consequently, the divinity of Christ.

These terrible tribulations came upon the Hebrews because they abandoned the way of the Lord, the safe way, "the good and the right way." The Lord Almighty forewarned them, told them how they might escape such troubles and be prosperous and happy. God loves the human race to-day as he loved the Hebrew race then; and he has given us these things and many others for our admonition, instruction and salvation. He tells us "the way of transgressors is hard;" that "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." He teaches us that if we will abandon the wrong and cling to the right, if we will turn from Satan to the Savior, from darkness to light, and render the obedience God requires, the sweetest joys earth can give and all the bliss of Heaven forever shall be our temporal and eternal reward. He teaches us that, if we will hear the gospel, believe the gospel, honestly and earnestly repent of our sins, confess our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and be buried with him by baptism into death, being thus born into the family, or church, of God, and then live as he directs till called hence, the arms of Providence shall encircle us; angels shall camp round about us and deliver us; his divine mercy shall attend us in the dangers, difficulties, trials and tribulations through which we may have to pass; and then, "upon the happy golden shore, where the faithful part no more," he will crown us with glory, honor and immortality, and fill and thrill our souls with bliss unspeakable and full of glory, while the eternal ages come and go.

Jesus came down from Heaven to earth, and suffered, bled and died on Calvary's cross, to redeem us from sin; and he tenderly pleads with us, saying: "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." This is a loving call from the blessed Savior, a call from the courts of Heaven, Divinity's call, to salvation. Will you accept it?

CHAPTER XI.

Addresses at Nashville Bible School.

THE Nashville Bible School is an institution in which Brother Larimore has manifested a deep interest from the day of its organization till now, contributing to its upbuilding, support and efficiency, directly and indirectly, in manyways. During every session of its existence, he has used his influence to induce pupils to attend it, believing it to be for their good and God's glory for them to do so. He seldom has time to attend commencement exercises of schools and colleges; though he is often solicited to do so, and to deliver addresses on such occasions. He was evangelizing in Nashville, however, during the week the Bible School had its commencement exercises in 1903; and, on Thursday morning, May 28, he was present at the exercises, as was also the much-loved and well-known evangelist, W. H. Sutton, of Sparta, Tenn. The circumstances were such as to put Brother Larimore into one of his happiest moods. He was known and loved by every student in the school. He had baptized many of them; some in Nashville, some at their far-away homes. He had held a meeting at the Bible School in the fall of 1902, and his influence over the students was universally recognized as a strong factor for good.

This was the last commencement conducted in the old building on the old college grounds. Before the next session opened, the school was removed to its new location, several miles away, in the country, to larger and better grounds, and into much more commodious and

comfortable buildings—all new. This important change was made possible by David Lipscomb's gift to the school of his home and farm in one of the most beautiful sections of the country around Nashville. Brother Lipscomb has been connected with the Nashville Bible School, as trustee and teacher, since its organization; and to his zeal and earnestness, untiring energy, work and liberality is due much of its success.

Thursday morning was "Graduates' Day" at the school. The exercises consisted of an essay and three addresses by the graduating class, all of whom were residents of Texas: Miss Martha J. German, subject, "The Power of a Great Life;" Clarence M. Cockrell, "Character;" Samuel I. Jones, "The True End of Education;" James L. German, "The Great Battle;" the conferring of degrees by William Anderson, President of the school; a brief talk by Dr. J. S. Ward, Professor of Natural Science; and the three characteristic addresses given here:

ADDRESS BY DAVID LIPSCOMB.

"I hoped. they would complete the programme without calling on me to talk, but I see my name on the list to speak. I am sure you will consider well what you have heard this morning, and that it will prove helpful to old and young—to all. We have had three addresses and an essay this morning, all dwelling largely on character and destiny, and involving, too, the idea of the measure of success—what it is that will bring success. I want to present this thought: I am convinced there should be no failures in the life of any human being. God created this world in wisdom; and if we would follow the will of God, there could never be a failure on the part of a single person or character. This being true, the question becomes a very important one: When

and how may we, in this world, find the way and the theory to attain success?

"There is always a certain bent, or tendency, in the character, even in childhood, that should at least be respected. I do not say this bent should always be followed, as it is not always practicable; but if a man wants to attain success, he must, to some extent, recognize the natural tendency, or bent, of his faculties. He must have some regard to this. He must regulate this tendency, or bent, by principles of right and justice and truth, to the end that he may accomplish the greatest good he is capable of accomplishing in this world. He is to use the talents he has; he is to follow, to some extent, the bent of his character; yet he is to control this natural bent by high and lofty principles.

"The question, then, arises: How can we best attain success? This is a very important question, especially to young people. It is especially important to them because, after we have passed through life, we cannot correct our mistakes, and the best way is to try to avoid making mistakes. I want to call your attention to the number of failures in the world; and when I say 'failures,' I mean not only financial failures, but intellectual, moral, and religious failures. A great many failures result from too high an estimate of our abilities. In business affairs we often see men who have succeeded in small matters become elated over their success, attempt larger enterprises, and fail; whereas, if they had been content to do such work and labor as they were competent to perform, they would have continued to succeed. This is true in all departments of human activity. Men attempt more than they are able to perform, and hence make failures.

"As a rule, we want to go too fast in striving for success in this world. Take the men who have made themselves masters in the callings to which they have de-

voted themselves. They usually began at the bottom; they did not attempt more than they were able to perform; they did not try to take too many steps at once; they climbed gradually till they reached the highest standard, the highest plane of excellence. This is one secret of attaining success in any line. If you would succeed in any calling, be content to begin at the bottom and work your way up to eminence. It is a great misfortune with many of us that we attempt things for which we are not prepared and attempt too much.

“In striving for intellectual attainments a great deal of time is lost by attempting to go too fast. We want to study the higher studies, the showy studies, and we pass over and ignore the minor studies. I recollect when I first entered school at Franklin College, Mr. Fanning, the president, asked me what I wanted to study. I told him I did not want to take the entire course of study; my idea then was to take a short course. I mentioned a few studies, and then I added: 'Philosophy.' He said: 'Why, philosophy would split your head wide open.' His idea was that I was trying to grow too fast, and I was. Many educators and many students make the mistake of trying to go too fast—not laying a good foundation in the elementary branches, and then going up, step by step. I venture to say that most of the difficulties of our students arise from that single fact; they are not willing to give time and attention to the elementary branches and make themselves thorough there.

“One great trouble with the American people is, we think we can conquer the world, and we fail to prepare ourselves as we should. This is manifest in many different fields of labor. A man who is engaged in the operation of machinery told me, not long ago, that he seldom found an American youth who would make a good machinist, because Americans will not take time to learn how to operate machinery. A plodding Englishman,

Irishman, or German will work patiently at a trade and learn it thoroughly, using the present opportunity as a stepping-stone to a higher position; but not so with the American. I want to impress upon us this thought: If we would attain success, we must consult, to some extent, our natural taste, and then we must be content to work patiently for success; we must take each step so as to make it a foundation for the succeeding one.

“This is true in religion. The same cause that produces failures in our business affairs produces failures in religion. There is great reproach brought upon the religion of Jesus Christ because of so many failures in the profession of the Christian religion. The great trouble is that we try to grow too fast, religiously; we try to take too long steps at once. We are not content to struggle with the difficulties that present themselves, one by one, in our own lives and to master them; we are not content to labor in our own households, at our own doors. We want to be some great one; we want to do some great work—something that suits our capacities better, we think, than the humble work close to our hands.,

“I do not think any larger proportion fail in religion than in other business. I do not believe there are more failures in religious work than in merchandising. The estimate made in Boston and New York is that only five out of every hundred succeed in business, and I do not believe that a larger per cent fail in religion than in other things. Some expect to occupy high positions in the religious world, and, failing in this, become dissatisfied and discouraged and turn back and walk with God no more. Great multitudes started out to follow the Savior, expecting to have an easy time and to enjoy the loaves and fishes; but when they saw the self-denial and labors and trials they must encounter, they began to drop off and turn back. When the Savior saw that many

of his disciples walked with him no more, a feeling of discouragement seems to have crept over his spirit, and he said to his chosen twelve: 'Will ye also go away?' Peter answered him: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.' I would have us look at these things and see that the way to permanent success in life, the way to attain true success in life, is to lay well the foundation—not to be in too great a hurry to attain eminence or high and exalted positions, but to be content to work our way gradually. I would say to these young people: If you would succeed in anything, you must be very painstaking and careful, must be willing to work slowly and patiently for success, always doing your best, and success is sure to come.

"I want to suggest a few thoughts along another line in reference to our work and our school here. I am as well satisfied to-day as I ever expect to be of anything in this world that the only true measure of success in any community comes from the development of the religious and intellectual element in that community. A religious element is an intellectual one. It is sometimes hard to separate them, to draw a distinction between the religious and the intellectual, the mind and the heart. I remember hearing, when I was a boy, a thought on this subject from old Brother Trott, who was not what you would call a 'learned man,' but who had studied carefully and was a thoughtful man. During an investigation of some question he said: 'Words are the representatives of ideas. The word is the material form, the external representation, of the idea; the idea lies back behind the word. Now, is that idea word or spirit? Which is it? That naked idea, the manifestation of which is found in words—is that spirit, or is it material?—I cannot answer that question; still, it frequently comes to me, and I feel like propounding it to others.

"Back of man's external, outer form there is a spirit—

ual being, and the development of that spiritual being is the great end and purpose of his existence here. Our education, our instruction, to be of permanent benefit to us, must be directed to the development of that inner man. The thought is presented in the Bible very clearly that the material is temporal and will soon pass away. I take it that this applies to the entire universe of God. There was a time when matter did not exist; there will again be a time when it shall not exist. When it has served its purpose here, it shall cease to be. The fleshly body, the external man, is simply the material instrument the spiritual man uses for its development. God has placed it here, that it may grow by means of its fleshly surroundings; and after the spiritual has developed, it does not need the flesh for a dwelling place. We see this in the lower forms of life, where there is a very low principle of life. This life feeds upon the material substance in which it is manifested until it is able to exhibit a form and maintain an existence independent of the material form in which it dwells; then it is freed from that material form and enters a higher life. This is an illustration that the Holy Spirit uses: The outer man shall pass away, and the inner man will go on to higher forms of existence through all the eternal years of God. I believe that the future state of existence is a state of constant development and growth.

“The great end and purpose we are to accomplish in this life is the development of that spiritual existence, that spiritual being, into fitness for higher spiritual associations than we can enjoy here. These spiritual relations are the permanent ones. Frequently people say: ‘It must be that in the future state we shall not know each other, for the reason that no one could be happy in the heavenly home with the consciousness that a son or a daughter, a husband or a wife, a father or a mother, or any loved one is suffering the anguish of eternal

death.' It is a little harrowing to disturb the thought that these earthly relations will continue, but that thought is contrary to the teaching of the Bible. Only the spiritual relations are permanent; the fleshly relations will end with this life. This produces the thought that if we would maintain present relations through all the years of eternity, we must form spiritual relations that will be stronger and more enduring than the fleshly ones. The mother that loves her child, the husband that loves his wife, and wishes to form relations that will never be broken must form spiritual relations that will last. The fleshly will fail; the spiritual will absorb the fleshly and will be eternal.

“These fleshly relations begin to fail here. My grandfather, who lived to be a very old man, had a favorite child whom he had not seen for many years. They had separated when the son was in comparatively early life, but the father cherished very fond recollection of his son. When I was a boy, that son committed suicide. He was a religious man, but in an aberration of mind he committed suicide. It was not told to my grandfather at once, fearing it would kill him; and, finally, it was put upon me, though I was only a lad, to break the news to him. I expected to see him greatly moved, but he was not. He said: 'Well, well; I am past the age when these things trouble me much.' The fleshly feelings were beginning to fade, to perish; they were losing their force. He believed he would see his son in the world beyond, and he could hear the news of his death without much emotion. Here in this world these fleshly relations begin to lose their power; and when we pass away, if they are not supplanted by stronger spiritual relations, the ties that bind us now will be forever broken and severed. If we would retain the nearness of the relationship through the years of eternity, we must form spiritual relationships here.

“I want to speak to the students of the interest the teachers feel in them. I want to impress all of them with that thought. The work we teachers do here of a spiritual and intellectual nature corresponds closely to that which the father and the mother do for the child in the fleshly relations of life. When a man imparts to others the principles and spiritual truths that enter into, and affect and control, his own soul, if you will allow the expression—and it is one the Holy Spirit uses—he begets spiritual children. Teachers impart a portion of their spiritual existence to those they instruct. In this labor and toil to direct and control and develop the spiritual natures of those they instruct, they are cementing ties stronger than any fleshly ones can be. We may not be sensible of it, for we feel the fleshly relations now more keenly than we do the spiritual; but the time will come when the fleshly feelings shall fail, and the spiritual work done here in the direction of developing the inner, higher nature will produce stronger relations than that of parent and child.

“I want the students of this school to realize this. I want you to realize the interest that your parents, spiritual and intellectual, feel in your welfare. The relationship between teachers and pupils is a permanent, lasting, indestructible relationship. While it may not be so intense while we are in the flesh as is the feeling of the fleshly parent for the fleshly child, it is more enduring, and it will remain when the fleshly relation is broken. I want you to realize that your teachers have imparted to you of their own being. A father, in begetting a child, imparts some of his own being to that child; he loses some of his own vigor. We cannot give away a portion of our material existence or possessions without losing what we impart, but in the intellectual and spiritual world this is not true. The more of his knowledge or spirituality a man imparts, the more he has left. Our

intellectual and spiritual vigor has not been diminished, but increased and multiplied, by the efforts we have made to impart intellectual and spiritual instruction to you, and we have formed relationships and associations that Cannot be broken in time or eternity. I want us to go forth realizing that the strong and lasting relations that will abide when earth and earthly surroundings have passed away will be the spiritual and the intellectual, and that the man who succeeds is the man who most highly develops his spiritual and his intellectual nature.

“I have sometimes said, and I wish to repeat it in our parting hour, that if we devote our time to the gaining of riches, then the development of our spiritual nature is a failure. If the end and aim of our existence is to amass riches, then our spiritual life will be a failure. Mr. Ingersoll said one thing worthy of being remembered: 'A million dollars is worth no more to a man than a million cravats.' A man can no more use profitably a million dollars than he can use a million cravats. A man might gather to himself a million cravats, and what would they be worth to him? He may heap to himself a million dollars; but when he has gained it, he finds how empty and vain it all is. Money does not bring happiness. I saw, not long ago, an account of a royal feast given by Mr. Rockefeller, that man of many millions, to some of his associates. Every delicacy that could be produced was on the table, but he had to content himself with a dish of gruel and milk.

“Every dollar a man has that he does not use for the good of the human family is a weight to him. If he uses his money for himself alone, it will be a weight to drag him down. If we use our intellectual attainments to bring evil upon men, instead of good, then our intellectual attainments will be weights to drag us down. Money does not bring happiness, nor do the honors of this world bring happiness. A man may be a General

Lee, a General Grant, or he may become President of the United States; but when the honors are his, he finds how empty and fading they are.

“If we would make our lives successful in the higher and better sense of doing eternal good, gaining laurels that will not fade, but will endure through the eternal years of God, let us strive to do our duty. This will bring lasting honor, this will gain the approval of God in this world and in the world to come. Let us do patiently and carefully, day after day, the duty, the service, that lies nearest our hand. We cannot otherwise succeed, in the highest and best sense.”

REMARKS BY W. H. SUTTON.

“I appreciate your kindness in inviting me to speak, but I feel that it would be an injustice to all for me to try to talk under these circumstances. I have enjoyed the exercises, and I feel greatly interested in the noble work that I am sure is being done here. I would be glad to say anything that would tend to encourage you in this work. I labor, usually, in regions remote from this place; but I am glad to say that your influence is being felt far and wide—throughout the limits of my work. Many of your pupils go out among the churches with a fund of scriptural knowledge and a spirit of loyalty and self-sacrificing devotion to the truth, and are accomplishing great good. The encouragement you are giving to the study of the Bible in our schools is bearing good fruit in arousing many to a sense of their responsibility in this important matter. It is to be regretted that we did not realize the importance of this work long ago. There is no other book so helpful in the development of character, no other that furnishes such wise and practical precepts and principles for the regulation of our lives and the promotion of our happiness and well-being. The hope of the human race to-day is in the more thorough

teaching of the Scriptures to the young. This should be done in the family, in the schoolroom, and in the church. I am sure you are here encouraging young men and young women to devote themselves to the noblest and worthiest ends of living. I wish the brethren everywhere could see and appreciate the character of work you are doing, and come to seek fellowship in the same by helping and encouraging it in every way.

"Now, I pray that God's blessing may rest upon your work, that your facilities for doing good may be greatly increased, that this institution may be put upon a permanent basis and its influence reach unto generations yet unborn."

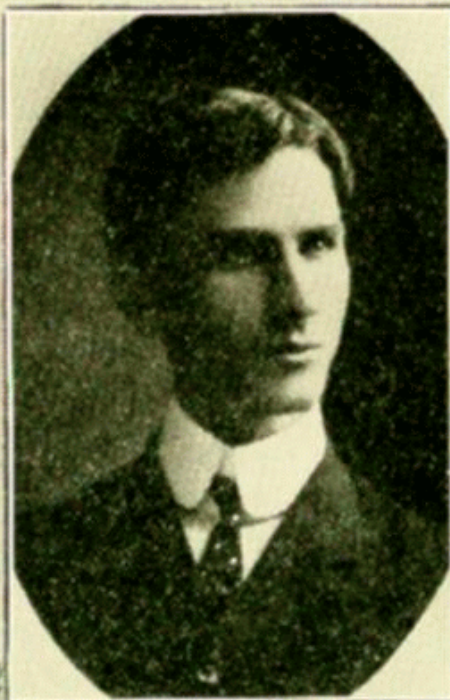
ADDRESS BY T. B. LARIMORE.

"Long, long ago, when I was a little child, in East Tennessee, at the close of a series of excitements supposed to be religious, many experiences were related and received as proof positive of pardon—as evidence of fitness for church membership—a certain gentleman and his wife being of those who were ready to render a reason for the hope that was in them. The gentleman, whom his wife affectionately called 'Johnnie,' related his marvelous, mysterious, miraculous experience first: and the church unanimously voted to 'take him in.' When his wife's experience was demanded, she sweetly said, 'Mine's just like Johnnie's;' and they took her in, of course. As Brother Sutton has said so much in so few words, and said it so well, probably I should simply say: 'Mine's just like Brother Sutton's'—'only this and nothing more.' But when Brother Anderson looked at me so pleadingly and said so earnestly, 'Brother Larimore, please say *something*,' I felt that, while it was not, and is not, possible, of course, for me to say better things than those that have preceded me have said, I could not and should not resist that pleading look and pleading language of a beloved schoolmate, friend and brother.

“These exercises have been delightfully pleasant and profitable to me—to all of us, of course. All who have preceded me have suggested beautiful, practical, valuable thoughts. I am glad your diplomas are printed in plainest, purest English; and I recognize as good the reasons Brother Anderson has rendered therefor. He suggests that if this world ever has a universal language, it will be the English tongue. I am not disposed to question the correctness of the suggestion; and, to me, it is delightful to think that, if we ever have a universal language, the sweet syllables of English speech shall be heard from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

“The worthy young people who have received degrees so justly theirs have furnished food for thought that may bless us all. One has suggested that 'it is better to build castles in the air than to not build at all.' Probably all of us have built castles in the air; and some of us have been working at that trade, without serving an apprenticeship, for fifty long years. Many of the castles we have built in the air have perished with fondest hopes and truest hearts and dearest friends of long ago; but they may have made us happier, may have helped us over hard places in life's rugged road, and may bless us and others in time and in eternity, even though memory may have long since ceased to retain them. '

“In the days of my childhood, a good man, hoping to encourage and help me, said to me, late in the fall, after crops had all been made and harvested: 'Theophilus, if you'll clear that piece of ground [consisting of about three acres], I'll give you a pretty little red calf.' I had seen the calf; and the very thought of owning it made me happy. He said, 'You may think that is too much work for one little calf; but you have to have firewood, and, as the ground to be cleared is close to the house in which you live, you can get all the wood you need as you clear the ground. You'll be getting firewood and



MISS MARTHA J. GERMAN.
CLARENCE M. COCKRELL.

JAMES L. GERMAN, JR.
SAMUEL I. JONES.

paying for the calf at the same time.' That seemed to be genuinely generous, as well as fortunate for me—and it was. I was glad and grateful; and certainly had good reason to be.

"With a happy, hopeful heart and a good sharp ax, I went to work at once; but I built a beautiful castle in the air before I cut a tree or broke a twig. No dream of failure or doubt of success distressed or disturbed me. My castle in the air was to be a blissful reality. The calf was to be mine when the work was done. I said to myself: 'When this work is done, I'll have one calf; some time, somehow, I'll get another; and, finally, I'll have a yoke of oxen.' That was castle building on a large scale; but my extravagant calculations seemed safe and conservative to me. I knew a man who would, I thought, make me an ox yoke, for a week's work, and some stout boys who would gladly help me 'break' the oxen—that is, teach them to work. So, I joyously anticipated the blissful time when I could haul wood and water with my own team. That castle in the air helped me to clear the ground I had agreed to clear, by making me strong, hopeful and happy in anticipation of the affluence that awaited me. There were no large trees to be cut, of course; but there were bushes and briers and vines too numerous to be numbered. It was rough work, but work that a child could do; and I was glad to do it. I really do not remember that I ever tired at all. I worked all day, and sometimes at night—when the nights were clear and bright. I carried the wood to the house, raked the leaves into heaps, and 'piled the brush.' Then some boys were invited to come and have a good time with me. We spent the night burning anything and everything on the ground that would blaze or burn. When morning dawned I was the proud proprietor of a calf.

"But one calf was only half a team, half a fortune;

and I wanted the other half. Another calf seemed to be an absolute necessity. Humanity is weak. Avarice is hard to satisfy. The more we have, the more we want. There was a certain rich man in the community in which we lived, who didn't own 'the cattle on a thousand hills,' but who, like Abraham, 'was very rich in cattle, in silver,, and in gold,' as also in many slaves and much land; so I decided to get the coveted calf from him. On my way to work I went through his pasture whenever convenient—and I usually made it convenient—to select what I wanted, till I decided which calf I would take. Then I tried to go that way every day, to see what promised such pleasure and profit to me and my mother; for whatever made me happy made her happy, too. The calf was a beauty, just like mine. I described it to my mother till she could have identified it anywhere. I wanted to inform the owner that I had decided to buy it; but felt about that as many a timid, bashful boy has felt about mentioning to some sweet girl a matter of superlative importance to them both. The calf was worth about three dollars. I got four dollars a month for plowing then; but I was perfectly, willing to plow forty days, if necessary, for that calf. So, of course, all I had to do, to consummate the contract, was to tell the owner of the calf that I would take it.

“Finally I went, one morning, to where he was salting his stock, and timidly told him all about it. He said nothing for a few moments; but he smiled a smile that embarrassed me very much, and almost made me wish I was not there. Then he said: 'You couldn't pay for that calf in a lifetime, and live. It's all you can do to live, anyhow. The calf's not worth more than two or three dollars now; but, four years from now, it will be worth forty dollars in gold. I have so many cattle that I can never miss what this one eats. They live, grow and get fat on the mountains every year. I have to feed

them only about five months in the year; and I always have more feed than I need. Why, then, should I sell this calf? In four years, it will be worth forty dollars; but *you'll never be worth that much.*' Thus perished my hopes of prosperity. My heart sighed, my castle in the air vanished, and I went home, crushed, discouraged and distressed—almost brokenhearted—to tell my troubles to my mother, who always consoled and encouraged me; but that castle in the air had helped me to clear the land I had cleared, and how much other good it may have done, no mortal knows.

“Many years after that eventful morning, when in the midst of one of my very best and greatest meetings, surrounded by a great surging sea of hearts and faces dear to me, preaching 'the unsearchable riches of Christ' to hundreds who loved me and rejoiced to hear me tell the story of Jesus and his love, I suddenly and unexpectedly saw that poor old man—that man that didn't sell me the calf. He had pressed through the throng and was seated at my feet, so near me, that I could have laid my hand upon his head. Storms of trouble and 'tempests of tribulation had bowed and bent and broken him; poverty had visited him; loved ones had left him. Old, disconsolate, distressed, wayworn and weary, he was ready to drop, like ripe fruit, into the bosom of the earth. Had it been possible, I would then have gladly made him as happy as he could have made me on that memorable morning when he made me miserable by refusing to sell me the coveted calf.

"We go through life building castles in the air. When one dissolves, vanishes, disappears forever, we build another; and so on, as long as we live. If, air-castle builders though we be, we always do the right, success is sure. As Brother Lipscomb has assured us, we shall succeed, if we always do our best; and only the right can ever be best. Remember, skill and science

may be necessary in all we do. This thought was "beautifully brought out by one of the addresses we have heard: that scientific education may be serviceable even in the digging of a ditch. That reminded me that John Sharp and Patrick Walker—a son of Erin—once dug a ditch on the former's farm, to divert a beautiful brook from its channel. They worked patiently till they dug the ditch from the other end, half a mile distant, to and into the brook; but the brook, to their astonishment and disappointment, moved steadily on in its channel; and never even so much as noticed the ditch. Just then 'Dee' Sharp, a brother of John's, appeared on the scene, and kindly explained that the trouble was due to a serious deficiency in education—that *that* water had never been taught to run uphill!

"One of the four graduates. has informed us, very sweetly and correctly, that 'character determines destiny.' Dollars may, and dollars do, directly and indirectly, have much to do with destiny, as Brother Lipscomb has told us—wealth properly used, blessing; improperly used, cursing—but it is true, nevertheless, that 'character determines destiny.' 'God is no respecter of persons,' but he is a respecter of character; hence, 'in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.' I rejoice that the young people who have been blessed by association with each other, with teachers, and with other friends here, are prepared to build such characters as will make their destiny the destiny devoutly to be desired.

"Another one of the four has just as correctly assured us that 'true manhood always dares to do the right;' and the same is true of true womanhood. True, genuine nobility of character always dares to do the right. This makes me appreciate all the more the blessed privileges enjoyed by the pupils of this institution during the dozen

years of its existence. Then I build another castle in the air, thinking of its influence during generations and centuries to come, as it buds and blossoms and bears fruit in a semi-sacred spot not far away. True, genuine nobility of character, in man, woman or child, always dares to do the right. As generations have been born and buried, and centuries have silently slipped away, the tide of opposition to the right has always been very strong, and never stronger than now; but there is divine assurance of sublime success, temporal and eternal, to all who always dare to do the right.

“I revere the old, who, battle-scarred and weary, are waiting for their welcome home, while still fighting for the right to which their all has been gladly given; I love the young, the brave, the true, who, while hoping to live long on the earth, where temptations to do wrong are so numerous and so strong, have the moral courage to not float with the current or drift with the tide; who are brave enough and true enough to always dare to do the right. The temptations that try the young are terrible: therefore, sublimely sublime is the brave, blessed boy or girl, young man or young woman, in the service of the Lord, who will stand up for Jesus, cling to the cross, and battle for the right, even if all the earth go wrong. The four young people who have just received diplomas from this institution have that character; they belong to that sublime class. Dr. Ward has tersely told us of the life they have lived, of the course they have completed, of the record they have made, here; and Dr. Ward knows. He has watched them, taught them, loved them, led them. He knows them; I know them. I know whence they came, who they are and what they are. To me. they are children to a father who loves them. Because I believe it is true, and because I want to give them their due—and, therefore, want to encourage them now and through eventful years to come, en-

courage them to always do the right—I now publicly predict that they will all be 'steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,' till Heaven shall call them home.

"I have never appreciated anything my great teacher, Tolbert Fanning, 'the greatest Roman of them all,' ever said to me or of me more than this: 'You may never amass a fortune; you may never be rich; but you will never depart from the faith, or bring reproach upon the cause of Christ.' If I have not brought reproach upon the cause of Christ, how much that prediction has had to do with sustaining me and keeping me in the right, mortal man may never know. May the Lord grant that my prediction concerning these four precious young people, coming from the depths of a heart that loves them dearly and that has unbounded confidence in them, may be with them to bless them—to encourage, strengthen and sustain them—long years after my body shall have gone to the grave and my spirit into the bliss of the boundless beyond.

"I speak of these four because of their having just completed the prescribed course and received their degrees, as well as for other good reasons; but I believe what I have said may be safely predicted of, and properly and appropriately applied to all who are brought under the influence, and thoroughly imbibe the spirit of this institution, this place and this people. I do not expect to ever hear of any of these young people's departing from the faith, disgracing their alma mater, or bringing reproach upon the cause of Christ. I believe they will all 'be faithful unto death,' and therefore receive 'a crown of life.'

"It appears that, so far as degrees and diplomas are concerned, Texas has 'taken the cake' this time. That does not necessarily prove that Texas is better than Tennessee, however. Tennessee, Texas, Arkansas, Ala-

bama, Georgia, Mississippi, Kentucky, Oregon, Missouri, Canada, Japan and all other States and countries represented here 'meet upon the level and part upon the square.' In this institution they are all one; as we who crowd this hall are one in Christ Jesus our Lord. Some day Canada may claim and receive from this school honors similar to those conferred upon the fortunate four to-day; while Japan—the 'Island Empire'—and other empires, States and countries may be similarly blessed. May the Lord bless us all, regardless of whence we come or whither we go, in always doing the right. The castles we build in the air may be dissolved; but there is 'a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God,' that shall endure forever. The day is not far distant when upon the enraptured vision of some of us the light of that beautiful city shall fall. May all of us finally meet there, to enjoy the bliss, the beauties, and the glories of that bright home of the soul while the eternal ages come and go.

“You who have lived and loved and labored together here are about to wander away from this pleasant place, some of you to return no more forever. Sadly and softly some of you will say 'Good-by,' as you part to meet no more. May the Lord always abundantly bless you all, making you useful and happy wherever you may be. Of course, you realize that there are troubles awaiting you. All who live long in this world have trials and troubles to endure. 'Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward;' but I want to suggest this to you: Try to be happy to-day; try to be happy to-morrow; 'trust in God, and do the right,' and try to be happy every day. Bravely bear your burdens, meekly endure your sorrows and suffering, and never make yourselves miserable by anticipating troubles that may never be. An intelligent woman recently gave me an illustration that shows the absurdity of worrying over troubles that may never be.

A man, prowling around in the woods one dark night, in a strange land, suddenly plunged headlong over a precipice. As he went down he instinctively threw out his hands—as a drowning man, it is said, will grasp at a straw—and caught hold of a shrub, held onto it with all his might, and was thus suspended between the heavens and the earth. He shrieked and cried and prayed, hoping for help; but no mortal heard him, and no help came. He thought of the horrible death that awaited him, and of the grief of loved ones when they should find his mangled body down, down, down, in the depths of the gloomy gulf at the foot of that awful precipice. Finally, his strength failing so that he could support his weight no longer he commended his soul to God, released his hold, and fell—*six inches!*—fell upon a perfectly dry, safe, sound, solid, smooth place; waited, afraid to move, till dawn of day; and then, without the slightest danger or difficulty, walked away. Thus do we often worry over troubles that never come. Be brave; be cheerful; be happy. Do your duty as wisely and well as you can, and then gladly leave the results with Him from whom all blessings come.

“I have talked long enough. You believe I love you, and I know I do, and I am ready, willing and anxious to bless you in every way I can; but the best thing I can do for you now is to quit. A Sunday-school lecturer who had lectured long and lectured loud, till he had exhausted the patience of the school, at last paused a moment and said: 'And now, my dear children, what shall I say next?' A sweet, patient little treasure, who had endured the torture almost as long as she could, said: 'Please, sir, say "Amen!"' So, now, wishing you, all you love and all who love you, the fullest fruition of your hallowed hopes and holy desires, for time and for eternity, I simply say, 'Amen.'”

CHAPTER XII.

Sermon—Dispersion and Distress of the Jews.

"BUT without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him" (Heb. 11:6.)

The discourse immediately preceding this closed with the fulfillment of the prophecy, fifteen hundred years after it was recorded, that a mother in high life, in affluent circumstances, during the siege of Jerusalem, would eat her own child. The recording of that prophecy proved that the prophet believed himself to be inspired, and the fulfillment of it proved that he was inspired. No sane, sober, sensible man in all this goodly land, having any respect for himself and regard for his reputation as a weather prophet, would risk that reputation by deliberately recording, and permitting the world to know he had recorded, the exceedingly improbable prediction that the temperature in Tennessee would be one hundred and seventeen in the shade on the first day of next January, or that there would be ice seventeen inches thick over all the lakes and pools and ponds and streams of sufficient depth in Tennessee, on the fourth day of next July; and all of us can readily and easily understand why. The predictions would be so exceedingly improbable that no sane, sober, sensible man would even seriously entertain the thought of uttering or recording them.

But suppose some man, three years ago—not five times three hundred years ago, but only three years ago—had

proclaimed and recorded those very predictions, including both the January temperature and the July ice, making them known all over the land, and suppose we should find, on the first day of next January, the temperature in the shade all over Tennessee to be one hundred and seventeen, and should find ice seventeen inches thick over all the ponds and pools and lakes and streams of sufficient depth in Tennessee on the fourth day of next July; or, to express the same thoughts in other and fewer words, suppose we should find that these exceedingly improbable predictions were literally fulfilled, it would certainly be much more, infinitely more, in harmony with every principle of reason and common sense to concede the claim of that man—his claim *to* be inspired—to be correct, than to believe, claim and contend that he, as a mere man, a deceiver or a deluded, instead of a divinely-inspired, man, simply guessed, with absolute accuracy, such exceedingly improbable things, they actually occurring exactly where, when and as he guessed and said and wrote they would. The prediction we have just considered is only one of many exceedingly improbable predictions recorded in the Bible which have been literally fulfilled; and, if we may reasonably doubt the fulfillment of "it, we may just as reasonably doubt all history, tradition, too, and refuse to accept as true anything we do not absolutely know. Then we could not please God, for what we absolutely know we do not and cannot believe—knowledge is not, never has been, and never can be, faith; and "without faith it is impossible to please him."

In the last—sixty-eighth—verse of Deut. 28 is a prediction that, immediately after the siege and destruction of Jerusalem—unquestionably that is the time to which the writer refers—immediately after the overthrow, devastation and destruction of "the city of the great king," in which terrible time of death, devastation, desolation

and destruction two-thirds of the Jews should perish by pestilence, famine and sword, the remnant should be sold as bondmen and bondwomen, and no man should buy them. This looks like a contradiction. Indeed, it is as nearly a palpable contradiction as there is in the Bible, so far as I know. Viewed through the mists of skepticism it really seems to be ridiculously absurd. They should be sold as servants, as slaves, as sheep are sold and slaughtered in the shambles, and none should buy! How could they be sold unless some one should buy them? The Spirit that inspired the man who recorded that prediction knew that responsible people who were willing and anxious to understand the truth could, would and should readily and easily understand how both these declarations could be true; and both were literally fulfilled, exactly when, where and as prophecy said they should be fulfilled. Prophecy said they should be sold as slaves, and history says they were thus sold.

Prophecy also said none should buy them; and history clearly verifies that statement. History no more clearly reveals anything than that, immediately after the devastation, desolation and destruction of Jerusalem, ninety thousand captive Jews were carried to various slave markets and exposed for sale as slaves or for gladiatorial exhibitions; and that the selling and buying continued until, the demand being supplied, no one would bid or buy; and therefore the traffic ceased. They were sold as bondmen and bondwomen, to do drudgery for those who bought them; or, to be put into the arena to fight with wild beasts for the amusement of their owners and others who enjoyed such sport! As long as they were sold they were bought, and as long as they were bought they were sold; but there came a time when, the demand being fully supplied, none would buy. Then, of course, the traffic ceased; and thus the letter and the spirit of prophecy were both plainly and com-

pletely fulfilled. This prediction was recorded before the children of Israel crossed the Jordan into the promised land. The town subsequently called Jerusalem was to them unknown at that time. But, fifteen hundred years after the prediction was recorded, it was literally fulfilled, as history clearly shows and positively proves. How did the man who wrote Deuteronomy know that, after fifteen hundred years should have come and gone, Jerusalem should be destroyed and captive Jews sold as slaves till none would buy them? He wrote by inspiration from on high. There is no other satisfactory answer to that question.

We have, thus far, in this investigation, all of us, necessarily walked by faith: those of us who believe the Bible, by faith in God, Christ, the Holy Spirit and, therefore, the holy scriptures, as well as human history, profane history, where proof has been drawn from such history; all others, by faith in history—secular, but not sacred. Of course we have all been walking by faith in the human or the divine or both. No mortal really knows that Jerusalem was ever destroyed, or that the Jerusalem that was destroyed ever existed, or that an ancient Roman soldier ever lived or died; but we all believe these things, because history tells us of them. We have now reached a point, however, where we can emerge from the dim twilight of human history into the brighter light of actual observation and personal experience, in prosecuting this investigation; but we still accept, and believe we practically know, many things we simply read or hear.

From Deut. 28 we learn that the remnant of the Jews, after the destruction of Jerusalem, should be dispersed from the "rivers to the ends of the earth, among all nations, throughout the length and breadth of the habitable globe. This was a very improbable prediction, to say the least of it; and it seemed that the Lord Almighty

had so arranged as to positively preclude the barest possibility of the fulfillment of this, his own prediction. The religion of the jews, if we may regard them as a nation, was a national religion: if we may regard them as a family, it was a family religion. God required them—the entire nation, or family—to assemble in one place, definitely designated by himself, at stated times not many days or weeks or months apart. As all civilized nations and enlightened people practically—though not positively—know, the facilities for traveling were very crude then as compared with those of the present day, and this made it necessary for them to stay close together, in a very small country or small part of a larger country, that they might assemble at short intervals, as God demanded.

There were other restrictions prescribed by Jehovah that necessarily tended to perpetually confine them to a small territory. They were not allowed to intimately mix and mingle socially with the Gentiles; and all human beings, the Hebrews excepted, were Gentiles. All human inhabitants of earth are either Jews or Gentiles. Or, to express it a little more definitely, accurately and correctly, every man, woman or child on earth is either Hebrew, Jew or Gentile. Jews, Hebrews, were positively forbidden by the Lord to enter into matrimonial alliances with Gentiles. No Hebrew could become or be the husband or the wife of a "Gentile, without defying the Lord Almighty, setting at naught divine law. Viewed from a strictly human point of view, it would seem that the great I AM had resolved, determined, decreed, that the Hebrews should live together forever, as sheep in one pasture, one fold; and had, therefore, given them a law that positively precluded the possibility of their ever being scattered; but the great lawgiver of Israel, who received, on the shaking summit of cloud-shrouded Sinai, the law written on tables of stone, de-

clared that, if the Hebrews departed from the law of the Lord, they should be dispersed from the rivers to the ends of the earth—among all the nations beneath the stars.

History records the fulfillment of this improbable prediction. History tells us the Hebrews were, long ago, dispersed among all nations; and we can emerge from the light of history into the brighter light of positive knowledge, and see them thus dispersed to-day. We can look abroad over the earth, and see this prediction—now not simply fifteen hundred, but more than thirty-three hundred, more than one-third of ten thousand, years old—in actual, literal fulfillment every day and every hour. From our own observation, from the press, from intelligent travelers, from all sources from which we receive reliable information, we can safely deduce the correct conclusion that this prediction is in process of literal fulfillment now. It is as nearly a matter of positive knowledge with us as anything we accept, and must accept, on universal, unquestioned and unquestionable testimony, or evidence, given by the human race, that the Hebrews have been scattered over all the earth. To the North, to the South, to the East, to the West; to the cities, to the towns, to the rural districts; to the mountains, to the valleys; to the continents, to the isles of the sea, they have gone. Wheresoever human beings wear clothes, enterprising, energetic, shrewd sons of Abraham have gone, to sell them to them. They are in that dispersed condition now; a marvelous, mysterious family, promiscuously scattered over the face of all the earth; a nation, without a country; a family, without a home; a wonderful, perpetual, mysterious, marvelous, if not indeed miraculous, absolutely unanswerable proof of the literal fulfillment of prophecy now more than one-third of ten thousand years old.

It was also predicted, by the same prophet, at the same

time, that, in this dispersed condition, they should find no permanent resting place for their feet. While they might become and be, as they have become and are, money-makers, money changers, money lenders, marvelous financiers, they were never to become or be the world's real-estate owners. They should live in all lands—in all countries and climes inhabited by the sons and daughters of men—but should never own much land. In other words, they should find no permanent resting place for their feet; but should be tossed upon the restless bosom of the sea of life, like billows on the bosom of the rocking, surging, sighing sea. Nothing is, or ever has been, more clearly verified, in any respect or in any way, than the literal fulfillment of this prediction, in the history, as well as the present condition, of the Jews. For approximately two thousand years, they have been wanderers, having no permanent abiding place, no country to call their own; partly because of the appalling persecutions they have endured, partly because of their disinclination to take deep root and grow permanently in any land.

Six times they have been banished from Spanish soil, a royal Spanish decree making it death for any Jew to be found on territory over which the Spanish flag had special right to wave; but whensoever such royal edict has been revoked, they have gone back to Spanish soil for Spanish gold, as water flows on in its natural channel, when the object obstructing or diverting it has been removed. In our country, the land that we love, and that we rejoice to call the "land of the free and the home of the brave," they have a better opportunity to take root and grow—to own the land on which they live—than in any other country on the face of the earth; yet it is known by all who seriously study the subject that Jews own very little real estate in America. Millions of them have lived in America; our own country,

the United States of America, claims one million of them now. As centuries have come and gone, and generations have been born and buried, they have been, and they still are, in a marvelous degree, the financial power of the United States and of all America; but they own comparatively very little real estate.

The African population of our country has been free scarcely forty years—little longer than the average life of a generation. Brought from Africa in a state of barbarism nearly three centuries ago, and held in slavery, ignorance and poverty—profound ignorance and perfect poverty—about two hundred and fifty years, the negroes of America have and handle but little money, and have never had or handled much; yet it is safe to say they own ten times, if not, indeed, one hundred times, as much land in the United States as the Jews, who were here long before an African slave ever saw America, who have been here and been successful almost from the day of the discovery of America till now, having and handling more money than any other race or class in proportion to their number. Does this mean nothing? It was predicted, one-third of ten thousand years ago, that the Jews, dispersed and despised, should find no resting place for their feet. The literal fulfillment of that prophecy began nearly twenty centuries ago, and has continued, perpetually, down to the present day. Was and is that prediction, carefully recorded more than thirty-three hundred years ago, a mere guess? If not, it was made by inspiration divine; and, if the latter is true, the Bible is the book of God, the expressed will of the Lord.

Thousands of years ago, it was predicted, written, recorded, that the Jews should "become an astonishment, a proverb, and a byword, among all nations whither the Lord" should lead' them. (Deut. 28:37.) It was also predicted that they should become and be a perpetual reproach among all nations. According to predictions,

then, that Christians believe to have been divinely inspired, predictions that constitute part of the Bible, the book that Christians believe to be the inspired word of the living God, the Jews were to become, and perpetually be, till Time's knell should be sounded, an astonishment, a reproach, a proverb and a byword among all nations. Now, let us reason together—let us honestly, conscientiously and diligently consider these things. Are the Jews not an astonishment? Is not their history the most astonishing story ever told? Are they not the miracle of the ages?

They were to be a perpetual reproach. Has not that prediction been literally fulfilled? Is it not in process of literal fulfillment to-day? They have always been a respectable, but never, at least during the last two thousand years, a properly respected people. They have never, intentionally, been a disturbing element, anywhere. They have been unavoidably, unintentionally and unwillingly the occasion, but never the real cause, of disturbances. They have been, and are, marvelously free from lawlessness—from anything of a criminal character. There is not a more law-abiding people, race or nation beneath the stars than the Hebrews. There is not a cleaner race on earth. There is not a race on earth furnishing better examples in temporal affairs for the universal brotherhood of man than the Hebrews. Intelligent, industrious, quiet, polite and prosperous, seeking and loving peace, opposed to war, meekly submitting to outrage and injury, rather than resent an insult or avenge a wrong, they are, nevertheless, reproached and treated with contempt, simply and solely because they are Jews. They are accustomed to such treatment from the cradle to the grave. As constantly and closely as a shadow follows the substance that casts it, so constantly and closely does cruel reproach follow the devoted sons

and daughters of Abraham wheresoever they wander, wheresoever they go, wheresoever they dwell.

Once, when my work was in Louisville, Ky., treatment Jewish children received from Gentile children created disturbances in the public schools of that city. Gentile children absolutely drove Jewish children from school, by tantalizing them by applying to them various terms of reproach, running after them on the streets, on their playgrounds and elsewhere, crying "Sheeny," "Sheeny," and other tantalizing epithets. Probably not even one child in Louisville "who thus tantalized and tortured Jewish children knew what "Sheeny," as well as other terms they thus used, meant. I'm sure I don't know what "Sheeny," thus applied, means. They simply knew it was tantalizing and torturing to Jewish children, as a term of reproach. The Jews paid their full pro rata of taxation, of course, and paid it without protest; but their children were regarded as a reproach and driven from the public schools, and thus temporarily deprived of important privileges for which their persecuted parents had paid, in literal fulfillment of prophecy then thirty-three hundred years old.

During one of my series of meetings at Fort Smith, Ark., Jewish children were driven from public schools there by Gentile children in the same strange way. Captain Vaughn's home was my home during that series of meetings; and his wife told me she had never had better neighbors than the people composing the Jewish family living on the corner diagonally across the street from her home. She said they had always been, in sickness, in health, in sorrow and in joy, model neighbors—friends loyal, faithful and true. She said she always felt perfectly satisfied, being sure her children were safe, when her little girls were spending a day in that Hebrew home, or when the children of that Hebrew family were spending a day with her children in her home. She knew her

children were in good, chaste, clean company when they were with that Hebrew family Notwithstanding she was correct in all her conclusions concerning that family, those, and other, inoffensive Hebrew children were literally driven from_ the city schools by a merciless storm of reproach from Gentile children. There was absolutely no reason why they should be so treated; still, such was the treatment they received. How did the man who, more than thirty-three hundred years ago, recorded the prediction that the Hebrews should become and be a reproach among all nations, reach that correct conclusion? Did he simply guess that and all other predictions he recorded—predictions we absolutely know have been literally fulfilled? If not, then he was inspired from on high.

It was predicted that the Jews should be a proverb and a byword among all the nations wheresoever they should go. All over this land Gentiles use, in reference to Jews, bywords and proverbs that have no foundation in truth, justice or right. For instance: we say, "That beats the Jews"—say it without. any regard whatever to whether Jews have ever had anything to do in reference to that of which we are speaking. A few years ago, I read, in a religious paper, an editorial headed, "We can beat the Jews." From the beginning to the end of that editorial, there was not a single, solitary reference to anything the Jews are even supposed to have ever done. It had reference, indeed, to things with which the Jews have never had anything to do. Still, that great editor, a learned man, headed the article, "We can beat the Jews." When he did that, he fulfilled a prophecy thirty-three hundred years old.

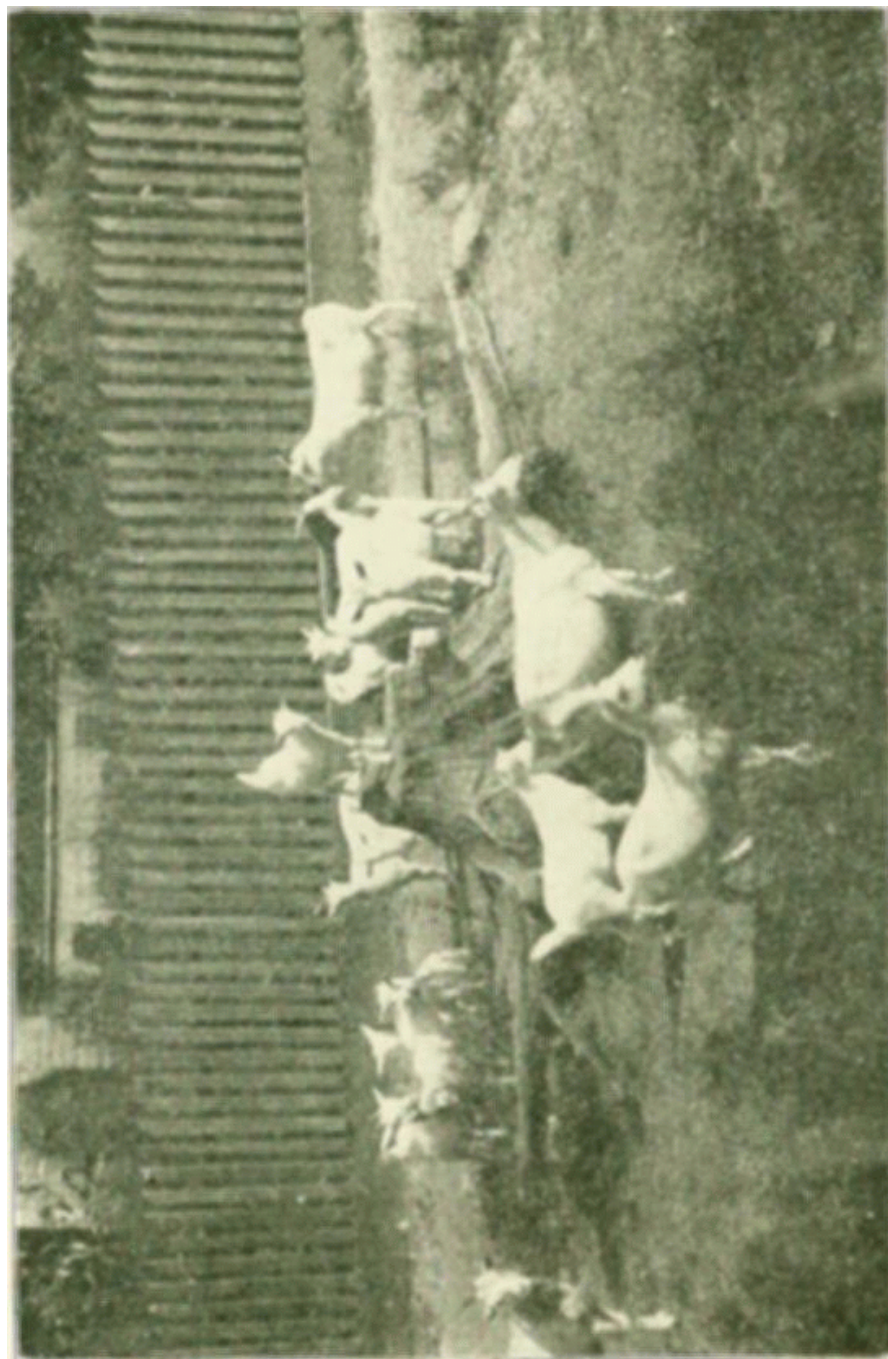
We—when I say "we" in this connection, I mean Gentiles—all over the land say, "as ugly as a Jew." Is there any justice, or truth, or right in the use of that expression? Not unless to be a Jew is necessarily to

be proverbially ugly. There is a distinction between the terms "Hebrews" and "Jews" that should be understood. Jews are not necessarily Hebrews. Hebrews are not necessarily Jews. Hebrews, with comparatively few exceptions, are Jews; but there are many Jews who are not Hebrews. Hebrews are descendants of Abraham through Isaac and Jacob. Jews are those who believe in, and practice, Judaism. If we should be converted to Judaism—should accept that religious faith and enter into the worship of the synagogue—we would be Jews, but not Hebrews; and the Jew's would not average any better in looks than they do now. Is it true that Jews are an especially ugly people? I am willing to admit, because I believe it to be true, that some of them—some of the men, I mean—are not, strictly speaking, beauties; but the same is true of some Gentiles of whom I have heard. Still, I never hear the expression "as ugly as a Gentile," except when I use it myself in this connection. People say, "as ugly as a Jew," but never "as ugly as a Gentile," though some Gentiles are not better looking than they might be if they were handsomer.

I have tried to find some reason for the expression "as ugly as a Jew." When my work was in Louisville, Friday and Saturday nights of each week were the only nights on which I had no public work to perform. Saturday night was preparation night; but on Friday night I had an opportunity to go to the synagogue on the corner of Sixth and Broadway, to hear Rabbi Moses lecture. I have never been treated anywhere more respectfully, courteously or kindly than in that synagogue. A seat was assigned me where I could see almost the entire audience and also the speaker, without being, or appearing, impolite. As I occupied that seat, listened to the learned lecturer and looked at his audience, I thought of the expression "as ugly as a Jew," and stud-

ied carefully to decide whether, taking that audience as a fair sample of Jewish audiences, there was any justice, any truth, any right in that "ugly" expression. I looked in vain for reason to justify such conclusion. The audience assembled in that synagogue was the peer, in point of beauty, of any Gentile audience I meet anywhere. Some of the most beautiful, bewitching, captivating, entrancing faces I have ever seen were the faces of daughters of Sarahs, Rebeccas and Rachels of modern times assembled in that synagogue. Indeed, the beauty of Jewish women is proverbial, notwithstanding the fact that, all over the land, Gentiles say, in fulfillment of prophecy thirty-three hundred years old, "as ugly as a Jew." "

We also say, "as rich as a Jew." There is neither truth, justice nor reason in that expression, unless to be a Jew is necessarily to be exceedingly rich. Is that true? It is as far from true as possible. It is true, however, that the Jews are never a burden upon the Gentiles. It is true that we rarely, if ever, meet a Jewish beggar. It is true, that our poorhouses are not abiding places for Jews. It is true that few of them are found in our lunatic asylums. It is also true that, if we could find none but Jews to "lock up" in our calaboozes, our jails, or our penitentiaries; and would imprison none but those who should be imprisoned, we might, with perfect propriety, convert those places into something else; for we should certainly have little use for them, it being a very rare thing indeed that a Jew is ever locked up in calaboose, jail or penitentiary, according to law. It is true that, if we had no use for hemp except to hang folks that ought to be hung, and used it to hang none but Jews, we might as well cease to cultivate hemp. But is there any justice or right or reason in the expression, "as rich as a Jew?" It is correct to say "as rich as a millionaire;" because no one can be a million-



MARY TELL GOATS POSING FOR A PICTURE

aire without being very rich. But it is as meaningless to say "as rich as a Jew" as to say "as rich as a man," "as rich as a woman," "as rich as a child."

Notwithstanding Jews are not our paupers, our beggars, our drunkards, our loafers or our criminals, and notwithstanding there is no better race of people beneath the stars, to be a Jew is not necessarily to be rich. Statistics that are accepted as perfectly reliable show that there are to-day, in the city of London, the world's emporium, in round numbers, fifty thousand Jews who are beneficiaries upon the bounty, liberality and generosity of their more successful Hebrew brethren. All over this land are poor Jews laboring hard, day by day, barely making an honest living. Jewish peddlers, men and women, go about over the country, carrying upon their backs packs, the very thought of having to lift which would make an average Gentile tired. They go to our homes, patiently unpack and show their goods, and try to interest men, women and children and induce them to buy, laboring hard to sell goods, at a small profit, living on the bare necessities of life, that they may save money enough to bring from some land of persecution beyond the deep, deep sea, to this land of liberty, loved ones, to enjoy the marvelous blessings abounding here. One of these wandering peddlers, wayworn and weary, with a crushing load upon his back, may approach the palatial residence of some money king of this "goodly land," in the midst of a blinding blizzard, fierce wintry winds driving snow or sleet into his face, may climb, with tired feet, the stone steps and ring, with nearly frozen fingers, the doorbell; the owner of the house, in the absence of a servant, may come to the door, open it, look out, and, seeing nothing but a Jewish peddler, close the door and lock it, return to his library, seat himself in a leather-covered chair, before a bright, blazing fire, throw his head back in luxurious repose, and, in

fifteen minutes, say "as rich as a Jew." Is there any reason or justice or right in this byword or expression? How did a man know, thirty-three hundred years ago, that the Jews should be a proverb and a byword among all the nations whithersoever they should go?

We say "as stingy as a Jew." There is no truth, justice, reason or right in the expression, unless all Jews are stingy. Is that true? I have inquired diligently of people of unquestionable veracity and intelligence who have the very best of opportunities to know,, whether Jews, as a rule, are stingier than Gentiles; and I cannot concede, or conclude, in the light of all I have learned on the subject, that the Jews are especially stingy. I have never known many of them to break their necks running, to give their money to Gentiles who called them "Sheenies" as they ran; but, in their way, in their natural and proper sphere of liberality and generosity, they are the most liberal people the world has ever known? At least there is an abundance of the very best of evidence tending to prove their right to be so regarded. They are systematic, careful, generous, in bestowing their bounty, bestowing it when, where and as they honestly and conscientiously believe duty demands. They give, gladly and liberally, when and where they deem it their duty to give.

A Gentile, Christian gentleman, above reproach, whose veracity cannot reasonably be questioned, a mail carrier in one of our Southern cities, tells me it is customary in the city in which he lives for people to give their postmen Christmas presents. Many of the families to whom he delivers mail are Jews. He says very few of the Gentile families he serves ever give him anything; but not one Jewish family, rich or poor, ever fails to give him something—nearly always gold, the brightest and best they have, he believes, never less than a dollar, of course, nearly always more, sometimes, some of them,

very much more—many dollars. Let us remember, he is a Gentile; and not only a Gentile, but a Christian. Let us remember, Christmas is a Christian festival, though it looks like a very serious, sacrilegious joke to designate as a "Christian festival" the period of rowdyism, reveling, debauchery, murder and destruction—ten days or two weeks beginning about Christmas Day—that witnesses more wickedness than any other ten days or thirty days or even forty days, in the year. Still, it purports to be a Christian holiday; and, as such, is a positive, perpetual protest against the Jews and their religion; but this gentleman says every Jewish family on his route always gives him a Christmas present, while many of the Gentile families frequently fail to do so. Still, we say "as stingy as a Jew."

About one hundred and forty Confederate Veterans, living in the Texas Confederate Home at Austin, were known to be exceedingly anxious to attend the great Confederate Reunion at Dallas, in April, 1902; but were financially unable to do so. No Gentile offered to help them. The Sanger Brothers, Jews, merchants of Dallas, voluntarily furnished them first-class transportation to Dallas and back to Austin, entertained and treated them royally, making them as happy as it was possible for them to be, all the way 'round, at an estimated cost to themselves—the Sanger Brothers—of from two thousand to three thousand dollars.

Once, in one of our beautiful towns that is now a beautiful city, when Jews were building a synagogue, and had voluntarily taxed themselves as heavily as seemed reasonable, they still lacked fourteen thousand dollars of having money enough in their treasury to finish the building. They begged no pennies from the public; nor did they get up fairs, feasts, festivals, suppers, shows or entertainments of any kind, to get money to finish their synagogue, thus advertising their God as a bankrupt and

a beggar, who had not friends enough to voluntarily build a house in which to worship him; but each one of fourteen members of the synagogue took out of his business, quietly, without any flourish of trumpets, one thousand dollars, put the money into the treasury, and the synagogue went up like Solomon's temple, not without the sound of ax or hammer, but without the begging and gambling resorted to by some of us Christian Gentiles, who resort to all sorts of tricks and traps the law of the land will allow, to "raise" money for religious purposes, and who say, even when thus disgusting the world. "as stingy as a Jew."

In the year 1889, Baron Hirsch, a French Jew, gave, not forty cents, or forty dollars, or forty thousand dollars, but forty millions of dollars, in cold, clean cash, to establish schools for poor Jews in Russia, Germany and France, and sent thousands of dollars to the United States, for the support of Jews driven by persecution to our shores, until they could become self-supporting. When he died in 1896, the press all over the land praised him as the man who gave more money for charitable purposes than any other man of any age, country or clime. Other Jews have given, not such large sums, but liberally and generously. Still, we say "as stingy as a Jew," and persecute these patient people. Why?

They do nothing to provoke such persecution, contempt and reproach. They have nothing of which to be ashamed, but much to appreciate, in reference to their origin and their history. When a certain member of the British Parliament contemptuously referred to Disraeli—then one of his peers, but subsequently the peerless Premier of England who made Queen Victoria Empress of India—as "a Jew," Disraeli proudly replied: "Yes, I am a Jew! And, when the ancestors of the right honorable gentleman who contemptuously calls me a Jew were brutal barbarians in an island known to none save

the savages who inhabited it, *mine* were priests in the temple of the Most High God! "

There is absolutely no reason why the Jews should be the object of persecution, contempt or abuse; and one of the strangest of all strange things is that people who claim to be followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, the Prince of Peace, the immaculate Son of a Jewish mother, will participate in such shameful, sinful persecution and abuse of these innocent people. The Jews are quiet, law-abiding citizens of the various countries and communities in which they dwell, or through which they journey in their weary wanderings. Certainly they should be observers of law and order; for the strong arm of the law has been their refuge from the days of Abraham till now. Still, they are a reproach, a byword and a proverb wheresoever they go; they are scattered from the rivers to the ends of the earth; they find no permanent resting place for their feet; and thus they are a literal fulfillment of prophecy one-third of ten thousand years old. We must either conclude that men, deceived and deceiving, thirty-three hundred years ago, guessed all these things, with strictest accuracy, or concede that they were written by inspiration from *on* high. When we concede the latter, we concede that God is, that the Bible is his word, and that *therefore* "he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," since the Bible plainly and positively so teaches.

As certainly as the Bible is the word of God, so certainly God promises to crown us with glory, honor and immortality, and make us unspeakably happy forever, in a world that is better and brighter than this, if we will hear the gospel, believe the gospel, honestly and earnestly repent of our sins, confess our faith in Christ, be buried with him by baptism into death, be raised up to walk in newness of life, and be faithful unto death. May the Lord bless all who are Christians in being faith-

ful unto death. May he bless all who are, in any sense, subjects of the gospel call, in coming to Jesus without delay, while we wait to lovingly welcome you and pray that you may come.

CHAPTER XIII.

Letters—Correspondence of T. B. Larimore and F. D. Srygley.

THIS book would be incomplete without some record of the friendship between T. B. Larimore and F. D. Srygley—a friendship that began in the early manhood of the one and the boyhood of the other, and lasted, unbroken, till Brother Srygley passed away. Their letters to each other, comprising a constant, close, confidential correspondence for more than thirty years, written without a thought of their ever being read by the public, show the character of the two men and their mutual love and confidence. Other letters in this volume afford abundant proof that Brother Larimore is not lacking in courage to overcome the difficulties, or patience to bear the daily ills, of life; but the extracts that make up this chapter were selected because they show, in some measure, Brother Srygley's care for, and devotion to, the man he loved as few men have ever been loved. When all was well with his friend, Brother Srygley's letters were few and brief; but on the rare occasions when, sick, harassed with cares, or depressed in spirit, Brother Larimore wrote this "friend of friends" the sadness of his heart, the deep undercurrent of tenderness in Brother Srygley's nature was stirred, and under such influence, he wrote letters that inspire the soul with stronger courage and fuller trust and confidence in the guidance and providence of God.

The following is the story of their first meeting, as told by Brother Larimore

"More than thirty years ago, I went from Nashville, Tenn.—my native State—to Alabama, to Rock Creek, to the now historic Rock Creek meetinghouse. My mission was to 'preach the word.' The church there numbered seven souls then. As, the first time, I approached the door of that old log-cabin meetinghouse—a friendless, penniless stranger 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 he was then. Instinctively I turned toward 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."

Brother Larimore himself seems to have never understood the reason for this strong, unwavering devotion. In a recent letter to a friend, he says of Brother Srygley:

"He was never very demonstrative; and what I would readily recognize as a genuine love letter from him, others might not be able to recognize as such at all. I never tried to gain or retain his confidence or love. He was. 'for more than thirty years,' as he himself expressed it—wrote it—always, ready, willing and anxious to fight my battles for me—to bear my burdens and let me go free.

For three and thirty years, never a tongue or pen in malice touched me that he did not regard and resent it as a murderous thrust at himself, if he knew it—and he generally knew it. I know not—never have known—why he loved me so. When he *knew* he was crossing the silent river of death, from time to eternity—from loved ones here to loved ones there—to be forever with the Lord, he said to me, 'I'll tell Him you're the best friend I've ever had.' He believed in the power and perpetual presence of Providence, and as firmly and constantly believed he would *never* be really unconscious. He believed he would, in that brighter and better world, remember and love those he had loved here. He expected to talk to Jesus there, as he had talked to me and others here.

"I doubt whether it was possible for him to love any one who, he knew, did not love me. I once said to him, alluding to a brother we both knew, 'I'm sorry, but I think he doesn't like me very well.' He immediately replied, with a smile I readily understood, 'He loves you as well as I love him.' His first book was about me. His last book was about me. He wrote both, to bless me. I reluctantly consented in both cases. He knew he was rapidly dying all the time he was writing his last book. He was willing to die; but he wanted to finish that book. Indeed, I believe he *wanted* that book to be his last book. He wanted to finish—to correct, revise and perfect—the book. He said, 'I now think of nothing else I want to do.'"

In a letter dated twelve years ago, Brother Larimore wrote him:

"I have fully decided to never, while we both live, permit my thoughts, ways, words and deeds to go before the public in permanent form, without first passing through your hands. Nothing is to me more manifestly

providential than the relationship subsisting between you and me. When, twenty-two years—eventful years!—ago, you took your stand near the old Rack Creek meetinghouse, to get a glimpse of 'the preacher,' Providence placed you there, that I might meet his messenger, sent to guide and guard me—to save me from fatal falls—and give permanence to my work.

“Relative to 'childhood pieces' for the Youth's Advocate—all right. I never dreamed, when I wrote them, of their ever being so used; but that's all right. While I was trying to comply with your request—to send you 'everything'—some strange breath turned, in the book of memory, leaves that had not been turned for many years; my mind reverted to those little incidents of my childhood, and the thought occurred to me, 'It may be. when I'm gone, my friend, in touching with his wondrous brush, the pen pictures he so skillfully paints, may need these. He will dress them up, and give them their proper place when, with tired hand and weary brain, he makes the final effort of a master artist.' Such sweetly solemn thoughts filled my mind, and prompted me to write. I wrote, and finally rewrote, very hastily, fully expecting you to, some day, fill the hopper with quartz—those rough bits included—and grind out the gold, if it is there. Use these reminiscences of my youth as you deem best. I equally appreciate your changing, suppressing and publishing what I say and write—the changing and suppressing fully as much as the publishing, I'm sure. If I spend a week writing what I may deem a perfect document, and, when submitted to you, you say 'No good,' and burn it immediately, I shall be just as well satisfied, as much gratified and, as grateful as if you had made a book of it. Crush the quartz, gather up the gold, if any, and manufacture whatsoever you may deem proper to submit to the eye of a criticising public.”

Inclosing a statement of a certain business matter that Brother Larimore had intrusted to him, Brother Srygley wrote:

"Hereafter I'll keep you straight. If you wish, you can order everything from me, personally. I'll send you itemized statement of the cash I pay out for you each month. Under this arrangement, you will have no account with anybody in Nashville but me. All you order can be charged to me, and I'll keep it as between you and me, on my financial, personal account. This will focalize matters to a point between us. If this will, in any way, simplify matters and help you, it will be a pleasure to me to do it; but I don't apply for the job."

In answer, Brother Larimore wrote:

"Much obliged for the proposition to attend to all my Nashville business and keep all accounts simply as between you and me. That will be very helpful to me. Many are the ways in which you bless me. Really, I ought to always be in the hands of a 'Manager.' You say: 'Hereafter, I'll keep you straight.' Much obliged; but that's more than Heaven and earth have done yet—one thing, at least, they have not done. I wish you abundant success in your unselfish labor of love. Keep everything 'straight,' square and level; send me whatsoever you want to send me, whensoever you will; and you may rely upon my sending the needful, to meet all demands—if I can beg or borrow it. If you send me a statement for ninety-nine cents, and I send you, by mistake, a dollar, be sure to express me a penny immediately."

During the panic of 1893, when he, like many others, was hampered and harassed by "straitness" in financial matters, Brother Larimore wrote, asking Brother Srygley's advice as to certain adjustments of his business affairs. In answer to that letter, Brother Srygley wrote:

“I hardly know what to say in regard to financial matters; for I am under the clouds myself, for a time. I think I shall pull out, however. A bank failure and the general stringency of money matters throughout the country caught us in a squeeze; and, for a time, I thought our business in Arkansas would go to everlasting smash, in spite of all we could do. Things are in better shape now, and I really begin to feel almost confident we shall come out all right. How did I do it? Well, I took a careful invoice of all our resources and counted every cent we owed. I came home and explained it all to my wife. We worried over it considerably. I finally gave it tip, and when we went to pray that night, as usual, I concluded to give it all to the Lord, and I did. It sounded queer in a prayer; but it seemed to be the proper thing. I told him there was a good business, with \$14,000 worth of land; \$14,000 in notes and accounts due it; \$6,000 worth of goods in the store, and \$1,386 in cash—\$35,386 in assets—with a \$10,000 debt hanging over it and pressing the life out of it. I asked him to take the business and pull it out, or send it to protest—just do as he pleased with it. Well, sir, our creditors have been easing up and promising to give time to convert the assets to the payment of the debt, and I do believe now the Lord is going to pull it out. If he does, my part of the business comes out of the present partnership and goes into partnership with the Lord, with no one but him and me in the partnership. A partner that can straighten out a business like that, in a financial crisis like this, is the sort of partner I want, and I don't mean to have any other, either, the rest of my days. If he lets it go to protest, I shall have none the less confidence in him; for I know he will wind it up the way that is best.

“I write this merely that you may know how little my advice is worth, by considering how incompetent I am

to manage my own business. I had to assign to the Lord, and I recommend you to consult him, instead of me He'll do right about any business you intrust to him. I have talked over the proposed arrangement of your affairs with Henry Meeks. and we think it entirely practicable. I see no reason why it should not succeed. We'll do the very best we can, and trust God for consequences. Things will be all right by and by. I will do everything I can to aid you, when the proper time comes."

Referring to a newspaper report of one of Brother Larimore's sermons, in which his language was so misquoted as to give it a meaning entirely different from that intended, Brother Srygley wrote:

"Your marginal correction illustrates how as good a man as Brother —— will sometimes 'wobble on the gudgeon.' I would risk my judgment on the opinion that you have never said, in a sermon or out of a sermon, what you are reported to have said. It doesn't sound, to me, at all like you; and I think I have studied you out and ciphered you down as closely as anybody.

This is no reflection, however, on Brother——and those who understood as he did. It is easy to mistake what we think a man *ought* to say for what he really *does* say. People misunderstand, misrepresent and even misquote, Jesus and the apostles, who have been read for more than eighteen hundred years; and that, too, on some of the most vital texts of their doctrine. 'Thou art *yet* in the gall of bitterness,' for instance; and 'he that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' Well, since people misunderstand, misrepresent and misquote Brother Mark and Brother Peter, who have been in print nearly two thousand years, it's no marvel that they misunderstand, misrepresent and misquote Brother Larimore, whom they have known

only a few weeks, and heard only a few times in oral sermons. I have prepared an article for the next Advocate, explaining the matter, and herewith send you proof of same. If, in anything, I have misunderstood or mis represented you in it, you will, of course, correct me With perfect freedom. I don't want to embarrass you in any way, or hinder you in any good work. Such misunderstanding and unintentional misrepresentation and misquotation might injure you; and I deem it my duty, in return for the many things you have done for me, to present the matter fairly, that it may be properly understood.

"I'm sorry things are as they are in —— and other places, and wish I could see some way for an amicable adjustment of all the discordant elements in this sin-cursed world. But Jesus himself failed, in a life of spotless purity and a death of loving sacrifice, to reconcile the world to God, and stop the reign of animosity among men; and we can scarcely hope to succeed better than he succeeded in that good work. But my consolation is that the glorious reconciliation between myself and God, through Christ, and an eternal reign of peace with him are all in my own hands. My' idea is, therefore, to put in the remnant of my days living in peace with God and clinging to the doctrine and precedents, commandments and promises, precepts and examples, teaching and practice, set forth in the New Testament, in all matters of religious work and worship, and let others do as they please. I'm sorry to trouble you with so long a letter, but it seems needful to say this much. The Lord bless you. 'Preach the word.'"

Saddened by the knowledge that he was misunderstood and misrepresented by brethren from whom he expected nothing but Christian kindness, Brother Larimore wrote:

"Of course there is a cause for every effect; but why

any one should desire to crush me, I do not know. I have always tried to do as much good and as little evil as possible. I want to repeat what I have previously told you: I have been guilty of many things, and have been accused of many; but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I have *never* been accused of anything of which I have been guilty. Moreover, I have always tried to do the right—always."

In reply, Brother Srygley wrote:

"Brother——will be ashamed of some things he has said in a letter you sent me, if he ever worries himself into a pious frame of mind. I think I can manage the situation with the documents I hold. Everything on the question that has come to the office is in my hands. I will use it judiciously, in the interest of peace and truth. Don't be alarmed. I have my eye on the game and my finger on the trigger, and you know *me!* Rest easy and 'preach the word.' I'll see you win on the line of truth and right, or go to the bottom with you, so help me God!"

Encouragement and sympathy were offered or received by or from the one or the other of these two friends, as circumstances and surroundings demanded. When one "passed under the rod," the other was with him instantly, with proffers of aid. When Brother Srygley was, at one time, the target for unjust censure and abuse, Brother Larimore wrote him:

"Of course I appreciate your advice to not worry over the outrageous treatment you are receiving at the hands of those who should love and bless you; but I don't want to live to see the day when I shall be so ungrateful as to not feel the pressure of the burdens you have to bear. 'They know not what they do;' but I know they do wrong—sin grievously. That very same spirit accused Jesus of being a drunkard and a glutton, of keep-

ing bad company, of being in league with Satan, of blasphemy—nailed him to the cross and reviled him as he died.

"From your childhood—for twenty-five years—you have been my friend, always unselfish, faithful and true—sublimely so. The darker my day and the greater my need, the closer you have always been to me. Neither Damon nor Pythias, David nor Jonathan, was ever truer to the other than you have always been to me. I have trusted you unreservedly, all the time, in all things; and you have always proved yourself worthy of the confidence I have reposed in you. You have uniformly promised little and done much. Without an exception, so far as I can remember, you have done for me more than you promised—far more than I have ever had right to expect. I have done and said many things that must have made you my enemy, had you not been the real, genuine, unselfish, confiding friend you have always been. I let you 'bear the cross alone!' Yes—when I am dead and gone. Till then—*never*. You are clearly and unmistakably in the right. Probably I could not be convinced of anything else, even if it were otherwise; but there is no evidence to the contrary. 'Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' Elisha was safe in Dothan. The God of Elisha will take care of you."

Referring to adverse criticism as to his position on certain questions, Brother Larimore wrote:

"I stand exactly where I have stood since July 10, 1864—the day on which I was born into the church, the household, the family, of God. I simply try to 'preach the word,' wheresoever and whensoever Providence permits. I cannot take part in the discussion of untaught 'unlearned questions' 'that do gender strifes,' 'knowing that they do gender strifes;' for the Lord, whom I

have solemnly promised to obey, positively forbids that. Brother——is a truly, great, good, brave man. I admire his bravery, and love him for many reasons that are perfectly satisfactory to me. I have loved him through all the bittersweet years he has been my friend. I not only admire and love him, but it is simply impossible for me to love, as possibly I ought to love, any one who dislikes him; but my sensitive nature is such that I could no more do as he does and succeed in doing good than I could fly. I believe I can do more good for Christ, Christianity and humanity by simply preaching the word, and leaving the discussion of these things to wiser . and better men. My duty may be entirely different from the duty of some others; as the duty, drudgery, or work of a mule may be different from that of all race horses. Brethren may 'boycott' me because of this; but I shall simply endure it and suffer in silence. 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'"

In reply to this and other letters of similar import, Brother Srygley wrote:

"Do what you conceive to be right, and leave the consequences to the Lord. I am very sure every one ought to do exactly what he believes to be his duty, regardless of consequences; and that he ought to believe it to be his duty to do and to be exactly what God wants him to do and to be, regardless of prejudices or influences of environment. Now, if you are clear in your convictions that you believe that, and consequently do that, no one should molest or make you afraid. Sometimes I am clear on both these points, and sometimes I am not so certain. My rule is to act when I am clear, and take consequences as they come; and when I am not clear, wait, pray, think and meditate for additional light and clearer conceptions of duty. I don't believe it's ever

right to do anything, with a view to consequences, against a doubt as to its being right or duty.

“Of course, it's unpleasant to be boycotted; but it's nothing new or strange. Some one has boycotted everybody who has ever amounted to much. You can 'preach the word,' regardless of the boycott. When it was gravely discussed in Methodist circles whether Conference should take Sam Jones' license from him, he 'gave them the laugh,' and said they might have 'em if they wanted 'em; for he had practiced so long with 'em, he thought he could preach pretty well without 'em. As he didn't need 'em, he would like to give 'em to some little fellow who couldn't preach without 'em. The main thing is to so live that we shall not be boycotted by Jehovah, Jesus and the Holy Spirit. I want you to act in perfect accord with your own convictions of duty; and nothing you may say or do from a sense of duty can ever affect my feelings toward you, of cause me to love you less or try harder to help you. This is all I shall say; and I believe this is exactly what you would do, if I should say nothing. The Lord bless you. Always command me in every good word and work.”

Brother Larimore wrote, in reply to that letter:

“Yours received. Much obliged. I appreciate all your suggestions. As to your being less true to me and trying less to bless me—well, I've tried you too long, 'too often and too sorely for me to now, or ever, have any fears along that line. When the sun rises in the west and the moon sets in the east, I may, *possibly*, doubt your fidelity to me. Not till then—*sure*. You, friend of friends—a friend who has never wavered, but to me always been true—may know whatsoever you do or do not do will be perfectly satisfactory with me. You may also know, I'll never give you cause to regret that you are my friend.”

During one of the periods of transient depression that follow as a natural result of the nerve and brain tension incident to constant evangelistic work, Brother Larimore wrote:

"I need rest and recreation. Really, I think my power as a preacher is declining. I am nearly fifty, have to wear glasses, and I think it is time for me to be looking for a 'shelf.' I have always been greatly overrated, and no man can hold up indefinitely on no better foundation than the overestimate of those who, without any well-defined or even known cause, overrate him. Reasoning thus, I'm looking for a 'shelf.'"

In reply, Brother Srygley wrote:

"A few words, and only a few—for I'm very busy today—about that 'shelf.' If you want one, you can find it, of course; but if I were you, I'd keep the one you're on! There's nothing better than preaching the gospel. I think you're premature in looking for a shelf. Your premises don't justify your conclusions. I wear glasses, too, and I'm 'going on' fifty; and, as for a reputation, I have none. If I can wear glasses and hold my grip without any reputation, why can't you go ahead, even if you can't sustain your reputation? A man can serve God and go to Heaven without a reputation, else I'm in a pickle. But there's another thing: I've never yet known a man who was the first to discover his own decline. The power to recognize a decline in one's own self is the best of evidence that the decline's not there. You are all right, so long as you distrust yourself. When you really need a shelf, somebody else will have to hunt it for you—and put you upon it, too. A man no more goes out to hunt a 'shelf' when he really needs one, than he goes out to hunt a hearse for himself!

"Probably relaxation is what you need—tramping among the hills of North Alabama. Corn bread, hogs'

jowl and poke salad, with old-fashioned people in a few big meetings under the trees, singing 'Amazing Grace,' and 'How Firm a Foundation,' would bring you around all right. That's what I need. Such audiences and nervous tension as you have been worrying with in late years would make any man feel blue. Fill your present engagements the best you can; and then if you still feel depressed, take a rest at home and tussle with the boys in the back precincts a while. If you need help, I'll strain a point and put my work into such shape as to be able to take a dose or two of corn bread and poke salad with you."

On receipt of that letter, Brother Larimore wrote: "You are, no doubt, correct about that 'shelf' business. What I really long to do is to cut loose from fastidious, fashionable folks, and devote *all* my time to preaching the gospel to the poor in the backwoods. Providence permitting and the Lord so leading, I'd like to limit my labors to my native State in my latter days—preach the gospel to the poor in Tennessee, and then rest with them in the tomb. I'd like to spend the remnant of my days as 'State Evangelist'—not 'Finangelist'—of Tennessee. It seems meet that Tennessee should have a native 'State Evangelist'—not 'an imported, thoroughbred'—just common, native 'scrub' stock—and I'm sure I can fill the bill, so far as the 'scrub' part of it is concerned. I don't mean official 'State Evangelist,' of course. I covet no official honor—would not be pope or president, if I could. But I'd like to finish my course as *evangelising* evangelist of Tennessee. That's the shelf I'd like to have as I go down the hill to the river. Ah! well, I shall not linger long 'in this misty lower land.' It's folly for me to worry over anything, or to cherish hopes that do not reach 'beyond the river;' so I'll trouble you with these vain thoughts no more—

this time. How the soul looks sadly back toward the cradle, confidently toward the cross and hopefully toward the crown, as the body starts down the last, long hill on the journey to the tomb!"

When I first read these letters, while selecting material for this volume, I wrote Brother Larimore and asked him if he didn't choose a rather broad shelf to retire to—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf—and if he hadn't been keeping things rather lively on that shelf since his retirement, ten years ago—a sort of twice-every-day-and-three-times-on-Sunday retirement! He wrote on the margin of my letter, "I'll try to work while I live, shelf or no shelf," and returned it to me. In that brief sentence, the indomitable energy of his nature uttered—briefly but clearly—its true and sincere sentiment.

In the early part of 1897, a few days after Brother Larimore had been stricken down by sickness in the midst of one of his best meetings, at Dixon Spring, Tenn., Brother Srygley wrote him:

“Nashville, Tenn., February 25, 1897.

“Dear Brother Larimore: I have just learned from Sister DeBow's letter that you are very sick. It is a great sorrow to me, to know you are suffering; but I am sure your sickness and our sorrow will work, together with everything else, for the good of those who love the Lord. I don't feel at all alarmed as to your recovery. I sat up, long after all others at home were asleep, last night—till midnight—and then remained awake till two o'clock after I went to bed. I thought it all out very carefully and a little tediously, from the time you walked through the hills of Alabama, with old Brother Taylor in the strange and mystic long ago, down to the present time. Somehow, you are, and have always been,

such an essential factor in my life that I cannot think of myself without you in this world full of awesome shadows from the next. If you can understand my feelings in this matter, you can easily understand why I never feel alarmed about your life when I see no immediate cause to fear or forecast the end for myself. I think that is why I feel so hopeful that you will soon be well again. "I'm glad you are where you can have every needed attention. I regret that I cannot be near you and with you during your great suffering. If, in anything, I can help you, be sure to let me know. I'm always busy; but I have nothing to do at any time but serve God, and when God's business demands that I quit one work, to attend to another, I know of nothing to prevent my doing so. I hope to never again have anything to do but serve the Lord, wheresoever and at whatsoever it may be the divine will to use me. Be as cheerful as you can; settle it in your mind that there is a blessing for you in all this, if you will but find it; and then forget your sufferings, as far as you can, in trying to learn the lesson God is always trying to teach you and every other true disciple, in everything that comes up in life. The Lord bless and sustain you.

"Very truly,

F. D. SRYGLEY."

"Dixon Spring, Tenn., February 26, 1897.

"Dear Brother Srygley: Poor Brother Larimore, helpless as an infant on his bed of affliction, wept like a child when I read him your letter this evening. I am so glad you expressed to him the tenderness of your heart. He needs encouragement. He has certainly been in the valley of pain since last Sunday, and must stay there many days yet. He has, on the back of his neck, an immense carbuncle which now has four craters doing all they can, assisted by many and assiduously applied bad-smelling poultices, to erupt the contents of

their Vesuvius. I think his system is probably in better condition to-day than it has previously been since his prostration. I cannot tell you how glad I am that he is with me, or how sorry I am that he suffers so. There are so many in Dixon Spring who love him, that you need not fear for his supply of all physical comforts. I have feared that he might lack mental and spiritual companionship, and have proposed to send for his family and you; but he will not agree to that. If, at any time, I think there is an unfavorable change in his condition, I shall not consult him, but shall send for you.

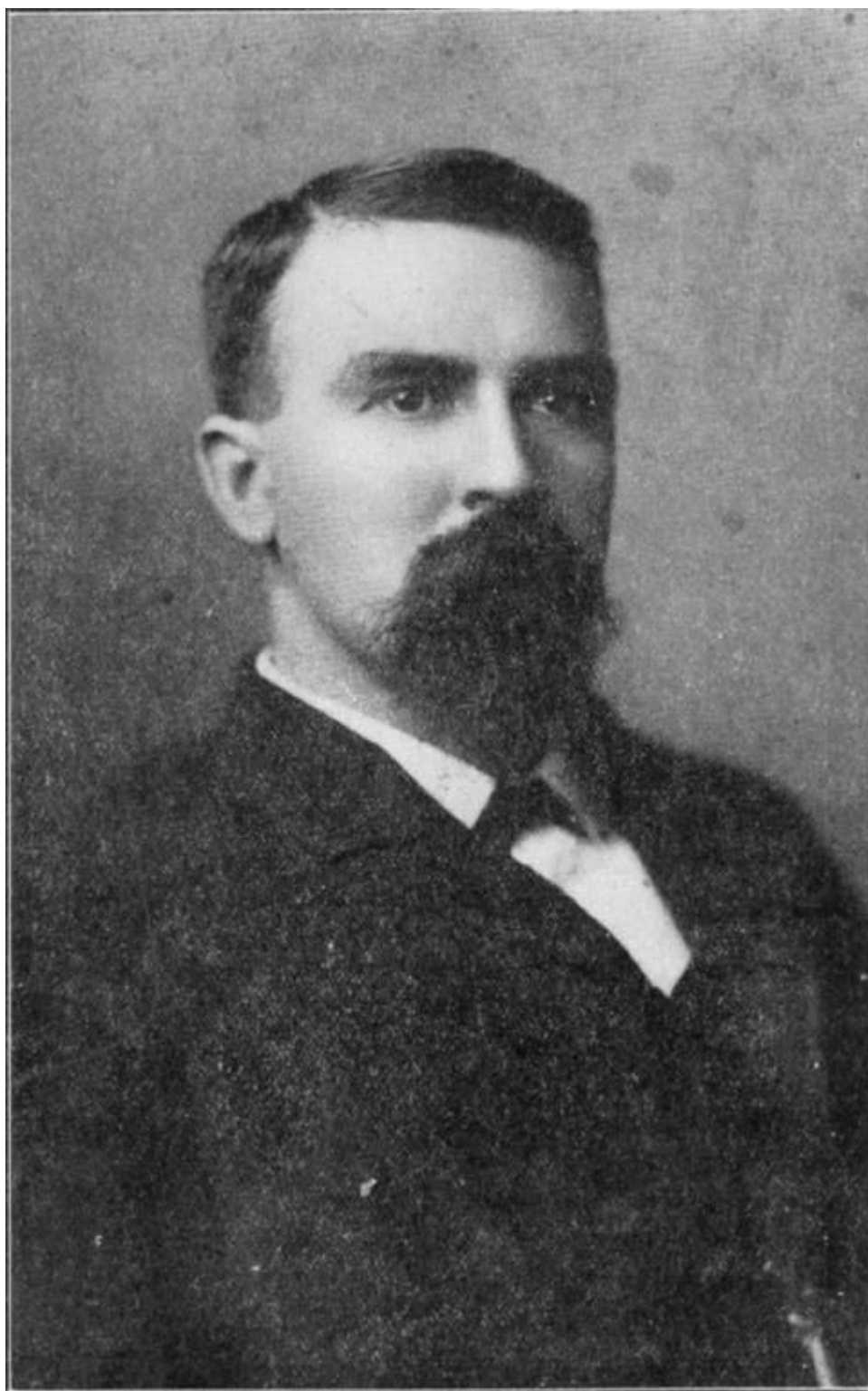
"The hand of the Lord must be in this; but so mysteriously is he moving, 'his wonders to perform,' that we mortals fail to understand why the laborer should have been mowed down in the midst of his reaping, with the harvest golden all around him. Brother Larimore is one of the grandest men that have ever borne the cross or worn the crescent. He wishes me to tell you that he appreciates your letter more than he can tell, and attributes his renewed strength greatly to its power. He bids me send it back to you, to keep. I hope you will write every day while he is sick, and open for him as many windows to the azure as you can. May the Father grant that all his troubles shall be watered with the dews of blessing, and that his present 'Marah' may become a 'Jehovah-jireh' radiant with God's providence and love.

"Your sister in Christ,

ELVIRA DEBOW."

"Nashville, Tenn., March 1, 1897.

"Dear Brother Larimore: I have just reached my desk, and hasten to write you, before I take up the work of the day, lest I have no other opportunity. I am pleased to learn, from letters received this morning, that you are better; and I trust and believe you will continue to improve till you are more than well, as compared with your condition before this affliction. There are many



F. D. SRYGLEY.

days of usefulness before you, if God wills it so. All you need is length of days and the help of God. With these, no obstacle can keep you from moving the hearts of people wherever you go to nobler impulses and holier lives. I believe you will have, as I know you thus far have had, the help of God; and that means long life, for in him we all live and move and have our being.

"I am especially pleased with reports that reach me from various sources as to the high grade of preaching you have been doing of late. This confirms an estimate I have long held of you, viz: that out of weakness you are made strong. When I received some gloomy letters from you last summer and fall, I said to myself: 'He's getting into good trim to move people by unusually good preaching.' If you could always remember, when you are in the lowlands, that deep valleys always lie between high mountains, it would be a great support to you. If you need me now or at any time, or if, in any way, I can help you pass under the rod of affliction now pressed upon you, do not fail to command me. The Lord sustain and bless you."

During a long attack of sickness in 1898, when, for several months, he was unable to preach, Brother Larimore wrote:

"I know not how it will go with me; nor do I know what my preference is. In any event, I shall try to do my duty, and always be ready. The weaker I am, the stronger I am—weak in body, strong in faith. The less I am able to preach, the more overwhelming my anxiety to preach. I have always recuperated readily and rapidly till now. The bow was too tightly strung, and had been strung too long. However, I'm doing the best I can, hoping to resume my life work in the near future; but still not knowing but that my work is all in the past. I am overwhelmed with calls for work; but know not

when I can resume work, if ever. Well, I'm willing either way. I am not conscious of ever having done anything because of which I should dread death. I do not dread the beyond."

Brother Srygley wrote, in reply to that letter: "I'm glad you are overrun with calls to preach; but trust you will not let the pressure force you into labors from which you are justly entitled, by sickness, to rest, until you fully recover your health and regain your strength. I consider it very important for you to fully recover, and get your constitution thoroughly settled on the basis of mature manhood, before you resume work. If you do this, there is the famous best period of intellectual work—from fifty to seventy or eighty—almost entirely before you. If you get your physical man thoroughly grounded and toughened after fully recovering from this spell, you ought to have a long stretch of level road ahead of you, before you start down into intellectual old age.

"With that end in view, you ought to take a complete rest from general, hard, brain-working, nerve-straining evangelism, after you shall have recovered from this sickness. It would rejuvenate you. If you do so, I trust you will divide time with us here in Nashville, and that I can slip away and spend a few days with you in the woods and hills, and enjoy the pure air and good water, with the honest-hearted people in our old-time Alabama. You have many friends here in Nashville, who long to see you and to be assured that you are thoroughly unstrung for a good, long rest, for once. Such relaxation would, in my judgment, thoroughly prepare you to enter some open door at your very best; and you might do more good for the world in such a rest spell than in hard work, with a tired heart and a weary

brain. Remember, Elijah at the brook, fed by the ravens, gathered strength for the master stroke of his life."

Several years ago, when Brother Srygley was somewhat undecided as to his future course, Brother Larimore wrote him:

"I have thought much of your suggestion, to give up your work on the Gospel Advocate and devote all your time to the Youth's Advocate. You could make the Youth's Advocate a peerless paper. All you do you do well—*very* well—but, of course, if you should devote all your time to the Youth's Advocate you could make it simply without a rival. I fear you have too much on head and hand and heart. I am ready and willing to stand by you. If I cannot be your right hand, then let me be your left. If neither, then use me in any way you will I try to help you all I can; but help is sometimes hindrance."

In another letter he wrote:

"As a writer, you have no peer, so far as I know or believe, and there *must* be a demand for your writing. Hold the strings to all your kites, and let them fly. Hold the strings in your own hands, as long as you live; and leave them in the hands of loved ones, when you go home. Your kites will fly long years after the winds that first wafted them shall have ceased to be. Your writings will live when the storms that gave them birth and being shall sweep the earth and disturb the political, social and religious seas no more. *Tour book—you must* write that book, of course. I believe it is providential that your editorial labors have been so greatly curtailed, that you may make books—books that shall live forever. All you have that once was mine is yours, in every sense. So shall it ever be, with all you may receive from me, be it little or much, great or small. 1

want you to know—absolutely know—I have never appreciated you more than I appreciate you now; and, that, wheresoever you may go, or whatsoever you may do, I am always with you to the extent of my ability, whatsoever that may be. My will is good to help you, if I can, all I can, as long as I can."

In reply to these and other letters, Brother Srygley wrote:

"Your recent letters stir me up to write fully concerning points raised by our recent correspondence. I want to have a talk with you; but I am disposed to merely go ahead, in my own plodding way, doing each day and hour the duty immediately pressing upon me, and leave the Lord, by his overruling providence, to so order the course of my life as to bring me where he wants me. If, in this way, we ever come together, we will have that talk. If not, we can have it in the better world, when each of us shall have finished the work God wants us to do here. I'm not giving myself any trouble about anything these days. My health is reasonably good. We have clothes enough to wear, stuff enough to eat the rest of this week—this is Friday—beds enough to sleep on, and coal enough to last us till next fall, if the weather gets warm enough in a few days for us to do without fire. Moreover, my tax is all paid for this year, and I have more money on hand, probably, than Jesus and his chosen twelve ever had at one time in the whole crowd, while he was on earth. I am all right. The only anxiety I have is my anxiety to 'fear God, and keep his commandments.' I'm relying on him to command this fight, and it's my duty to simply obey his orders. My faith is that we shall lick the enemy of righteousness and win the battle in the end.

"The Youth's Advocate is giving general satisfaction, so far as I know. I would be glad to put in all my time

on it; but I have not yet seen satisfactory evidence in the matter of providential pressure to make me feel at all sure that the leadings of God are in that direction. So, I am merely doing my duty, and awaiting further orders, so to speak. I can't say I am expecting things to drift that way. In fact, I'm not expecting anything in particular, except to go to Heaven one of these days. Nor am I caring much as to the way God leads me, if so be I can only be faithful to the end and get there by and by. I don't know how long I shall be in the place I now fill, and I can candidly say I don't care. My idea is this: I am doing things in the particular line in which I'm now working more to God's pleasing than any one else could and would do them; else he would order me out and call another, to take my bishopric. I know I don't want to stay here; and I'm equally sure I don't want to change. The fact is, I don't want anything. Why should a Christian *want*? Will not the Lord of all the earth do right by those who love and serve him? Paul and Silas had a good time in jail, with their backs bleeding and their feet fast in the stocks; and, if the Lord needs any more work of that kind, I should like to have the job. if he can get some other fellow to do what he wants done here better than I'm doing it!

“I came here unexpectedly and against all the plans I had ever made for myself. In fact, I've never been able to go the way I have foreplanned in anything in life. I have, therefore, concluded that a bigger one than I is running the world, and have turned it all over to him. I'm not going to worry myself any more, or waste any more time laying plans about anything. As a schemer, I'm a failure; but I think I can do my duty where I am to-day, and I think I can do my duty, it matters not where I may be, to-morrow, with God's help. Those few folks who look on me as a long-headed schemer don't

know me. The long-headedness in all the schemes I've been carrying out for several years is all from above.

"I know some folks don't like me; and there may be a few who would secretly rejoice because of my death. I hear, now and then, of some very 'unpretty' things they say about me. I'm getting so I rather like it. I'm sure God will not let them hurt me more than I ought to be hurt; and, if I need a wallop, I'm willing for them to have the pleasure of giving it to me. The only worry in it to me is the thought that you and a few other sensitive souls, who love me more than I deserve, will take it seriously and feel blue over it. When you wrote me those few sad letters last fall, you remember, I wrote you that perhaps God was putting into operation some providential influences, to get you into some other place and work where he needs you and where you had not yet thought to go. I think I was right about it, and I have been on the lookout for some such pressure to be brought to bear on me. When it comes, if it ever does, it will find me with my grip packed, ready to go.

"This letter will be curious reading, even to you; but I think you'll understand it. To those who have thought less than you 'on these things,' it would seem as if I might be crazy. But 'I am not mad,' as you will doubtless agree, but 'speak forth the words of truth and soberness.' If, however, you see in it any evidence of insanity or mental "decay, consult a doctor and set in motion providential influences to get me into a lunatic asylum before it becomes chronic and incurable. The Lord bless you."

Near the close of what he himself designated as the most trying and unsatisfactory year of his life, Brother Larimore wrote:

"I believe Providence plainly points me away from the pulpit. Of course, I do not know that. If I did,

I should certainly never try to preach again. I cannot do nothing. If forced to know Jehovah calls me from the pulpit, I shall be book agent, fruit agent, farm hand—anything that's honorable and right. I'm not blue. I purpose to do as much good and as little harm as possible, and patiently endure whatsoever may come upon me. Whether I climb up to the plow, or follow some other vocation, I shall always, with grateful heart, remember my friends, and carry with me a clear conscience. Whatsoever may be my doom or my destiny, you may always know you did all in your power for me. I have never manifested gratitude to you for your goodness to me as I should have done; but, in the deepest depths of my heart, I have felt it, and do feel it; and, come what may, I shall always know you have been and are a friend, genuine and true, with no 'ax to grind.' May the Lord always abundantly bless you. May you always be as true to him as you have always been to me."

Brother Srygley wrote, in reply:

"Your letter manifests a spirit of sadness which I have often experienced in myself, but which I seldom mention, even to my wife. I am not sure that such feelings ought to be encouraged by children of God; but I see evidences of them in the worthiest characters mentioned in the Bible—not excepting Jesus himself, when many 'turned away and walked with him no more.' I presume instances of such things are given in the Bible for our encouragement; and that the strength derived from them is largely due to the thought that others, even closer to God than we have ever been, at times were touched by such sadness. As for me, I never sit long under the juniper tree before I get up and begin to climb toward the top of Mount Carmel. The harder I try to do the will of God, the more bitterly I am persecuted by religious folks, and the better I feel. I know your weariness—"

ness of strife, and fully appreciate your feelings toward the plow and away from the turmoil of contending earnestly for the faith. It is natural to feel thus; but I think it is hardly in keeping with the Pauline injunction to war 'a good warfare' and 'endure hardness, as a good soldier,' to yield to such inclinations.

"I think I can suggest to you an explanation of why you are the storm center of evil wrangling, for which you are not responsible, that may be helpful to you. First of all, I have long thought your most effective work for God is done under heavy pressure of trials you scarcely feel able to bear. Such trials seem to bring out a pathos and power in your preaching not discoverable under happier circumstances. This reminds me of the text: 'Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.' It may be that the Lord is pruning you for a better yield of fruit. Interpret the call to duty in the spirit of prayer and submission to God, and all will be well. This year may be the best year of your life, for all we know, notwithstanding you interpret it as a failure. We sow; but God giveth the increase.

"In the next place, while I know not how it is with you or anybody else on this point, I know that to myself there is a personal benefit in such trials as oppress you. Jesus himself was made perfect through suffering. How, then, can we hope to approach perfection without sorrow and suffering? The suffering that does most to make us perfect is the same kind as that which made Jesus perfect. It is the suffering which comes from the knowledge that 'they hate' us 'without a cause.' There is no uplift in the misery of which one knows himself to be the cause. It is when one suffers innocently that he is lifted up toward God. It is an inspiration and a Godsend to me to know I am traveling the same way of persecution and suffering Jesus traveled.

"I feel a spiritual uplift in the inner man when I am wrestling' with the same load Jesus once carried. I really delight in overburdening myself, for the joy of doing something Jesus did when he was among men. It is with me like this: Jim, my main boy, who is not yet four years old, went with me, last Sunday, to Carthage—a long trip for him. Well, sir, that child insisted upon carrying my valise, which contained my Bible and a few other articles, wherever we went. It made me sorry to watch him turn red in the face and sweat with honest toil, to do what would have been so easy for me; but I let him do it, because I knew it made him happier. It was a great achievement for him. He felt like a hero. He looked and walked as one who knows he is doing some good in the world. Bless the child! There was happiness to him in the burden, and I knew it was strengthening to his muscles. When I tackle a heavy load of suffering, I feel as I imagine he felt then. That, to my mind, is the meaning of the scripture that teaches us to rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer shame for His name.

"My boys have a race every morning, and sometimes a fuss, over which shall bring me my shoes and socks. Not very lordly work, to be sure; but they like it upon the very same principle that I would rather 'be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.' It may be that God wants you to work in some field we have all been overlooking; and that he is simply putting his overruling providence into operation, to bring you to the work he wants you to do. It may be some work in and around your home. A year in the woods of North Alabama might do great things for God."

In the midst of a meeting where the interest was not what he had hoped it might be, Brother Larimore wrote:

"You may bury all your hopes of our having a successful meeting here. Failure is a foregone conclusion. I am determined to make the best fight I can; but you may consider it settled that this place is to be my Waterloo—not a final Waterloo, at the end of my warfare; but a Waterloo on the way. 'The Lord willing,' I shall report better things from other points soon."

In reply, Brother Srygley wrote:

"Don't be discouraged when you fail to move people. Christ himself failed to move some people. In fact, the devil is about the only man who has much influence over some folks. It will be all right by and by. There is comfort in the reflection that we are answerable to God for *work done*, but not responsible for results. We can plant and water, but God must give the increase. Failures are good for us. They teach us our weakness, and drive us to God for strength. Even afflictions and acutest sufferings may do us immense good, if we but receive them in a way to loosen our hold on the world and tighten our grip on the cross. I wish I could have a long talk with you. I am, day by day, weakening in my love of things of earth, and growing in the joy of service and sacrifice toward God. Until recently, I have loved life and dreaded death, as we use such words; but, within the last few years, I have risen above that. I can truthfully say now that, whether I live or die, it is all one to me; so I may but finish my course with joy. I can now take in and appreciate and understand, as never before, hundreds of your old-time sayings, as well as passages of scripture, along this line. It is wonderful how such sayings, both of yours and of the Spirit's, have had place in memory all these years without my knowing they were there. I can call them up by scores in my meditative moments. I can even reproduce in memory your voice and look, our surroundings, and my feelings

at the time. Oh! we are fearfully and wonderfully made! Who knows but that God may be leading me, even now, through a course of preparation for some special work which he has in store for me? The Lord bless you. Preach the word. Be cheerful. Write me when it suits you."

His work on earth was almost ended, even then. During the last few months of his life, his letters were few and brief; but Brother Larimore wrote him frequently, manifesting a deep anxiety for his recovery, that grew in intensity, as Brother Srygley's condition daily grew worse. On July 2, 1900—exactly one month before he passed away—Brother Larimore wrote him:

"Please do not think you *have* to write or dictate even one word to me—or read, hear read or even see anything I write or send you; *but I must write you*. All my wants now are one: Your restoration to perfect health."

July 4: "The glorious Fourth is bright in the light of letter received from you yesterday. Be hopeful and cheerful. The Lord will lift you up. You have much to live for. Your wife and little ones need you. I need you. The church needs you. The world needs you. Your work—that none other can do—is just begun."

July 7: "I am well and hopeful. Of course I am going to visit you between this meeting and the next—July 17-20. Remember, even doctors—doctors of divinity excepted, of course—don't know everything. Your heart may be as sound as mine—your head, too—and the one may be throbbing and the other thinking long years after I shall have ceased to speak, to think, to breathe."

July 12: "Be cheerful. Be hopeful. Be happy. You have right to be. I pray that you may improve rapidly

and be yourself again in the very near future. Clayton writes me that our book is out—first saw the light on the day I first saw the light—July 10—fifty-seven years after I appeared on the stage of action. I cannot account for having lost—almost entirely lost—all interest in it—all desire to see it; but I'm sure I should feel otherwise, if you were well. If you or yours want me to do anything, please do not hesitate to tell me so."

July 14: "All with whom I talk about you are anxiously looking forward to, and hoping for, your recovery. Your friends are praying for you. Of course all my friends are anxious for you to live and enjoy life. They could not be my friends and be otherwise. Be brave. I believe your battles have not all been fought."

July 19: "Cheer up; make a heroic effort to live and be well. The mind has much to do with the body. Resolutely resolve to get well and live. I believe the Lord will lift you up. If not, I pray that he may take me, too, when and where he takes you,"

July 21: "I'm hoping and praying for your recovery—I'm praying for you and yours. It's not all unselfishness, either. To lose you would be a greater loss to me than the loss of her navy, her army and her Gibraltar would be to England. But why talk this way? You may be improving now. You may live long years after my journey shall have been completed."

July 23: "'The Lord willing,' I'll see you in a few days. I pray that you may get well. I'd gladly go and let you stay, if the exchange could be made. I'd go with you if I could."

Brother Srygley passed away on the morning of August 2. In his discourse at the burial of his friend,

Brother Larimore told the story of his last moments on earth:

"I thank my God that his 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 didn't protest. Had he done so, I should 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 on earth—was a radiant expression of rapturous delight that swept me back to the days of his boyhood. 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."

* * *

"The old, old fashion, Death! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged till our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll Thank God for that older fashion yet of Immortality, ye sorrowing ones of earth, as the swift river bears us to the ocean! "

CHAPTER XIV.

Sermon—Providential Protection of the Jews.

"BUT without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Heb. 11:6.)

We have had under consideration a prophecy regarding the dispersion of the Jews recorded, Christians believe, by inspiration and direction of the living God. The fulfillment of that prediction, viewed from a purely human point of view, was most improbable; but, as history clearly and unmistakably teaches, it began to be fulfilled fifteen hundred years after it was written, and has been in process of plain, positive, literal fulfillment every day and every hour from then till now.

I wish to call your attention now to another prediction that seemed even more improbable of fulfillment, if possible, as seen in the shadow of the fulfillment of that prediction, or prophecy. In Jer. 30, 31, written eight hundred years after the other prediction was written and seven hundred years before the destruction of Jerusalem, there is a prediction, prophecy, or promise, that the Jews, in this dispersed condition, a nation without a country, a family without a home, slandered, misrepresented, vilified, persecuted, unjustly, shamefully and sinfully abused throughout the whole world, shall be preserved, while the sun shall shine, the moon reflect light, and the stars glitter in the vault of night. The fulfillment of this prophecy, viewed from a human point of view, seems almost absolutely impossible Under so

many restrictions, scattered over the face of the whole earth, it seems to be inevitable that they must eventually be lost—lose their identity—among the nations of earth, as the American Indians and the native original inhabitants of the Philippines, Cuba and other islands are destined to be lost. Has this prophecy been verified? The end of time has not yet come; but this prophecy has been verified thus far—the Hebrews have not lost their identity. More than seventy generations have come upon the stage of action, have played their part and passed away, since this prophecy was recorded; the Hebrews are still here, and they have as strong a hold upon the world today as they have ever had.

It was predicted that not only should they be preserved, but that, as years and generations, cycles and centuries, should come and go, the nations persecuting them—distressing and trying to destroy them—should themselves be brought to naught, humiliated, weakened, dragged down, degraded. This was and is clearly an assurance divine that the hand of Providence should and shall shield, succor and sustain the Jews; and, at the same time, at least permit and prepare the way for the overthrow, destruction or humiliation of those who might become conspicuous persecutors of the Jews, endeavoring to destroy them. It was also predicted that the nations that favored the Jews should be favored; those who blessed the Jews should be blessed; those who helped the Jews should be prospered. Moreover, Moses tells us (Gen. 12:1-3) that the Lord Almighty promised Abraham, almost four thousand years ago, that he would make of him a great nation, bless those who blessed him, curse those who cursed him, and, through him, bless all the families of earth.

When the prediction found in Deut. 28, in reference to the dispersion of the Jews, was written, the Jews were the especially favored people of God, God's promise

to Abraham being thus fulfilled in favors bestowed upon his posterity. Miracle after miracle had been wrought by him who can cause the heavens to quiver, the earth to quake and all nations to tremble, in defense of the descendants of Abraham. At his bidding the waters of the rushing, roaring Jordan rolled back at the approach of the hosts of Israel and stood as silent and motionless as the mountains that shadowed them, while Israel passed over, dry-shod, into the promised land, protected by the hand of God. Protected by Providence, they were established in that goodly land flowing with milk and honey, where each, shielded by the Lord Almighty, could dwell in the shadow of his own vine and fig tree, and rejoice evermore. Providence practically made Palestine a paradise for the descendants of Abraham dwelling there. In the very midst, however, of the realization of hopes even then long since cherished by Abraham, and on the eve of the wonderful manifestation of God's power and providence in leading the children of Israel into the land of promise, the prediction was made and recorded that, if they departed from the law of the Lord, their land should be devastated and desolated, their homes wrecked and they themselves brought low, in the shadow of sorrow and deep distress, sold into slavery and dispersed from the rivers to the ends of the earth. This prediction was literally fulfilled about fifteen hundred years after it was recorded.

Eight hundred years after that prediction was recorded, it was predicted that the descendants of Abraham through Isaac and Jacob should be preserved while the material universe itself should last; that, until the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds should come, the descendants of Abraham, the miracle of the ages, should live upon the earth. Not only was this plainly predicted, but also that the nations that endeavored to humiliate, distress and devour the Jews should themselves be hu-

miliated, distressed or brought to naught, while the nations that favored the Jews should be divinely favored. It seemed, in the light of human reason, not only exceedingly improbable, but positively—at least practically—impossible, in their dispersed condition, persecuted, despised, misrepresented, slandered, robbed and reviled in many countries and climes, every man's hand against them, they should still be preserved while the sun should shine, the moon reflect light, and the stars glitter in the vault of night. But history, so far as we have to depend upon history, plainly proves that these predictions have all been literally fulfilled; and, when we emerge from the light of history and tradition, and enter into the brighter light of absolute knowledge, we fully realize—know—absolutely know—they are still in process of fulfillment every day and every hour.

The Jews were contemporary with the Assyrian, or Babylonish, empire. They saw it in all of its grandeur and glory and magnificence, when Babylon was the "glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency." They saw their own beloved Zion trampled beneath the feet of vandal hordes from Babylon that rejoiced to see them suffer. They saw their temple desecrated and robbed of its sacred treasures. They themselves were carried away to Babylon and held in a state of slavery for threescore and ten years, where their enemies reviled them, persecuted them, required of them all the labor they could perform, and demanded that they should sing, for the amusement of their captors, their masters, songs of Zion when they, the sad sons and daughters of Zion, the poor, despised descendants of Abraham, hung their harps upon the willows by the river of Babylon and sighed and wept in sorrow and sadness, as they thought of, and longed for, the far-away desolate homes they loved so well, but could scarcely hope to ever see again. By the labors they performed, they strength-

ened the fetters that bound them, strengthening the walls, increasing the wealth, and adding to the power, of Babylon, thus apparently making their prison so strong as to preclude the possibility of their escape.

In this sad state of slavery, they lived to see proud Babylon bow her head in shame and disgrace, fall down in the shadow of her own infamy to rise no more, and be trampled beneath the feet of triumphant foes she once despised; and they were no more moved by the revolution that wrecked Babylon than the stars of heaven are moved by the storms that sweep over the bosoms of sighing, surging seas.

They lived to see the Medo-Persian Empire established upon the wreck of the Babylonish Empire. They saw it, in its grandeur, glory, pride and power, sway the scepter universal three eventful centuries, as the Babylonish Empire had swayed it fourteen centuries. They were oppressed and persecuted by the Medo-Persians, as they had been by their predecessors. They witnessed the wreck of the Medo-Persian Empire, saw it shattered, saw it fall: but they felt not the force of the fearful shock.

They witnessed the rise of the Grecian Empire, that sprang, as if by magic, from the wreck and ruin of the Medo-Persian Empire, at the touch of the sword of Alexander the Great. They were as relentlessly persecuted by it as they had been by its predecessors; and they saw it fall, like a flaming meteor, from the zenith of the political heavens, thus terminating its transient period of existence that lasted only ten brief years; and they were still the same marvelous, mysterious, incomprehensible people, preserved by the power of Him from whom all blessings flow.

They saw erected upon the ruin of these three Universal empires the greatest and the last of the four universal empires—the Roman. They saw it in all its grandeur, glory, strength, pride and power—saw it rule the

world as sad, sorrowful centuries, for them, silently slipped away. They were persecuted by the Romans more relentlessly than they had ever been persecuted by others, Rome taxing her energies and her resources to the uttermost, to devise revolting schemes of terrible torture for the Jews, thus endeavoring to exterminate them; but the Jews lived to see that remorseless, persecuting, pagan power sink beneath the weight of its own iniquity, being thus blotted out forever. Amid the wreck and ruin of these four universal empires, the Hebrew race was always safe, not from persecution, but from extermination—no more moved from the place assigned them in prophecy by the revolutions that wrought such changes among the nations than are towering mountains moved by the waves of storm-swept seas. Having survived the shocks that have wrecked all the universal empires of all the ages past, they still survive, perpetually oppressed, persecuted, misrepresented, slandered, cursed and abused; forever tossed, like billows, upon the bosom of the sighing, sobbing sea of life. When the storms that wreck nations sweep over them, they calmly view the wreck and ruin wrought, prepared to meekly bow before all the blasts and, in calm security, survive all the storms that yet may come.

The four universal empires that ruled the world in ages past, though not forgotten, are forever gone. There is not a man beneath the stars to-day who can trace his line of ancestry back to the Babylonish, the Medo-Persian, the Grecian or the Roman Empire, and prove that the blood that flows through his veins is allied to the house royal of any one of these mighty, but long-since fallen empires; but the wonderful Hebrew, the marvelous, mysterious, unanswerable fulfillment of prophecy divine, can trace his lineage unerringly back through the wreck of empires, over the tombs of kingdoms and principalities, through the rubbish of palaces, thrones, crowns

and scepters, and prove clearly and conclusively that the blood that courses through his veins, as he wanders over the world, a poor peddler, with a crushing load upon his back, or holds the reins of financial power over all the earth, is closely allied to the very blood that rushed through the anguish-riven heart of Abraham when, almost four thousand years ago, he stood on Mount Moriah's silent summit and lifted the glittering blade above the heaving bosom of his own beloved boy, ready, because he believed God demanded it, to sheathe that cold, cruel steel in the warm, loving, trusting heart of the child he loved infinitely more than he loved life itself.

Many prophecies have been completely fulfilled, as the generations of earth have come and gone; but this one remains, in process of plainest fulfillment perpetually; and, when time shall have run its course, when all nations shall have fulfilled their mission, when an angel shall sweep down from the courts of glory, radiant with the love light that envelops the throne of God, and, planting one foot upon the land and one upon the sea, shall declare by him who "plants his footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm," that "time was, time is, but time shall be no more," among the sighing, sorrowing, suffering sons and daughters of men, the descendants of Abraham shall hear the judgment trumpet sound. God has said it, the Bible teaches it; and not one jot or tittle of God's book shall pass till Truth shall say "all has been fulfilled."

The Bible, the book Christians believe to be the book of God, teaches that those who despised, oppressed, humiliated, and tried to destroy the Jews should themselves be destroyed or, if not destroyed, humiliated, brought low. What nation now existing has appalled, shocked, horrified the civilized world most by relentless, heartless, cruel persecution of the Jews? Boys and girls all over this land, who have read, in school or out of school, the

history of "The Inquisition," sometimes called "The Spanish Inquisition," understand that, in modern times, Spain is the nation that has been most heartlessly cruel to the Jews. The Jews have been the most persecuted people on earth, and that without the slightest shade of a shadow of a real reason in justice or right; and the Spanish nation is the nation that has been most conspicuous among nations in this terrible persecution. The Reign of Terror in France, the Spanish Inquisition, and the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans are the three appalling events in history that stand, the three together without a rival; and, of the three, the Spanish Inquisition is clearly entitled to the premium for cruelty and infamy. This world of sickness, sorrow, pain and death has never known aught else so infamously cruel or so cruelly infamous. Nothing more appalling than the Spanish Inquisition has ever been witnessed by mortal man, related in history or tradition, and the Hebrews were its hapless, helpless, hopeless victims.

It was clearly intimated, as the Bible shows, nearly four thousand years ago, and plainly predicted two thousand five hundred years ago, that those who oppressed, persecuted, despised, cursed and abused the Jews should be brought low. Has Spain been brought low? Has Spain been humiliated? Has Spain lost territory, wealth, influence, prestige and power? When the Inquisition was instituted, Spain was the most powerful nation beneath the sun. Her empire belted the globe; her power made the nations tremble.' It is history, as well as tradition, that Queen Elizabeth was practically forced to forego the pleasure of realizing the fruition of her happiest hopes and her proudest ambitions by Spanish power and influence. A universal Spanish empire, strong enough to last forever, seemed to be almost in sight. No one who believes the Bible believes there can ever be another universal empire; for the Bible clearly

teaches the contrary. Dan. 2 is sufficient to settle that question. The Roman was to be, and was, the last universal, earthly empire, as sacred scripture plainly proves; but viewed from a purely human point of view, it seemed that Spain was about to establish a fifth empire including all the nations of the earth. The proudest nation of that day, she continued to add to her possessions and increase her power, wealth and population by discovery and conquest. The American Continent belonged to Spain. When Balboa crossed the Andes and discovered the Pacific Ocean, he waded out into its placid waters waist deep, holding the Spanish flag in one hand and his sword in the other, and solemnly took possession of all its islands and of all the shores washed by its waters for, and in the name of, the Spanish Crown.

But in the very zenith of her glory, splendor and power, Spain shrouded herself with infamy and disgrace by persecuting the Hebrews as no other nation in modern times, if, indeed, ever, has persecuted them. She saturated her robes with Jewish blood. If revolting human history is reliable, thousands of her hapless victims suffered death by horrible torture, for no crime under the heavens—simply because they were Jews. Spain's power began to decline. She has lost island after island, territory after territory, continent after continent; and now she has scarcely anything left except the old homestead, and that is said to be heavily mortgaged. The day of her death as a nation may be at hand. The latter is not essential to the fulfillment of prophecy, however; for Spanish glory and splendor and power are things of the past, and prophecy has thus been as plainly and completely fulfilled as if Spain and all her possessions had been absolutely obliterated forever.

While Turkey is thought to have no competitor in cruelty to "Christians," Russia, having a Jewish population amounting to five millions, is reputed to rank next

to Spain among all nations of all modern times, if not, indeed, of all times, ancient, mediaeval and modern, and to have no rival now, since Spain has been brought down to the bottom, in revolting cruelty to Jews. All the truly civilized, enlightened nations of earth have been appalled by" reports, believed to be true, of Russian brutality, cruelty, persecution, robbery and butchery of defenseless, inoffensive Jews and their loved ones. As the report that Turks have murdered ten thousand "Christians," slaughtered their children, even butchered their sinless babies, and burned their bodies and their homes, shocks all civilized nations, but surprises none; so the report that Russia has similarly treated thousands of the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is received with horror, but not with surprise.

Whether these revolting reports are true or false is not for me to say, as I have never witnessed the terrible things reported; but, backed by the Bible, I can safely and consistently say: if these things are true, some sad day for' Russia, the World shall witness her destruction or humiliation. Murdering thousands of friendless, defenseless Jews, slaughtering their wives and children, butchering their babies and burning their homes and their bodies, is an easy task for heartless, inhuman hordes, armed and equipped for human slaughter; but harder work than that awaits Russia, if reports of Russian cruelty to Abraham's posterity are correct. How far future that dark day for Russia may be, no mortal knows, but come it must, as certainly as these revolting reports are even approximately correct. To Abraham, Jehovah said, many centuries ago: "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." (Gen. 12:3) The Lord of hosts said it, and it is, and is to be, true.

According to divine prediction, prophecy, promise, those who favored the Jews should be favored; those

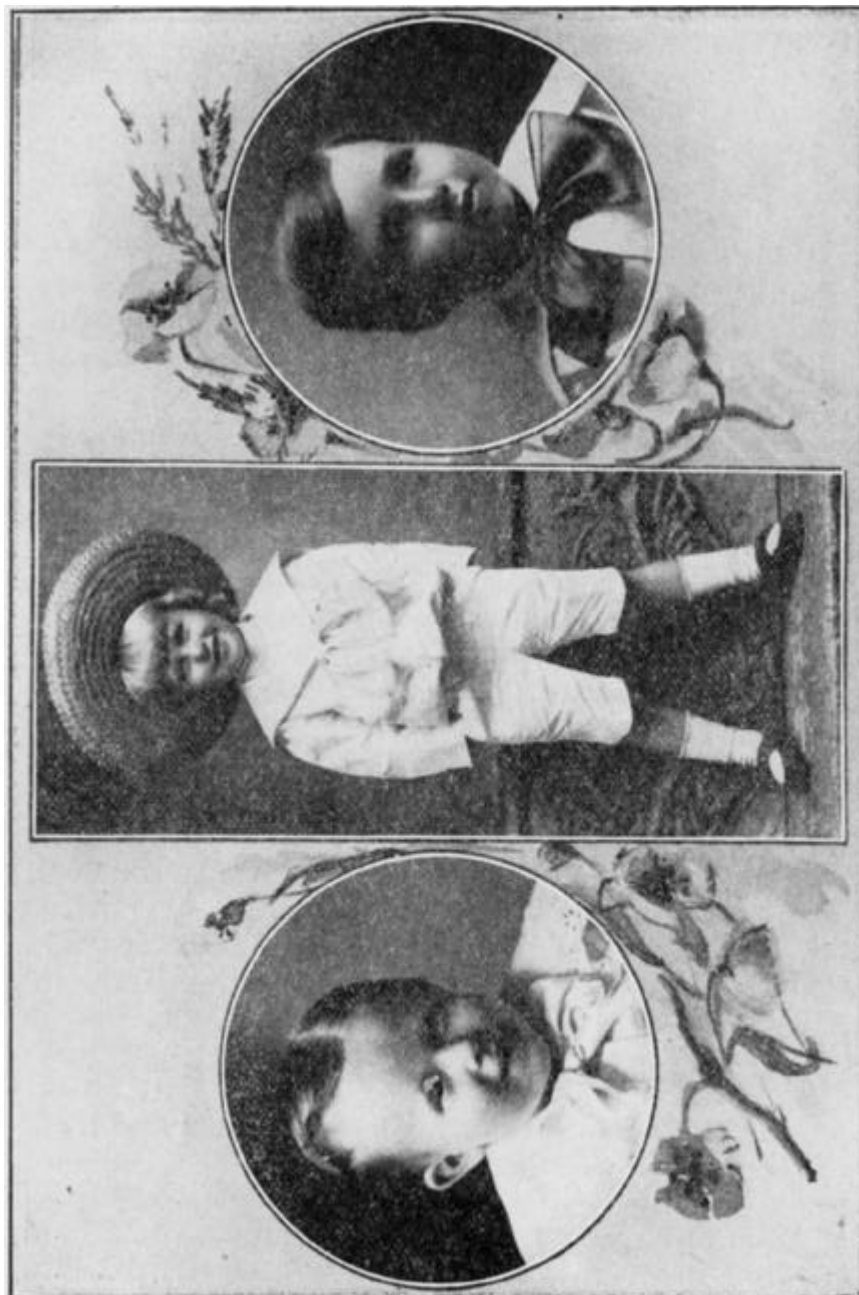
who blessed the Jews should be blessed; those who contributed to their prosperity should be prospered. What nations of modern times have favored the descendants of Abraham most, have contributed most to their happiness, prosperity and success? Those who understand these things are well aware that the Anglo-Saxon race, the English-speaking race, has contributed more to the happiness, prosperity and success of the Jews than any other race of modern times. There is absolutely no pretext for question or quibble on that point. They have enjoyed social, financial and political privileges among the English-speaking people as among no other people of modern times. England has had and honored as Premier a descendant of Abraham, second in wisdom, statesmanship, power and influence to none but Gladstone the Great; and in the United States Hebrews have prospered and have risen to high political positions of honor, power and trust.

Have these nations prospered? Fearless, enterprising sons of England have gone forth from their seagirt home and returned with laurels for their country's brow and victory emblazoned on her banner, till the sun has long since ceased to set upon her possessions, her empire belting the globe, and to-day she calmly and peacefully sways her scepter over one-fifth of the population of the earth. The country we call "our country," the United States, has grown from thirteen colonies along the western shore of the Atlantic Ocean, with three millions of brave, self-sacrificing, oppressed children of poverty, to the proportions of a vast empire on this continent, with eighty millions of prosperous people, comparing favorably in intelligence and everything else commendable with any people the world has ever known. But this is not the limit of her success. Following the example of England, she has acquired territory vast enough for a mighty empire beyond the limits of her native land, and

her population, peaceful and prosperous, at home and abroad, is more than one-twentieth of the population of the earth. The time has come when England and the United States, loving, trusting and encouraging each other as they should, can calmly say to any coalition that may be formed against them, "Thus far, but no farther, shalt thou go." Yea, the day seems to be dawning when England and America may, if they will, say to all the earth, "Peace; be still," and be obeyed; thus banishing war from earth forever "So mote it be." May the Lord hasten the day of universal peace, prosperity and love.

We have found the literal fulfillment of thrillingly important predictions plainly recorded in the book we call the Bible. We have found proof, plain and positive, of the presence and pressure of the hand of Providence in the lives and affairs of men and of nations. Nations that persecuted and tried to destroy the Jews have been, in plain, positive fulfillment of prophecy, humiliated—some utterly destroyed. Providence has clearly caused the nations that have favored the Jews to prosper, while the power of nations that persecuted them has perished. Wheresoever the Jews have wandered, whatsoever have been their environments, while persecuting powers have tried to blot them from existence, Providence has plainly preserved them, and to-day they are a miraculous manifestation of the power of Providence divine, and a confirmation of the claims of the Bible to be of inspiration from on high.

Christians should never persecute Christians should never slander, vilify, curse, oppress or abuse. I rejoice to know I have neither right nor inclination to wrong *any* person, place or thing; but, if I ever abandon Christ and become a slanderer, a traducer, a persecutor, an oppressor or a robber, I shall certainly spare the Jews. If I absolutely hated the human race, I'd be afraid to utter



DAVID L. MCQUIDDY. JACK BLAKE, JR. JAMES HARDING SEWELL.
THREE NASHVILLE BOYS WHO LOVE BROTHER LARIMORE.

a word or lift a hand against the descendants of Abraham. If I possessed millions and had the political, financial, social and military backing of the United States and the British Empire, I would still be afraid to harm, to wrong, in any way, the marvelous, mysterious people that Providence has preserved while empires have been founded, have flourished and have fallen—the miracle of the ages that the Bible declares shall exist while the sun shall shine, the moon reflect light and the stars glitter in the vault of night.

Do all these things count for nothing? Can we afford to be so deluded and enslaved by Satan, so ensnared by the wiles of this world, as to absolutely ignore all this evidence of the inspiration of the Bible and concede that earth has never had a revelation from on high—virtually concede, indeed, that God is a myth, that Jesus was a mere man, and that all the sons and daughters of men are only animals, destined to eternally cease to be when their bodies cease to breathe? What additional proof of the inspiration of the sacred scriptures and, therefore, of the truth of the propositions now under consideration—that God "is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him"—can reason either demand or desire? We are absolutely drawn, dragged, held, bound, chained to the conclusion, as rational, responsible, reasoning beings that God is, that the Bible is his word, a revelation from on high, and that, therefore, "he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," since the Bible so teaches; or that vile, hypocritical, lying, deceivers, as were the writers of the books constituting the Bible if they were not what they claimed to be, inspired servants of the living God, guessed these things and recorded them, from year to year, from generation to generation, from century to century, guessed them and described them so minutely in all their details, that careful historians, recording events of history, have been, through

all subsequent ages, recording the fulfillment of their guesses; that they guessed these improbable things as accurately as if they had had full descriptions of them in plain print before them as they wrote.

As thinking people we must form some conclusion in reference to these things, and we have two conclusions from which to choose—only two: that the writers, some of whom wrote thirty-three hundred years ago, all of whom wrote many centuries ago, simply guessed the things of which they wrote, and guessed them with absolutely perfect accuracy; or that they were what they claimed to be, the inspired servants of the living God.

Sensible people are ordinarily supposed to permit the preponderance of evidence to settle questions that are not susceptible of positive demonstration. Certainly it cannot be otherwise than easy for responsible people to reach the conclusion that it was absolutely impossible for men to *guess*, with such absolute accuracy, the many marvelous and exceedingly improbable things recorded by "Moses and the prophets." If we have intelligence enough to be responsible in the sight of God we know it was impossible for them to do so. Men have never been able to perform impossibilities; hence, the Bible is not an encyclopedia of the guesses of men. Men did not, for they absolutely could not, guess the prophetic things recorded in the Book of books; therefore those who wrote them were inspired by the Spirit of the living God. The preponderance of evidence in favor of the plain proposition that they were divinely inspired, and therefore against their merely guessing the things that they predicted is, to speak conservatively, rather than accurately, a billion to one. Now, as the sweetest joys earth can give and all the bliss of heaven forever are involved in believing and accepting the proposition that the writers of the books constituting the Bible were divinely inspired, if they were thus inspired; and, as the preponderance of

evidence in favor of their divine inspiration is, beyond reasonable question or respectable quibble, a billion to one, what does reason demand of responsible souls in this superlatively important case? Simply that they accept the Bible as a revelation from on high.

The things we have just had under consideration constitute only one of the many lines of prophecy that have been *clearly* and literally fulfilled. If we take any other line of prophecy presented and preserved in the Bible, trace it diligently and consider it carefully, we naturally and necessarily reach the same conclusion, if we permit the preponderance of evidence to settle the question. As any ray of solar light traced back to its source necessarily leads to the sun, the center of the solar system; so all lines of prophecy presented and preserved in the Bible, traced back to their source, lead to the central truth of the spiritual universe, "God is," and prove the proposition "he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him;" since they plainly and positively prove the Bible to be the divinely inspired word of God, and therefore true.

Is it not, then, strange that honest, intelligent, sincere people hesitate to accept the Bible as true and worthy of universal trust as a waybill to Heaven, a guide, through grace, to glory? It is reasonable, however, and worthy of a Solomon in his palmiest days, to deny the inspiration of the Bible, the divinity of Christ and the existence of God, and crown Chance as Creator, in comparison with believing these things and then practically shutting your eyes, stopping your ears, hardening your hearts and rushing recklessly down to ruin. For responsible men, women and children to accept the propositions "God is," and "he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," and then persistently refuse to diligently seek him, is infinitely more marvelous than ordinary infidelity, in the sense in which that term is universally used. To profess to believe the difference between accepting Christ and

rejecting Christ to be the difference between an eternity of bliss in Heaven and an eternity of woe in hell, and, at the same time, to treat these things lightly, permitting opportunity after opportunity to obey the gospel to pass by unappreciated and therefore unappropriated—certainly, to say the very least of it, such a course is clearly incomprehensible.

But it is probably the strangest of all strange things that people will hear the gospel, believe the gospel, obey the gospel, being thus born into God's family, house, household, church, claim to appreciate the privilege of being Christians, wish to be called and considered Christians, and still live for self; live unclean, unrighteous, selfish lives; live for the transient things of this world; while, all around them, souls are perishing for the bread of life. It is indeed strange that some Christians fail to realize the infinite importance of eternal salvation to such a deplorable extent that they wear their lives away worrying over secular affairs, giving undue and even unnecessary time and attention to temporal things, while precious souls, sometimes even members of their own family circles, it may be, are sapping the foundation of their physical constitutions by bad living, thus bringing their bodies to untimely graves, traveling the broad and beaten road that leads to death eternal. Is it not strange that Christians will carelessly, recklessly and habitually neglect duty's solemn demands, thus declaring, in the plainest, most positive and practical way possible, that they care naught for Christ, his cause or the salvation of souls; whereas, they ought to be ready to sacrifice all they possess, even life itself, doing, daring and dying, if need be, in the service of the living God, under the leadership of our Savior?

Lack of love, liberality, purity, fidelity, zeal, enthusiasm, consistency among Christians—in other words, lack of consecration to Christ and his cause among those who

claim to be loyal to the Lord—makes multitudes smile at the very thought of embracing Christianity. It is our duty to try to lead the lost to the Lamb of God; but we can never convert the world to Christ by preaching right and practicing wrong. "Awake thou that sleepest." "A few more days or years at most," and our period of probation shall be in the past. The Savior's advice, "What thou doest, do quickly," should be heeded by each one of us; and we should all perpetually demonstrate our appreciation of Solomon's sacred admonition: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

If we fail to do our duty as the days of life go by, God may condemn us as unprofitable servants, and cast us off forever; but our failure to faithfully, loyally and lovingly discharge duty's demands cannot be a passport into heaven for those who refuse to obey the gospel because we fail to live the Christian life, or for any others. Regardless of the impurity, inconsistency and infidelity of any, or even all, who claim to be Christians, you who are out of Christ, as are all other responsible souls, are individually and personally responsible for your own voluntary conduct—for the lives that you live. Our derelictions of duty can never save you. We are responsible for our own conduct, and certainly responsible if we refuse or neglect to earnestly endeavor to lead you into the way that leads to life eternal; but our evil doings and shortcomings can never be even a plausible pretext for your declining to do your duty, and can certainly never save you. May the Lord bless all of you in coming to Christ without delay, obeying the gospel and then living all the remnant of your days as God teaches his children to live.

The Savior is lovingly calling you, pleading with you to come to him, that he may tenderly lead you home.

This call is not "of the earth, earthy"—it is of heaven, heavenly. When you accept it, you accept a loving invitation from the Lord who died to redeem you. While I repeat it, he promises, if you will accept it, to love you and lead you through life, comfort you in the hour of death, and make you unspeakably happy forever in God's eternal home.

CHAPTER XV.

Letters—Children's Chapter.

"What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,

"That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and purer climate
Than reaches the trunks below."

THIS chapter is intended for young people only, whether they be seven, seven times seven, or ten times seven, years old. All old people, whether their years be many or few, are warned to pass it by without a glance at its pages. It can be appreciated by none but children and those who have in their hearts enough of the spirit of childhood to enter, in some measure, into childhood's joys and sorrows. Children have their sorrows, as well as their joys—sorrows that, slight as they may seem to us who are burdened with weightier cares, are heavy and sometimes crushing to them, because they have known none more distressing. Doubtless many of the things over which we grieve and worry are, in the sight of Him who made the worlds and keeps them in their orbits, as trivial as the griefs of children are to us: yet we look confidently to Him for sympathy and succor in every time of trouble.

The Savior manifested tender love and true compassion for children when he lived on earth. As a reproof

to his disciples, wrangling and disputing about who should be the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven, he called to him a little child, set him in their midst, and 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. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me." (Matt. 18:3-5.) "And whosoever shall receive me receiveth him that sent me." (Luke 9:48.) Perhaps the Master thought, when he said this, of his own childhood and the consecrated pair who received him as the gift of God. In this language we have divine assurance that into every home where a babe is welcomed in the name of the Lord Jesus, both the Father and the Son enter and abide. Whosoever closes heart and home to the blessed little ones shuts out not only all the hallowed, softening influences of childhood, but also bars out him who said, long ago, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven." The kingdom of Heaven is not composed of children, but of such characters as children. What does it mean to be "as a little child?" It means to be guileless, humble, loving, generous, trusting, faithful; hence, to be "without guile," to be "clothed with humility," to "love one another," to "give liberally," to "trust in the name of the Lord," to be "faithful unto death" is to be in spirit attuned to the kingdom of Heaven.

Hard indeed is the heart that can shut itself against the winning ways of a child. Yet there are hearts that can deny these little messengers of love and joy every sacred right of childhood—deny them first even the right to be; then, the right to be happy, to be loved, to be cared for, to be taught and guided and trained for usefulness here

and happiness hereafter. The training of children is *the* work of the world, and God's blessing will rest on those who faithfully, patiently and prayerfully, day by day, often through discouragements and disappointments, do this all-important work.

Love and sympathy for children and a tender yearning to shield them from the trials and troubles that come with maturer years, are prominent traits of Brother Larimore's character. Out of the shadows that shrouded his own childhood, he has brought a loving sympathy for children. Wherever he goes, he wins their love and confidence; and, through this love and confidence, wields an influence for good on all who know him. With the quick intuition of childhood, they know he is their friend, and they turn to him for love and sympathy as naturally as flowers open to the sun.

Overwhelmed with work as he always is, he takes time to write many letters to children. To a little namesake, just a few days old, he wrote:

"Precious Little Treasure: I hasten to congratulate you on your advent into this beautiful world; especially on your arrival at Hurricane, where I always love to be. You may never know how much I appreciate your willingness to wear my name; but I'll try to be better because you wear it.

"The baby was born—'twas the first one, you know—
No name could be found that would suit
Each one had a chance; it was clearly in vain—
At each name 'granddaddy' would hoot

"At last all agreed that sweet 'Mary' would do—
A sweeter name no one could find—
Then some one suggested the 'Larimore,' too'
And now it is just to their mind.

"Now 'Miss Mary Larimore Jones' she must be
No matter what fate may portend;



MARY LARIMORE JONES.

But, whatever her lot in this life may be,
I pray that the saints may defend.

"I could write to Marys, Kates, Susans, or Janes,
To Larimores, too, I might try; To Joneses—
I never could do it, you know!
But I hope you'll not ask me why.

"These five little verses I send now to you—
Please remember, dear, they're my first;
I am sure they are not the best you have read,
But I hope they are not the worst."

To a little girl who had expressed a desire to go to hear him preach, that she might make the good confession and have him to baptize her, he wrote:

"Come to Lebanon, sweet child, confess your faith in Christ, and let me baptize you. Full well do I remember the dear little curly-headed darling who used to bring me apples to Watertown. It is not the time of year now for apples; but it is the time to bring your own precious self to see me; and it is the time to give yourself to the loving Lord."

The little girl traveled "twice eighteen miles," confessed her Savior and was baptized.

He likes the following little story taken from the Youth's Companion, because it illustrates the natural generosity of children:

"THE LITTLE RED APPLE.

"It was a little, red-cheeked, country apple; and it lay on top of the barrellful of 'Northern Spies' that had just come from grandma's. 'O, mamma,' said Betty, 'did you ever see such a pretty apple? It's so smooth and red and shiny! And this little red spot looks just like a cunning little dimple. I'm going to take it to school for lunch.' So the little red apple, that came from the top-

most bough of a gnarled old orchard tree, was taken to the city school in Betty's pocket.

"Margaret Watson, Betty's desk-mate, was ever so sweet a little girl; but she had one small fault, as many little girls have. If anything went wrong, she would pout. That morning Margaret missed a word in her spelling lesson, and when recess time came, she was cross. Betty had intended to divide the little red apple with Margaret, but she felt a little bit angry because Margaret was pouting; so she decided to eat every atom of it herself, even to the seeds, of which they were both so fond. She had already set her two front teeth in the apple's dimple, when, looking back, she saw Margaret sitting in the deserted schoolroom, with two tears rolling off her precious pug nose onto the long column of figures she was trying to add.

"If there was one thing above all others that melted Betty's heart it was to see any one cry. She smoothed the tiny dents out of the apple's dimple, and, running back to her friend and putting her arms about her, pressed the little red apple into Margaret's hands.

"Just then school was called, and all must sit still, so the apple could not be eaten; and when school was out, Margaret hurried home with the little red apple in her jacket pocket. At the gate, she met Teddy Brown, with Nip and Tuck, her pet kittens, in his arms. He had just taken them down from the big maple tree, where they had scrambled, to get out of the way of a savage dog. Margaret felt so grateful to Teddy that she gave him the little red apple, and he ran off with it in his hand.

"It's a beauty, sure,' thought Teddy, turning it over and over, never looking where he was going, till he ran against a little German girl and stepped on her toes so hard that she cried aloud with the pain. Teddy apologized, like the little gentleman he was; and, to prove that he did indeed feel sorry, he gave her the little red apple.

"Gretchen's mouth drew up, instead of down, at the corners, and she walked down the street smiling. At the corner, she saw Tim, the bootblack. Tim never failed to jerk the two long braids of flaxen hair that hung down to Gretchen's short waist, and inquire 'the price of sauerkraut per yard.' Gretchen decided to make a trade with Tim. She held the apple firmly but temptingly in her hand, and said: 'If you pull my hair not, and say "sauerkraut" no more, I gif you dis.'

"The little red apple was exactly what Tim wanted. His chum, a newsboy, had been hurt the day before, by a falling brick at a fire. Tim intended to pay him a call at the hospital, and wanted to take some little gift to him; for Tim had a kind heart under his rough manners, and loved his newsboy chum devotedly. But he had not made anything that day. The weather was fine, the streets were dry, and nobody wanted a 'shine.' So, the bargain was made; and, be it said to the credit of Tim's code of honor, it was faithfully kept. The little red apple was snuggled away in his pocket—this time in a dirty, ragged pocket, with all sorts of strings and strange things in it; and it stayed in that pocket till Tim took it out and placed it on the white stand cloth at the head of Bobby's bed.

"Bobby wasn't very sick. His arm was bruised, not broken; and otherwise he was as well as ever, and took a lively interest in his neighbors in the hospital. The little boy on the next cot was very sick. He had been sick a long, long time; and now they had taken him into the next ward, and the nurse told Bobby that Johnnie could never get well. Bobby lay very still after the nurse told him that; and, when she wasn't looking at him he drew the sheet up over his face and cried. By and by he asked the nurse if she would take the little red apple to Johnnie and tell him Bobby sent it. She took it to Johnnie, and then Bobby felt better.

"When the doctor came to see Johnnie that afternoon, the little red apple was lying in reach of his hand on the white coverlet. The doctor was kind and gentle to every one, of course; for he was a gentleman; but when he spoke to Johnnie his voice was always softer, and sometimes there were tears in his eyes. Perhaps he was thinking of his own little boy, who had died years before. Johnnie loved the doctor better than he loved any one else in the world; for he had no friends outside the hospital.

"Doctor," said Johnnie, "I could hardly wait till you came to-day; for I have such a pretty red apple for you."

"When the doctor saw how pleased Johnnie looked, he knew it would make the little boy happy for him to accept the gift. So, he thanked his little patient in his own kind way, and again the little red apple was in a pocket—a nice, warm, furry pocket in the doctor's overcoat.

"Betty," said the doctor to his little girl, when he went home that evening, "there's a little red apple in my overcoat pocket out in the hall. Little Johnnie at the hospital gave it to me; but I think it will fit your little mouth better than my big one."

"Why, papa!" said Betty, coming back with her eyes very wide open and the little red apple in her chubby hand, "this is one of grandma's apples, and I took it to school this morning and gave it to Margaret. It truly is!" she insisted, as her father and mother smiled, "Don't you remember the apple's dimple, mamma? and here is where I put my two front teeth when Margaret pouted." Now, Betty's two front teeth were very crooked indeed, and made a peculiar little print. So, when mamma looked at the little tooth print she knew so well, she said Betty was right, but it was very strange.

"The next day the little red apple went to school again in Betty's pocket; but that day was its last, for Margaret

and Betty ate every atom of it, even to the seeds. How many people were made happy by that one little red apple? Count them, and tell me."

Speaking of his love for children, he says: "I have photographs of an army of little ones—many of them my namesakes. I appreciate and love them more than tongue can tell. I often wish I could conveniently carry them with me in all my wanderings, and keep them near me, as a constant reminder that it is impossible for me to ever be purer than it is my duty to be all the remnant of my days, even though it might be possible for me to be perfectly pure. Some of these precious little ones are now 'lambs of the upper fold.' Some of them are men and women; and some of them are preaching the word. May the loving Lord love and lead and shield and save them all."

He has many namesakes, appreciates them, and manifests his appreciation in many ways. Several years ago, he wrote Brother Srygley:

"Please send 'Youth's Advocate' one year, and 'Sunshine,' also 'Larimore and His Boys,' to Robert Larimore Self, Birmingham, Ala, and charge to me. I try to tie he little 'Larimores' to the 'Youth's Advocate' as fast is I find 'em. I want the entire army properly trained."

In addition to this "army" of namesakes who had no voice in choosing the name, he has some namesakes who voluntarily adopted his name. Of one of these he recently wrote:

"The baby of the family owning and occupying the louse nearest to my present Weatherford home has just hanged her name It was 'Esther Whittaker.' In the presence of all the family, I have just made the following record in the family Bible 'Esther Larimore Whit-



ESTHER LARIMORE WHITTAKER.

taker, July 24, 1888.' I was going to simply 'underline.' to perfect the record, but her mother said, 'Write it on the line below and we'll make a mark through that.' You may not wonder at this; but I do. And I certainly appreciate it—and love the sweet child. She has the reputation of being a marvelously bright girl; modest, pure and sweet as she is bright. She leads her classes in school. While I appreciated and appreciate her wishing to wear my name, I felt sad as I made the record. Various thoughts flitted through my mind: Am I worthy? Into whose hands may she fall? What is to be her destiny? Then I resolved to, by the grace of God, be as nearly worthy of all the love, confidence, esteem and all other blessings lavished upon me, all the remnant of my days, as possible. These are things that ought to make it almost impossible for me to fall. Why should I ever do wrong? It is certainly an inexcusable sin and shame for me to ever do anything of even doubtful propriety."

On the back of a photograph—a smiling baby with its finger in its mouth—he wrote:

"Our photographer, Brother Collins, sent me this. He knows I love little children; hence he sends me a baby picture as a Christmas present, occasionally, as the years go by. My baby pictures are classed by me with my most precious treasures. Without love and little children, this world would be a strange, unsatisfactory world indeed Blessed and brightened by buds and blossoms, love and little children, it is a bright old world of beauty—of joy, too. The most beautiful thing the eye of mortal can behold is 'the human countenance divine,'

"Before decay's defacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,'

when not marred by misfortune or shadowed by sin. I



A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

know not who this little treasure is; but it is certainly sweet. 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' "

On the back of a picture recently sent him is written the following:

"The picture of two little faces presented to Brother Larimore as a reminder of their mother, who has known and loved him from her youth. They are the youngest of the five children of W. R. and Nellie Huddleston Chambers. They are descendants of two pioneer families of Tennessee, being great-great-grand children of James Robertson and John Davis through the maternal grandmother. For five generations many of their ancestors on both father's and mother's side have learned and obeyed the truth, their mother's maternal grandparents having been baptized by Alexander Campbell, in the Cumberland River, at Nashville, when the ice had to be broken with an ax. The little boy, Arthur Bryan, is bright, argumentative, persuasive, pure-minded and eloquent, with unusual command of language for one so young. His mother's highest ambition for him is that he may preach the gospel in its primitive purity and lead many souls to eternal life. She wants to have at least one boy who will be willing to take the mantle .of some Elijah and lead the Christian hosts on to victory. The little girl, aged about three, is named Ellen Mordaunte, for her mother's beloved grandmother. THE
MOTHER."

In the following letter, written at San Angelo, Texas, in March, 1904, he tells of the affection of one of his four-footed friends:

'A large, fine, Shepherd-Newfoundland dog, seven months old, whose mistress, living half a mile from here. I baptized early in the meeting, has left home and guards me constantly. He lies at my door day and night. He lies at my feet or stands with his head in my lap at the



ARTHUR B. AND ELLEN M. CHAMBERS.

meetinghouse till the first song is announced. Then he goes into the vestibule and waits till I leave the house, and he leaves it with me. When I go into the water alone, he goes with me. When I go with another, he stands on a ledge of rock close to me and watches the baptizing". Where I go he goes. His master cannot toll, coax or drive him from me. I have never tried to gain his affection—have never given him as much as a crumb. I call him 'Angelo.' I send you a photograph of him, his mistress and her little daughter."

At a meeting he conducted in Kentucky several years ago, a peculiar incident occurred which strangely and seriously impressed him and all others who witnessed it. Writing of it, he says:

"A precious treasure, a jewel rare, is little Ethel Leachman. When we meet, to work and worship together in this protracted effort or series of efforts to save souls, little Ethel meets with us. She is as prompt and regular in attendance as I am; and all who know me know I am always there, always on time, and always begin on time. Duty so demands.

"Little Ethel never nods, never reads, never laughs, never talks, never rattles a newspaper or the leaves of a book, never eats, in the presence of people engaged in sacred service in the house of prayer; nor does she in any other way ever manifest contempt, disrespect or lack of reverence for sacred things. She is too old, too sensible, too refined, too polite, and has been too well taught, for that. In manners, she is truly a model for old and young—for all. In other words, she is a perfect little lady.

"Strange as it may seem, she never speaks, howsoever frequently she may be spoken to, save in the softest, sweetest whisper, from the moment she enters the house of prayer till she leaves it. I am sure this is strictly true—sure as I can be. She seems to know the house of



"ANGELO."

prayer is sometimes the house of mourning, where the lifeless forms of loved ones are. She seems to realize that the house of the Lord is close to the gates of Heaven, that the Savior is always in the midst of the assembly of the saints, that he is ever present with those who work and worship in his name—according to his holy will—and that the angels of God are there

“While she does not confine herself strictly to one chair or one place, from the beginning of the sermon to the end thereof, she is, in all her movements and maneuvers, as graceful and noiseless as a kitten on a carpet. She never molests anything or disturbs any one—never. 'She never fails, wheresoever in the house she may be, to come to me when the invitation is given, give me her little white right hand, sit down on the carpeted step at my feet, at my right hand, and sit there, with an air of perfect composure and contentment, looking as if she were waiting and watching for the angels to come, to carry her home, or for the Savior to take her into his arms and say, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' She sits there, in sweet, solemn serenity, till the benediction is pronounced, as regularly as the days go by, regardless of what others may think or say or do.

“She is the only child of her parents—a precious little treasure, two years and one month old—twenty-five months old. Her marvelous—many say miraculous—maneuvers during this series of meetings have filled many a mind with awe, many a heart with tenderness, many an eye with tears. 'This is the Lord's doings,' they say, 'and it is marvelous in our eyes.'

“Her mysterious movements are all the more marvelous from the fact that they began long before any one had come forward, to make the confession, and have continued, without the slightest change, till now. Moreover, this is the first series of meetings ever held in this house, and this is the first and only house ever owned by



ETHEL LEACHMAN.

the church of Christ in this town. Little Ethel had never seen any one do anything like what she has been doing from the beginning of this meeting till now. She had absolutely no model, no example, to follow.

"To-night, when the invitation was given, she was about as far from me as she could be and be in the same room. She came to me immediately, gave me her hand, and took her seat where and as she invariably does. She had barely seated herself, when, to my astonishment, following her footsteps, her father and mother came, to make the good confession.

"Now, I am superstitious enough, if it be superstition, to wonder whether she will continue to do as she has done; or whether, having fulfilled her mission, she will cease to show others what, when and how to do. The latter is what I expect and many predict."

A month later, he wrote:

"As I expected, and as many predicted, little Ethel discontinued all her marvelous, mysterious movements when her father and mother came to Christ. When they came, she sat still, in solemn silence a few seconds. Then, sweetly smiling, she went to her father, he took her into his arms, and that ended it. She seemed to know her mission was fulfilled when she led" her father and mother to the Lord. 'And a little child shall lead them.'

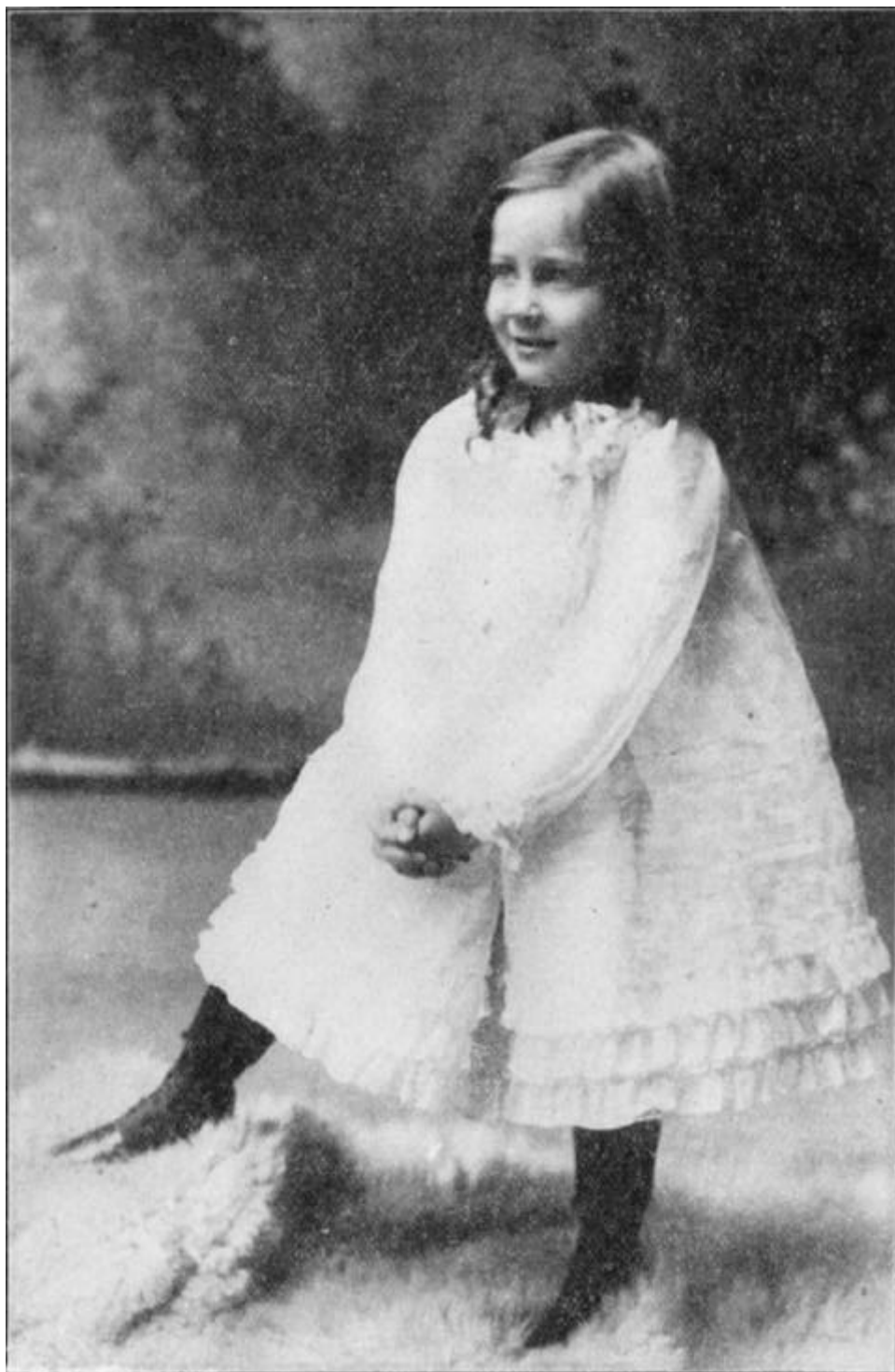
"Now, my brother, having truly and tenderly loved little children all the days of my life—as long, at least, as I can remember—it is but natural that my love for the pure, precious little treasures should sometimes lead me, or strongly tempt me, to go into the perilous realm of exaggeration, when speaking or writing of them; but I am not aware of the slightest exaggeration, or deviation from plain, simple, literal, unvarnished truth, in this story, as herein related. I have tried to tell the plain

truth, suppressing nothing, adding nothing; but truly, 'truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.' "

Loving and appreciating children as he does, he has a very tender sympathy for those whose hearts and homes have been shadowed by the loss of a child. Inclosing pictures of three little sisters, Margaret, Maurine and Stella Johnson, he wrote:

"These little darlings are 'lambs of the upper fold' now They were the only children of the household, and the three died and were buried within one week. Ah! well, they missed all the sorrows of earth and gained all the joys of Heaven by going home."

The picture of a little girl instinct with childish grace and beauty is inscribed: "Little Gladys Stribling. Born July 22, 1807. Went home December 31, 1901. The only child of James H. Stribling' and wife, of Lawrenceburg, Tenn , who are heartbroken because of her departure. Her father has this picture, enlarged and beautifully framed, hanging over the vault in his bank." Of the same beautiful child, a friend writes: "With her little hands she has linked Heaven and earth closer together for her father and mother. Soon after Gladys' death, God, in his wise providence, caused Brother Larimore to be called to our town, to speak the word of God. He heard of their sorrow, and, with kind, sympathizing words, won their respect and interest. Through his preaching Brother Stribling was persuaded to obey the gospel and unite himself to the band of Christians worshiping at this place. Brother Larimore's words of consolation and his constant reference to Him who says, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' have taught the sorrowing father and mother to bear their loss with Christian fortitude."



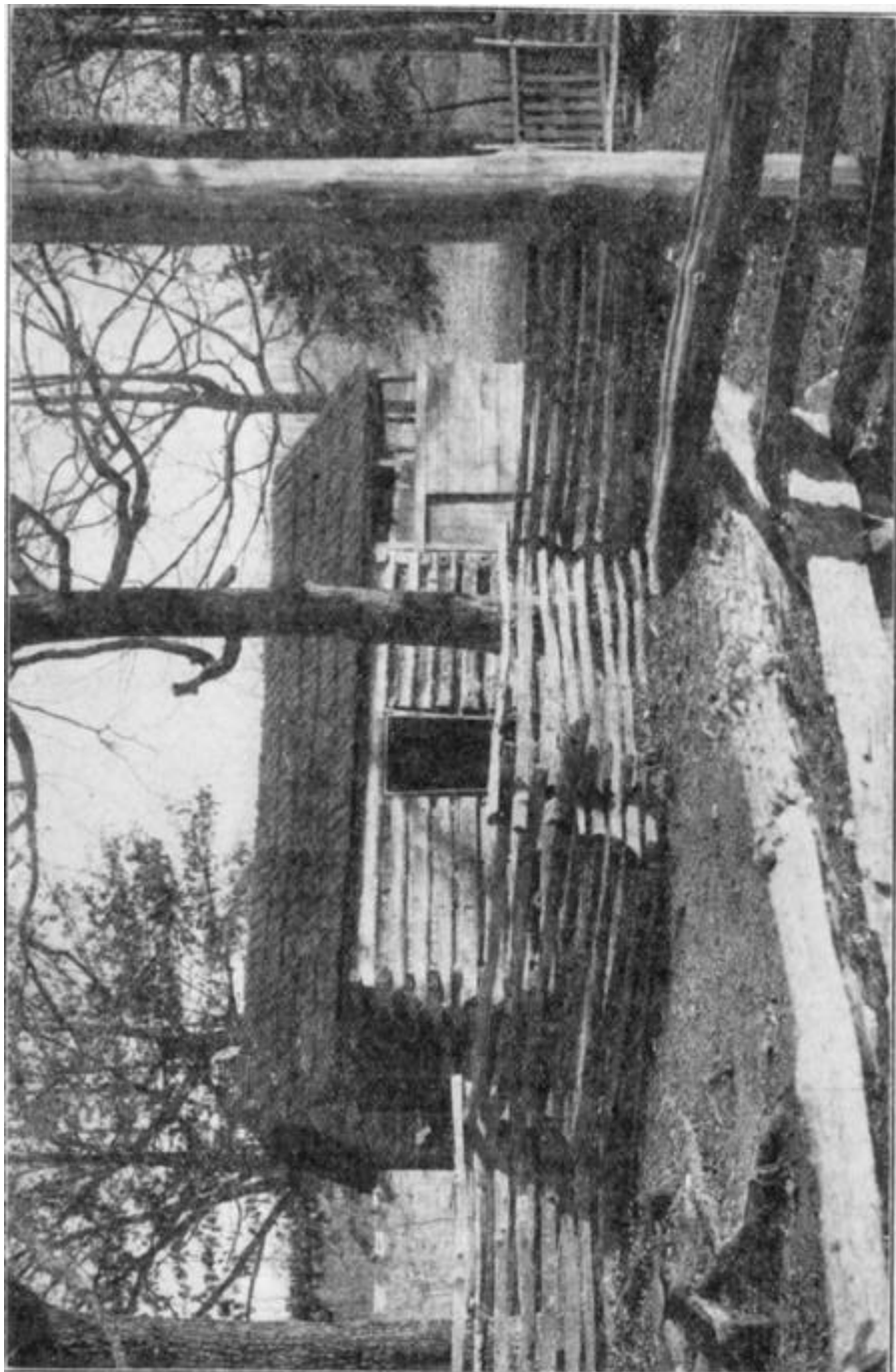
LITTLE GLADYS STRIBLING.

That sorrowful household is now gladdened by the presence of a baby daughter—"Little Jim"—but Gladys' place in the hearts of her father and mother can never be filled.

Kind and tender as he always is to all children, there is, in voice and manner, a deeper—a pathetic—expression of tenderness and pity when he speaks to or of a child who suffers any affliction—blindness, deafness, the loss of active little limbs; or, worst of all afflictions, a darkened mind. He was touched by the wise answer and the sweet lesson of submission straight from the heart of a child, in the following account of a visit paid by Canon Wilberforce, of England, to an institution for deaf and dumb children in the United States:

"In that schoolroom, where a reproof for ill-timed prattling was never necessary, only one voice broke the silence—sad, not golden, silence. For an hour an examiner plied the small scholars with questions which their teachers interpreted for them by manual signs, and which they answered by writing on a blackboard a quotation from the Bible. The eyes of the visitor were turned toward the bright face of a little boy to whom this question was propounded. 'Can you tell me why the Lord Almighty withheld from you the power to hear, notwithstanding he has given it to me and to nearly all other people?' The little face looked sad and troubled; but, after a brief hesitation, it brightened, and the quick fingers wrote on the board 'Even so, Father for so it seemed good in thy sight.' "

Did the little dumb child know that this verse follows our Lord's thanksgiving that his Father has revealed to babes the mysteries hidden from the wise and prudent? Where wisdom fails to solve the reason for pain and privation, faith in the fatherhood and perfect love of God soothes the heart and silences all captious questions.



SEQUATCHIE VALLEY HOME.

He sometimes, though rarely, gives reminiscences of his own childhood, as in the following letter to a friend:

"I send you a photograph of the last house we lived in in Sequatchie Valley, before we went to Kentucky. We moved into this house immediately after our own little house and all our earthly goods were burned—nothing saved—in Dunlap. Probably I should not say we moved into it. We simply went into it. We had nothing to move. We lived in this house, made an honest living, and were reasonably happy. When the Federal army first came there, my mother had a little cotton patch—probably one-tenth of an acre—near the house. Some of the soldiers pulled up the cotton, looking for something to eat—potatoes or peanuts, I presume.

"Wells on the place were all dry much of the time—wet-weather wells—but we had a little 'truck wagon' and a twenty-gallon keg; and we carried, or pulled, water from the celebrated Dunlap spring, a mile and a quarter above. I never considered it drudgery to pull the little wagon with that keg of good cold water on it. I did that with a light, hopeful, happy heart. I was glad we had the wagon and the keg, that the spring was so near and the water so good. We enjoyed the water.

"Just after we went there, a robber, heavily armed, came to our humble little home: and, seeing nothing else he would have, demanded my hat, as I was standing in or near the door. I hesitated. 'Click' went his deadly gun, its muzzle at my heart. 'Give it to him, my son,' said my anxious, troubled: mother. I obeyed my mother. The robber took the hat and hasn't returned it yet. Ah' well, he may never return it; but if robbed today, of hat or purse or home, I have friends (how many!), as loyal and true as have ever breathed the breath of life, who would gladly hasten to rob themselves, to more than make me whole. May the Lord always abundantly bless my friends."

When he wrote this letter he was located at a magnificent hotel in a city of more than half a million souls, preaching the word with God-given eloquence and power, while thousands of friends all over the land were earnestly praying for victory and all other blessings for him. From the great city his thoughts went back to the little home in the valley, and he wrote:

"My last crop of corn—my last farming—was just in front of that house. You can't see the cornfield in the picture. I helped to clear that land; there 'Granny'—Mr. Jonathan Hatfield's little old, bay pony—and I made many a bushel of corn, dividing the crop equally. She has gone where all good ponies go, and I—well, I'm neither better nor happier than when 'Granny' and I pulled and held the plow—respectively—for a living, long, long ago. A tender heart and a mother's love were all my fortune then; but I was happy.

"When I climbed up so high in the world that I found myself chopping, hauling and selling two loads of wood a day—at \$1.25 a load—I, of course, had to devise some means of disposing of my rapidly increasing 'surplus;' so I said to myself, 'I'll build my mother a house.' Day by day the 'Surplus' grew, till, finally, I bought the best lot on the market in Dunlap—close to the dear old spring—and there I built my mother's home. She doesn't live there now. .She lives with her children; but, as long as she lives, she will own that home, close to the Dunlap spring, unless she prefers, wishes and resolves to dispose of it. In any event, her will and wish shall be her children's pleasure."

In one of his letters he gives the following amusing account of his first experience in farming:

"Early in the spring, before I was seven in July, Sam Kinkannon, a busy old bachelor, came to our cabin at early dawn, one bright, beautiful morning, 'to get The

ophilus to drap corn 'that day. Proud of the unexpected promotion, I joyously consented; and my joy was simply inexpressible when my mother gave her consent.

“Now, Sam was a very positive, particular, as well as practical man; and, withal, exceedingly exacting. Things had to be done his way or no way. I listened attentively—eyes, ears and mouth open—while Sam gave specific instructions. He said:

Now, see here; I want you to drap it *pine-blank* as I say. Drap it *smack-dab* in the check, and put *two and three grains in a hill.*’

“Now, in my ignorance, I could not understand why it would not do just as well to put five grains into a hill, all at once, and be done with it; but, then, it wasn't my duty, or any part of my business, to understand that. That was Sam's business, and I was sure he understood it. My whole duty was to 'drap' the corn as Sam said 'drap it'—to 'put two and three grains in a hill.' That's what Sam said and that's what I did; being exceedingly careful to always drop the two first and then the three.

“I could 'drap' corn and no mistake. 'What next?' was the question pride continually pressed upon my mind. 'Who can foresee, foreknow or foretell what heights I may yet reach? I may be as great a man as Sam some day.' Such thoughts rushed through my mind. But alas! it is not always easy 'to see ourselves as others see us.' We are not always good judges of our own work. Sordid selfishness and shameful self-esteem often blind us so that we cannot see our own defects and mistakes. Thus blinded, I was doomed to dreadful disappointment. 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall,' was to be speedily verified in my case. The wisdom of Solomon was to be clearly demonstrated by the untimely overthrow of all my happy hopes and lofty ambitions. My pride and vanity were so increased and intensified by sudden promo-

tion and signal success as a 'corn drapper,' that I was even dreaming of being, some sweet day, a farmer myself, when the destruction preceded by pride, the fall that followeth a haughty spirit, came.

"I was stepping 'mighty' high, 'drapping' corn with perfect precision, and feeling 'mighty' proud and important, when suddenly long, lean, lank Sam—ever watchful and fearfully fractious—'diskivered' my fatal mistake. With flashing eyes, frowning brow and furious voice, he swept down upon me like a tornado upon a tender tree. I shudder yet, when I think of it. He swore he would skin me alive in less time than it took to say it, if—

"What followed that awful 'if is still a secret all unknown to me. The truth is, I was busy. I was in a hurry. I had no time to enjoy such jokes. I went there, not to engage in pleasant conversation or to enjoy the music of Sam's stentorian voice, but to 'drap corn,' and I 'drapped it,' suddenly, bucket and all, while yet that fearful 'if' hung on the profane lips of sinful Sam, 'took to my heels,' fled precipitately from the field of my glory, and have not finished that job, my first job of 'drapping corn,' yet.

"Even to this good day, some men sometimes say 'two *and* three,' when they mean 'two *or* three.'"

He told, in a sermon especially adapted to children, the following little story that aptly illustrates his quick sympathy for suffering and his aversion to giving pain:

"When I began school-teaching, I started as I supposed everybody started. A teacher was then and there expected to have a page of foolscap paper covered with rules, that were to be read aloud in the presence of all the pupils, the first morning of the school. There was just one thing more terrible than the rules, and that was a long switch that was regarded as an absolute necessity

—or, as at least one teacher expressed it, *needcessity*—in every schoolroom. I thought that was the proper way to do—thought the rules and the switch were absolutely essential to a good school. My switch was only about five feet long—not quite up to the standard; but still it was a switch. We were having cool, frosty October mornings. There was in the school a bright little boy, named Andrew, who belonged to a large family. Andrew's people were very poor; and, though the mornings were too cold and frosty for little feet to be bare, Andrew had neither shoes nor stockings.

“He was a mischievous little fellow, about eleven years old, bright and promising. As punishment for creating some little disturbance one day, he was required to stand before the school a few moments. Presently I noticed that he was still keeping up the disturbance—amusing the other pupils—so he had to stand on one foot a while. Being busy hearing lessons, answering questions, etc., etc., I forgot Andrew; but finally noticed him again just in time to see that he was devoting his entire time to comic efforts to make the other children laugh. I was near enough to reach him with the switch; so I gave him three light taps with it. There was a little sore place on his ankle, and the switch touched that. I saw a drop of blood run down from that place onto his little, bare, brown foot, and my conscience smote me. I looked at Andrew. He was standing there, trembling, quivering, with tears in his eyes. Then I said to myself: 'I wonder whether, if his father were worth a million dollars, and he wore fine clothes, I would be so ready to use this switch on him.' As kindly and tenderly as I knew how, I told Andrew to go to his seat, pitched that cruel switch that had given me and Andrew so much pain and trouble into the yard; and, notwithstanding I have taught school many years since then, I have never had any use for a switch since that sad moment. If I

had been engaged in driving oxen, I might have needed a switch; but, from that day to this, I have never had any use for such a thing."

It was, perhaps, the memory of barefooted little Andrew that caused him to give place, in the paper he once edited and published, to the following poem by Charles

M. Dickinson:

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me "good night" and be kissed;
Oh' the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh! the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of, the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear one must go!
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild.
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise,
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses
His glory still beams in their eyes.
Oh! those truants from earth and from Heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

The twig is so easily bended,
 I have banished the rule and the rod;
 I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
 They have taught me the goodness of God.
 My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
 Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
 My frown is sufficient correction;
 My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
 To traverse its threshold no more—
 Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
 That meet me each morn at the door!
 I shall miss the "goodnights" and the kisses,
 And the gush of their innocent glee,
 The group on the green, and the flowers
 That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
 Their songs in the school and the street,
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 The tramp of their delicate feet.
 When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And death says the school is dismissed,
 May the little ones gather around me
 To bid me "good night" and be kissed.

Brother Larimore believes, and therefore teaches, that children should be encouraged to obey the gospel as early as it is possible for them to understand it, appreciate it, believe it and intelligently obey it. He says:

"Neither reason, revelation, history, observation nor experience justifies the thought that children should not be encouraged to obey the Lord. We should train our little ones, commencing as near the cradle as possible—train them for glory, honor and immortality—'bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' Just as early as we can, lovingly and by proper influences teaching them the truth, we should lead them as lambs into the fold of the tender Shepherd of souls. As early as they can hear and recognize his voice, let them come to him, encourage them to come to him, lovingly lead them to him."

The youngest child he has ever baptized was seven and a half years old. As this little soldier walked away from the church, after being baptized, he said to his mother: "Now, mother, I have a fight to fight." Three years later his mother wrote to Brother Larimore as follows:

"Instead of regretting the step he took at so early an age, I rejoice that he took it. If I am competent to judge, his life since then has been a new life. I am sure, from what I know of the three years he has lived the Christian life, that any little child who earnestly and intelligently desires to be baptized can safely be allowed that privilege, provided there is some one who loves, and will prayerfully and carefully lead and feed, the little lamb. Not that I have always been faithful, and not that my boy never falters and fails. His life, though regarded by those who know him as nearly always exemplary, may not be better than that of some children as old as he who are not Christians; but a difference in motive is a worldwide difference.

"He comes to me at night with a confession of the wrongdoings of the day—and these generally are remarkably few—and closes the day with an expressed resolve to 'try to be a better boy to-morrow.' In the morning, before starting to school, he prays for guidance and strength—just a few words—and this without being reminded. He has begun to read the New Testament through; and, even when I forget, he will say, it matters not how tired or sleepy he may be, 'I must read my verses before I go to bed.'

"If I were asked upon what I depend most for my child's continued faithfulness and final victory, I would say: prayer for him, more, by far, than even training for 'except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.'"

Who can estimate the influence of a little child? About twenty years ago, the baby daughter of a wealthy New York merchant—the light and life and joy of her devoted father's heart—died, leaving him utterly alone. He was engaged in a prosperous business that was adding to his wealth every day: but money and money-making lost their charm for him when the child on whom he expected to lavish all his wealth went away, to return no more. Desolate and broken-hearted, he was walking the streets one night, dreading to go to his lonely home. A woman appealed to him for assistance. She told a pitiful story of suffering and wrongdoing. She had no money to pay for a night's lodging; and, in all that great city, there was no place where she could find shelter, except a place of deeper sin and shame than she had ever known.

Her story touched his heart, made tender by sorrow. He took the girl—for she was no more than a girl in years—to a quiet, respectable place, arranged for her to be cared for, and said, as he left her: "To-morrow there shall be a home in this city for you and others like you." True to his word, he established a home for friendless outcasts, committed the care and charge of it to a motherly woman who would sympathize with those who sought its shelter, and gave to the home the name of his little daughter. He resolved to devote his life and his fortune to establishing and maintaining such homes in different cities. To-day there are, in the United States, fifty-three Florence Crittenden mission homes; there is one in France, one in Japan, and one in China—every one a monument to the memory of a little child whose life on earth occupied only the brief space of four years, four months and four days. Her picture hangs on the wall of each of these homes; and, that picture has looked down upon thousands of women and children who have found shelter and protection, home and loving care, within those walls. Surely, it is better far to build such structures to the

memory of those we love than to erect monuments of brass or bronze; sweeter is the gratitude welling up from the hearts of happy women and children than words of fulsome flattery chiseled on costly marble.

There are thousands of helpless children—fatherless and motherless, sometimes worse than fatherless and motherless—who need homes and friends and care and kindness. To whom shall they look for happy homes, loving friends and Christian care and kindness if not to the followers of the loving Lord? Instead of spending time and thought and money for the gratification of self, it behooves Christians to care for these unfortunate little ones in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and thus teach the world, by example, the lesson of self-sacrifice, without which no life can be pleasing to God. Only by doing this shall we stand acquitted, at the last great day, when tried in the Orphan's Court above; for He who in that day shall judge the quick and the dead has promised: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

* * *

"Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And, though when God saw all his works were good,
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children in a later day,
That none could enter Heaven but such as they.

"The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn,
Was glad, O little child, when you were born.
The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,
Soared up itself to God's own Heaven in you.
And Heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass
Its beauty in each dew-drop on the grass—
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,
And left, O little child, its reflex there."

CHAPTER XVI.

Sermon—Prophecies Concerning Egypt and Babylon.

"BUT without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." (Heb. II:6.)

The line of prophecies we have had under consideration—prophecies concerning the Jews—is only one of many lines of prophecy the fulfillment of which is clear and convincing evidence of the inspiration of the Bible. We can as easily dip an ocean dry as we can exhaust the available evidence of the inspiration of the holy scriptures; for it is absolutely impossible to do either. We may examine many distinctly different lines of prophecy, and always reach the same satisfactory conclusion; as we may touch different keys of a perfect musical instrument, and get, not the same sound, but a sound entirely satisfactory. The sacred scriptures contain predictions concerning other nations than the Jews, the fulfillment of which proves them to be of divine origin.

Two thousand five hundred years ago, Ezekiel predicted that the then present power of Egypt should be overthrown, and that there should "be no more a prince of the land of Egypt." (Ezek. 30:13.) Egypt was then a wonderful country, rich, populous and powerful; and the Egyptian dynasty was a great family, ranking high among royalty. Human wisdom could see nothing upon which such prophecy could reasonably be predicated. Indeed, reason could reach no such conclusion, there being then no known cause that could ever produce such a re-

suit. But an obscure, humble prophet, a captive, a stranger in a strange land, predicted, and recorded the prediction, that the Egyptian dynasty, ancient, influential, powerful, apparently firmly and permanently established, should be overthrown, and that there should be "no more a prince of the land of Egypt"—that the native, then reigning Egyptian dynasty should be dethroned forever.

Within one century after this improbable prediction was recorded, that Egyptian dynasty was overthrown. Nearly twenty-four centuries have come and gone since its downfall; but during all those centuries no native prince has occupied the throne of Egypt. Wars have been waged, rivers of blood and tears have been shed, storms of devastation, desolation and destruction have swept over the bosom of that historic, classic land, in efforts, always futile, to restore that ancient dynasty—to place a native, Egyptian prince upon his country's throne. The wary Egyptians have long eagerly watched and waited, hoping to some time grasp the scepter long since lost; but, for two thousand four hundred years the native House Royal has never reigned. The Egyptian scepter has been swayed, as these centuries have silently slipped away, by Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Saracens, Mamelukes, Turks, Albanians, English and others; various nations, tribes and clans succeeding each other in the government of that country; but no native prince has ever occupied the throne of Egypt since the fall of the Egyptian dynasty many centuries ago. In all this, plain prophecy has been in perpetual process of fulfillment during all these eventful ages.

Was it possible for a mere man, a captive, in poverty and obscurity, without inspiration divine, to know; a hundred years before the overthrow of the Egyptian dynasty, it was to be overthrown, to tell the circumstances and conditions connected with its overthrow, and correctly predict that, till time should cease to be, the Egyptian

House Royal should never be restored to power? When that prediction was recorded, the Egyptian dynasty had reigned seven hundred years, and its power seemed invincible. In less than one hundred years after the prophet predicted its overthrow it was overthrown, and has never been reestablished. Many generations have been born and buried, and the human race has been rushing on from the cradle toward the grave, the judgment and eternity more than two thousand years since that prophecy was recorded, and the prediction still stands literally verified in every particular even down to the present day. Human wisdom and knowledge cannot fathom the future; hence wisdom, knowledge and power divine must have dictated and directed the recording of that prediction. The prophet did not claim that he himself had power to penetrate the future. He claimed to speak as the Spirit inspired him, as Divinity directed him. We are free to decide for ourselves whether a vile, hypocritical deceiver guessed these improbable things, guessed them with absolutely perfect accuracy, or the prophet was what he professed to be: an inspired servant of the living God.

The history of Babylon furnishes fulfillment of prophecy plainly and positively proving precisely the same point. In the last paragraph of Isa. 13, the destruction of Babylon is plainly predicted. The Hebrews had been carried, captives, to Babylon, where, in sorrow, sadness and silence, they hung their harps upon the willows "by the rivers of Babylon," and wept when their captors demanded that they should sing sweet songs of Zion, their souls being too sad and sorrowful to sing. The overthrow of Babylon, its utter destruction and perpetual desolation were then plainly predicted by the prophet Isaiah. "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, nei-

ther shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there." (Isa. 13:19, 20.) When this prediction was recorded, Babylon was, indeed and in truth, "the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency." Herodotus, "the father of profane history," tells us the walls around the city were sixty miles in circuit, seventy-five feet thick and three hundred feet high. History declares Babylon was so situated and her resources were such that she could endure a continuous siege of twenty years' duration. But a prophet, claiming inspiration divine, predicted that "Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," should be overthrown; that it should never be inhabited; that it should not be dwelt in from generation to generation; that the Arabian should not pitch his tent there; that shepherds should not make their folds there. It was also plainly predicted (Isa. 13:17) that the Medes should produce all these wonderful results. At that time the Medes were absolutely insignificant in comparison with the mighty Babylonish hosts; and the prediction that proud and powerful Babylon should ever be overthrown by the Medes was then as improbable a prediction as would be now the prediction that Tennessee should conquer and crush the United States.

This prophetic paragraph was penned about three centuries before the downfall of Babylon. About two hundred and fifty years after it was written, a boy born in Media was named Cyrus. He developed into a bold, daring, desperate, adventurous robber, somewhat similar to the wonderful Jesse James—very brave, very reckless, very daring, very desperate. He gathered around him a band of men like the band that rallied around Jesse James. Men of similar character continued to flock to him, till he found himself at the head of an army that knew no

fear. Medes and Persians flocked to his standard, till he thought nothing was worthy of his steel but proud, powerful Babylon; and he accordingly marched his army toward that city for its humiliation and destruction. As wise as he was resolute and fearless, fully informed relative to the resources of the city, understanding the situation perfectly, he knew the proud capital of the mighty empire he wished to crush might be taken by stratagem or strategy, but could never be taken by storm. He therefore conceived the idea of turning the river Euphrates, the mighty Mississippi of that valley, that country, from its course, that Babylon might be left, for a time, without the protection of the river on which she relied. Babylon was built on the bank of the Euphrates, which river was a strong protection on which she so confidently relied that she was careless with regard to any other protection on that side. ,

The Euphrates was, as is the Mississippi, so situated as to be easily diverted from its course—from its channel. Cyrus' marched his army to a point near the river, above the city, and had great canals, or ditches, dug from very near the water's edge into the edge of the lowlands and marshes near. Then he sent or led the principal part of his army to a point just beyond the river from Babylon, and as near Babylon as practicable. The gates of the city on the side by which the river flowed were not shut; because the river was believed to be ample protection against invasion there. Finally, all plans and preparations having been perfected, the canals or ditches were dug into the channel of the river, and thus the Euphrates was temporarily suddenly turned from its course. The waiting, anxious army easily waded the shallow stream still flowing in the original channel of the river, about midnight, and marched triumphantly into the city. Babylonish royalty was found in a state of bacchanalian revelry. Butchery, unrestrained and unrestricted, imme-

diately began Blood flowed freely. Royalty reigning and reveling there was practically obliterated. Babylon's power was broken. The scepter was wrested from her royal hand. The Medo-Persian supplanted the Babylonish Empire, in literal fulfillment of a plain, but exceedingly improbable, prediction then three hundred years old. The work of devastation, desolation and destruction continued till not a palace, not a mansion, not a cottage, not a hovel—not a building, great or small—was left within the limits of the city that had been "the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency."

We must, of course, depend upon history for information relative to the destruction of proud, historic, prophetic Babylon; but we can emerge from the light of history into the brighter light of observation, and walk practically in the light of knowledge in regard to other prophecies concerning it. It was prophesied that Babylon should never be rebuilt. Ages have come and gone; many generations have been born and buried; empires have been founded, have flourished and have fallen; but to-day the sun in all his course, flooding the earth and filling the heavens with light, looks down upon no sadder scene of gloom and desolation than that that silently sits upon the place where proud Babylon for ages stood swaying the scepter over all the nations of the earth.

Other cities have been destroyed, and have subsequently risen to greater proportions, magnificence, wealth, splendor and power than ever before. Rome has been repeatedly reduced to ashes; but the city of Romulus still stands in magnificent splendor on the banks of the classic Tiber. Moscow, the pyre of Napoleon's hopes, was, for six successive days, a surging sea of furious flame; but, in comparison with the Moscow of to-day, the Moscow of Napoleon's day was not worthy of remembrance. London has been literally destroyed by fire re-

peatedly, but London is the proud emporium of the earth now, and seems to be destined to be the greatest city on the globe till time shall cease to be. Boston has, more than once, been almost blotted out by fire; but to-day Boston is greater than ever before. Richmond was, a few years ago, a heap of smoldering ruins—a part of the desolation wrought by "our" cruel war—but Richmond is again the pride of the Old Dominion. Atlanta was desolated by war some forty years ago; but Atlanta is today ten times greater than she was at the beginning of "the war." Less than a generation ago, Chicago was swept by withering flames and practically blotted from the face of the earth; but the Chicago that fed the devouring flames that consumed her, and made paupers of millionaires, was insignificant in comparison with the Chicago of the present day.

All these cities have been rebuilt; because the fundamental reasons that led to their being built were all-sufficient reasons for their being rebuilt. Moreover, experience had clearly demonstrated that the sites occupied thereby are suitable sites for great cities. Babylon, "the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," occupied what seemed to be the position of positions for a great and permanent city. Situated on the great Euphrates, to the Persian Gulf near by what New Orleans is to the Gulf of Mexico, the southern seas and the East Indies, laden with riches, easily accessible, it seemed that Babylon built or rebuilt there might become and be the proud and permanent emporium of the ages. It fell, however, in fulfillment of prophecy now two thousand five hundred years old; and, in fulfillment of part of that selfsame prophecy, its site is still a scene of utter desolation. A humble prophet recorded the prediction that Babylon should be destroyed; that it should not be dwelt in from generation to generation; that the Arabian should not pitch tent there; that the shepherds should

not make their folds there. Three centuries after this prediction was recorded, Babylon was destroyed, and has never been rebuilt, though many generations have come and gone since then; and even down to the present day, the prediction has been and still is in process of literal fulfillment, in all its details, in every respect.

Competent witnesses who have visited that country and carefully considered the conditions there tell us that, notwithstanding grass grows luxuriantly over and around the ruins of Babylon, making it apparently a paradise for shepherds, no shepherd ever leads his flock there. Travelers in that country, strangers in a strange land, find it necessary to hire sons of Ishmael, Arabians, as guides. For a mere pittance, one of these fearless, penniless children of the desert will, after the rising sun has dispelled the darkness and converted the mists of the morning into a mantle of light, go with the traveler over the site of Babylon; will wander with him over the dreary, desolate place till the sun ascends to the meridian, descends to the dim, distant horizon, and slowly sinks into the fathomless ocean of western space; but, when twilight succeeds the brighter light of day, and dew begins to gather on the growing grass that waves above the silent streets and ruined palaces of erstwhile beautiful Babylon, that ordinarily fearless child of the desert retreats as if from some dread demon of destruction; and neither love, nor logic, nor money, nor all combined, has any traveler ever found sufficient, according to reports and records believed to be reliable, to induce an Arabian to pitch his tent upon the ruins of Babylon.

Why? Here is a dauntless, death-defying child of the desert, who fears neither God nor man; the whirlwind's wrath nor the earthquake's shock; the lightnings that rend the clouds above him nor the thunders that rock the earth beneath him: who will mount his steed and, with a smile of grim defiance, fearlessly rush into a wilderness of

glittering guns, spears or bayonets and die without a murmur; who, when the sun sets and the stars are about to begin to shine, retreats from the ruins of Babylon, and is never known to "pitch his tent," to dream, to sleep, to slumber there! Why? Skepticism asks "Why?" and Echo answers, "Why?" Faith asks "Why?" and Truth replies, "God hath said it, and it is so."

The lines of prophecy we have had under consideration are only samples of many such lines, in connection with the cities and kingdoms and nations of earth. The history of Tyre and Sidon affords just as clear, conclusive and convincing evidence of the literal fulfillment of prophecy. Indeed, such proof is practically inexhaustible. We are absolutely forced, therefore, to conclude that mere men, many years, generations and centuries ago, *guessed* all these things, even down to the minutest details thereof, many of them being, when predicted, most improbable, and guessed them with such absolute accuracy that no mortal can find the slightest shade of a shadow of a discrepancy between the prophecy and its fulfillment, "or to concede that the Bible is the word of the living God, given by inspiration from on high. The preponderance of evidence is, to say the least that can consistently be said of it, a billion to one in favor of the latter. As rational, reasoning, responsible beings, we must permit the preponderance of evidence to settle the question; and therefore, concede that "God is," that the Bible is his word, "that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," that the foundation on which rest our faith and our hope of everlasting life is as firm, reliable and safe as truth divine can ever be.

Faith—fearless, unwavering faith sublime—"faith that works by love"—is the great need of the world and of the church to-day. We need to believe the God of the Bible is a sublime, blissful and awful reality, that the Lord Jesus Christ is his divine Son, that the Bible is his

sacred word. Since no responsible soul has or can have divine assurance of being eternally saved without pleasing God, and since "without faith it is impossible to please him," it follows that no responsible soul has or can have a well-grounded hope, or any divine assurance, of eternal life without faith. As important, then, as is the salvation of souls, or positive, definite, divine assurance of such salvation, just so important is faith. The Savior estimates the salvation of one soul to be of more importance than the wealth of the whole material world. "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?" (Matt. 16:26.) One soul is of more value, according to our Savior's own estimation, then, than the whole material world, with all its wealth and power, grandeur and glory. Multiply that by the number of responsible souls to be saved or lost through the ages, and you may then, in the light of that calculation prayerfully and carefully considered, be able to begin to have something like a correct conception of the real importance of faith, without which it is impossible to please God.

The relative position of faith among the steps leading to Christ, to God and, through grace, to glory, is clearly revealed in the plain, pointed passage of sacred scripture we now have under special consideration: "But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Of course every step that brings us nearer to Christ, nearer to God, nearer to glory, pleases God. It matters not what he requires us to do, or in what place or manner or order he requires us to do it, when we do it, at the right time, at the right place and in the right way, we please God; "but without faith it is impossible to please him." It follows, therefore, that, without faith we cannot submit to any ordinance,

cannot take any step religious, and please God in so doing. Moreover, any such submission or step would, of necessity, be positively displeasing in his sight; for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. 14:23); and sin is always displeasing in the sight of Him from whom all blessings flow. Whatsoever religious act, ordinance or service precedes—comes before—faith is without faith, of course, and, therefore, does not, cannot, please God, since "without faith it is impossible to please him," and man cannot perform impossibilities. Indeed, it is positively displeasing to him, being, as we have already seen, sin. So, then, neither repentance, nor baptism, nor prayer, nor anything else we can do or perform or submit to, as a religious act, ordinance or service, preceding faith, and, therefore, without faith, can please God. It matters not how much our theology may suffer, or our partisan prejudices and personal preferences wilt and wither, under the influence of this divine truth, it stands, and shall stand forever; for the Spirit of the Lord hath spoken it. It is, therefore, the word of God; and Isaiah, by the Spirit, says: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever." (Isa. 40:8.)

It is true that the Savior said to Jews, when he was the "Man of sorrows" here on earth: "Repent ye, and believe the gospel" (Mark 1:15); but he said it to people who believed that God "is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him"—to Hebrews, to Jews, who had practically virtually abandoned the law of Moses, making the commandments of God of none, effect by their tradition, substituting partyism for Judaism. Hence, the Savior exhorted them to repent of their violation of the law of Moses—the law of the Lord given to, by and through, Moses—and return to loyalty to God according to the law or principles of the Jewish dispensation. They would then be in proper condition to hear and believe the gospel of Christ, "The power of God unto

salvation," and repent of any sin or sins they might have committed against Him who "brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." Until they repented of their rebellion against God, in whom they believed, and became loyal to the Author of the law long previously committed to their care and keeping, they could scarcely be expected to believe and obey the gospel of the Son of God. These two passages of sacred scripture are neither inconsistent nor contradictory. Truth is always consistent with truth. Divinity never antagonizes divinity. God never contradicts himself.

Because the world and the church need faith, I have called your attention to some of the evidences of the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, and the inspiration of the Bible. I have not exhausted the proof that God has given, of course, nor has God given all the proof available. The Spirit, by the pen of the apostle John, says: "Many other signs [that is, many other miracles—signs of his divinity] truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life" through his name." (John 20:30, 31.) "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." (John 21:25.) God did not, then, have all the available proof recorded. If he had, the world—that is, the *mental* world—not the literal, physical world, of course—"could not contain the books." The mind of man could not retain the proof. If we eat more than we can digest, it may do us no good. If we apply more proof than is necessary, it may fail to have the desired effect. God has given us an abundance of evidence upon which to base that faith without which it is impossible to please him, and we can have that faith if we will.

The Spirit tells us plainly how faith is produced in the heart. "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." (Rom. 10:17.) If we imagine we have received faith in some mysterious, supernatural way, separate and apart from the word of God, our imagination has bewildered us. That is not the way God produces faith; and if that is the faith we have, we have not that divine faith that is necessary to lead us to God, to lead us to salvation, to lead us to Christ. We cannot be brought to Christ by that sort of faith, for God must draw 'to Christ all who come to Christ. Jesus said: "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. 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 6:44 45.) Through his revealed will, God has presented truths and facts to be heard, understood and believed. His servants, either publicly or privately, or both, may impress these truths and facts upon the hearts of others; and thus God, through his servants, is constantly presenting to the world evidence upon which to base the faith that leads to salvation.

We must hear the evidence presented. Paul asks: "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" (Rom. 10:14.) Before God's revelation was complete, the world received the word of the Lord from the lips of his faithful servants. Now we have the revelation complete—have it plainly written—and can diligently study and investigate it for ourselves, either with or without a preacher. But when reading the written word, we are hearing the instruction of the preachers whom God directed to write the things we read; and, in that sense, we are listening to the teaching of inspired

preachers. We must hear the truth; and if we refuse to do so, we are justly condemned. Solomon, the wise man, wrote: "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination." (Prov. 28:9.) If we refuse to investigate the evidence God presents to us, if we are deaf to his instructions and fail to heed his teaching, when swift and sudden destruction comes upon us, and we excitedly cry to him for help, we shall cry in vain. He warns us that under such circumstances even our prayer shall be abomination unto him. This is what the Bible teaches on that subject, and we ought to believe everything the Bible teaches, even if it conflict with some very pleasant, uninspired preaching. We ought not to defy God. We ought not to teach people that they can turn away their ears from hearing the truth all the days of their responsible life, and then, when swift and sudden destruction comes upon them, cry to God for mercy with divine assurance of salvation. This is equivalent to accusing Divinity of falsehood. We ought to remember, and never forget, that such an appeal, under such circumstances is an abomination unto God. He says it is; therefore it is.

We must not only hear, but we must understand, God's teaching. We can understand it, if we will to understand it. If we have intelligence enough to be responsible in the sight of God, we can understand the truths he has presented for our consideration and acceptance. God could not be God—could not be the being the Bible represents him to be—if he should present to us truths we could not understand, and then condemn us for failing to understand them. He has presented an abundance of evidence to produce faith, and has presented it in such way that we can understand it. We must hear what he has presented; hearing it, we must understand it; and, hearing and understanding it, we must believe it. We must hear, understand, believe. This is the way these steps

naturally come. Hearing, understanding and accepting the truth, the word, produce that faith without which it is impossible to please God.

The Spirit tells us what that faith does for us: "And put no difference between us [Jews] and them [Gentiles], purifying their hearts by faith." (Acts 15:9.) We are not here told how far faith purifies the heart—what degree of purification is meant; but we believe, because the Bible says so, that faith purifies the heart. It, at least, purifies the heart to the extent, of course, that it reduces the uncleanness of the heart. If atheism, infidelity and skepticism are spiritual uncleanness; then, to the extent that faith supplants or reduces atheism, infidelity or skepticism in the heart, to that extent faith purifies the heart. Anything mysterious about that? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Here is a glass full of liquid poison—the most poisonous liquid known to the sons and daughters of men. It is a law of nature that no two substances can occupy absolutely the same space at the same time. Now let us drop a jewel into this glass that is absolutely *full* of liquid poison. In obedience to this inexorable law of nature the jewel necessarily displaces at least its own bulk of the poison. There is not now as much poison in the glass as there was before we dropped the jewel into it. All the space in the glass was then occupied by poison; but now a portion of that space is occupied by the jewel. We drop into the glass another jewel and another and another—an indefinite number—and each jewel dropped into the glass necessarily displaces a portion of the poison equal, at least, in bulk, to the jewel. If this process could and should be continued till *all* the space in the glass should be occupied by jewels how much poison would then be left in the glass? You say, None; since no two substances can occupy absolutely the same space at the same time.

Just so faith purifies the heart. Here is an atheist.

He believes in neither God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Bible, Christianity, nor Heaven. He believes there is no soul—the grave is our goal—death ends all. He is an honest, intelligent man, however, and is therefore open to conviction. Christian men, women and children, including an evangelist of purity, ability and untarnished reputation, make all necessary arrangements for a series of evangelistic meetings in the community in which this atheist lives; and the series of meetings begins on time, according to announcement. Through respect to his friends and neighbors and the religious sentiment of the land in which he lives, the atheist decides to make a full scholar in that series of meetings—that sacred school. He says: "I have hitherto considered Christianity with a prejudiced mind. I have looked upon it with a critic's eye. I have listened to it with a critic's ear. I have never tried to believe. Indeed, I have always tried to not believe. It may be, therefore, that I am what I am because of my desire and endeavor so to be. I have magnified the faults and foibles, and minified the virtues, of Christians. Thus I may have robbed myself, while doing them a great injustice; still they seem to be sincerely interested in me. Now I am going to lay aside all my prejudice, and give myself an honest chance to believe in Christianity, if the evidences thereof are worthy of belief. Christianity is worthy of my careful consideration, I am sure, for greater and wiser and better men than I am accept it, live for it and die for it."

He attends all the meetings, is always there, is there all the time; and, being a sane, sensible, civilized, sober man, he pays profound attention to the praying, preaching, singing—everything. He is a gentleman; and, therefore, would not do otherwise in the house of prayer. He hears nothing profane, obscene, rough, harsh or unkind; but he cannot readily accept as true much that he hears. All is said in a proper spirit. The preacher is ev-

idently in earnest, and relies upon the Bible for proof of all the points of doctrine he makes. The atheist says to himself: "I cannot accept what I have heard; but my neighbors and friends—honest, earnest, intelligent people—have invited this man to come here and present these things; and they are standing by him and assuming the responsibility for what he says and does. Therefore the subject is certainly worthy of careful consideration; and I will continue to consider it as diligently and carefully as I can." His heart, however, is still filled with the corruption, blackness and poison of atheism, if atheism is corruption, blackness and poison.

The preacher publicly investigates, with the people, the fundamental principles of the truth he proclaims—examines the evidences of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Finally he proves one of these fundamental principles so clearly—makes the point so plain and so strong—that the atheist accepts it. He cannot thrust that truth aside. It is so clearly established that it would be silly, reckless and wrong for him to reject it. So, he accepts that truth. There is now not as much disbelief, darkness, corruption, poison in his heart as before; for he now believes one point, whereas previously he believed none of the doctrine preached. This is encouraging. He says: "I never believed any part of it before; but now I believe that, point. That is all I believe of it; but I will continue to listen." One point believed, it is easier to receive another, and another, and another. Finally he concedes—believes—that God is. His heart is, to that extent, purified—freed from—atheism. When he believes that God is, he is prepared to give more diligent attention to the subject of the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the holy scriptures. He, therefore, finally believes that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and accepts the entire Bible as a revelation from on high. How much atheism, infidelity or skepticism is in his heart now? None. If atheism,

infidelity and skepticism are poison, or corruption, has not his heart been purified? Yes. How? By faith. When he believes in the existence of God, the divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Bible, all the impurity, blackness, darkness and poison of atheism, infidelity and skepticism are gone.

When he has taken that step—when, indeed and in truth, he believes in God, believes in Christ, believes in the Holy Spirit, Heaven and Heaven's truth—his heart, to that extent, is purified. He is then ready for the next step: repentance. He must repent of his sins toward God, toward Christ, and toward his fellow-beings—must repent of all his sins. That is, he must resolve, by the grace of God, to abandon sin and Satan and serve the Lord. As faith purifies the heart, so repentance purifies the life. When he abandons sin and turns to the living God, with full purpose of heart to obey the gospel and live the Christian life all the remnant of his days, that resolve necessarily purifies his life. It is scarcely necessary to say all sane, sensible, sober, civilized people recognize that repentance purifies the life. Of course we all understand that. If our atheist had been a desperado, instead of an upright, honorable gentleman, and, by his deeds of daring, had filled with terror the community in which he lived, when the report was circulated and believed that, under the influence of gospel preaching, he had been made a believer, was thoroughly and genuinely penitent and desired to become and be a Christian, the entire community would have experienced a feeling of profound relief. All would have understood that his repentance, if genuine, would purify his life—permanently purify it—and that, therefore, he would be a desperado no more. Repentance purifies the life. How long it may take faith to perfectly purify the heart, or how long it may take repentance to thoroughly purify the life, no

mortal may know; but faith purifies the heart and repentance purifies the life.

Faith having purified his heart and repentance having purified his life, in the sense and to the extent in which faith and repentance have wrought these changes, our erstwhile atheist is now ready, as a penitent believer, to knock at the door for admission into Christ, into the church, the spiritual body of Christ. He is ready to confess, with the mouth that he does believe, with all the heart, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness: and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. 10; 10.) When he makes that good, confession he reaches Christ; but is not in Christ. He has reached the way that leads to salvation, but has not entered into it. When you reached the door of this house, you were not in the house. You had to step into the house, to be in the house. Faith and repentance have brought our honest seeker of truth to Christ. He has knocked for admittance, by making the good confession; and he is now ready to take the step that will lead him into Christ.

What is that step? The Spirit says: "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.) "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." (Gal. 3:27.) Being in Christ, he is a new creature. "Therefore if any man be in Christ,



MARS' HILL BAPTISTERY.

he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (2 Cor. 5:17.)

God has given us an abundance of evidence to produce the faith that constitutes the first step toward the salvation of the soul. Diligent, honest, earnest, intelligent investigation of the evidence in the divine record naturally and necessarily tends to produce and strengthen the belief that God is, that the Bible is his word, and that, therefore, Christ is the divine Son of the living God. As certainly as God is and the Bible is his word, so certainly must responsible souls hear the gospel, believe the gospel, obey the gospel and live faithful Christian lives till God shall call them home; or, live without God, die without hope, and go into eternity without a promise of everlasting blessedness. The Bible plainly teaches that, if responsible souls will hear the gospel, believe the gospel, honestly and earnestly repent of their sins, confess their faith in Christ—that is, confess, with the mouth, that they do believe, with all the heart, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God—be "buried with him by baptism into death," in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, into the solemn names of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and be raised up to walk in newness of life; and being thus born again, born from above, born of water and of the Spirit; born into the family, house, household, church of the living God, live, the remnant of their days as God wills to have all his children live, the very angels of the Lord shall camp round about them, to deliver them, the Holy Spirit shall comfort them, the Savior, the 'tender Shepherd of souls, shall love and lead them, and God himself shall protect them, while they linger amid the shadows of time; and when, leaving earth and earthly things, they pass to the bright, blissful, blessed home of the soul, the holy angels shall welcome them, and Divinity—God, Christ and the Holy Spirit—shall crown them with glory, honor and immortality, and

make them unspeakably happy while the eternal ages come and go.

May the Lord bless all of us in doing whatsoever duty demands. If it be the will of any of you who are, in any sense, subjects of the gospel call, to come to Christ, with the determination to faithfully follow him as long as life shall last, may the Lord bless you in coming while you .can, in coming *now*.

CHAPTER XVII.

Letters—Right Living.

HENRY VAN DYKE says: "To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself till you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world but falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing but cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace."

Paul, by the inspiration and direction of the Holy Spirit, says: "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." (Phil. 4:4-7.)

Brother Larimore's life, as exhibited by the letters in this volume, shows that he, even in the days of his childhood, patiently traveled the footpath to peace; and long ago attained to "the peace which passeth all under-

standing." He says: "I really do not remember the time when I was not seriously and earnestly interested in the subject of salvation. I obeyed the gospel on my twenty-first birthday I believe I could have obeyed it just as acceptably on my seventh birthday, had I heard it preached in its peerless, primitive purity, and sweet, sublime simplicity, as thousands of children hear it preached now." He was by nature inclined to serious thought, and his natural inclination in that direction was fostered by precept and example. He tells the following incident of his boyhood, that had much to do, it may be, with shaping his life:

"More than forty years ago, in her humble, little, log-cabin home among the hills and mountains of glorious old East Tennessee, a godly, devout grandmother, one frosty autumn morning, was sweeping the ashes and coals from the solid stone hearth, after having cooked breakfast there, and her little barefooted grandson was stepping first to one side and then to the other, to keep out of the way of his grandmother's broom, while still keeping his feet on the warm stone. Suddenly she stooped and picked up a little bit of paper, which looked like it might have been torn from an old newspaper; more probably, however, from an old almanac. She brushed the ashes and dust from it carefully, laid it upon the mantel, and put upon it a pretty little pebble that had been taken from the beautiful brook near by. The little boy said, 'Grandmother, why did you pick up that piece of paper? What is it?' She said, 'I saw the name of the Lord on it, my son; and I couldn't burn it. I couldn't sweep his holy name into the fire.'

"More than forty eventful years have come and gone since that autumn morning; and for more than thirty years the body of that devoted, godly grandmother has slept in the loneliness and solemn silence of a tomb in the bosom of a little forest-covered hill which nestles in a

beautiful valley rimmed by higher hills and shadowed by towering mountains that pierce the very heavens, as if God had stationed them there in rocky, rugged grandeur, still and silent, to guard that lonely grave; but, in all these years, that little boy has never forgotten the look or language, has never forgotten even the quiver of the tender, tearful voice, of that consecrated grandmother, as she said, 'I couldn't sweep his holy name into the fire, my son;' and, as he has gone over this land, wandering from ocean to ocean, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, telling the sweet old story of Jesus and his love, as it is revealed in the light of God's eternal truth, he has never ceased to revere the memory of that blessed grandmother, who may, upon that very occasion, have fixed and settled his destiny for time and for eternity, and, through him, wielded all the influence for good that he has ever wielded, or may wield, till time's knell shall be sounded and all the redeemed shall be gathered home.

“In the solemn silence of a lonely, neglected grave at the head of that same valley, has slept, for many years, the body of the greatest highway robber Tennessee has ever known. While in prison he said—and it went to print, for permanent preservation—'My father'—for whom he seemed to have never had any respect—'was an honest man; but my mother was true grit.' He told how she taught him, encouraged him and helped him, to steal, keeping what he stole, and 'wearing him out' when he didn't give it to her. Mortals here below may never know how much the influence of the mother and the grandmother of each of these two boys may have had to do with determining their temporal and eternal destiny; but, be this as it may, parents and grandparents have more to do with shaping the destiny of their posterity, for time and for eternity, than any other mortals on earth, of course; and they are ruthlessly robbing their

posterity, for whose very existence they are voluntarily responsible, of sacred rights that they can never restore, when they live ungodly lives. Parents and grandparents are under the most solemn obligations to be as nearly absolutely perfect Christians as it is possible for them to be till they complete their temporal career."

His mother, too, was a remarkable woman, from whom he inherited many of the fine traits that constitute his nature. He, himself, says, "I inherited from my mother a passionate love for flowers and little children." Again, he says: "I appreciate the love, respect and confidence of women and children more than it is possible for me to appreciate the wealth of this world, if bestowed upon me. In this respect, at least, I am like my mother; and I'm always *glad* to be like her. Nor do I less appreciate the love, respect and confidence of men."

His mother had a sweet, helpful, hopeful, loving, lovable spirit, and a courage and cheerfulness that neither time nor sorrow could lessen. In 1893, he wrote:

"'The Lord willing,' I start to Fort Smith, Ark., today. My mother, who was eighty years old January 3, is to go with me. As the thermometer registered only seventeen degrees above zero this morning, I thought it rather cold for her to start on a long journey. I said, 'Well, mammy, the thermometer says "17" this morning. Can you go?' She promptly replied, 'Why, of course, my son, if you can, I can.' She is strong, active, in perfect health—vigorous in both mind and body—though on eternity's side of four times twenty."

He bade her "good-by" on July 10, 1902, his fifty-ninth birthday, fearing "he should see her no more on earth. He saw her no more. She was then very feeble, and was suffering intensely with the disease that caused her death on September 2 following. Her departure was,

as Brother Larimore elsewhere says, "as the peaceful, timely setting of the sun at the close of a long, bright day." Her son-in-law, R. P. Meeks, says of her:

"During her last twenty-three years on earth my house was her home; and, after such long and intimate association with her, I think it is not too much for me to say, I knew her. In no sense was she an ordinary woman. Her age would testify that she had great physical endurance. Her mental powers were naturally very superior; and her powers of heart I have never known surpassed. Though the mother of the beloved and gifted T. B. Larimore and other children, she never had a child that had any advantage of her in any way, except in college culture. She was a great reader, except in the last six months of her life, during which time her sight was somewhat dimmed by the affliction that ended her existence. If she had an enemy, I failed to ascertain the fact in twenty-three years. She was an ardent admirer of flowers; loved the Lord devotedly; and was ever in sympathy with the poor, the afflicted and distressed. She was the soul of honor; the perfection of politeness; and an angel of mercy, mingling with the human race, to relieve pain, to wipe away tears of sorrow, and to cheer the broken-hearted. Loving the work and worship of the church of Christ, of which she was a consistent member nearly fifty years, she attended the services day and night as long as she was able. When too feeble to go at night, she was still regularly seen in the assembly of the saints on the first day of the week until age and affliction forbade her going longer. She was often found in her favorite corner, in her willow rocker, reading her New Testament, with a smile and a kind word for every one who came. If any one should ask me what her weaknesses were, I should be forced to say: 'Positively, I do not know.' I do not say she had no faults; but, if she had any, I knew them not; and I do unhesitatingly state that I have never



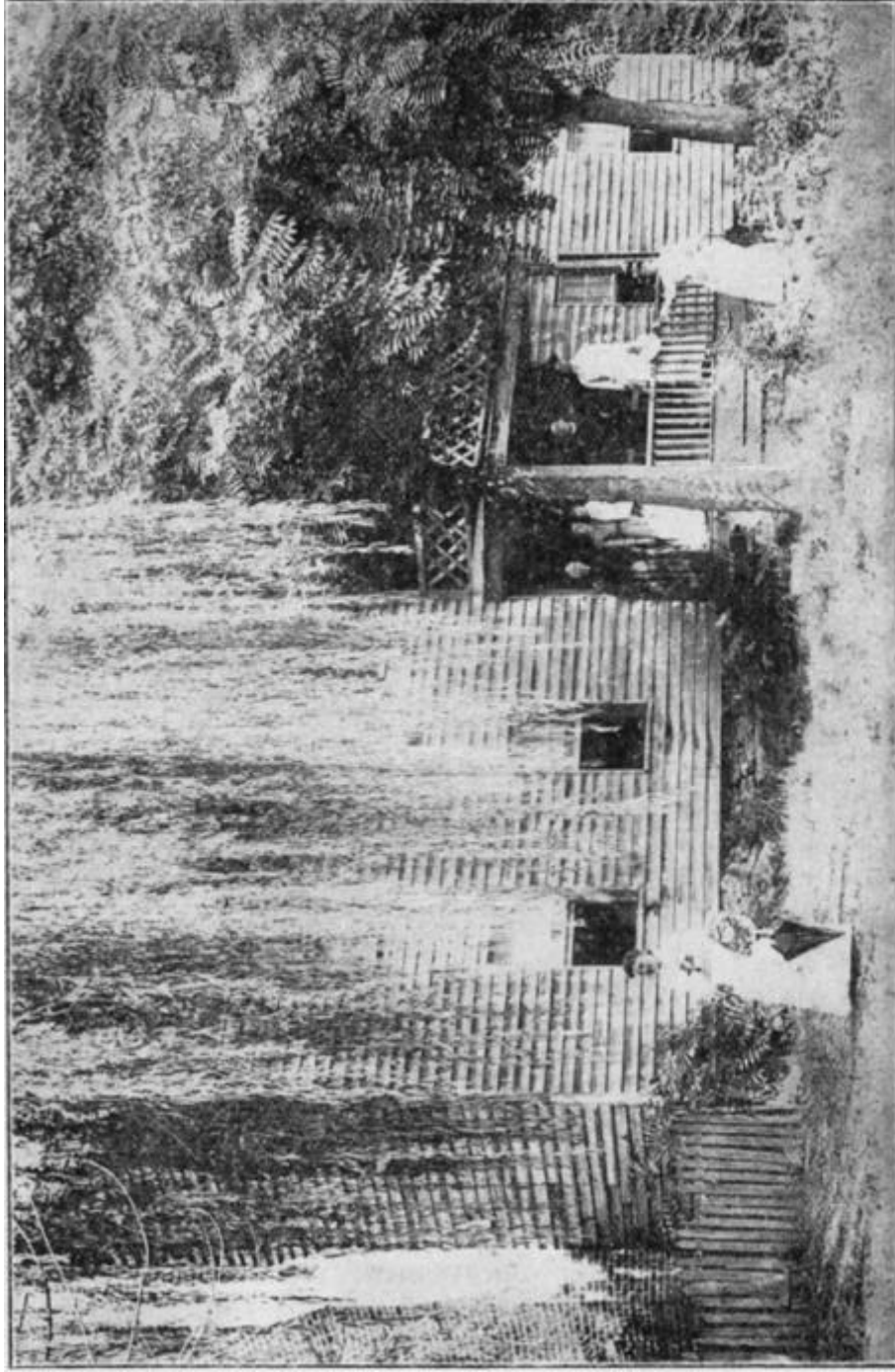
T. B. LARIMORE'S MOTHER.

known any one for whom I thought nature had done more every way."

January 3, 1903, Brother Larimore wrote:

"Ninety years ago to-day—January 3, 1813—my mother was born. Four months ago to-day—September 3, 1902—she was buried. She devoted about one-half of her days to the service of the Lord: nearly all of them, to the service of humanity. Always poor in a financial sense, she was 'rich in faith'—living faith—and had right to rejoice when she read, in the love language of the Boole of books, 'Hearken, my beloved brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?'"

"She owned a good home, built and prepared for her comfort and convenience; but, a few months before she went to that sweet home where sorrow is unknown, she gave it to friends whom she was anxious to bless. Always appreciative, she seemed to never forget a favor bestowed upon her *of* hers. When it was definitely decided to give her home to those to whom she gave it, she said to me, 'And now, my son, I want to give——and —— something. When our house and all its contents were burned, they helped us; and now I want to help them.' She helped them, too. She had but little. She gave it all away. She made no will, to be probated after her departure. She gave all she had to the living while she lived, and, therefore, knew where and how and why and when and to whom it went. To her children, she left a priceless heritage: the memory of a true, tenderhearted mother who loved and served the Lord. It was their will, as well as hers, that she should give all she had to give, save her love and her prayers for them, to others—which she did. Then she and they were satisfied, and loved each other all the more tenderly.



HIS MOTHER'S HOME IN SEQUATCHIE VALLEY.

"After my mother left her home and went to live with her children, she let friends, and sometimes strangers, occupy it. Once, when we were in 'the Valley,' on a visit, I said, 'Mammy, how much rent do you get for your home—your house and garden?' 'Why, *nothing*, my son.' was her prompt reply. 'The people who live in it are not able to pay rent. They are a young man and his wife who recently moved here from the North, poor people, perfect strangers here, and I can't charge them for living there. They are nice people—just as nice as can be—and they'll not hurt the house, the garden or anything else. Oh! they have the *sweetest* baby! I just want you to see that baby!' I saw it, too; its mother also. I inclose herewith a picture of the home, in which you will see my mother and her son, the young mother who occupied the house and 'the baby'—her only child—Mrs. Larimore and others—also a weeping willow. Imagine yourself standing in the middle of the street, in front of the house, facing the house: that is, looking west. Now, about seventy-seven yards to your left—south—is the great Dunlap spring, on the left bank of, Coop's Creek—than which spring, you may have never seen a better—may never see a better.

"My mother loved nature. The weeping willow and the Columbia poplar were probably first among her favorite trees. When I was a little child, I heard her read, as she sobbed and sighed and wept, a letter she had just written to a loved one in a distant State, relative to the death and lonely grave of a dear one who had recently died and been buried near the place to which the letter was to be sent. The sad scene is so real that I can almost see the tears dripping from her face, hear her voice, hear her sob and sigh—and I remember the language of the letter as if I had written it to-day. One sentence was: 'Plant a weeping willow at his feet, to weep over

him; and a Columbia poplar at his head, to mark his age.'

"In the dark, bright, bittersweet clays of my childhood, when I plowed for four dollars a month, the delightful pleasure of spending every Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night at home was part of the contract; but I had to plow till sunset and was never permitted to start home till dusk—sometimes till dark. On my way home was a dismal place, between high hills on the left and the river on the right, that I was always afraid to pass alone in the dark. My mother knew I was afraid to pass that dreary place in the dark alone, and the thought troubled her as much as it did me—probably much more. Fear—childish fear—made it trouble me. Love—a mother's love—made it trouble her. The problem was easy for her to solve, however. She would always meet me there. Just as I began to enter that gloomy place, my mother would say, 'Is that you, my son?' Then fear possessed and oppressed me no more. On September 3, 1902, I met her in a dark, gloomy place in the woods, in her coffin, on her way to the tomb. Then I thought of the long ago, of her meeting me in that dark place, by the river, and longed to hear that sweet 'voice that I shall hear no more on earth. She'll meet me as I approach or enter the dark valley of the shadow of death and go with me all the way, if she can. I no more doubt that than I doubt the existence of God; and no more doubt her being eternally happy, than I doubt the divinity of Him whodied that we might live. While I 'sigh for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice' I shall hear on earth no more, I am sure that I, some sweet day, shall meet my mother where darkness, fear and sorrow are never known; but where abideth love divine forever.

"But I must quit now. It's nearly midnight, and tides of thought from the bittersweet past—the long ago—are sweeping over me, till the pressure is almost greater than

I can bear. No mortal knows, no tongue can tell, how I feel in the oppressive, solemn, stillness of this midnight hour. 'Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?'"

The following is quoted from a letter recently written him by his sister, Mrs. Mollie L. Meeks:

"Your letter received yesterday reminds me of the sweet, affectionate letters you wrote me years ago, when I was a timid schoolgirl, loving very fondly a certain young man—my brother. That love has never grown less; nor can "it grow less while mind and memory last. Next to my Maker and my mother, I am indebted to you for all the advantages of my childhood and girlhood. I don't express my love and gratitude to you as often and as freely as I should. In these days of constant rush and turmoil, we are prone to give too much time and attention to those who care little for us, instead of bestowing our love and appreciation—or expressions of our love and appreciation—upon those whom we are under bonds to cherish. That should not be. Paul says: 'If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel;' and this, I believe, applies to love and tenderness, as well as to meat and drink."

On his fiftieth birthday, he wrote F. D. Srygley a letter that was published in the *Youth's Advocate* about ten years ago under the title "Birthday Meditations." The letter created such a demand for that edition of the paper that the edition was entirely exhausted before the demand was met; and the letter was republished in a larger edition of the paper, which was also in great demand. In compliance with the repeated requests of friends that letter is here quoted. It is followed by a letter written a few days later, in which he comments on the "birthday letter." Neither of these two letters was written for

publication. Brother Srygley published the former because he believed its publication would do good. I give the latter place and space here for the same reason—not to gratify idle curiosity that would pry into the private life of a public man; but because I believe it will appeal strongly to the loving interest that every reader of this book must feel in Brother Larimore and all that pertains to him:

“BIRTHDAY MEDITATIONS.

"Monday, July 10, 1893. Fifty years! Fifty years old! Is it possible? Yes! I am fifty years old to-day! Fifty years ago to-day—Monday, July 10, 1843—I first saw the light. I can scarcely realize it, but the record says it's true. Fifty years have come and gone since I first saw the light. How brief, and yet how long, the time! Fifty years have come and gone, and still, in feeling, I am a boy—a boy in his teens. Marvelously, mysteriously (miraculously, shall I say?) have I been, and am I, preserved. By faith I almost feel the arms of Providence about me. 'The Lord leadeth me,' and 'where he leadeth I will follow, all the way.'

“Warm as the last few days have been, I have considered it no hardship to deliver three discourses every day, beginning at 9, 3 and 8 o'clock, respectively. Indeed, it has been a pleasure to me to do so; and has, I believe, been good for me in all respects—in body, soul and spirit. I believe I can preach once, twice, or thrice every day, from the first day of January to the last day of December, and be in better condition for work, in every respect, at the close, than at the beginning, of the year. Indeed, I know no limit to my endurance, being almost always in much better condition for work at the close, than at the beginning, of a series of meetings, howsoever long the work may last. Evidently *work never hurts me*. Some, at least, of those who know me best and love me

most seem to understand this. Recently, one of my very best friends said to me: 'You ought to preach all the time. Work agrees with you. 'When you are not at work, you just wear yourself out trying to rest.'

"While I magnify the importance of providential preservation and protection, as fully and firmly believing Providence preserves, provides and protects as I believe that God is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him,' I neither ignore nor minify the importance of the laws of life and health. The God of grace is the God of nature. The author of spiritual laws is the author of natural laws. Evidently, then, to obey—to carefully, conscientiously and rigidly observe—the laws of life and health is an important and essential part of 'the whole duty of man.' Fully and firmly believing these things with all my heart. I use neither stimulants nor narcotics: 'eat to live,' not 'live to eat.' and never do anything simply and solely for the gratification of the flesh—anything. In other words, to the utmost extent of my knowledge and ability, I strictly, conscientiously and rigidly observe all the laws of life, health and purity.

"How long I have lived! How little good I have done! How many and how great mistakes I have made! Fifty eventful years! Like a sadly-sweet, delusive dream, they have come and gone, with their sunshine and shadow and sighs; with their sorrow and sadness and smiles; with their poverty, privation and pain; with their toils and trials and triumphs: with their temptations, tribulations and tears; with their hopes and their doubts and their fears—yes, come and gone—gone, with all their opportunities, possibilities and probabilities; gone, to return no more; gone, forever gone! I believe I have always had an inordinate desire to be happy: yet I have never been happy, as the world counts happiness. Of course I have the greatest of all happiness—the hope of Heaven—but this world seems to have never had much

but poverty, privation, toil, sorrow and sadness for me. Of course I know 'things without remedy should be without care;' still how often in sorrow I sigh, and sadly say:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been." "

"Thus mournful memory makes me miserable. It's easy to forgive, but it's hard to forget. This is not Paul-like. The sublime philosophy of that sublime man bearing directly on this important theme is clearly expressed in the following words: 'Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' Sublime man! Sublime life! Sublime language! Sublime lesson!

"Possibly—yes, probably—we sometimes make ourselves miserable by trying to be happy. That is not Christlike. Jesus, the 'man of sorrows,' though 'acquainted with grief,' was not miserable, nor did he seek earthly gratification, gain, glory or bliss. It was 'joy unspeakable and full of glory' to him to glorify God, soothe the sorrows of the oppressed, afflicted and distressed, and save the souls of the sin-sick sons and daughters of men: and he, 'for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.' 'More like Jesus would I be;' but it is, hard to be unselfish, though we know selfishness—sordid, satanic selfishness—often defeats its own ends. I have solemnly resolved, 'by the grace of God,' to never again seek earthly, fleshly, selfish gratification, gain or glory—never: but to bury self—to sacrifice self—in the service of our Savior: to do all in my power—all I can—for the happiness of others; to live simply and solely for the good that I can do, 'as the days

are going by." Self buried, never to be resurrected, I shall never intentionally commit sin—never. All my sins shall be sins of ignorance—all of them. I am willing to suffer, I am willing to die; but I am *not* willing to sin, nor should I be. 'The way of transgressors is hard. 'The wages of sin is death.' 'The sting of death is sin.' 'If it be possible, as much as lieth in' me, I shall always be pure—pure in purpose, pure in thought, pure in word, pure in deed, pure in heart and life—perfectly pure in all respects—till God shall call me home. May the gracious Giver of all good grant this ever-present longing of my soul!

"Truly it is hard indeed 'to see ourselves as others see us:' hence I may have bad, impure, unclean habits of which I am not aware; but, if I have any habit the purest, sweetest Christian mother on earth cannot cordially, consistently and conscientiously commend to her own sweet children, I will gladly abandon it immediately, if any one will make me conscious of it—convince me of the error of my way. How could I, or why should I, do otherwise? I'd rather die pure than live impure—impure in thought, or word or deed. Why not? 'Twere better far to do so. No boastful feeling or feeling of pride prompts these thoughts. My soul is too sad to entertain a spirit of pride. 'Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!' What are we? Compared with Jehovah and all his works, we are but transient atoms on the surface of earth, which is itself only a mote floating in the atmosphere of space. How little, how insignificant indeed, we are! How brief the time allotted to us here! 'Man no sooner begins to live than he begins to die.' We are on our journey to the grave, to the judgment, to eternity. Yes, we are on our journey to the tomb, and may be almost there. If 'coming events' always 'cast their shadows before,' I might this moment be sitting in the shadow of my shroud. 'Oh! why should the spirit of

mortal be proud!' or why should we covet the vain things of earth?

“How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient ev'ry earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

“I neither love, live for, nor covet the vain things of earth; but no man more tenderly, truly and devotedly loves the friends who love him and bless him, and whose blessed companionship he constantly covets, than the one, now lonely and sad, who, in loving confidence, writes these lines to a friend ever faithful and true.

“Winchester, Tenn.”

A few days later, he wrote:

“Notwithstanding I express little gratitude in the birthday letter recently written you, I am not without gratitude; and I am sure I have many reasons to be grateful. While I have never been happy, as the world counts happiness, I have been strangely preserved, and have many reasons to be thankful. Our children are all healthy, sensible, strong, pure and good, so far as I know, or have right or reason to believe. So far as I know, believe or suspect, they all live as Christians ought to live. The boys are giants. The girls are what girls ought to be—pure and sweet and good. While I was writing birthday thoughts to you and to her, Mrs. Larimore was writing—at Mars' Hill—the following, which I glean from two letters, written by her on July 10, my birthday, and July 11, her birthday—she being forty-eight the next day after I was fifty:

“This is the tenth. To-day and to-morrow we pass another mile-post on our journey of life. How happy, how thankful, how grateful, how good we should be Happy, because we are Christians, living in a Christian

community, enjoying the confidence and communion of saints, to cheer us on our way. Thankful, because we have been so greatly blessed. We have raised six strong, healthy, handsome, intelligent children"; and they are all sober, industrious, pure, clean, consistent Christians. How we have worked! and how we have been blessed! You can preach three times a day and baptize between times. I can work seventeen hours a day and enjoy it! Where can you find another such family? Eight, all healthy, all strong, all Christians. No whisky, no tobacco, no profanity, no coffee, no tea, no rowdyism, no disease—not even a rough byword—in the family! We ought to be happy, grateful and good.'

"Truly, 'we ought to be happy, grateful and good.' Well, it is impossible for me to be happy—to be free from sorrow and the shadow of bitter regrets—but I can be grateful and I can be good; and, whether my remaining days be many or few, I shall *try* to be worthy of the help, confidence and love of those who love me, have confidence in me and help me. Fifty years old, I have started down the hill, and can almost see the river. Marvelously blessed, I ought to be pure and good and true, and do a glorious work yet, before I go hence. If I could be healthy, helpful and useful, I would neither murmur nor complain, though I had to live as long as Moses lived."

With all the strength of his strong religious nature, he deploras latter-day infidelity, that, masked under the name of "Higher Criticism," denies and ridicules the idea of the existence of the devil and his dark abode; that would take from suffering humanity faith in a God-begotten, divine Savior, and substitute belief in Christ as a man—pure and true and good and sympathetic and kind; but mistaken as to his origin, his mission and his power; that would take from mortals, groping in the darkness of human wisdom, faith in the Bible as the in-

spired word of God, and substitute belief in it as a code of morals, pure and true and excellent, but man-inspired, stamped, from beginning to and, with errors of human wisdom. With a letter, he inclosed the following poems, "that show the trend of this latter-day infidelity and its logical, legitimate results:

"THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe there's a Devil now, as their fathers used to do.
They've forced the door of various creeds, to let His Majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day—for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
Loading the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil isn't and never was? Will somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time wheresoever God sows wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of course it must be true;
But who just now is doing the work the Devil alone would do?

We are told he doesn't go about "like a roaring lion" now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church and State, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Will somebody step to the front forthwith, and make a bow and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course the Devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

THEY HAVE TAKEN AWAY OUR LORD.

"They have taken away the Lord, . . . and we know not where they have laid him." (John 20.2)

Mournful cry of the latter years,
 Echoing, echoing in our ears,
 From souls unsaved, for whom He died,
 From hunger and thirst unsatisfied,
 From burdened hearts and deep unrest,
 From lives by manifold cares oppressed—
 "They have taken away our Lord,
 And we know not where they have laid him."

"Another Jesus" they preach to men,
 A Jesus strange to our loving ken;
 A man who bowed to the human's doom,
 And never rose from his rock-hewn tomb;
 A Christ who never for sinners died,
 A Christ mistaken, a Christ who—lied.
 "They have taken away our Lord,
 And we know not where they have laid him."

They are crying "Peace," where there is no peace,
 And drugging souls till their longings cease;
 They darken the Light to blinded eyes,
 They tangle the Truth in a web of lies,
 They block the Way for stumbling feet,
 They rob the starving of drink and meat—
 "They have taken away our Lord,
 And we know not where they have laid him."

What is there left, if he is gone?
 A night without the hope of dawn;
 Man straying alone, in a maze of doubt;
 A world of strife, with the Peace left out;
 A weight of guilt, on our shoulders laid;
 Sin unforgiven, the debt unpaid;
 An awful chaos of fear and dread,
 With Satan living and Jesus dead—
 "They have taken away our Lord,
 And we know not where they have laid him."

With a letter he inclosed the following article: "If you were in Honolulu, my boy, without a cent, and had to draw on the folks at home, here in Boston, for money enough to pay your hotel bill and get home, you

would think, as you waited for the slow collection of that draft, that you were indeed in a far country. Well, one of these days, you are going to make a longer journey, and with less money. You will gather up your feet into your bed, turn your face to the wall, and sail out across a sea so wide that no Columbus has ever yet returned, to tell what the land beyond its dark rolling billows is like. You may sail away in good style. Possibly five hundred dollars will pay for the inclosing casket in which they lay away what is left of you here. Over the last port at which you touch on this planet—Gravesend, is it not?—ten thousand dollars may erect a memorial shaft; and yet, somehow, you will land on the other side, it may be, side by side and upon equal terms, with a voyager who set sail at the same time you did.

“He cleared in a dingy little ship, from the almshouse hospital. He had no name; so, if they had marked a place for him in Potter's Field, at which most of his class last touch, they would have put up a board with 'No. 549' on it. But he did not have even that memorial; because they gave him to the medical students, and he never got a grave. And, my boy, it would be humiliating—if it should be no worse—when you got there to find that all your wealth was so far away it would take longer than all eternity to draw upon it; while Lazarus, having nothing to leave, had brought all he had with him. It would set you to thinking how strange it was that you, with all your wealth and education and genius and opportunities, had failed to discover what Lazarus had learned so easily—that little secret hiding place, that pocket inside the shroud, where a man may hide away a little faith, a little love, a little trust—Oh! a package no bigger than a mustard seed will move mountains—all the wealth, all the imperishable riches he needs on the other side.

"It is a good thing to be rich, my boy; as rich as Abra-

ham, who 'was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold'—and his riches did not hurt him at all. But money is not the best thing in the world. I sometimes doubt whether it is even *one* of the best 'things. I know men do the wickedest things in the world for the sake of it. Get rich, if you can do so, honestly, fairly and unselfishly; but don't be in a hurry about it. It is the curse of the age into which you have been born—this greedy haste to be rich; this branding every thought and every hope and every plan and every aspiration with the dollar mark, until a man's soul must look, to the angels who can see it, like a show-case window at a reduction sale, with everything in it tagged with a price—and the price is frequently a lie, in the window and in the soul."

This sets forth very fairly his ideas on money, money-making and money saving. "Get rich if you can, honestly, fairly and unselfishly, but don't be in a hurry about it." It is not, perhaps, difficult to get rich "honestly and fairly;" but is well-nigh impossible to get rich "unselfishly." Hence, he will never be rich. His charity is not of the "depart-in-peace-be-yewarmed-and-filled" variety. It is an active, earnest, ever-present desire to do all the good possible to every being he meets. That it is often injudiciously bestowed is true, no doubt. The man who knew him as, perhaps, no other man shall ever know him here, has written of that peculiar phase of his character. Still, no one can be associated with him without recognizing the nobility of the generous heart that never fails to respond to a call—expressed or silent—for help. When he was a youth, never having received more than six dollars a month for hard manual labor, he bought the quail (partridge) a boy had just caught in a trap, and turned them loose. He is equally ready now to help the helpless, it matters not what the cost to himself may be.

A little incident that came under my own observation

illustrates his sympathetic interest in every one he meets, whether strangers or friends. He was traveling a short distance on a train. The seat in front of him was occupied by a pale, delicate-looking woman and two little children—one a baby, the other very little older—strangers to him. He noticed the little woman's pale face and weary look, and tried to make her more comfortable by raising the window beside her and lowering the shade. In the conversation that followed this little act of kindness, he learned she had to travel on that train all day. He at once sought out the conductor on the train, paid for a berth in the sleeper for her, came back, and, taking the larger child in his arms, followed by the mother with the baby, he soon had the three comfortably established in a Pullman Palace sleeper. He came back, his face alight with something like happiness. In talking about how much more comfortable that mother and her little ones would be during the long, hot day, by the change, he said "If people looked at these things from a purely selfish point of view, they should do them, simply for the pleasure there is in it." The idea didn't seem to occur to him that a selfish man couldn't get much pleasure out of such an experience; that a man whose heart is hardened by selfishness would think, not of the added comfort to the pale-faced woman and her restless little ones, but of the money gone forever, "and nothing to show for it." Considering this little incident and thousands like it, considering the many people—deserving and otherwise—he has generously aided, I think he will never be rich, as the world counts riches. But "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

THE MAN WHO FEELS.

“The man who feels is a happier wight
Than the man who is callous and cold,
For if he weeps in the gloom of night,
He laughs in the sunbeam's gold;
And if the tide of his life runs low,
It reaches the summits of cheer;
He knows the heights, as the depths below,
And he smiles through a pitying tear.
And after it all, when all is done,
The world has most of the gladdening sun,
For the twilight lingers when day is done,
And the sun's benediction is dear.

“The man who feels is happier far—
I say it again and again—
Than ever can be, or ever are,
The pitiless sons of men;
For if he sighs for his own gray woes,
He sighs for another's, too;
If the plant of pain in his bosom grows,
It is covered by sympathy's dew.
And after it all, when all is said,
Still pity and love forever are wed.
That the heart unfeeling is chill and dead
Is true, and forever is true.

“The man who feels is a dear God's gift
To a sorrowful, travailing world;
By the hands that the burdens of life uplift
Is the flag of our peace unfurled.
We need not the souls that are callous as Fate,
And selfish, and wedded to greed;
But the pitying tear for our fallen estate
We need—and we ever shall need.
And after it all, when all is past,
'Tis the deed of love that alone may last,
And the rest is chaff in the winnowing blast;
In the garden of life, a weed.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sermon—"The Way of Transgressors is Hard."

"GOOD understanding giveth favor: but the way of transgressors is hard." (Prov. 13:15.) This language suggests the thought that transgression is an evidence of lack of good judgment, good understanding, a well-balanced mind; and it does seem that, especially in this enlightened age and land of liberty and gospel light, there is something wrong with us mentally, as well as morally, when we are wrong spiritually; knowing, as we do know, and could and should know, even if Solomon had never written it, that "good understanding giveth favor: but the way of transgressors is hard." Every transgressor in the land knows this from experience; all of us know it from observation and history—if we have studied history to much advantage—but, above all this, the Bible affirms it. Hence, those who believe the Bible, believe "good understanding giveth favor: but the way of transgressors is hard." This is true of body, soul and spirit; in temporal things, and in spiritual things; for time and for eternity—always has been true, and is to be forever true.

God is as certainly the author of natural laws as of spiritual laws; and "good understanding giveth favor: but the way of transgressors is hard," whether we deal with laws natural or laws spiritual. If we properly regard the laws of life and health, we are blessed by and through those laws. If we disregard them, we bring upon ourselves the penalty that naturally follows such disregard, or disobedience. If we eat proper food, prop-

erly prepared—eat it in proper quantities, at proper times, in the proper manner—we are blessed. All our powers, both mental and physical, are thus developed, strengthened and sustained. If, however, we disregard that important law, and eat recklessly and ravenously of all sorts of food, prepared in all sorts of ways, and at unseasonable times, we suffer the natural results of gluttony; and God teaches us that, if we thus transgress, our way must, of necessity, be hard. The glutton and the drunkard are classed and condemned together in the Bible—condemned to death. (Deut. 21:18-21.)

If we drink the beverage Heaven has prepared for us, as it bursts, pure and bright and clear and clean, from the bosom of the earth in ten thousand times ten thousand sparkling springs, or falls from the sympathizing, weeping heavens in crystal tears—if we drink this pure beverage, of proper temperature, at proper times, in proper quantities, we are blessed in obedience to divine law we call natural. If, however, we mix with this beverage the fiery, intoxicating waters of temporal and eternal destruction, and drink the poisonous mixture; we are injured thereby; and the greater the proportion of the water of destruction the mixture contains, the greater the injury we sustain by drinking it; and if we continue to drink this mixture to a certain extent, we are absolutely wrecked and ruined in body, soul and spirit, for time and for eternity.

This principle applies in fullest force to laws we call spiritual. Indeed, natural and spiritual laws, hence the temporal interests and the spiritual interests of the human race, are so interwoven that it is practically impossible to violate one without violating the other; to imperil one without imperiling the other. The lives and interests of human beings are so interwoven that it is impossible for us to injure ourselves without injuring others. The Holy Spirit says, by the pen of the Apostle

Paul, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." (Rom. 14:7.) This language confirms the saddest thought of all the sad thoughts suggested by Solomon's declaration, "Good understanding giveth favor: but the way of transgressors is hard"—the thought that the innocent necessarily suffer with the guilty.

There are few sadder truths or thoughts than this. Not only do the innocent suffer with the guilty, but they sometimes suffer much more intensely than the guilty, because of having tenderer sensibilities—sensibilities that would revolt at the very thought of being guilty of the transgressions of the transgressors they love. No man who is loved and trusted can become a transgressor without grieving and injuring those who love him and trust him. No man can drag himself down to destruction without, in some important sense, dragging down with him those who love him best and trust him most. We might just as well talk of a tree's being rooted up by a tornado in the midst of blossoming, and hurled into the sea, without injury to the foliage, flowers and prospective fruit thereof, as to talk of any man's going down to destruction without, in some sense, dragging down with him those who love him best and trust him most. Hence, if a man has no self-respect, considers himself no better than a worthless dog, he ought to remember that those who love him and trust him believe, he is better than a dog—that, to them, he is dearer than a dog—and, for their sakes, he ought to prove himself worthy of their respect by living like a man, and not like a brute.

A brilliant young man who, all his days, had been blessed with what the world considers and calls the very best of opportunities, wooed and won the heart and hand of one of the sweetest girls in the sunny land in which he lived. She became his wife, and as, with orange blossoms and bridal veil upon her brow, she leaned upon the strong arm of that brilliant young man, while they took

the solemn marriage vows, those who loved her and loved him could not see even the shadow of a cloud falling upon the beautiful, fragrant flowers that bloomed along their pathway to the city of our God. Unfortunately, however, he had been sent, in the days of his youth, far away from home, to a school in which he grew in sin while he graduated in science. There, though his father's love and his mother's prayers followed him, he associated with the vile, contracted and practiced bad habits, and graduated in sin. After he returned home, where his temptations were fewer and his associations better, he temporarily reformed, and grew up to well-developed manhood, with the promise of usefulness, success and happiness before him. But, as might have been anticipated or expected, after he married and was settled in life, his home happy, his business prosperous, a longing for the old ways of sin began to overwhelm him and lead him astray.

The first evidence his pure, faithful wife had of danger was his staying away from home at night, when she was sure he had no good reason for doing so. If business had called him away, and he had reluctantly and regretfully left her, kissing her a loving "good-by," she, trusting God and trusting her husband, could have been happy, though lonely, while he was gone. But he left her night after night, when she knew there was no righteous reason for his doing so; and, of course, she was miserable. He would come home at midnight or later, with the fumes of the still on his breath, and find her sometimes sitting in sorrow and sadness, rocking the cradle, sometimes in bed, but awake, her pillow wet with tears that should have never been shed. Her pure life, her love, her prayers, her pleading look, language and tears, changed him not. He continued his reckless, ruthless course, breaking the heart that loved him and trusted him to the last.

His business ceased to prosper. He finally failed. This shock seemed to reform him for a time; and he pledged his word to his wife that, if she would sign a mortgage on everything they had, not excepting their home, that he might borrow money to go into business again, he would be a true husband and father all the remnant of his days. It is not necessary to say 'she consented. With a trembling hand she signed the document, waiving all her rights to property protection under the law. He went into business and prospered. His friends flocked to him, and all went well for a time. But he drifted back to the haunts of wickedness again, of course; as men under such circumstances nearly always do. Slaves of tobacco or strong drink—of stimulants or narcotics—rarely really reform. That sad story has been so often repeated in the sad experiences of men and the sadder experiences of poor, unfortunate women and children, that it is not necessary to give the sorrowful details thereof. At last the mortgage was foreclosed, and they were left homeless and almost penniless. A bleak, rainy, dark, October day came, when the poor wife could not pay the rent overdue, and the sheriff again served notice upon her that she must give up the house in which she lived. She moved her little ones and what scant furniture she had, through the rain, into a servants' house that had not been occupied since the war, gathered up a few sticks and made a fire, to dry the clothes of herself and her little ones. The owner of the premises, seeing smoke coming out of a chimney where there had been no smoke for years, came to investigate. When he saw and realized the situation, he turned away in sadness, and sorrow, and left the unhappy mother, with her worse than fatherless little ones, under the shelter of that humble cabin, where she could step to the door and see the spacious grounds of the home—the paradise—where she once reigned, a queen, in the heart of the man she loved and

trusted—the man who promised to be a true husband to her, his faithful, loving wife. Her husband continued his downward course, drinking, drinking, drinking, until he finally dropped into the bosom of the earth, and his hapless wife and little ones, without husband, without father, without home, were left penniless, but not friendless, in this sad world, where there have been so many such sorrowful scenes, but where there had never been one, if every man had been a man in the true sense of the word.

I relate this, not because it is extraordinary, but because it occurred under my own observation. Thinking of that bloated wreck and of his hapless, helpless, hopeless family, in deep distress, I have sometimes thought, if the world could see the wreck and ruin wrought by his dissipation, surely no man, while time lasts, would ever do as this man did; but men who witnessed his transgression, saw the wretchedness and misery of his family and helped to bury his bloated body, are to-day traveling the same broad and beaten road to temporal and eternal ruin. Truly "the way of transgressors is hard;" but so determined are millions to travel that broad and beaten way that it seems to be impossible to divert them therefrom into the way of pleasantness and peace that leads to life eternal.

The way of transgression tends to wreck transgressors in every respect—in fame, in fortune, in form, in feature, body, soul and spirit, for time and for eternity. The wreck and ruin wrought by transgression are apparent all over this land; and these things ought to be held up before the rising generation—before boys who expect to be men in the very near future, before the girls who may fall into the hands of the boys when the boys become men. All should be warned of the danger of transgression, of dissipation, of sin; that the boys may shudder at the very thought of ever becoming transgressors; that the girls may, when they grow older, shun every dissi-

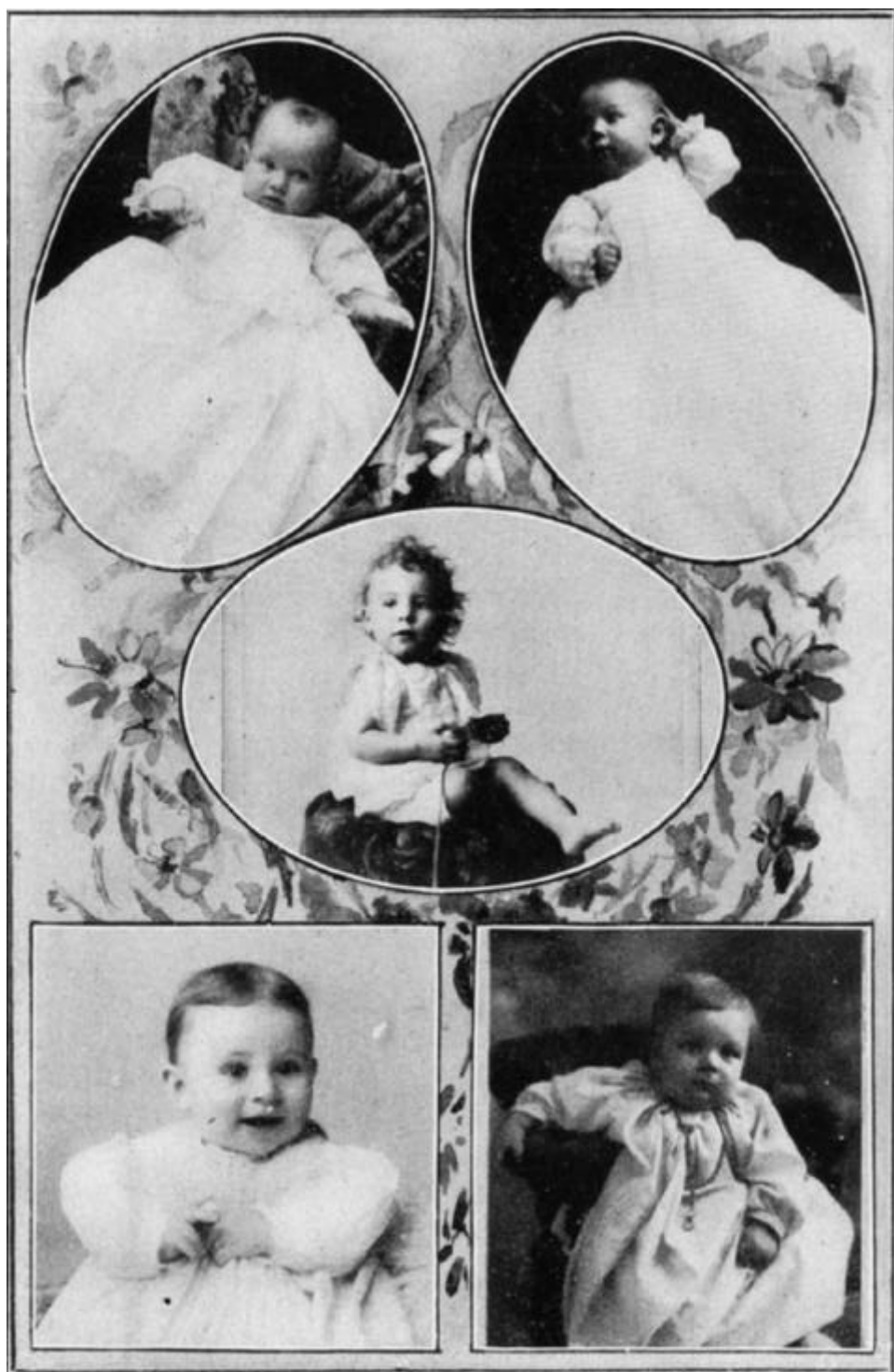
pated boy or man, and understand and realize that it would be better far for them to die and go home to Jesus while they are sweet, precious flowers in innocence here, than to drink the bitter draught the hand of disappointment may press to their lips, if they fall into the hands of men who are treading the broad road of transgression, of dissipation, to destruction.

We had, years ago, in Alabama, a trusted State Treasurer, whose honesty no mortal, so far as I know or have reason to believe, doubted. Like "honest Dick Tate," of Kentucky, he was regarded as absolutely above suspicion. He occupied in Alabama the same position Dick Tate occupied in Kentucky, and was supposed to be of such character that when he was State Treasurer everybody felt that the State's treasures were safe. I can never believe it was in his heart, when he took his first wrong step, to defraud any mortal on earth. But he was tempted into speculation—speculation of such character that the right name for it is gambling. He loved his wife; but he likewise loved money. Probably he wanted more money especially because he thought it would make his wife happy for him to use it in the way he believed he would use it if he had it. It may be he simply longed to be a millionaire. Be this as it may, he began a species of speculation properly called gambling, won a little and lost a little; then won a little more and lost a little more. Being fascinated by it, as he learned more of it, and his skill in gambling increasing encouragingly, he believed he could easily win millions, and he therefore plunged deeper and deeper into the sea of speculation—gambling.

The twenty thousand dollars he had in bank melted away. His wife knew not that he had ever gambled. He asked her to let him have five thousand dollars she had in bank. She let him have it without question, of course. Her five thousand dollars soon went just as his twenty thousand dollars had gone. Mortified and grieved, he re-

solved to put his hand into the State treasury and take out money with which to continue his speculations, hoping to be able to win enough to replace all he had lost. He took the money and continued to gamble. He won a little and lost much more, until at last he grew reckless, and, knowing something must be done, he put his hand into the State's treasury and took out a sum, the very thought of which ought to have made him shudder; but he thought the wheel of fortune was almost sure to turn his way next time. It made a turn that left him stranded. All was gone—about half a million of the State's money gone the way billions have gone—the gambling road—gone, to return to him no more forever. Just then a new Governor came into office, ordered the books overhauled, and every department of the State's business examined by experts. The unfortunate man mysteriously disappeared; and, when his books were examined, it was found that he was about half a million dollars short in his accounts. The terrible truth swept like a tempest through the soul of his once happy wife that her husband was a criminal and a fugitive from justice.

He wandered in misery and wretchedness four long years, dejected, troubled, longing to return to his native land, but realizing that it was a perilous thing to do. At last he decided to return through the back door. He landed in Mexico, came through that country, crossed the Rio Grande, and entered the United States. The first time the train stopped, having an anxiety to set his feet upon his native soil once more, he stepped off the car. As he did so, he found himself looking into the barrel of a deadly gun in the hands of a detective who had been "shadowing" him. He pleaded with the detective to not shackle or handcuff him, and was put upon the train under pledge that he would not try to escape. When the sun dispelled the mists of the morning, not many hours after he was arrested, he found himself looking between



LITTLE NAMESAKES.

prison bars upon the broad streets and spacious avenues of the capital city of Alabama, where, a few years before, he had been the trusted idol of an admiring constituency. When men came to look upon him in his prison cell, some through curiosity, some through sympathy, many who had known him well could not believe, and would not concede, till forced to do so, that the wreck in jail was the jolly, jovial man they had trusted so long and loved so well. Transgression and its immediate results had so changed him that even his intimate friends could scarcely recognize him.

This is but one example illustrating and impressing the thought that transgression wrecks and ruins transgressors in appearance as well as in every other respect. It has been so from the days of Cain till now. The Bible tells us that after Cain killed Abel "his countenance was fallen." If boys and girls would be as beautiful as they ought to try to be—as beautiful as God wills and nature designs them to be—they should always try to possess the beauty of a clear conscience beaming from a countenance not shadowed by the shame of sin, by being pure and chaste and clean in word and thought and deed. A thoughtful poet, meditating and moralizing upon these things, wrote:

"Oh! the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!
Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of Spring,
Like the thunder that bursts on the Summer's domain,
It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.

"And, lo! like a deer in the fright of the chase,
With a fire in his heart and a brand on his face,
He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod,
A vagabond, smote by the vengeance of God.

"All nature to *him* has been blasted and banned,
And the blood of a brother still wreaks on his hand,
And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has sprung,
For cheering his spirit, or for cooling his tongue.

"And the groans of a father his slumbers shall start,
And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,
And the kiss of his children shall scorch like flame,
When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name!

"And the wife of his bosom, the faithful and fair,
Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair;
For her tender caress and her innocent breath
But stir in his soul the hot embers of death.

"And his offering may blaze, unregarded by Heaven,
And his spirit may sigh, yet remain unforgiven,
And his grave may be closed, yet no peace to him bring!
Oh! the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!"

We as certainly bring down upon ourselves "the wrath of the Lord" when we walk in forbidden paths, as did Samson, the man of marvelous strength, draw down upon himself and his enemies the temple, when he removed the pillars that supported it. Is it not incomprehensible that, knowing" this, intelligent human beings can be careless of their conduct—especially boys who have mothers and sisters to suffer and sigh, and husbands who have wives and dear, precious little ones to be dragged down in sorrow and sadness to the depths of abject poverty and even to death by their wrongdoing? If we have such ties, and have been living wrong, we ought to summon to our assistance all the manhood within us, lift ourselves up to a pure plane of manhood, and do the right all the remnant of our days. There is but one safe course, and that is to live right every day and every hour

If I had all the boys and young men—all the responsible souls—in this land before me, to give them advice in reference to these things, I would advise them to never stoop. They may stoop a thousand times, and rise again. They may stoop but once, and never rise. They are degraded, if not disgraced, every time they stoop. Therefore it is perilous for them to ever stoop. If they have already stooped a thousand times and are up again, it is

perilous to stoop again. Years ago I was walking along a rough, neglected-looking street in one of our Southern cities, when my attention was called to a large bird in a cage at the door of a den of infamy. Probably I should not have stopped there; but I did. Probably I should not have lingered long enough to ask a question; but I did, nevertheless. I asked a man whom I supposed to be the proprietor of the place, "What bird is that?" He said, "That is an American eagle." Then he told me its history. Briefly told, it is this: A few years before that time it had stooped down from the pure atmosphere enveloping the mountain's lofty peaks, to the depths of a low, deep valley. Some huntsmen saw it, shot at it; a ball from one of the guns brought it down to earth. It was captured and its wound, carefully dressed by a skillful surgeon, had healed.

As I walked away, sad and sorrowful, I sympathized with the bird, of course. There was the proud eagle, the sublime bird that perched upon the banner of the Caesars, as they conquered and controlled the nations of the earth; the bird that adorned the standard of the adopted son of France, as he swept, like a storm, from victory to victory, crushing principalities, kingdoms and empires, and playing with thrones, crowns and scepters as children play with toys; the bird emblazoned on our own banner, whose fluttering folds every nation beneath the stars views with almost reverential awe. This proud bird, more at home in the bending heavens than on the sin-cursed earth, in that cage, at the door of that den of degradation, doomed to suffer there till death should release it, where a loathsome serpent might shudder at the very possibility of having to stay. I thought how happy I would be, if I could open the door of the cage and watch the unfortunate bird walk out, shake itself, stretch its pinions, and, realizing that it was released, fly away to its

home above the haunts and habitations of men, and be forever free.

Then I thought of other birds—birds without wings—mothers' boys and girls who wander away from home, and, like the bird, stoop, some of them to rise no more. _If they do rise, they are never the sublime characters they might have been if they had never stooped. "A bird with a broken wing never soars so high again." There is but one absolutely safe course: If you have never stooped, never stoop; if you have ever stooped, never stoop again.

I remember a youth, the only child of parents who almost worshiped him. None feared to trust him, so far as I know; but he was trusted especially and unreservedly by the postmaster of the town in which he lived. The postmaster began to lose money occasionally, and he finally planned to catch the thief. It was Sunday evening. The youth needed money to spend where money ought not to be spent. If he had needed money for any legitimate, righteous purpose, his father or mother would have gladly given it to him. He had formed habits, how ever, that no boy should ever form. He was afraid to let his loving mother know his wants. When a boy is afraid for his mother—his nearest, dearest and best friend—to know him, to know his habits, wants and wishes, he is in danger of temporal and eternal destruction. Boys, girls, never know anything you are afraid for your mothers to know. Live so that you can always go to mother and confidingly tell her all your wants and ways and wishes—tell her all—without dread or danger of distressing her.

That boy was willing to betray sacred confidence and steal, that he might be able to do other shameful, sinful things. A piece of glass was broken out close to the postmaster's till. Looking around and seeing no human being to discover the theft—forgetting the Eye that always sees—he slipped his hand into the till, where it had

been so often, possibly promising himself that, if he *got* the money that time without being detected, he would steal no more forever. Just then there came something that seemed as terrible to him as "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." He started back instinctively, but found his hand was caught in a cold, cruel steel trap. He managed with his left hand to get his knife out of his right pocket, opened it with his hand and teeth and tried to cut his throat. The postmaster, seeing the situation, called for help, not knowing who was caught in the trap, not even thinking of the boy he would have trusted with everything he had. Help came. The secret was a secret no more. A United States officer arrested the boy. He was tried, convicted, sentenced and sent far away to the North, to serve a term in the penitentiary. That boy suffered, but he was not the one who suffered most. No mortal can know how his father suffered. No tongue can tell the agony of his mother's heart.

I remember another youth, his parents' only child, the idol of their hearts and home, whose history confirms the point I am trying to impress, to save bodies, souls and spirits from temptation and eternal wreck and ruin, degradation and despair. Like "old dog Tray," he suffered because of being with bad company. Boys and girls—especially girls—are always in danger when in bad company. A lamb among wolves is in no greater danger than an innocent, guileless girl associating with wild, reckless, dissipated, unclean, heartless, lecherous boys or men. The youth of whom I speak went one night, with dissolute companions, to a dark, disreputable dive. He had never so stooped before; and it is probable that he went that time under strong mental protest, contrary to the counsel of a conscience that tried to save him, solemnly resolving to never be caught in such company or visit such a dive again. But he was in bad company then; and there is not a responsible boy on earth who

ought not to run from bad company as he would flee from a raging tiger thirsting for his blood. Keep out of bad company always, if you can; but if you find yourself in bad company, get out of it as quickly as you can.

He went, in the darkness of a dark night, into a darker place than Egypt was when filled with darkness tangible. He came up, in a literal sense, out of that dark den at the dawning of the day, and went to his own pure home; but that one visit was enough to wreck and ruin him forever. He stooped but once; but stooped to rise no more. There was kindled in his mortal frame, by that one visit to that infamous den of iniquity, a fire that practically consumed him. Shocked, horrified, mortified and terrified by the discovery, he could not entertain the thought of telling his father, confiding in his mother, or even trusting a physician with the awful secret. At last the sad secret revealed itself; but it was then forever too late. All who knew him knew what was killing him. Clean boys and pure, sweet girls—girls as pure as "the beautiful snow"—would pass him in solemn silence, knowing what was devouring him. At last he fell, practically a mass of corruption and putrefaction, into the arms of death, and was buried in a beautiful graveyard near by, in the very best spot his parents could procure.

Probably twenty years have come and gone since he ceased to suffer here; and still his bereaved mother goes, every day when she can, to his grave, that she may lay flowers there bedewed with tears. She is literally dying of sorrow that she had never known, had her boy never stooped. I do not know that she has ever smiled since the awful truth dawned upon her that her beloved boy was wrecked and ruined forever. In all my wanderings over the earth, I never see a sadder face than when I see that mother. She never, I think, neglects an opportunity to, in sorrowful silence, take me by the hand, remaining silent, while her sad, sweet face tells the pathetic story

of sorrows she had never known, had the idol of her heart always lived as she longed to see him live. Indeed and in truth, "the way of transgressors is hard" for themselves, and often harder still for the faithful, pure and true, who tenderly, devotedly and constantly love them.

These things are commonplace because their "name is legion," their number millions. I have told this sad story because there is not a boy or young man in all this land that may not, some time, be subjected to the very same temptation that dragged that young man down, broke his mother's heart, wrecked his father's life, and shrouded that once happy home in sorrow and gloom. May the Lord grant that what I have related may be remembered and appreciated by you when, if ever, tried by such temptation; and may he grant you strength to spurn the very thought of yielding to temptation, and to rise to higher heights by resisting it. May the Lord grant that no wife, no mother, shall ever suffer because of your transgressions, as the wives and mothers of whom I have spoken have suffered because of the transgression of their loved ones. May he graciously grant that none of these sweet little girls—precious treasures the Savior himself might rejoice to clasp to his own warm, loving heart, and kiss with his pure lips—may ever fall a prey to any devouring wolf, in human form, who has gone or may go so far on the downward road as to wreck their hopes, blight their lives, break their hearts and drag them down to ruin, provided they submit to his will.

One month ago to-day—July 24, 1903—two unfortunate Tennessee boys, one from Nashville, one from Memphis, were, at Lexington, Ky., hanged, like dogs, by the neck, till they were dead. They had robbed, and all had gone well with them, till nearly dawn of day, if the story has been truthfully told. One said, "It's nearly day. Let's go." The other said, "Let's rob one more house." In that "one more house" the crime was committed that

cost them their lives. Howsoever long you may have sinned, without ever having been suspected; howsoever many crimes you may have committed, without ever being detected; the next time you stoop, you may stoop, to rise no more. If you continue in sin, "be sure your sin will find you out."

There is but one safe and sure way to escape wreck and ruin, and attain to everlasting life—always be and do right. We need all the props and helps available, as we journey through this wilderness of temptation, from the cradle to the grave. We cannot have all the props possible unless we are in Christ Jesus, our Lord. The only safe place for us is "in Christ;" that is, in the fold of the tender Shepherd, his spiritual body, the church; "For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God." May the Lord bless all of us who are in that fold, in being submissive to the loving Shepherd's will. May the Lord bless all of us who have not entered his fold, in entering it without delay. If you are not in the fold of Christ, hear the gospel, believe the gospel, honestly and earnestly repent of your sins, confess with the mouth that you do believe, with all the heart, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, be buried with him by baptism into death, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, into the solemn name of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and be raised up to walk in newness of life. Having thus entered into the fold of the tender Shepherd of souls, be submissive to his holy will till Heaven shall call you home. Live pure, chaste, clean, consistent Christian lives, as long as you live upon the earth. You may as well not come to Christ, as to come and then refuse to live as he directs—as Heaven demands.

Jesus invites you to enter his fold. This is a call to you to come away from the bad to the good; from the dangerous and doubtful to the safe and certain; from sin and Satan to the Savior; and, coming, you have the as-

surance divine that, if you are "faithful unto death," God will give you everlasting life and make you perfectly happy for evermore. Now, may the Lord bless all of you who are, in any sense, subjects of the gospel call, in coming to Jesus while you can.

CHAPTER XIX.

Letters—The Family Broken.

"THE Family Unbroken" is the title of a picture in "Letters and Sermons," Volume I.; and when the preparation of Volume II. was begun, it was thought "The Family Unbroken" might appropriately have place therein. But death, so long a stranger at Mars' Hill, has invaded that happy home and taken one member of the family circle. Theophilus Brown Larimore—"Toppie," as he was affectionately called by those who knew him best—went home August 4, 1903—having lived an innocent, harmless, blameless life in this world of joy and sorrow, sunshine and shadow, nearly thirty-one years.

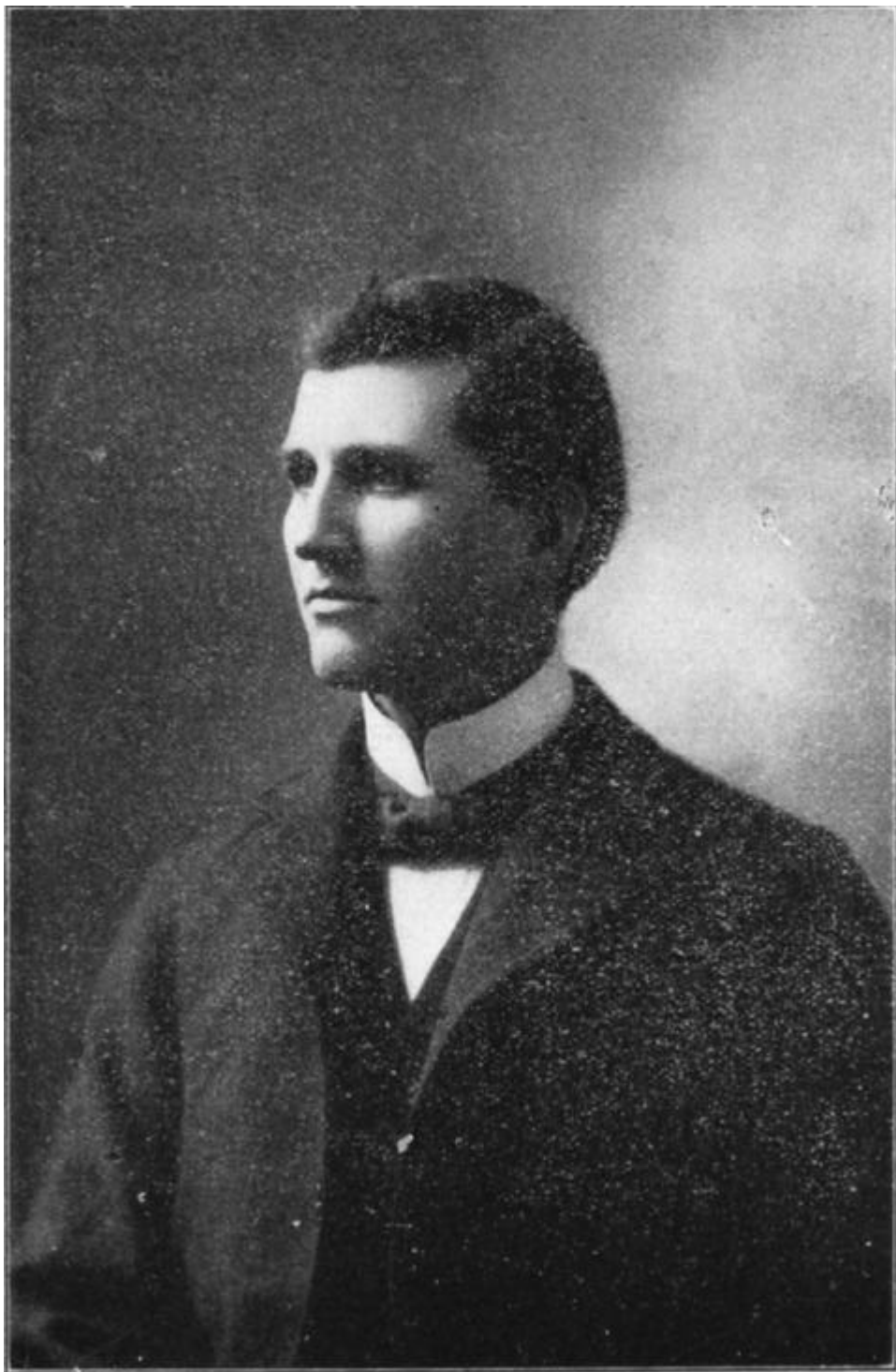
When he was a healthy, happy, handsome youth of about seventeen summers—"our farmer boy," his father called him—he was accidentally hurt. He was riding, horseback, in company with a boy of about his own age. His companion playfully struck the horse Toppie was riding, and caused it to jump suddenly. Toppie clung to the horse and managed to retain his seat; but, in the effort to do so, one of his hips was strained. At first, no one thought he was seriously hurt; but soon that hip began to give him pain, rapidly grew worse, and he was confined to his bed many months, unable to move or to be moved without being under the influence of anaesthetics. Everything was done for him that medical skill could suggest or love devise. His father, mother, brothers and sisters were his untiring, devoted nurses. His mother has never entirely recovered from the strain of the long months spent in watching by his bedside,

through hours of pain that nothing but a mother's tender touch could alleviate. His suffering, and his gentleness and patience while enduring his suffering, made him doubly dear to the household; and, even after his recovery to health, there was a peculiarly tender feeling for him in the hearts of those who knew him best.

In a letter to F. D. Srygley, Brother Larimore wrote: "Toppie is still perfectly helpless. Seven physicians and surgeons have visited him. We hope he may rapidly improve as a result of a surgical operation performed yesterday. He is a prodigy of patience. He never murmurs, never complains. Everything seems to be all right with him. Faithful friends have greatly blessed us during this, our sore affliction. The Lord will reward them according to their deeds. Of course, my work has been broken up. Indeed, about all we can all do is to do all we can for poor Toppie. Trusting in the Lord, we leave nothing undone that we think may, in any way, bless our dear, sick, suffering boy. These troubles strengthen us Why should we live for time alone, when the things of time are so uncertain?"

Two days later, he wrote:

"Poor, patient, suffering Toppie! We fear January I may find him in bed. Physicians and surgeons have failed to relieve him. They have done their best, but have failed. With faith unwavering, hope well grounded, love tender and true, and fortitude perfectly sublime. poor, patient, grateful, trusting Toppie has been a helpless sufferer from August 17 till now, and still he patiently suffers, without any promise of relief now or in the very near future. Dear, blessed boy! We'd give the world to make him well; but would not take a thousand worlds for his faith and hope and love—for his trust in Jesus—his title to a happy home where sickness, sor-



"TOPPIE" LARIMORE.

row, pain and death are neither felt nor feared. How mortal man can endure to live or dare to die without this blessed hope is a mystery to me. Give me sickness, give me sorrow, give me pain, give me death—give me *anything* and *everything* hard to endure—rather than rob me of this glorious hope—blessed, holy, hallowed, heavenly hope."

After almost a year of patient suffering, Toppie began to slowly improve. The pain-racked body grew stronger, and took firmer hold on the gentle spirit that had almost slipped away. Brother Larimore, in the gladness of his heart, wrote his friend:

"Our dear, patient Toppie continues to improve. Friends all over the land have been angels of mercy to him and to us, and still they lovingly comfort and help us. Boxes of good things—and good things not in boxes—have come from Louisville, Nashville—from places too numerous to mention. Toppie is just beginning to enjoy, in a very intense degree, being *boxed*; as, in the language of a letter from his mother, 'He is, to the utter astonishment of the physicians attending him, improving marvelously; has good appetite; enjoys good things sent him—eats, sleeps, knits and is getting well.' Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!"

Having always been specially fond of the companionship of his mother and sisters and of helping them in their work, Toppie had learned, in his childhood, to knit and crochet, as well as to help his mother and sisters do almost everything else they had to do. "During the days of his long confinement to bed and house, unable to perform the part of "farmer boy," he spent the time as pleasantly as possible by doing such work as he could do. Like his mother, he was never idle—always busily engaged at something that might be serviceable to some one. One of his mother's treasured possessions is a coun-

terpane—a marvelous piece of work—that was made by the skillful fingers of her crippled boy during that long confinement.

The injury to his hip was permanent. He never again walked without crutches. He used his crutches so dexterously, and swung himself along on them so lightly, easily and rapidly, however, that pity for his misfortune was lost in admiration of his strength and grace. He bore his misfortune with marvelous fortitude, patience and cheerfulness. Of all those who gathered at Mars' Hill every summer for the annual meeting there—parents, brothers, sisters, friends—not one was lighter of heart or readier with pleasant smile or welcome word than he—"Happy Jack" they called him. He was a universal favorite. He inherited from his father and mother the best qualities of both; hence, his gentleness of manner, sweetness of spirit and strength of character won for him love, admiration and respect wherever he went.

His lameness made it impossible for him to be the "farmer boy" of the family, as he had planned to be. Though hampered and hindered by affliction and suffering, he completed the prescribed course of study in the Florence Normal College, and chose Osteopathy as his profession. He graduated at Kirksville, Mo., and located at Winchester, Tenn., where he began the practice of his profession, in February, 1900, looking hopefully forward to the time when he could have the companionship of the sweet girl who had won his heart in their happy school days, and who had promised to wait patiently for him till he could prepare a home for her. In 1903, they believed, would see the end of that patient waiting—and it did; but not as they had joyously anticipated. Early in that year symptoms of his former affliction appeared. In his letters to those he loved, he said little about being sick, and always wrote cheerfully

of hoping to be "better to-morrow." His father, mother, and all others who loved him and knew he was suffering" urged him to give up his practice and take treatment himself; but he evidently believed the trouble was not serious, and continued his work as long as he could. His father spent a few hours with him June 28; found, and left, him cheerful, hopeful and happy—left him confidently believing he—Toppie—would be with friends at a good mineral spring on Cumberland Mountain, in a few days, and be at home in August, to attend the annual Mars' Hill meeting.

As summer advanced, however, he grew worse; and his mother, alarmed at continued reports of his condition—carefully worded though they were, that they might not give her anxiety and trouble—though in very delicate health herself, went to see him in July. She found him seriously sick; and, assisted by her son Herschell and others, who lovingly did all they could, took him home, that he might be under her watchful care, have the companionship of loved ones there, and be treated by her trusted family physician, who, she knew, would do all in his power for Toppie—which he did. For a few days after going home, he seemed to improve. On the first day of August, however, serious symptoms developed. An artery in his leg broke, and he very nearly bled to death. The flow of blood was temporarily stopped; and, on August 3, he was taken to Nashville, to the infirmary of the Doctors Eve, to undergo the surgical operation in which lay his only chance for life—an almost hopeless chance, as Dr. Bramlette, who accompanied him from home to the infirmary, back home and to his grave, knew and said. With a cheerful "Good-by, mamma," he left his agonizing mother at home; was bright and cheerful all the way to Nashville—one hundred and twenty miles—and talked hopefully and cheerfully to his father and Herschell, who were with him to the last, just before the

operation was performed, and praised the nurses who cared for him so kindly.

Brother Larimore hoped, and believed, the operation would be successful; and, while it was being performed, he anxiously, but hopefully, awaited a message from the operating room. While he thus waited, hoping and fervently praying for the best, and anxious to relieve the pressure on loving hearts at home as quickly as possible, he prepared the following telegram to send, if all should be well "Operation was successful. Toppie is resting well. All symptoms are favorable." Skillful surgeons operated; but the trouble baffled scientific skill. The broken artery was tied five times, and each time broke again. Toppie was carried back to his room in the infirmary; but passed away in a few moments, without regaining consciousness. Instead of the telegram he had prepared, Brother Larimore, crushed and broken-hearted, sent this: "Toppie's sufferings are all ended. He has just gone home. Please expect us, via the L. N. tomorrow." Toppie's body was taken to the home of Mr. R. H. Woodfin, in Nashville, that day; was taken to Mars' Hill the next day; and, on August 6—a cloudless day—was buried in Mars' Hill Cemetery, in sight of the home he loved so well.

The time of the annual meeting at Mars' Hill—usually in August—is reunion time for Brother Larimore's family and many of his friends. The children who have left the home nest always come back then, if possible. That year, two were absent: Granville, the oldest son, was at his home in Florida, and Toppie had just gone to a brighter and happier home than even his own happy earthly home had ever been. Granville, who had been his mother's faithful, willing helper in caring for the children younger than himself, even in his childhood, grieved because he could not be with her in her hour of bitterest

sorrow, wrote her a tender, loving, comforting letter, from which the following extract is made because it shows the law of love that rules at Mars' Hill:

"My Dear Mother: Telegrams telling of our loss reached us last night. I am so crushed and brokenhearted I don't know what to say to you, to lighten your load of grief. You have lost your best boy, the one you love best, I know, because he was the most lovable. All of us loved him best. No doubt you feel to-day that there is nothing left worth living for, but try to remember that your loss is the loss of each and every one of us, and that you have five children left who feel the need of a mother's love all the more because they have lost their best and dearest brother. He was your second boy, but he was my first—my 'little brother.' I was nurse, you know, for all the younger children and mothered all of them; but he, the first, was always closer to me than any of the others. I can't remember the time when I wasn't trying to look out for him and take care of him. Yet, I always went to him with my cares and troubles, and found ready sympathy and help.

"Could I do so, I would come home, to be with you in your sorrow; but I cannot come. I am heartbroken; and, like a child, I want to lay my head upon your lap, and find comfort and solace in my mother's love. Please be careful of your health. Remember, you are no longer as young and strong as you once were; and, while father has other children left to love him, and while your children have brothers and sisters left to love and to be loved by, if you should leave us, no one could take your place. I have two brothers and two sisters, to love, but I have only one mother. So, please take the best possible care of yourself.

"I try to realize that, because our dear boy's sufferings are over, I ought not to grieve and feel sad; but the hurt is too deep, too sudden and too fresh for me to feel that



GRANVILLE, ETTIE AND VIRGIL LARIMORE.

way. After almost thirty-five years our family circle is, for the first time, broken; and one of the brightest links in the chain is shattered and gone, never to be replaced. We may try to close up the broken circle, but no one can take the place of the missing link. None can ever fill the place that Toppie filled."

Letters and telegrams expressing tender sympathy for the bereaved family, and sorrow because of the untimely ending of so useful a life on earth, came from all quarters. Those from Winchester, where everybody knew and loved Dr. Larimore, told how sadly he should be missed in the community where he had brought health and hope to many, and cheer and encouragement to all who came within the influence of his brave, "sweet, helpful spirit. One friend, who knew him well, wrote:

"I can say without exaggeration, he was the purest, best and noblest man I have ever known. He was loved by all who knew him. We have often said it would spoil any ordinary man to receive as much attention and affection as Dr. Larimore received; but it never hurt him in the least. He was always just the same gentle, humble 'Toppie.'"

Toppie had never failed to be at one of the annual Mars' Hill meetings. Even when he was just recovering from his long spell of suffering and sickness, unable to walk, he was carried to the meetinghouse, and, propped up in a chair, enjoyed the services as much as any one, and contributed his share to the general happiness. The meeting began that year August 9, five days after Toppie passed away—three days after his burial. It was a sad meeting for the Mars' Hill family; especially for the father and mother, who missed the bright face of their son who had never failed to be with them at their reunion time, always happy and cheerful, always doing every-

thing in his power to add to the happiness of others—many little things no one else seemed to think of doing. For thirty-three years Brother Larimore had done the preaching in those meetings. That was the one time when he, heartbroken and crushed, felt that he must, and yet could not, preach. But he looked to the sure source of comfort to which he had directed so many sorrowing souls, found grace to bear the trial, and preached the Word with deeper pathos and power, because of the sorrow that filled and crushed and overwhelmed his own heart. Sunday afternoon, August 9, he took for his text 1 Pet. 3:15: "But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." A portion of his sermon, in which he referred to Toppie, is quoted here, as follows:

"It is a serious thing to die; but it is a far more serious thing to live. In view of the obligations, opportunities and responsibilities that are ours, we should so live as to always wield an influence for good, not evil; for weal, not woe. We ought to encourage and teach, by precept and example—in every righteous way we can—our loved ones to so live that, when they are gone, we can open the Book of God and, through our tears, read their titles clear to mansions in the skies, knowing, the Bible being true, they are safe for evermore. We live in a land of Gospel light, and can walk in that light, if we will. We can, if we will, walk in the way of the Lord, the way that leads to life eternal, and try to lead our loved ones with us.

"In the days of my youth, I heard many strange substitutes for the Gospel, and spent many dark days in the wilderness of ecclesiastical mysticism, asking, seeking, begging, praying and agonizing for some sort of mysterious, supernatural, incomprehensible evidence of acceptance

with God, notwithstanding I had never done, because I had never known, what God required me to do, to be saved. Finally, I heard the Gospel in its primitive purity, in its sweet, sublime simplicity, obeyed it on my twenty-first birthday, and have been trying, publicly and privately, almost every day since that glad day, to lead the lost to the Lamb of God, and the saved to higher heights of holiness and deeper depths of devotion in Jesus Christ, our Lord. It would be a sad, sad thing to me, at any time, especially now, not to be able to look into the Book of God, and there read a title clear to a heavenly home for any one whose life has been shaped according to my teaching, because of my teaching—any one who has trusted me as teacher and spiritual adviser, and, believing and practicing *my* teaching in hope of everlasting life, has passed to the eternal shore. Hence, to every soul seeking to know the steps to salvation, I, turning to the Bible, say: 'Here they are. This is what the Spirit says.' "The Bible teaches, as plainly as it teaches the existence of Jehovah, the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, or the death of Jesus of Nazareth, that, if responsible souls hear the Gospel, believe the Gospel, honestly and earnestly repent of their sins, confess their faith in Christ—that is, confess with the mouth that they do believe, with all the heart, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God—are buried with him by baptism into death, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, into the solemn name of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and raised up to walk in newness of life, they are thus, then and there born again, born from above, 'born of water and of the Spirit'—all their past sins remitted, washed away in the blood of the Lamb, practically obliterated, to be remembered against them no more forever, and they 'delivered . . . from the power of darkness, and . . . translated . . . into the kingdom of his dear Son: in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.' (Col. 1:13, 14.)

"But, having obeyed the Gospel, we must live right or forfeit our claim to eternal blessedness. The apostle Peter, writing to the entire Church of the living God, for all time, wrote: 'And beside this [that is, beside having obeyed the gospel and thus entered into this new, divine relationship, into 'heavenly places in Christ Jesus '], giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.' (2 Pet. 1:5-11.)

"When we, sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, do wrong, if we turn to him in penitence, confessing our sins, as the prodigal returned to his father with penitence in his heart and prayer on his lips, and fervently pray for forgiveness, as our Father demands and directs, he will fully, freely and forever forgive us. Thus we can have our claims renewed, our hopes brightened, our faith strengthened, every day, till Heaven shall call us home.

"Christianity addresses itself to us individually, as well as collectively; and it is perfectly right for each one of us to cherish selfishness enough to long to be personally saved; but the joy of the hope of personal salvation is but as a drop of water to an ocean, as a grain of sand to a range of towering mountains, as an atom to the universe, as a moment of time to eternity, in comparison with the joy that floods the souls of the ransomed here

when they realize that their loved ones, whom they can meet no more in this sad world of sorrow, death and separation, are 'not lost,' but simply 'gone before'—gone, to nestle in the bosom of the love of God forever; there to be waiting and watching to welcome home, 'some sweet day,' loved ones left in sorrow here when they were called hence. We should try to wield such an influence over those we love that, when these sad separations come, and our hearts are aching, bleeding and breaking, we may have no reason to question the destiny of the loved ones who have gone, to return to us and their earthly home no more.

"As all of you know, our family circle has just, for the first and only time, been broken. A link, golden and bright, is missing from our family chain, that is to lose another and another and another, till the last link shall have been taken. 14 might have led into and in some other way the sweet boy who has just left us—just gone home—if I had used the same influence to lead him wrong" that I used to lead him right. I could not have influenced him to do what he knew to be wrong or believed to be wrong, as you very well know; but I might have led him into and in some erroneous religious channel, not even so much as mentioned in the Bible, by so bewildering him as to cause him to believe it to be right. We tried to lead him aright, in the light of truth divine, the Bible, and were successful, because he loved the good, the true, the right; and, therefore, loved to 'walk in the light.' When the time came for him to go, we could look into the blessed Book of books and there 'read his title clear to a mansion in the skies'—a title safer, stronger and clearer far than any mortal has or holds to a rod of land beneath the stars.

"We know the steps that Topple took; we know the life that Toppie lived; and we know, as certainly as God is God and truth is truth, he is safe. With all the power

imparted by grace and truth divine, we can, in the midst of our crushing sorrow, 'look aloft to the sun that is never to set,' look away to the world of eternal delight, realize that our sorrow is blissful sorrow, and rejoice, knowing that our sweet boy heard the Gospel, not some human substitute, some uninspired theological system, that sup planted the Gospel; that he believed the Gospel; that he repented of his sins; that he confessed his faith in Christ; that he was buried with Christ by baptism into death, and raised up to walk in newness of life; that, thus becoming a Christian, he wore the name Christian—the name of Christ—as a faithful wife wears the name of her husband, never dishonoring God, denying Christ or being untrue to his cause; that he was truthful and honest and prayerful, pure and patient and faithful unto death. If we ask the Lord where our pure, patient, faithful boy is to spend eternity, he replies: '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.)

“So, while we are sad and sorrowful and crushed and broken-hearted, back of all that, there is something sweet, comforting and consoling, that will endure; something that will last' when the mists have cleared away'—when our sorrow and sadness shall have been tempered by time and lightened by the hand of the Lord; the assurance that, if we be faithful unto death, we shall meet Toppie in that land where death is never known. If there had never been a Bible, and I had never heard of heaven, I should still be as certain as I could be of anything that I could not absolutely know that he had gone to the best place there is. But I can turn the search light of heaven upon his life and know, the Bible being true, Toppie is safe. The Bible's being true is a question of faith. Toppie's pure life is a matter of knowledge.

“I do not say he was better than his brothers or sisters

are. I simply say he was better than his father is. But he was not better than his father will try to be all the remnant of his days. I am glad I believe there are no influences beneath the stars that can shake the faith of any one of my children, or cause any one of them to waver in fidelity to the truth, loyalty to the Lord or devotion to the right; and I rejoice in the hope that, when done with the uncertain, unsatisfying things of time and sense, we shall all—father, mother and children—with beloved friends who love us—meet in a happier home than our earthly home was before Toppie was taken away; and that we shall be unspeakably happy there while the eternal ages come and go. For this let us live, for this let us hope, for this let us pray.

"My mother went home about a year ago, as perfectly prepared for that peerless place of pure delight as any aged pilgrim hath ever been, having loved and served the Lord and suffering humanity, in sorrow, sincerity and sadness, as a consecrated Christian, nearly fifty years. She was nearly a hundred years old, and had been a Christian half as long as she had lived on earth—a true, tender-hearted, sympathetic, self-denying, self-sacrificing, hopeful, helpful friend of sorrowing, suffering humanity, from the days of her childhood and youth till she ceased to die and began to truly live. While her departure distressed me, and overwhelmed me with feelings of loneliness, sorrow and sadness I can never forget, I realized that her departure was as the peaceful, timely setting of the sun, at the close of a long, bright day, and that that sun, having blessed and brightened our homes so long, ought to set. I fully realized that, while I should sigh for 'the touch of a vanished hand.' than which there has never been a tenderer touch, and the sound of a voice forever still, than which no sweeter voice hath ever cheered a mother's struggling child, it was best for her to pass

to that blessed place for which she was so perfectly prepared.

“Toppie passed away in his young manhood, as the sun at noon, in a cloudless sky, suddenly vanishing from view, lost to mortal vision, in the fathomless depths of limitless space; but we have the same blessed assurance of everlasting bliss for him. He was a Christian half his days on earth. As a child, he was always all he should have been. As a Christian, he was all the Lord taught him to be. We know, the Bible being true, he is safe, where sickness, sadness, suffering, pain and death are neither felt nor feared; and that, for him, eternity is to be an eternity of unalloyed bliss.

“I am glad I preached to him just what and as I did—preached the truth divine, as revealed in God's blessed Book of books, as earnestly as I could—and, the Lord helping me, as long as I can lift my hand, as long as I can use my tongue or wield my pen, as long as my mind is sufficiently preserved for my friends to be willing for me to preach, as long as these hands can bury in baptism penitent believers who have confessed faith in Christ, I shall tell the sweet old story of Jesus and his love, thus trying to lead the lost to 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;' and, with all the power I may possess, try to influence them to so live that, when they pass to the eternal shore, those they leave behind can have the blessed assurance that all is well with them, and shall forever be.

“I shall never have any fears or conscientious scruples about teaching as I have been teaching, what I have been teaching for many years—from the day I was born into the family, *church*, of God, till now—as long as I can turn to the blessed Book and therein read what I teach. I can, I must, and I will, Providence permitting, protecting me and providing the way, while my life and power shall last, preach, *because I know the Bible teaches it*, that,

if responsible souls hear the Gospel, believe the Gospel, obey the Gospel, and then live the Christian life, being faithful unto death, as did and was faithful, patient, precious Toppie, it shall be well with them in life, well with them in death, well with them in eternity, well with them *for evermore*. This and thus, and this and thus *alone*, on this theme, have I thought, believed and taught for nearly forty years; and now, when I am brought face to face with the temporal and eternal results of this teaching, this thought is, to my soul, more precious 'than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.'

"May the Lord abundantly bless us all, in becoming and being what we ought to be, and in living as we ought to live, till the grave shall claim our bodies, and heaven shall claim us."

CHAPTER XX.

Sermon at Funeral of Little Annie Louise Brown, Nashville, Tenn., November 17, 1902.

PRAYER: Our dear Father, we thank thee that, while our hearts are bowed beneath the load of sorrow that has come to us here, we can think of the bliss that awaits us over there. "We thank thee that we are permitted, while living in this world of sickness, sorrow, separation, pain and death, to cherish the hope of an eternal existence in a brighter and better world, where sorrow is unknown. We thank thee, our Father, that, when loved ones in the Lord are taken, we can realize that they are "not lost, but gone before." We do thank thee that we can know, as certainly as the book of God is an expression of his holy will, that, when a sweet little babe is taken from its mother's arms, from the home it briefly blessed and brightened, it is simply transplanted, as a precious flower, to bloom in the garden of God forever, in the presence of Him who, long ago, said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

As we bow before thee, this morning, our Father, in the shadow that shrouds this home and in the sorrow that fills it, we thank thee that we are permitted to look aloft to the Sun of Righteousness that is never to set, and realize that, beyond the shadows, beyond the sorrows, beyond the clouds, beyond the darkness, there is in reservation for all who, while on earth, live as thou wouldst have them live, an eternity of unalloyed bliss; and that the precious little treasure who has gone has escaped all the sorrows of this life and is to enjoy forever all the bliss

in reservation for those of whom the Savior says: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." We pray thee to bless us all in doing whatsoever civilization, duty, prudence and propriety demand on this solemn occasion, in paying the last sad tribute of respect to the little lifeless body left with us when the precious soul that occupied it was released from its bondage here, to be carried by the angels over there.

We pray thee to permit thy peace to rest upon this household; to send the sunshine of joy into every sad soul in this sorrow-shrouded home. Bless the father, the mother, the grandmother, all the bereaved loved ones and friends left in sorrow here, in realizing that their loss is the eternal gain of the one they so tenderly loved, whose body we must bury to-day. We pray thee to bless us all in being what thou wouldst have us be—as nearly perfect in the service of our Savior as it is possible for us to be in the sunshine and shadows' of our earthly environments. Bless us in clinging to the cross, in loving, nourishing, cherishing, encouraging and sympathizing with one another, in bearing one another's burdens and so fulfilling the law of Christ, which is the law of love divine. Bless us in realizing how vain, how transient, how unstable, how unsatisfactory to the soul, are the things of time and sense, and how important it is to always be prepared to live, and, therefore, prepared to die, and hence, prepared to live in a deathless land forever. Bless us in realizing that time is precious, that we have not even one moment to spend in the service of Satan; that all our days, whether many or few, are thine; and bless us in devoting our remnant of days unreservedly to thee. Bless us, we pray thee, in the fullest fruition of all our hallowed hopes and holy desires, for body, soul and spirit, while we live in this world; and, at last, take us in safety to meet the little ones and all our loved ones whom the angels have carried away from the sorrows of this

life, and make us unspeakably happy forever. Be thou our shield through life, comfort us in the hour of death, and eternally save us all, we beg in Christ's name. Amen.

* * *

“Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence.” (Matt. 19:13-15.)

Because the Lord has put it there, I am glad everything in the Bible is in the Bible. Even if I have not the mental power to properly appreciate it, and can never clearly comprehend and fully understand it, I believe it is for the glory of God and the good of man, simply because it is there. I thank God for everything in the Bible; but I thank him especially for the sweet, tender story of Jesus, our Savior, that tells of his love and sympathy for innocent, sinless, sweet little children. I love the Savior all the more because, while he is the friend of humanity, he is, as the sad, sweet story of his life on earth clearly shows, especially the friend of women, the friend of children, the friend of home; because he had in his pure, sad, loving soul, while he was the Man of sorrows here—still has, and is to have forever—a tender regard for the sinless, the suffering, the sorrowing, the distressed and oppressed. I thank God that our Savior never, in all his painful pilgrimage on earth, turned any sad, sorrowing soul away from his presence without a blessing. I thank God especially that he tells us how the Savior showed his respect and love for women and their little ones, on this occasion, when mothers brought their children to him, by taking the little ones into his own tender arms, pressing them close to his pure heart, and

blessing them as only our loving Savior could do. I thank God that, when blessing them, he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I do not wonder that the Savior loved little children, loved their mothers, and sympathized with both. I have never been able to understand how any man can ever become so degraded as to not love pure, innocent little children, cherish an abiding interest in them, and be glad to bless them, and to give joy to their mothers whensoever it is possible for him to do so. But, notwithstanding Heaven smiles approvingly upon every brave, true husband and faithful father, the shield and support of his household, who honestly tries to do what love and duty prompt him to do for his loved ones, death enters every home. It enters the palace, the cottage, the hovel. It enters every family circle. And when it comes, it seems to choose the one who is nearest and dearest to our hearts. This is especially true when a dear little child, a sweet little babe, the light and joy of the household, is claimed by the grim messenger that finally takes all our bodies to the tomb.

When, in obedience to death's demands, the precious body of a blessed baby is removed from the cradle to the grave, an aching void this world can never fill is left in hearts and home; home is gloomy, cheerless and desolate; hearts bleed and tears freely flow; but we weep and sorrow not as those who have no hope. It is not possible for us, if we believe in the existence of the God the Bible reveals, to be without hope, so far as our absent little ones are concerned, even if we are living in the service of Satan; but especially do we hope, and have both right and reason to rejoice, if we are living in the service of the Savior. It is impossible for me to believe it is possible for any sane man to believe in the existence of the God the Bible reveals, and to believe the Bible that

reveals him, and ever seriously doubt that there is eternal blessedness—unalloyed, endless bliss—in store for the sweet little children who are taken away from this world before they are responsible in the sight of God—before they are old enough to willfully, willingly, knowingly, intentionally and deliberately go contrary to the principles of purity, justice and right.

When loyal loved ones "in the Lord" are taken, we have so many assurances of their safety that the tender, trusting heart can almost leap for joy, even when in the deepest depths of sorrow and distress because of the loss. Their eternal destiny cannot be a matter of absolute knowledge with us; because we can never know each other's hearts; but it can so nearly approximate absolute knowledge as to be a source of great joy to us in our day of distress. When, however, a sweet little child is taken, we absolutely know, the Bible being true, it is just as safe for eternal blessedness as are the angels and archangels with the Savior around the throne of God. If the little ones taken had been left, to live and love and suffer with us here on earth, it is not possible for us to know what their temporal or eternal destiny might have been. We do know, however, that, if they had been permitted to live long in this world, sorrow must have been their portion; for "man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble"—"is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." These things should make us tender, compassionate, considerate and kind in our dealings with the sons and daughters of men, never forgetting that every heart that has throbbed many years in this world bears a burden of grief heavy enough for any heart to have to bear. We ought to rejoice that it is our sacred privilege to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ, which is the law of love divine.

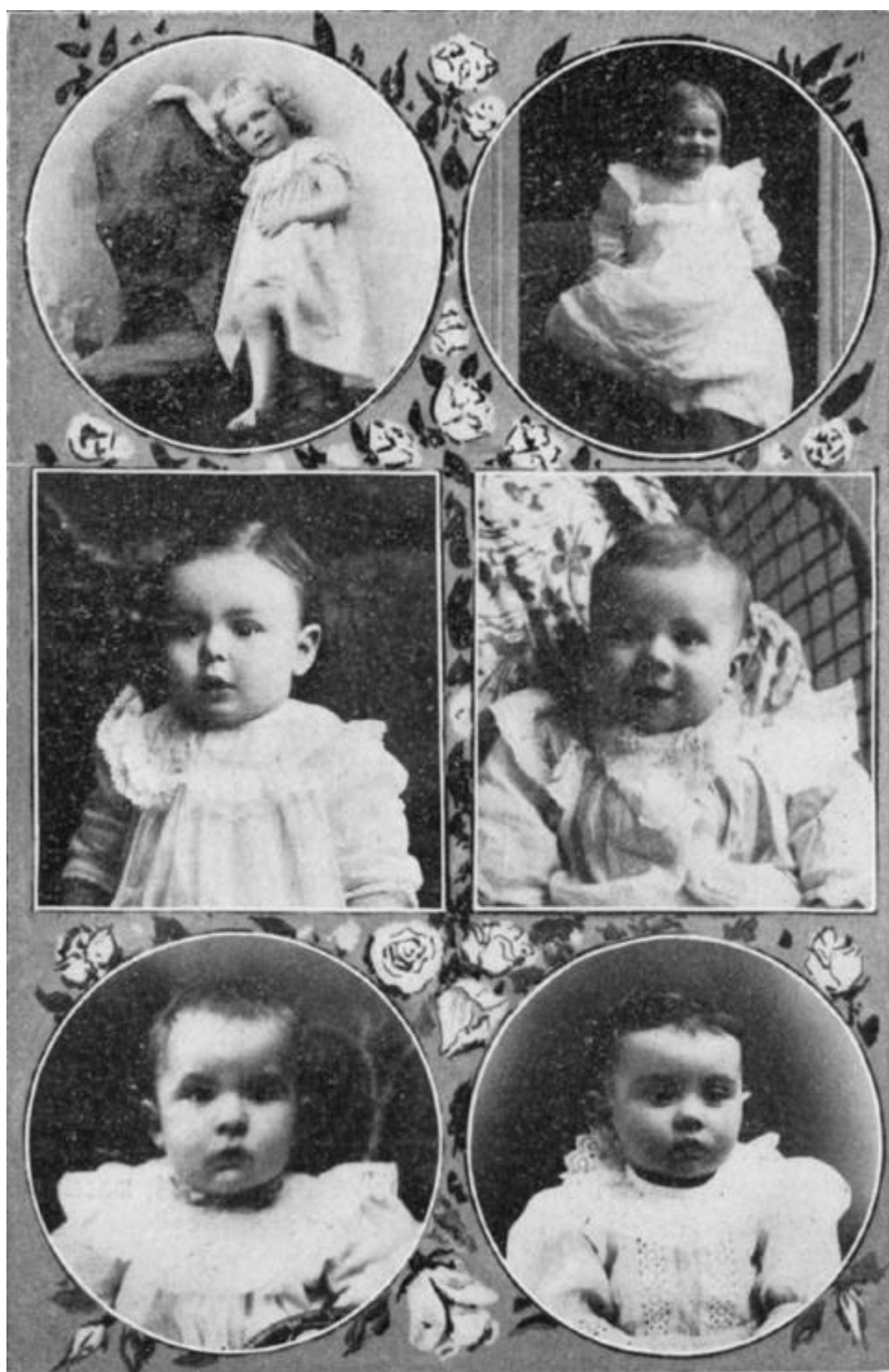
For this purpose, friends and neighbors and loved ones have gathered about this little white, flower-covered

casket that contains the body of the precious little babe that can remain in this household no longer; and, while all of us sorrow, we ought, with gratitude and joy, to remember the language of the Savior: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Mothers cannot now literally bring their little ones to the Savior, as loving mothers once could do, did do, and were glad to do; and the little ones cannot, in that literal sense, go to the Savior now. But in a higher, holier, happier, better and much more satisfactory sense, we can let our little ones go to Christ—or they can go to Christ—when they leave us. It is only necessary for them to slip away, like sweet little birds, from the grasp of loving hands here, to be taken by the angels to the loving arms of Him who says, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

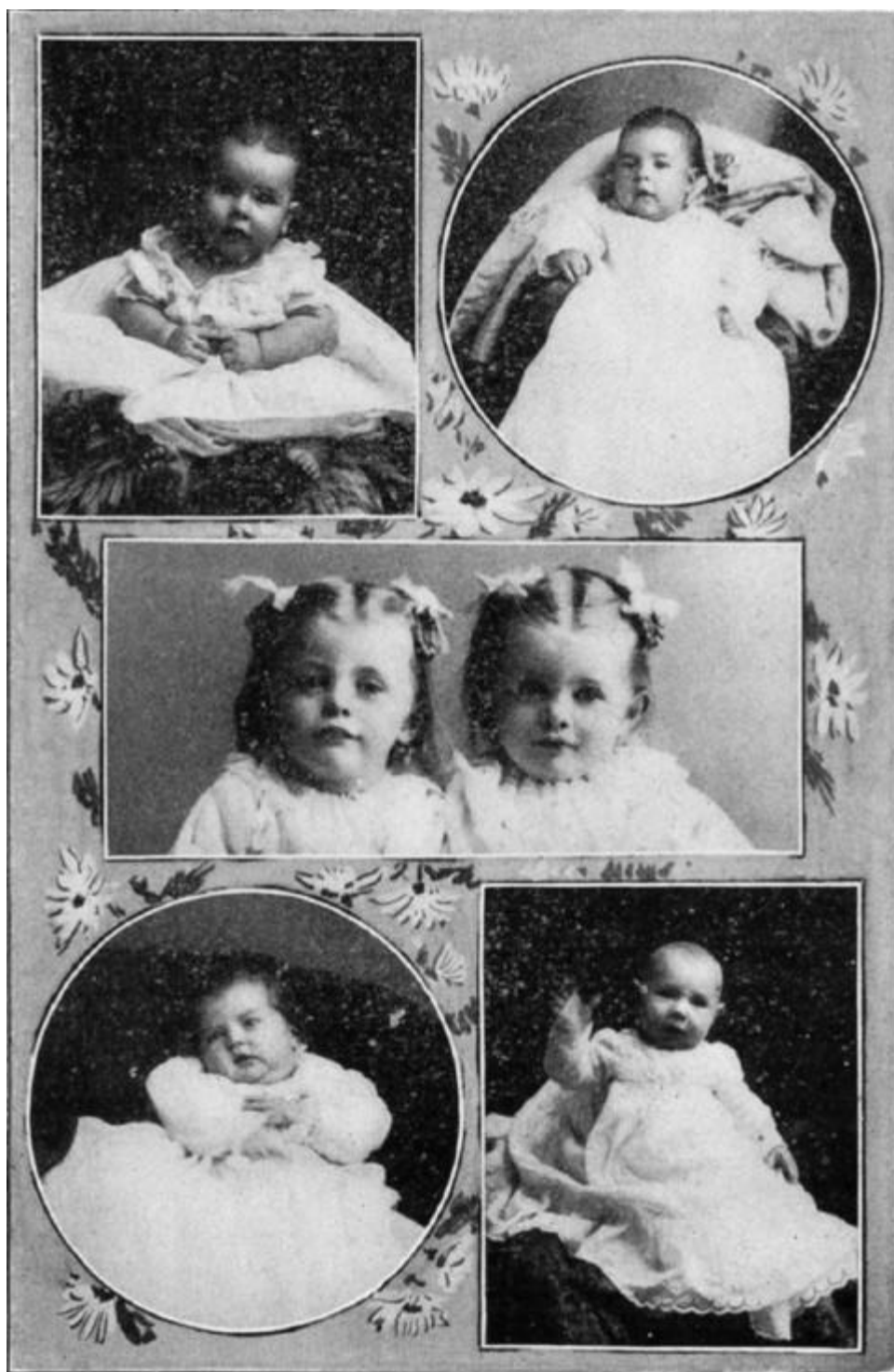
When children begin to realize the meaning of things spiritual; when they can begin to comprehend the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of sorrows, the Friend of sinners, the Victim of Calvary, the Savior of souls, Christian parents—and all parents ought to be Christian parents—should begin to train them accordingly—to lead them in the way that leads to Christ—and, as early as their little hearts can receive such impressions as to enable them to realize what it is to obey the Lord, then faithful Christian parents should gently lead them, like precious little lambs, into the fold of the tender Shepherd, and then teach them to live the Christian life; so that, when they cease to follow the Savior as lambs here, they may become and forever be "lambs of the upper fold." If we do that—and we do that, or, at least diligently endeavor to do it, if we do our duty—then, when the cradle is left empty; the little high chair, vacant; the household, sorrowful; and other hearts, sad; we can remember, with gratitude and joy, that there is a blessed fold up yonder, where no vacancies are ever made, where shadows of

sorrow are never seen; and we can gladly journey on and on, in the service of our Savior, and, while waiting and watching for our sweetly solemn summons to the eternal shore, work hopefully and earnestly for the glory of God, the honor of Christ and the salvation of souls.

Still, notwithstanding we know these things—are sure as faith sublime can make us that the little one just taken from us is not lost, but only gone before—and notwithstanding we believe our loss is its eternal gain, and that it has missed all the sorrows of this life, and is to enjoy forever all the bliss of the life beyond, we are loath to give it up. With aching, bleeding, breaking hearts, we let the little treasure go; and hard indeed must be the heart that could not sympathize with any household from which the baby is taken—its body to the grave, its spirit to that land where graves are never known. While the little ones are with us, we think of their future, and hope to successfully train them for usefulness, happiness and v Heaven; but we know not what the future may bring—what their temporal and eternal destiny may be. We do know, the Bible being true, the destiny of this little babe now; but, if it had remained here a few more years, it is not possible for us to know what its condition might have been in this life, or what its eternal destiny might have been. Howsoever faithful to God, each other and their little ones father and mother may be, the world exerts a strong influence over their children; and, if this sweet little babe had not been taken home now, it might have lived a life of sin and sorrow here, and gone to perdition at last. Hence, we ought to try to rejoice and be glad, even while our hearts are sorrowful and sad, because the precious little one has been taken from earth to heaven, from father to God, from mother to Him who says: "Suffer little children to come unto me"—to Him who" died, that it might live in glory and joy with him forever. The first two converts in one of my meetings in a beau-



A PAGE OF BABIES.



A PRICELESS NURSERY.

tiful town in the far-away West were a lonely, heartbroken mother and her only child, a sweet little girl of fourteen summers. They were a family, living alone in a once happy home that had been filled with sorrow and sadness from before the birth of that little girl, till the sorrows of fourteen long, eventful years had broken the trusting heart of her worse than widowed mother. The story of their sad, sweet lives may impress upon your minds the point I would impress, for your good, and especially for the comfort of the bereaved ones who loved this precious little treasure most. A brilliant young physician and his charming bride, faithful children of the living God, went to that place long years ago, on their bridal tour. They loved the romantic, wild, western frontier; and, seeing an opening there for future success, they decided to make that place their home. So, then and there, in their humble home, on the very verge of civilization, they began their new and useful life. They were poor; but, as each was all the world to the other, and Heaven was all to both, they were happy.

To bless and brighten their humble home, a babe—like Moses of old "a goodly child"—was born unto them; and then their happy home was happier still. This, their firstborn, was a perfectly formed, perfectly developed baby boy, and they built for him proud castles in the air. But, after a few brief months, the little fellow became seriously sick. The father had developed into a marvelous physician and surgeon, for that day and country, and for one so youthful, with resources so limited. He did all he could for the little one, assisted by all the human help available. The anxious parents nursed the babe on a pillow through many weary weeks, the little sufferer being reduced almost to a skeleton. All that medical skill could do was done; all a loving, tender father and mother could do was done. Being Christians, they implored the help of Heaven in that, their first time of deep

distress. Practically, their every conscious breath was a fervent prayer, they perpetually beseeching God to spare the child of their youth, their firstborn, their only child.

But the little one grew paler and weaker and thinner every day; and, finally, a feeling of rebellion against God developed in the heart of each of the distressed parents, because their babe was still so sick, with no prospect of ever being better. Each expressed that strange feeling to the other; and they agreed that, if their precious baby boy was not spared, they could never again have confidence in God. They had trusted him, loved him, and served him; but they almost worshiped their child. They had planned so much for him, had hoped so much for him; all of which plans and hopes seemed destined to fail and be blighted, that, in what they believed to be their darkest hour, their day of deepest distress, they resolved, "If our child is taken, we can never again love, or serve, or trust the Lord." The little flickering flame of life that was scarcely perceptible to even the father's educated eye began to be a little brighter, a little brighter, a little brighter; the little one, free from pain and fever and nausea, could finally take nourishment in the natural way, and properly assimilate its food. Perfect health was at last restored; and, in process of time, the bright, charming child they so tenderly loved could run about the house; and, as time went on, his prattling tongue made sweetest music for the ears of his fond father and mother.

He developed strong mental powers. He was sent to such schools as were available there; then to better schools far away from home; and finally to college, where he graduated in science and in sin. He came home, was sent to a law school, graduated in law, and learned more sin. With bright prospects before him, he began the practice of law. In a pretty little frontier town about thirty miles from his home, he wooed and won the heart and hand of one of the sweetest girls in all that land,

pure as the virgin snow, guileless as a sinless child, confiding perfectly in the one she had learned to truly love. As orange blossoms kissed her beautiful brow beneath the bridal veil, and she leaned upon the strong arm of that stalwart young man, that brilliant young lawyer, who had solemnly vowed to be to her a faithful husband, their friends could see not even one fleecy cloud flitting with light wing over the flowers that bloomed in beauty and fragrance along their pathway through bliss to God and glory.

His father and mother were inexpressibly happy; but when, in a few brief weeks, that had been weeks of bliss to them, their brilliant, beloved boy was arrested for forgery and perjury and dragged off to jail, their joy was supplanted by sorrow; their bliss, by agony untold. The cases against him were so clear that his friends could not even hope to free him; and his father and mother began to realize that there are infinitely greater griefs in this sad world than the death of an innocent little babe can ever cause. His bond was fixed at five thousand dollars; which amount his father practically paid, that his son might be released from jail. The heartbroken bride kissed her husband a sad farewell; the father bade his son good-by; the mother sobbed and sighed and moaned and wept with her boy—her beloved firstborn—in her arms, and then let him silently slip from her fond embrace forever. He went far away, leaving his father to pay the amount of his bond. The father and mother then realized that, if their beloved baby boy had been taken from them when he was so sick, such shadows should never have fallen upon them.

The wound in their hearts had scarcely begun to heal when the sad, sad news came to them from beyond the Rocky Mountains, from the far-away State—Territory then—of Washington, that this same beloved, unfortunate fugitive from justice had, in cold blood, deliberately

and maliciously assassinated a brave, true man, because the latter was his rival for the heart and hand of an innocent young woman there. Wave after wave of bad news came, to roll like rivers of death over their breaking hearts; and, at last, they learned that their wayward, wandering boy had been sentenced to be hanged by the neck, like a dog, till he was dead. Then the father and mother realized that, if he had been taken through grace to glory when he was a sinless little babe, they had never known what real sorrow is. The father threw all his influence, his heart and his money into the scale, to have his son's sentence commuted to lifetime labor in the penitentiary, and succeeded. His money gone, his home gone, his earthly hopes all gone, he could do no more. A gentle stroke of paralysis then reminded him that the time of his departure was at hand. During the meeting to which I have alluded, being unable to walk, bowed and bent and broken in body and crushed in heart, he was carried each day diagonally across the street to the meetinghouse, and seated in an armchair, close to the pulpit. In the meantime, the child of that unfortunate fugitive from justice was born, was then about fourteen years old, and she and her mother were the first two who obeyed the gospel then and there.

Now, if that baby boy had been taken away when, almost a skeleton, he lay on a downy pillow in his moaning mother's lap, of course the fond father and loving mother might never have fully understood how it could be, or how it was, best for him to go; but we never know the future, and, hence, never know but that things we deplore may be best for those we love or those who love us. We must simply trust Him who doeth all things well; who is too good to do wrong and too wise to make a mistake; and

"Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And suns and stars forevermore have set,
The things that our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of death's dark night,
As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true."

Be these things as they may, we know we are all "flitting like shadows away," and the time and the place that know us now are soon to know us no more forever. The father and mother of *this* sweet child had to be taken from it, or it, from them—the sad separation had to come—and some day they may know this was the best time. If they had been taken and it left without father and mother, we know not what its destiny might have been. It might have died of a broken heart, and gone to perdition at last. We know not why it has gone home; but we can rejoice to know, the Bible being true, that it is to spend eternity in a world that is better and brighter than this—a world where sickness, sorrow, pain and death are neither felt nor feared; where no tear ever dims the vision; where sad farewells are never spoken; where vacant seats are never seen in home circles; where the little ones that have been taken from earth grow in grace and bloom in beauty in the gardens of God forever; where flowers never fade, where foliage never falls, where fruits never fail; where hearts neither ache, nor bleed, nor break; where life is eternal and a treasure sublime.

We should try to be perfectly resigned to the will of God, and make the best of every situation. Let us love the Lord and one another all the better because of this sad bereavement, knowing that a joyous, unending future awaits the little one that has silently slipped away. Let us try to be more consecrated to Christ and his cause than we have ever been; purer, more prayerful and more faithful, every day and every hour, in the service of Him

who in loving tenderness, when suffering in poverty and sorrow and sadness here, said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." When sorrows encompass us and dark clouds hover over us here, and we think of the loved ones "not lost, but gone before," let us rejoice in the thought that, if we are faithful unto death, we shall meet them over there. That meeting shall be so sweet that we shall forget forever the sorrows that have tried, and even tortured, us here. Sad as our hearts are, we can look away to the time of our own departure, and anticipate the happy meeting with our loved ones in that better land; and say, in the language of one who, though bearing the weight of heavy sorrows, could look with the eye of faith, to that better and brighter land beyond:

"Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourned for here?"

"Hearts from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes this world can ne'er restore,
There as warm, as bright, as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more."

For this let us live, for this let us pray, for this let us thank the Lord till he shall call us home. May the Lord bless us all in being faithful unto death. May he bless especially the bereaved ones of this household in so living as to be able to cherish this sweet hope all the remnant of their days. May they remember that, while precious little Louise can nestle upon their bosoms no more on earth, can throw her arms around their necks and, with dewy lips and loving heart, kiss and love them here no more, she has gone to One who, if he were here on earth, would gladly take her into his own tender arms, press her to his own loving heart, and tenderly bless her every day.

His pure, compassionate, loving heart virtually, in spirit, says to all the bereaved, sorrowing mothers on earth, "Suffer little children to come unto me. They are so much like me; so much better fitted for Heaven than for earth, let them come to me. In my Father's house are many mansions, and they can dwell there, to watch and wait for those who love them and miss them on earth."

* * *

Our dear Father, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son and our Savior, we thank thee for all blessings, and pray thee to bless us all abundantly, in all respects, in harmony with thy holy will, now, henceforth, and for evermore. Amen.

CHAPTER XXI.

Miscellaneous.

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men; "

and it may be true that a little pleasantry, wit or humor may be admissible, occasionally, in the pulpit, to rouse a listless audience, or to impress a point and make it stay; but the vocation of a consecrated gospel preacher is too superlatively, infinitely and peerlessly important to allow much room for levity; and certainly there should be no slang, no pulpit profanity, nothing bordering upon obscenity, nothing irreverent, in the vocabulary of the man who stands, a dying man, in the presence of dying men, women and children, to talk to them of things eternal—to lead them to "the Lamb of God." No man occupying that important position should ever degrade his solemn, sacred calling to such an extent as to drag it down into the filth and mire of pulpit slang, profanity, levity or abuse—should ever indulge in anything incompatible with the will, life, spirit or teaching of the Man of sorrows, the sinless Son of God, who toiled and suffered and sorrowed, who wept and bled and died; but, so far as the Bible teaches never smiled, in the atmosphere of earth—in these lowlands where sorrow grows.

* * *

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF YORE."

Once, when Rock Creek was boiling over, many of the saints singing and shouting, and everybody and ev-

everybody's kinfolks in that country seeming to be anxious to go to Heaven, a little dog swam into the water at our usual baptizing place, after his mistress, whom I was about to baptize. Just as I buried her, the little dog was caught under her shoulders. She was baptized, but the dog was ducked—deep. Then they started the report—it beat me home—that I had baptized all the people in that county, and had made a break on the dogs! I see that picture yet. The little canine came up like a didapper, shook his head violently, pulled for the shore, and "struck a bee line" for home! Blessed long ago!

How I long to see such a state of spiritual affairs and, consequently, such success again! No strife, no contention, no discord, no division, no dissension, no bitterness, no boycotting, then. Our "protracted meetings" rarely lasted longer than from five to seven days each then; but we thought it not strange to baptize thirty, fifty, seventy souls during that brief time. Indeed, about all that we really considered strange in that connection was that any responsible soul out of Christ at the beginning of the meeting should still be unsaved at the end thereof. We were never surprised when any one obeyed the gospel—were always surprised when any one declined to do so.

* * *

TITLES.

"The degree peddlers continue their desperate competition; and even the mails and wires are employed in eager efforts to supply individuals, families and communities with handles for their names. One can now buy an 'A.M.' for three dollars, and the factory price in Chicago is only thirty dollars per dozen, f.o.b. 'LL.D.'s' and 'D.D.'s' are marked down in some instances to bargain-counter prices, and deeper cuts are expected.

In the meantime, men who claim to have degrees that amount to something continue to protest."—Dallas News.

The clipping herewith inclosed, relative to titles, especially ecclesiastical titles, should have as wide a circulation as possible, winged by all the comments sensible, sober Christians may wish to furnish. The advertised prices of such titles are certainly exorbitant—shamefully and outrageously so. "Six for a nickel" would be more nearly reasonable. "Thirty dollars a dozen" is an outrage. What use has any man—especially a preacher of the gospel—for such titles? Really, I do not know what they mean. They certainly do not necessarily mean scholarship; for a man may have half a dozen of them, and still not be a scholar. I know "D.D."—double D—stands for "Doctor of Divinity;" but what does "Doctor of Divinity" mean? The editor of a religious paper, replying to the question, "What does 'D.V.' mean?" wrote: "It means 'we are learned;'" the editor of a secular paper, replying to the same question, wrote, "It means 'Daniel Voorhees,' or 'Dolly Varden,' I'm not sure which;" but neither of them has tried to tell us what "D.D." means.

* * *

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

Some people who turn up their noses at plain Bible preaching, and go into ecstasies over learned preachers who always put their masterly arguments into "logical form," talk about the profound sermon, when they go home, on this wise:

Brother Earnest: "I couldn't exactly get the hang of what Brother Bigum was a-preachin' about to-day. What is the 'Kurnel precepts of a sillybub?' "

Sister Earnest: "That's not what he said, John. He said 'the *Major* precepts of a sillybub.'"

Johnny, Junior: "No, ma; that's not what he preached about. He said it so often that I just wrote it in my song book. This is it exactly, letter for letter: 'the Major pennies of a sillygism.' "

Brother Earnest: "Well, that's exactly what I said."

Sister Earnest: "No, John; you said *Kurnel*, and it's *Major*."

Brother Earnest: "S'pose I did? What's the difference? "

* * *

"They tell me the Colonel is dead?" "Yes, sah, Mass' John done gone and lef us." "What was the matter with him? What killed him?" "Don' 'zackly know, sah—don' 'zackly know. De pa'son what preach the fun'al, he say, sah, de Lawd kill 'im. Leastwise, I s'pose dat's what he mean. He say it was a 'scrutable 'spensation ob Providence. Ol' Missus, she say de doctah kill 'im; but de doctah he say Mass' John done bin drinkin' mighty hard lately, an' it wuz de lirim triangles what kill him, sah—de lirim triangles."

* * *

"Ol' Missus she hab a mighty heap eh big, fat tu'keys—lots mo'n she needed—an' I prayed de Lawd a whole week teh sen' me one eh dem tu'keys; but no tu'key cum. Den I sez ter myself, 'Dis nigger'll sta've teh def dis 'eh way—I mus' change dat pra'r.' So, 'bout de time de sun sot an' de sta's riz an' we quit a-wu'kin', I prayed de Lawd to sen' me a'ter one of dem tu'keys; an' sho's you bo'n, dat tu'key was dah, in de pot, a-bilin', nex' mo'nin', 'fo' breckfus'."

A DEAF-MUTE'S CONFESSION.

In September, 1879, we had one of our glorious meetings at Lewisburg, Tenn. About the middle of the week's meeting—a gloomy, rainy, disagreeable day—when the invitation was given, seven men came forward, to make the good confession. When I had taken six confessions and was about to take the seventh, an elderly gentleman, identified with no religious body, who was sitting about as far from me as he could be and still be in the house, said to me: "That young man is a deaf-mute; but he has good sense and plenty of it. He has been to Knoxville to school, is well educated, and knows what he is doing." The young man—a fine specimen of manhood—rose with the discipline of the Church of God—the New Testament—in his hand. It was open, and he held it up before me, his finger pointing to the question (Acts 8:36): "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" As I was not trying to proselyte people to Campbellism, Mormonism or any other ism; but simply trying to influence men, women and responsible children to become Christians, to become and be members of the family of God, the church of God, the church that exists by divine authority, of course I could do nothing but permit and direct him to do according to the Book. So, I put my finger to the end of the next sentence and held the book up, that he might read: "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." He then put his finger to the end of the next sentence and held it up for me to read: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

Now, then, what was my duty under the circumstances of that case? "Well," you say, "as the question, permission and confession were all found in the Bible, you had, of course, to follow the instruction found there, or rebel against God. If you could find, in that connec-

tion, or context, what was done when the confession recorded there was made, you would have to follow the same course with him." There's no trouble about that. The very next verse, the thirty-eighth, tells very plainly what was done in that case: "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." I could do neither more nor less than baptize the man who had made the very same confession that. was made by the Ethiopian officer, as recorded in the Book of truth divine.

A CLIPPING FROM THE LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL.

"January 24, 1890.—The revival services conducted by T. B. Larimore with the Church of Christ, Floyd and Chestnut Streets, continues with deep interest. At the close of the sermon last evening, Mr. Young, the well-known deaf-mute, walked forward, when the invitation was given, with a Bible in his hand; and, holding it up to Mr. Larimore, and pointing to special passages, made a fully intelligent confession of his faith in Christ. Upon this confession, he was baptized. After his baptism, he wrote: 'I am happy, and now I go on my way rejoicing.' All who witnessed the unusual confession were greatly impressed."

* * *

A MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

In Nashville, Tenn., about 7 o'clock P.M., October 3, 1901, Bascom W. Montgomery and Edith E. Shepherd were made husband and wife, T. B. Larimore performing the solemn service as follows:

"Do you each desire, promise and agree to take the one whom you hold by the hand to be your lawfully wedded companion, and, always faithful and true to



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each other, to live together in love, according to every demand of the law of love, the law of the Lord, and the law of the land, as long as you both shall live in this world?"

Each answered, "I do," and Brother Larimore continued:

"Then, wishing you long life, peace, prosperity, usefulness, health, happiness, and the fullest fruition of all your hallowed hopes and holy desires in this world, and an eternity of unalloyed bliss in that world that is better and brighter than this, I, by the authority in me vested, by the highest authority in the universe, by all the authority concerned, pronounce you Husband and Wife. And may the Lord always love you and lead you, his holy angels guard you and guide you, his Holy Spirit abide with you and bless you, his holy word instruct you and direct you, and his eternal home at last receive you.

"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son and our Savior, we thank thee, our Father, for all blessings, hence for marriage and home, and pray thee to ever love us and lead us and in all things bless us all; but bless, especially, we pray thee, the happy, hopeful *two* who have just been made legally *one*. Bless them, we pray thee, in being always one in faith, fidelity and love in the Lord, as they are now one in the light of the law of the land. Be thou their shield, their strength and their salvation. May they live long on the earth, to love and serve thee, to love and to be loved, to bless and to be blessed, to be good and to do good. May their friends be many, faithful and true; their foes, if any, harmless and few. May their joys be lasting and great; their sorrows transient and light. May their earthly home be a paradise of purity, prosperity, health, happiness, peace and love; and Heaven be their everlasting Home.

"Bless us all, we pray thee, abundantly, in all respects,

in harmony with thy holy will, all who love us, all we love, all for whom we should pray, now, henceforth and for evermore. Amen."

* * *

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"Let all things be done decently and in order." "When ye come together therefore into one place, . . . to eat the Lord's supper," let all unnecessary awkwardness, confusion, embarrassment, tiresome tediousness—everything that might detract from the solemnity of the solemn, sacred service, the commemoration of the death of Him who died, that we might live—be avoided.

If some are invited, or formally permitted, which is practically the same, to leave the house, just before communion, confusion necessarily results, and people are thus taught to regard the communion as of little consequence, if not, indeed, to treat it with contempt. If the services are tedious, even brethren—very weak and worldly brethren—sometimes become restless. If some are overlooked, offense may be taken, especially by some who are unreasonably and unrighteously sensitive. This has caused some "babes in Christ" to wander from the path of duty, believing they were intentionally slighted by the deacons, and not respected by the congregation. "These things ought not so to be;" but they are so, nevertheless.

Moreover, there are sometimes two or three loaves on the table, to represent the one body broken for all; and we sometimes offer long prayers over the loaf and the cup, when and where we should simply give thanks, the Bible being our guide. Indeed, some of us sometimes pray over the loaf or cup, and fail to give thanks at all; whereas we have divine authority for giving thanks then and there—which we neglect to do—none—neither pre-

cept nor example—for praying then and there—which we do. Some sincere souls consider it exceedingly strange and inconsistent for great and good brethren who preach against "standing in prayer" to stand upon their feet and pray over the loaf and likewise the cup, and finally stand upon their feet and pray at the conclusion of the service. If criticised for this, we cannot escape the force of the criticism by saying we, in such cases, simply give thanks; for, if even one favor is asked, blessing sought or petition offered, it is prayer. "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13) is a prayer. I never preach against "standing in prayer," but usually, kneel in public prayer—"the benediction" at the close of the service excepted; "give thanks," but very rarely pray—that is, "ask a blessing"—at a dining table; "give thanks" for the loaf—*never* pray over it; "give thanks" for "the fruit of the vine"—*never* pray over it; *never, of course*, use a plurality of loaves—always use one loaf only—in "the communion."

We should certainly always make the best possible preparation for this most solemn of all sacred service—have the neatest table, cleanest linen and very best pitcher, plates and cups obtainable—usually at least two, three or four times as many plates and cups as we have. Better economize on dress, Christmas gormandizing, etc., etc., etc., than on these things. A good silver "Communion Service" costs but little and lasts a lifetime.

Possibly there may be something practical in the following suggestions:

1. Carefully prepare *one* nice, clean, pure, unleavened loaf, not dry enough to rattle, not tough enough to tear, using none but the very purest and best material.
2. Exercise no less care with respect to "the fruit of the vine."

3. Have enough deacons, plates and cups to convey the loaf and "the fruit of the vine" to every Christian present in a very few moments.

4. " Give thanks," as the Spirit directs, instead of praying, for the loaf.

5. Let each communicant patiently and reverently stand white and after giving thanks till the bread is received, and then sit down—each partaking of the loaf immediately after receiving it, and then sitting down.

6. Observe the same order in partaking of "the fruit of the vine"—first served, first partake and sit down; last served, last partake and sit down, and so on from first to last.

7. "Let all things be done decently and in order," with all due deliberation, respect, reverence, humility, solemnity, in remembrance of *Him*, "discerning the Lord's body;" "for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily [that is, *in an unworthy manner*], eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." (1 Cor. 11:29.)

Having commended, practiced and carefully observed this manner of communion for many years, without ever discovering even one objectionable feature in it, and having been frequently grieved and discouraged by embarrassing, but apparently unavoidable, blunders in connection with the communion, I commend it to the careful and prayerful consideration of all the saints. This I do "with fear and trembling," however—fearing some saint may regard it as wrong—but, for probably three and thirty years, I have thus thought and taught; and if any one has ever objected to it, I am not aware of it. I have studied it diligently; and, to me, it seems preeminently proper. That, however, does not prove it proper.

ONE LAW FOR ALL.

No man has right or reason to be less chaste and pure and clean, in conduct, life or language, than he demands' that his wife shall be. If so, why? Long ago the theory prevailed, and may prevail now among unclean men, that "Caesar may be a libertine; but Caesar's wife must be above suspicion." That theory was a disgrace then. It is a disgrace now. It was a disgrace to pagan Rome. It is a disgrace to the human race. Is woman so much stronger than man, that so much more should be demanded of her? Whether this be true or otherwise, men—many of them—demand much more of woman than they give in return, so far as purity is concerned. Not all men. There are pure, chaste, clean, conscientious men, and there are women who are not better than they ought to be; but it is neither right nor reasonable that any man living a loose life should demand purity, or perfection of his wife. Is woman, the mother, wife, sister and daughter of man, not worthy of, or entitled to, as clean a companion as he?

In the days of my childhood I greatly admired a brilliant politician, who was very popular in East Tennessee then. He was a learned lawyer, a skillful statesman, a shrewd politician. I was shocked, horrified and mortified, though only a child, when I heard he found the girl he married, and who was still his faithful wife, in a bawdy house. She was an inmate of a house of ill fame; he found her there and married her. He was certainly a great man, he seemed to be a good man; and I could not understand why he should marry a public prostitute, or how, having done so, he could love her, live with her and treat her as a good husband should treat a good wife, all of which he undoubtedly did.

As the years have come and gone, however, and I have grown older, I have learned to think differently. That marriage was in strictest accord with the eternal fitness

of things. That man found his wife where his wife found her husband; and, as he patronized such places, where else should he go to find a wife? Would you want him to woo and win and wed your sweet child, and then break her heart by living as he would almost surely live? If not, would you wish him to treat your neighbor's daughter thus? Of course not. Then where would you have him go, to woo and win a wife? As she found him where he found her, where and what is the difference? Indeed, she assumed a much greater risk than he. It was much more probable that she would reform and live a clean life, than that he would do so; but, so far as I have right or reason to believe, they both lived right all the remnant of their days.

When, long years after that, I heard of a similar case in a beautiful Texas town, where I spend much time in evangelistic work, I was neither shocked nor surprised. The two, who subsequently became one, found each other at the same place, engaged in the same business, and neither stooped in marrying the other. So, that case, as well as the other, was in strictest accord with the eternal fitness of things.

When I was engaged in a series of meetings in another prosperous, pretty town, a few years ago, there appeared in one of the morning papers of the town an article under glaring headlines, stating that a brilliant young man, a representative of one of the fine old historic families of the State, had gone over to "Board Town"—the "Bad Lands" of the place—and married a prostitute there, during the night that gave birth to that beautiful morning. The mother of the young man, the paper truthfully stated, was prostrated with grief; and it was thought she could not survive the shock—that she should die of a broken heart.

I listened and learned, saying nothing, but sympathizing with all the distressed. I heard many expressions

of sincerest sympathy for the young man, the family he had grieved and the hearts he had broken; but not the slightest symptom of anything like sympathy for the girl and the family she represented did I see or hear. Why? Many expressed sympathy for the young man, who had had such good opportunities, such bright prospects, and was so popular, and expressed hope that his people might be able to get him out of the trouble; but not a word of sympathy did I hear for the girl or her family. None seemed to think it possible for them to have trouble or be entitled to sympathy, or for the girl to need help. Why? She had stooped as much as he had; or, rather, there was no stooping about it. They met in the same house, got acquainted at the same place, and plighted their love vows under the same circumstances. It is true that he was born rich and she was born poor; but poverty is not a crime, and wealth is not a virtue; nor is wealth a crime or poverty a virtue. It is also true that her ancestors were obscure, as well as poor; while his were prominent, popular and powerful, as well as rich; but

“Those who on illustrious ancestors enlarge
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.”

Is it not strange that such heartless, cruel discrimination is made? That the world and the church discriminate against the weak in favor of the strong? All over that town were people who would have welcomed that profligate, aristocratic rake to their homes, associated with him publicly and privately, talked to him kindly and felt sincerest sympathy for him—some of which things it was certainly their duty to do—who would not have spoken to the girl; but would have almost considered themselves polluted by her presence, if they had passed her on the street. Why? It was perfectly proper and right to sympathize with the man. Why not

with the girl? There is nothing in the record to show that the girl was not as good as the man she married. But the world has ever discriminated, and probably ever will discriminate, against the weak, in favor of the strong—frequently against the right, in favor of the wrong.

“When the roses of summer were budding and blooming,
And the yellow wheat bent 'neath its burden of gold,
The prodigal son came—world-weary and tattered—
To the home where his footsteps had echoed of old.

"And they clung to his garments, with tears and caresses,
Till the cup of his welcome ran over with joy;
And the flowers of love and forgiveness were woven
In a blossoming crown for the prodigal boy.

"When the icicles hung from the eaves and the branches,
And the winter winds moaned 'round the dwellings of men,
Forsaken and homeless, the prodigal daughter
Crept back to the home of her girlhood again.

“But they turned *her* away, in the storm and the darkness,
To the icy-cold winds, with their chill, piercing breath;
And the pitiless curses that followed her footsteps
Were fierce as the tempest, and cruel as death."

Christianity draws no such lines. God wants all his children to be pure and chaste and clean, that they may meet him in peace and be "forever with the Lord;" hence, he says to them: "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. 12:14.) So, then, he wishes us to bless and be blessed, and therefore entreats us to possess the spirit and practice the principles of peace and purity. Thus, and only thus, can we bless and be blessed—be happy and make others happy—as God would have us be and do.

* * *

If the church would purify itself, beginning with the pulpit—repent, reform and be clean—the pulpit would be a power irresistible: the church, an army invincible.

On the margin of the following poem, which was inclosed with one of his letters, Brother Larimore wrote: "I'm glad I am woman's friend. I know my Savior was:"

TWO VERDICTS.

She was a woman, worn and thin,
Whom the world condemned for a single sin.
They cast her out on the King's highway,
And passed her by as they went to pray.

He was a man, and more to blame;
But the world spared him a breath of shame.
Beneath his feet, he saw her lie;
But raised his head, and passed her by.

They were the people who went to pray
At the temple of God on a holy day.
They scorned the woman, forgave the man—
It's ever been thus since the world began.

Time passed on, and the woman died—
On the Cross of Shame she was crucified;
But the world was stern and would not yield,
And they buried her in the Potter's Field.

The man died, too, and they buried him,
In a casket of cloth, with a silver rim,
And said, as they turned from his grave away:
"We have buried an honest man to-day."

.
Two mortals, knocking at Heaven's gate,
Stood face to face, to inquire their fate;
He carried a passport with earthly sign;
But she, a pardon from Love Divine.

O! ye who judge 'twixt virtue and vice,
Which, think you, entered to Paradise?
Not he who the world had said would win;
For the woman alone was ushered in.

—Arthur Lewis Tubbs.

His idea of the best way to "keep Christmas"—not simply one day or one week in a year, but every day in the year, year after year—is expressed in the following article, by Henry Van Dyke, which was published in the *Youth's Companion*:

“KEEPING CHRISTMAS.

“It is a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps us to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity.

"But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day; and that is, *keeping Christmas*.

"Are you willing to forget what you have done for others, and remember what others have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, your duties in the middle distance and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is, not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? *Then you can keep Christmas*.

"Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to

stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front, so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, and keep the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? *Then you can keep Christmas.*

"Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger, than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? *Then you can keep Christmas.*

"If you can keep it for a day, why not always? But you can never keep it alone."

* * *

I believe in the *providence* of God as much as I believe in the *existence* of God, and would not be divorced from that thought for the wealth of a thousand worlds like this. I hope I may never see the dark day when I do' not firmly believe in divine providence. My soul rejoices in the thought that my barque is driven by "the storm breath of Omnipotence," the strong, tender hand of Providence ever being firmly, safely and steadily on the helm.

* * *

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."