

"Where Art Thou?"
of
Spiritual Earthquakes
by
L. Wilson Williams

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L. MILTON WILLIAMS

“Where Art Thou?”

OR

Spiritual Earthquakes

====FOR====

Saints and Sinners.



By

L. Milton Williams.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

GOD'S REVIVALIST OFFICE,

MOUNT OF BLESSINGS,

CINCINNATI, O.

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DEDICATED.



**Lovingly dedicated to my precious com-
panion, who in many a conflict has
stood by my side and helped to pray
down fire and victory on many a hard
fought battlefield. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀**

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INTRODUCTION.

The Lord has His own place for finding prophets and His own way to train them. The author of these pages is surely one of them, anointed of the Most High. He was not educated at Tarsus, but found his call and training on the backside of the desert, where he met the God who reveals and answers by fire.

All of God's true prophets have a message, and this brother surely has one, received fresh from the skies. His words burn like fire and rive like thunderbolts. The truth flashes from his piercing eyes and leaps through his lips from his glowing heart, all aflame with the love of God and a deathless passion for souls.

His utterances are searchlights, penetrating all moral darkness, veritable X-rays revealing one's inmost soul. We have heard some of these sermons preached with an impressiveness which few spoken messages can ever equal, while thou-

INTRODUCTION—Continued.

sands listened spell-bound, and then men and women rushed to the altar to seek salvation.

If the reader does not expect to be searched, and have his sins dragged into the light; if he is not willing to be saved and sanctified, then stop reading these pages right here. The prophet's message will haunt your very soul, and meet you at the bar of God.

A. M. HILLS.

PRESIDENT TEXAS HOLINESS UNIVERSITY.

Cincinnati, Ohio, June 26, 1906.

CHAPTER I.

WHERE ART THOU?

"He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." 1 JOHN iii. 8, 9.

"But when the righteous turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity, and doeth according to all the abominations that the wicked man doeth, shall he live? All the righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned: in his trespass that he hath trespassed, and in his sin that he hath sinned, in them shall he die." EZEKIEL xviii. 24.

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul. And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. The tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." GEN. ii. 7-10.

"And the Lord God commanded the man saying. Of every tree of the garden thou mayest eat freely; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." GEN. ii. 16, 17.

"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food,

and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons. And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, *Where art thou?* And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself." GEN. III. 6-10.

A casual reader of the Bible would be impressed with the fact that the God revealed in the Bible is a God who hates sin and loves Holiness. That the devil revealed in the Bible is a devil that hates Holiness, but loves sin; therefore, to be godly, or godlike, we must hate sin and love Holiness, but if we hate Holiness and love sin we are devilish, or like the devil. There is no getting away from these facts.

Again, a casual reader of the Bible would be impressed with the fact that God demands absolute obedience to His commands, and that no one, in any state or condition, in this life can knowingly commit sin and retain the smile and approval of God. *No where* in the *Book* are

these facts *more plainly taught* than in the Scriptures that I have read in your hearing. He that is born of God *doth not commit sin*. He that committeth sin is of the devil, but when a righteous man turneth away and doeth according to the wicked, in his sins that he hath sinned, in them shall he die. These truths are very plainly set forth in the story of the fall of our first parents.

I am well aware of the fact that there is much scepticism abroad regarding the account of the fall of our first parents; that it is only a Jewish myth or tale, and that it is not true. Also that the story of Jonah and the whale is not true; but right here allow me to place on record that I believe the whole Book from cover to cover. Of course, I understand that there are some errors in translating a word here and there from the original language, but not enough to destroy or alter the meaning so that it would lead one astray; but, then, I do not know what kind of a little two-by-four god some of you have. Why, sir, I have a *great* God.

I have stood on the rear platform of the over-

land limited and looked out over miles and miles of the plains as we swept over them, and I have said, "The hand of our God mapped them out." I have gone in behind, or under, the great falls of Niagara, and have stood in the great chasm beneath and said, "My God cut this out and started the water flowing over there." I have climbed to the summit of Pike's Peak and looked at that great pile of granite rearing its lofty head into the heavens, and have said, "My God piled up these rocks in this fashion." I have stood on the deck of the ocean steamer and looked out on the trackless, boundless expanse and said, "My God spread out these waters." I have gazed for hours at the starry heavens above me, and read in my Bible that they were placed there by my heavenly Father. I have looked at that great ball of brightness rising in the east and disappearing below the western horizon, and said, "My God lighted that lamp, and it has never ceased to light up this old world." It was our God that spake and a world moved into existence, and I reckon, did He see the need, He could

speak into existence a fish large enough to swallow this whole crowd.

Oh, sir, I don't know about your god, but we have a great God, and this old Book is His Word, and I believe it from cover to cover, and if you will throw away your doubts and unbelief and follow its teachings, all your thorns and briars will disappear and joy and gladness will take their place.

Now, there are a few things to which I want to call your attention concerning the fall of our first parents.

Firstly: I want you to see *what Adam lost in the fall, and the relation it bears to the human family to-day*. Adam and Eve were placed in the garden, told they might eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden, save one, and that in the day they ate of that one, they would die; they ate, sinned, and died. Now, what was there about them that died? Going back to the first chapter of Genesis we read that God, speaking to the other members of the Trinity, said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, . . . so God created

man in his own image, in the image of God created he him."

Now, sir, I have never been able to conceive the idea that God meant the body of man when He said man. I don't understand that God has a body like I have: my Bible tells me that God is a spirit. In the second chapter of Genesis we are told that God rolled some dust together and breathed into that pile of clay, and man became a living soul; that is, that God breathed something into the dust He had brought together, put something on the inside of it. You look up here to the speaker and you see the house, or tabernacle, or body, the man dwells in, but you only see the man as it crops out in his character.

If, in passing down the street, I should point across to a high steepled building and ask you what it was, and you replied it was the Methodist or Baptist Church, I would contradict you. The church is not composed of building material, such as is used in erecting buildings. "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Acts xvii. 24. The

church is composed of souls who have been born from above, redeemed by the blood. That building is only a place where the church may gather together to worship. The church is on the inside. So with man, the body is only the temple, or house, that the man dwells in, and, as he is made in the image of God, he is a spirit, but God prepared him a body to dwell in. Made in the image of God was Adam; he came fresh from the hands of his Creator, pure, free from sin, holy, and like God to that extent that he bore the image of God. In other words, the very image of God was stamped upon man's nature; clothed with the Divine nature of his Creator, he was like Him.

We have not time to-night to explain why or how sin was present, any more than we have time to explain how or why the devil is here, but he is here just the same. There were not fifty people present before the devil walked in. He is the best church-goer you have in town, unless it be to some dead, dried-up affair, where they are in the cold storage business, with an icicle six feet long in the pulpit. I don't think he pays much attention to those places, for he has them

safe enough already; but in a place where full salvation from sin is being proclaimed, you may be sure he is always on hand. Well, the devil spoke to Mother Eve about the fruit that they had been forbidden to eat. Listen to her reply, "God hath said ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it lest ye die." She knew what God had said about it and about disobeying Him, and so do you; and with such knowledge in the heart and such words on the lips, whose is the responsibility of doing wrong? God hath said, *Ye shall not, lest ye die*, but she ate, gave to Adam, he ate and they died. How? Well, it was not their bodies that died, though decay set in from that hour. Had it been their bodies they would have become a corpse; neither was it their minds, or they would have become idiots. Then what was it? They were clothed in the Divine image or nature of God, and the moment they sinned they died. Webster says "dead" means *void*. The moment they sinned they lost their Divine nature or image, which took its flight and went back to the hands of the Giver; it left them dead, void of the Divine image or nature

of God. When the devil tempted Eve, he said, "Thou shalt not surely die," or, in plain English, sin and live; and right there he set up his abominable religion, which, I am sorry to say, has become the popular religion of to-day, namely, a sinning religion.

The devil said, sin and live, and he has many advocates to-day of his damnable lie, both in pulpit and pew. Many deny that we can live without committing sin, and then wrest the Scriptures in their teaching, and sneer at those who stand up for God's truth and His plain commands. I heard of a preacher lately who said there was not a day but what he broke the ten commandments. I wonder which of the ten he broke. If he broke the first one, he is not a child of God at all, but an idolator. If he broke the second, he is a blasphemer. He could not be a child of God and not keep the third, the fourth, nor the last. The breaking of the next three would put him in the penitentiary. Poor deluded soul, like many, on his way to the pit, never having been born again.

God said, sin and die; and so it is declared all

through His Word. "The soul that sinneth shall die," "He that committeth sin is of the devil." Brother, those are not my words, but the words of the Almighty God, in whose hands your breath is. Adam knowingly sinned, and then and there lost his Divine nature! In other words, the devil succeeded in cheating him out of his pure, holy, Divine nature, and left him his own fallen, sinful, sensual, rebellious, devilish nature. You will please excuse me for telling you so, but every unregenerated individual in this congregation to-night has nothing but that devilish, sensual nature. Every child born into this world from that sad day until now has been born into existence with that sinful, sensual, rebellious, devilish nature, and that nature only.

First Corinthians xv. 22 tells us that the whole human family died (became void of the Divine image) through Adam's fall. The sinner is an unregenerated being, having but that one nature, and it is sinful in the extreme. It is that sinful nature that makes you swear, brother, that makes you get angry, fight, steal, lie, and cheat. It is that sensual nature that makes men and women

commit adultery and fornication, and gives rise to that sensual, unclean desire. It is that devilish nature that causes men to hate and murder. It is that devilish nature that causes women to desire to kill their unborn offspring so that they may not be bothered with them, but continue on in society. Men look upon sin as an act only, but let me tell you that it is a million leagues beyond any act that you could commit: it is a warp in your very being, a crooked, devilish twist in your very existence. It is the devil's own nature implanted in your very being, and it takes something far deeper than the brightest pardon God could give you *to reach it*. If you doubt my statement concerning it, go there and pick up that little six months' old infant and undertake to do something with it that it don't want done, and you will get your proof of it quickly; you will have a kicking, squalling, struggling, fighting youngster on your hands, kicking, struggling and screaming in his rebellion against you, until you can see a picture of a demon in his actions and on his face.

Yes, sir, it is there, down deep in your very

nature. Had it not been for that devilish nature in you, the first time you heard of Jesus' love for your poor lost soul it would have broken your heart and you would have yielded then and there to God; but that thing in you made you stubborn and defiant, and you put up your will against the will of the Almighty God, and began your fight against His blessed Spirit, who has been trying to woo you from a path of sin and save you from a devil's Hell.

Secondly: I want you to take note of Adam's *sense of his loss, or, the reason why men are afraid to meet God.* The Book says that after they had sinned they heard the Lord God in the garden and they hid themselves, and the Lord called unto them, "Where art thou?" and Adam replied, "*I was afraid.*" Why was he afraid? For just exactly the same reason men are afraid to meet God to-day, namely: *they know they are wrong*, are not obeying Him, have been disobedient. Adam knew the moment he had done wrong; he had a conscience. While conscience was no doubt greatly impaired in the fall, yet it was there, and the moment Adam heard the

Lord, after he had done wrong, he was smitten with fear ; he knew it, felt it. He had had other visits and conversations with the Lord, prior to this one. In the preceding chapter we read of God bringing the animals and birds He had formed to Adam to see what he would call them. He had had many talks and walks with the Lord no doubt, but now he had knowingly disobeyed, and how changed is everything! Before, it was a delight to talk with his Creator, but now the sound of His voice smites him with fear and he hides. I repeat, he had done wrong, knew it, and the knowledge of his wrong doing brought fear to his heart. That is the very reason why many in this large audience would be afraid to go this minute into the presence of God; they are wrong and they know it; and if Jesus should come walking up the center aisle and proclaim that He had come to take us to the judgment bar, the majority of this congregation would fall on their knees and beg for mercy, or try to hide from His presence, for the simple fact that they know they are wrong in the sight of God.

Some one says. "Why, Mr. Williams, is not

everybody afraid to meet God?" No, sir, ten thousand times, no! Every soul here to-night who is right with God knows it, and they would not be afraid to step into His presence in the next ten seconds. They are prayed up, and paid up, and living right in His sight; and if He came now, they would welcome Him with a shout. And, in fact, so far as their personal experiences are concerned, they are praying like John the beloved closed his last prayer, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Hallelujah! Perfect love casteth out fear. Glory be to Jesus, who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood. There is no fear in the hearts of those who are right in God's sight, because they *know* they are right with Him, and are living to please Him, and not living to please the world or their friends.

Let me explain: There is your little brown-eyed son at home. You say to him, "Now, Tommy, be a good boy, and when I return home to-night I will bring you something nice." Just watch that boy. He goes on his best behavior; no doubt he keeps mamma busy **looking at the**

clock to see if it is train time; at last the whistle is heard, and there you come up the street; out he goes, with the front door in danger of losing its hinges and the gate flying open with a bang, and down the street he comes with curls and apron-strings flying in the air. As he nears you he calls out, "Papa, did you get it? What did you bring me?" He fairly leaps into your arms, while his little eyes sparkle with anticipation of your promised word. Is he afraid of his father? No, sir! But why? Because he has obeyed father's orders and wishes, and now with the utmost confidence expects father to keep his word. Not a ray of fear, because he knows he has kept his father's commands. Exactly thus is it with the children of God; they keep His commandments in perfect confidence, expect Him to keep His promise, and God never breaks His promise. Heaven and earth might pass away, but the word of God is sure. Glory to God! They know they are right with Him, consequently there is absolutely no fear.

Now suppose Tommy had been good nearly all day, even up to a short time before you re-

turned, and then disobeyed. Would he have come rushing to you? I think not. You might come in and talk with mamma, but you would have to inquire for the boy, and then go to the backyard, the barn, or upstairs to find him hiding away somewhere. What is the reason he does not come for his present? The child has a conscience, and he absolutely *knows* that he has done wrong, and not only forfeited his present, but incurred your displeasure by his disobedience, and is liable to receive punishment. He has done wrong and *knows* it, and so does every individual in this room to-night. You know where you stand; whether you are right or wrong in the sight of God. You have a conscience, unless you have trampled on it so many times that it refuses to perform its functions. If this is your case, you are indeed in a pitiful condition; but there are many in such a condition. Once conscience was alive, alert, and tender, quick to reprove you of your misdeeds; but it is not so now. Conscience reproved you many times about certain sins you were committing, but you throttled and stifled those convictions and reprovals so often

that conscience no longer bothers you; there are many things very wrong in your life, but you scarcely note them, or think of your wickedness and coming judgment.

Let me explain. There is a little boy taught to pray at mother's knee. One day out among his playmates he hears them use a bad word, and soon he gets to swinging that word off his lips as easily as they. Night comes on, playmates return home, and the little fellow turns towards the house. Conscience begins to tell him about that awful word he said out there. Bedtime comes. "Hurry, Johnnie, come say your prayers at mother's knee." But no shoe-strings ever got into so many knots as his that night. Mother's time is all gone, and now she will listen to his prayer in bed. He begins, "Now I lay me——," but there is a lump gets up in his throat, and he starts over again, skips some and stumbles along. What is the matter? Why can't the child pray? Why, conscience is thumping him, urging him to confess his wrong-doing to mother; but mother turns away. No wonder that child has an awful dream in the night and awakes screaming.

Mother has to go in and turn on the light to make him understand that no wild beast was after him, but that it was only a dream. Oh, when morning comes he'll tell mother! But with the light comes boldness, and men are not so afraid in the daytime. The next night conscience does not warn him so hard. By and by he uses that word again, and while conscience condemns him, yet not so hard, and again he fights it off, until—well, perhaps he sits here listening to me preach; he has grown to be a man, but he cannot get in a crowd of men and talk five minutes concerning the questions of the day without using that same awful word over and over, and he sacrcely notices it now. Why? Because conscience does not bother him any more concerning it. Once it did, but he throttled it and stifled it down, and now on the least provocation he will call on God to damn this, that, or the other, with no qualms of conscience whatever, sinning on his way to a devil's Hell, and hardly stopping to realize it.

Do you remember the first lie you told? How conscience bothered you! It might have been on

something about your home or your business; do you remember it now? Well, did you stop then? Did conscience bother you as much on the *last* lie you told? That young girl lying to her mother, that young boy lying to his father, husband to wife, and neighbor to neighbor, are on their way straight to a devil's Hell and they do not realize it. We think it awful when we read of that heathen woman over there in dark heathenism, who takes her nursing babe from her breast and throws it to the open-mouthed crocodiles in the river, believing in her heathen condition that she is appeasing the wrath of her god by so doing. It seems terrible to us in this country. But I wonder how it will appear at the bar of Almighty God, alongside of the thousands of women in this enlightened land of ours who kill their offspring some months before they would be born. How will that poor heathen mother stand, or appear alongside of the women in this land who, instead of becoming mothers, calmly set themselves to destroy the young lives or even that which brings life, and cheat God and God-given nature from accomplishing that

which God arranged for it to accomplish. The first time conscience may have thundered against the act, but it has been repeated until there are no convictions on the subject any more, the wholesale murdering is kept up steadily, and that by folks who even profess to be God's children. Conscience is now dead, but what a resurrection there will be at the judgment of Almighty God! Hear Him speak: "For God will bring every work unto judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil." Eccl. xii. 14. What will the conscience have to say then?

Adam had a conscience, and it pricked him to the quick, and the knowledge of his act brought fear; he tried to hide from God, and that brings us to the third part of our text.

Thirdly: "*Adam hiding, or the miserable subterfuge men give to-day for not serving God.* What a fool Adam was to undertake to hide from God! He ought to have known that He who could speak a world into existence, settle each star in its place, and call all wherein was the breath of life into being, could look through a piece of shrubbery; and yet we find men as foolish to-day.

"I would be a Christian, but there are so many hypocrites." True, there are; but there can be no counterfeit until we have the reality; and because there are counterfeit Christians, thank God there are some who are real. But who is worse, the hypocrite, or the one making such excuses and hiding behind them? They are both bound for the same pit, on the same road. The only difference is that the real out-and-out hypocrite is a little ahead of the one behind him.

In a meeting in Vermont some time ago, we noticed a large man seated to our left, whose head dropped lower and lower under the search-light of God's truth. He put his hands on the back of the pew in front of him and buried his face in his hands. We went and asked him to give himself to God, and he replied, "I would were it in any other church than this one." Some one connected with that church had done him an injury and he would not come; knew he ought to, but that man was in his way. "Is that your only excuse for not going to the altar to-night and giving yourself to God?" we asked. "Yes," he replied, "that is my only excuse; I would, only

for that hypocrite." We urged him not to mind, but he finally said, "Excuse me, Mr. Williams, I cannot go with that man in here." I said, "All right, I'll excuse you. If you want to go to Hell with that hypocrite, you may go. I'll excuse you. Now bow your head and tell God what you have told me; that you are unsaved, that you know it, that you know He is calling you, that you realize it, but because there is a man in the house living a hypocritical life and he has wronged you, because of that you turn your back on the Christ who died for you, you'll go to Hell with the hypocrite; then ask God to excuse you." In a few moments he dropped like a bag of sand at the altar and begged God to forgive and save. The rottenness of his flimsy excuse had dawned upon him. And just so rotten are all the excuses men make for not giving up sin. They know they are wrong, but grasp at anything to get away from God; but He sees them just the same.

Fourthly: *I want you to hear God calling, "Where art thou?"* There are several classes I would like to mention as quickly as I can.

First, I would like to ask the sinner here to-

night, in the light of this plain truth, "Where art thou?" Out on the great stormy sea, masts broken, sails in shreds, compass lost and steering apparatus disarranged, tossed here and there in the dark night of sin, lost on the sea of time and without hope, "Where art thou?" The sinner absolutely has no hope. His only hope is Christ, and Christ he has rejected; consequently he has no hope. I do not believe there are many in this Bible land of ours but who know they are wrong, and have heard that Jesus came to save from sin. But if they have heard and not accepted it, they have deliberately rejected the only hope and are going straight down to a devil's Hell, swept on by the awful bent to sin that lies in their very nature. They have cursed, lied, and stolen, gotten angry and given vent to that inbred damnable thing in them, taken the name of God in vain, sinned and sinned, and are sweeping on to an awful doom. Many a boy is wading knee-deep through a mother's tears; many a girl stepping on her father's heart-strings; unsaved husbands crushing out the lives of pleading wives; while groans from thousands upon thousands of the

blighted and blasted ones are coming up before God, who sends me here with this message, "Sinner, Where art thou?"

A second class I would mention is the professor; he who professes to be God's child, but who has never quit his sins, consequently has never been "born again." In our lesson to-night we read, "He that is born of God *doth not commit sin.*" "*Where art thou?*" You profess to be God's child, but you know you never have been "born again." You cannot point back to the place nor time when you threw up your hands and abandoned sin of all kinds, and stopped all your worldliness. This you never have done, and yet you have been passing yourself off to be a child of God. You go in worldly society, play cards, or go to the dance, the theater, or perhaps to Sunday baseball, smoke or chew, and still try to palm yourself off on this poor old world as a Christian; but since you never gave up your sin, your life has been a living falsehood before God and holy men and women. Poor lost humanity has looked upon your life and known of your profession and could see no difference between

your life and other people's. Sir, I want to ask you, What will you say at the judgment, when you are called before the bar of God for basely misrepresenting Christ on earth. No doubt, honest souls have been turned away from seeking God; when sick of sin they have turned to find peace, and, knowing of your profession, have looked at you, and seeing no difference between your life and theirs, they turned away from religion in disgust, and to-night they may be in Hell awaiting your coming. Long ere this they know the truth concerning your profession. You have dared to mingle with God's people and put your name with theirs, and make your empty profession. What will you say to God at the judgment for so basely misrepresenting the cause for which His Son gave His heart's blood? I call to you before it is too late, "*Where art thou?*"

A third class of whom I desire to ask this question is the backslider. Not every one so called is a backslider. In the language of Amanda Smith, many of them never front-slid. They never gave up their sins, consequently they

were never converted, or "born again." But there are those who have been really and genuinely converted, who have backslidden and gone back to the world. I indeed feel sorry for the real backslider, for unless he gets back to God he can never have another day's happiness, nor a moment's peace. He has been completely spoiled for this world. Better for himself, even in this world, had he never started for the kingdom. He is a sad-hearted, discontented, never-to-be-satisfied being. Of all conditions in this life, his is the worst and most wretched. Added to all this, he is a stumbling-block to all about him, and a stench in the nostrils of God. I want to say to that father sitting there, who is a backslider, if your children ever knew of your profession, or heard you pray, you are now being used by the devil to damn your own offspring. I can say the same thing to that backslidden mother. However you may hate me for telling you the truth, yet I must be faithful to you, and to the Christ who has sent me to proclaim His truth. The backslider is a curse to the community he dwells in.

Allow me to explain. There are two friends, Jones and Brown. Jones gets saved and starts to live a clean life; gives up all his wrong doing, quits his dirty, vile habits, tobacco, cards, lodges, and everything vile and unclean he throws away. God plants the kiss of pardon on his cheek and the sunlight breaks in upon his soul; he is happy, shouts and sings, "H: 'lelujah, 'tis done," and goes on his way rejoicing in his new-found joy. His life puts Brown under conviction; he finally begins to leave off his bad habits, and becomes a secret seeker after a better life. He watches Jones, and says, "I want the same kind of religion Jones has." One day he sees something a little shady about Jones, and after awhile finds out that he has gone back to his tobacco, and some other things; and finally Jones comes out with many of his old habits—backslidden. Brown loses confidence in Jones, in his religion, and finally in the Christ that Jones professes to serve, gives up all confidence in the question, loses all conviction, and may be to-night dead and in Hell, and all on account of Jones' backsliding. I call

out to any backslider in the congregation to-night, "*Where art thou?*"

Just one more class and I am through, and that class is made up of those who have been born again, converted people, Christians, God's children. I want to call your attention to two verses of Scripture, the first of which you will find to be the last verse of the first chapter of James, and which reads, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to *keep himself unspotted from the world.*" Do you do this? Are you separate and distinct from the world, or are you mixed up with it? Do you seek worldly people for your associates? Are you mixed up with some worldly secret society, largely composed of godless and unsaved men? Do you look to the world for your enjoyment? Do you go where worldly people go? Or, are you separate and distinct from the world? The Book says, that whosoever will be a friend of the world is an enemy of God, and the Revised Version gives it thus, "Whosoever therefore would be a friend of the world, *maketh himself*

an enemy of God." "Where art thou" in the light of this truth? Are you friendly with the world; do you wish to be so? "Where art thou?" The other verse I want you to notice is the 23rd verse of the 5th chapter of First Thessalonians, Paul's prayer, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." I only want one word out of that verse to-night, and that is the word *blameless*. I say, are you doing your best for God? If your neighbor, who may be unsaved, dies and goes to Hell while you are at this meeting, could God hold you blameless at the judgment bar? Have you done your best to save that neighbor? Does your life so speak that he can see God in it? Are you unspotted from the world? "*Where art thou?*"

Let me ask that Sunday school superintendent sitting there, or that Sunday school teacher, what about your pupils, what are you teaching them; a bit of history; a few biblical, historical facts, or the spiritual meaning of God's book? Suppose one of those scholars dies and goes to the

home of lost souls while you are here in this meeting, could God hold you blameless at the judgment? Have you done your best to lead them to God? Come, answer this question, "*Where art thou?*" Let me ask this question of the preachers present, and press the question, for what tremendous responsibility rests upon the preacher of the Gospel! Do you preach the full truth regarding the awful consequences of their deeds to those who commit sin? Do you tell one and all that God can save them from it? Do you faithfully deal with the backslidden in heart? I ask you this question in the light of the approaching judgment, "*Where art thou?*" Suppose some member of your congregation drops dead and sinks into a devil's Hell while you are attending this meeting, could God hold you blameless? Have you done your best to faithfully warn him? Could he face you at the judgment and charge you with a neglect of duty? I press this question, "*Where art thou?*"

Finally, I would ask that father there about his boy. What about your life before him, if he dies while you are in this meeting and comes up

before God, can God hold you blameless? Have you done your duty to that boy? If he followed in your footsteps would they lead him to Holiness and to Heaven?

And that mother there, what about your experience? That daughter of yours, if she died before you ever saw her face again, could you meet her unflinchingly before the throne? If her name was not found written in the book of life, could God hold you blameless? Come on, answer this call, "*Where art thou?*"

One illustration and I am done. Some years ago I was assisting a pastor in one of the largest churches in northern New York. I was upstairs in the pastor's study, lying on a sofa, when the pastor came in and tossed me a paper and went out again. I began reading and read the following from the pen of a noted minister. He said, "In a small mountain village of some four or five hundred inhabitants there lived a young girl of some eighteen years of age; her given name was May. She was a bright, cheerful girl, whom everybody loved. One day she was taken quite ill and in four or five days died. The funeral

was such a sad one. At the cottage home a number of her friends tried to sing, but broke down in tears; the minister of the church of which she was a member, could scarcely read a lesson from the Scripture. At the close a number of young gentlemen friends bore the casket across the road to the village cemetery and the services were there concluded. Everything seemed so sad. As the sexton had about finished his duty, and the grave was being rounded up, a lady stepped out and knelt down by the newly made mound and began weeping bitterly. The pastor knelt down by her side and said, 'Now, sister, come away, and do not weep. Four years she was a member of your Sunday school class and you did your best to lead her to God,' but the woman only wept the more bitterly, and finally between her sobs said, 'Oh! if I could only feel that I had done my duty, but I have not. For some months past I feared May was back-sliding. She did not care for her lessons and seemed so light and trifling that I feared for her; and as her Sunday school teacher I felt it **was my duty to deal with her; but I kept putting**

it off until now she is gone, and I fear she is in a backslider's grave, and because I have not done my duty.' The pastor, too, began to sob and when able to control his emotions said, 'I have a confession to make. For over a year I have noticed May and realized that she was losing out spiritually, and as her pastor I felt it to be my duty to deal with her about her soul; but she always seemed so light and gay that I kept putting it off, until, oh, God! it is too late.' And he bowed his head and sobbed bitterly, but finally said, 'Let us ask God to forgive us, and go from this grave determined to do our full duty hereafter.'

A few days later, thinking he might receive some balm for his aching heart, he went down to her home, but on his entrance the mother had to leave the room to weep. He finally asked the father what was the spiritual condition of May when taken ill, and the father replied: 'For nearly two years May has been a backslider; mother and I thought we would deal with her on her last birthday, but she had the house full of company, and we put the matter off again and

again, until we said, 'If she does not change, we will deal with her on her next birthday, but oh, God! we buried her on her birthday, and she is now fill a backslider's grave!'"

Friends, when I read that article, I rolled off from that sofa to my knees and began pleading with God to help me always to do my duty, and while in that position, on my knees, I seemed to be at the judgment; there were multitudes of people, and in the center and above was the great white Throne. The name of May was called; a young lady stepped out before the Throne, and the angelic recorder opened a book and began searching its pages. Just then there were four people who seemed compelled by some unseen power, to be forced out from the great throng and to stand at one side near the girl; they did not want to come out, and seemed to struggle against doing so; but some unseen power forced them out. Finally the recorder looked up and said, "Her name is not found in the Book of Life." He that sat upon the Throne said, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still," and then with a scream the young girl turned and, facing

the four, charged a preacher, a Sunday school teacher, and a father and a mother with her damnation. I can never forget that hour, there on my knees in that pastor's study. I pledged God I would speak the full truth as I understood it, at any cost. I have endeavored to do that tonight. May God help you tonight if you are not right, or have not been doing right, no matter who you are, either on or off this platform, to fall at the altar and ask God to put you right with Himself, and to promise Him that at any loss, at any cross, and at any cost, you will give up sin of all kinds, either of omission or commission, and walk in every ray of light He gives you. Brother, friend, this is the only way to Heaven. I pray God you will settle this matter **and settle it now.**

CHAPTER II.

REPENTANCE.

"In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey. Then went out to him all Jerusalem, and Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins. But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance: and think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees; therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." **MATT. iii. 1-10.**

Last night in our study in Genesis, we learned how God created man, pure, clean, and holy, in His own Divine image; that man fell through

disobedience, and that in his fall he lost that beautiful Divine image, or nature, in which he had been created; and that in its place he had received the devil's own sinful, carnal, sensual, rebellious nature, which drove him from the Garden of Eden. I want you to briefly notice some of the effects of loosing that Divine nature and receiving the carnal nature. It cost Adam the Garden of Eden. Fifteen hundred and fifty-six years passed by since the world was peopled with the first pair, when, in the sixth chapter of Genesis, we read that "it repented the Lord that He had made man; that the wickedness of man was very great, that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually," that all flesh had corrupted his way. Hell had opened its yawning mouth and was being populated with human souls as a result of the fall of man from Holiness. God said, I will stop the supply, I will destroy man from the earth; but we are told that one preacher and his family were saved. But Noah is only out of the ark about three years until he gets drunk and curses his own son. That is what sin does; it makes

man curse his own offspring. I have no doubt there are many here tonight who are cursing their own in more ways than one. In the eleventh chapter of Genesis we read that the people had greatly increased again, and organized themselves against God, and that He confounded their languages and scattered them abroad. In the twelfth chapter God goes off down into idolatry and calls out Abraham and puts up with his wanderings; and in the seventeenth chapter He says to him, "Walk thou before me, and be thou perfect, and I will cause nations to come out of thee." Two hundred and sixty-three years afterwards, we find his posterity down in Egypt groaning under the taskmaster's lash, making bricks without straw. With a high and mighty hand He brought them out, and at Mt. Sinai gave them a code of morals by which to live, and said to them, Obey me, and I will place you in a country flowing with milk and honey, where you will not have to dig wells, build your houses, or plant your vineyards. They went and obeyed Him a little while; but, like too many of today, grew weary of the fight and sat

down to mingle with forbidden people, backslid, went into sin, and continually broke the laws of God. For hundreds of years the prophets thundered against their sinfulness and Sabbath breaking until they were carried away into Babylonian captivity where they hung their harps on the willows and refused to be comforted.

Again and again, God reinstalled them, until we come down to the last of the minor prophets and hear Malachi thundering out against a backslidden people, saying, "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me in tithes and offerings. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse and prove me now, and see if I do not pour you out a blessing, that there will not be room to receive it." I know this text has been almost spiritualized away from its meaning; but what was the tithe? A ten per cent. of the gross income of the Jew. The offering came out of the nine-tenths. Hear his charge against them! "Ye offer polluted bread upon mine altar, ye offer the blind for sacrifice." Instead of the lambs being without blemish, they were giving the blind and the

lame and the sick. "Who is there among you that would shut the doors for naught, neither do you kindle a fire on my altar for naught. Ye have brought that which was torn and the lame and the sick. I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord."

"The priest's lips should keep knowledge and they should seek the law at his mouth for he is the messenger of the Lord," but "ye have departed out of the way; ye have caused many to stumble; ye have corrupted the covenant." My God, what an arraignment that was and what a picture it is today! Are men bringing their best to God today? What is the organized church doing with the tenth proposition? Grab-bags, fish-ponds, pie socials, rummage and rubber sales to help Jesus pay His debts. Go in on a Sunday morning and ask all the congregation who pay a tenth of their gross income into the Lord's treasury to stand, and how many, think you, would rise? How many of the prophets (preachers) proclaim the truth concerning sin? "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "He that committeth sin is of the devil." "He that is born of

God doth not commit sin." How many kindle a fire on the altar for naught? That is, proclaim these truths by the power of the Holy Ghost, until awful conviction settles over the congregation and men repent and cry mightily to God for salvation from sin, until fire falls from Heaven? How many are willing to cast positions and salaries to the four winds and proclaim a full Gospel that saves from all sin? God left Israel for almost four hundred years with scarcely a word from Him: and with no word from God, how could many find Him? I am informed that Mr. D. L. Moody once said, "There are three thousand churches east of the Allegheny Mountains, which, by their own records, cannot show the conversion of a single soul in twelve months." Just a few days ago, I was informed that there were eight thousand churches in this country that did not have a convert last year. My Father in Heaven, what does that mean? Eight thousand churches, eight thousand preachers, eight thousand Sunday school superintendents, averaging seven Sunday school teachers to the church; that would mean

over fifty thousand Sunday school teachers. If each church averaged but two hundred and fifty members, that would mean two millions of professed Christians; but not enough light and power in the whole mass to lead one soul to Christ. Men do not get saved these days by sticking up their finger, or signing a card, or joining the meeting-house. No one ever gets saved until he abandons sin and repents, and how many are doing that? Thank God, there are some; but how few compared to the equipment for soul-winning of the organized church of to-day.

Listening to an evangelist recently, one whose name is known from ocean to ocean, we heard him say that over eight hundred preachers left the pulpit yearly in this land of ours. What becomes of the men who disobey and run away from God? It does look dark, doesn't it?

We boast of our country and of our religion; but look a moment at some facts. We have 250,000 saloons in this country; we have 700,000 drunkards; kill 27,000 babies yearly by being lain on by drunken parents, and spend \$684,000,-

000 annually for court fees, and almost \$2,000,000 for liquor. We spend \$1 for bread and \$5 for liquor; \$1 for education, \$10 for liquor; \$1 for church to \$12.85 for drink; and \$107 for missions to help save the world, and \$107 to help damn it. I wonder how long it will take to convert it at that rate?

The organized church is large enough to hold the balance of power and vote every licensed rum hole out of existence in a day, and to see that the laws are rigidly enforced; but the church and the saloon go arm and arm to the polls and both vote the same ticket. Can God put His seal on such a damnation of souls? Many say, "I vote as I pray." Very well, let us look at it. Who and what do you vote for? Did you vote with the party and help to place it in power; that party that licenses the sale of liquor and makes the saloon as legal as this meeting? If so, you are responsible at the bar of Almighty God for the murder, raping, and wholesale damnation that is being done by the liquor traffic. I don't care a fig whether you are in pulpit or pew, if you declare you vote as you pray, and then vote with

a whiskey party, you say by your prayers, "Lord God, I pray thee, pour liquid damnation down their throats until their very bones are set on fire, until they beat and kill and drive to Hell forever 700,000 souls this coming year. The drink traffic did it last year. O Lord, do it again this year. For Jesus Christ's sake, kill 27,000 innocent, helpless babies this year, by helping me to vote for the party that will put liquor where their parents can get it legally, and then lie on them and crush their little lives out. O Lord, I pray thee, ruin the boys of our land, debauch 500,000 innocent girls this year, catch their unwary feet and steal their virtue and drive them in herds to the brothels, sink them in potter's fields, and damn their souls in Hell, world without end, for Jesus' sake, and we will give thee all the praise. Turn some more bishops into saloon organizers. Rally many more around the standard of Brother Potter; and at every saloon we open and where we start the legalized sale of liquid damnation we will sing, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' and for this wholesale

destruction and damnation we will give thee all the glory, now and forever. Amen.”

If you stick to it that you vote as you pray, and you vote for a party sold to the liquor interest, those are your prayers. How do you like it? Wouldn't it look nice in print? As a child of God, could or would you pray like that? And yet there are thousands upon thousands who are church members and preachers voting and helping on by their vote that very thing.

Some time ago the little children of New England were stood up by the polls on election day, with ribbons pinned on them, on which was printed, "Vote for me and Jesus," but fathers, preachers and church members walked past their little forms and helped to place in power a party sold to the liquor interest. Is it to be thought strange that God does not pour out His Spirit in power on the church of to-day? Is it strange that so many pews are empty and that thousands are in attendance upon the Sunday ball games and races? Is it strange that the very flower of our youth turns from the house of worship to find pleasure in the theatre, with its suggestive lan-

guage, indecent actions and exposure of limbs, and in the ball-room and parlor dance with all their sensuality? Is it to be wondered at that un-saved and ungodly men boast to our faces that the secret lodge, with its idolatrous altars and blasphemous oaths, is better than the church; and boast to us that many leading church members and preachers are one with them in the lodge, and to us, "If the church is what you say it is, if religion satisfies, why is it the members and preachers come to the lodge?" Listen to the closing words of Malachi: "Behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts." Are you proud? Do you do wickedly? Commit sin? Then repent, or read your doom.

Such was the condition of things for nearly four hundred years. God had left this old world on its funeral march Hellward, when there came strange reports of a strange man, dressed in a strange garb and proclaiming a strange Gospel. John the Baptist came on the scene crying out

to backslidden Israel, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" that is, the King is coming. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord;" and when the backslidden officials, Pharisees and Sadducees, came to his baptism, he refused and said, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth fruits meet for repentance." They thought because of their relation to Abraham they were all right. But John called them vipers and refused to baptize them *until they would bring forth fruits meet for repentance*. It is true that by his plain teaching John lost his head, but Jesus said of him, "Of all the prophets, there is none greater than John the Baptist." He had the admiration of the Son of God if he did lose his head. And I would rather die this hour, and go sweeping through the gates with the admiration of the Son of God, than to have all the gold you have in the banks of your city.

No doubt many cried out against John, because he laid the ax to the root of things, and the man who does that to-day will find his path strewn with something besides roses. He will

be misunderstood, lied about, slandered, called a disturber of the church, and many doors will be closed against him, for the sole reason that he plainly tells the real condition of things; but John had it to bear, Jesus had it, the disciples all came in for their share, and if you go straight and walk with God, you will find there is always a dungeon for a Jeremiah, a Jezebel for an Elijah, a Herod or Herodias for a John the Baptist, a cross for every Christian, and for every disciple that dares to place his feet in the bloody foot-prints of the lonely Galilean Carpenter, there will be the same misrepresentation, oft-times made by the very ones whom he seeks to comfort, bless and save. He will find the path narrowing down, and pointing hard toward the Isle that is called Patmos, for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ; but in his loneliness and ostracism, God will open the secrets of the skies to his upturned gaze, and grant him revelations unknown to others. Jesus said, "If ye suffer with me, ye shall also reign with me." So, with the realization that we are liable to be misquoted and misunderstood, even

by those we seek to help, we go to our knees, and with tearful eyes, promise Him who redeemed us by His blood to preach the truth as we see it. Bless His dear name, He says He will see us through!

But let us look a little at John's message. He cried, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand; make straight paths, bring forth *fruits meet for repentance.*"

Nobody ever found the Lord until he repented. Repentance means much more than most people think. One of the first things it means is *a knowledge of sin*. No one will repent and cry out to God to save him from a devil's Hell until he first realizes himself to be lost. He must know himself to be a sinner, lost and undone, without Christ, before God can do anything for him.

It is said that one day Mr. Whitefield and his unsaved brother were dining with Lady Huntington, and that the conversation about the table was of such a character that the brother threw up his hands and began crying, "I am lost! I am lost! If what you say is true, I am lost!" Lady Huntington clapped her hands, saying, "I am so

glad, so glad!" "What!" said the man, "glad to think I am lost?" "No," she replied, "but happy to know you have found it out, for now there is hope for you, for Jesus came to seek and to save those who are lost."

Some time ago in an eastern city, we stepped into a stationery store close by where a meeting was going on. We were waited upon by the proprietor, and we asked if he had attended any of the services. He replied, "No." We invited him to come; but he replied, "I never go to church. I do business fair, honest, and square, and what time I have left from my business I devote entirely to my family." Well, now I am sure we could all wish that there were more men who would do business on fair and honest principles, and less who would stoop to what are called "tricks of the trade," most of which are simply misrepresenting, and a misrepresentation knowingly made is as black a lie as Hell ever hatched. If you have been guilty of knowingly misrepresenting anybody or anything, you are a liar in the sight of God, and my Bible tells me that all liars shall have their part in the lake of

fire. Men stoop to lying to further their ends, place the large potatoes or apples in the ends of the barrel, and the small ones in the center, making believe that they are all large—nothing but business liars on their way to Hell. Sometimes folks will go out and change a word or two that some preacher said, or take a sentence away from its setting, making it mean something the man of God did not mean; such persons are liars, and unless such things are confessed and repented of, they will make their beds in Hell. We could wish there were more men who would do business on fair, honest lines; but that will not save them. The Book says that “all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” Consequently all must repent, and that they will not do until they see themselves to be sinners and lost without God. Again, we wish that there were more men who would spend more time with their families and less time in a secret lodge-room; but even that will not save them: they must see themselves as lost before they will repent.

Again, there are many among our neighbors who are kind and obliging; they will come in

and nurse us when sick and accommodate us in many ways; they live straight, moral lives and are free from any bad habits. When spoken to about their souls, they say, "No, I have never been born again, have never had that radical change of heart you speak of. Have always attended to my own business and wronged no one," yet they have never been born again. And Jesus said, "Except ye be born again, ye cannot see the kingdom of heaven." They have never realized themselves to be lost, and unless they get a *knowledge of sin*, they will never repent, or cry out to God to save them from sin and Hell; consequently, *they must have a knowledge of sin*, and not only of the consequences, but of the thing itself, because it is sin.

After almost a score of years of service for God, I would frankly say, I have no confidence in about ninety-nine out of a hundred of the so-called death-bed repentances. I believe them to be a hoax of the devil palmed off to get souls to put off the all-important hour of deciding for Christ. I do believe the story of the dying thief; but I also believe that thief had never heard of

Jesus before, and as soon as he was told who He was, he cried unto Him, and Jesus heard his cry. But not so with you; you have heard many times, but you have not cried unto Him. I have had men curse me, and afterwards, when sick, believing themselves to be dying, they would send for me. I have gone and found them screaming for some one to pray for them, and when trying to point them to Jesus they could say little else but, "Pray for me, Mr. Preacher; pray for me!"

Again, when souls are on their death-beds, the past rises up before them and they see more vividly the consequences of their lives, that Hell is before them, and they are afraid to go and face the consequences of their lives. And in their fear, they plead with some one to pray to save them from the consequences of their wicked lives. God never saves men because they are frightened. I have heard some express themselves against the preaching of Hell-fire, thus: "I don't believe in frightening folks into religion." Well, sir, allow me to inform you that you never saw a person in all your life frightened into getting right with God. God only saves souls when they

are sorry for their sins, confess them and abandon them, and on no other terms. Pharaoh was sorry for the consequences, and cried, "Take away the frogs!" David saw the awfulness of his sin, and cried, "Take away my sin!" If you want a good Bible picture of sorrow for sin, take a look at the Prodigal Son. He thought he knew more than his father; thought himself quite capable of managing his own affairs, and wanted, as the boys say now, to "paddle his own canoe," and he paddled it straight into the hog-pen, and there he came to a realization of the true state of affairs. He got a radical change of mind, and, with real sorrow for his act, said, "I will arise and go to my father" and confess.

In my boyhood days I learned to swear, but was always gentlemanly enough to refrain when in the presence of ladies. Being absent for some months, and returning to my home town, one day stepping into an ice-cream parlor and meeting a couple of my old chums, an oath escaped my lips. The proprietor quickly spoke to me, and glancing into another part of the room I saw a couple of young ladies whom I had not discovered to be

there. Quickly I apologized, not because I was sorry that I had taken God's name in vain; no, no, I had no thought of God whatever at that time; but because the young ladies had heard me. I was sorry for the consequences. But the prodigal boy was sorry enough to retrace his steps, go back home and confess. And that brings me to a third step in repentance, and that is *a confession of sin.*

Here is where the trouble begins. The Book says, "If we confess our sins." Well, to whom? First, to the one you sinned against. What good to ask God to forgive me, when right there close by is the one I have wronged? I may pray till doom's-day, but so long as I can right my wrong treatment of my fellow creature, and refuse to do so, I will never get a word of pardon from God. Wrongs must be confessed and straightened up, where possible, before God will listen.

Sister, that lie you told will have to be confessed, or it will meet you on your dying bed and greet you at the judgment. It will sink your poor soul in a devil's Hell unless you confess it and get it out of existence. That lie that young

girl told her mother; that lie that boy told his father; that lie that husband told his wife, will, if unconfessed, meet them at the judgment bar of God. The Book says, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Every sin of every kind, unless confessed, and where possible straightened up, will bar your entrance to the Pearly Gates. "Make straight His paths," cried John, "and bring forth fruits meet for repentance." The blessed Christ will never come to your hearts around that old lie you told, that old debt you owe, or that which you stole, or that old grudge you hold. People kneel down and pray the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." If God only forgave as some have forgiven those who have wronged them, they would have landed as straight in Hell as any angel that kept not his first estate. "Forgive our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us." Do you do it? Have you done it? You say, "No." Then I say you

are no child of God, according to the teachings of this Book, for until you do, God cannot forgive you. And when people hold hard feelings and old grudges in their hearts towards others, and repeat the Lord's Prayer, they simply act the hypocrite in God's sight. "Make straight His paths." He will not come to your heart around that old grudge. It will make folks pay their honest debts. We ask some folks to come to the altar, and we had better, a thousand times over, send them to the grocery store or butcher shop to pay their honest debts. A man who owes an honest debt and does not pay it when able to do so, or make an honest effort to do so, is a liar and a thief. He promised he would, therefore he has lied; and he is keeping that which belongs to another, hence he is a thief. Do you think for a moment that God will give His Spirit to such a person? *No, sir!* You will have to make His way straight and clear, before He will come to your heart. The King of the skies will never come around such a piece of dishonesty.

Again, you will have to take back what you stole and confess the theft. Some time ago a

man was walking across a field where his neighbor had been sowing wheat and noticed a short chain, called a stay-chain, on the harrow. He took the chain, and had it in his possession for some time, until God sent a man into that vicinity to preach the truth. This man attended the meetings and got under awful conviction, and became a seeker at the altar, and, as he afterwards told, up came that chain. He tried to pass it off as a little thing, but it would not pass off. He began to see chains in his dreams; had them about his neck, morning, noon and night. He could think of nothing much but stay-chains. Finally one night he carried the chain back and hung it on the side of the milk-house, and tried again to pray through, but still it bothered him, until in desperation he went to the neighbor and confessed the theft. "Why," said the neighbor, "I missed the chain and did not know what became of it, until a day ago I found it on the corner of the milk-house." The neighbor would have never known of the theft or who had the chain, but the Word of God says, "If we confess our sins," and the sin had to be confessed. You

will have not only to take back what you stole, but to confess the deed. "Make straight his paths."

Last winter while preaching in Scotland, at the close of a service a young man came to me and said: "Mr. Williams, what shall I do? I professed conversion some time ago, but have never been satisfied. Some time ago I was employed by a firm, and while there stole some money, and it is not known by anybody but myself." I replied, "God knows about it." He said, "What shall I do?" I asked him, "How much did you steal, ten pounds?" "No, not that much." "Five pounds?" "Yes, more than that." "Seven pounds?" "Yes." "Eight pounds?" "Yes, all of that." "Have you that much money now?" "Yes, I have it in the bank." "Well, you must get it out and take it to the man you stole from, and confess the crime and pay him." "But he may put me in prison." "That is true; you deserve it; but it will be better to go to prison for awhile than to go to Hell forever. Go see your former employer, see him privately, open your heart to him, make a clean breast of the whole

matter ; tell him that you did wrong, that you are trying to get right with God and you want to be right with man. Tell him you are sorry, lay down the cash, tell him you are ready to do whatever he says about the matter." Two nights after he came smiling to me and said, "It's all right. Mr. A. was very kind, and I have it all settled." "Me, too," said a young man who was with him, "I was in the same fix, but I got it settled and Jesus saves me." The second one had been influenced by the first one's action, and both had found God.

I know a young man who was seeking God; he remembered that he had crawled through a fence into a country fair-grounds without paying the entrance fee. God held it up before him, and, although it had been eight or ten years previous, yet he wrote and found who was the treasurer, and confessed and paid the quarter. It was put in the paper, but God put something into his soul that shone out of his young face.

Brother, I say unto you, if you want Jesus, the King of kings to come into your heart, you will have to make straight His paths and "bring forth

fruits meet for repentance," or meet those things at the judgment.

I know of a young fellow who committed a crime in one of the mid-western states, and ran away. Another man was arrested for the deed and committed to the state prison on circumstantial evidence. A number of years passed and the man who committed the crime got into a meeting and fell under awful conviction. He told the leader of the meeting of his crime. He took him to the authorities and they put him under the custody of the leader. Then they wrote back where the crime had been committed, and the reply came back, "Yes, the crime was committed, and we have the man in prison." "You have the wrong man," and the real criminal was placed on board the cars and, with no officer, went nearly two thousand miles back to the place and gave himself up and set at liberty the innocent man. They put him to digging coal in the prison coal mines, but he had found Jesus and went at his work singing, "At the cross where I first saw the light, and the burden rolled away." He said, "I would rather go to Heaven from the bottom

of this prison coal mine, than to go to Hell from the top of the ground."

Some years ago in a western city, at the close of an evening service, a man plucked at my coat sleeve, saying, "Is there anything in religion for me?" I replied that there was, and sat down by his side. "But you don't know who or what I am." "I do not care; my Bible says, 'Whosoever will'; that takes you in." We prayed together and I left, but came back the next morning and rang the door bell while I was at the breakfast table. I met him at the door. He will never be whiter when in his coffin than he was that morning. "Can I have a few moments with you?" he asked. "Come in, sir," I replied, and handing him the Bible, said, "Read it until I have finished my breakfast," and stepped back into the dining-room and closed the door. I did not want to eat, but wanted to give him time to calm down, for I saw he was greatly excited. When I returned to the room, he was down on the floor going through the Bible, and the book was in danger of having the leaves torn out. "Oh, sir, tell me, is there any hope for a murderer?" he

said, "tell me quick!" I pointed him to the verse in Isaiak, first chapter, "Put away the evil of your doing, cease to do evil." "Come now, let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And again, John iii. 16, and John i. 9, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." "But, sir, you don't know! See those hands?" And he held out a pair of hands as soft and white as any lady's here present. "These hands have not earned an honest dollar in ten years." But I held up the promise before him, "If we confess." He then told me his story. He had learned to play cards, became a gambler, sat in a game with two of his pals and a rich man, who was found dead in the room the next day. He said, "We were traileed to this city and arrested, but the secret orders that I belong to packed the jury and they pronounced me not guilty and I went off free; but, before God, those hands are red with the blood of my fellow man," and he rolled on the floor in agony. I kept God's promise before him and prayed, and he finally

got to pleading with God, and the promise was again verified that "if we confess our sins he will forgive." And the King came straight to his heart and rolled away the burden of guilt. I watched him for some time, but he went straight. God sanctified him, and he went into evangelistic work, and the last I heard of him God was giving him hundreds of souls. How different from the following, that I have clipped from the evening paper :

SUICIDE LEAVES ACCOUNT OF CRIME PINNED TO HIS
BREAST.

Minot, N. D., Sept. 13.—The dead body of Charles Herzig, who left a written confession of the crimes of rape and murder committed near Youngstown, Ohio, over thirty years ago, has been found by a posse of searchers hanging to a tree in a secluded ravine, just over the line in the unorganized county of Wallace. Pinned to his breast was a piece of wrapping paper on which was written the following :

"My name is Charles Herzig. Over thirty years ago I murdered and raped a young girl named Lizzie E. Grombacher, near Youngstown, Ohio. Charles Sterling, an innocent man, was tried, convicted and hanged for the murder of this girl. If my body is ever found, notify my mother, Catherine Herzig, Girard, Ohio."

If Herzig had not left a written confession and threat of suicide at the "B. Y. R." ranch, his body might not have been found for years, as it was hanging in a spot seldom visited.

Around his neck was a shred of green veiling, such as a woman uses for face veils. It is recalled by a former Youngstown man here that Lizzie Grombacher wore such a veil when murdered and that part of it was used to strangle her. The piece found about Herzig's neck is supposed to be the remainder of the veil, as he showed such a piece to a fellow ranchman named Olsen, to whom he told the story of his crime, declaring that he had kept it all these years so as to use it to end his own life some day. Olsen recalled the details of Herzig's confession today. At the time it was made he thought Herzig demented. Herzig said that after committing the murder and exchanging shirts with Sterling, he went to Warren, Ohio, where he was employed as a gardener by a lawyer named Ratliff. After Sterling's arrest and trial, he fled to Mesopotamia, Pa., where he remained in hiding until the eve of Sterling's execution, when he stole a horse and went West. He settled in Telluride, Colorado, where he married. Ohio people commenced to move in and, becoming frightened, he deserted his wife and child and went to Death Valley, in California. Since then he has been a wanderer.

What will the judgment be for that soul? He has tried to get away from his conscience that has been stinging him all these years, but his misery has only begun. He will meet those he murdered at the bar of God, and go to a devil's Hell forever and ever. No end to his wail, no light for his poor soul. By his act he has placed himself beyond the reach of all help. Had he confessed his sins in time and sought God, he

would have found help. O, brother, I beg of you this night, repent, repent and make a path so that the Son of God can come to that poor hungry, longing heart of yours. "Bring forth *fruits meet for repentance.*" God will see you through if you will cast your all on Him. That is just what the Prodigal Son did, and the father took him back again.

The last step in repentance is the *complete abandonment of sin.* ALL wrong-doing must stop at once and forever. No soul can find God and continue on in sin; it must be abandoned immediately. Had the prodigal remained in the hog-pen he would never have seen his father's face again. He left all the pigs in the pig-pen and did not go back with a squealing pig under either arm. He abandoned them when he turned about and started to retrace his steps. I have seen folks come to the altar professing to be sorry for their sins and repenting of their lies, but they brought back so much of the hog-pen with them that they found no welcome arms extended, nor kiss of pardon; a dirty old pipe or plug in one pocket, and a worldly secret lodge in the other,

the majority of whose members are unsaved, ungodly Christ-rejecters, blasphemous and profane, bowing down before an idolatrous altar. All other altars outside of Christ are idolatrous, and you cannot remain in idolatry and get the King of kings to come to your soul. You will have to make straight His paths. And you cannot remain in the lodge that satisfies ungodly men, who prefer that to the cause and church of Christ, and get Jesus to come in power and take up His abode in your heart. The old Book says, "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." Your becoming His son or daughter depends on your coming out and not touching the unclean thing. You remain in, and you cannot have relationship with God. Brother, this is in the Book. *What are you going to do about it?* Obey God and be saved, or disobey and sink into a devil's Hell?

Along with confession and abandonment of sin

comes restitution of wrongs which can be made right. There are things in many lives that all human power can never set right; but you will have to allow God to see an honest desire and a willingness to make them right, if He ever makes it possible for you to do so; but the things which you can make right you will have to so do. You will have to make restitution where it is possible in God's sight for you to do so, and He will be the judge. You say, the cost is too much. Then you must face it at the Judgment and take the consequences there. I would rather face it now in mercy, than at the bar of God in Judgment. I heard of a man who altered a dead man's note and cheated the widow for many years; but God hung it up in front of him one day, and he had to sell *all* to get the necessary amount—about seven thousand dollars,—but when he got it straightened up, the burden of sin rolled away. Every little while we read of conscience money being sent back to the Government, and to those who have been defrauded for years. Brother, I tell you the Judgment is coming, and you had better repent and straighten up. It may cost

you *all* of this world's goods, but better so, and go to Heaven from the poor-house, than to Hell from a gilded palace. Better die a beggar in the streets and pillow your head on Abraham's bosom, than to have the best this old sin-cursed world can give you and land in Hell at last. Better get out of the whiskey voting business and lose what you have, than to meet the poor souls at the Judgment that your vote helped to damn.

One last thought and I am through. Why is it that God demands such a straightening up of those who seek Him? I will tell you. He proposes to make them His sons and daughters and place them up before the whole world as samples of His power to save from all sin. He proposes to make them living, walking ambassadors on earth. When the Government wants an ambassador to represent it at a foreign court, it looks about for one whose character is unblemished and whose life is unimpeachable. Just so with God, His Son is with Him in glory, and the Bible sinners cannot understand. So He wants men and women, whom the devil and

a gainsaying world, cannot find a flaw in; whose character is unblemished, and whose life is a living embodiment of Himself. The Christian is the sinner's Bible, and God wants men and women who will represent Him, and in whose lives the poor, lost world can see an example of His matchless grace and love. He proposes not only to make them His own sons and daughters, but living examples of Himself. Hear the Book speak, "Be ye imitators of God and walk as dear children; ye were once darkness, but are now light in the Lord; walk as children of light." And He was the light of the world. He proposes to shine on darkened hearts, blighted hopes, and blasted lives through you, and thus to bring help to the helpless and hope to the hopeless. This He could not do unless you were like Him, hence John cried, "Make straight His paths." If you will repent and turn to Him, He will meet you more than half way. Will you do it?

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO BAPTISMS.

"I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am unworthy to bear; he will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire." MATT. III. 11.

"The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him and saith, Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." JOHN I. 29.

Both of these texts were spoken by the same person, John the Baptist; one, while he was preaching, and the other, in his introduction of Jesus to the world. In the first one, any one can see that there are two baptisms, two experiences, spoken of. The first baptism with water, and the second baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire. The first a baptism unto repentance. Here is the main trouble with most people and their experiences. They do not get started right. In New York City I have noticed that they spend much time, sometimes several months, blasting

out and excavating for a foundation. They spend much time digging down into the solid rock, and there they lay the foundation; and when once the foundation is laid, up goes the building very rapidly, until it is a thing of beauty, lifting its head twenty or thirty stories high, and no danger is felt at that height, for its foundation is secure and safe. Just so with our experiences. If we are sure of the foundation, we can build with safety, but if the foundation is not safe and sure, I care not how high you try to build, every fellow who comes along with a Jerusalem blade will put you in doubt and fear. Your experience will be unsatisfactory, unsound, unsafe. Now the foundation of our experience depends much on what kind of repentance we have experienced. Briefly speaking, there are four vital points in repentance. A knowledge of sin, which every one must have before he will pray. Prayer is not simply kneeling down and reading off, or saying, a few words. Prayer is the breathing of the soul to its Creator; the inward, heartfelt desires; no one will have many such desires until he comes to the realization of his true con-

dition before God: that he is lost, **unsaved**, **undone** and bound for Hell, unless he has "been born again:" such a realization as that will cause men to truly pray.

The second step is a godly sorrow for sin, so sorrowful that sins will be confessed, old debts paid, stolen things returned, and the past made right. This is generally a hard fight. The inbred, inborn, fallen nature that we inherited from the Fall, makes the sinner proud and defiant. He finds it hard to confess. That woman who lied about her neighbor, finds it hard to confess her lies. The man who stole finds it hard to confess his theft, and old grudges are sore. Young people find it hard to break away from their worldly associates, and the devil is always around telling them they will not have any more pleasure if they turn from their cards, dances, theaters and worldly pastimes; this old world is no friend to help us on to God. That inherited carnal mind is enmity against God, and is an ally of the devil; it responds to his suggestions, and the poor heart struggling to open its door to the Son of God is filled with ten thousand fears and

forebodings, all prompted by the devil. He will say "you don't have to confess that lie, and if you confess it, your character is gone," and "you don't have to confess that small thing you took that did not belong to you." "True, you had your car-fare in your hand, and it was not your fault the conductor did not see you, and what are five or ten cents anyway. You don't have to go to the company's office and confess that you owe them for two street car rides." All this, and thousands of other things that may bear on your case, he will pile on to the awakened soul. "If you confess you stole they will lock you up," and "that old debt is out-lawed," but I would rather be locked up, even if they would, than to be sent to Hell forever. Brother, no honest debt is ever out-lawed in God's sight, so you will have to confess or meet your wrong doing at the bar of God. Here is where the digging and blasting goes on. The old nature rises up, and pride of position, or name, or character is held up before the struggling soul and the fight is on, and all Heaven stands and watches the contest, for the salvation or damnation of the soul depends largely on the issue.

A gentleman in Scotland said to me last winter, "I understand there is much opposition to the second work of grace in your country." "Oh no," I replied, "the fight is all over the first work, for those who have the first, never fight the second." A good, old, genuine case of repentance will lead to a sky-blue regeneration, that makes the soul ready for anything God has for it. When I hear of professors or preachers who fight the second work of grace, I know they are not in possession of the first work. Holiness is the spirit of God, and God never fights Himself. If folks would only get started right! Too many are trying to build and have no foundations. They "joined the church" or got a modern conversion by holding up their finger, or signing a card, or gave the preacher their hand in a popular wave and were called converts, while the devil and all Hell laughed in hellish glee at the miserable, damning farce. There can no regeneration take place without a true repentance, and that means a confession of sin, not to God in the secret closet, but first to the one sinned against, then to God. How public should the confession

be? As public as the sin committed. Men drink, swear, lie, steal, commit adultery—and women, too, for that matter,—and never in this world or the next will they find God's pardon, until they confess. You may go away from this service and try it, but it will meet you at the Judgment Bar, and there, if not before, your sin will find you out. Oh, I would confess and get it out of the way.

With confession comes restitution. It may take all you have to settle up, but better it be so and you start on again with God and all Heaven at your back to see you through, and gain an entrance to the beautiful Gate, than to have what you got dishonestly, to die and sink into Hell forever. I have no doubt that there are some things in some lives that can never be straightened out in this life, but in that heart God must see a *willingness* to do so before He will plant the kiss of pardon on the brow. I remember of sitting in a Methodist church in the far south some years ago, and of hearing a man in the pulpit tell his experience. It stirred the large congregation to tears and deeds of genuine repentance,

and many found salvation. He said, "I was a mercantile thief, hiding behind the homestead laws of my state, but I was rather unconscious of my awful condition until God began to deal with me. I sat one night in my home until after midnight debating the question, and finally wife and I concluded we would join the church and be Christians. I said, I will tell it to the first man I meet tomorrow. On leaving my home the first man I met was my lawyer, at my gate. I said, 'Good morning, Mr. Brown. I am a Christian.' He looked at me in great amazement, and then said: 'You a Christian? What about that account you owe that St. Louis firm, and that old account over at Ft. Worth?' And he went on telling me of accounts that I honestly owed, and as my lawyer he knew I was not trying to pay. In a moment the situation dawned upon me, and turning about I walked out of town into a grove, and getting down before God I told Him I would give up all, sell my home and all that was in it and pay my honest debts, if He would pardon my sins. In the afternoon I went home and talked far into the night to make my wife see it as I did. The

next morning I went to my lawyer and told him to figure up how much I owed, and in a few days the lawyer told me. I said, 'Now I will invoice my business, and I want you to figure up what it is all worth.' It was done, and the lawyer informed me that what I had would about pay what I owed. 'Now get up a sale and sell it off and pay my debts.' The lawyer told me I was crazy, and the people said I had lost my mind over religion; but the day of the sale came. Things were going very low, and I walked around sad. I thought of how I had worked and saved to get that comfortable home, and now it was all going; I had nothing left; all was going. I felt sad, and I knew my wife would feel worse. I started to find her; my heart was heavy; I wandered from one room to another, and finally went in the front room. In that room there was a bay window, and at the window some curtains that had been quite costly and of which my wife had been very proud. Those curtains had, next to her home, been her idol. With a heavy heart I went into that room; wife had pushed the table to the window and with a chair on the table was up taking down the cur-

tains, and with tears in her eyes was singing, 'O think of the home over there.' She was feeling the loss of her home here, but was looking forward to her home over there."

God afterwards called that man and wife out to work for Him, and I have seen them while the altar was filled with seekers.

Oh, brother, don't cling to anything that is not yours in the sight of God. Clean up, pay up, and you will get something far better than the fleeting pleasures of this life, and "a home over there," that will not fade away. The last step is just to completely abandon all sin of all kinds and turn to Jesus, and He will reveal Himself to you, and you will have no trouble to "leave all and follow Him." The fight will be over and peace and gladness will come.

Now, I want you to notice that is exactly what the disciples did under the straight, clean, clear preaching of John on repentance. They were ready, and when Jesus revealed Himself to them and said unto them, "Follow me," the Book says they left all and followed Him—ships, occupation, father, all; no struggle now. And when

Andrew had found Him, he went immediately after his brother and brought him to Jesus. You get salvation on these lines, and when once you get it you will go at once after those you love best. No difficulty then to talk to loved ones, for the joy that has come is so great you want all to get it at once. Many times have we seen folks seeking for days, digging down and laying the foundation by earnestly and honestly repenting and getting the past straightened up the best they could, until in their desperation they have thrown up their hands and cast themselves on His mercy, have believed in Jesus, and the sunshine of pardon has broken over their faces and the joy bells have rung; and up they have jumped and away they have gone for their loved ones. Folks who genuinely repent and dig through to God on those lines, do not backslide the first time the preacher fails to notice them, or they are not made president of the Ladies' Aid Sociéty. They do not throw it away easily; it cost too much to get it. Do you see what John's baptism unto repentance stands for? Have you repented and gotten a sky blue case of regeneration, that

makes you willing to leave all and follow Him? If not, you will make no further advance until you do.

But now let us look at the second baptism. We will suppose we were among John's audience and hearing him preach. We had been repenting, walking in all the light we had, had been fixing up the past, paid for the suit of clothes we had worn out year before last, straightened up everything so far as we were able, had brought forth fruits meet for repentance. John had baptized us and we were listening to him preach, when one day he suddenly stopped and, raising his arm, points off over the crowd. We turn to look, and that vast assembly has, as if by common consent, divided, and down the living corridor of humanity there comes One with such a stately, kingly tread, and such a face and brow. We turn to John, and he cries out, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." "John, is that the Messiah?" "Yes." "The one you told us of? The One who would baptize us with the Holy Ghost?" "Yes." "Well, good-bye, John," and away they went after Jesus. Repent-

ance and faith introduce us to Christ. The disciples followed Jesus from that time on, and just before He left them He said, "John baptized with water unto repentance, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." They obeyed Him; they tarried in the upper room; and they were baptized with the Holy Ghost. When John introduced Jesus he said, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When we speak of the world many think of the sea, and rocks and land, but it does not mean these things. The Greek word used is *kosmos*, which means the *inhabitants* of the world. Then again, the sea and rocks and land cannot sin, but the inhabitants do, and Jesus came to take that sin *away*; not simply suppress it, but *to take it away*. The great crowning act of the devil was impregnating sin into the lives of the first pair, or robbing them of their pure, Divine nature, and in turn giving them his own sinful, devilish, nature, which the entire human family has inherited. (1 Cor. xv. 22.) That inbred, inborn, damnable thing gives birth to every evil act that can take place in a human heart. It is the great sin

of the human family of the world, and the Lamb of God came *to take it away*. The Book says, "He was manifested to *destroy* the works of the devil." (The Greek for destroy is *luo*, pronounced loo-o, and means destroy, dissolve, unloose, put off.) That inborn nature is called the "old man." In Rom. viii. 7 it is called the "carnal mind" and that same verse informs us "that it is not subject to the law of God." God can do nothing with it but kill it, take it away, and that great work Jesus came to do, bless His dear name!

John said, "Behold, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." You will notice that the word "sin" is in the singular number. Inbred or inherited sin (the carnal mind) is always spoken of in the singular number, but when the singular number is used it does not always mean the carnal mind. Webster's definition of sin is that it is divided into two classes. Actual sin and original sin. Actual sin is that which we do which is wrong, wicked acts committed, transgressions, and for which we find pardon when we repent and turn to God. Original sin is

that which we have inherited from the fall; that inborn, devilish nature, the carnal mind. God cannot pardon a soul of its original sin, because it is not an act, but was thus born. Hence, the soul to be saved from all sin must have another work performed for it besides pardon, and it was that other work that John said Jesus would do. *Take it away*; not only grant us a pardon for our actual sin, but cleanse us from the inward defilement of original sin. Allow me to illustrate my meaning. We will suppose that this desk represents God on His throne, and around this desk we will draw an imaginary circle several feet in diameter, with the desk in the center. We will say the circle represents the kingdom of God and His throne in the center. Now I am born as a child by my parents, born into this world, and I am born thus in the kingdom. That is to say, if I die in my childish innocence the atonement stands for me. I could not love or serve a God who would damn my little, innocent child if it should die in its infancy. Well, so when I am born of my parents I am in the kingdom, am under the atonement; I have no actual sin, but while

I am born under the atonement, in the kingdom, yet I am born with my back toward the throne, *my back toward God*; that is, there is a natural tendency in my nature to go away from God and off into sin. That natural tendency is a proneness to wander, a bent to sin, a proclivity towards evil. That is the carnal mind that is in me, or original sin. It is no act, but an inherited, inward tendency in my very nature. My parents ought to turn me around and introduce me to my Savior. Conversion means to turn around. And whenever I do anything wrong, my parents should deal with me and teach me how wrong it is and how it grieves God, and tell me of Jesus who said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me;" they should do this so that my first step forward would carry me straight towards God. But they do not do it, so I remain under the atonement in that position until I arrive at the age or state of accountability, and when I do, as I know right from wrong, the first step forward, that is the first time I do wrong after knowing right from wrong, I commit an actual sin, and that carries me out from beneath the atonement,

out of the kingdom, and now I am a sinner. I had nothing but original sin in me, and had no need of a pardon, as I had never committed sin. Had I died in that condition the Blood stood for me. Jesus would have sanctified me, cleansed my innocent soul and taken me home to Heaven. But now that I have committed an actual sin, I have both actual and original sin, and I must be pardoned of what I have done.

For argument's sake we will say that the line of accountability is at ten years of age. It varies and may be below that with some and above with others. I run off down here say thirty years, and am now forty years of age. There are thirty years of actual sin piled upon my soul, besides the original sin I was born with. How many wicked habits I have formed, and worldly associations I have made, and oh, so many wrong doings in these thirty years of actual sinning: but I get under conviction. What for? My original sin? No, sir; my actual sin, my wrong doings, and the truth dawns upon me, and the sin of my wicked life rises up before me. All those thirty years I have been traveling farther

away from God. My back toward the kingdom, I have gone a long way from my childish innocence, and I begin to repent, turn about face, and start on the back track. A knowledge of my sin has caused me to turn about, and with a real godly sorrow for my wicked life I start back. How hard it is! Sinful habits have a hold on me, and to break off old associations is like pulling out the right eye, or cutting off the right arm, but if ever I get back to the kingdom I must retrace my steps, all must be confessed, wrongs righted, wicked and sinful habits abandoned, everything wicked, vile, impure, or worldly that was picked up or formed in those thirty years of actual sin must be confessed and abandoned. Oh, the soul that has taken that weary march, fighting the devil, running the gauntlet of the sneers and gibes of abandoned companions in sin! Every inch of the way being stoutly contested by that unborn, damnable thing, whispering to us of how it will look and what folks will say; making mountains of our sins, telling us that it is no use, we could not live or stick to it. I say, the soul that has passed through such an experience, never this side of eternity's gates forgets it.

Some folks tell me that they don't know when they were converted, or born again. True, they don't know because it *never happened*. Why, they never have repented, and how could they know when they were born again? Friends, it took me ten days to make this journey; ten days of repenting, ten days of confessing. Oh, brother, you can call yourself happy if you get off with that or less. Lies to be confessed, wrongs to make right, old habits to forsake. How I struggled with my tobacco! How I argued with the Lord! Why, preachers use it, why not I? Oh, that battle! I never will forget it to my dying day. Neither will you if you press your way back and get clear through. But, thank God, it can be done. Oft-times the nearer the end of the journey the darker it gets. All has been straightened that can be; more would be if possible to do so. Oh, how dark it gets! The devil is doing his best. You have made a fool of yourself; you don't feel any different; now see what you have done. And so on with his lying insinuations, until the soul, with desperate, agonizing cry, throws up its hands

and cries, "*Save, Lord, or I perish; have mercy on me,*" and out of the gloom and darkness there appears to the soul, a face, oh, so lovely, and a loving, compassionate smile overspreads that face, and "peace" is spoken. The soul ceases its entreaties, listens for a moment, surprised, bewildered at first, but the truths burst upon its consciousness that its prayers are answered and the work is done. The burden rolls away, darkness turns to day, sorrow to joy, and weeping to rejoicing. Oh, glory to God! Do you mean to tell me that a soul that has passed through an experience like that, can, or ever will forget it? I say, you are ignorant of what you are saying.

And what a time of rejoicing! Jesus said there was more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repented, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. All that thirty years of "actual sin" is as completely wiped off the record as if it had never been committed. And all the pollution that had settled upon, or over the soul, as a result of its actual sin or sins committed, was washed away by pardon. God never does things by piece-meal and when He grants a pardon He

does it in keeping with His matchless grace. Hallelujah! Every sin the sinner has committed, from the hour he committed his first sin that brought him out from under the shelter of the atonement up to the moment that peace was spoken, is completely and forever blotted out: and everything that was picked up along the way, vile habits, wicked and worldly associations are broken and done away with, and the sinner has become a new creature in Christ Jesus. The Book says, "Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." 2 Cor. v. 17.

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. xv. 57. "Hallelujah unto him that loved us and loosed us from our sins." Rev. i. 5. (Revised Version.)

What a tremendous work: loosed us from our sins, separated us from them, untied us, we were bound but Jesus loosed us. Glory! New creatures, not the same old creatures any more, a new man. That old, vile tobacco smoking, spitting, stinking, card playing, swearing, proud, selfish, theater-going, horse-racing, lodge joining

life is gone. Old things have passed away, gone forever. All things have become new. Praise God! A brand new creature is on His hands, a birth has taken place, and he has now a babe in Christ: and who in the world ever heard of a new born babe playing cards or running off to the dance or theater? Who ever saw a newly born babe with a filthy cud of tobacco, or a stinking cigar in its mouth? Who ever heard of a babe running off to some secret lodge composed largely of men who were blasphemers and Christ rejecters? Why, the very idea is preposterous! The young convert is a babe in Christ, a new creature. Old things have passed away, and so with a real, genuine, sky-blue case of regeneration received subsequent to a death dealing, dying, old fashioned repentance. That new creature is a child of God, has been born again, born from above, born of God, and is now the son or daughter of God. Imagine if you can, the Son of God, Jesus, our Elder Brother, sitting down to a game of cards or attending a theater, or coming down the street spitting, smoking and stinking, the way a lot of folks who profess to be

God's children are doing to-day. No, *sir*, according to this old Book, they are not His children. Old things have not passed away with them, nor have all things become new.

I tell you this old Book does expose and bring to light the miserable, soul damning, worldly profession of to-day. A man comes to the altar and tells me he is seeking to be sanctified wholly and there is an odor about him from a vile, dirty habit that makes one fairly sick at the stomach to get near him. Why, *sir*, he needs to repent, and give up his filthiness and be born again. I have seen them come down the street poisoning God's own free, pure air with their vile habits, and when nearing the door of worship cast out of their mouths that filth and come in, bringing their sickening odor with them; and by and by come to the sacramental table, and, with the filthy stains on their foul lips, drink out of the same cup that many more must touch. Take your stand outside on almost any sacramental morn, and you can see him coming. There he comes! See him smoke and spit as he comes along, ladies and children walking along behind have to life

their skirts and hold their nostrils. If you speak to him about it, he will angrily ask you, "What's it your business?" and talk loudly of free citizenship and a right to do as he pleases. He has no right to poison the water that I drink; then what right has he to poison the God-given pure air that my wife, my children, and myself have to breathe? There is a tank filled with drinking water there in the vestibule; which is the greater crime, for him to put poison in that water; to poison the air that I breathe; or, to come to the sacramental table and leave his poison on the rim of the cup where our wives and our children have to place their lips, to say nothing of ourselves? You tell me that such an unclean, ill-smelling, vile creature, is a new creature in Christ Jesus? I would not believe you on a stack of Bibles as high as yonder spire. The Book says, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, *and I will* (future tense) receive you and *will* be a father unto you and ye *shall be* my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." All these promises depend on your

coming out and being separate and touching not the unclean, and of all nasty, filthy, unclean habits, what is more filthy than the tobacco habit? "Mr. Preacher, did you ever use it?" Yes sir, for sixteen years, and tried to get God to pardon me without giving it up, but could not, and found no pardoning voice until I did give it up along with my other sins. Well, glory to Jesus! Do you see what the first work of grace means and what it will do for you? Holiness preachers are often accused of minifying and letting down the standard of regeneration or justification. Does that look like we were lowering the standard?

Now we will see what the second work of grace will do. Why the baptism with the Holy Ghost, the entire sanctification of our soul is absolutely necessary. Repentance and regeneration turns me around and blots out all my actual sin, and bring me back into the kingdom and underneath the atonement again. I am once more a babe, this time a babe in Christ. That old life and its record is gone forever. Before, when I was in the kingdom I had my back toward

God and walked straight away from Him, but, thank God, I have been turned around and have retraced my steps and am in the kingdom with my face toward God. Glorious change, and now my whole desire is to obey Him. While out there groping in the dark, I promised God if He would forgive me I would never sin against Him again. I meant it. God knew I meant it, and He would not pardon me until He could see that I did mean it. How happy is the soul in such a state! The disciples when they had found Jesus, left their all and followed Him and endeavored to induce others to do likewise. For a time everything goes on beautifully. I am happy in my new found joy. It would be very difficult to convince me that Jesus could do any more for me. This life of a newly regenerated soul is like one that has been raised from the dead, so happy in its new life that to it it seems almost impossible that Jesus could do more for it. Thus it is with many when appealed to too soon after their conversion, for, being regenerated, when spoken to about another work of grace, they open their eyes in astonishment and say, "Why how can that be, I am

full now and over-flowing, and if God gave me any more He would first have to enlarge the vessel." Right here is where many teachers of the second work of grace make a serious error. They talk much of the baptism with the Holy Spirit as a filling or an enduement for service, *and talk along the line of something more*. All this is right and true in a sense, but they fail to point out to the soul that before the Holy Ghost can come in, in all His fulness, filling and equipping the soul for service, that there is an inward defilement that must be cleansed out and away. First, that inward, indwelling, inborn carnality, which Webster defines as original sin; this thing could not be pardoned for it is not an act, hence must be reached by a different process than a pardon. Just as regeneration is a double work, a pardon of the past, and an impartation of life to the soul that was dead in trespasses and sin, so the work of entire sanctification is a double work. It is a cleansing of the heart of that inborn, or inherited, original sin, and it is a filling with the Holy Ghost.

I am well aware that many teach but the one

side of this question. Last winter, while in Scotland, a book written by Rev. R. A. Torrey of this country, entitled, "How to bring men to Christ," was handed to me, and from its pages we read these words, "There is a line of teaching on this subject that leads men to expect that if they receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit, the carnal nature will be eradicated. There is not a line of Scripture to support this position." I stopped and rubbed my eyes, reread the passage, and then opened my Bible and read Peter's testimony concerning the pouring out of the Holy Ghost on the household of Cornelius (see Acts 10th chapter and Acts 15th chapter.) Up at Jerusalem he was relating it and said, "And God which knoweth the hearts beareth them witness giving them the Holy Ghost even as he did to us, and put no difference between us and them, *purifying their hearts* by faith." Allow me to read you his testimony of the occurrence from the revised text, "And he made no distinction between us and them, *cleansing* their hearts by faith." I wonder if Mr. Torrey has not read that passage. I have come across many followers of that sort of teach-

ing, but have not heard them testify that they were sanctified wholly or cleansed from all sin. The Bible says, that "if we walk in the light . . . the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from ALL sin." Those folks are always talking of getting baptized for service or for more power, but they will have to be cleansed from their original sin before the Holy Ghost will move in to abide, and when He comes, the soul will have power, the gift of the Holy Ghost is power, but that will never take place until the heart is first cleansed from its inward defilement.

Listen to a seeking sinner pray, and you will hear him asking not for life, but for the pardon of his sins, and if he meets the conditions, he gets pardon and the new life comes with it. Just so is it with the fully justified soul seeking the second work of grace. He seeks to be rid of his inbred or original sin, and when it goes out the blessed Holy Ghost will come in, in His filling, empowering presence, to abide. Glory to God! One great trouble with many is that they think they are the children of God, when they have never repented and been "born again." They

hold up their hands in meeting, or sign a card in some popular religious wave, or have joined church and imagined they were Christians when the truth before God is, they never even repented. If you are God's child you know it beyond a doubt, you know when the transaction took place, and you have the witness of the Spirit to that fact, and if you have not the witness of the Spirit, your place is at the altar as a seeker for regeneration; and when you receive the experience you will know it. Bless God! The man who has repented and fought his way back is in the kingdom and knows it.

What a time he has for a while, but some time when things are calm, if he has been a user of the weed, the devil will come whispering about and say, "Would you not like to have a smoke or a chew?" and something from the inside, from the region of the heart will say, "It would be nice." The devil will whisper, "No harm, just to see if the appetite is gone;" and so forth, and your lips will begin to taste and perhaps your teeth ache, and that something on the inside will begin to beg you to have a smoke, and you will

begin to feel the pull. It is all on one side, and it is working hard to *turn you around*, with your face from God again. Perhaps you may have been very sensitive of what folks said about you, and the devil will bring something of the kind and whisper to you, "If I were in your place I would give that party a piece of my mind," and from within your own breast, something will respond and say, "Yes, go for him, tell him just what you think of him, give him a good calling down," and in your heart something will begin to rise up and twist about, and indignation will rise, and if you are not on your guard you will get angry. Friends, that something from within, that something that responds to those whispered suggestions of the devil, is your carnal mind. So long as you do not give over to it, no matter on what line the temptation may come, you keep your justification and do not commit a sin; but the moment you give over to it, the deed is done, sin has been committed, you have forfeited your justification. Anger is a murderous sin and if you have given over and become angry, or gone back to anything that you have had to

give up to become justified, you have lost your justification, for God cannot justify sin." "He that committeth sin is of the devil." "The soul that sinneth it shall die," says the Book. The heart has been turned away, you are on the outside of the kingdom, back toward God, and starting downward again. Perhaps the act was not committed, but the heart responded and said, "yes," to the temptation. It is just as bad in the sight of God, for it is in or with the heart that sin is committed. Jesus said, that "whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." The moment the heart said "yes," the sin was committed. The justified soul cannot do anything or agree to do anything that it knows to be wrong and retain its justification. Neither can it refuse to do what God requires of it and retain its justification. The Book says, "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." James iv. 17. God cannot justify sin, knowingly committed, either by omission or commission. One act of disobedience put Adam and Eve out of the garden.

Again, a goodly number of people have been wonderfully regenerated and they can tell the time and place; but they were not told of the second work of grace that takes away the carnal mind, and in an hour of sore temptation they sinned and fell. The devil is always on hand at such times to tell the soul of that slip, "There you have done it, a pretty Christian you are, that's all the religion you had, I told you you could not live it;" and many more such lies.

Many give up then and there, while others cry out to God in tears over that one sin committed, and find pardon for it. Brother, if you found pardon for it, the Holy Spirit witnesses to that pardon and to your re-acceptance. Have you got that witness? Where are you?

Again, some get back in and fall out again, and perhaps get back again, while others do not get back; they prayed but they received no witness of the Spirit that they were fully forgiven and were taken back, and they have fallen into a kind of rut and say, "Oh, Lord, forgive us our many, many sins. We know we do many things we should not, and leave much undone we should

do." Alas, what a multitude are on that line to-day. You hear it from pulpit and pew. What does the Book say? "He that is born of God doth not commit sin;" "He that committeth sin is of the devil." "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." And, as God cannot justify sin, the truth is, they are out of the kingdom and on the downward way to the pit. If their preacher was a sanctified man, he could see and warn them of their danger; but blind leaders of the blind, they both fall into the pit. Friends, it is an awful picture to me; you may think it too close, but this old Book declares it to be true.

A minister with whom I was working a few months ago, and who is a dear friend of mine, asked me what my idea was of the condition of the churches at large. I replied, "I honestly believe that one-half of the membership have never been regenerated and four-fifths of the other half are backslidden in heart and are not in touch with God." Do you think I am wrong? Then measure up by these Scriptures, and see where they are. How many in the churches of to-day do not

commit sin in the sight of God? How many have scarcely any spiritual power whatever? Go in for a soul-saving campaign, and it is above the average if you can have one-tenth of the membership who are on fire and ready to sing, speak, or get down at the altar and pray seekers through to God. I have been in churches with over a thousand members and with the altar filled with seekers, where I could not get but four or five to get down to pray with any degree of power. I declare to you, the freely, fully regenerated child of God can pray.

The disciples in their justified state had power. Jesus sent them out saying, "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils," and they came back rejoicing in their success. When Jesus was going to Jerusalem and passed through Samaria, and the Samaritans would not receive their Lord, John the beloved said, "Master, shall we command fire from heaven to consume them?" What power John had, and yet that was long before he received the pentecostal power and fire. A dead babe cannot make a noise, but a live, healthy babe, makes folks know that it is around. And so

with God's children. They are not a still-born crowd; they can make their wants and wishes known, and any soul that is born of God has a heaven-born desire to see men and women saved. The great success that the Salvation Army had in its early days was owing to the fact that as soon as some one was saved he went at once to save others: but this tongue-tied, still-born churchanity we have these days, without real repentance and supernatural regeneration, cannot save its own members, to say nothing of going out into the byways and hedges for the lost, the hopeless and helpless.

Again, many who have sinned out and have not gotten back, on hearing the preaching of holiness, or the second work of grace, get mad and say they do not believe in such a doctrine, that there is nothing in it; that they got it all when they were converted. Poor souls, blinded and duped by the power of sin, they are on their way to a devil's Hell.

Again, many who have sinned out and have not gotten back, on hearing the preaching of holiness, or the second work of grace, say, "Oh,

that is just what I want," and become seekers after the experience. And, poor hearts, imagining that they are already regenerated and living in a justified state, sing, "I surrender all," and they do and get a most wonderful blessing on their souls and imagine they have been sanctified wholly, when the truth is they have only been reclaimed from a backslidden state. They say, "I made a full surrender." Sure, but that is just what the seeking sinner has and does do to be pardoned and justified. This class run along for a time, but inbred sin, which has never been cleansed away, begins to work. And then some of them backslide right out and give up. Others struggle along for a time, lose faith in the eradication of the carnal nature, turn back to the suppression theory and gradually step down and out of the fight. I know of some very bright men who were once ministers and evangelists; and they are now down and out, and the tide of lost souls continues to pour over the falls. Some do not get out, but remain in the ministry and pastor popular churches and fight real Bible holiness, or the second work of grace. Others who are

not ministers backslide in heart and become strong opposers of Bible holiness. I am intimately acquainted with a number of this class.

But there are those who do not sin out, or backslide. If they do, they weep and pray their way back into the kingdom again. Well, sir, by that time they heartily believe in their need of another work of grace in their hearts. They have discovered much that has been a surprise and painful to themselves, and it has cost them tears, groans and much praying, and that is the presence of the carnal mind remaining in their hearts. You could not make them believe it was not there; they have many a conflict with it, and it has been a sore struggle. They have started out in the morning with a song of victory on their lips, and before noon they have been in a conflict with that inborn, inherited thing. They have kept the victory, or if they lost it, they have wept and cried until they have been conquerors again. Finally they discover the truth, that it is the will of God for them to be sanctified wholly, to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and have carnality destroyed, and now but one concern fills their

breast, and one great longing takes possession of them, and that is to get the experience. Husband, wife, land, bank account, friends, earthly possessions, are all but a small price to pay; at any cost they want the experience. You don't have to coax or intreat them. The Word says they can have it, that they can be saved from all sin, the carnal mind eradicated, the old man put to death, crucified, buried, that they may have perfect freedom and liberty, baptized with the Holy Ghost. Their eyes are opened to the fact that this was the great work that Jesus came to do, to take away the sin of the world and to baptize with the Holy Ghost. Oh, they want it; are willing to become a pauper; to be cast out from among men; to be misunderstood, lied about, misrepresented, anything to get the experience. Frowning ecclesiastics no longer awe them; social ostracism has no more fear for them; the open door to the poor-house they would gladly enter to get it; they are willing to become a martyr to the cause of lost and perishing souls; willing to step to the side of that Man of sorrow and walk midst the jeering multitudes to Cal-

vary's cross and bear their brow to a crown of thorns placed there by the very ones they would comfort and bless; willing to place their own hands upon the cross of misunderstanding and allow the nails of slander and ostracism to be driven, and that with no wish to retaliate. Anything, any way, at any cross, or cost, they want the experience. Thank God, it is for all such, and they alone. They read in the Book, "To present their bodies a living sacrifice *holy*;" not a vile, unclean thing, dressed up in all the latest fashions of a Hell-bound world; no, no; but a body, holy. A body without a single sinful habit; not a body conformed to the world, but holy; and they fall prostrate before Him, and to Him and Him alone they come. All else is forgotten; friends, time, and earthly store are gladly and willingly let loose of, and they bring their all to Him. Feet that once wandered in forbidden paths when sold under sin, but which are now redeemed feet, they consecrate to Him and say, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, only sanctify my soul." They bring Him a pair of hands that were **once** sold under sin and which

handled much that was unclean, but are now redeemed hands; they gladly consecrate them to Him and say, "I'll do what you want me to do." They bring a pair of eyes that were once under the power of sin, and when thus, would look on forbidden objects; but are now redeemed eyes; they consecrate them to Him for His glory. They come with their lips that were once sold under sin, and would say much that was wrong; but are now redeemed lips, and they gladly consecrate them to Him and say, "I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, only give me this great blessing." They come with faculties that once were sold under sin and were thus used for the devil and selfish purposes and to gain their own ends and satisfy their own ambitions, but are now redeemed faculties, and they consecrate them all to their Lord and say from the heart, "I'll be what you want me to be." Feet, hands, eyes, lips, faculties, all, their all, all they now possess or ever may possess, time, influence, money, to be His and His only, to do with them as He may see it in their remaining days, whether they may be long, short or few, all are willingly,

gladly laid on the altar of entire and perfect consecration. No sin to be confessed, except the presence of inborn, inherited sin, and that they plead for Him to kill, crucify and take away, and in its place send the Holy Ghost to live, abide and dwell in their hearts forever more, while time shall last, and when time shall be no more.

Friends, a consecration like that with a cry out of the very soul, will move the very God of Heaven into instant action. He cannot withhold the promise. Jesus said to His disciples, "Tarry and ye *shall* be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." They gathered in the upper room and tarried and the Holy Ghost came. "Tongues of fire." Peter declared it purified their hearts. No more backsliding Peter. No more vindictive John. No place-seeking James. No more hiding from the authorities, and, thank God, no more sin. Down on the street, out on the highway they go, telling the glad and great news. Nothing could stop them. They become invincible; backslidden ecclesiastics or priests had no terror for them; prison bolts and bars could not hold them. On they went. Hear them!

proclaim the story, "The promise is unto you, and your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Hallejah! That takes in you and me. Three thousand converts the first day, five thousand the next, false professors exposed, liars struck dead, multitudes believing, until the cry went up, "Those men who have turned the world upside down have come hither also."

Oh, brother, sister, do you want this blessing, this experience, this sanctification, this baptism with the Holy Ghost? If so meet the conditions, and you may have it before you leave this **room**.

CHAPTER IV.

CAIN'S RELIGION.

"And in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering: but unto Cain and his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell. And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him. And Cain talked with Abel his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him. And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." GEN. IV. 3-11.

No doubt there are a number present who have read these verses, the story of Cain and Abel, many times, and, like the speaker, asked themselves the question, "Why did God have respect

unto one and not to the other? Did He show partiality by so doing?" and perhaps other questions of a like nature. But there came a time when it was made plain to our minds, any way to our own satisfaction, and if under the direction of the Holy Ghost, we can bring a better understanding of it to others hearts, this meeting will not have been held in vain.

If we chose a text from these verses, we would take a part of the fifth, all of the sixth and a part of the seventh verses, which read as follows: "And Cain was very wroth and his countenance fell, and the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth, and why hast thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? And if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door, and unto thee shall be his desire."

Now, before looking closely at the text, there are a few things we want to call your attention to, and they are, first, that God always looks first at the man, and if he pleases or comes up to the mark, then He will have respect unto his offering; hence we read that God had respect unto Abel, and then to his offering. But when God

has not respect unto man He cares nothing about his offering, He will not accept it; hence we read that unto Cain and to his offering He had not respect. Brother, you can pay \$500 per year for pew rent or give of your substance to build fine churches, or support them, but if you are not right in God's sight, He does not care a fig for your offering. When God gets a man, then He gets all the man has; but until He gets the man, He cares nothing for his offering.

Again, man has his way of doing things, but when God comes in He generally upsets men's ideas and notions and turns them around. Oh, what upsetting and changing around there would be if God could have His own way in the lives of all in this place to-night, and what a change there will be made when Jesus steps down from the clouds to take charge of things on this old globe on which we live. Suppose He came to-night to your home. Do you think He would change matters there, or would He be contented to leave them pretty much as they are? I tell you, brother, it will pay you throughout eternity not to have any unfinished business on hands

when He comes, and if I were in your place, and there were some things that needed fixing up in my life, I would get at them, for He is liable to come most any time now. And if He does not, there may come a messenger from the other world before morning. Better have everything that is necessary attended to.

As we do things, we generally put the eldest son ahead and speak of him first; or, if there are any special rights for the children, they generally fall to the eldest. But when God chooses to bestow any special rights, He will go over any or all to reach the one that pleases Him, and then respect both him and his offering. Hence we read of Abel, the younger, first.

Again, we cannot say that either of the boys had ever committed any actual sin before this occurrence. Whatever you may think about it, the Book doesn't say that they had; but it does say that in process of time they both came before the Lord with their offering. So we have two believers (two church members). Is that what you do when you come up before the Lord, come to church? Do you not go to church for wor-

ship? Is that not supposed to be coming before the Lord? Well, that is just what these two men did. It was one hundred and twenty-nine years after God had peopled this old globe with its first inhabitants, Adam and Eve. They had disobeyed, eaten of that which was forbidden, sinned and died, that is, lost their Divine nature. Dead means void, and they became void of the Divine image or nature they had been created in, and after their fall these two boys were born unto them—Cain the elder, Abel the younger, and they both inherited the fallen nature of their parents. Cain became a tiller of the soil, but Abel was a keeper of sheep. In process of time, they each bring of their substance before the Lord. God has respect unto Abel and his offering, and unto Cain He has not respect, and in many minds the question arises, "Why was it thus?"

The Apostle tells us that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. Heb. ix. 22. From time immemorial we find the shedding of blood connected with forgiveness of sins. All the dying lambs around Jewish altars were a type of the "Lamb" which should come to "take away

the sin of the world," hence they were commanded to bring a lamb without blemish. All those groaning, bleating, dying victims were a type of that Lamb without blemish that should be the victim of the cross, and die to put away sin, once for all. That promise was made in the garden immediately after the great fall, but it had been arranged for long before, for Jesus is spoken of as a "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Rev. xiii. 8.

There is no doubt but Cain and Abel knew of that promise made to their parents in the garden, and so when Abel comes up before God bringing the "firstlings of his flock," a bleeding, dying victim, a type of the one "which should come," in that dying, bleeding sacrifice he not only acknowledged his faith in the promise made, but also his need of the blood of the Lamb that cleanseth from all sin. He acknowledged, or in his sacrifice made confession of his condition and his need; hence we read, "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained the witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gift." Bless God,

I like the idea of obtaining the witness. I have no stock whatever in about ninety per cent. of the stuff that is preached over the land saying, "Just take it by faith; just claim it and you have it." I do not believe in such teaching, and believe that it has done and is doing untold injury to the cause of real Bible holiness. Souls are continually coming to the altar and telling us, "Why, I *believed* for this experience at such and such a time in so and so's meeting, *but I have never been satisfied.*" Dear soul, if you have never been satisfied, you have never been cleansed from all sin and sanctified wholly, for the soul that has that experience is satisfied beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt. This thing of urging seekers to "believe," "only believe," "just believe," "just believe you have it, and you'll have it;" I repeat, and I wish I could say it so I could be heard from ocean to ocean, *is wrong.*

God bless your precious hearts, faith is something far beyond a forced up phantom of the brain. I have been in meetings where folks would get down before a seeker and try to get them to "believe," "only believe," "believe you are saved,"

and the poor soul could not believe. Why? Because nothing had been done for them. There are but two classes of seekers that we dare urge to believe. First, a fully penitent sinner who has abandoned everything that he knows to be wrong and is willing so far as he may be able to set right the wrongs in his life, and has fully surrendered himself to God. That soul can be told to believe. The second is the fully consecrated believer seeking the cleansing away of his inbred sin, the sanctifying of his soul.

The sinner gives up all his wrong doings and, throwing up his arms of rebellion, surrenders himself fully to God, and, until he does this, you may urge him to believe until doom's day, but he cannot exercise saving faith, because he has not "brought forth fruits meet for repentance." After nearly a score of years' work for God, I firmly believe that right here many souls are shipwrecked by unwise and unscriptural teaching. Repentance must come first before that soul can exercise faith. There must be a foundation for his faith, a consciousness that so far as he knows he has complied with the conditions that God

requires, and when he is conscious of meeting those conditions, up to all the light he has, there will be but little difficulty in his believing. The believer seeking the sanctification of his soul must make his consecration complete, must realize that his *all* is on the altar, that it is there forever, and live or die, sink or swim, he will be *all the Lord's*, and the *Lord's alone*. Until he arrives at this point he cannot exercise the faith that will bring the cleansing blood to the soul. I believe that in either case the numbers are very few that have any difficulty in believing, *exercising faith*.

When the conditions of repentance or consecration are fully complied with, the witness will come. By faith Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain. With a firm belief in the promise, he came with a sacrifice that proved his belief in the promise; and in that bleeding, dying lamb, a type of the "Lamb" that should come, he acknowledged his own personal need of the blood to cleanse him from sin. He put his belief into action, brought a sacrifice that reminded God of His promise. This is what every sinner must do

before he can hear from Heaven, and what every believer seeking to be sanctified must do before the fire will fall. What does this Book say? It says, "God testified of his gifts." How? By giving him the witness. And He will do the same for you if you will bring the sacrifice. Glory to God! Our lesson says, "God had respect unto Abel and to his offering." "Had respect to" has also been translated *kindled into a fire*. Did you ever see a picture of Cain's and Abel's sacrifice? Go and look at it and you will see the fire and smoke going up from Abel's sacrifice. God testified of his gifts. I tell you when God testifies of a man's gifts something takes place. He put fire on Abel's sacrifice and Abel gained the witness.

To accept a burnt sacrifice is, in Hebrew, to turn to ashes. Turn to Psalm xx. 3 and read the margin: "Remember all thy offerings and turn to ashes." God saw Abel's faith and kindled a fire on his sacrifice, turning it to ashes. Don't you suppose *Abel* knew when God answered? Was there any need of some one to urge him to believe? To claim the blessing? I think not. He had the evidence, the witness, and if you will

meet the conditions, bring the right kind of a sacrifice, you can also gain the witness. God will send the fire as He did on the disciples at Pentecost, and something will take place. You will not only move, but you'll move folks about you. The disciples moved; they could no longer remain in the upper room, but out and down on the streets they went and moved the city by nine o'clock in the morning. They not only moved, but also moved others. We have a sickly, silly, sentimental, so-called holiness these days that does nothing but stay in the house and pray for and pat itself. To get out on the street corners, go down into the byways and hedges after the helpless, lost, sunken, depraved mass sweeping on to a devil's Hell, its professors cannot do. The invitation to an open-air meeting out on the street corner, to mount a chair and tell a lost and dying crowd about Jesus' mighty power to save from sin, nearly frightens them to death.

For years while engaged in the work of going after the helpless and hopeless, we did not want many of the "holiness people" (?) to come to our meeting; did not care for their presence.

They could take up much time in testifying and telling us all about how they got "the blessing," but when it came to going out on the street corner to carry the "old, old story" to the lost who would not come inside; no, sir, they were not on hand. They loved to talk about their "Pentecost" and their "upper room experience," but it was a different matter to get them to rush out on the streets and publish the glad tidings there. We have had them say, "Oh, Jesus does not call me to the street." They would want to know if we had kept the command and had been baptized with water according to their ideas of how it should be administered, but the direct command to go to the highways and by-ways, streets and lanes for the outcasts, oh, no, they had not been called to that. I say, to the pit with such a sham, spurious holiness as that. The holiness that does not make you like the Master, make you Christ-like, is not the holiness taught in the Bible. Jesus went to the streets many times; His disciples went to the streets, and if there is anything in your heart that refuses, you ought to go forward for prayer and get sanctified wholly, and get the

"fire" on your soul, or stop professing to have an experience that you do not possess. You get the real thing out of Heaven and you will find there is fire in it, and it will not only move you, but cause others to move also.

At Pentecost the blessing made some glad and others sad. The humble and lowly heard with joy and divided their substance with those who had not, and they "ate their meat with gladness." But the rulers and those in authority were stirred up to anger. It was so when Jesus Himself preached His great truths. The common people heard Him gladly, but the rulers and chief priests took counsel how they might put Him to death. It was so when John Wesley and his associates would preach this wonderful salvation, and the Church of England denied him her pulpits. We are told he mounted his father's tombstone and told of a Savior who would redeem from all sin. I wonder how many of his sons would be as daring to-day? It was thus when William and Catherine Booth had this holy fire burning in their souls. Refusing longer to be lied to and tied down, they stepped out to spread the fire, and the

Church shut up her pulpits to them, but God gave them the wide world for a parish, and they not only moved themselves, but they moved others also, and while some were glad, others were mad. And thus it has been since the days of Abel; not only did he know when God answered, but Cain knew it also, and while it moved Abel to joy unspeakable, it moved Cain to envy and anger uncontrollable. History has repeated it o'er and o'er since then, and it is being repeated to-day, and the Book says "it will wax worse and worse." Oh, these are indeed "perilous days."

But now let us take a look at Cain and his offering. He brought the fruits of the ground, what theologians would call a thank-offering. But God had not respect unto the offering, because he had no respect unto the one who offered it.

This world is full of Cain's religion these days, namely, a bloodless religion. There are thousands of people who say they love Jesus, but it is a cold, bloodless affair; they love Him about the way they love George Washington, the savior of his country. It is simply a cold, historical fact.

They believe that Jesus came, suffered and died for the world, in about the same way they believe Washington fought for his country. They would join in giving of their means to put up a monument in memory of Washington, and they give of their substance to put up church spires, and in about the same manner, or with the same feeling about it. They believe. Oh, yes; so did Cain, and he proved his belief by bringing a thank-offering, but it had no blood in it. There was nothing in it that spoke of that suffering, dying Lamb of God, who was slain from the foundation of this world.

Cain brought an offering, but no sacrifice. Alas, there are countless numbers doing the same. They, too, are called believers, but alas, their offering, like Cain's, bears no resemblance to Him who died for them, and like Cain's again, there is no confession of their need of the blood to cleanse their guilty, sin-stained souls. Cain's dry, cold, bloodless offering bore no acknowledgment of his own personal need of the blood of Him who should come to take away the sin of the world. Thousands upon thousands to-day

are traveling in Cain's footsteps. They bring their thank-offering, and give of their means to support the cause, but never do they come with a broken, bleeding sacrifice that speaks of their own confessed, personal needs; hence no fire falls. The Book says, "But unto Cain and his offering God had not respect." The passage where it speaks of God not having respect, has also been translated, "Look into with a piercing eye." God looked away beyond the offering into the heart of the man who was making the offering. He looked down underneath, to the actual condition of the offering, and saw his heart; saw the absence of a confession of his own personal need, the absence of a confession of his true condition. What crowds of people come and kneel at the altar as seekers and go away as dead and dry as when they came. God looks into the heart with a piercing eye and sees beyond the outer action, to the real condition, and sees the absence of a real, open-hearted, up-and-above-board confession of the actual condition, a true honest confession of the sin that is there. No fire falls, and they go away as dead and juiceless and as use-

less as they were when they came; and if one should tell them that it was because they did not meet the conditions, they would strongly maintain that they did: but the very reason that they failed to get the fire is positive proof that God's conditions are not met. I know there was some waiting before Pentecost, but I do not believe that God keeps a soul waiting after His conditions are met. I believe God is too good, just and kind, and is too anxious to deliver souls from sin, to keep an honest soul waiting, after His conditions are met; and because those conditions are not met, many come and go away with no answer from above.

“And Cain was very wroth and his countenance fell.” I presume when the fire fell on Abel's sacrifice, that Abel demonstrated his joy. I don't believe that I could have remained still. Whenever fire fell from Heaven it raised a demonstration. On Mt. Carmel they had a demonstration that caused a nation to cry out, “The Lord, he is God,” and it went on until the four hundred false prophets of Baal were slain, and rain from Heaven fell to moisten the dry and parched land.

Quite a demonstration! And Elijah could go on foot as fast as Ahab in his chariot. I repeat, there was some demonstration of the fact that fire had fallen. At Pentecost when God poured it out of the sky, things did not remain nice and quiet and so decorous, but a holy hub-bub set in and the poor ignorant Galileans began to speak as they had never spoken before, and consternation was let loose and the demonstration went on until by nine o'clock that morning the multitude came together and was confounded. How does that line up alongside of the cold, starchy, stiff, lifeless, dead formality of to-day?

Even in many holiness camps and conventions a check is put on, and the meeting is held by iron reins, and the cry is made, "We are afraid of fanaticism." True, fanaticism is not dead; but it strikes me that we are in far more danger of cold, dead, juiceless, fireless formality, even among professors of holiness, than we are of fanaticism. How easy to get into a rut, even of clapping, or holding up our hands, or walking about, and even get tied up to a certain kind of demonstration, and think if we are not doing so

and so we are off the lines. Oh God, cut us loose from all the silly notions and free us from so much starch, and caring what people will say or call us, and let us be free in the Holy Ghost.

And we often see the same angry spirit of Cain manifested to-day by those called believers. Somebody brings a sacrifice of a broken, bleeding, yielding heart and, laying it all on the altar, presses his way up through a bank of fog and uncertainty, until the heavens open, the fire falls, and the joy bells ring and, as at Jerusalem, confusion sets in, and then anger is seen on the faces of Cain's followers; they become disgusted and wroth, and their countenance falls. Oh, yes, it shows on their faces very plainly, but God speaks to Cain and says, "Why art thou wroth, why hast thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? And if thou doest *not* well, *sin lieth at the door.*" I want you to hear God preaching His *first holiness sermon to the first man born with a carnal mind*. If thou doest well. *If* is a small word, but how much hangs upon it! *If* we confess our sins, He is willing to forgive us; but it hinges on our con-

fessing. *If* thou doest well. How could the man do well with murder in his heart? What, murder? He had not committed murder yet. True, but he had that damning thing in him that would make him do the awful deed, and he made no confession of it whatever. And I am talking to those to-night in the same condition. Oh, if you would but come confessing your real condition, what might take place before the service is over.

But listen to God talk to Cain. "If thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." Sin, not *sins*; that devilish carnality inherited from his fallen parents, always spoken of in the Scriptures in the singular number. The inherited sin is the thing which causes you to commit the sins. If thou doest not well, sin—that inborn thing—lieth at the door. That word *lieth* is the same word translated to portray the attitude of a wild animal *crouching*, just ready to spring upon its prey. Oh, how plainly God was pointing out to Cain the cause of his not being accepted. It would seem that with God dealing with him so plainly he would have bowed in deep sorrow

and contrition, and made a clean, clear breast of the whole situation and his condition. But he did not, and up and down this fair land of ours are people, church members and preachers, almost innumerable, with that dark, black beast crouching in their hearts. God said it lieth at the door. Where is the door to man's life except his heart? You can only get into this life through the door of his heart. How plainly God points out the difficulty, tells what it is, and its nature, and where its hiding place is.

Sin, the wild beast, is crouching right there in your heart and ready to spring upon you and make you do the awful work. "And unto thee shall be his desire." He will drive you out and on until thy hands are streaming with thy brother's blood. Oh, if Cain will but listen! But did he? No, he did not; but went away in a rage. Have we not seen it again and again? Professors of religion come in and hear and see the truth concerning themselves, and go away in a rage; their true condition pointed out, their own heart held up before their eyes, but how angry they go away. Oh, friends, I plead with

you for your own sake, for Jesus' sake, for the sake of others about you, do not act thus, but make a full confession to Him of your true condition and your need. Jesus came to *take away* the sin of the world; to cleanse from all unrighteousness; and He'll do the same for you, if you will but confess and meet the conditions.

One thought more and I am done. Cain and Abel walked together in the field, and Cain talked with Abel his brother. You can hear them talking over the occurrence of the morning. "Why did God send the fire for you, and not for me also? He is not fair. I did as much as you; I brought the products of my toil! I did as much as you. I tell you, it is not right." And I fancy I can hear truthful Abel reply, "But, brother, you did not meet the conditions; you made no confession of either your true condition or your need of the blood, and you did not bring a sacrifice. There was nothing in your offering that spoke of the the Blood; God could not put the fire on such an offering; there was nothing in it to remind Him of the promise."

When you tell a man who is acting wrong-

fully and knows it, and is yet trying to make others believe he is honest and sincere, free from lies, hypocrisy and sham, about it, it will generally stir him up; it stirred Cain. See the angry flush on his face, see his hands as they nervously clutch themselves until, no longer able to control the tempest in his breast, he raises his closed fist and with a "curse you" strikes his brother and fells him to the ground. Springing upon the prostrate form, his long fingers close about the neck of his brother until the blood gushes from the nostrils of the choking, gasping, struggling form. But the blood only serves to madden the dogs of Hell raging in his bosom, and gathering a stone, with an oath he crushes it down upon the head of his senseless brother, until the blood and brains are scattered about. And God said, "Thy brother's blood crieth upon the ground."

Brother, did it ever dawn upon you that the ground belongs to God, that the Book says that "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof?" This old earth has borne the foot-prints of God's only Son and drunk of His blood as it trickled down from the cross, and it is dear to Him,

and if there was no other witness of thy sins and wrong doings, the very ground you stand on will testify to its Maker against you. "Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

From that day anger in God's sight has been a murderous sin. Do you have anger in your breast? How long since you have been angry? Do you not know that when you gave way to anger against some of God's creatures, you were committing murder in His sight? and that, unless you confess the sin and get to God with it, it will damn your poor soul in a devil's Hell forever? And you who are unsanctified and feel that rising passion in your hearts, don't you know that it comes from the wild beast, the "carnal mind" that lies embedded deep down in your very nature, and that God could not allow you to enter Heaven with that in you? Do you not know that His Word declares that only the pure in heart shall see the Lord? I ask, "*Where art thou?*"

How often parents when angry punish their children far too severely, until their little, tender bodies carry the bruises for days. It is no wonder that God, in His goodness, interposes and

takes them off to Heaven in their childish innocence. I wonder how many He has had to take out of your home, and where they are gone? You miss the pattering of their little feet and the chattering of their little voices, and go to the bureau drawer and get out a little blue shoe, or something that belonged to them. How the devil does like to carry the mind back to those hours when under anger you punished the child so severely. Oh, friends, the devil is cunning and mighty, but my Savior, the Lamb of God, came to destroy the works of the devil. He succeeded in getting his own mean, low-down, sensual, rebellious, devilish nature into our hearts, away back there in the garden. But Jesus, the Lamb of God, came to destroy his works, to take away that sin, so that "we might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life."

Brother, sister, you need this salvation; you cannot afford to go farther without it; you need it in your daily life; you need it in your home. What would Cain have said if some one had told him the day previous that in twenty-four hours

he would be the murderer of his brother? And if some one should step to your side and tell you that in a short time you would in anger do something that would place a stone of sorrow forever in your soul, you would not believe it. Yet with that inbred sin, the wild beast in your heart, you are not safe; you don't know what moment he will make you do an awful work.

Recently I heard Dr. Hills, of Texas, relate the following: "A man had gone to town to purchase some farming implements, and he took his little boy with him. While in town the child wanted the father to purchase him a toy, but for some reason the father did not do so. On the way home the child was crying; the father asked why he was crying, and the child replied that he wanted the toy. The father back-handed slapped the child, who, losing his balance on the seat, fell over and struck his little head against the corner of one of the implements in the wagon. He soon ceased crying, and they continued the journey home. They ate supper and all retired as usual. Along in the night the mother's ear caught the sound of moans coming from the boy,

and going to his little bed, found him with a raging fever. Quickly the father was called and soon sped after the doctor, who on his arrival examined the suffering child. 'What is this red spot I see on his cheek?' he inquired. 'Why,' replied the father, 'he was crying on the way home, and I slapped him and made him stop.' 'I see,' calmly replied the physician, 'but I find a lump on the side of his head; what made it; has he had a fall?' 'Why,' continued the father, 'when I slapped him he fell and struck that side of his head against the machinery that was in the wagon.' 'Just so,' replied the doctor, 'and I have to inform you that your child has concussion of the brain and will not live but a few hours.' "

Can you imagine the feelings of that father? Oh, no, ten thousand times no; he did not mean to harm his little darling; but under the control of that hellish thing, that wild beast, that carnal mind, which God says is not subject to the law of God, he struck the boy too hard and killed him. Oh, say, you parents, are you going to leave this meeting to-night with that wild beast in your heart? Oh, I plead with you, come to the cleans-

ing fountain; come to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Let Him cleanse and sanctify you, body, soul and spirit. "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

CHAPTER V.

LAZARUS.

“When they saw the things that Jesus did they believed on Him.” Jno. 11:45.

If you want folks to believe in your Christ, you must show them a living example of His power to save from all sin. I presume nearly all present this morning are acquainted with the portion of the Gospel from which we have taken our text. This was at the resurrection of Lazarus. Now keep your Bible in hand and we will study it for a little while. In the opening verses we read that there was a home in the town of Bethany, near Jerusalem, where there lived two girls, Martha and Mary, with their brother Lazarus. While Jesus was away on one of His evangelistic tours, Lazarus was taken sick, and immediately they send word to Jesus that their brother, “he whom thou lovest, is sick.”

Jesus did not go at once; but in the 6th verse

it says, "He abode two days still in the same place." In the 5th verse it states that Jesus loved these three young people. We have read that they were orphans and that Lazarus was a scribe, one who was engaged in copying the Scriptures, and their whole support depended on him. In their dire distress they send for their greatest Friend, but the Book says "He abode two days still in the same place." That does not seem to be a very good example of His love toward them. If you were in deep distress, *i. e.*, one of your darlings was lying at the point of death, and you had one who professed great love toward you, one who was a great physician, and you sent him word to come immediately and he did not, would you still feel that his love and affection for you were real? Some one asks, "Why did not Jesus go at once? Why did He allow that brother to die, and thus crush the hearts of those two sisters?" Over in the 37th verse we read that the Jews said, "Could not this man that opened the eyes of the blind have caused that even this man should not have died?" Why did He allow their hearts to be broken and torn,

crushed down with this great sorrow? Does this look like He really loved them as He professed?

Ah, we are so short-sighted, we know so little of the Divine mind and the ways of God. In the 4th verse, Jesus, speaking to His disciples, said, "This sickness is not unto death," but Lazarus *did* die. What does Jesus mean? Again in the 14th and 15th verses He said, "Lazarus is dead, and I am glad for your sakes that I was not there." What! Glad that He was not there? Why, Jesus, do you mean to talk behind the back of those two broken-hearted girls? Do you mean to give your disciples to understand that you thought they needed your presence more than those two sorrowing hearts over there in Bethany? What can He mean? It would seem that even the Jews thought it strange that He had not caused that Lazarus should not have died.

Many times we had read over this chapter, and had pondered long on the above questions, when one day the light broke through. In the 4th verse Jesus said, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." For the *glory of*

God! How? Why, through the Son. Jesus was God's gift. God's Christmas gift to this poor lost world. "God so loved the world that *He gave* His only begotten Son that whosoever would believe on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Glory be to God for His gift! "For the glory of God, *that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.*" Through that death Jesus, the Son of God, was to be glorified, thereby bringing honor and glory to God the Father. Then to His disciples He said, "I am glad for *your sakes* that I was not there."

Ah, friends, as we are gathered here this beautiful Christmas morning, how little some of us appreciate God's wonderful gift to us, and how "slow of heart" we are to believe *all* that the prophets have written. How many times when bowed down with cares, sorrow and bereavements we are apt to question just the exact meaning of the word of that old battle-scarred warrior when he wrote, "And we know that *all things* work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." (Rom. viii. 28.) How often things trans-

pire that brings to our hearts so much of sorrow and trial, and some way we cannot see where or how they can possibly be for our good.

Surely we have a case of this in hand in this lesson this morning. If any one was ever so placed that they felt they had a right to question, these girls would think they were the ones. Where could any good come out of all this to them? Was not Lazarus their only support? Were they not left alone in a cold, bleak, barren, world? Were not their hearts torn and bleeding and broken? And, oh, was not there a form, a loved one absent! That vacant chair, that loving voice now still in death, that form now rotting in the grave! Oh, where or how could there be any good in all this for them? But listen to the words of the Son of God—He that said, “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall never pass away”—hear Him speak, “This sickness is not unto death, *but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.*”

Friends, do you know that man’s greatest good and God’s highest glory are much the same thing? Listen! Away back in the first chapter

of Genesis, in the 25th verse, we read that after God had created the world and all therein, "God saw that it was *good*." Then He created man, and in the 28th and 30th verses we read that He put man over all; gave him dominion over all that He had created and pronounced it "*very good*." Man was the chief of all that was created; *God's great masterpiece*, made in His own image, the image of God. Hear the Apostle in his Epistle to the Hebrews, when he speaks of David as saying, "What is man that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that thou visitest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; thou crownedst him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of thy hands." (Heb. ii. 6-7.)

Man, made in the image of God, was ruined by the fall, yet so loved of God that He gave His only begotten Son to die for man's redemption. The highest honor that can come to God is that the Son should succeed in the work God gave Him to do; redeem man and bring him back to the place of purity and power from which he fell. Should that Son fail in His mission, or that plan

be found weak and ineffective, it would be to the dishonor of God. God emptied Himself out into His Son. All of love, all of that which was Divine, all of that which is like God was crowded into the Son.

Listen to the mighty theologian who was "brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers." Hear him describe the Son of God who was sent to be a Savior, who was to be called Jesus, because He would *save His people from their sins*: "It pleased the Father that in him should *all the fulness dwell*." Col. i. 19. And again: "*For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily*." Col. ii. 9. All of God that could be put into a body was put into the body Jesus bore, and sent to this earth to redeem man *from sin* and bring him *back to holiness, purity and Heaven*. And that is the greatest good, the most beneficial thing in the universe that could be done for man; his greatest good, and the success of that Son in so doing would bring the highest honor to God.

Now turn back to the words of Jesus. "This

sickness is not unto death, but for the *glory of God*, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." How little Mary and Martha knew of the tremendously important part they were taking in a transaction that would give to the world a mighty, living example of the power of the Son of God; an example of that power which they never could disbelieve. He said to His disciples, "I am glad for *your sakes* that I was not there, to the intent that ye may *believe*." The Holy Ghost has put it on record that Jesus loved Mary, Martha and their brother Lazarus. Has He placed it on record in your heart that He loves you? Are you as certain of it as those girls? I have no doubt but that He made known His love in many ways. But listen! When their brother was sick hear this message to them, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick," and when Jesus heard it, He said, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God," and, "I am glad I was not there," for I will give you something that will forever establish my power in your minds, something the world can never gainsay.

When Martha heard that Jesus was coming

she went to meet Him, and her first words were, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." And Jesus replied, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." When Mary met Him she said the same thing, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Alas, how human we are! We cannot, or some-way we many times fail to see beyond our own sorrows. Why, oh, why, did this happen? Lord, you *could* have prevented it. "If thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Oh, brother, sister, if you *know* that you love God, then lean back on the Word. If you *know* you have been called of Him and your all is entrusted to Him, no matter what happens, *trust Him*, for, though you may not now see or understand, it will work out for your good, and for His own glory.

Jesus asked where they had laid him. They came to the grave and a stone was in front of it. Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone." Martha said, "Why, Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he has been dead four days." But the stone was taken away, and after a short prayer Jesus com-

manded and the dead man came forth. The grave clothes were removed and then many of the Jews that had come to Mary and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on Him.

Lazarus lived and died a real death, such living and dying as are going on all about us these days. And Lazarus lying dead in the grave is a type of the sinner's condition. Dead means *void*. When one is dead he is void of life. When God said unto Adam, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," He meant it. Adam ate, sinned and died, became void of the Divine nature or life that he had been clothed with prior to the fall, and from that day men have been void of the Divine life. I know there is a very nice, flowery sentiment abroad called the "Fatherhood of God," and it sounds pretty, but it does not bear up under the test. All are born in sin. Sinners are not born in God's family. They are void of the Divine life, dead in trespasses and sins, children of the devil, and, unless they can be resurrected back to the Divine life and get entirely rid of the grave of sin and its clothes and bands, they will remain in it forever. What a spectacle

to men and angels are the fruitless efforts put forth by a very large per cent. of the professing church of to-day to resurrect those dead in sin and get them out of the grave.

The pews are half or more empty so something must be done; a new carpet should be put down, then the folks will come; or the choir needs reorganizing, or disorganizing, and in its place supply a quartette. There is Prof. So-and-So; of course he is not a member and they say he takes a little too much wine at times, but his singing cannot be equaled and the folks will come to hear; so they put the whiskey devil up in the choir loft, but Lazarus remains in his grave. You say I am exaggerating? I tell you I have been in pulpits on a Sunday morning where the fumes of liquor from the choir loft were so strong that I could smell it. About one Sunday was enough for me.

Or some would-be-high-toned, Paris-fashion-ed, screeching female, whose words could not be distinguished by six persons in the room, is stuck up there to sing. Do the dead rise? Go and see.

Maybe we need a new preacher. This church must have a very highly educated man; a man

who has traveled extensively. Our people are highly educated people (yes, and just so the cemetery is full of them) and they desire one of their own class. I labored in a town during the past year where the pastor was sent away to travel; on his return the officials of the church informed him that he must give lectures on Palestine and his travels on Sunday evenings. He was doing so while lost men and women, bound by the chains of sin, were dying and being damned all about him. Lazarus remained in his grave, and the old, dead, decaying body never stirred.

What a soul-damning farce is much of which we read to-day as so-called "great, sweeping revivals." A nicely flowered gospel, with a few stories about "Meeting your mamma in the sky," or "Little Willie is waiting for you;" come and give the preacher your hand and sign this card; and then the report goes out that thousands have been converted to Christ, while devils hold their jubilees in Hell and *nobody is resurrected*. Why? Well, because nobody sent for Jesus. The Son of God was not sent for, and had He come His first command would have struck terror to their

hearts. Jesus said, "Where have ye laid him?" They said, "Come and see." Jesus came to the grave and a stone lay before it. Jesus said, "*Take ye away the stone.*"

There is a God's side and a man's side in the plan of salvation. Men cannot do God's part, and God does not do and will not do His part until man does his best at his part. Jesus said, "Take ye away the stone," and His first word to the sinner is *repent*. John the Baptist came preaching, "*Repent and bring forth fruits meet* for repentance. Jesus preached repentance, and Peter's first sermon at Pentecost was freighted with it; when souls were pricked to the heart and came to him saying, "What shall we do?" he answered, "Repent." That afternoon on their way to the temple when the lame man was healed at the Gate called Beautiful, and the crowd ran together at Solomon's Porch, Peter again preached to them to repent. *This*, man must do. This is a stone that must be rolled away. There are old grudges to be fixed up and wrongs to be righted. Lies to be confessed and old debts arranged for.

One of the hardest things in repentance for sinners to do is to confess their sins, but the Book says, "Our salvation depends much on our confessing." *If* we confess our sins. "If" is a little word, but read it again. *If we* confess our sins. What must *we* do? *Confess* our sins. What is it *we* are to confess? Our *sins*. *Whose* sins? *Our sins*. Ah, that is the stone, and what a heavy one it is; but there can be no resurrection *until the stone is rolled away*, and Jesus will not roll it away either. No, sir, not so much as lift His hands. Take *ye* away the stone. Brother, sister, you may try and try, pray, plead, beg, beseech, work yourself up into a frenzy of excitement, or join a meeting house, be put under the water, or a thousand and one other things, but there will be no resurrection until you "take away the stone."

I have seldom gone into a community and begun work, and especially is this true during the last few years, but what there have always been a few careful Marthas about. Why, Lord, you don't mean to uncover that grave, do you? Why, he has been dead so long he stinketh. Why,

Lord, we would like to have Brother Lazarus brought out, but can't you resurrect him, Lord, without having the stone rolled away? There will be a very bad odor, Lord, he stinketh. Oh, how the careful Marthas abound these days. They want their loved ones raised, converted, brought back to life, but oh, that confessing. You don't need to confess, it will raise a bad smell. Yes it will, but until that stone is rolled away Lazarus will remain in his grave, a putri-fying corpse. The sinner being dead, void of Divine life, is a stench in the nostrils of God. Made in the image of God, man by sin has marred that image, and now, dead in sin, is a disgrace to his creator.

Can any one read those verses and then fail to see what God thinks of those away from Him? What a picture of a sinner is Lazarus lying in the grave, and the careful Marthas would about keep him there; but the Book says, "If we confess our sins," and before you will find a victory that is worthy of that name, you will have to out with them all. I expect there are many who have sins the same as yours, and they are resting quietly

with a satisfied air, thinking that nobody knows; but when you come out with yours, it will put conviction on them. Yes, rolling away the stone will raise a bad smell, for "he stinketh," but it is the only way to get Lazarus out of the tomb, even after Jesus has come on the scene. But doesn't Jesus know? Yes, He knows. Well won't He roll away the stone? No, sir, He won't touch His fingers to it. He says, "*Roll ye away the stone,*" and no matter what the Jews standing about may think or not think, no matter what the effects will be on the mind of the crowds that stand by listening and looking on, Jesus makes no mistakes and knows the outcome, and He says, "*Take ye away the stone.*"

There is also the stone of unbelief that must be taken away. How often Jesus would inquire, "Believest thou I am able to do this?" before granting the prayer of some petition pleading for His help. When the answer would come, "Yea, Lord," how quickly would fall the words, "Go thy way, that faith hath healed thee," or, "Be it according to thy faith." Unbelief will keep the Son of God from working. "He did not many

mighty works there on account of their unbelief." (Matt. xiii. 58.) When Martha said, "He hath been dead four days," Jesus said unto her, "Said I not unto thee that *if thou wouldst believe* thou shouldst see the glory of God? Had not Jesus said, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the Glory of God?" Martha's questioning was at an end. Oh, that we would have a more implicit faith in the promise, "All things work together for our good," ever remembering that "He doeth all things well."

Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was. Now all was out of the way, and with His eyes toward the Throne Jesus prayed, "Father, I thank thee," giving the Father the credit and the glory. "*And I knew that thou hearest me always*, but because of the people which stand by I said it." Because of the people; the crowd that was looking on. Those unsaved souls watching Him who professed to be the Son of God. Oh, how careful He was for their sakes. Beloved, are you that careful for the sake of the poor, lost, unsaved, perishing souls about you?

And why was Jesus so careful? Listen to the last sentence of His prayer—"that they may believe that thou hast sent me." "That they may believe thou hast done all this. That thou, Father, art the one who is doing this work. That I am only thy mouthpiece. That thou shoudest receive the glory. That they may believe that thou hast sent me." He had said to His disciples "I am glad that I was not there, to the intent that ye may believe," and then, in the presence of the crowd, gives His command to take away that which shut Lazarus in, and rebukes Martha for her not fully believing His words to her and not obeying without reasoning the human side of it.

He spake and "he that was dead came forth." The Book says *he was dead*. No trance there; not just asleep, but *dead*. Look there! See that which but a moment ago was a putrifying corpse rise up and come forth from that old rocky tomb. Can you imagine the consternation and awe that fell upon that crowd looking on? Did you ever sit up all night with a corpse? What if in the night that corpse rose up to life

and walked around in the room? Do you think that to simply say you would have been surprised would do justice to your feeling at that time? Then what must that crowd have felt and thought at the sight? But I say to you that that transaction bears no more of the stamp of the supernatural than a sky-blue case of genuine, supernatural regeneration. It is away, beyond all human reasoning or powers of perceptivity. You can no more explain it than you can explain the Trinity. You can explain much, yes, a large percentage of the so called trumped-up, card-signing, give-the-preacher-your-hand, join-the-church conversions of to-day, but a real, genuine, Holy Ghost, supernatural case of regeneration you can no more explain than to say with him that was blind from his birth, "Where once I was blind now I see." Glory be to God the Father, and Glory be to the Son, and Glory be to the Holy Ghost! Hallelujah forever!

When one sees such a resurrection from death and trespasses and sin, it *tells on the crowd*. Bless God forever! Did you have such a resurrection when you were converted? Was there such a

wonderful display of the supernatural that it would tell on the crowd round about? Oh, I like that cry, "Back to the Bible." It finds an echo in my heart, and I cry, Yes, Lord, back to the Bible, back to the supernatural: away with the sickly, sentimental trash that we see all about us these days. Back from this high-toned, kid-gloved, devil-concocted starch of to-day. Back from these damning, soul-withering, worldly embellishments and human reasoning that have been instituted in the place of the Holy Ghost, and let us have that old time ear-unstopping, limb-straightening, tongue-emptying power. Let us have the supernatural that glorifies God and glorifies the Son thereby. A power that will empty the sepulchres, break the chains, take off the bands and let the captive go free.

One more thought and I am through. "He that was dead came forth bound hand and foot with grave clothes." These were all placed on him while he was dead. What would the Jews have thought had Jesus said, "There now, that is enough, now we will all go home; and Jesus, Martha and Mary had gone off, leaving Lazarus

standing there. Well, that is a pretty good picture of the ideas of many to-day. They got it all at once, there is no more for them, and so they proceed to tell us of their marvelous conversion; but if Lazarus had been left there with his grave clothes on, he would have starved to death; but Jesus had a *second command*; "Loose him and let him go." And the text says, "When the Jews which came to Mary had seen the thing that Jesus *did*, they *believed on him*." Brother, sister, when you were dead in sin there was something fastened to you that the brightest pardon God could give you would not remove. Jesus had nothing to say about grave clothes at first, but to that decaying, foul-smelling body, He spoke, life came to it, and Lazarus came forth. Then He commanded the bands to be taken off. *Inbred sin* you brought with you from your old life. It is a result, or the marks of the grave that you have been in so long, and I care not how real nor how much of the supernatural there was about your regeneration, yet that thing, that mark of the grave is still there, and you have felt its restraining influence more than once. **You**

have felt its desire to respond to the suggestions and temptations of the devil, but, thank God, Jesus is on hand this morning and He commands these bands to be taken off. Will you allow the work to be done? It can be done in a moment. The Blood can cleanse your heart and the Holy Ghost will come in in all His filling power, then you can go away as free as a bird. Free to do the whole will of God; free to obey Him implicitly; free to do right and to do nothing wrong. You can, like Lazarus, go away to be an example to your friends and your loved ones of what Jesus is able to do for your soul. Resurrect and let Him free you from sin. It will be for His highest glory and your greatest good, both in this and the world to come. Oh, show them such an example that, like the Jews that came to Mary, they will also believe on Him!

“Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider. A sinful nation, a

people laden with iniquity, a seed of evildoers, children that are corrupters, they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they have gone away backward. Why should ye be stricken any more? Ye will revolt more and more; the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, nither mollified with ointment." Isa. i. 2-6.

CHAPTER VI.

MORAL INSANITY.

"And when he was come to the other side into the country of the Gergesenes, there met him two possessed with devils, coming out of the tombs, exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass by that way. And, behold, they cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art thou come hither to torment us before the time? And there was a good way off from them an herd of swine feeding. So the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine. And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine: and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters. And they that kept them fled, and went their ways into the city, and told everything, and what was befallen to the possessed of the devils. And, behold, the whole city came out to meet Jesus: and when they saw him, they besought him that he would depart out of their coasts." **MATT. viii. 28-34.**

The country of the Gergesenes, or Gadara, mentioned in the text, lay on the eastward side of the Sea of Galilee. Josephus tells us that it was the chief city of Perea. Near the suburbs

there were many caverns, some natural, some hewn out of the rock, which were called tombs, where this man mentioned in the text dwelt. He was demon-possessed, a demoniac. Jesus landed nearby; he came to Him, and Jesus delivered him from his awful condition and restored him to his right mind. The people of the city came out to see the wonderful miracle, and when they realized what it had cost them, they besought Jesus to depart out of their coasts. It would seem that they would have entreated Him otherwise, but it was not so.

God gives every man a chance to be saved. He sends His Holy Spirit to knock on the door of our conscience and point out our wrong doings, convict us of our sins, move our hearts away from this world and draw us unto Himself. He wills that all should be saved. His Word tells us that He "hath no pleasure in the death of the wicked." I do not doubt that if you took a canvass of your town and could get an honest statement from every man and woman over twenty-one years of age, you would find but few to whom God had not spoken at some time or somewhere

concerning their wicked lives. God has so many methods of dealing with the souls of men that there is excuse for none these days, and especially in these lands of an open Bible.

Men know on which side they stand in the great political issues of the day; likewise if you question the unsaved and question them right down to the depth of their own conscience, ninety-nine out of a hundred will own up where they stand, that they are not living just as they should; and the soul that makes that acknowledgement is not right with God. He is on his downward way to a devil's Hell. God hates sin and is waging an exterminating war against it, but the soul that hangs on to its wrong doings, in spite of all that God has done for its salvation, will just as surely land in Hell as it is certain there is a God above us. There is no need of being lost. God gave His Son that whosoever would believe on Him (not with the head, but with the heart) should be saved. "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." Not that all in the world *would* be saved, but that they

might be—could and would be if they would give up sin. Jesus came to take away the sin of the world (root and branch) from the inhabitants of this globe, but He does not do it against folks' own wills. God does not coerce men into salvation, force them to serve Him against their own wills, but Jesus came and died and the Holy Ghost is in the world convicting and convincing men of sin and of right doing, and of judgment to come.

The world or human family is not so dark about these questions as many would have us think. People know they are wrong, but they do not choose to stop their wrong doings. They act and live against their own consciences and reason, give vent to their own desires, and continue doing much which they know is wrong. In other words, they seem to have a kind of moral insanity. Did you ever have any experience with those mentally insane? If so, you discovered that they treat reality as fiction and fiction as reality, falsehood as truth and truth as falsehood, and are very earnest and set in so doing. They will follow up some phantom of their diseased

brain with the greatest earnestness, and argue all you choose, or threaten them with most any kind of punishment, still you cannot turn them aside from the ideas of their poor, diseased brain. In spite of the fact that their ideas of certain facts may be absurd, and not have the slightest color of truth or reality, yet they cling to them as though they were the most real and truthful of all things on earth. Even bring a relative or one who has been their greatest friend and benefactor to them, and they will turn away without even recognizing them, and in many cases accuse those who are their greatest friends of being their greatest enemies.

Thus it is with those who are morally insane. They also treat fiction as reality and reality as fiction, truth as falsehood, and falsehood as truth, and they follow up the phantom of their diseased moral being with all the earnestness of their very being; and, like those mentally insane, they seem not to understand when they are in danger, but go on to their doom.

The Scripture I have read to you to-night gives a very clear instance of this. Luke speaks of two,

Matthew of but one. Jesus had gone across the water and landed close by the tombs, and this poor man in his awful condition met Him. As I have read the account of the incident, there has come up before my mind a vision of a poor home situated near the outskirts of Gadara, and near the locality of those tombs. If you asked of that careworn woman who lives there the cause of those deep lines upon her brow, she might have replied, "Don't you know my husband? He is a demoniac, and lives there in the tombs. Strong men have bound him, but he breaks the strongest bands, and roams naked and unclothed throughout the tombs." Perhaps were you present when the village children congregated for play, you may have heard one calling after another, whose clothes bespoke poverty, "I don't want to play with you; your papa is a mad man." Or, over yonder in that small cottage there dwells an aged couple and could you but gain their confidence they would tell you of their sorrow. Their boy, possessed with demons, is a mad man in the tombs. What a picture!

But these are not more sad than the thousands

whom we can see all about us, if we but open our eyes; for, while there are not many that have been stricken down with some awful disease, which in its ravages has stolen away the power of the mental faculties, crippling and deadening them in this power until they refuse longer to perform their God-intended functions; yet, alas! look at the teeming multitudes that have been stricken with that same deadening disease called sin, until the moral functions have become disarranged and no longer will perform the desires of their Creator. Moral insanity! The almost countless multitudes that are stricken down by it are dying on every side. There goes a wife bowed down with care. See that tired and worn look upon her brow, watch her as she goes about her work; but a few years ago she was led a blushing, rosy-cheeked girl to the altar, and placed her hand in his who promised to love, cherish and protect. Never did the sun shine on a happier soul than she, when, light-hearted and cheerful with the man of her choice, she bravely, and with no thought of fear or sorrow, faced life's battles. But there is no song escaping her

lips now; by toil and drudgery from morn till night the roses have gone from her cheeks, and furrows have plowed their way across that once fair brow; she seldom smiles, and when she does it soon fades into a far-away sad look. I think I see her now; one of the little ones has come in crying; out on the street something was said by a playmate, and the child, with a broken heart, runs to mother and sobs out his sorrow upon her breast. "Never mind, darling," she whispers, and as the sobs cease and the breathing becomes regular, broken occasionally by a long drawn sigh, she knows her boy is asleep, and as the shades grow long, still she sits and thinks and thinks. Let us follow her thoughts.

"Backward, turn backward, Time, in your flight,
"Make me a child again, just for to-night."

She is thinking of home and her early childhood days. "Oh, those hours, happy hours, we remember when we sang those songs together o'er and o'er, in bright, joyous May or December: we will not forget those happy days of yore." She is a child again, care-free and happy. There is the old home with the fire on the hearth,

brothers and sisters, a loving father and mother : again the evening shades draw nigh, lamps are lighted, fires burn brightly, and after the evening meal father takes down that old Book called the Bible, and opens to a chapter and reads. A verse of song is sung, "*Rock of Ages, cleft for me.*" Why, she can hear mother's sweet voice so plainly, "*Let me hide myself in thee,*" and brother's deep voice joining in unison. "*Let the water and the blood from thy wounded side which flowed.*" How strangely plain father's voice sounds. She sees his dear old face light up with a smile as the words, "*Be of sin the double cure, save from wrath and make me pure,*" escape his lips. They kneel in prayer and it seems that Heaven is nigh. A good-night kiss from father and mother, brothers and sisters, and once more she is laying her head on the snow white pillows up under the roof close to the eaves. Oh, those happy days of yore! But a sigh, longer than the others, escapes the lips of the boy whose head is pillowed on her bosom, and with a start she comes back to her surroundings. She looks about her home. No Bible is lying on the old

mantle shelf, no family prayer in that home. Oh, no; no praying father there. True, she has plenty to eat and to wear, and a roof over her head; but there has been no prayer in that home for years. "Rock of Ages cleft for me" has never been sung around a family altar in that home; no one has any thought or desire to be saved from wrath or made pure under that roof. Husband is too busy with his business cares in the day time, and off to the lodge at night; oldest son is rapidly going in his father's footsteps, and seldom is in until midnight; daughters don't spend much time reading the old family Bible of evenings, but are somewhere with friends. Seldom is it that the family is all at home for an evening; and then—well, husband with his cigar and evening paper is busy, son has some friends in his room, daughter is engrossed with the latest novel, or planning for the coming ball. There is but very little in that home to cheer and gladden the hearts of those who live there. No Bible, no family altar, no prayer, no God, and death stalks in occasionally and carries off an inmate, but there is no Great Physician to pour balm upon

the torn and bleeding hearts. Endeavoring to find satisfaction, they have been chasing after the phantoms of a diseased soul, crying out in its misery for something to satisfy. Is it not a sad picture? Alas, such homes are multiplied thousands of times over in this land of ours!

Do you ask what is the matter with them? Why, sir, that household is stricken with a disease a thousand times more deadly than yellow jack or bubonic plague. That disease the Bible calls sin has fastened itself upon the very vitals of the members of that home, until the moral faculties are so deadened that they refuse to perform their God-given functions, and lead the owners to that "Rock of Ages" that saves from wrath and makes pure. Moral insanity, how dreadful and certain its end!

But Jesus comes upon the scene, the poor demoniac falls before Him, the demon is cast out and now he can return home. Oh, won't there be a meeting when that poor sorrow-stricken wife sees the father of her children coming in his right mind! Can you imagine with what joy those little and all but fatherless children will

climb on his knee? Imagine, if you can, the tears of gladness coursing their way down the furrowed cheeks of that aged father and mother. Oh, the whole city will join them in the glad restoration, and that wonderful Healer will be invited in and the best the city can afford will be at His disposal. He has brought again to life one "worse than dead."

Was it so? Read again the last verse of our lesson. "And behold the whole city came out to meet Jesus, and when they saw him they besought him to depart out of their coasts." What! Do they not invite Him to the city? No. They saw Him and the demoniac sitting at His feet, clothed and in his right mind, but they thought more of their hogs than they did of the presence of the Son of God in their midst. They might have had all their sick healed, all the crippled and palsied restored to health and lives of usefulness, their blind restored to sight, and the living presence of Jesus Christ, God's only Son, among them, but they would not so have it. True, they *could* see what He had done for this fellow townsman, but they were blind to it all; all they

would see was the loss of their hogs. What an opportunity was this! But no greater than the opportunities that God is placing before mankind to-day; like the mentally insane, reality is treated as fiction, and falsehood as if it were the greatest truth. Men know they must die, they know that the close of each succeeding day finds them nearer death and the grave, they know that the possession of this world cannot stay the oncoming of death, nor withhold them from the cold, dark embrace of the grave; and yet they live as though there was no such thing as death, as if there was no God to judge them, no Heaven to close its doors to them, no devil to damn them, no Hell to burn them; and yet this old Book that has stood the storm of centuries past, proclaims all this to be true, and says, "*The soul that sinneth shall die,*" and also, "*Without holiness no man shall see the Lord,*" that "*Whosoever will be friendly with the world makes himself the enemy of God.*" But this tremendous truth is treated as falsehood, and the realities of the coming judgment are looked upon by the vast majority of the human family of to-day as mere

fiction. Men know they must all die, and that the time is steadily drawing nearer, but they are scheming and rushing on in their business pursuits as though there was no death.

Some time ago in an Eastern city, while engaged in revival work, I had occasion to see one of the officials connected with the church in which the meeting was being held, so with the pastor went down town to his place of business. We finally came to where a long building several stories high was being completed. The workmen were working about the threshold of the door. Suddenly our attention was attracted to a white-haired old man who was storming and swearing frightfully. He was the owner, and something had gone wrong, so he was cursing terribly. We put our hands to our ears to shut out the sound and went into the adjoining building, and at the far end of the book-keeper's desk were soon engaged in conversation with the brother we had come to see. We had been thus engaged but a few moments when we heard that same voice again in angry tones, and looking towards the front, there in the aisle stood that same white-

haired old man, giving one of the young women clerks a severe calling down, and to our way of thinking talking in a very ungentlemanly way to the young woman. Quickly calling the attention of our friend to it, he replied, "Oh, that is the proprietor of this establishment." "But what is he talking to that girl like that for?" "Oh, probably she has arranged some pieces of goods on the shelf contrary to his ideas, or something of the kind has taken place." I replied, "Well, sir, he could arrange his own shelf, if I was in the young lady's place. I would tell him so, and leave the store." "Yes, Brother Williams, you could do so; but that young woman has a sick mother to support and several little brothers and sisters, and were she to give up her position in this establishment, there are many waiting to take her place." I stood and looked at that old man nearly ninety years of age. My friend informed me that even the old man himself knew not how much he was worth; up in the millions somewhere. Close, miserly, pays his help less than any other like firm in the city, and demands more from them, squeezing the last dollar as

though it was the only dollar he possessed. Almost ninety years of age, practically one foot in the grave and the other one slipping in, death right at his elbow, and yet living as if there were no death, no God, no Heaven. I took out my little note book and jotted down, "Moral insanity." Are you pressing on for the things of this life with no regard to the future? Do you know that this old Book says that we must all give an account at the judgment as to how we have lived here; be a partaker of the things done in the body? Are you preparing for that coming day? No? Then you are morally insane.

Again, there are a large number of people who are mad after the pleasures of this world. In spite of the fact that they have their names enrolled on the records of some church as a member, yet you find them at the progressive euchre table, whist parties, theatres and other worldly pleasures, absolutely giving the lie to their profession of Christianity, and treating the teachings of the Bible as if they were but fiction; at the same time never counting the cost of what their influence on others may be, though they may be the members of their own household.

A few years ago we were conducting revival services in a town in one of the New England States. The family which was entertaining us left no pains unspared to do their best for our comfort; never have we been more royally entertained than by the lady of that home. The mother and married daughter, who lived a few blocks away, were both members of the church where the meetings were being held. One evening after we had returned from the service, we were in the dining-room partaking of some refreshments, when the son came in, and after sitting down at the table his mother engaged him in the following conversation:

“Son, were you at the church this evening? I noticed you had the store closed.” “No, mother, I was not at the church.” “Have you attended any of the services since Brother and Sister Williams have been here?” “No, mother, I have not.” “Are you going to attend?” “Oh, I don’t know; I may get in some evening before they go away.” And then that mother made an awful mistake. She pitched into the young man about his not going to church, and finally asked him

why he did not attend the services. The young man avoided a direct answer as long as he could, but finally said, "Mother, we won't discuss the question to-night. You know I don't believe in the church business. I never go and I don't care to talk about it now." But, unheeding his request, she asked him why he did not believe in the church and pushed him for an answer. He finally replied, "Because I see no one who lives up to what they profess. If I could see it lived out, perhaps I might have more confidence in it." That woman changed color in her face, but she had tied and had arranged the noose and could not rest until she had placed it about her own neck. "Why, my son, your mother and your sister both are church members, and do you not believe in their religion?" It was now the turn for the boy, who changed color and honestly endeavored to refrain from giving a direct answer; but that woman had asked the question, and rest she would not until she received an answer, and it finally came. "No, mother, if an answer you must have, I confess I do not take any stock in either yours or sister's profession whatever."

That woman will never be whiter when she is in her coffin than she was when she asked the following question: "Why do you not believe in your mother's and your sister's religion?" That young man was white in his face, but she drove him to it, and he replied, "Mother, you are very anxious now concerning my welfare. Why is it that you never speak to me when alone? Why do you wait until there is a preacher in the house? If you are so anxious about my soul, it would seem that you would be trying to do something for me at other times, and would not wait until a preacher came. No, mother, I have no stock whatever in your profession. Where were you just a couple of weeks before this extra meeting began, and on the night that prayer-meeting was held at your church? Do you remember? Well, mother, I can assist your memory. That was the night the progressive euchre party was held at sister's house. You spent about all the day down there helping her get ready for it, and you came home about one o'clock in the morning and you were highly elated. Sister had won the prize. A number of you had put your

money together and purchased a prize costing \$20.00, and sister had won it. But on coming home you found me and some of my chums playing by ourselves with pennies, and you called me a gambler and told me I was on my way to Hell. Mother, tell me, who is the biggest gambler, you and sister with your profession of religion, playing cards for a prize costing \$20.00, or me and my chums who make no profession at all, playing for a few pennies?" And when he got started, well, he was the son of his mother, and she could not head him off or stop him from speaking. "Mother, you and your church friends have gone to social functions and drunk wine, but because I take a glass of beer occasionally I am on my way to Hell. Mother, who is the biggest drunkard, you and your church friends drinking your wine, or me with my beer? No, mother, I must confess I have no confidence whatever in your religion. They tell me Mr. Williams has been going for you folks at the church for your theater going. What about it, mother? Last winter while on the Pacific coast visiting sister, you came back and have told us of the plays you witnessed at

the opera while out there. Mother, you have told us so many times that I think I could act out some of the parts myself, and the whole play hinged on a young girl losing her virtue, and I think one could see quite enough of that in real life, without going to the opera to see it. No, mother, I don't believe in your kind of religion." And the young man sprang up and went out of the room and would not come in again while we were there. I went to my room and wrote in my notebook the occurrence and headed it "Moral Insanity."

Come, what about your life? Have you the same deadly, dreadful disease? I was back in the same state a couple of years later, holding a meeting some ten miles away, and one day drove out to the former place and made some inquiries concerning that young man. His beer had increased to stronger drink; he had lived a dissipated life, and was fast going down hill. I called at his place of business and found the mark of dissipation on his young but bloated face. I did not get to see the mother, as she was out of town at the time. During the ten mile drive I had

plenty of time to think about it. How different would it have been had that mother really had the salvation of Jesus Christ that saves from all sin and worldliness, instead of the miserable, worldly, soul-damning profession that she had, clinging to the false instead of the real. And I say unto you, in spite of her church membership and profession of religion, when she sat down at the card table to play for a prize, no matter how small it may have been, she was just as much a gambler as the man who sits at the roulette table. Gambling is gambling, no matter how small the prize, and no child of God was ever found playing cards and gambling.

But a short time ago I heard of a gentleman, highly respected and an official in the church, ruined and sent to Hell by a so-called "harmless" game of cards. A young lady, a leader in one of the young people's societies of a Southern city, organized a social card party for the winter's amusement. She was a leader in the church, was called an active worker, but thought the young people must have some harmless amusement for the winter. Among the number were two young

ladies who were invited in. One evening they begged their father to go and see for himself that there was no harm; he went and was taught to play by the above-mentioned young lady. He became interested in the little gathering and soon became an expert player. More and more the fascination for cards grew upon him, and he began to play for large sums. Going to a neighboring city he went into a gambling house and won quite a sum of money. But in a short time returned and lost it, with many thousands more. Returning home he gathered a large sum in cash and went back to the gambling table to retrieve what he had lost, only to lose still greater sums; and again he returned home, borrowed as much as he could, and returned to the gambling table only to return home penniless. His fortune was gone and the ownership of a large business with it. He made an assignment, and on Sunday morning the newsboys were calling it on the streets. Surprise was manifested by many of his personal friends. His house was known to be one of the most safe and prosperous in the city. Some of his friends, brothers in the church, said,

"We will call and see him; there must be a mistake somewhere." They called. It was a beautiful Sabbath morn. They were shown into the elegant and comfortable parlor; everything bespoke refinement and wealth. Directly he came in, and his friends began to express their sorrow and sympathy for him, and he said, "It is all true. I made the assignment yesterday." "How did it all come about?" they asked. "I will tell you," he replied, and then gave the story in detail, and as he finished he arose to walk to and fro in the room. "My poor wife does not know it," he said. "The blow will kill her, and my two lovely daughters are now getting ready to go to church; they have never worked in their lives, and it will kill them." "But we trust you will be able to save something from the wreck," said his friends, "and start out again." "No, I have not a cent. The carpet on the floor is not mine; business, home, furniture, all, all is gone. My God, I can't stand it, and I won't stand it," he cried fiercely, and drawing a revolver from his hip-pocket he placed it to his forehead; at the crack of the pistol his brains were scattered on the floor, and his soul was in Hell.

Whose was the blame? Whose, and with whom did it start? Go back to that young, godless Christian professor, that young leader of the young people's meeting, with her damning card party, and you will find it. But did she not make a profession of religion? Yes, she did; but she could not see the harm in social cards, although suicide, murder and Hell lurked about them. She treated realities as fiction; her profession was not the real salvation the Bible teaches. Her moral sensibilities were so blunted by sin that she, by her influence, wrecked a large business, made a frantic gambler out of a kind and indulgent father, disgraced the cause of Jesus Christ, slandered the church, caused a suicide, made two defenseless girls fatherless, a wife a widow, put a blight on their lives, stained their names forever, and damned a soul in Hell. What was wrong with her? She was morally insane, and there are more at the same hellish business. Speak to them about it and they will tell you that they see no harm in it. Of course they don't; their moral sensibilities are so blunted by that soul-damning disease called sin, that

morally insane, they, too, are treating truth as though it were falsehood, and reality as though it were fiction. Had some one gone to that young woman and pointed out the truth, and to what her actions and influence would be liable to lead, she would not have believed it. And there are many to-day treading that same dangerous, soul-damning path of worldly pleasures, and calling themselves Christians.

Do you know what a Christian is? A *Christ-like person*. Is such selfish, nefarious, soul-destroying business as card-playing Christ-like? Imagine, if you can, Jesus, John, James, Peter, Mary Magdalene and others of those who loved to be with Jesus, sitting about a card table playing "hearts for trumps," while souls went to Hell all around them. No, sir, you never saw a child of God playing cards in your life, and you never will. I'll freely admit that many church members play cards, and they believe there is no harm in it; but they are not God's children. They are not Christians; they are not saved from sin; their moral sensibilities are so blunted by sin that they are morally insane. Many, if you speak to them

of the bad effect of their influence with home folks and others, will tell you they are not responsible for what others do; that they are not their "brother's keeper," and that they cannot afford to give up their enjoyment for the unfortunate, weaker brother or sister. Just so, like the Gergesenes, they think more of their hogs than the fellow being, or his loved ones. Morally insane, and there is but one remedy in the universe for this great soul-destroying scourge, and that is the soul cleansing, sanctifying blood of the Son of God.

Some time ago in the city of Little Rock I was conducting an evangelistic meeting in a very large building that was known as the Jones' Tabernacle. It would seat several thousand people. One night after the sermon, I noticed a knot of people off to my extreme left. I worked my way around, and, when near, one of their number beckoned me to them. I found the center of attraction to be a lovely young girl, about nineteen years of age, and dressed in white. Her friends had been dealing with her about her soul, endeavoring to persuade her to go forward to the

altar for prayer. Her married sister and husband were doing their very best to get her to do so, but she had refused, though she had been weeping freely. Room was made, and I knelt down by her side and began pleading with her to give up and go forward. While doing so I learned that her mother had died but a few months previous, and that on her death-bed she had asked this young girl to give up her sins and meet her in Heaven, and that the girl on her knees, with her mother's cold, clammy hand in her own, had promised to do so. How I plead with that girl! But she kept saying, "I can't give up! I can't give it up!" I finally asked her that if it would be proper I would like for her to tell me what it was that she could not give up. After a time she finally said, "Mr. Williams, I dearly love to dance, and have promised a number of times to cease, but have not been able to do so; I just cannot stop it. I am now engaged for the coming ball next week, and if I promise to give is up to-night, I would only break my word next week."

Friends, shall I tell you what I did? I got up immediately with the words, "If you choose to

stoop to such base things as that, throwing yourself in a position with those of the opposite sex that is only honorable between husband and wife, rather than keep your pledge, made on your knees, to your dying mother to meet her in Heaven; if that is the kind of a young woman you are, I have nothing more to say," and I left her immediately, believing that the rebuke would be the best thing for her. I went back to the platform, but in a short time she was kneeling at the altar. I went immediately and knelt by her side, telling her that I was glad she had decided for mother and Heaven. She replied, "I am here; but oh, I cannot give it up; I don't want to give it up!" "Good-night," I replied, and left her side at once. That girl came to the altar for three consecutive nights, but in spite of a weeping sister and friends, and her promise to her mother, did not give up the dancing, and the meeting closed with her unsaved. Her moral sensibilities were so blunted and benumbed by that disease called sin that she was morally insane. Thought more of her lustful, sensual

pleasure than the promise made on her knees to a dying mother. Morally mad.

I was conducting services in the Trinity Methodist Church at Roundout, a part of Kingston, New York State. On a Sunday morning, just at the close of the service, a young lady came to the platform and said, "Mr. Williams, some of us girls would like to have you step up to the choir loft a moment, as we want to ask you a question." I followed her, and found about a dozen young ladies there, and the one in question acted as spokesman and said, "Mr. Williams, you have said some strange things concerning the evil of dancing. Why do you think it to be so wrong and wicked?" I said, "I will answer your question by asking you one. Tell me where else and under what other circumstances you would like to be found occupying the same position with a young man as you assume on the ball-room floor in the waltz. In your private room? In your mother's parlor, or where?" She looked at me for a few seconds, changed color, pale and red by turns, and finally said, "But suppose you were dancing with the young man you were engaged

to?" I replied, "Do you mean to give me to understand that you never dance with any but the young man you are engaged to?" She made no reply, and I said, "Very well and good; but don't assume such a position with him as will arouse his nature and send him to the brothel for satisfaction, so that some day you will marry a human rake instead of a pure man. Some day he will seek you as his wife, demanding purity of you; see that you have the same from him." She looked me full in the face for perhaps half a minute, and as the whole situation dawned upon her, she exclaimed, "I never saw it like that before; so help me God I have danced my last time." And from the rest standing around came the words, "And so have I." How any pure, virtuous girl can assume such a position with one of the opposite sex, and see no harm in it, I cannot imagine. The only excuse I can find for her is that sin has so deranged her moral sensibilities that she is morally insane.

The dance feeds the brothel. A leading Catholic bishop of this country is quoted in print as saying: "Nineteen out of every twenty cases of

young girls who, in the confessional, confess to the loss of virtue, give as the starting of their downfall the dance." Professor T. A. Faulkner, ex-president of the dancing masters' association of the Pacific coast, gives the following figures of 200 cases of girls, all inmates of the brothel at the time he wrote:

Dancing school and ball-room.....	163
Drink given by parents	20
Wilful choice.....	10.
Poverty and abuse.....	7
	<hr/>
	200

He further says, "I know of a select dancing school where, in a course of three months, eleven of its victims are inmates of the brothel to-day."

And yet all over this land of ours mothers are sending their children to some select dancing class; excuse me, but rather damning class, to teach them to be graceful. My God, that mother must be insane, or she would rather see her little darlings go home to Heaven than see them upon the ball-room floor in the dance. I have daughters of my own, and have said to them that I

would far rather, with my own hands, nail them in their coffins, cold in death, than see them in the dance. But some would-be high-toned society woman may snap out, "I don't believe any such stuff; I danced and I never fell." Well, madam, I will not dispute you concerning yourself, for I do not know; but your daughter walking in your footsteps may be tried differently, or may not be so strong as you, and in a weak or unguarded hour fall, and when she is thrown back to you a crushed and faded flower, you will remember that at least one preacher had the courage and grace to tell you the truth about it. But some one says, "The place that I send my child to is a select class, and the professor is a perfect gentleman, and would not tolerate anything of the kind." All I have to say is, the more fool you are. Do you think that those parlors could be fitted up and expenses made out of the sums they receive as tuition? If so, listen and I will read you verbatim what Professor Faulkner has to say in his little book that I hold in my hand, the title of which is "From Ball-room to Hell":

"It was a Saturday night, in the month of

December, in the year 1891. The girls who toil daily in the stores and shops on Spring Street were hastening to their homes after the long week of toil. As they passed along we noticed among them the tall, graceful figure of a young woman who seems to be the favorite of the group of young girls about her. She is a handsome blonde of eighteen years, with a face as sweet and as lovely as that of an angel. She was born in a country town in New England, of respectable parents. Her mother died while she was yet but a little girl, leaving her to the care of a devoted father, who, with loving interest, reared and educated her. After the completion of her education, she entered a printing office to serve an apprenticeship, but the close confinement, following, as it did, in close proximity to the confinement of the school room, soon undermined her health and a change of climate was prescribed. The father felt he could not part from her even for a few months, but as it seemed for her good, he reluctantly consented to her going to Los Angeles, the "City of the Angels," for a year. It was a sad day for both when that father

and his only daughter parted. Little could he know of the fate that was in store for his pure and loving child in the far West. Little did he think when she kissed him an affectionate farewell, and told him she would return in just one year, that he would never see her smiling face again. Nor did she dream that she was journeying to her doom; that far beyond the mountains she would be laid to rest 'neath the sod of mother earth.

“But to return to the scene on Spring Street. As the little group passes up the street, her very beautiful face does not escape the notice of the crowd of idlers gathered on the corner gazing impudently at the passers-by. Among these idlers is one of the city's most popular society gentlemen and ball-room devotees, and we hear him mutter to himself as he stares impudently at her pretty face: ‘Ah, my beauty, I shall locate your dwelling place later on. You are too fine a bird to be lost sight of.’ He follows her to her lodging, and day by day studies her habits. He discovers that she goes nowhere except to her daily **toil and to church**. He visits the church,

and finding no opportunity to approach her there, is about to give up the chase, when he finds out that that church does not condemn dancing. 'Ah, now,' he says, 'I have you.'

He goes to one of the most fashionable dancing schools, where he is well known, and explains his difficulties to the dancing master, who is ever ready to take part in just such dirty work, for it is from the pay of such work that he derives much of the profit of his school. He sends her a highly colored, gilt-edged card containing a pressing invitation to attend his select school. She does not respond, so he finally sends his wife to press the invitation. The girl, not dreaming of the net that is being woven about her, promises that if her pastor does not disapprove she will attend. The pastor does not disapprove. He tells her that he sees no harm in dancing. Why does he not see harm in dancing? Has he never been where he could see? She takes it for granted that he knows, and, acting on his advice, attends the school.

She is met at the door by the dancing master, who is very polite and so kindly attentive. The

society man who is plotting her ruin is the first person presented to her. He is a graceful dancer and makes the evening pass pleasantly for her, by his kind attention and praise of her grace in dancing, and when the school is dismissed he escorts her home, which courtesy she accepts because the dancing master vouches for him, and she thinks that is sufficient. He continues his attentions, and finally invites her to attend with him a grand full dress ball to be given at one of the principal hotels. She has never attended a grand ball in her life, and looks forward to this with the greatest pleasure.

The evening at last arrives. Her escort calls for her in an elegant carriage. She looks more beautiful than ever in her pretty, modest evening dress, and he says to himself, 'Ah, my Greek goddess, I shall have the "belle of the ball" for my victim tonight.' As they enter the ballroom she is quite charmed and dazzled by its splendor and the gayety of the scene, which is so novel to her. During the first of the evening her companion finds her more reserved than is to his taste, but he says to himself, 'Only wait, my fair one, until

supper time, and the wine will do the work desired.' Twelve o'clock at last comes, and with it the summons to the supper room. Here the well spread table, the brilliant lights, the flowers, the music and the gay conversation are all sources of the greatest pleasure to the unaccustomed girl, but there is one thing which does not please her. It is the fact that wine is flowing freely and that all are partaking of it. She feels that she can never consent to drink. It is something she has never done in her life. Yet she dares not refuse, for all the others are drinking and she knows that to refuse would bring upon herself the ridicule of all the party.

She hears her companion order a bottle of wine opened. He pours and offers it, saying, 'Just a social glass, it will refresh you.' She looks at him as if to protest, but he returns the gaze and hands her the fatal glass, and she has not the moral courage to say no. As they raise their glasses he murmurs softly. 'Here's hoping we may be perfectly happy in each other's love, and that the cup of bliss now raised to our lips may never spill.' One glass and then another, and the

brain unaccustomed to wine is w. -ling and gid-dy. The vile wretch sees that his game is won. He whispers in her ear many soft and foolish lies, tells her that he loves her, and that if she can return that love, he is hers and hers alone, so long as life shall last. She sits tipped back in one chair, with her feet in another, laughs loudly at every poor little joke, and responds in a silly, affectionate manner to all his words of love, and when he makes proposals to which she would have scorned to listen at any other time, she not only listens, but gives consent to all, and does not leave the house that night. When she awakens next morning it is in a strange room. Her head whirls, she gazes abstractedly about her and tries to shake off what seems to her to be a horrid dream, but she is brought suddenly to realize that it is no sleeping fancy, but a stern reality, as a low voice by her side says: 'Did you rest easy, my dear?' 'My God!' she fairly shrieks as the awful truth bursts upon her. 'Is it possible, or am I dreaming?' And she passes her hand wildly across her face. 'Do not excite yourself, my dear. You are not well. You will feel better

presently.' 'Better!' she cries, bursting into tears. 'Better! What is life to me now that you have robbed me of my virtue? Oh, that I should have sunken into such depths of sin, and that you, vile man, whom I trusted, should have led me to it.' She tries to rise, but finds herself too weak and dizzy, and falls back heavily upon her pillow. 'Lie still, my love, and when you are able I will let you go. But do not blame me for what has occurred; it was by your consent. You know I am going to marry you, and all will be well.' 'No.' she sobs, 'all will not be well. Nothing will ever be well with me again.' And she returns to the room which she left a few hours ago a bright and happy girl, now broken-hearted and on the verge of despair, with a blot upon her young life which nothing on earth can efface. To be sure, he who has brought all of this upon her has promised to right the wrong by marriage, but poor consolation it seems to her to have to marry a man whom she feels to be worse than a murderer. Even this poor consolation is denied her, however, for the wretch, when he gave the promise, had no thought of fulfilling it.

Such trifles as this he thinks nothing of. It is the way of most high society men, and when he comes to her again it is not to marry her, but to seek to drag her lower down. She repels him, and he is seen by her no more. He has no further use for her.

Days grow into months, and now added sorrow fills her cup of grief to overflowing. She is to become a mother, and the poor girl cries out in bitter anguish: 'My God, what shall I do! Must I commit murder? Oh, that I had never entered a ball-room!' All her old companions shun her, every one shuns her; even he who led her to ruin shuns her. She goes to him, hoping he will have compassion on her; but he meets her with a sneer, calls her a fool, and tells her to commit a yet greater crime than the first, which in her despair she does, 'seals the band of death.' She soon became very ill and sank rapidly, and then came a time when she felt that life was short, and if she wished to leave a message on earth it must be done quickly.

Having heard of my conversion, and that I intended exposing the evils which germinate in

the ball-room, she sent a messenger requesting me to call immediately. On entering the house I was led to a couch in a cosy room where lay the beautiful young woman whose pale face showed all too plainly an amount of sorrow and suffering unwarranted by her years. The countenance brightened as I entered, and she extended her hand saying: "I am so glad that you came to see me, so glad to know that you are to expose the evils which bud in the dance hall. Do not delay your work. I have prayed God to spare my life that I might go and warn young girls against that which has made such a sad wreck of my pure and happy life, for when I entered dancing school I was as innocent as a child and as free from sin and sorrow; but under its influence and its association I lost my purity, my innocence, my all; but I know that God has forgiven the sin which is sending me to my early grave, where I shall soon be forgotten by all earthly friends. Do not grieve for me. I am leaving this dark world for a bright and happy one where sin and sorrow are unknown. Mother is waiting for me there, and I am not afraid to go.' We spoke of a

hope that she might yet recover, but she only closed her eyes and shook her head slowly. 'No,' she said, with considerable effort, "I shall never leave this room alive, never see the green hills of home, never see my father's face, but tell him not to grieve for me; I shall be happy in the arms of Jesus.' 'Is there anything I can do for you?' I asked. 'Yes,' said she, faintly, looking earnestly into my face; 'yes, there is one thing; that which I had hoped I might live to do myself. Promise me that you will do that and I shall die content. Promise me that you will go before the world and speak out a warning against the awful dangers of the dance hall, and try to save young girls from the sin, disgrace and destruction dancing has brought upon me.' I made a solemn promise before God that her request should be complied with. The dying girl showed unmistakable signs of pleasure at having my faithful promise. She pressed my hand and said in a voice scarcely audible, 'You have seen ball-rooms as they are, my friend, and there is a great and a good work before you. May God bless you in it. I seal your promise with death,' and before

I could speak she was dead, and her soul had winged its flight to a Heaven of love and peace, where weary hearts shall find perfect love and perfect justice: where not man but God, judges His children.

“I know the man who was the perpetrator of this crime which was the cause of this sad death. He, to-day, instead of being hung for murder, as he so richly deserved, is a leader in society. His name often appears in the social columns of the daily papers of Los Angeles, as the leader of some fashionable dancing party or kirmess. He has been the winner of several prizes in dancing; in fact, is an elegant dancer and is wealthy. These facts gain for him admission to whatever society he chooses to enter. Think ye, parents who have daughters who dance, of their being night after night in the embrace of such men as he, as they most certainly are, if they dance much! Such men as he flock to places of dancing for that purpose. Some may say that places of dancing are not the only places where such men are to be found. True, but at no other place would they be allowed to take such liberties

with your daughter as they may there. This they well know, and consequently there are more of them to be found in places of dancing than elsewhere. And it is not the whirling they go for and enjoy."

Friends, I may not be able to have as many seekers at the altar to-night as I could wish, but if I can prevent some precious girl from being drawn into the devil's dancing snare I will be thankful, whether my efforts are appreciated or not. I repeat that the whole thing can only be excused in the fact that sin has so blighted the sensibilities that they who can see no harm in such pastimes are morally insane.

The laws of health are against it, common sense and decency are against it, your church is against it, and it is contrary to the whole spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ. The leading churches of all denominations have spoken against it.

Bear with me a little longer and I'll be through. "They besought him that he would depart out of their coasts." They might have had the Son of God for a guest, might have had their sick and

lame healed, and rejoicing throughout their town, but they thought more of their possessions, their hogs, than they did of Jesus. They might have been roaming the fields of paradise now; they might have been singing the songs of the redeemed; they might have been making the galleries of Heaven ring with praises to the King; but no, their worldly possessions, a drove of hogs, came first, and they besought Him to depart out of their coasts, and Jesus turned about and returned across the sea to the other side. Search the Scriptures all you may, you cannot find that Jesus ever went back to Gadara again. They had their opportunity and made their decision, and it will stand forever.

That country of the Gergesenes, at that time so beautiful, is now a barren waste. Listen to the words of one who but three or four years ago traveled through it: "When I stood upon the old walls of Gergesa, the capital of Gadara, to which Jesus went, and looked around upon the ruins of the city, without an inhabitant except the wandering Arabs then on the spot, grazing their herds and flocks, and saw their country, which

has lain desolate 1800 years, I saw in panorama as I looked out over the sea, Jesus embarking in the ship, which sails away, appearing smaller and smaller until she passes out of sight, thus leaving poor Gadara ruined and doomed. How signally has this been verified in the dismal fate of that country. The Gadarenes have literally faded from the face of the earth, not one to be found; their capital desolate, their cities and villages depopulated and destroyed; their country in the hands of the nomadic Bedouins, the wild sons of Ishmael, in reference to whom God said, 'His hand shall be against every man's hand, and every man's hand against him.' They are born robbers; if you wish to visit the land of Gadara this day, you would need an armed escort to save you from robbery and murder. What a warning to the people who request Jesus to depart from them!"

What a warning to this audience! God is speaking to some one here. Jesus has appeared on your coasts to-day. What are you going to do with Him? He is ready to heal your sin-sick soul, ready to clear your poor, diseased moral

sensibilities, ready to restore them to their rightful condition and make you a blessing instead of a curse to mankind. But I warn you that you can put Him off and drive Him away, until He will depart, and then when you want Him He will not be found. Listen to the Word of God: "Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh, when your fear cometh as desolation and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer, they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me, for that they hated knowledge and did not choose the fear of the Lord. They would none of my counsel, they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way and be filled with their own devices." Prov. i 24-31.

I warn you, you can grieve the blessed Spirit of God until He departs from you, and when that

takes place your doom is sealed, surely and ever lastingly sealed. I will close with this one illustration. In one of his Chicago campaigns, Mr. Moody tells of a man who raised his hand for prayer. Mr. Moody saw him and talked with him, and the man was interested regarding his soul, and came regularly for some time; but finally he was missed. Some time after Mr. Moody received a note from a lady requesting him to come and see her husband, who was sick, and on making the visit he found it to be the same man. He grew very ill, but down close to the jaws of death promised God that if He would heal him and raise him up, he would give Him his heart, and live a Christian life. He grew better and was able to go out, and finally go down in the city. Moody asked him to the meeting one night, and he said, "I cannot come to-night; I am going over the lake. Just before I was taken sick I purchased a farm and I must go over and see it." Moody pressed him, and reminded him of his promise to God when he was so low. "No, I cannot come now; I'll attend to it some other time."

Moody left him, but the second day received a note from the wife to hurry down at once. She met him at the door, saying, "Mr. Moody, my husband had a relapse only a few hours after you left. We have just had a consultation of physicians, and they say my husband cannot live through the night. He did not want me to send for you, but I could not let him die like that. He lays and moans, 'The harvest is past and the summer is ended, and I am not saved.' I sent for you; can't you do something?" Mr. Moody went in, and when the man saw him he turned his face to the wall. "Friend," said Moody, "I have come to pray with you." "No use," said the man, "you don't need to pray for me. Pray for my poor wife, but you don't need to pray for me. God gave me an opportunity, but I neglected it, and now there is no hope." "Oh, yes," said Mr. Moody, "while there is life there is hope," and tried to cheer the dying man. Moody got down to pray, but the heavens seemed as brass; he could not pray; it seemed as though his words did not go above his head; it seemed like mockery to try to pray. Friends, it may be strange to you

to hear me say this; but do you know there are those whom I once prayed for, and often, but they have resisted and gone on until I cannot pray any more. I have tried on my bended knees alone in my room in the dark, but I cannot. I believe they have gone over the dead-line, anyway God has shut me out so far as my praying for them is concerned. They saw the light, I know they saw the light, but they deliberately made their choice, went back on promises that I heard them make, and some of which vows I heard them make to God on their knees; but they broke their vows, deliberately broke them; and try as I have, I have been unable to pray for them. Moody said it seemed as though the heavens were brass and he went away. The man continued to moan, "The summer is ended and I am not saved." During the long hours of that night, watching by his bedside, the faithful wife saw his lips moving, and bending down she caught the words whispered faintly from his dying lips, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." And in a few more gasps he was gone. He lived a Christless life.

Jesus came into his coast, but he besought Him to depart, and He did. He died a Christless death. They wrapped him in a Christless shroud, and put him in a Christless coffin, had a funeral that Christ did not attend, nailed him in a Christless box, and laid him in a Christless grave, and a Christless soul he will stand at the Judgment along with the Gergesenes and all those who choose the things of this world instead of Christ. May God help you not to fight away the blessed Spirit that is now knocking for admittance. Jesus is here; He has appeared on the coasts of your lives to-day. What will you do with Him?

CHAPTER VII.

HE IS ABLE.

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." HEB. vii. 25.

Sometimes when you have started to read a story book you have noticed that in the early chapters there have been characters which were quite prominent; as you went on through the volume those characters simply dropped away from your notice, but as you neared the conclusion of the book, those same characters came back with all the more force on account of their seeming absence. Now, if that should be the way with the text to-night; if you lose sight of it for a little while, do not think the preacher has. It will appear again, if you do lose sight of it for a little while. It is an old text, one that has been preached from, I suppose, by nearly every holiness preacher in the land; but the Book tells us that no Scripture is of private interpretation;

and the Holy Ghost has a peculiarity of revealing certain truths to each individual, and I trust He will give us something new to-night.

Now, before looking at the text, there are two or three propositions that we want to place before you for your prayerful consideration. The first proposition I am quite sure every one, not only on this platform, but in this audience, will agree to; that is, that some time, somewhere, and somehow, we must all stand before God. For a proof of my proposition, I cite you to 2nd Corinthians the 5th chapter and 10th verse, "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." Brother, those are not my words, but they are God's words. That means, sir, that if there is a licentious man here, you have got to appear before the judgment bar of God Almighty, and be a partaker of your damnable uncleanness, and spend eternity with those of your kind. There are people here who have been in the habit of misrepresenting things, who have been guilty of lying; this verse means

that you must come before the judgment bar of God and be a partaker of your sin, and go to Hell and spend everlasting eternity with your own kind. If there is a young girl in this room to-night who has been in the habit of telling what she is pleased to call "little white lies," misrepresenting things to her parents, let me inform you that there was no lie ever told that was white. The simplest misrepresentation you ever made is just as black a lie as Hell ever hatched. If there is a girl here to-night who has asked her mother the privilege of stepping down the street a few minutes; if she knew that, if her mother was aware of the company she would be in she would not let her go, she misrepresented the case, she lied to her mother, and, unless she finds something that will forever take away that damnable lie, she will have to go up before the judgment bar of the Great White Throne and be a partaker of that falsehood, and spend eternity in a burning Hell. If there is a man here that has been guilty of stealing anything, no matter how small a thing it may have been, if he does not make it right, he will have to go to the judgment bar and there

be judged and sent to Hell with all the thieves in the universe. That young man sitting there who has taken the name of God in vain, must repent of his sin or come up to the judgment and be sent to Hell with all the swearers that ever lived. If there is an adulterer here, let me inform you that you must repent and get out of your adultery, or you will spend an eternity in Hell with the adulterers of this godless and Christless age. Each will find his own class or kind and go to Hell to dwell with them. Jesus Christ preached this truth when He was here upon earth, and He preached it so plainly that any way-faring man might see it.

If you will turn with me to the 13th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and read the parable of the tares, you will find that after the good seed had been sown, while men slept, an enemy came and sowed tares; and when the good seed was sprung up and had come to the blade and brought forth fruit, the tares also appeared. The servants came to their master and asked him if they should go and pluck up the tares, but he said, "No, let them grow together

until the harvest, when I will send my reapers to gather the tares into bundles and burn them." It says so in the Book. Why gather them up into bundles? That they may be burned. That means, sir, that if you have been guilty of sensuality, you will be bound up with those of your own class and character. It means if you have been dishonest, no matter in how little things, if you have taken little things from somebody else's cupboard or table, you have been dishonest; if you have taken that which did not belong to you, however small it might have been, you belong to the class of thieves. It means that that boy who has taken five cents of the change when shopping for his mother, without her knowledge; that girl who slips a few pennies away when she goes to market; it means that unless they repent, they will be bound up in bundles with those who have stolen greater things, the thieves of all classes and all kinds, to be burned. It takes in the liars, little and big,—I beg your pardon, there is no lie small or white; every lie that has been told is as black as Hell. If you have been guilty, you might as well get your grave clothes

ready, for God Almighty is on your track. It means for all sinners of every kind and class to be bound up in bundles at the end of the age.

If you will read this chapter carefully, you will find that the word "world" has been used with two different meanings. According to the King James' translation, it would seem that this time of gathering up the tares and binding them in bundles would be put off until this old world and all there is in it shall be burned up; but the word "world" springs from two different Greek words. One is *kosmos*, which means the world; the other is *aion*, which means the age. If you will read carefully, you will see that it is in the completion of this age, singular number, not plural; in the completion or end of the age, the Lord will send His reapers. The disciples could not understand this parable of the tares, so they came to Jesus for an explanation, and He told them that this should take place at the end of the world, or rather at the *end of the age*.

I have met some preachers who said the field was the church, hence their excuse for not having a house cleaning and turning out of their church the members who drank whiskey, played

cards, ran to the race tracks, played progressive euchre in their private gambling homes, etc. Their excuse for not drawing the lines of their creed and bearing down upon such members and turning them out was that the field was the church, and Jesus said, "Let them grow together." But the field is not the church. Jesus said, "The field is the world." The word He used there for the world is the word *kosmos*, and did not mean the trees and the rocks, the sea and the ground. He used the same word that John used when he said, "Behold, the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of *the world*." The rocks, the sea and the land that compose the world do not commit sin, and Jesus Christ did not die to cleanse them from sin. He means the people that go to make up this great world. "The field is the world"—*kosmos*—the great human family. "The field is the world and the good seed are the children of the kingdom," God's own people; men and women who have been born from above. The tares are sinners, the children of the devil. Every tare is a sinner; every sinner is a tare. Every unregenerated being in this

room to-night is a tare, a child of the devil, growing with the wheat until the end of the world—not *kosmos* here, but *aion*—the *end of the age*. If you will turn to Revelation xiv. 15 you will find where the angel cried with a loud voice saying, “Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the time is come for thee to reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe.” The Son of God is going to thrust in His sickle and reap, and He is going to tell His angels to bind the tares in bundles to burn them.

“At the end of the age.” What age? Why, the age in which they were then living. The Gospel age. Nearly two thousand years ago it came on in its pale moonlight under the preaching of John the Baptist, and the glory grew brighter as Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, came “with healing in his wings,” and on Pentecost it grew so bright that a poor, benighted sinner might find his way without the blood of bulls and goats or the ashes of an heifer, or the prayers or intervention of a priest—might find his way back to God, back to Heaven, back to glory. Thank God, we are in that age yet.

Turn to 1st Corinthians, 10th chapter. Paul, in writing to the church, said, "I would not that ye should be ignorant how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea, and did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink, for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ." This is positive proof that their crossing the Red Sea stood for a type of regeneration. When they crossed the sea, they came out of bondage. But he goes on and says they did not all get into Canaan, and told the reason why. He says, "These things happened unto them for ensamples and were written for our admonition, upon whom the *ends of the ages are come.*"

If Paul realized, nineteen hundred years ago, that he was in the last age, great God, help us to see how much nearer we are to the end now! Oh, sir, we are driving on! If they spoke that way away back eighteen or nineteen hundred years ago, how much nearer the end of the age we **must be!** I was thinking this morning, how

some of these days you are going to wake up and find some of us gone. I said to my wife when I kissed her good-bye, "Good-bye, mamma; if I don't see you here again, we will meet just over the tree tops."

Without holiness, without sanctification, no man shall *see the Lord*. It is a subject I like to preach about. It is a theme that does my soul good. When I go to bed I say, "Lord Jesus, if you call before morning, be sure and wake me up, so I will catch the early morning train. I have my ticket, and am all ready." And the first thing in the morning I say, "Lord, you did not call last night; help me to walk to-day so that if you should call before night, I should not fail to hear nor be ashamed to go."

I have given you the proof of the first proposition, that some time, somewhere and somehow, we must all come before the Lord.

My second proposition you may not fall in with quite so quickly. It is that there are *two ways of coming before God*. Mark you, I did not say there are two acceptable mediums, but there are two ways of coming before God. This

is laid down very clearly in the Book. Going away back down to the time when Joseph was in a state of perplexity, not hardly knowing what to do, the angel said, "Fear not, Joseph, it is all right to take unto thee Mary to wife, . . . she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus." Why? "For he shall save *his people* from their sins." Well, who are "his people?" Well, sir, that woman who takes more time arranging her hair than she does saying her prayers, is not a child of God; that man who thinks more of his gold and silver than he does of the salvation of his children, he is not a child of God; that proud, fashionable, worldly church member is not a child of God. Only those belong to God's family who have been born into it. You cannot "join" it. Until that supernatural birth takes place, until we renounce everything that is sinful and wrong, until God can see in our hearts an earnest desire and willingness to just let Him have His way with us, we cannot become members of His family. Conversion means to turn around, and until a man turns around, with his back to the world and his face towards Jesus,

he is not converted. If you have not given up your sins, I want to look you in the face and tell you upon the authority of God's Word that every time you profess to be a child of God you actually lie, and you cannot find God until you give up everything that is worldly and sinful.

Some one said to me, "Did you hear that preacher preach down at our church?" "No." "Well, he has the Holy Ghost." "Is that so?" "Yes, and he preaches lovely. Don't you want to hear him?" "No." "Well, why?" "Because, a neighbor of his told me that he spends nearly all the time sitting on his back porch with a nasty, dirty old pipe in his mouth, smoking something that a hog or a dog would not touch, and I do not believe the man is saved." I want to say further that I have not got a cent of money, not one solitary copper, to help support a man who stands in the pulpit to preach, and then goes out to practice a dirty, filthy habit like that. We have a lot of people who come to holiness camp-meetings and hurrah and sing, "My all is on the altar," and say they will do this and do that and do the other, and then when they get home, they

will draw back and go to supporting a nasty, dirty, tobacco-using preacher, and say they have got the blessing. No, you *have not!* If this thing gets too hot for you, there is a door right there at the side. May God Almighty help us! Brother Hills, you are to blame for about half of this. When you placed into my hands that little book of your, "Tobacco Vice," it set me to digging. Bless God for all the blessing it has been to me! You can buy that booklet on this camp-ground for fifteen cents, and, listen! I dare any man in this audience, whether he is a saint or a sinner, to read that little book through and say that it is neither wrong nor criminal to use tobacco.

Some time ago, at a convention of the Anti-Tobacco Society in London, there were gathered together above six hundred physicians, and during one of the sessions, the question was asked from the platform if there was any one present who did not believe the use of tobacco to be harmful. A gentleman, apparently about fifty years of age, arose and stated that he had used it nearly all his life and that he did not believe it

to be harmful. He was asked how he used it, and replied that he took about three chews a day. He was asked to the platform, and on being requested, took out his plug and cut off three pieces, each being the size of one chew. A second request was made for a young man, who on his honor could state that he did not know the use of the stuff, to rise, and a young man, about twenty-four years of age, arose. On being asked to the platform, he was offered \$20 in gold if he would stand up before the audience and chew one of the pieces. He consented to do so, and on being examined by the doctors and pronounced to be in excellent condition, he took one of the pieces and began chewing it. A cuspidore was set out for him. He only chewed a little until he began to show signs of the effect of the drug and got what the boys call "pale about the gills," white around the corners of his mouth. In a few moments he was stretched out on the floor, too sick to raise his head. The poison in the one chew did its deadly work. Another piece was taken, and after being put into a compress and the juice being squeezed out, it was placed

on the tongue of a large male cat, and the animal was in convulsions in five minutes. A pipe was secured from some one in the audience and the bowl screwed off and the drops of juice that had settled in the bottom of the bowl taken out and placed on the tongue of a dog, and the canine was dead in a few minutes.

Do you tell me that it is not wrong to use such stuff? Those physicians stated that if it was not for the pure blood of the mothers, the children of tobacco-using fathers would be *groveling idiots in the asylum by the third or fourth generation*. My boy has a right to be born right, and if I knowingly take into my system that which is poison and transmit it into his system, I am no better than a murderer. Every man, woman and child has a moral right to God's pure air, and the man who poisons the water I drink is no greater criminal than the man who poisons the air I have to breathe. You have no legal right this side of Heaven to do this, and when you do, you are a criminal in the sight of God. Do you mean to tell me that a man who is a criminal can stand up in the pulpit as God's chosen instru-

ment, to break the bread of life to the people? *No, sir!* Away with such doctrine! He cannot go to Heaven with the damnable stuff, and if he does not get rid of it, he will go to Hell. I could go into a saloon and buy a drink of whiskey to ease up the awful burning thirst, to quench the fire in the very bones of a poor old bum, to tide him over a spell of the delirium tremens, with ten times more grace, and expect God to bless me in so doing, than I could give ten cents of my money that I say is all consecrated to God, to a man standing in the pulpit, posing as Christ's representative, and still a slave to such dirty poison as tobacco is. I know of a town where three out of five of its present ministers are tobacco users, and I know it to be a fact that many of their members once knew God and some of them had given up the use of the dirty weed, but to-day they are backslidden and away from God, back to their filthy habits, and the young people of those churches laugh and slur at holiness or the people who profess it. *No, sir!* not one penny have I for such preachers. My money is consecrated to God, and I dare not give it to the devil and

expect God to bless me. I could not do it and retain my experience.

God's child is a clean child; God's man is a clean man. There is only one thing wrong with a converted man; there is only one thing about him that is not right in God's sight, and that is that he has inbred sin. There is not a wrong thing in his actions. The first time he gets mad, he backslides; the first time he swears, he backslides. You say you lived an up-and-down life so long. Well, when you were down, you were not justified. A justified life is a victorious life. When God justifies a man, *he goes*; he has power. This namby-pamby stuff that says a man must have the second work of grace in order to break from his appetites is false. God bless your soul, the first work of grace will clean you up. Will I ever forget the struggle I had for ten nights? Will I ever forget the faces of those two preachers who used tobacco? I was trying to give it up, but something kept saying, "The preachers use it," and it came near sending me to Hell. But I promised God I would give it up, and I did not get saved until I *did* give it up. God bless

your soul, when I was saved, the swearing went, the tobacco went, the whiskey went, the card table went, the theater went, the dance went, the whole business went. When I gave it all up, the Lord saved me, and made me a child of His, and I was at peace. "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Peter, when he stood up before the Sanhedrim, that great big official board, said "There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we can be saved." The angel, in announcing the coming Messiah, said, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." John iii. 16, 17, "For God so loved the world (not the age) that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but should have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."

There are two kinds of belief, head belief and heart belief. Head belief professes; heart belief practices. One makes a profession; the other

lives what he has in his heart. One has religion, but the other has salvation. Mr. Webster's definition of religion is, in substance, that it is the outward part of a man's life, his actions, his belief in a creed or in a God in whose hands is his destiny. Salvation is that which delivers a man from the thralldom of sin. Dr. Livingstone found a woman throwing her body upon the burning funeral pile in the midst of darkest Africa, that her spirit might be united with her husband's spirit. She believed in religion. Go, sir, if you please, and visit the graves of the North American Indians and see their funeral processions; they have a way of putting vessels of food on the graves to feed the soul of the departing warrior on its flight to the "happy hunting grounds." They believe in religion. Brother Stalker tells how men in India will measure their length upon the ground for thirty or forty miles to get to a god of stone, in the hope that when they get there they may get a clean heart; putting into activity what they believe.

Some time ago, we were holding a meeting in the city of Leadville, that city of the clouds,

where the courthouse threshold is 12,050 feet above the level of the sea. One night we were preaching on the "Uncertainty of Life and the Certainty of Death, and after that the Judgment." We were on the last part and warning the people to be saved and escape Hell, when a young man, who was standing up with his back against the wall, spoke out interrupting me, saying, "Mr. Preacher, we don't take any stock in that kind of stuff up here; we are too near the clouds. We believe in Jesus, that He was the Son of God, and all that; we believe in Heaven and like to hear you preach about it; but we do not take any stock in your Hell theory. We don't care for that sort of stuff up here: we are too near Heaven." I replied, "Young man, there will come a time when you will believe in it. I would not stand in your shoes for all the ground Leadville is built upon."

He got angry and wished to do me harm, but I met him out in the vestibule after the meeting, and he put it off for a more convenient season. I did my best to warn him, but he went away angry. A day or two after, he got his feet wet,

caught cold and took pneumonia. They told me that often men who were strong and well, taking pneumonia, were placed in their coffins in less than sixty hours afterwards. Well, this young man took the disease and was in bed. A young man was nursing him. The doctor on one of his visits asked of the nurse, "Who is he, and where are his parents?" "They live in St. Louis." The doctor shook his head. "I am afraid for him. The disease has a great hold on him and it will go hard. It will all be over long before his parents can reach him, I am afraid." The nurse told the sick man what the doctor had said, and immediately he wanted to see the physician, who returned soon, bringing another with him. The young man was still conscious, and while he could only speak in a low, hoarse whisper, yet he began pleading with the doctor: "Don't let me die. Doctor, I must not die. Doctor, I am unprepared to die. Oh, doctor, father is a wealthy man, and he will make it worth much to you to save me. Doctor, I would be damned! I would!" And he went on raving that way until he lost his mind, or lost consciousness. He believed in his

head, but he did not believe in his heart. He had a form, but knew nothing about real, genuine, heartfelt, supernatural, religion, consequently, was on the way to Hell with the kind of religion he had.

How shall we get it? "If we confess our sins" —not *sin*, singular number; inbred sin is never spoken of in the plural number. Actual sin is spoken of in the plural number, while inbred sin is spoken of in the singular number. If we confess and forsake our *sins* He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins (the conjunction comes on there), *and* to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Any school boy can tell you the difference between "cleanse" and "forgive." If we confess, He is faithful and just to forgive us. He will do it. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." God's first work of grace was in giving His Son. "With the heart," says Paul, "man believeth unto righteousness." He may have believed with his head, but when a man believes in his heart, that brings the first work of grace to the

soul. God gave His Son for our pardon if we believe; then, "with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." The first work brings us over into the family of God's own dear Son. We are God's children.

We have found what God has done, now we will find what Jesus did. In the fifth chapter of Ephesians we find that Jesus loved the church (Greek, *ecclesia*) the called-out people. The New Testament Church was composed of people who, in response to the call of the Holy Spirit, had come out of sin. I want you to see that point. The church comprises the family of God; not a card-playing, theater-going, dancing, horse-racing, tobacco-soaked crowd. Jesus gave Himself for the church that He might cleanse the church and sanctify the church. The church is composed of souls who have come out of sin. I defy any Greek scholar to deny it. God help us to get the truth that Jesus gave Himself for the church that He might sanctify the church, that the church might be without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. He is in the laundry business. He washes out the dirt and irons out the wrinkles.

The first way to come is the way laid down. The second way, either refuse it all or in part, just go in for part of the plan, get regenerated, then say, "I am not going to get sanctified." Well, then you will go to Hell. The Book says, "Without sanctification no man shall see the Lord." Heb. xii. 14 (Revised).

This thing called sin crept into the domain of God and robbed Him of one of His greatest angels, "Lucifer, the son of the morning." He was one of the greatest archangels, but, when he sinned, God turned him out, and he took with him one-third of the angels of that beautiful city. You may set it down that God is never going to take you and me there if there is an iota of sin about us. If God rejected the angels who left their first estate, we will have to be made holy in order to enter Heaven.

Brother, you need to get sanctified in order to keep justified. I do believe that at least 95 per cent. of the people who do get converted, if they are not led into the experience of entire sanctification, backslide before they have been converted twelve months. You may think that a rather

sweeping statement, but look at it a moment. The Book says that "he which is born of God doth not commit sin," also that "he that committeth sin is of the devil." According to that, no man can knowingly do that which he knows to be wrong without committing sin, and, if he commits sin, the Book says he is of the devil. Then he can't be a child of God and of the devil at the same time. Impossible! You have but to keep your ears open in almost any testimony meeting and you will hear folks saying, "I know I am not perfect, for I know I do so many things that I ought not to do." Well, sir, if you do that which you know to be wrong at the time you do it, then you are no better than any other sinner. Again, you will hear them say, "I leave so many things undone that I should do." Listen to the old Book speak: "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, unto him it is sin." Brother, you can neither do that which you know is wrong nor leave undone the things which you know you should do, and keep the smile of God on your soul. There it is in the Book. What are you going to do about it? How long was it after

you were converted before you did that which you should not have done, or left undone that which you know you should have done? Yes, sir, I believe that 95 per cent. of the folks that are not led on into the experience of entire sanctification backslide before twelve months. Some of them, no doubt, repent and get back to God, but the majority do not. The only safe way is to obey God, walk in the light, get sanctified wholly, and live true. We said in reference to this last proposition that there were two ways of coming to God for salvation; first, come God's way; second, refuse to walk in the light, refuse to obey the Holy Ghost, reject any part of God's plan and come up before the judgment and be judged, doomed and damned.

My third proposition is, that it is *possible to be damned in coming the wrong way*. To begin with, God tells us of His plan, that we should be saved to the uttermost. The fight against holiness dates away back thousands of years ago. We read in the Book of Numbers where Korah and his crowd rose up against Moses and said, "You make yourself more holy than we." That

is what they say to us these days. We have not said that, but we do say that the blood of Jesus has cleansed and does cleanse us from all sin. They said to Moses, "Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy, every one of them, . . . wherefore then lift ye yourselves up above the congregation of the Lord?"

There are men and women here to-day whose hearts are as black as the devil's, whoremongers and adulterers. I have not the least doubt but that there are men here who have been dishonest in their business dealings, and who have old debts hanging over them which they do not intend to pay, and every time they go to shouting it sounds like an old cracked bell. A good case of repentance will put a fellow's nose on his back track and make him straighten up. Yes, sir, you will have to do it. It kept my nose on the grindstone for a long time, but I got the last debt paid and got everything cleaned up. I do not owe any man in this universe a dollar or a penny that I know of.

What did Moses say? "We will prove who is holy; if you die a natural death, then God has

not spoken." Then he told the rest of the people to come away and separate themselves from those wicked people. I have taken the separation side. I do not propose to go with the old gang who are going to Hell. I do not propose to stay with the tobacco-chewing, whiskey-drinking, card-playing, worldly professors. The Holy Ghost comes and says, "Separate yourselves; come away from them." Then what happened? The earth just split open and that crowd went down into the pit alive. Why, down here in Galveston, a few years ago, God sent faithful messengers who stood on the streets and warned the people of that wicked city, and told them that if they did not repent, God Almighty would visit that place with His judgments. They laughed and sneered; but some time afterward God just turned His hose on the city, and a few thousand of them went down to a watery grave.

Over there in Johnstown, a little band had gone up and down the streets and wept and prayed and plead with the people to turn to God, but they laughed and sneered and made light of the Gospel message; then the dam broke and

thousands of them met their doom, and met it pretty quick.

Some missionaries, whom some of you know, told me that while down there in St. Pierre, at the foot of Mt. Peele, in the island of Martinique, they were running the only Full Gospel Mission that was ever on the island. They labored faithfully with the people, who laughed and scoffed, ridiculed and persecuted them until they went to the authorities, but were told that if they did not like the ways and laws of the place, they could leave. They remained until about a year before the trouble. God said it was enough. They left, but returned, passing through St. Pierre just a few days before the eruption took place. I was told by one of the missionaries that of all the godless, sensual places, that was beyond anything he had ever seen. It went on until they were going to crucify a pig on the very day that the eruption came. About noon God said they had gone far enough, and took off the top of one of His chimneys, and thirty or more thousand Christ-rejecters found real fire and found it quick. I was told that men who blasphemed the

name of God lay on the decks of those warped and twisted vessels and cried for water, while their flesh, burned and scalded, was falling off. They cried for water, and while there was an ocean of it there, there was not a drop to drink. How much better off were they than the rich man who wanted a beggar to dip his finger in water and place it on his tongue?

You all remember the Chicago fire and the burning of the Iroquois Theatre. They say that there were several preachers there; went for a little innocent recreation. They found something they were not looking for; something that was not down on the bills. The play was a travesty on Lot's wife. A woman representing a poor, fallen woman of the street went about on the stage asking for help. She went to Bluebeard, Junior, and, not getting it, they said send her to Hell. They raised a trap-door, and sent her down through the stage, but soon afterwards she was bounced up, clad in a fireman's suit, with a placard on her back that she was not wanted. I have been told that the words were, "No room in Hell." Some one said, "I wonder if there is

a fire?" And just at that time the cry was made of "Fire! Fire!" and the flames broke forth and they found the real article, among them some of the preachers. They found the real thing. We can only hope they repented and found pardon in those awful moments.

Brother, I can prove to you in less than two minutes that fire can reach the soul. Put your hand on a red-hot stove. You jerk it off. Why? You say it burns you. Wait! Let your soul leave your body. Now place the hand on the stove again. It just lays there. Why don't it jerk back as before? Ah! the soul that felt the pain has gone. If you think God cannot reach your soul with fire, you are badly mistaken. Go on in your worldliness and sin, make a profession of being a Christian if you choose, play your cards and go to the theater; but you will find, like those preachers in Chicago found, that you will be damned by coming to God in the wrong way. But you may ask, Why is it that God is so stern? Why? He is jealous of His plan of salvation. It cost Him the society of His Son; it cost Him the heart-breaking cries of Jesus; so if you try to

come some other way than the way laid down in this old Book you will find you will be damned.

Some years before his death, some one asked Dr. Talmage "if God suffered with Christ on the cross, and if so, how," and his answer will explain the point I am trying to make you see, namely, that God is so jealous of His plan of salvation that souls will be damned for trying to come to Him the wrong way. A large sailing vessel started from the other side of the ocean for a port on this side; among those on board was the captain's only son, a lad of some twelve summers. The old captain's heart was all wrapt up in the lad, and he was all the more precious because his mother was dead. The gallant old bark ploughed her way across the deep until the voyage was nearing the end, when they encountered a terrific storm. Day turned into night and the days went past without any letting up of the terrible storm. The sails were torn to threads and the masts all blown away, except one, which was partly broken off at the top; the rudder was disarranged and the compass lost. At the mercy of the wild waves, they drifted in

the darkness until the sound of the waves breaking over the rocks sent a cry up from those on board, "We are lost! We are lost!" At a great effort the signal gun of distress was fired. Perhaps some of you know how the work is carried on in our life-saving stations. When a vessel is in distress, they fire a gun on board; the men at the station hearing the signal will answer, and, if it is dark, will signal for a light to be put up on board ship, so that her position can be seen; then a rocket with line attached is fired over her, the line falls across the ship, willing hands soon draw the life-line on board and the life car is soon at work. The signal went up to put up a light, and the captain called for volunteers to climb to the top of the broken mast, and make fast a light. The first mate did not volunteer, neither the second, nor any of the crew. Turning away with the words on his lips, "We are all lost," what was his amazement when he heard the voice of his little son saying, "I'll go, father; I'll put up the light." Can you parents imagine what must have been his feelings, as he handed the lantern into the hand of his child?

With a "God bless you, my son," the boy started up the mast, which was covered with ice, and the vessel rolling and pitching in the heavy sea. It meant almost certain death for any one to undertake to go to the top. The little fellow went up a short distance and shouted back through the storm, "Father, I don't believe I can make it; may I come back?" But the lives of all on board depended on the success of the effort. "Look up, my son, and go on," shouted the father. A little further up and a second time he called back, "Father, my hands are too cold, I cannot go further; may I return?" But a second time the father cried, "Look up, my son, and go on." Encouraged by his parent, the brave little fellow went up higher, but called back a third time, "Father, my hands are so numb and I am about to fall; I cannot go further. Please, may I come back?" But again the father shouted through the storm, "Look up, my son, and go on." Can you imagine what must have been the feelings of that father as he heard the pleadings of his son? But it was life or death to all on board, and again he encouraged him, until the place

was reached and the light made fast and the lad started to return. He had scarcely reached his father's arms when the rocket was sent streaming across the sky, and soon the rattling of the line was heard as it fell across the vessel. Willing hands soon drew the life-line on board, which was soon followed by the life-boat, and all were rescued and taken ashore.

Nearly two thousand years ago, this old world was fast drifting on the rocks, and there went 'up a cry of distress to the great life-saving station of the skies. God heard the cry and called for volunteers; for some one to come down and hang up a light. There was no one but the Son of God who volunteered to come. His name was given to us as Jesus, and the first faint gleams of the light were seen hovering around a babe in a manger. It is true that not many saw that light, but there were a few shepherds and a few wise men from the East who saw the glimmer of the star and heard the choir from the skies. The light came on as the carpenter left his bench and tramped the shores of Galilee, healing the sick and restoring to the blind their sight. Crooked

limbs were made straight, and the deaf were made to hear; the graves were unlocked, the funeral processions were halted, and the dead brought back to life. Think you the light was too dim for mortal man to see? Think you those of that day who saw and refused to come into that light will be able to find another acceptable way unto the harbor?

But look again. Tread softly! There! Do you see that form? There, yonder, kneeling down with his hands raised in supplication to his Father. Hark! hush! listen! He's praying! How his voice trembles with emotion! What agony! Look there! Great drops of bloody sweat are oozing from his pale brow. Listen! "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." What does He mean, and who is He? Sir, it is the Son of God, pleading with His Father for strength to go on that terrible journey to the top of the cross to put up a light, that you might be saved from going down to an endless destruction. Hark! Do you hear that agonizing cry? Do you see those great drops of bloody sweat as they run down His face? Stop! Don't you think

the Father in Heaven saw those drops of blood and heard those pleading words from His only Son? Then you undertake to come to Him by some other way than the way laid down in His Word! You will find why you will be damned for coming the wrong way.

They have arrested Him now. There He goes, the Son of God, led away like a common criminal. See how they jostle Him about. They reach Pilate's hall. He stands there surrounded by a howling mob. "Say, Pilate, this fellow is an impostor. He is going about trying to raise up the people against Cæsar. He calls Himself the Son of God, and by our law He ought to die. He says He is a king. Well, let's crown Him. Bring that briar vine over there; there, twist it up in a wreath. Ah! you impostor, you shall have a crown. There, that will do; jam it down on His head. That's it. There, you devil, how do you like being crowned?" They get a robe and put it on Him, and they smite Him first on one side of the face and then on the other. Oh, my God in Heaven! Say, you sinner; you Christ-rejecter; you gay, proud child of the devil; you

godless, Christless professor; you gay, card-playing, dancing church member; you who say you do not believe in a second work of grace; you who do not believe in sanctification; stop! Don't open your mouths lest God strike you down with a lightning bolt from the skies. Do you not think that God in Heaven saw those thorns and those blows and the mockery that was made of His only Son? If not, go on in your devilish ways, and in time you will find out that you will be driven from the judgment bar, judged, doomed and damned for coming the wrong way.

But the trial is over. He has been condemned to die on the cross. They have started for the place of execution. There they go. See! They have laid the cross on Him, but He staggers beneath the load. Yes, He has lost some blood during the night and, with nothing to eat, perhaps, He is weak and faint. "But, say, He says He is the Son of God, and if so, He would have supernatural power, so let Him carry it. Make Him go on there." What! He refuses to go as He staggers with the load? "Strike Him down with that ox-goad. Get up, you devil you!

Get up there! You call yourself the Son of God. Get up and go on with your load." Think you that the Father in Heaven failed to see His Son staggering beneath that cross? Think you He failed to see those cruel blows with the ox-goad? Then you try to come to Him in any other way than that laid down in His Word, and you will find that it is possible to be damned for coming the wrong way.

They reach the top of the hill, throw down the cross, and then stretch out that fainting form upon its frame. My God, men! What do you mean? That is a human being; nay, more, He is the Son of God! You must not drive those nails through His hands. "Stand back! He is an impostor. He calls Himself the Son of God. Drive the nails in!" Hark! With sickening thud the huge iron spikes are driven through His hands and the blood spurts upon the executioners. "Ah! nail Him fast; now the other hand; drive the nails well in. Cross His feet and drive the spike well in. There, raise the cross;" and as it reaches its position it drops with a thud into the hole in the rock dug for that purpose. "Ah!

you devil you! You call yourself the Son of God; you saved others; now save yourself. If you be the Son of God, come down off of the cross." What? He thirsts? "Get that sponge; dip it in the gall and jam it in the impostor's mouth." Oh, my God! Could men be so cruel? The Son of God, He who came to bring life, He who is the water of life, denied even a drop of water in His death. Hark! He is praying; His lips move. It is getting dark, and the sun refuses to shine on that awful deed perpetrated by men with the carnal mind in them. The same devilish, damnable thing that makes you hate, was the thing that crucified the Lord. See the blood as it runs in spider-like streams down His pale, white face from the crown of thorns that has been jammed down into His flesh. See the blood spurting from the nails in His hands and feet. Hark! He is praying. As the darkness grows darker, and as the sins of a lost world settle down on His uncovered head, even the face of God was turned away for a moment, and out of the gloom comes the cry from His lips, that pierces to the heart those who stand there, "My God!

my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Brother, do you think for a moment that that heart-breaking wail of His only Son failed to reach the ear and heart of the Father on the throne? Then you try to come up before Him some other way than the way laid down in the Word, and you will find that you will be eternally damned for coming the wrong way. You will find why God is jealous of His plan of salvation.

I have now reached my text; a few things concerning it and we are through.

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Heb. vii. 25. He is able. He picked me up; a drunken, wayward boy, breaking my father's heart; soaked in whiskey and tobacco, sinful and bad. Oh, how my life has come up before me to-night. Thank God, if He was able to deliver me, brother, if your heart is as black as Hell, if you have been guilty of every sin in the catalogue, excepting the one against the Holy Ghost, Jesus will save you if you repent, and a second touch will take that damnable thing out of you that causes you to

commit sin, and you can shine and shout and live for God. He is able to do it! He is able to do it!

Secondly. He ever lives. Brother, we have not a little Christ, but a great High Priest: the one who knocked the bottom out of that new tomb and burst the bands of death asunder and preached to the spirits in prison. He lives! He lives! And because He lives, I shall live also.

Third and last. He saves to the uttermost all that put their trust in Him. The Blood of Jesus can wash away the past. He can take your feet from the mire and clay, and send you out to live for Him, and some of these days He will invite you to come and live with Him. Some day if you are true to God, He will say, as He said to Enoch, "You are nearer My house -than your own; come on and go home with Me." That will be a great day. Glory! He can save to the uttermost. He took me, a poor, sinful boy; He took my feet from the mire and clay and put them upon a rock. Brother, He will deliver you. Sister, if you have Him when the coffin-box comes into the house, you can brush away your tears, and lean upon the Everlasting Arms; and

when the waters of death begin to encircle your feet, you can look into His face and trust Him. When you come to the banks of the river, and put your feet in the stream, you will feel like that dying saint, dear old Mother Booth, whose last words were, "The waters are rising; so am I, I am not going under; I am going over." Oh, glory to Jesus! "O grave, where is thy victory: O death, where is thy sting?" The angels will meet you over on the other shore and take you up the shining way. It will be the home-coming of a conqueror, and the bells of Heaven will ring the glad welcome. You will behold the innumerable company of the redeemed and the harpers standing upon the sea of glass. They will form a procession and lead you up the shining way, and Jesus will say to the Father, "Here is the one whom Thou hast given Me, and whom I have kept, saved to the uttermost."

Brother, don't you want Him? Don't you want to come to Him the right way? Don't you want to be clean?

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." I *must*

say, I love Him. He is the "rose of Sharon," the "fairest of ten thousand to my soul," the "lily of the valley," the "One altogether lovely."

CHAPTER VIII.

A CAMPAIGN ABROAD.

Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! Our souls are on fire. We are having a cloud-burst from above; are in one of the best meetings of our lives. The fire is falling and power is coming down. We are on a four months' trip in Scotland and Ireland. Have been to Ardrossan and Glasgow in Scotland, and Belfast, Ireland, and are now here at Newtownards, Ireland. These folks are sweeping in, in a way that makes our hearts fairly dance. It is a delight to find people hungry for the truth, and willing to walk in it when they see it. How we wish some of our friends in America could see, or be in this meeting. Think of the people working hard until 7 P. M. daily, and filling and packing a building forty minutes later. How they get home, get their suppers, and get to the meeting we do not know, but they are doing it nightly. God is blessing

them. Such listeners! They never take their eyes from the preacher; hardly stir or move, but with eyes riveted drink in the truth. No running out before the close, and, once convinced, *out they come*. We have not gone once into the audience to deal with them, but remained on the platform, and they have tumbled out and down on their knees to seek God. Have seen young women, when the place was so packed they could not get out to the aisle, spring over the back of a bench and kneel at the altar, soon to come up with the tell-tale shine on their faces. The long altar has been crowded full to overflowing, and as many as five fourteen-foot benches turned into altars at one time. One night we counted fifty-one seekers, all at the altar at one time. Another time fifty-five, and there have been times when there were more than that number. And so many young men! And how they do sing! "There is Power in the Blood" seems to be a favorite, and we have heard them marching in companies around the town at eleven o'clock at night singing until windows came open and doors were unlocked to listen. Truly God is at work.

Quite a number of business men, besides the pastor, are among the number sanctified since the meeting began. Yesterday was a day never to be forgotten. In the morning God helped us to preach on the Second Coming of our Lord. Would to God those who think it a side-track had been in that meeting, and witnessed what we did. Old men, young men, old women, young women, business men, laboring men, and those from all walks and vocations crowded forward. Sinners to be pardoned, believers to be sanctified, until many benches were converted into altars for the penitent forms, until it seemed the whole house would be made into an altar. And it came near it for the entire congregation went to their knees. We could only kneel down and commit the whole thing into the hands of the Holy Ghost. What a time! How they did pray, and how God did answer, until we felt that Heaven was not far away. The morning meeting broke up after two o'clock in the afternoon. At night the meeting began at 6 P. M., and we began preaching at 7 P. M., with wife running an overflow meeting nearby. At 8 P. M. there were three rows clear

across deep with seekers. Mrs. Williams came in and took hold of the prayer-meeting, and we ran to the other meeting and preached again, and returned at 9 P. M., to find over fifty had been seeking, and all prayed through but one man, and such a time! It was like stepping into—well, we cannot describe it; but it was glorious.

This meeting has gone beyond all former ones we have been in on this trip. The large lecture room along side of the church has been packed, and the large church thrown open and packed, even the gallery. It is simply wonderful to see the way people struggle to get to the altar, the place is so crowded. Seat after seat is turned into an altar to accommodate the seekers. Since Sunday two meetings are going on at the same time; wife at one place and I at the other, and the Holy Ghost over all. Night before last they had twenty-three seekers at the church and we had seventy-eight at the same time, and the place was packed until eleven o'clock. And when it broke up a crowd of nearly three hundred converts marched the streets singing, "There is power in the Blood." We have fallen in love with

these Irish people, and have promised (D. V.) to come back. Last night things were jammed at 7:20, and before the service ended one hundred and twenty-six knelt at the altar seeking pardon or to be sanctified wholly, and most all professed to find what they came after; and then that night they marched again. We will never forget it. God bless these folks.

We sold a number of Holiness books, including Dr. Godbey's Commentaries, "Pentecost Rejected," and "The Tobacco Vice," by A. M. Hills, and "The Old Man," by Dr. Carradine. One brother, the district steward, wants us to send him a supply of Holiness books, and he is going to put them on sale in his store.

We closed happy and looking for Jesus to come. Bless His name!

(The following appeared in the *Christian Witness*, March 25, 1905.)

Some weeks ago I sent you a report of a campaign conducted by Major and Mrs. L. Milton Williams, of Fishkill-on-Hudson, in Ardrosson, Scotland.

Before saying anything about the work accom-

plished in other places, it might be well to say a few things about the spiritual condition of Scotland generally.

The present fight going on between the Legal Free Church and what was the majority part of the Free Church, which united with the United Presbyterian Church, has created a condition in church life that will take many, many years to overcome.

The fight is a fight for property and social standing, not a fight for souls.

Scotland is Calvinistic, it breathes in everything you read, in everything you hear. "Once in grace always in grace" is accepted as the true position of all who by faith claim Christ as their Savior; this, too, when the life gives no evidence of fruit unto holiness, when purity is not desired and grace is non-existent. How much the spiritual life of Scotland has suffered from this it is impossible to say.

The Methodist churches fill a very small place in the religious life of Scotland. I believe this is largely so, from the fact that the definite second work of grace known as sanctification, as

taught by John Wesley, has no place in the preaching of the preachers, or in the life of the people. It is my firm conviction that the Methodist churches in Scotland would have had greater success, been a mightier force spiritually, and accomplished greater things for God, had they maintained their glorious standard of heart purity and the baptism with the Holy Ghost. What an opportunity they have missed!

Keswickism has been making some headway in Scotland. "Being filled for service" is the popular phrase oft heard and oft emphasized. What sad confessions are heard on every hand. They say, "We went to the conventions, we followed the injunctions of the speakers, believed we were filled for service, returned home, began to serve, as we thought in the Spirit, when lo, before we knew it, something happened that took away our blessing, and we were powerless in the things we tried to do."

Such, then, is the soil where true holiness is to take root. From our standpoint it is the other extreme of the theology of Scotland, and almost every professing Christian here is a theologian.

They delight in controversy. They are not so much seekers of the new, as defenders of the old, and until you have demolished the old, the new they will not seek. The battle in which Mr. and Mrs. Williams have been engaged in Scotland and Ireland has been terrific but grand and glorious.

After Ardrosson came Glasgow. Here they spent two weeks in the Seaman's Chapel. The spoils of war were many. Many were shorn of their creed. Many started for the kingdom, many entered into perfect rest.

Best of all some students in the Glasgow Bible Training Institute, a school begun out of Moody's work in Glasgow, received the blessing and are standing true to this day. Great things are expected of them in their active ministry.

Then came Belfast. Here the work was in a Methodist mission. The time was Christmas and New Year and many preparations for festivities interrupted the work. Nevertheless, God was present and much blessing was received.

After Belfast came Newtonards. What is here written is taken from a report sent to the Chris-

tian Advocate in Belfast: "Services were held every evening, Saturdays included, and there were a number of afternoon services held, some for children and some for adults. On Sundays the meetings were almost all-day gatherings, with intervals for dinner and tea. From the commencement the power of the Holy Ghost rested on the work. At the first service some came seeking pardon and some the blessing of entire sanctification, and right on to the present, every night some came forward seeking mercy or cleansing. On several nights there was a real breaking down in the after meeting, both in the church and lecture hall. On one night seventy-eight came to the altar, on another night one hundred and one, on another one hundred and twenty-seven, and on the second Sunday at three meetings one hundred and forty-three came out seeking for blessing. Hundreds have testified that their sins are forgiven, and some of the older Christians have been enabled to rejoice in hearts cleansed from all sin; some who have served Christ for many years testified to the fact that it was an old-fashioned Methodist revival. The

penitent forms used for those seeking mercy were simply bathed with tears and spotted from end to end.

The final mission of the series was in Motherwell, Scotland. The writer was converted there some twenty years ago. It is the center of much evangelistic and spiritual work. Every phase of teaching has had a chance here.

The prominent teachers of Keswick are invited here every year to hold holiness conventions. Whatever good was accomplished you never heard any one say that they had been "cleansed from all sin," or that they had received the blessing of sanctification at these gatherings. Much prayer had been made in behalf of the mission to be held in Motherwell. Now that it is past, the people themselves say that such a mission was without a parallel in the town's history. The hall was packed nightly and on Sabbaths the large town hall was packed to overflowing, many unable to gain admission. I never heard Brother Williams preach with such power, never saw the Word take such effect, never did I see a people so thoroughly aroused. The scenes at the

altar were beyond description. Old and young came forward. They came in twenties, forties and sixties. They always knew what they came for—pardon or purity—what sights; what groanings and what prayers, then what peace, what glowing faces and what triumphant shouts! Past the midnight hour were found seekers on their knees praying their way through. They refunded stolen money, they confessed crimes, they took off gold adornments, they laid aside pipes, tobacco and cigarettes, they made up old-time friendships. The citadel had been stormed, the garrison had surrendered. God and entire sanctification had won a glorious victory.

Holiness has come to stay in Scotland. The books, "Old Man," "Pentecost Rejected," "Ideal Pentecostal Church" have been placed in hundreds of homes. The country needs teachers of holiness. Brother and Sister Williams have done grandly. Their ministry has not been in vain. To God be all the glory. Amen and amen.—Rev. George Sharpe, E. V., Congregational **Manse**, Ardrosson, Scotland."

(After reading the above, I wrote the following, which appeared in a later issue.)

The morning mail has just brought to our door your issue of date March 23, in which we read, "A Campaign Abroad," written by Rev. Geo. Sharpe, of some things that God allowed us to see while in Scotland and Ireland. The same mail brought us a letter from the treasurer of the Church (Methodist) in Newtonards, Ireland, and on reading the two there has been a train of thought awakened in our minds, and thinking perhaps you would allow us a little space in your columns we send you the following: First, I wish to quote from the letter above referred to. The writer, who is a business man and employing quite a large staff of help in his business, says: "The majority in my business are now converted, the last one being the girl who keeps the books. We swarmed around her in the prayer-meeting; all prayed, and lastly, she herself; then the light broke in and the joy bells rang. The mission (special services) is still going on and the place is full every night, and there are conversions almost every night; about twenty last night and

twenty-five the night before. Altogether between eleven and twelve hundred have been to the penitent form since you started the meeting. There are open-air meetings held during the meal hours at the factories and at different places every evening before the service. The 'Dutchman,' as you christened him, is in great form, and the young fellows are doing splendidly. Several times they have stayed nearly all night for praise and prayer. Tramps have been converted and are getting on well. A man told me one night he would not go to the penitent form at all. A few nights afterwards he walked up to the front and fell down, before the invitation was given. A young lady who sought sanctification when you were here, got it the other morning at three o'clock. I met her on the street the evening before, and the first question was, 'Have you got entire sanctification yet?' I did not say, 'I hope I had,' or 'believe I had,' but simply that 'I had,' and the reply seems to have encouraged her. The pastor has gotten the blessing, and no mistake, and is working harder than ever. The mission may keep on, until you come back; then we shall have a high old

time. (I promised to return to Ireland for another visit). You will need to bring your big Tabernacle with you, as we do not stock anything of the kind over here. May the work go on here, and with you. We prayed hard for the meeting at Motherwell and are glad that you had the victory."

Here is a church (Methodist) which flung its doors open to the preaching of the full truth. The first man to come to the altar to seek the experience of entire sanctification was the pastor, a good, clean, straightforward, godly man, who had a clean, clear-cut conversion and who had no doubt as to his call to the ministry. He had had revivals in every charge where he had served and was loved and held in the highest esteem by his present congregation. He was followed to the altar by his leading official men, with the above named consequences.

That meeting had been going sixty-three days when the above letter was written, although the evangelist only remained fifteen days at the beginning of the meeting. The church as a body swept into a new experience, and now note the re-

sults. That meeting is still going on and at the time the above letter was written between eleven and twelve hundred had been at the altar. The country is stirred, perhaps, as it has never been before on the subject of salvation. Whole families have swept into the kingdom and hundreds of young people have turned from a worldly life to God, and the work is still going on. Now what would have been the results had that pastor refused to walk in the light, sought the experience that he said he believed in when he was ordained, and that church closed its doors against the proclamation of a Gospel that saves men from all sin?

We have in mind another town and another church, of the same denomination. Holiness knocked for admittance. Some of its members had professed to have had the experience. The pastor found excuse to keep the doors of that church closed against the proposed meeting, though it was to be conducted by one of the leading evangelists of the country, whose name and writings are known from ocean to ocean, and of the same faith and doctrine that he (pastor) had sworn to teach. Again holiness knocked for ad-

mittance to that church, and as many times the doors were closed against it, forcing the meeting to outside and independent sources. I repeat, straight, clean men, ministers of the same denomination, and on whose lives not a flaw could be found, were called to conduct the meetings and help proclaim the glorious truth, but not only were the doors of that church closed, but the pastor took an attitude that threw his influence against the work, going so far as arguing with the seekers, etc. What have been the results? That church has each winter tried in vain to have a revival. It called evangelists, who were not pronounced teachers of entire sanctification as a second definite work, to its help, but after some two weeks of effort, the meetings closed. and the number of converts could be counted on the fingers of the two hands. Last winter another special effort was made and sister churches, which had also held aloof from the holiness meetings, and pastors who had advised even unsaved men to remain away from the holiness meetings, together united in meetings for weeks, and not a single convert was made. What is the condition

of that church to-day? Its pastor is a tobacco user, its leading official men likewise, some of whom recently figured in a burnt-cork negro farce at the opera house. Some of its members, who had started for God, are backslidden and away from God. They have told us this with their own lips. Its young people sneer and slur at those who profess to be sanctified and are living holy lives, or at God's plain statements about holiness and entire sanctification. This is not fiction, but simply plain statements of truth, as it exists to-day.

Now, noting the difference of the conditions in the two churches spoken of in this article and remembering the difference between the actions of the two pastors, the question we have in mind is, who is to blame, and who will be responsible at the bar of God for the results. One, with meeting still going on and salvation sweeping the neighborhood, accomplishing what God called her into existence to perform: the other locked arm-in-arm with the world, the flesh and the devil, while souls are going down to Hell, souls that could have been reached and brought to God,

had that pastor been true to his vows of consecration and the church true to her own doctrines. What a reward will the one receive from the right hand of Him who sitteth upon the throne, when he makes a return of his talents; and there come up with him the souls that have been, as a fruit of his ministry and his life, washed in the precious blood, and stand with him in undisputed evidence before his Maker. What about the hundreds of homes of prayer, sending out into the world their boys and girls from the sanctity of the family altar? How many drunkards saved, and girls kept from a wayward life?

But what will the other man have to say to his Christ for his actions? He cannot say he did not know, for he did know. What will he say when he meets, in judgment, those who were turned away from the truth by his actions? What will that church say, when hundreds who might have been saved at her altars, but were doomed to darkness forever, face her with her actions at the judgment bar?

Does any reader say the above churches are exceptional cases? Let him ask almost any of

the holiness evangelists and teachers of this country about those who have closed their doors against the proclamation of the whole truth of God's revealed Word regarding holiness and the sanctified life. As to the first church mentioned, thank God such can be found, but only here and there, it is true. We are in one at this present writing, that bids fair to assume such proportions. Grace M. E. Church, Warren, Pa., with Rev. E. C. Deleplain as pastor, a lifelong friend of the writer. We are now in the midst of a gracious outpouring of the sanctifying Spirit. Church packed to the street; conviction deep; altars, front and side seats lined with weeping, groaning, pleading seekers after pardon or purity. Last night between fifty-five and sixty men and women, some of whom were the officials of the church, down at the altar weeping and with tears streaming down their faces, crying out loud to God. The night before there were ninety-one and for a week the church has been crowded and many are sweeping into liberty and light. Old debts are being paid, old grudges confessed, and set right, stolen things are being put back. Only

yesterday we listened to a call from over the phone, telling of stolen money being confessed and replaced. God is in the camp and the end is not yet. Oh, that a tidal wave may sweep apostate churches and backslidden preachers out of the way, and God get a chance to honor His great name and cause.—L. Milton Williams.

CHAPTER IX.

A CAMPAIGN AT HOME.

A most wonderful meeting under the leadership of L. Milton Williams and wife, in our church, has just closed. For some time there has been very pronounced interest in evangelistic work, so when Brother Williams came all things were ready. From the first day, the altar was filled with seekers; some backsliders, penitent sinners, and believers seeking the blessing of entire sanctification. From forty to one hundred and fifty came to the altar on different nights; the last Sunday night one hundred and fifty-three. Men fell at the altar, not out of excitement, but in agony, confessing that their lives had not been right before God, though they professed to be His children, and crying out in anguish for pardon and peace.

I have been in three great meetings, but this is the greatest of them all, for the depth of inter-

est and the thoroughness of work. People were not persuaded or even asked to come to the altar, save from the platform. They were not even sung down. The first call was simply an invitation to come to God *now*, and they came. Then the singing began, and the timid ones were given a chance to come.

At the close, over one hundred registered as desiring to unite with Grace Church; one hundred and sixteen registered as converts; one hundred and twenty-nine as reclaimed backsliders; two hundred and ten professed entire sanctification; eighteen still seeking on one or the other of the three lines. The work was not confined to Grace Church alone, but has touched the life of all the churches of the town, even foreign speaking ones. Many were unable to attend the last night when the registry was made.

Brother Williams is a fearless preacher of the truth, filled with love and long-suffering, acquainted with God and the ways of men, and is affectionately commended to our brethren as worthy. Our personal knowledge of him extends over a period of fifteen years.—E. C. Deleplain.

(Appeared in the *Christian Witness*, May 4, 1905.)

Praise God forever! There is a song of victory ringing in our hearts this morning. God is indeed good to us, in allowing us to see these days, for which our hearts have been longing and praying these many years. We have seen souls come to God by twos and twenties and sometimes by forties, but it did not satisfy our hearts. We wanted to see men and women seeking after God and His fulness by the hundred and, bless His dear name, He is allowing us to see it these days. Truly these are the best days of our lives. To God be all the praise!

Some fifteen years ago, worn out by many meetings, hard toiling all day, meetings until late at night, then sitting up nearly all night with the sick, with neither sufficient food nor the proper kind of food or care for the body, a young man engaged in frontier work lay upon a sick cot in a small, two-roomed shanty in a Western town, with no hand to bathe his throbbing brow. He lay there tossing about with a high fever, too sick to help himself to a drink of water. In the same town a second young man and his good

wife were at their "first charge" as pastor of a church. The two men had met several times and had scraped up a passing acquaintance. Not seeing his friend about for several days, the young preacher instituted a search and found him as above described. At once a change was made in the sick man's surroundings, a bed fixed up in the other room, a stove found, the good wife took off her feather bed to make the young man comfortable, a physician was called in, and everything that loving hands could do, was done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick. One night at the church, where revival meetings were being carried on, it became known that he was sick "nigh unto death," and prayers were offered in his behalf. When it came time, and the text was being read, in walked the sick man to attend services and be where souls were being saved. A good old Quaker brother had also been in to visit the sick man that same afternoon, and had knelt by the bedside and asked God to lay His hand on the sick man. God answered those prayers. That sick man was the writer of this article, and the young preacher was Rev. E. C.

Deleplain, now pastor of Grace M. E. Church, Warren, Pa. A warm friendship sprang up between the two young men which lasts yet, and God has allowed us to be together once more in a battle for souls. We have stood together when the battle was hard, and there were no shouters about; when the clouds hung heavy and the death angel was making his visits; when the storm was bursting in its fury; when the fighting was more than simply singing songs and saying prayers. The last time we had met was at Perry, Okla., some seven years ago, when Brother Deleplain was presiding elder of his district and we were engaged in evangelistic work. We had had only a few hours together, but long enough to talk and pray. We have looked forward to the time when we might again lock arms against the powers of darkness, and God has given us our desire.

Three years ago, Brother Deleplain was sent to Warren, Pa., as pastor of the church, and on March 19th, this year, we began our battle for souls. Brother Deleplain had written us that there was "a going in the tops of the mulberry trees;" that victory was assured already. It cer-

tainly has all proven true. We began at the bottom and in the strength of God, we put in the plow as deep as we knew how. During that first night's service, while we were drawing in the net, Brother Deleplain laid his hand on my arm, stopping me, and after a few words to his congregation, went down to the altar. He did not let down the stand nor smooth things over, but said a few fearless, but kind, words, and went down, followed by a number of his people. We knew that meant victory, and it would bring victory in hundreds of other churches throughout this land of ours, and victory will never come to them until it does happen. There is so much Hell-hatched-pride of position and reputation, or what will "they say," in the way, that God has no chance to work. When a pastor and church are willing to follow the way Jesus marked out, as it is recorded in Phil. 2nd chapter, 5th to 8th verses, and do what Paul was beseeching the Christians at Rome to do in his epistle to that company, recorded in Rom. 12, first two verses, then God will open the windows of Heaven,—

and that is just what happened at Warren, Pa. Glory to God!

For a week, we told the whole truth as we understood it. We did not hold up a holy life, simply as a believer's privilege, or to satisfy their desire for "more power," but because God commanded His people to be holy; because the New Testament, 1 Jno. ii. 4, declares that "if we say we know God and keep not His commandments we are liars," and no liars can enter Heaven (Rev. xxi. 2; also xxii. 15). Because Heb. xii. 14 teaches holiness or Hell, even for those who may now be believers, and that we *must* be holy. We told them that the first work of grace took us out of our sins and worldliness and all filthy habits; that, according to 2 Cor. 6th chapter, 14th to 18th verses, it was a clear-cut separation from all worldliness and wrong-doing, and that all theater-going, card-playing, dancing, tobacco-using, secret-society-joining, etc., were of the world, the flesh and the devil. That, according to 1 John ii. 15, we could not love those things and have the love of God in us, and that James, in the 4th chapter and 4th verse, declares that a man

cannot be friendly to such, without becoming an enemy of God.

Whew! What a commotion. At the beginning quite a number of preachers came in and sat on the platform, but not many came back, except to give their advice. It would not do. It would ruin the church; they knew a church that was split by the preaching of holiness, and so on. Well, it all came true. That church had gotten into the world and the world into the church, and there was the biggest kind of a split, right in two, in the middle. Let me tell you how it happened. Old debts were paid, stolen money refunded, old grudges wiped out, confessions made, pardon asked for, and enemies became friends. Men who had been slaves to the use of tobacco for over forty years were cleansed up and freed from the use of that vile poison. Men who were in the church, and were also mixed up with lodges and secret societies, resigned, and quit the lodges and the society of worldly, and in many cases Christ rejecting men, and men who take His name in vain. Men who had been bowing down before other altars, gave up all to bow and

lay their all upon the altar of Christ. Yes, it did split things terribly. Some had to resign from as many as four or five lodges, so they themselves told me. Jewelry and flashy, worldly stuff disappeared and was put aside. Yes, we repeat, there was a split with a vengeance, and while other preachers stayed away and some critics thought it was awful, and other doors were closed up against holiness, yet God moved in over at Grace Church, and we had Heaven on earth.

The second and third weeks were simply wonderful. There was but one night in those two weeks when there were less than fifty seekers at the altar, and that time there were forty-seven, and several times there were over one hundred, and the last Sunday night there were one hundred and fifty-three on their knees at the altar all seeking God at one time. Some prayed through the first time they came, others came for a week or longer, every night. Some prayed through at the altar, some at home, some at their work, some in the daytime, and some at all hours of the night; back they came to tell the glad story, with shining faces. The Sunday School superin-

tendent (God bless Brother Lewis) was a seeker for several nights. He wanted God to sanctify him wholly. When it came he jumped and shouted, and in passing his place of business afterwards it was nothing to hear him shout out, "Amen," as we passed by. The official board, one after another, were found at the altar crying out to God. I believe nearly all, perhaps all of them, found God in the campaign. It was wonderful. Many hungry hearts from other churches came in and sought for the blessing and many obtained what they were seeking for. Glory to God!

The last two Sundays we were on the platform over ten hours each day. It was simply an all-day battle. The last Sunday morning we had an old-fashioned love feast and a breaking of bread together. There were hundreds present, and each took his bread and went and found some one to break it with. That service closed at 2 P. M., and the next one commenced at 3 P. M. The last Monday night we held a meeting for those only who had been converted, or reclaimed, or sanctified in that campaign. That night each wrote down what he himself had

obtained in the meeting, and the following morning the pastor handed us the following figures: Converted, 116; reclaimed, 129; sanctified, 210. Among the number were 146 church members. Yes, it split the church out of the world and the world out of the church. God hasten the day when we can have more splits just like it.

A letter just to hand from the pastor says the meetings are still going on, and that the following night after we left there were about twenty seekers at the altar, five for pardon and the balance to be sanctified. I say, Lord, give us more splits like that.—L. Milton Williams.

CHAPTER X.

NEARLY DAMNED THROUGH THE INFLUENCE OF TOBACCO-USING PREACHERS.

Brother Williams, do you mean to say that you could not give of your money to support a preacher who uses tobacco, and retain your experience of entire sanctification?

Before giving you my answer, allow me to relate a little of my experience. I am told that my grandfather on my father's side was a Presbyterian (of the old school), and that he kept his decanter on the sideboard and used to take a little "for his stomach's sake," and sometimes took too much. My father was converted when twenty-two years old. He had formerly used tobacco, but then ceased the habit. Every boy born in my father's family who grew up became a user of tobacco; I began the use of it when eight years old. My older brothers would leave it lying about in their rooms, and I would feel of

the yellow wrapper, and soon learned to like it. My first chew, and my first smoke each made me sick, but never afterwards. I used it unknown to my parents until I was sixteen. When father learned that I was using it, he expressed sorrow and surprise. I was a strong-willed boy, and with a rambling nature, and left home when sixteen for the first time.

My father was an ordained local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his home was always a stopping place for the preachers. I never cared anything particularly about religion. I thought my father a good man, and I never saw him angry but twice in his life; and then it was under great provocation. I was somewhat to blame for both of those times myself. As I grew up, I had but little thought or care about salvation: did not believe there was much of anything in it beyond a simple profession. I had no confidence whatever in the vast majority of those who made a profession; I believed father lived up to what he professed. I also had much confidence in the superintendent of the little country Sunday School held at the

school house, believed him to be a good man, endeavoring to live up to what he professed, but I had no confidence in the majority of those who called themselves Christians.

I had a wild, fun-loving disposition and, unknown to my parents, learned to dance when quite young, play cards, and attend the theater, whenever the opportunity afforded. I danced with church members, played cards with church members, and saw church members at the theater. I smoked and chewed tobacco as I saw many church members, and many preachers, who would be at my father's house, do, and I often wondered what difference there was between those preachers and other men, who neither preached nor used tobacco. My father often spoke to me concerning my soul, but I would always be ready with an argument, and would immediately hold up those men and ask for the difference. He would cry over me and talk to me, but I would ask him for a proof that there was a God, and laugh at the lives of many who professed and yet did many things that I would not do. His tears would make me feel sorry

for what I had said to him, but I did not change my belief at all.

There finally came to our place a preacher by the name of Vanscoy; and I grew to have much respect for him. He was one man out of many that I believed in; and when my parents talked to me concerning my life, I would say I did not have much faith in religion, but I did believe Mr. Vanscoy had it, if anybody did. Circumstances caused him to leave the ministry, and he went into the brick-making business, a short distance from town. My father sold his farm and moved to town, and proceeded to build a brick house, and as my brother Frank and myself each owned a team, we hauled the brick for father's house. I was always pleased when Mr. Vanscoy would be present to pitch me the brick from the kiln. I liked to have him talk to me. One morning I had backed my wagon in position to load it, and said to Mr. Vanscoy, who stood waiting to begin loading, "Wait a moment," and taking a piece of tobacco from my jacket, took a chew; I was returning the plug to my pocket, when he said, "Throw it up, Lew." I replied, "Throw what

up?" He said, "Your tobacco." I tossed it up to him, and, taking his knife from his pocket, he cut off a chew, placing it in his mouth, and returned the plug to me. God help me to tell it. I will never forget that hour; I could not have been more astonished if he had thrown a brick at my head. I looked in amazement at that man, but he chewed and spit, and I saw it was an old habit with him. I cannot tell you how I got my load on, nor how I reached home, but immediately on my arrival, I called mother out and said to her, "You need not talk any more religion to me, nor say anything about my having filthy habits. There is your great and good preacher just as dirty and filthy as you say I am." I said much more to her, and every spark of faith or respect I had for the man vanished, so far as the ministry was concerned. I passed his place many, many times afterwards, but the episode in the brick-yard always came up before me.

That house was completed and preachers came and went, but I took no interest in them whatever, and seldom cared to hear them preach. Finally, one day father told me he had a minister

friend coming that evening, and as he was an old-time friend, he wished me to remain at home and see him. I understood all; he wanted the preacher to talk with me, and I remained. He was either a presiding elder at the time, or had been, I forget which. The minister came, and after tea, we adjourned to the parlor. I had been a silent listener to the conversation, but not a word had been spoken to me concerning religion. When we were seated in the parlor, that preacher, who was posing as an ambassador of Jesus, representing the cause of Christ on earth, professing to be an example for others, took out a cigar, bit off the end, lighted it, and began smoking with as much ease as though it were the most natural thing to him on earth. A cigar was handed to me, and I accepted it. I knew that tobacco smoke had never been in that parlor before; I knew that the very smell of it made my mother deathly sick, and yet, there in my mother's parlor, sat a representative of religion, filling the room with smoke, befouling the furniture, the curtains at the windows, and the house in general, which none of us boys were ever allow-

ed to do. Not one word did that preacher say to me about my soul; not one sentence did he address to me concerning his Master's (?) business, and, filled with disgust, I soon excused myself, and in a few minutes was down street in a billiard parlor where the air was filled with exactly the same odor as my mother's parlor; the difference being that the smokers in the billiard parlor were men who made no profession of religion, and the smoker in my mother's parlor was a man who professed to be a representative of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. And I an unsaved young man, had no more use for him or his profession than for any other man whom I detested. My parents never mentioned his name to me after that evening, and I absolutely had neither confidence nor respect for a preacher who used tobacco. I knew it was a filthy habit, and I used it, and made no profession whatever. Whenever I was spoken to concerning my life or religion, I always replied that I guessed I was not so very bad, for the preachers did the same thing I did. My life was a wicked one, and it caused

my parents much sorrow and grief, but, except by them, I was seldom spoken to about religion.

What *might* have taken place had that man been what his position implied, a man clean and pure, filled with God and a burning love for a lost world, an example of the Christ who broke His heart and died for fallen humanity? Had he been such a man, who knows what the influence of that evening might have been? Had he approached me in love and tenderness and in the spirit of Jesus, I might have had the whole tenor of my life changed; but no, he was just the opposite,—a carnal, sensual, filthy man. I remember my mother airing the house the next day, to get rid of the impure smell that a presiding elder of the M. E. Church had befouled it with. How many ministers to-day are doing the same thing; and, instead of being a power for good in their community, they are being used by the devil to corrupt young men and boys, and start them out and downward on a course of lustfulness and sin.

Can I take the money that I have placed on God's altar in entire consecration to be *His forever*, and give it to support a preacher engaged

in such hellish business? Listen! A friend of mine, one whom I have known for years, was sitting in my study some little time ago and was telling me some of his experiences in evangelistic work. He said, "I have just been out east of here holding a meeting with an M. E. preacher who is a user of tobacco. In his former charge, he used to invite the boys in after services on Sunday night, and 'hold a smoker with them.' One Sabbath evening after service, he said, 'Georgie, come on, let us go over to the parsonage and *burn some incense*,' meaning tobacco." Think of that, ye folks who profess to have consecrated your money to the Lord! Think of taking the Lord's money and supporting a preacher who, in *idolatrous blasphemy*, speaks thus of his dirty uncleanness, and who, by his actions and influence, is training your boys to lives of debauchery and making out of them foul smelling creatures, impairing their own lives, poisoning God's own pure, free air, and transmitting diseases and death in their families.

My friend dealt with the preacher regarding his *incense*, but he retorted, "If the truth was

known, one third or more of the preachers in my Conference use it, only some of them do it secretly."

Listen! A few months ago I was returning from a meeting in Kentucky when a gentleman took a seat by my side and said, "I live in the town where you have just closed your meeting. You stirred up our people considerably on the tobacco question." I replied, "Did I speak too strongly against it?" "No, sir," he replied, "you cannot speak too strongly against it. Why sir, I am a physician, and in my last month's medical journal there is the statement made that fifty to sixty per cent of the cases of the women who have to go to the operating table, go as the result of living with husbands who use tobacco and liquor. One begets the appetite for the other; you cannot speak out too strongly against it, sir." This is a statement made by a man of medicine. Think of the tens and thousands of women going to the operating table to be cut and maimed for life, and half of them, or more, being afflicted as the result of the tobacco and the liquor habit. And then do you ask me to take the Lord's money

and give it to support a preacher, not only guilty of being responsible for such wholesale butchery himself, but helping to increase it by his influence?

During the above mentioned meeting held in Kentucky, we found a Baptist preacher in the town who used tobacco. One day he was calling on a widow who was doing her best to rightly raise her fatherless boy, who had taken a great liking for his mother's pastor, the Baptist preacher. After the preacher had left the house, the little fellow turned to his mother and said, "Mamma, I want to be a big man, quick! I want to be a big man like Brudder Brown," (meaning the preacher). "Why, my son?" asked the mother. "*So I can moke,*" replied the child, who had seen the preacher smoking. Ye parents, think of it! The influence of that tobacco-soaked Baptist preacher over that fatherless child, whose mother was doing her best to train him in the fear of the Lord. "Quick, mudder! I want to be a big man quick, so I can moke like Brudder Brown."

Do you mean that I should not publicly declare

that I cannot and will not give one penny of the Lord's money to the support of such a man? But let me return to my own experience. I have stated that I was a strong, self-willed boy. In my twentieth year, I promised that I would quit the use of tobacco. I did so; stopped both smoking and chewing abruptly, and, though still unsaved, for several months I never touched it. For months I battled with my appetite. Sometimes I got so dizzy I had to lie down in sheer weakness. Oh, how I wanted tobacco! It seemed all my teeth were aching and would almost jump out of their places. It seemed as if there was something gnawing at my very vitals, and that I would *have* to have some tobacco or die, and in those struggles, up would come the faces of those preachers who used it, and I would argue, there is no harm in my using it if the preachers can do so. For months I fought that awful battle daily, hourly; every conscious moment I wanted tobacco.

One Sunday I went to hear a Free Methodist preacher in a school house. When we arrived the house was crowded, and the preacher's desk was near the entrance where I stood during the

service. I had heard him much ridiculed; that he was a holiness crank and narrow; that he preached Holiness, whatever that was. Well, that morning he hit tobacco pretty strongly, and the crowd laughed at him, but some way I did not feel like laughing, but wondered why he thought it to be so wicked. Other preachers, even presiding elders whom I knew of, used it. However, I never forgot his message; it stuck to me, but oh, the fight with the appetite!

Finally I said, if the preachers use tobacco I can also, and began to use it secretly. After doing so for some weeks, I felt that I wanted to come out with it; finally an opportunity occurred, and I let the one to whom I had made my promises see that I was using it again. Never this side of Heaven will I forget the look of surprise and sorrow that overspread that countenance, nor the sob that escaped the lips, with the words, "Is it possible you have deceived me? *Some day you will be sorry.*" Was it prophecy? Why was it to be true, and so soon? for in three days I was looking into that face, cold and still in death; and as I sat alone in the dark with my

dead, was it the voice of the devil who said, "You have practiced deception; you have broken your word; you used it!" And then the faces of those tobacco-using preachers came up before me. I was unsaved, and with my wild nature I broke away and said, "I will never quit it again! If I go to Hell, I will go there with a chew of tobacco in my teeth and have preachers for company." I put no restraint on the habit, chewed, smoked, and sometimes have slept with a chew in my mouth. Why should I torment myself and punish myself by not using it? If it was not wrong for preachers, it surely could not be wrong for me.

Years passed by, and I, a wild, roving lad, landed in a western town. One Sunday afternoon I ran into an open-air meeting, and, persuaded by my chum, attended the meeting held indoors. That service made a deep impression upon me, and I went back to the services again. Men whose faces bore the marks of sin and dissipation rose and gave their experience; how they had lived in sin, but that God had saved them. My whole life came up before me, conscience was

aroused from slumber, conviction seized me, and I saw myself a lost, guilty soul before God. For ten days I fought out the battle of my life. I do not think I slept ten hours during those ten days; sleep left me and I had no appetite for food. I said but little to those about me, but inwardly there was a tempest.

It was three miles from where I was employed to the place where the meetings were held. I attended every night and would walk each way on the bank of the river. I walked to and fro, and thought, and fought my battle. Much confessing was needed, and slowly during those ten days I retraced many years of my life, until on Saturday night I found myself again in the meeting. At the invitation, I put up my hand, asking for prayers, which resulted in my falling on my knees to pray. Loving, warm-hearted children of God gathered about me and prayed and advised—"Now, brother, give up *all* that is sinful and surrender yourself fully to God, and cry out to Him and He will forgive all your sins, and save you." One thing after another went quickly. "Do you give up all wrong doing?" "Yes,"

(faintly). "Sure? Everything vile and sinful?" No answer. Over and over they sang; again and again they endeavored to draw some word from me, but my lips were locked. A brother was kneeling by my side endeavoring to help me, when a precious sister, who is the wife of a holiness evangelist in the south, enquired, "What does he says?" "He won't say anything," replied the brother. "There is something he won't give up," she said. Ah, what a home thrust that was! It struck to the very center of my being. God helped me to see it as it was. It did not take me long to give up everything and promise God to follow Him in all things but the *one* thing, and that was my *tobacco*. I had said I never would give it up again. Preachers used it, and why not I? If they used it, it could not be wrong, but something seemed to ring through my soul, "Give it up, give it up; it is a filthy habit."

Three times I heard the Bible read through at my father's family altar; I knew the Book said to "cleanse yourself from all the filthiness of the flesh," "To touch not the unclean thing" and

"I will receive you." Oh, I knew I was an awful sinner and I wanted to find God and I knew God was dealing with me, but silently I would say, "But the preachers use it. They said they were your sons. I have seen many who said they belonged to you who use tobacco, and how can it be so wrong?" But back would come the words, "Give it up, give it up." "But, Lord, I can't. I tried and I can't, and why is it wrong?" And there were the faces of those preachers, and the battle went on. There I was, a wild, dissipated young man, almost ruined, drinking, cursing and carousing, on my way towards Hell; but under the convicting power of God I was struggling for my soul's salvation, and up before me again and again rose the faces of those tobacco-using preachers. If these lines are ever read by a preacher who uses this vile, filthy weed, may God help you either to fall on your knees and give it up and cry out to God until you get complete deliverance from your sin; or come down out of the pulpit; and for the sake of poor, lost souls, never profess to be the ambassador of Christ again. For souls are being led into sin and will

stumble into a devil's Hell over your damnable vice; and they will rise up in judgment before the bar of Almighty God against you and condemn you to everlasting doom, those who by your unclean influence have been damned. I believe a vile, dirty, unclean soul will be shut out of Heaven, no matter whether he be a tobacco-using gambler or a tobacco-using preacher.

But to my struggle. On it went, while about me were God's children pleading with me to surrender to God and be saved. The blessed Holy Spirit was pleading with me on one side and the devil close on the other. How I was torn between the conflicting forces. How the devil did fight for my soul. "The preacher uses it; those men you had confidence in, they use it; why not you? You don't need to give it up, you can be a Christian without giving up your tobacco. I would not give it up," he would whisper in my ear. Great drops of sweat stood on my forehead, and oh, what agony I was in! After awhile I began to think perhaps it was wrong, and those preachers false. And then the devil came back at me with my deception. "If you do give it up,

you cannot get saved anyway. Those you deceived are dead, and you cannot get forgiveness from the dead. You have gone too far, and you might as well go on and use it still; your case is hopeless."

Friends, it seemed that two forces had hold of me, and each was pulling in an opposite direction and that I would be pulled apart. I cannot describe the agony I underwent in those two hours. Friends who were God's own, pleading, praying and weeping; the blessed Holy Spirit knocking and entreating; my own poor soul yearning for peace and freedom on one side; and on the other my broken promises, the devil and the faces of tobacco-using preachers, backing up a vile, filthy, poisonous habit that had me bound as fast and hard and cruelly as ever a slave was bound to his master. The struggle continued for two long hours, until I seemed to be upon the brink of some high precipice, and the ground slipping from beneath my feet. I felt that I was going over and down to the darkness beneath; and, in agony and despair, I flung up my hands and cried out of my very soul, "Lord, save me!

I *do* give up! Jesus, save me!" And quicker than I can tell you how, the darkness turned to sunshine, the gloom and sorrow to brightness, and joy swept in and through and all over me; and I *knew* Jesus had heard and that I was saved. I sprang to my feet and helped to sing, "Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the Son, I *am* saved by the blood of the crucified one." Nobody begged me to believe. I *was* believing, and I felt and knew that Jesus saved me.

I had a time with the tobacco the following morning when I arose from my bed. As was my habit, and before I realized it, I put my hand into my pocket, and taking out a small piece of tobacco, was about to place it in my mouth, when I remembered my promise to God. I threw the tobacco under the bed, went down-stairs to my breakfast, went back up to my room, crawled under the bed and got the tobacco, and was sitting on the bed looking at it, when in walked my chum. He said, "Well, old fellow, what are you going to do about it?" Taking the tobacco from me, he bit off a chew. I replied, "George, I have made many promises, some of which I have

broken; and I would give worlds, if I had them, could I undo or make good those promises; but I can't. But I made God a promise last night that I would use tobacco no more, and I'll keep that promise or die in the attempt." I wanted it, but I said, No. For about ten days or so I fought on; but one Sabbath morning God took away the appetite as completely as though I had never known it, and it has remained so to this day. It has never for one moment returned, but, on the contrary, not only my mind or good sense rebels against it, but my very nostrils abhor the deadly, stinking stuff. Sometimes I get in an atmosphere laden with tobacco smoke and even my stomach rebels against what I am for the moment compelled to breathe, and I feel sick. I have a right to God's own pure air, and no man on earth has any more legal right to poison the air that I have to breathe than the water I drink; and the man who does so, is not only a sinner, but a criminal as well; and I have never, since the day God saved me, knowingly contributed a cent to the support of a preacher who uses the vile stuff. I do not believe him to be a child of

God. The light on the old Book is too great, and not only the Bible and the highest medical authorities in the land say that it is wrong, but even good sense and common decency disdain it; and I cannot expect God, who has saved me from it, and accepted what little I had to consecrate to Him, to keep me, if I take the money that He entrusts to my hands and give it to a man who would spend it for such a vile, dirty, body-poisoning and soul-damning habit as tobacco. No, I cannot keep my blessing of entire sanctification and support a preacher who uses tobacco, and what is more, I do not believe that from this hour you can either.

THE END.

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