

# SERMON COLLECTION DDT

by Billy Sunday

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*A collection of sermons by the renowned American evangelist Billy Sunday, featuring messages on backsliding, faithfulness, and other topics delivered with his characteristic vivid illustrations and urgent moral imperatives.*

10 Chapters

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## 00.3-Biography of Billy Sunday

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Biography of Billy Sunday Modified From Wikipedia see the full article - [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Billy\\_Sunday](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Billy_Sunday)

William Ashley "Billy" Sunday (November 19, 1862 - November 6, 1935) was an American athlete who, after being a popular outfielder in baseball's National League during the 1880s, became the most celebrated and influential American evangelist during the first two decades of the 20th century.

Born into poverty in Iowa, Sunday spent some years at the Iowa Soldiers' Orphans' Home before working at odd jobs and playing for local running and baseball teams. His speed and agility provided him the opportunity to play baseball in the major leagues for eight years, where he was an average hitter and a good fielder known for his base-running.

Converted to evangelical Christianity in the 1880s, Sunday left baseball for the Christian ministry. He gradually developed his skills as a pulpit evangelist in the Midwest and then, during the early 20th century, he became the nation's most famous evangelist with his colloquial sermons and frenetic delivery. Sunday held widely reported campaigns in America's largest cities, and he attracted the largest crowds of any evangelist before the advent of electronic sound systems. Sunday was a strong supporter of Prohibition, and his preaching almost certainly played a significant role in the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment in 1919. His audiences grew smaller during the 1920s as Sunday grew older, religious revivals became less popular, and alternative sources of entertainment appeared. Nevertheless, Sunday continued to preach and remained a stalwart defender of conservative Christianity until his death.

### EARLY LIFE

Billy Sunday was born near Ames, Iowa. His father was the son of German immigrants named Sonntag, who anglicized their name to "Sunday" when they settled in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. William Sunday was a bricklayer who worked his way to Iowa, where he married Mary Jane Corey, the daughter of "Squire" Martin Corey, a local farmer, miller, blacksmith, and wheelwright. Early in the Civil War, William Sunday enlisted in the Iowa Twenty-Third Volunteer Infantry. He died of disease at Patterson, Missouri, five weeks after the birth of his youngest son, William Ashley. Mary Jane Sunday and her children moved in with her parents for a few years, and young Billy became close to his grandparents and especially his grandmother. Mary Jane Sunday later remarried, but her second husband soon deserted the family. When Billy Sunday was ten years old, his impoverished mother sent him and an older brother to the Soldiers' Orphans Home in Glenwood, Iowa, and later to the Iowa Soldiers' Orphans' Home in Davenport, Iowa. At the orphanage, Sunday gained orderly habits, a decent primary education, and the realization that he was a good athlete. By fourteen, Sunday was shifting for himself. In Nevada, Iowa, he worked for Colonel John Scott, a former lieutenant governor, tending Shetland ponies and doing other farm chores. The Scotts provided Sunday a good home and the opportunity to attend Nevada High

School. Although Sunday never received a high school diploma, by 1880 he was better educated than many of his contemporaries. In 1880, Sunday relocated to Marshalltown, Iowa, where, because of his athleticism, he had been recruited for a fire brigade team. In Marshalltown, Sunday worked at odd jobs, competed in fire brigade tournaments, and played for the town baseball team. In 1882, with Sunday in left field, the Marshalltown team defeated the state champion Des Moines team 13-4.

## PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL PLAYER

Sunday's professional baseball career was launched by Adrian "Cap" Anson, a Marshalltown native and future Hall of Famer, after his aunt, an avid fan of the Marshalltown team, gave him an enthusiastic account of Sunday's prowess. In 1883, on Anson's recommendation, A.G. Spalding, president of the Chicago White Stockings, signed Sunday to the defending National League champions.

Sunday struck out four times in his first game, and there were seven more strikeouts and three more games before he got a hit. During his first four seasons with Chicago, he was a part-time player, taking Mike "King" Kelly's place in right field when Kelly served as catcher.

Sunday's speed was his greatest asset, and he displayed it on the basepaths and in the outfield. In 1885, the White Stockings arranged a race between Sunday and Arlie Latham, the fastest runner in the American Association. Sunday won the hundred-yard dash by about ten feet.

Sunday's personality, demeanor, and athleticism made him popular with the fans, as well as with his teammates. Manager Cap Anson considered Sunday reliable enough to make him the team's business manager, which included such duties as handling the ticket receipts and paying the team's travel expenses. In 1887, when Kelly was sold to another team, Sunday became Chicago's regular right fielder, but an injury limited his playing time to fifty games. During the following winter Sunday was sold to the Pittsburgh Alleghenys for the 1888 season. He was their starting center fielder, playing a full season for the first time in his career. The crowds in Pittsburgh took to Sunday immediately; one reporter wrote that "the whole town is wild over Sunday." Although Pittsburgh had a losing team during the 1888 and 1889 seasons, Sunday performed well in center field and was among the league leaders in stolen bases. In 1890, a labor dispute led to the formation of a new league, composed of most of the better players from the National League. Although he was invited to join the competing league, Sunday's conscience would not allow him to break his contract with Pittsburgh. Sunday was named team captain, and he was their star player, but the team suffered one of the worst seasons in baseball history. By August the team had no money to meet its payroll, and Sunday was traded to the Philadelphia Phillies for two players and \$1,000 in cash. The Philadelphia team had an opportunity to win the National League pennant, and the owners hoped that adding Sunday to the roster would improve their chances. Although Sunday played well in his thirty-one games with Philadelphia, the team finished in third place. In March 1891, Sunday requested and was granted a release from his contract with the Philadelphia ball club. Over his career, Sunday was never much of a hitter: his batting average was .248 over 499 games, about the median for the 1880s. In his best season, in 1887, Sunday hit .291, ranking 17th in the league. He was an exciting but inconsistent fielder. In the days before outfielders wore gloves, Sunday was noted for thrilling catches featuring long sprints and athletic dives, but he also committed a great many errors. Sunday was best known as an exciting base-runner, regarded by

his peers as one of the fastest in the game, even though he never placed better than third in the National League in stolen bases.

Sunday remained a prominent baseball fan throughout his life. He gave interviews and opinions about baseball to the popular press; he frequently umpired minor league and amateur games in the cities where he held revivals; and he attended baseball games whenever he could, including a 1935 World Series game two months before he died.

**CONVERSION** On a Sunday afternoon in Chicago during either the 1886 or 1887 baseball season, Sunday and several of his teammates were out on the town for their day off. At one street corner they stopped to listen to a gospel preaching team from the Pacific Garden Mission. Attracted by the hymns he had heard his mother sing, Sunday began attending services at the mission. A former society matron who worked there convinced Sunday, after some struggle, that he should become a Christian. He began attending the fashionable Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, a congregation handy to both the ball park and his rented room.

Although he socialized with his teammates and sometimes gambled, Sunday was not a heavy drinker. In his autobiography, he said, "I never drank much. I was never drunk but four times in my life. ... I used to go to the saloons with the baseball players, and while they would drink highballs and gin fizzes and beer, I would take lemonade." Following his conversion, Sunday denounced drinking, swearing, and gambling, and his changed behavior was recognized by both teammates and fans. Sunday shortly thereafter began speaking in churches and at YMCAs.

**MARRIAGE** In 1886, Sunday was introduced at Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church to Helen Amelia "Nell" Thompson, daughter of the owner of one of Chicago's largest dairy products businesses. Although Sunday was immediately smitten with her, both had serious on-going relationships that bordered on engagements. Furthermore, Nell Thompson had grown to maturity in a much more privileged environment than had Sunday, and her father strongly discouraged the courtship, viewing all professional baseball players as "transient ne'er-do-wells who were unstable and destined to be misfits once they were too old to play." Nevertheless, Sunday pursued and eventually married her. On several occasions, Sunday said, "She was a Presbyterian, so I am a Presbyterian. Had she been a Catholic, I would have been a Catholic - because I was hot on the trail of Nell." Mrs. Thompson had liked Sunday from the start and weighed in on his side, and Mr. Thompson finally relented. The couple was married on September 5, 1888.

**APPRENTICESHIP FOR EVANGELISM** In the spring of 1891, Sunday turned down a baseball contract for \$3,000 a year to accept a position with the Chicago YMCA at \$83 per month. Sunday's job title at the YMCA was Assistant Secretary, yet the position involved a great deal of ministerial work. It proved to be good preparation for his later evangelistic career. For three years Sunday visited the sick, prayed with the troubled, counseled the suicidal, and visited saloons to invite patrons to evangelistic meetings. In 1893, Sunday became the full-time assistant to J. Wilbur Chapman, one of the best known evangelists in the United States at the time. Chapman was well educated and was a meticulous dresser, "suave and urbane." Personally shy, like Sunday, Chapman commanded respect in the pulpit both because of his strong voice and his sophisticated demeanor. Sunday's job as Chapman's advance man was to precede the evangelist to cities in which he was scheduled to preach, organize prayer meetings and choirs, and in general take care of necessary details. When tents were used, Sunday would often help erect them. By listening to

Chapman preach night after night, Sunday received a valuable course in homiletics. Chapman also critiqued Sunday's own attempts at evangelistic preaching and showed him how to put a good sermon together. Further, Chapman encouraged Sunday's theological development, especially by emphasizing the importance of prayer and by helping to "reinforce Billy's commitment to conservative biblical Christianity."

**POPULAR EVANGELIST Kerosene circuit** When Chapman unexpectedly returned to the pastorate in 1896, Sunday struck out on his own, beginning with meetings in tiny Garner, Iowa. For the next twelve years Sunday preached in approximately seventy communities, most of them in Iowa and Illinois. Sunday referred to these towns as the "kerosene circuit" because, unlike Chicago, most were not yet electrified. Towns often booked Sunday meetings informally, sometimes by sending a delegation to hear him preach and then telegraphing him while he was holding services somewhere else.

Sunday also took advantage of his reputation as a baseball player to generate advertising for his meetings. In 1907 in Fairfield, Iowa, Sunday organized local businesses into two baseball teams and scheduled a game between them. Sunday came dressed in his professional uniform and played on both sides. Although baseball was his primary means of publicity, Sunday also once hired a circus giant to serve as an usher. When Sunday began to attract crowds larger than could be accommodated in rural churches or town halls, he pitched rented canvas tents. Again, Sunday did much of the physical work of putting them up, manipulating ropes during storms, and seeing to their security by sleeping in them at night. Not until 1905 was he well enough off to hire his own advance man. In 1906, an October snowstorm in Salida, Colorado, destroyed Sunday's tent—a special disaster because revivalists were typically paid with a freewill offering at the end of their meetings. Thereafter he insisted that towns build him temporary wooden tabernacles at their expense. The tabernacles were comparatively costly to build (although most of the lumber could be salvaged and resold at the end of the meetings), and locals had to put up the money for them in advance. This change in Sunday's operation began to push the finances of the campaign to the fore. At least at first, raising tabernacles provided good public relations for the coming meetings as townspeople joined together in what was effectively a giant barnraising. Sunday built rapport by participating in the process, and the tabernacles were also a status symbol, because they had previously been built only for major evangelists such as Chapman.

Under the administration of Nell

Eleven years into Sunday's evangelistic career, both he and his wife had been pushed to their emotional limits. Long separations had exacerbated his natural feelings of inadequacy and insecurity. As a product of a childhood that could well be described as a series of losses, he was extremely dependent on his wife's love and encouragement. For her part, Nell found it increasingly difficult to handle household responsibilities, the needs of four children (including a newborn), and the long-distance emotional welfare of her husband. His ministry was also expanding, and he needed an administrator, a job for which his wife was ideally suited. In 1908, the Sundays decided to entrust their children to a nanny so that Nell could manage the revival campaigns.

Nell Sunday transformed her husband's out-of-the-back-pocket organization into a "nationally renowned phenomenon." New personnel were hired, and by the New York campaign of 1917, the Sundays had a paid staff of twenty-six. There were musicians, custodians, and advance men; but

the Sundays also hired Bible teachers of both sexes, who among other responsibilities, held daytime meetings at schools and shops and encouraged their audiences to attend the main tabernacle services in the evenings. The most significant of these new staff members were Homer Rodeheaver, an exceptional song leader and music director who worked with the Sundays for almost twenty years, and Virginia Healey Asher, who (besides regularly singing duets with Rodeheaver) directed the women's ministries, especially the evangelization of young working women.

Campaign Platform With his wife administering the campaign organization, Sunday was free to do what he did best: compose and deliver colloquial sermons. Typically, Homer Rodeheaver would first warm up the crowd with congregational singing that alternated with both numbers from gigantic choirs and music performed by the staff. When Sunday felt the moment right, he would launch into his message. Sunday gyrated, stood on the pulpit, ran from one end of the platform to the other, and dove across the stage, pretending to slide into home plate. Sometimes he even smashed chairs to emphasize his points. His sermon notes had to be printed in large letters so that he could catch a glimpse of them as he raced by the pulpit. Some religious and social leaders criticized Sunday's exaggerated gestures as well as the slang and colloquialisms that filled his sermons, but audiences clearly enjoyed them. In 1907, journalist Lindsay Denison complained that Sunday preached "the old, old doctrine of damnation," getting results by "inspiring fear and gloom in the hearts of sinners." But Sunday himself told reporters "with ill-concealed annoyance," that his revivals had "no emotionalism." Certainly contemporary comparisons to the extravagances of mid-nineteenth-century camp meetings-as in the famous drawing by George Bellows-were overdrawn. Sunday told one reporter that he believed that people could "be converted without any fuss."

Crowd noise, especially coughing and crying babies, was a significant impediment to Sunday's preaching because the wooden tabernacles were so acoustically live. During his preliminaries, Rodeheaver often instructed audiences about how to muffle their coughs. Nurseries were always provided, infants forbidden, and Sunday sometimes appeared rude in his haste to rid the hall of noisy children who had slipped through the ushers. Tabernacle floors were covered with sawdust to dampen the noise of shuffling feet (as well as for its pleasant smell and its ability to hold down the dust of dirt floors), and coming forward during the invitation became known as "hitting the sawdust trail." By 1910, Sunday began to conduct meetings (usually longer than a month) in small cities like Youngstown, Wilkes-Barre, South Bend, and Denver, and then finally, between 1915 and 1917, the major cities of Philadelphia, Syracuse, Kansas City, Detroit, Boston, Buffalo, and New York City. During the 1910s, Sunday was front page news in the cities where he held campaigns. Newspapers often printed his sermons in full, and during World War I, local coverage of his campaigns often surpassed that of the war. Sunday was the subject of over sixty articles in major periodicals, and he was a staple of the religious press regardless of denomination.

Over the course of his career, Sunday preached to more than one hundred million people face-to-face-and, to the great majority, without electronic amplification. Vast numbers "hit the sawdust trail." Although the usual total given for those who came forward at invitations is an even million, one modern historian estimates the true figure to be closer to 1,250,000. Sunday did not preach to a hundred million different individuals but to many of the same people repeatedly over the course of a campaign. Before his death, Sunday estimated that he had preached nearly

20,000 sermons, an average of 42 per month from 1896 to 1935. During his heyday, when he was preaching more than twenty times each week, his crowds were often huge. Even in 1923, well into the period of his decline, 479,300 people attended the 79 meetings of the six-week 1923 Columbia, South Carolina, campaign-23 times the white population of Columbia.

## RELIGIOUS VIEWS

Billy Sunday was a conservative evangelical who accepted fundamentalist doctrines. He affirmed and preached the inerrancy of the Bible, the virgin birth of Christ, the doctrine of substitutionary atonement, the bodily resurrection of Christ, a literal devil and hell, and the imminent return of Jesus Christ. At the turn of the 20th century, most Protestant church members, regardless of denomination, gave assent to these doctrines. Sunday refused to hold meetings in cities where he was not welcomed by the vast majority of the Protestant churches and their clergy.

Nevertheless, Sunday was not a separationist as were most orthodox Protestants of his era. He went out of his way to avoid criticizing the Roman Catholic Church and even met with Cardinal Gibbons during his 1916 Baltimore campaign. Also, cards filled out by "trail hitters" were faithfully returned to the church or denomination that the writers had indicated as their choice-including Catholic and Unitarian.

Although Sunday was ordained by the Presbyterian Church in 1903, his ministry was nondenominational, and he was not a strict Calvinist. He preached that individuals were, at least in part, responsible for their own salvation. "Trail hitters" were given a four-page tract that stated, "if you have done your part (i.e. believe that Christ died in your place, and receive Him as your Saviour and Master) God has done HIS part and imparted to you His own nature."

Sunday never attended seminary and made no pretense of being a theologian or an intellectual, but he had a thorough knowledge of the Bible, and he was well read on religious and social issues of his day. His surviving Winona Lake library of six hundred books gives evidence of heavy use, including underscoring and reader's notes in his characteristic all-caps printing. Some of Sunday's books were even those of religious opponents.

Sunday's homespun preaching had a wide appeal to his audiences, who were "entertained, reproached, exhorted, and astonished." Sunday claimed to be "an old-fashioned preacher of the old-time religion," and his uncomplicated sermons spoke of a personal God, salvation through Jesus Christ, and following the moral lessons of the Bible. Sunday's theology, although sometimes denigrated as simplistic, was situated within mainstream Protestantism of his time.

## SOCIAL AND POLITICAL VIEWS

Sunday was a lifelong Republican, and he espoused the mainstream political and social views of his native Midwest: individualism, competitiveness, personal discipline, and opposition to government regulation. Writers such as Sinclair Lewis, Henry M. Tichenor, and John Reed attacked Sunday as a tool of big business, and poet Carl Sandburg called him a "four-flusher" and a "bunkshooter." Nevertheless, Sunday sided with Progressives on some issues. For example, he denounced child labor and supported urban reform and women's suffrage. Sunday condemned capitalists "whose private lives are good, but whose public lives are very bad," as well as those "who would not pick the pockets of one man with the fingers of their hand" but who would "without

hesitation pick the pockets of eighty million people with fingers of their monopoly or commercial advantage." He never lost his sympathy for the poor, and he sincerely tried to bridge the gulf between the races during the nadir of the Jim Crow era.

Sunday was a passionate supporter of World War I. In 1918 he said, "I tell you it is Bill against Woodrow, Germany against America, Hell against Heaven." Sunday raised large amounts of money for the troops, sold war bonds, and stumped for recruitment.

Sunday had been an ardent champion of temperance from his earliest days as an evangelist, and his ministry at the Chicago YMCA had given him first-hand experience with the destructive potential of alcohol. Sunday's most famous sermon was "Get on the Water Wagon" (better known simply as "The Booze Sermon"), which he preached on countless occasions with both histrionic emotion and a "mountain of economic and moral evidence." Sunday said, "I am the sworn, eternal and uncompromising enemy of the Liquor Traffic. I have been, and will go on, fighting that damnable, dirty, rotten business with all the power at my command." Sunday played a significant role in arousing public interest in Prohibition and in the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment in 1919. When the tide of public opinion turned against Prohibition, he continued to support it. After its repeal in 1933, Sunday called for its reintroduction.

Sunday also opposed eugenics, recent immigration from southern and eastern Europe, and the teaching of evolution. Further, he criticized such popular middle-class amusements as dancing, playing cards, attending the theater, and reading novels. However, he believed baseball was a healthy and even patriotic form of recreation, so long as it was not played on Sundays.

## DECLINE AND DEATH

Sunday's popularity waned after World War I when radio and movie theaters became his competitors for the public's leisure time. The Sundays' health also declined even as they continued to drive themselves through rounds of revivals-smaller but also with ever fewer staff members to assist them.

Tragedy marred Sunday's final years. His three sons engaged in many of the activities he preached against, and the Sundays paid blackmail to several women to keep the scandals relatively quiet. In 1930, their housekeeper and nanny, who had become a virtual member of the family, died. Then the Sundays' daughter, the only child actually raised by Nell, died in 1932 of what seems to have been multiple sclerosis. Their oldest son George, rescued from financial ruin by the Sundays, committed suicide in 1933.

Nevertheless, even as the crowds declined during the last fifteen years of his life, Sunday soldiered on, accepting preaching invitations and speaking with effect. In early 1935, he had a mild heart attack, and his doctor advised him to stay out of the pulpit. Sunday ignored the advice. He died on November 6, a week after preaching his last sermon on the text "What must I do to be saved?"

## 01-Backsliding

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### Backsliding by Billy Sunday

"Thy own wickedness shall correct thee. Thy backsliding shall reprove thee. Know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of Hosts."

Jeremiah 11:19.

Many start the voyage of the Christian life under sending skies and upon smooth waters, but as they sail out of the harbor the sky becomes dark and the craft of their religion crashes upon the rocks. At first they are careful to obey the command of God, but after the revival they neglect their duties and finally come to wreck.

God speaks much of the sin of backsliding, and in the Bible has spoken of it in many places. There are all kinds of backsliding.

First, there is the careless kind. The invitation is never given at the revival but there are those who will respond to it, and for a time will live as Christians should. Then, when the revival is over and the routine of everyday life begins, they slip gradually back into their former ways. They become negligent and drift back to the old haunts and the old gang.

Oh, it is easy to think of things divine when the revival is on and there is inspiration on every side and the bands are playing and the crowds are marching.

I've sometimes thought, almost, that it might be a Godsend to many a community if it could only be swept by typhoid fever or pneumonia or scarlet fever just after a good revival and before the people have a chance to slide back. The second class of backsliders is the class that started soberly and seriously, but not seriously enough. They do not make a complete surrender. If you secure a balloon with 100 ropes and cut 99 of them, the balloon will still be held, but don't cut the shore lines, they have failed to cut loose from sin, and it is drawing them back. A friend of mine holding a meeting, asked how many who were present had been Christians, but were now backsliders. Finally forty fessed up. Then he asked them for the reasons for their falling away. Finally a man got up and said he backslid through believing that he could be a Christian and keep his store open on Sundays. A young lady arose and said that she backslid because of cards. A friend had given a card party and she had to give one in reciprocity. She said she had invited a young man to attend, but that he didn't know what kind of a party it was to be. He came, but when he found out he said he was sorry, but he must go, for he could not stay there. "I admired him for his loyalty to his religion, he made me feel that I wasn't worthy to have my name as a church member," the young lady said.

Another man stood up and said: "I backslid when I voted for the saloon." You bet he did or he would not have voted for the dirty, rotten thing. Why, he backslid before he voted that ticket, or he wouldn't have voted it. A young lady said: "I thought I could be a member of the church and

dance." Sure she could. You can be a member of the church and a burglar too, but not a member of the body of Christ. She said, "I attended a dance and found my desire to pray diminishing. I attended another and I found my desire to pray had become nebulous. And then," she said, "my desire to pray disappeared."

I tell you I never saw a drinking, dancing, card playing Christian who amounted to anything. The dance is a quagmire of wreckage. It's as rotten as hell. You wait until I get at it.

I believe more people in the church backslide because of the dance, card playing and theatre gadding then through the saloons. But hold on there, don't you think for a minute that I'm in favor of the dirty, stinking, rotting saloons.

I'm against a lot of amusements popular among church members, as you people are going to find out before I am through in Boston. I don't give that (snapping his fingers) whether you like my preaching or not. Understand? It's a question of whether you are interested in decency. If you live wrong you can't die right. Emerson said: "What you are speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say. This is an age of incompleteness of unfinished things. Life is full of half done things. Education is begun and abandoned. Obedience to the law of God is begun - and given up. People start in business - and fail. They attempt to learn a trade - and don't do it thoroughly. A hound once started running after a stag and after running for a while it saw a fox and turned after it. A little farther along it saw a rabbit and ran after that, and finally wound up holing a field mouse. So it is with so many who enter the Christian life. They started to hunt and compromised on a glass of booze. They enter a royal race, but compromised on a glass of beer or on some little gain through dishonesty. Not every backslider is an apostate, but every apostate is a backslider. Peter was a backslider, but he came back and preached that sermon at Pentecost. Judas was a backslider, and what he did so preyed upon his mind that he did not want it. He went out but he never came back.

I have never tabooed but two towns in my life and one of them was a little town in Iowa, where I once held a meeting before I really became an evangelist. That town had an infidel club of 150 members. There were only two church members in the place, and there was an interrogation point after them at that. They could have started a founding asylum of their own in that community. My life was not safe there - they threw stones at me in the streets. A storekeeper there told me he was going to sell out and leave the town for purely moral reasons, at a loss of about \$8000.00. He said that he had daughters and that there wasn't a young man in the town that he would trust with them. He said that any young man in that town were to call on any of his daughters he wouldn't go upstairs to bed unless he had a Gattling gun he could train on the visitor at a moments notice. It is not only for here and now, it is not only for a time, but it is for eternity. It is one of the great things. All other things are incidents. The leader of that God - forsaken, iniquitous gang was a man named Dickson, who ran a one - horse country grocery business in a place about as big as a boxcar. He had been a Christian - used to be a classleader in a Methodist church. He kept a store. I used to pass the store as I went to preach, and I would see the bunch, as many as 40 sometimes, sitting around in the little store.

Whenever a new preacher came they would assemble to talk him over, and if old Dickson gave consent, they would go to church to hear him. I remember one old brush rat. He had bushy whiskers with a dirty brown streak down the middle, and he could spit 30 yards and hit a fly. I'll bet

my life he could hit a post down there. He used to come in late, with one pant leg tucked in his boot, no coat or vest, no galoshes - just a rope around his paunch - the old son of perdition.

He'd sit down and turn the hose on the wall. He looked to me as if he had had only one bath in his life and that one when he was born. He came clattering down the aisle - old hair and beard twisted - looked like a cow's tail. He started as a backslider, ended in apostasy, just as disease ends in death if not checked. In business life, crises come unforeseen. Hard times come. When they do, you may be able to get away with a overdraft at the bank if the cashier knows you too well. At the bank of heaven no checks on God's mercy, when signed by God's loyal followers have ever been turned down. If you come with honest heart God will honor the appeal if your hands are red with blood. In a campaign like this, for some little thing many men will sell out. There are men whose honor hang like meat in butcher shop, for sale for so much a pound. I thank God though, that most men are honest and most women are virtuous, and that even the minority can be made to yield when you preach the gospel right.

I ask about a man. "Has he reached the burning bush?" They answer, "Yes, and got past it." I ask, "Is he a K. of P.?" They say he is. I ask, "Has he jumped?" They say, "Yes." I don't know what it means to jump, for I am not a K. of P. I heard a couple of K. of P.'s talking, though ? they didn't leak. I suppose it has something to do with the initiation. I ask. "Is he an Odd Fellow?" "Yes" They tell me he will share his last dollar with a needy person, die for the widow or the orphan, put his head on the track ahead of the Black Diamond or allow himself to be shot to pieces before he would be false to the vows he took amid the scent of the orange blossoms. That sounds like a good man, but there are lots of men who will be true in all these things, and false to Jesus Christ. They will go to church and partake of the communion, then will line up in front of some bar and tell smutty stories. True in business, true to lodge, true in society, true in the home, but a perjurer in the sight of God. If you are such a man you are a backslider - a backslider, sir, and a liar.

If I were to go to a man and say: "They say you're an old liar." Would he say, "Well, Bill, I suppose I am, but you mustn't put the standard too high for poor, weak humanity, and I'm only human." If I were to say to him, "They say you are an old thief and that they have to hide everything when you come around." Would he say he supposed it was true, but I mustn't set the standard too high for poor human nature? If I say, "They tell me that you are a rotten old libertine and that you have ruined many innocent girls, that you would crush a woman's virtue as quickly as a snake beneath your foot." Would he say he supposed it was true, but I mustn't set the standard too high for poor human nature? No sir. If he were anything of a man at all he would say, "I demand, sir, that you prove your charges." But that's not what a man does when you charge him with being a backslider or to say that he is a liar. Oh, for the Presbyterian or Baptist or Episcopal backslider who stands up and talks about poor human nature - yet to say a man is a backslider is to say that he is a liar. Of, for power to come to you and show what you ought to be.

I can imagine a man being untrue in business. I can imagine him being untrue in politics. I can even - but it is difficult - imagine him being untrue to the vows made at the altar - but to be untrue to God! Be untrue to God and you will lose heaven and lose all. Be true to God and you will lose hell. I pray that God will so work upon the consciences of you backsliders who hear me that you will cry salt tears and turn and roll upon your pillows when you go home tonight and seek a dry spot that he may reproach you until you have been stung into a return to the God to whom you

have been false. A heathen woman named Panathea was famous for her great beauty, and King Cyrus wanted her for his harem. He sent his representatives to her and offered her money and jewels to come, but she repulsed them and spurned their advances. Again he sent them, this time with offers more generous and tempting; but again she sent them away with scorn. A third time she said "Nay." Then King Cyrus went in person to see her and he doubled and tripled and quadrupled the offers his men had made, but still she would not go. She told him that she was a wife, and that she was true to her husband.

He said "Panathea, where dwellest thee?"

"In the arms and on the breast of my husband." She said.

"Take her away." Said Cyrus. "She is of no use to me."

Then he put her husband in command of the charioteers and sent him into battle at the head of the troops. Panathea knew what this meant - that her husband had been sent in that he might be killed.

She waited while the battle raged and when the field was cleared she shouted his name and searched for him and finally found him wounded and dying. She knelt and clasped him in her arms, and as they kissed, his lamp of life went out forever.

King Cyrus heard of the mans death and came to the field. Panathea saw him coming, careening on his camel like a ship in a storm. She called, "Oh, husband! He comes - he shall not have me. I was true to you in life and will be true to you in death." And she drew her dead husband's poniard from its sheath, drove it into her own breast and fell dead across his body.

King Cyrus came up and dismounted. He removed his turban and knelt By the dead husband and wife and thanked his God that he had found in his kingdom one true and virtuous woman that his money could not buy nor his power intimidate. A person of Boston, preachers, the problem of this century is the problem of the first century. We must win the world for God and we will win the world for God just as soon as we have men and woman who will be faithful to God and will not lie and will not sell out to the devil.

## 02-Booze

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Famous 'Booze' Sermon As preached by Billy Sunday in Boston, MA

I am the sworn, eternal and uncompromising enemy of the liquor traffic. I have been, and will go on, fighting that damnable, dirty, rotten business with all the power at my command. I shall ask no quarter from that gang, and they shall get none from me.

After all is said that can be said on the liquor traffic, its influence is degrading on the individual, the family, politics and business and upon everything that you touch in this old world. For the time has long gone by when there is any ground for arguments of its ill effects. All are agreed on that point. There is just one prime reason why the saloon has not been knocked into hell, in that is the false statement "that the saloons are needed to help lighten the taxes."

It costs fifty times more for the saloon than the revenue derived from it.

I challenge you to show me where the saloon has ever helped business, education, church morals or anything we hold dear.

You listen today and if I can't peel the bark off that damnable fallacy I will pack my trunk and leave. I say that is the biggest lie ever belched out. The wholesale and retail trade in Iowa pays every year at least \$500,000 in licenses. Then, if there were no drawback, it ought to reduce the taxation 25 cents per capita. If the saloon is necessary to pay the taxes, and if they pay \$500,000 in taxes, it ought to reduce them 25 cents a head. But no, the whiskey business has increased taxes \$1,900,000 instead of reducing them, and I defy any whisky man on God's dirt to show one town that has the saloon where the taxes are lower than where they do not have the saloon. I defy you to show me an instance.

Crime and Idiocy

Listen! Seventy-five per cent of our idiots come from intemperate parents, 80 per cent of the paupers, 82 per cent of the crime is committed by men under the influence of liquor, 90 per cent of the adult criminals are whiskey made. The Chicago Tribune kept track for 10-years and found that 53,438 murders were committed in the saloons.

Archbishop Ireland, the famous Roman Catholic of St. Paul, said of social crime "that 75 per cent is caused by drink and 80 per cent of the poverty." I go to a family and it is broken up and I say, "what caused this?" Drink! I step up to a young man on the scaffold and say, "what brought you here?" Drink! Whence all the misery and sorrow and corruption? Invariably it is drink.

Whiskey and beer are all right in their place, but their place is in hell. The saloon hasn't one leg to stand on.

Five Points, in New York, was a spot as near like hell as any spot on earth. There are five streets that run to this point, and right in the middle was an old brewery, and the streets on either side were lined with grog shops. The newspapers turned a search light on the districts, and before they

could stop it the first thing they had to do was to buy the old brewery and turn it into a mission, and today it is a decent, respectable place.

Look at Kansas. It is dry. In 85 of 105 counties in Kansas there is not one idiot. In 38 counties they have not a single pauper in the poorhouse, and there are only 600 dependents in the whole State. In 65 counties in Kansas they did not have a single prisoner in the county jails in the year 1912, and in some of the counties the grand jury hasn't been called to try a criminal case in 10 years.

Sum of All Villainies The saloon is the sum of all villainies. It is worse than war or pestilence. It is the crime of crimes. It is parent of crimes and the mother of sins. It is the appalling source of misery and crime in the land and the principal cause of crime. It is the source of three-fourths of the taxes to support that crime. And to license such an incarnate fiend of hell is the dirtiest, low-down, damnable business on top of this old earth. There is nothing to be compared to it. The Legislature of Illinois appropriated \$6,000,000 in 1908 to take care of the insane people in the state, and the whiskey business produces 75 per cent of the insane. That is what you go down in your pocket for to help support. If I remember rightly the Legislature appropriated nearly \$9,000,000 to take care of the state institution. Do away with the saloon, and you will close these institutions. The saloons make them necessary, and they make the poverty and fill the jails and the penitentiaries. Who has to pay the bills? The landlord who doesn't get the rent because the money goes for whiskey; the butcher and the grocer, and the charitable person who takes pity on the children of drunkards, and the tax payer who supports the insane asylums and other institutions that the whiskey business keeps full of human wrecks. Do away with the cursed business and you will not have to put up to support them. Who gets the money? The saloon keepers and the brewers, and the distillers, while the whiskey fills the land with misery and poverty and wretchedness and disease and death and damnation and it is being authorized by the will of the sovereign people.

Last year the corn crop was 2,553,732,000 bushels, and it was valued at \$1,250,000,000. Secretary Wilson says that the breweries use less than 2 per cent; I will say that they use 2 percent. This would make 51,000,000 bushels, and at 50 cents a bushel, that would be about \$25,000,000. I'll be generous with the dirty, rotten gang.

#### Drink and Bankruptcy

Now listen! In 1912 the income of the United States government and the cities and towns and counties from the whiskey business was \$134,000,000. That is putting it liberally. You say that's a lot of money. Well, last year the working men spent \$2,200,000,000 for drink, and it cost \$1,200,000,000 to care for the judicial machinery. In other words, the whiskey business cost us \$3,400,000,000, I will subtract from that the dirty \$350,000,000 which we got, and it leaves \$3,000,000,000 in favor of knocking the whiskey business out on purely a money business. And listen! Last year we spent \$600,000,000 for our paupers and criminals, insane, orphans, feeble minded, etc., in the United States, and 82 per cent of our criminals are whiskey made and 75 per cent of the paupers are whiskey made. Our national increase in wealth was only \$5,000,000,000, so you can figure out how long it will take us to go into bankruptcy with that cussed business on our backs. The average factory hand earns \$500 a year, and it costs us \$5,200 a year to support each of our whiskey criminals. There are 335,000 enrolled criminals in the United States and 80,000 in jails and penitentiaries. Three-fourths were sent there because of drink, and then they

have the audacity to say the saloon is needed for money revenue. Never was there a baser lie.

"But," says the whiskey fellow, "we would lose trade, the farmer would not come to town to trade." You lie. Say, when you put up the howl that if you didn't have the saloons the farmer won't trade-say, Mr. Whiskey Men, why do you dump money into politics and back the Legislatures into the corner and fight to the last ditch to prevent the enactment of county local option?

### Scared of Farmers

You know if the farmers were given a chance they would knock the whiskey business into hell the first throw out of the box. You are afraid. You have cold feet on the proposition. You are afraid to give the farmer a chance. They are scared to death of farmers. When the whiskey gang tries to say its business is, not falling off it lies. I've got the last annual report of the government right here. I tell you I have an inside track on that dirty gang. This report says that there were 10,741,738 less gallons of whiskey made last year than there were in 1913. It says there were 127 fewer registered distilleries in 1914 than in 1913 in our land, which means a lot when you consider there are only 743 in the United States. Also, it says there were 33 fewer breweries in 1914 than there were in 1913.

Don't put any stock in the man who gets up in Congress, says he is a temperance man in the next breathe says prohibition is a state affair. If it is a state affair why doesn't the United States government divide the \$225,000,000 revenue it collected last year with the States?

Pennsylvania produced 8,800,876 gallons of beer last year, more than any other state in the union except New York. It ranked fifth in the production of whiskey producing 8,489,062 gallons. I say the temperance question is as much a national question as slavery was in the days of '61. And if the politician hasn't the manhood to stand up and defend, then somebody else will get his job in Washington before long.

Saloon vs. Government The saloon is strong against good government. It supports the boodle aldermen, the political boss and the political machine. And all it asks for the \$30 it hands out is that it be left alone. It says, "keep your hands off and let me go on with my business of making drunkards out of the countries youth, and filling the jails and the penitentiaries and the asylums and the poorhouses." The saloon is never identified with any movement for good government, and there was never one started that the saloon didn't oppose, tooth and nail. All the slanders and lies out about me crawled out of a grog shop. The liquor gangs press bureau has got my itinerary, just as well as I have got it, and they send out there dirty; rotten, stinking lies ahead of me. Yes, and there's always a dirty, rotten, stinking newspaper or two that will print them. But don't you think that scares me a bit? I'm not afraid of the worst old scoundrel that ever dipped his pen in the inkbottle.

I tell you, gentlemen, the American home is the dearest heritage of the people, for the people, by the people, and when a man can go from home in the morning with the kisses of his wife and children on his lips, and come back at night with an empty dinner bucket to a happy home, that man is a better man, whether white or black. Whatever takes away the comforts of home - whatever degrades that man or woman - whatever invades the sanctity of the home, is the deadliest foe to the home, to church, to state and school, and the saloon is the deadliest foe to the home, the church and the state, on top of God Almighty's dirt. And if all the combined forces of hell should assemble and conclave, and with them all the men on earth that hate and despise God and

purity and virtue - if all the scum of the earth might mingle with the denizens of hell to try to think of the deadliest institutions to home, to church and state, I tell you sir the combined hellish intelligence could not conceive of or bring an institution that could touch the hem of the garment of the open licensed saloon to damn the home and the manhood, and womanhood and business and every other good thing on God's earth.

"But," you say, "we will regulate it by high license." Regulate what by high license? You might as well try to regulate a power mill in hell.

#### Worse Than a Thief

It is my opinion that the saloonkeeper is worse than a thief and a murderer. The ordinary thief steals only your money, but the saloonkeeper steals your honor and your character. The ordinary murderer takes your life, but the saloonkeeper murders your soul. The saloon is an infidel. It has no faith in God; has no religion. It would close every church in the land. It would hang its beer signs on the abandoned altars. It would close every public school. It respects the thief, and it esteems the blasphemer; it fills the prisons and penitentiaries. It despises heaven, hates love, and scorns virtue. It tempts the passions. Its music is the song of a siren. Its sermons are a collection of lewd, vile stories. It wraps a mantle about the hope of this world to come.

It is the moral clearinghouse for rot, and damnation, and poverty, and insanity, and it wrecks homes and blights lives today. The saloon is a liar. It promises health and causes disease. It promises prosperity and sends adversity. It promises happiness and sends misery.

I tell you that the curse of God Almighty is on the saloon. Legislatures are legislating against it. Decent society is barring it out. The fraternal brotherhoods are knocking it out. The Masons and Odd Fellows and the knights of Pythias and the A. O. U. W. are closing their doors to the whiskey sellers. It is on the downgrade. It is headed for hell; and by the grace of God, I am going to give it a push, with a whoop, for all I know how. Listen to me; I am going to show you how we burn our money. It costs 20 cents to make a gallon of whiskey; sold over the counter at 10 cents a glass it will bring \$4.

We dumped nearly four times the value of the national bank stock in the United States into the whiskey hole last year, and we didn't fill the hole up at that. What is the matter? Whenever the day comes when every Catholic and Protestant whose name is on a church record votes against the saloon, that day will saloon go to hell. I charge the church as being responsible for the saloon, for it is strong enough to do away with it. Hell will be so full of whiskey-voting church members that their feet will stick out the windows.

Say, hold on a bit. Have you got a silver dollar? I am going to show you how it is burned up. We have in this country 218,000 saloons, and allowing 50 feet frontage for each saloon. It makes a street from New York to Chicago, and 5,000,000 men, woman and children go daily into the saloon for drink. And marching 20 miles a day, it would take 20 days to pass this building and marching 5 abreast they would reach 500 miles. There they go; look at them!

Half Million Enter Grog Shop On the first day of January 500,000 of the young men of our nation entered the grog shop and began a public career, hellward, and on Dec. 31 I will come back here and summon you people and ring the bell and raise the curtain and say to the saloon and

breweries: "On the first day of January I gave you 500,000 of the brain and muscle of our land, and I want them back and I have come in the name of home and church and school; father, mother, sister, sweetheart: give me back what I gave you. March out."

I count, and 18,000 have lost their appetite and have become muttering, bleary-eyed drunkards, and I say: "What is that I hear, a funeral dirge?" What is that procession? A funeral procession 3,000 miles long and 600,000 hearses in the procession. One hundred and ten thousand men die drunkards in this land of the free and the home of the brave. Listen! In an hour 80 men die drunkards, 2,000 a day and 110,000 a year. One man will leap in front of a train, another will plunge into a river, another will plunge from the dock into a lake, another will throw his hands to his head and life will end. Another will cry "mother!" and his life will go out like a burnt match.

Like Hamilcar of old, who swore eternal enmity against Rome, so I propose to perpetuate the feud against liquor traffic until the white-winged dove of temperance builds her nest on the dome of the Capitol at Washington and spreads her wings of peace, sobriety and joy over our land, which I love with all my heart.

#### Two Uses of Dollar

I hold a silver dollar in my hand. Come on, we are going to a saloon. We will go into a saloon and spend that dollar for a quart. It takes 20 cents to make a gallon of whiskey and a dollar to buy a quart. You say to the saloonkeeper: "Give me a quart." I will show you, if you wait a minute, how she is burned up. Here I am, John, an old drunken bum with a wife and six kids (Thank God it's all a lie.) Come on, I will go down to a saloon and throw down my dollar. It costs 20 cents to make a gallon of whiskey. A nickel will buy a quart of booze. Who gets the nickel? The farmer, for corn and apples. Who gets the 95 cents? The United States government, the big distillers, the big corporations, I am John, a drunken bum and I will spend my dollar. I have worked a week and got my pay. I go into a grog shop and throw down my dollar and I get a quart of booze. Come home with me. I stagger and reel in my wife's presence and she says: "John, what did you bring home?"

"A quart."

What will a quart do? It will burn up my happiness and my home and fill my home with squalor and want. So here is the dollar. The saloonkeeper has it. Here is my quart. There you get the whiskey end of it. Here you get the workingman's end of the saloon. But come on. I will go to a store and spend the dollar for a pair of shoes. I want them for my son, and he puts them on his feet, and with the shoes to protect his feet he goes out and earns another dollar, and my dollar becomes a silver thread in the woof and warp of happiness and joy, and the man that owns the building gets some, and the clerk that sold the shoes gets some, and the merchant, and the travelling man, and the wholesale gets some, and the factory, and the man that made the shoes, and the man that tanned the hide, and the butcher that bought the calf, and the farmer that raised the calf, and the little colored fellow that shined the shoes, and my dollar spread itself and nobody is made the worse for spending the money.

#### Gang Has His Money

Say, wife, the bread that ought to be in your stomach to satisfy the cravings of hunger is down yonder in the grocery store, and your husband hasn't money enough to carry it home. The meat

that ought to satisfy your hunger hangs in the butcher shop. Your husband hasn't any money to buy it. The cloth for a dress is lying on the shelf in the store, but your husband hasn't the money to buy it. The whiskey gang has his money. Why didn't the United State Congress vote to let the people have a shot at the whiskey gang? I'll tell you. The whiskey gang has a Congress backed into a corner, and is squeezing the gizzard out of it so it can't even peep.

I would like to do this. I would like to see every booze fighter get on the water wagon. I would like to summon all the drunkards in America and say:

Boys, let's cut it out and spend the money for flour, meat and calico; what do you say? Say! \$500,000,000 will buy all the flour in the United States.

Say, if the man that drinks the whiskey goes to hell, the man that votes for the saloon that sold the whiskey to him will go to hell. If the man that drinks the whiskey goes to hell and the man that sold the whiskey to the man that drank it goes to heaven, then the poor drunkard will have the right to stand on the brink of eternal damnation and put his arms around the pillar of justice and say, "That isn't a square deal." If you vote for the dirty business you go to hell as sure as you live, and I would like to fire the furnace while you are there.

Some fellow says, "Dry the saloon out and the buildings will be empty." Which would you rather have, empty buildings or empty jails, penitentiaries and insane asylums? You drink the stuff and what have you to say? You that vote for it and you that sell it? Look at them painted on the canvas of your recollection.

"We will make laws for you. We must have lumber for houses."

He goes up to another mill and says: "Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A grist mill?"

"What do you make?"

"Flour and meal out of wheat and corn."

"Is the finished product worth more than the raw material?"

"Yes."

"Then come on. We will make laws for you. We will protect you."

He goes up to another mill and says:

"What kind of mill are you?"

"A paper mill."

"What do you make paper out of?"

"Straw and rags."

"Well, we will make laws for you. We must have paper on which to write notes and mortgages."

He goes up to another mill and says:

"Hey, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

"I don't like the looks nor the smell of you. A gin mill? What do you make? What kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill."

Growing Boy Is Raw Material "What is your raw material?"

"The boys of America."

(Here the evangelist summoned five small boys to the platform.) The gin mills of this country must have 2,000,000 boys or shut up shop. Say, walk down your streets; count the homes and every fifth home has to furnish a boy for a drunkard. Have you furnished yours?

"What is your raw material?"

"American boys."

"Say, saloon, gin mill, what is your finished product?"

"Blar-eyed, low down, staggering men and the scum of God's dirt, that have gone from me and taken the count."

Go to the jails, go to the insane asylums and the penitentiaries and the homes for the feeble minded. There you will find the finished product for their dirty business. I tell you, it is the worst business this side of hell; and now you know it.

They don't even give you the pure stuff. If ever there was a jubilee in hell, it was when lager beer was invented. Not 3 per cent of the beer sold is made exclusive from barley, malt, hops and yeast. Look at the breweries. What are those sidetracks for? Why, to bring in the carloads of gincose and sugar and other things they put into the stuff. Pure beer is dark in color and bitter in taste. You poor idiot, you never drank pure beer. Not 15 per cent of the whiskey on the market is pure stuff. When it is first distilled and pure, whiskey is the color of water. It gets its color in the aging process. Legitimately, that takes from four to eight years. But now they stick a steam pipe into the stuff and "age" it in 20 hours.

What is your raw material, saloons? American boys. Say, I would not give one boy for all the distilleries and saloons this side of hell. And they have to have 2,000,000 boys every generation. And then you tell me you are a man when you will vote for an institution like that. What do you want to do, pay taxes in money or in boys?

Say, will you line up for the prohibition? Men of Boston, Massachusetts and our nation, how many of you will promise that by the help of God you will vote against it? Stand up. Let me have a look at you!

## 03-He That Winneth Souls is Wise

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He That Winneth Souls is Wise by

Billy Sunday This is from a sermon preached in Richmond, Indiana, 1922.

"He that winneth souls is wise." -- Proverbs 11:30

There are vast multitudes in this enlightened land of ours who are in open rebellion against God. "We will not have this man, Jesus Christ, to reign over us," (Luke 19:14) is the heartless cry that winds its flight from office, shop, store, factory, home, college, and the busy mart of trade. Lots of people are willing, my friends, to accept whatever they want from the Bible. They would like to codify it; they would like to sit down and eliminate that which isn't pleasant to them to receive and which they don't like to adjust their lives to, and insert something they would like. You take it as it is given, and if you don't, you will go to Hell. God almighty won't adjust His principles to suit the opinions of anybody. The Lord has made His revelation known to the world, and it is up to you and not to the Lord. He has done all He ever will or can do to save this world. He has given sunshine and rain and ground; it is up to you to plant the seed, to plow it or starve to death. God has done His part; He will do no more.

Church and Business Fail Because They Have No Definite Aim

They say they will give us the Sermon on the Mount, or the Decalogue, minus the things that they don't like. They say, "We have no king but self"; and the only law that multitudes of people recognize is the law of their own desires and ambitions. They do the thing because they personally want to do it, and they do not give a rap what influence it has upon their character of what influence their conduct has upon others who are looking to them for an example. All the law they know is the law of their own desire. That's all!

"And so our Lord is now rejected; And by the world disowned. By the many still neglected, But by the few enthroned." That is true of the denominations that are represented in these meetings, too. Out in a western state four years ago a report was made that during that year (there were 300 churches of that denomination in that state and they spent \$300,000 for current expenses) they held 46,000 meetings and during the year there were just 87 men and women converted and joined those churches on confession of faith. I suppose that is this safe and sane evangelism that I hear so much about. It wouldn't take the world long to get into Hell if that is all there is to it! In Chicago just a few years ago the church made a report. There was an average of five who joined each church on confession of faith -- some more, some less -- but it averaged five for a year. And the last year 7,5000 churches of all denominations made reports and not one accession that year on confession of faith. All right, look at it! Just face the conditions and you will see why probably I talk in a way that grates on your nerves, but you will realize that I am only telling you the truth.

Now, what is lacking? Why these meager results? Why the expenditure of so much energy and time and money? It is because there is not a definite effort put forth to persuade a definite person

to accept a definite Saviour at a definite time -- and that time is NOW. That is the whole thing in a nutshell, boiled down to one sentence. That is why we are not making headway. But wait! This element of failure is not simply confined to the church. Ninety-nine per cent of the businessmen fail. A banker told me in Chicago that forty years ago there were one hundred business houses, any one of whose paper would have passed without protest, and today only four of those houses were named. The rest of them have been ruined, gone into bankruptcy, gone out of business. There were four of them after forty years and they all passed without protest at any bank.

Only about three men out of a thousand succeed. Seventy five percent of the lawyers who graduate from law school fail to make good. Sixty five percent of the physicians fail to make good. The failure of these three classes is due largely to the lack of definite, systematic work. No political battle is won on the stump. It is not the spellbinders from the rear end of a special train who turn the vote. Sometimes a bleary-eyed, bloated-faced, bull-necked, whiskey-soaked, tinhorn politician will win more votes than the most silver-tongued spellbinder who ever spouted the principles from the rear end of a special train.

Now to give you an illustration. New York State used to be the pivot state in the presidential election. It isn't anymore. They don't care how New York goes anymore. But it used to be "As goes New York." Everybody knows that the State of New York is Republican. Everybody knows that the city of New York is Democratic. In the State the Republican party figures that it must have about 125,000 or 150,000 majority to overcome the Democratic majority in New York. So when Ben Harrison and Grover Cleveland ran for President in 1888, they went to work. They took the city, divided it, and subdivided it until they got it down into blocks. They had a man over every section and every subdivision, and they had the leading businessmen of the city in those places.

Those men used to meet every day. They used to pound this into them: "You are not responsible for who is elected; you are not responsible for who goes to Washington, Harrison or Cleveland. You are not responsible who carries this state, this city; but you are responsible to know every man in your block and to know how he votes, and if he votes." They kept pounding that one thing into the men -- "Know the block! Know the block!"

They watched the town, and when the votes were counted, Ben Harrison went to Washington instead of Grover Cleveland. That was the way they put it over.

Now that is what Jesus Christ said. In other words, men will work harder to win in business and politics than the church will in religion. I am disgusted with them all! You think you can just open your church door and ring a church bell and people will come. That has been going on long enough. The church has got to wake up and do something.

You simply think that because the calendar announces that it is the Lord's day that that is all you have to do, and that if you put on a little better dress and look a little more pious that that is serving the Lord, and you go to the Devil six days in the week.

I know of a varnish company in this country that pays a man ten thousand dollars a year to look nice. He is a good dresser; he is a good mixer. He has a smile that doesn't come off. He never tries to sell varnish, but he paves the way for the fellow who comes from the firm to sell the varnish to the big railroads and the big institutions that buy it. All he does is just sort of win their friendship and make it easy for the guy who does sell the varnish. They pay him ten thousand a year just for

that. That is the way people do in order to succeed in business. What is the church doing to win people for Christ? I bet a lot of you don't know whether or not people right around in your neighborhood are Christians. We never do anything; no wonder the world is going to the Devil.

Another thing; it is the simplest and most effective work in the world. Andrew wins Peter; Peter turns around and wins three thousand at Pentecost.

Years ago a man went into a shoe store in Boston and found a young fellow selling shoes and boots. He talked to him about Jesus Christ and won him for Christ. The name of that little boy was Dwight L. Moody. Do you know the name of the man who won Moody for Christ? I don't suppose there are five people in this audience who do. His name was Kimball. God used Kimball to win Moody, but He used Moody to win the multitude.

Andrew didn't have sense enough to win the multitude, but Peter did. That is the way God works! Oh, I get so sick of people being dead! You have sat around so long you have mildewed. The Earl of Shaftsbury, who gave sixty-five years of his life working among the costermongers, the fallen, the submerged and mudsills of London, was won to Jesus Christ by a servant girl in his home. He was wavering, going down the line with the gang of young bloods when his father died. This servant girl, a godly girl, said "You inherit all the honor and all the wealth that goes along with the name of Shaftsbury, but are you going to a premature grave because of the way you are going, the life you are living, and bring disgrace upon your father's memory and your mother's?" The Earl of Shaftsbury, when he was eighteen years old, fell on his knees and gave his heart to Jesus Christ. When he died, his funeral was the greatest ever held in England except when a king or queen had died.

See what she did? She won him to the Lord and then the Lord took him and used him to win the multitudes. Charles G. Finney, after learning the name of a man or a woman, invariably asked, "Are you a Christian?"

John Vassar was one of the greatest personal workers of the nineteenth century. He never preached a sermon but that he did personal work. He was a wonder. One time he was going to help a preacher in a town. This preacher met Vassar at the Depot. Walking down to the hotel they went past a blacksmith shop. He said to Vassar, "There's a blacksmith in there. He's got a great drag with his crowd but he never comes to church. If we could only win him, then he would win scores in his class." Vassar asked, "Have you talked to him?" "Oh, we are afraid. He will cuss any preacher who comes near him." He said, "Wait a minute until I take my turn." Vassar went in. The man was shoeing a mule -- that isn't a good time to talk religion to a man, take it from me! But Vassar had good sense and waited until the fellow was through and had disarmed his prejudice. In fifteen minutes he had him on his knees weeping like a child. He went up to the hotel where he was to be entertained. He registered, then strolled around, looking for somebody to speak to. He went into a little reception room and there sat a finely dressed lady. He walked up to her and said, "Lady, are you a Christian?" She said, "Yes, I am." "I beg your pardon," he said, "I didn't mean that kind. I mean, have you been born again?"

"Oh," she said, "we've gotten over that here in Boston." "Well," he said, "lady, you've gotten over Jesus Christ in Boston, too. You've gotten over God." He talked with her until her prejudice was disarmed and tears trickled down her cheeks; then he said, "May I pray for you?" She said, "I wish

you would. God knows I need it, although I'm a member of the church."

He prayed. She wept and he slipped out. Her husband came in and noticed that her eyes were red. He said, "Has anybody insulted you?" She said, "The queerest little man was here a little while ago and he talked so nice to me about Jesus." He said, "If I had been here I would have told him to go along and mind his business." She said, "I wish you had been here. You would have thought he was minding his business. His business was a mission for his King, to bring people to Jesus Christ."

Vassar distributed tracts in the army. He worked with the American Bible Society. When the chaplain died, they wanted Vassar to take the place of the chaplain. He wasn't ordained and the government law does not allow anybody to be a chaplain who hasn't been ordained. He came up to Poughkeepsie and they were examining him. One fellow with cinders all over his back, said, "Mr. Vassar, your duty now is to distribute tracts. Your salary is three hundred dollars a year, and you wish to be ordained?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does that mean an increase of salary?"

"Yes, sir, fifteen hundred dollars a year."

Then he said, "The increase of salary has allured you and brought you here for us to ordain."

Vassar said, "Stop where you are! I don't want it; I won't take it if you give it to me", and he wouldn't. He went back to distributing tracts for three hundred dollars a year, to do something for Jesus Christ. He was a wonder. God did marvelous things through him.

"Are you lonesome?" a man asked a lighthouse keeper. "Are you lonesome out on this lonesome spot?" He said, "I was before I saved four men from drowning...Is that a boat out there?" He was always on the lookout for other boats that he might save men from a watery grave.

Get somebody else for Jesus Christ and you will get a new vision of life, a new vision of what it means. It is something besides going to church and keeping warm a little spot seventeen inches square for a half hour and listening to a sermonette. You had better squirm around in your seat and stoop down! You had better duck!

"He that winneth souls is wise." (Proverbs 11:30) Some people think it is beneath their dignity. Then you live on a higher plane than your Master, for He went about doing good wherever he was in the world. A lady said to a friend of mine, "Do you think that my blindness will hinder me?" My friend answered, "It is a misfortune, but I don't know. I have the opinion it will be a help to you, because people will come up to you to express their sympathy for your lack of sight and that will give you the opportunity to speak of Jesus."

"Oh," she said, "I don't mean in an effort like that, but to stand on the platform." She thought the only way to serve God was to get in the spotlight, not to be doing something with the people whom she might shake hands with day by day in her home. A man was thinking of entering evangelistic work. He came to my friend, Dr. Chapman, and said, "I am thinking of entering evangelistic work."

"That's good." Dr. Chapman said.

"I think I will begin out in Colorado -- Denver and Colorado Springs, and out in Pasadena, California. My relatives are there." My friend said, "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, I have."

"Are they Christians?"

"Well," he said, "I don't know. When we set up the estate four years ago my brother and I had a quarrel over it and we haven't spoken since."

"And your sister?"

"My sister took my brother's views of the proposition and she hasn't spoken to me since. I haven't been in her home."

Dr. Chapman said, "What do you intend to do?"

He said, "Evangelistic work."

Dr. Chapman said, "The Bible says, 'First be reconciled to thy brother.' (Matthew 5:24) If you start out the way you are, failure is written all over you. 'If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me,' (Psalms 66:18) the Bible tells me, so there is no use trying to bother your head about God for He won't listen to you. That's as sure as you live."

Now, it is a difficult form of work. It is more difficult than preaching; it is more difficult than attending conventions; more difficult than giving goods to the poor. (When you do give goods to the poor, don't wait until the moths have eaten holes in them. And when you give them away, don't cut off all the buttons and braid. Poor folks like them as well as you do. It is no act of charity when you have taken off all you want, then turned the rest over to somebody else. No, no! Then angles never record an act like that.) You will never see it when you get to Heaven if you have an easy time. Oh, you can pin on a badge, usher people to their seats, pass the collection plate, be an elder or a deacon or a steward; you can go to church, sing in the choir, be a member of a Home or Foreign Missionary Society -- the Devil will even let you attend Bible conferences -- but the minute you begin to do personal work, to try to get somebody to take a stand for Christ, all the devils in Hell will be on your back, for they know that is a challenge to the Devil and to his forces. And I hope that the work of leading people to Christ by personal effort will always be hard. I have no sympathy for folks who are looking for something easy!

I preached out in Salida, Colorado, a few years ago. The city lies 8,500 feet on one of the spurs of the Rocky Mountains. There was a woman there who sang in the choir. I used to drive them out when they went to speak to somebody about Jesus Christ. One day she came to me and said, "Mr. Sunday, will you speak to my husband about being a Christian?"

I said, "Have you spoken to him?"

She said, "No."

I said, "No madam, I will not."

She said, "Why?"

I said, "God wants you to go and you are trying to sidestep and get me to do it."

I said, "You go speak to him and if you can't win him for Christ, come and tell me, then I will go."

"Well," she said, "you would have a greater influence with him than I have."

"How long have you been married?" I asked. "Five years." I said, "I have been in this town three weeks and it is a compliment for you to say that to me. You have cooked for him and sewed on buttons for him for five years."

Finally one night, she said, "Isn't it hot?" I said to her, "You like to sing in the choir, don't you?" She said, "I love to do that." "You don't like to do personal work?" I asked. "Then your idea of serving God is to pick out the things you would like to do, and the things that you don't like to do you let somebody else do; then you let it go at that." I said, "Then you will forget every blessing that ever came to you."

One night I drove her off the platform; later I saw her coming down the aisle. Her husband sat on the front seat. She slipped her arm around his neck and whispered something in his ear. He nodded his head and down the aisle he came. He turned to her and said, "Bess, I've been waiting for weeks for you to ask me that."

I was out in Colorado Springs not very long ago and she came up to Denver. I said, "How do you do, Mrs. C." "How do you do?" I said, "Where's Charlie?" "He went to heaven two years ago, but he prayed and lived consistently until the hour that God called him."

Get out and do something! "He isn't my boy." That same spirit of letting people go to the Devil because they don't eat at your table and because you are not married to them -- there is too much of that today in the world. "He that winneth souls is wise." (Proverbs 11:30) A mother in a home had a magnificent character. To my knowledge there had never been a stranger enter that home for years that she hadn't talked to him about Jesus Christ. She was bemoaning the fact that she couldn't do anything or wasn't doing anything for the Lord, yet she was doing more practical Christian work, consistently every day, than the entire membership of that church of five hundred people. She was doing more! So it the personal effort that God will honor and that God will bless. And listen! There are fifteen million young men in this country between the ages of sixteen and thirty five. Fourteen million of them are not members of any church, Catholic or Protestant. Seven million of them attend church regularly. Nine million of them never darken a church door from one year's end to another.

After the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago where six hundred people burned to death, a girl about seventeen years of age fought her way through the great torrents of blood and crushed and charred and baked flesh. Her hair was singed, her eyebrows were burned off, her face and hands were blistered, her clothing was hanging in charred rags. As she got on the street car to go home she was moaning and sighing. She would wring her hands and say "O, God! O, God!" A lady next to her said, "Well, you ought to be thankful that you got out alive." She said, "I am, but I didn't help anybody else out! It was all I could do to get out." What she was moaning about was the fact that others had to die because she didn't help them. Yet she was sitting by people who had not thought of others -- letting them go to Hell.

Oh, he that winneth souls is wise! (Proverbs 11:30) Is wise! You would feel different, perhaps, if it were some of your own, but remember, if it is not your flesh and blood it is somebody else's.

Out in Pennsylvania they had a mine cave-in. The alarm was sounded and men came and volunteered. With pick and shovel they worked, trying to dig quickly to the men lest they die. Up tottered an old man seventy-five years old. He threw off his cap, coat and vest, spit on his hands, and picking up the pick, he picked and picked. Then he got the shovel and he shoveled until the sweat rolled down his cheeks. He stood tottering, about ready to fall. Some of the younger men said to him, "Grandpa, get away and let us young fellows do this."

He said, "Great God, boys! I've got three sons down in there! I must do something!" And if it isn't your boy, it is somebody else's. If it isn't your girl, it is somebody else's. That is the trouble with the world today. We don't care a rap what becomes of others so long as we go through the world. Now you may soon go; you may die and they may die; and you may live and they may die, but no matter whether you go first or last, you have to meet at the judgment. That is settled! You have to do that. A casket containing the body of a beautiful seventeen year old girl with the dew of youth on her brow, was being borne from the church to the graveyard. The girl's friends stood around the grave. As they lowered the coffin, a Sunday school teacher who stood there shrieked and screamed and wrung her hands in grief. After the carriage was driven away and after things had been cleared up, the minister went to see this girl. He said, "I noticed your hysteric grief at the grave. Was she a Christian?" The Sunday school teacher said, "I noticed her growing careless with her companions and going into questionable places." Then the girl said to the minister, "I was sure you'd speak to her, for you know more about those things." He said, "No, I didn't speak to her. I intended to but," he said, "I didn't. I was sure you would. She was a girl and you were a girl and you better understood one another. Let's go and see her mother." The minister and the Sunday school teacher went and talked with the girl's mother. She said, "Yes, I noticed it. I used to plead with her, but she would get mad at me, thinking I was interfering with her company. I hope you spoke to her." Neither of them had, and she had gone to wait at the judgment bar, to witness against the three -- her mother, the preacher, and the Sunday school teacher, for they said nothing. "He that winneth souls is wise!" (Proverbs 11:30) He is wise! So there must be a confession of sin. The sin of neglect -- confess that; and the sin of unforgiveness, the sin of indifference. David said, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." Oh, you get the light of Jesus in your heart! Jesus Christ is able, my friend, to reveal Himself to the agnostic, materialist, like He did to Balaam until he knew Jesus Christ. Oh, He can flash the deity of Jesus Christ into the brain of the son of an orthodox Unitarian of New England, as He did the son of Edward Everett Hale. He is able to knock the scales from the credulous worshipers of Mary Baker Glover Eddy until you will find that matter is existent and not an illusion of the mortal mind.

He that winneth souls is wise! My friend, Dr. Broughton, used to be pastor of a big Baptist church in Atlanta, Georgia. When he was a young minister he went out to help a pastor in revival meetings. He said he would ask God to forgive him a good many times. He said he went and preached and he never in all his days saw such a dead, lifeless, indifferent, apathetic crowd. He didn't believe there was such a crowd this side of the cemetery. He said he preached. Nobody smiled. They all looked like epitaphs on a tombstone. He said he asked for a show of hands; nobody would lift them. He would ask for a request for prayer; nobody would appeal. To every appeal they were as deaf as Hades. He was discouraged about it. One time he made an appeal

and said, "If there is a man here who wants us to pray, a father who wants us to pray for his children, lift your hand." A boy, fourteen years of age, who sat on the end of the seat, raised his hand. He said, "If there is a mother here who wants us to pray for her child, or children, lift your hand." The boy lifted his hand. He said, "If there is a businessman here who has interests that concern his partner, lift your hand." Up went the boy's hand. He made the appeal governing both sexes. He said to himself, "This child's a monstrosity." He said, "I have made an appeal covering both sexes and all ages. To every appeal he has lifted his hand." He went back to the hotel. Sitting in his chair he heard a rap at the door. "Come in!" In walked one of the deacons, stroking his long bird-tail whiskers.

"How do you do, Deacon?"

He said, "We ain't having much of a meeting."

"Never saw anything worse."

"I thought I'd come up and tell you about that little boy who's down to the church," the deacon said. "What do you mean?" Dr. Broughton asked. "Well, every time you make an appeal, he lifts his hand. He's just making a fool of you."

"Forget it. He's making a fool of you and all the rest of the fools who profess to be Christians." The deacon said, "Well, I thought I'd come and tell you so you could tell him to stay away." Dr. Broughton said, "I'll give that boy ten dollars a day to come. He's the only evidence of life I've seen in the city. If you think I'm going to turn the hose on him, you've got another guess coming."

"Well," the deacon said, "I thought I'd tell you." Stroking his whiskers, he went out. Dr. Broughton went on to preach and make similar appeals. The only one who would respond was that boy. Up would go his hand. Another day he heard a knock. "Come in!" In came this old deacon. He said, "Do you know that boy?"

"Certainly I know him; he's the only one I do know." He said, "You ain't having much of a revival." He said, "No, you need an undertaker in this town instead of an evangelist. You are the deadest crowd that I have ever seen. And if God or anybody else had told me that there was such a dead, indifferent membership on earth, I wouldn't have believed it."

"Well," the deacon said, "do you know that boy ain't overly bright?" "He's got you backed off the boards. He's got sense enough to make a response," replied Dr. Broughton. "Well," he said, "I thought I'd tell you." The preacher said, "You don't need to tell me." The pastor came to Dr. Broughton and said, "Doctor, before I was sure that you were coming to preach on Sunday morning for a brother minister in another city who is away and I'd like to have you preach for me on Sunday morning." He said, "Very well." On Saturday night he heard a rap at the door. "Come in!" In came this old deacon, stroking his whiskers. "Howdy, Doc." "How do you do, Deacon?" He said, "The domine asked (they always call the preacher the domine) -- the domine asked you to preach on Sunday morning, didn't he?" "Yes." He said, "Now, don't you ask for converts because there ain't any."

"Deacon, look me in the face, if you can, and answer me this: You knew that if I did, there would be one or some and you don't want that one, or some, to join the church." He squirmed uncomfortably. "Well", he said, "you can do as you please." He said, "I'd do that without your

consent. I'll preach if I feel God and the Spirit; if I don't, I won't. I won't do it because you told me to do it, or not to do it. Neither would I do it if you asked me to or if you asked me not to." Sunday morning he walked out and preached. When he got through he said, "If there is anybody here who wants to be a Christian, wants to join the church, come down and take me by the hand." Pretty soon there was a shuffling and down the aisle came that boy. Dr. Broughton took him by the hand and said, "Sit down, sonny." He asked the usual questions. The child gave answers and Dr. Broughton repeated the answers. He said to the audience, "You have all heard the questions I have asked and the answers given, for I have repeated both. All who are in favor of giving this boy the right hand of fellowship and receiving him in full membership, say 'aye'". Two farmers voted aye and the rest of them kept quiet. Dr. Broughton said, "The ayes have it." He got the kid up on the platform and baptized him. The boy went bounding home. He lived with his grandfather since his mother was dead. His grandfather was an invalid, and the richest man in that section of Georgia. For nearly sixty years he had never been known to darken a church door. He was a leader of the infidels; he denounced religion because of unbelief, and blatantly spewed out the theories and doctrines of infidelity. The boy bounded in, put his arms around the old man's neck and said, "Grandpa, they took me into the church, and Dr. Broughton baptized me, and if you will come up there, they will take you in, too." He said, "Go away, son, don't bother me. Grandpa don't care about it." He pushed the boy off, but back in again he came. He kept begging his grandpa to go, but he said, "Don't bother your grandpa; go on away." He said, "Grandpa, I'll tell you what they will ask you, and I'll tell you what to say. Come on and go." My friend preached to men only on Sunday afternoon. They saw this boy come into the church leading his old grandfather, who was hobbling on the crutches of decrepitude as he came down the aisle. He sat down and listened. When my friend got through the grandfather arose and said, "Dr. Broughton, may I speak a few words?" He stood trembling on his cane. "I have cussed and damned God all my life. This is the first time I have crossed a church threshold for over sixty years. My little grandson -- and you know he ain't overly bright; his ma's gone and he lives with me and his grandma -- he came home and said you took him into the church and told me if I'd come you'd take me in. Dr. Broughton, if you think God will reach down and take an old reprobate like me, who has cussed Him all my days, and I've never, never prayed -- if you think the Lord will take me in the sunset of life and kiss away the stains of guilt, I'd like to come."

Dr. Broughton said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." The old man came hobbling down and said, "I have wandered far away from God, but now I'm coming home."

He was baptized and received into the church. Listen! They went home. The next day, the little boy went bounding downtown into a saloon kept by his father. He said, "O papa, grandpa and me have joined the church and if you'll come up, they will take you in. I will tell you what they will ask you and I'll tell you what to say." He said, "Go out of here, my son; this is no place for you." Say, if a dirty, stinking saloon is no place for my boy, it's no place for me. If it's good for me, it's good for him, and if it's bad for him, it's bad for me. To Hell with the saloon!

He said to him, "Go on out of here, son. Go on out of here. This is no place for a boy." "Pa, come on. They will take you in."

Listen! The next Sunday that man walked down the aisle, told the story of what his little boy had done, and he said "If you think that God can save a saloon-keeper, I'd like to be a Christian."

He joined the church, then he said, "Come down tomorrow morning and we will break the bottles of whiskey and champagne and beer." They brought them into the street and they did. They turned it into the sewer as the people stood singing. He said, "I feel that my mission is to the saloon-keepers of that part of the country."

He started out and by personal effort, with drunkards and saloon-keepers, started a tidal wave of religion. And the first county that went dry in Georgia was that county. The state was put dry by the legislative enactment, and they never had a saloon in that county from that day till this. It all started with that little boy.

You've got as much sense as the boy, haven't you? Go do likewise; that is my message.

## 04-Shew Thyself a Man

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Shew Thyself a Man by Billy Sunday "Be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man"

1 Kings 2:2 No one can read the Bible in a thoughtful way without being impressed with the fact that it makes much of manhood, and holds it up as something that should be sought after with diligence and perseverance. In fact the Bible exalts and emphasizes manhood in a remarkable way, and shows that real manhood is a great thing in the world. The book of Genesis contains sixty chapters and covers 2,300 years of human history, and yet one half of it is devoted to telling us about the colossal manhood of Abraham, and a third to that of Joseph. The story of creation is told in 800 words, but a great deal more space is given to the story of Caleb's rugged manhood. A whole book is occupied with the story of Job, and another with that of Daniel, while long chapters here and there tell us of other men who are safe examples to follow.

God has thus shown very plainly what He considered important by where He has put the italics. The Lord is not a respecter of persons, but He is a respecter of character, and a very good respecter of it, too. Indeed, He does more than respect it. He admires it.

Hear his admiration of the character of Job, in the strongest language that even God can use, in declaring, "He is perfect!"

Abraham towers like mountains above molehills when he pushes aside the spoils of the unrighteous king of Sodom, lest he should say that Abraham was depending on him. Look at Daniel keeping himself pure in that pestilential palace. Look at David.

We are also told that the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and that he delighteth in his way, and this, I take it, means in plain English, that God loves to watch a real man go out and grow.

Let me ask you to note, first of all, that David wanted Solomon to be anchored to a noble purpose. He didn't want the young man to drift along in an aimless way, like a log in a whirlpool, but he wanted him to have, his eye set on something for which it would be worth his while to spend every energy to reach. And so with his dying breath he said, "Don't be a mere floater, my son. Don't be a drifter on the stream of time, but stem the current that would carry you down, but be a man".

David himself had been a man of high and lofty purpose. His own life must have been greatly influenced by the character of Moses and the other mighty men of God who had preceded him. That his aim was high and his purpose lofty is clearly evident from his life and his writings.

It is not an accident that he went from the sheep fold to the throne. Success like that never comes about by mere chance. One reason why there are so many bones bleaching along the highway of life is those who once started out with bright and shining faces never expect to go anywhere in particular.

David was faithful to all his duties as a shepherd, but he looked higher than that humble calling, and made it a stepping stone. While a shepherd he improved his opportunities, trained his powers and qualified himself to be a king.

David was anxious that Solomon should have a high aim. He wanted him to reach out for the top of the mountain. He didn't want him to be content with a summer house in the valley. He wanted him to own the very best estate in the country where the giants were.

He didn't want him to be an old woman or a sissy sort of a fellow, but a man with knotted muscles on his arms, a big heart in his body and plenty of matter in his head. He wanted him to aim high, as a king's son should, knowing that if his aim was high his endeavor would not be wasted.

He wanted his son to raise his chin high enough to look the sun in the face, and so he said, "Solomon, be a man"!

Manhood - true manhood - princely manhood, like that of David, is one of the grandest things in the world, and it is something that counts as nothing else does.

It does not depend upon the size of the body. There are men of small stature, like St. Paul and Napoleon, who tower above other men as the mountains above the plain, and there are physical giants who are middle weights in manhood.

Samson was a giant in stature and a baby in self-control. It was not the Philistines who destroyed Samson. It was Samson himself. The man who is able to say "no" whenever it should be said is walking in a way that will lead straight to his own good.

Strive to be strong in self-control by making timely decisions about what you are going to do about such important matters as temperance, morality and religion.

Settle the question very early that your life shall be directed by principles and not by impulse.

If you are not willing to deliberately take the risk of becoming a good-for-nothing sot, settle the question at once and finally that you will never take your first drink. Not to do this is to have about half decided that you will yield when the temptation comes. It means that you have concluded that you may yield, and so the probability is great that you will.

If you are not willing to take the risk of becoming a social outcast, decide as Joseph did long before he reached Potiphar's house that you will have a white life.

Boys take an example from their father. Every man's some boy's hero. Some fathers are woefully deficient, their sparker and gasoline don't work either. They can't make the grade. If every man lived light today, no boy would go to hell tomorrow. To be a man means to be strong in purpose and self-control. If your manhood is buried under doubt, dig it out. There's a Gettysburg in every man's life which he has to fight. To be ready is half the secret of success.

Having oil or no oil in your lamp is the difference between light and darkness, between happiness and despair.

If you are not willing to run the risk of losing your soul take the only step that can make it safe by taking Christ into your heart and life at once. Join the church of your choice and commit yourself to

a religious life.

Decision determines what life is to become for every man in this world, and also decides it for eternity. If you do not want to deliberately build your house on the sand, where it is but a question of time as to when destruction will come, decide that you will never go in bad company, for no other one thing will have more to do with your weal or woe than the company you keep. The man who lets the devil choose his company for him will soon do anything the devil wants him to do.

Strive for self control by forming good habits before bad ones fasten themselves upon you. A thread can be broken, but a rope will hang you.

Before you get into the hopper take a look at the grist that is coming out. Be prudent by learning your own strength and weakness, as a wise general knows his army. Be prudent in speech, for many a fine career has been cut short by a long tongue. Be prudent in making the best possible preparation for the thing you set out to accomplish.

Start out in life as you would set out for the North Pole. First make sure that you are ready and then go straight on with confidence. Be prudent by keeping as far from the edge of every precipice as you can. Don't fool with temptation or trifle with sin, for the man who keeps on putting his head in the lion's mouth every day is certain to have his breathing interfered with sooner or later.

Get the best training and culture possible. Remember that knowledge is power, and try to obtain your share of it. There is no excuse for ignorance in this day, when colleges are everywhere, and books seem to almost grow on trees.

If you are a young man get a college education if you have to live on oatmeal and sorghum molasses to do it. First get understanding and you may have everything else you want. The life of the uneducated man is like that of a mole living in the dark, while that of the man with culture is like the eagle, mounting above the clouds and soaring towards the sun.

Take the great men of the Bible and stand before them long enough to realize how great they were, and then ask yourself what there was in them that you ought to have in you, and then spend some time every day in considering the man who had in himself the great and manly qualities of them all in a superlative degree - the divine man - the God man - the man of Galilee.

Learn how to behold as in a glass His glory and so be changed into His likeness from glory to glory even as by the spirit of the Lord. Let your soul go out to Him and be filled with Him, and you will soon begin to see that everything that is not like Him is unmanly and mean. As Solomon studied and meditated upon the beautiful life of David, his father, so give time and thought and prayer in striving to be like the divine pattern that is shown to you in the perfect Man. Spend three months in studying His life on its man ward side, and you will have a more exalted knowledge of what it means to be a man than you ever before possessed. A knowledge that will quicken and inspire you to live for God and man as you never lived before.

Study the purpose of Christ and notice that He never once swerved from the business for which He came into the world, although Gethsemane and Calvary lay directly in His way. By a very little veering to one side He could have missed them both, but He set His face like a flint and went up to Jerusalem when He knew that to go would mean suffering and death.

Study His prudence and courage and you will also find it true of His self control, faithfulness, charity, unselfishness, benevolence and sympathy. Find anything in any man anywhere that everybody considers noble and manly, and then look for the same thing in Jesus, and see how it shines out in Him as the day above the twilight. He never shows the white feather, and never in his whole life does He speak one single unmanly word, think an unmanly thought or do an unmanly deed.

Surely this man was the Son of God and the most glorious promise for us ever given that when He shall appear we shall be like Him. "Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man."

## 05-The Blood of Jesus Christ

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### The Blood of Jesus Christ by Billy Sunday

"For if the blood of bulls and of goats and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh" - Paul argued in his letter to the Hebrews "how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God."

Hebrews 9:13-14 No more of this turtle-dove business, no more offering the blood of bullocks and heifers to cleanse from sin. The atoning blood of Jesus Christ - that is the thing about which all else centers. I believe that more logical, illogical, idiotic, religious and irreligious arguments have been fought over this than all others. Now and then when a man gets a new idea of it, he goes out and starts a new denomination. He has a perfect right to do this under the thirteenth amendment, but he doesn't stop here. He makes war on all of the other denominations that do not interpret as he does. Our denominations have multiplied by this method until it would give one brain fever to try to count them all. The atoning blood! And as I think it over I am reminded of a man who goes to England and advertises that he will throw pictures on the screen of the Atlantic coast of America. So he gets a crowd and throws pictures on the screen of high bluffs and rocky coasts and waves dashing against them, until a man comes out of the audience and brands him a liar and says that he is obtaining money under false pretense, as he has seen America and the Atlantic coast and what the other man is showing is not America at all. The men almost come to blows and then the other man says that, if the people will come tomorrow, he will show them real pictures of the coast. So the audience comes back to see what he will show, and he flashes on the screen pictures of a low coast line, with palmetto trees and banana trees and tropical foliage and he apologizes to the audience, but says these are the pictures of America. The first man calls him a liar and the people don't know which to believe. What was the matter with them?

They were both right and they were both wrong, paradoxical as it may seem. They were both right as far as they went, but neither went far enough. The first showed the coast line from New England to Cape Hatteras, while the second showed the coast line from Hatteras to Yucatan. They neither could show it all in one panoramic view, for it is so varied it could not be taken in one picture.

God never intended to give you a picture of the world in one panoramic view. From the time of Adam and Eve down to the time Jesus Christ hung on the cross he was unfolding his views. When I see Moses leading the people out of bondage where they for years had bared their backs to the taskmaster's lash; when I see the lowing herds and the high priest standing before the altar severing the jugular vein of the rams and the bullocks; on until Christ cried out from the cross, "It is finished," (John 19:30) God was preparing the picture for the consummation of it in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. A sinner has no standing with God. He forfeits his standing when he commits sin and the only way he can get back is to repent and accept the atoning blood of Jesus Christ.

I have sometimes thought that Adam and Eve didn't understand as fully as we do when the Lord said; "Eat and you shall surely die." (Genesis 2:17) They had never seen any one die. They might have thought it simply meant a separation from God. But no sooner had they eaten and seen their nakedness than they sought to cover themselves, and it is the same today. When man sees himself in his sins, uncovered, he tries to cover himself in philosophy or some fake. But God looked through the fig leaves and the foliage and God walked out in the field and slew the beasts and took their skins and wrapped them around Adam and Eve, and from that day to this when a man has been a sinner and has covered himself, it has been by and through faith in the shed blood of Jesus Christ. Every Jew covered his sins and received pardon through the blood of the rams and bullocks and the doves. An old infidel said to me once, "But I don't believe in atonement by blood. It doesn't come up to my ideas of what is right."

I said, "To perdition with your ideas of what is right. Do you think God is coming down here to consult you with your great intellect and wonderful brain, and find out what you think is right before he does it? " My, but you make me sick. You think that because you don't believe it that it isn't true.

I have read a great deal - not everything, mind you, for a man would go crazy if he tried to read everything - but I have read a great deal that has been written against the atonement from the infidel standpoint - Voltaire, Huxley, Spencer, Diderot, Bradlaugh, Paine, on down to Bob Ingersoll - and I have never found an argument that would stand the test of common sense and common reasoning. And if anyone tells me he has tossed on the scrap heap the plan of atonement by blood, I say, "What have you to offer that is better?" and until he can show me something that is better I'll nail my hopes to the cross.

#### Suffering for the Guilty

You say you don't believe in the innocent suffering for the guilty. Then I say to you, you haven't seen life as I have seen it up and down the country. The innocent suffer with the guilty, by the guilty and for the guilty. Look at that old mother waiting with trembling heart for the son she has brought into the world. And see him come staggering in and reeling and staggering to bed while his mother prays and weeps and soaks the pillow with her tears over her godless boy. Who suffers most? The mother or that godless, maudlin [drunk] bum? You have only to be the mother of a boy like that to know who suffers most. Then you won't say anything about the plan of redemption and of Jesus Christ suffering for the guilty. Look at that young wife, waiting for the man whose name she bears, and whose face is woven in the fiber of her heart, the man she loves. She waits for him in fright and when he comes, reeking from the stench of the breaking of his marriage vows, from the arms of infamy, who suffers most? That poor, dirty, triple extract of vice and sin? You have only to be the wife of a husband like that to know whether the innocent suffers for the guilty or not. I have the sympathy of those who know right now. This happened in Chicago in a police court. A letter was introduced as evidence for a criminal there for vagrancy. It read, "I hope you won't have to hunt long to find work. Tom is sick and baby is sick. Lucy has no shoes and we have no money for the doctor or to buy any clothes. I manage to make a little taking in washing, but we are living in one room in a basement. I hope you won't have to look long for work," and so on, just the kind of a letter a wife would write to her husband. And before it was finished men cried and policemen with hearts of adamant were crying and fled from the room. The judge wiped the tears from his eyes and said: "You see, no man lives to himself alone. If he sins others suffer. I have no alternative. I

sympathize with them, as does every one of you, but I have no alternative. I must send this man to Bridewell [house of correction]." Who suffers most, that woman manicuring her nails over a washboard to keep the little brood together or that drunken bum in Bridewell getting his just deserts from his acts? You have only to be the wife of a man like that to know whether or not the innocent suffer with the guilty. So when you don't like the plan of redemption because the innocent suffer with the guilty, I say you don't know what is going on. It's the plan of life everywhere. From the fall of Adam and Eve till now it has always been the rule that the innocent suffer with the guilty. It's the plan of all and unless you are an idiot, an imbecile and a jackass, and gross flatterer at that, you'll see it.

### Jesus' Atoning Blood

Jesus gave his life on the cross for any who will believe. We're not redeemed by silver or gold. Jesus paid for it with his blood (1 Peter 1:18). When some one tells you that your religion is a bloody religion and the Bible is a bloody book, tell them yes, Christianity is a bloody religion; the gospel is a bloody gospel; the Bible is a bloody book; the plan of redemption is bloody. It is. You take the blood of Jesus Christ out of Christianity and that book isn't worth the paper it is written on. It would be worth no more than your body with the blood taken out. Take the blood of Jesus Christ out and it would be a meaningless jargon and jumble of words.

If it weren't for the atoning blood you might as well rip the roofs off the churches and burn them down. They aren't worth anything. But as long as the blood is on the mercy seat (Lev. 16:14), the sinner can return, and by no other way. There is nothing else. It stands for the redemption. You are not redeemed by silver or gold, but by the blood of Jesus Christ. Though a man says to read good books, do good deeds, live a good life and you'll be saved, you'll be damned. That's what you will. All the books in the world won't keep you out of hell without the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. It's Jesus Christ or nothing for every sinner on God's earth.

Without it not a sinner will ever be saved. Jesus has paid for your sins with his blood. The doctrine of universal salvation is a lie. I wish every one would be saved, but they won't. You will never be saved if you reject the blood.

I remember when I was in the Y.M.C.A. in Chicago I was going down Madison Street and had just crossed Dearborn Street when I saw a newsboy with a young sparrow in his hand. I said: "Let that little bird go."

He said, "Aw, g'wan with you, you big mutt."

I said, "I'll give you a penny for it," and he answered, "Not on your tintype."

"I'll give you a nickel for it," and he answered, "Boss, I'm from Missouri; come across with the dough."

I offered it to him, but he said, "Give it to that guy there," and I gave it to the boy he indicated and took the sparrow.

I held it for a moment and then it fluttered and struggled and finally reached the window ledge in a second story across the street. And other birds fluttered around over my head and seemed to say in bird language, "Thank you, Bill." The kid looked at me in wonder and said: "Say, boss, why

didn't you chuck that nickel in the sewer?"

I told him that he was just like that bird. He was in the grip of the devil, and the devil was too strong for him just as he was too strong for the sparrow, and just as I could do with the sparrow what I wanted to, after I had paid for it, because it was mine. God paid a price for him far greater than I had for the sparrow, for he had paid it with the blood of his Son, and he wanted to set him free. No Argument Against Sin

So, my friend, if I had paid for some property from you with a price, I could command you, and if you wouldn't give it to me I could go into court and make you yield. Why do you want to be a sinner and refuse to yield? You are withholding from God what he paid for on the cross. When you refuse you are not giving God a square deal.

I'll tell you another. It stands for God's hatred of sin. Sin is something you can't deny. You can't argue against sin. A skilful man can frame an argument against the validity of religion, but he can't frame an argument against sin. I'll tell you something that may surprise you. If I hadn't had four years of instruction in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, before I saw Bob Ingersoll's book, and I don't want to take any credit from that big intelligent brain of his, I would be preaching infidelity instead of Christianity. Thank the Lord I saw the Bible first. I have taken his lectures and placed them by the side of the Bible, and said, "You didn't say it from your knowledge of the Bible." And I have never considered him honest, for he could not have been so wise in other things and such a fool about the plan of redemption. So I say I don't think he was entirely honest. But you can't argue against the existence of sin, simply because it is an open fact, the word of God. You can argue against Jesus being the Son of God. You can argue about there being a heaven and a hell, but you can't argue against sin. It is in the world and men and women are blighted and mildewed by it.

Some years ago I turned a corner in Chicago and stood in front of a police station. As I stood there a patrol dashed up and three women were taken from some drunken debauch, and they were dirty and blear-eyed, and as they were taken out they started a flood of profanity that seemed to turn the very air blue. I said, "There is sin." And as I stood there up dashed another patrol and out of it they took four men, drunken and ragged and bloated, and I said, "There is sin." You can't argue against the fact of sin. It is in the world and blights men and women. But Jesus came to the world to save all who accept him.

"How Long, O God?"

It was out in the Y.M.C.A. in Chicago. "What is your name and what do you want?" I asked.

"I'm from Cork, Ireland," said he, "and my name is James O'Toole." Here is a letter of introduction." I read it and it said he was a good Christian young man and an energetic young fellow.

I said, "Well, Jim, my name is Mr. Sunday. I'll tell you where there are some good Christian boarding houses and you let me know which one you pick out." He told me afterwards that he had one on the North Side. I sent him an invitation to a meeting to be held at the Y.M.C.A., and he had it when he and some companions went bathing in Lake Michigan. He dived from the pier just as the water receded unexpectedly and he struck the bottom and broke his neck. He was taken to the morgue and the police found my letter in his clothes, and told me to come and claim it or it would

be sent to a medical college. I went and they had the body on a slab, but I told them I would send a cablegram to his folks and asked them to hold it. They put it in a glass case and turned on the cold air, by which they freeze bodies by chemical processes, as they freeze ice, and said they would save it for two months, and if I wanted it longer they would stretch the rules a little and keep it three.

I was just thinking of what sorrow that cablegram would cause his old mother in Cork when they brought in the body of a woman. She would have been a fit model of Phidias [ancient Greek sculptor], she had such symmetry of form. Her fingers were manicured. She was dressed in the height of fashion and her hands were covered with jewels and as I looked at her, the water trickling down her face, I saw the mute evidence of illicit affection. I did not say lust, I did not say passion, I did not say brute instincts. I said, "Sin." Sin had caused her to throw herself from that bridge and seek repose in a suicide's grave. And as I looked, from the saloon, the fantan rooms, the gambling hells, the opium dens, the red lights, there arose one endless cry of "How long, O God, how long shall hell prevail?" (Psalms 74:10) You can't argue against sin. It's here. Then listen to me as I try to help you. When the Standard Oil Company was trying to refine petroleum there was a substance that they couldn't dispose of. It was a dark, black, sticky substance and they couldn't bury it, couldn't burn it because it made such a stench; they couldn't run it in the river because it killed the fish, so they offered a big reward to any chemist who would solve the problem. Chemists took it and worked long over the problem, and one day there walked into the office of John D. Rockefeller, a chemist and laid down a pure white substance which we since know as paraffine [paraffin wax].

You can be as black as that substance and yet Jesus Christ can make you white as snow. "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." (Isaiah 1:18)

## 06-The Second Coming of Christ

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### The Second Coming of Christ by Billy Sunday

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words"

(1 Thessalonians 4:17-18). THE MEETING here mentioned is to be the greatest meeting the Bible tells us anything about. There have been some wonderful meetings, but never has there been one to compare with this. It was a wonderful meeting the children of Israel had on the shore of the Red Sea, after Pharaoh's pursuing host had been destroyed in the angry waters, and Miriam, the prophetess, with her timbrel, led the people in singing, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea" (Exodus 15:21). And it was another great meeting they had at the foot of Mount Sinai, when the Law of God was given to them amid thunders and lightnings and fire and smoke. That was a great meeting, too, on Mount Carmel, when Elijah, the sturdy Tishbite, defied the prophets of Bal; and that was a great meeting where David danced before the Ark of God, as it was home into Jerusalem. It was a great meeting when Solomon dedicated the temple, and the glory of the Lord came upon the people, and those were great meetings that were held on the banks of the Jordan when Jerusalem and all Judea went out to hear the man who dressed in camel's hair and wore a linen girdle, and lived on locusts and wild honey.

It was a wonderful meeting when Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount, and another when He fed the multitude with five loaves and two fishes. And that was a great meeting on the day of Pentecost, when the Spirit came like a rushing mighty wind, and under Peter's preaching about three thousand were converted.

All these were great meetings, and any number of others have been held, both in former times and in our own day. Those were great meetings in the early days of Methodism, when Wesley and Whitefield preached to great multitudes in the fields. Those were great meetings when multitudes were flocking to hear Finney and Moody; and great meetings have since been held by other great evangelists all around the world. But no meeting has ever been held anywhere or in any time that could begin to compare in importance with the greatest of all meetings that is to be held in the air, when our Lord comes to make up His jewels. That meeting is the one for which all others have been preparing the way. It will be the crowning meeting of all history. The purpose of all that has been done in this world up to the present time has been to prepare for that great meeting in the air. From Adam, mankind has been marching step by step up a grand stairway leading direct to that meeting in the air. The call of Abraham was one step toward it, and Jacob and his twelve sons were another. Joseph ruling Egypt was another; the deliverance under Moses another; the conquest of Canaan under Joshua another, and so on with every event in sacred history. It was for this Jesus suffered on the Cross to make atonement for sin. It was for this He arose from the dead and ascended into Heaven, where he took His place at the right hand of the Father. It was for this

the Holy Spirit came at Pentecost, and it was for this that Churches have been organized and missionaries sent to the ends of the earth.

These things have all been done to prepare the way, and lead up to the meeting which is so graphically described in the text. It was for this meeting God made His plans before He laid the foundations of the earth, and it was of this meeting He was thinking before the morning stars sang together.

We are not told when Jesus will come, but we are told that His coming is sure, and we are charged to watch for it.

Anybody who says that he knows when Jesus is coming is a liar. When they say that they know when He is coming they lie.

Only Jesus and the Father know when the Savior is coming again. Yet the Church today shows as little concern about His coming again as His disciples did about His going away. All this is fully in accord with Peter: "There shall come in the last days scoffers walking after their own lusts, saying, Where is the promise of His coming, for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning until now?" (2 Peter 3:3-4).

Jesus not only foretold His going away, but charged His followers to expect His return, and be ready for it: "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as Ye think not the Son of Man cometh" (Matthew 24:42-44).

Jesus said: "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; then shall the end come" (Matthew 24:14).

Before I started to Preach in Omaha God knew the names of every man, woman and child who would be saved as a result Of my preaching - If God didn't know that, He wouldn't be God. And God knew all about the fools who wouldn't be saved, and He knew that all of Omaha wouldn't be saved. I tell you that God is pretty wise to who are going to Hell and who are going to Heaven - The sooner you get that through your head and don't try to sidestep Jesus, the sooner the devil will let go the stranglehold he has upon most of you.

There is not a nation on the face of the earth that has not had the Gospel preached within its bounds. The second coming of Christ is the emphatic doctrine of the New Testament. It is mentioned and referred to more than 350 times, and yet the majority of Church members never heard a sermon on the subject; that is the reason they think so little of looking into the matter themselves. The Church makes much of Baptism, but in all of Paul's epistles Baptism is only mentioned or referred to thirteen times, while the return of the Lord is mentioned fifty times. This certainly shows which he considered the most important. McCheyne, the great Scotch preacher, once said to some of his friends: "Do you think Christ will come back tonight?" One after another they said: "I think not." Then he solemnly repeated: "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh" (Matthew 24:42-44). With such admonitions as this, what right have we to be unconcerned about it and say, as many preachers do, "It is nothing to me; I take no interest in the subject, whatever." Who would care to travel on a train where the engineer would never read his orders? Who would ride on a ship where the captain never looked at the compass? You may call it

rubbish, but the disciples called it the "blessed hope."

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things I say" If Jesus had said: "I will not return for 2,000 years," nobody would have begun to look for Him before the time was near, but He expects his followers to be always looking for His return. Just as Simeon and Anna watched and waited for His coming, so we should be watching and waiting for His return.

It is not enough to say, "Oh, I'm a Christian; I'm all right." We are not all right unless we obey the command to watch, for it is certainly as much of a command to look for the coming of the Lord as it is to keep the Sabbath holy. Nothing else will do so much to keep us right where we should be in our religious experience. Knowing that the bank examiner may drop in at any moment keeps many a cashier from becoming dishonest. We should purify the Church that it may be the proper Bride to meet the Lord in the air. How pure is the Church today? How pure are the Church members? How pure are the Preachers?

I suppose there would be a mighty scramble to get right with God if you all found out that Jesus was going to return tonight. It wouldn't make any difference to Jesus if you had to do the right thing just because He turned up unexpectedly. You would have to prove to Him that you were on the level with Him, and although you might all be baptized, sprinkled and immersed, there would be nothing doing in the salvation line if you didn't play square with the Lord. This old world is going to wake up some morning and find that all good men and women have beaten it, and she'll rub her eyes when she finds out that the Lord has been here on the job and taken his own with Him.

Every time I preach and every time you do personal work, I feel that we are helping to bring about the second coming of the Lord, and it sets my bones on fire when I think that the last man or woman need only be saved before this campaign is over in order that the Lord may come. That is my incentive to do the work I am doing. It is my hope that, before I finish here, the Church will be purified as a Bride, ready to meet Jesus, the Bridegroom, in the air. A little more than twenty years ago Mr. Moody called a convention of Christian workers to meet in Chicago, and that convention was in session there in Moody's church for two months, and out of it came the great Bible institute. The daily program was to spend the forenoon at the church in prayer and Bible study, and the afternoon and evening in doing practical Christian work. A man who was my assistant some years ago attended that convention. He told me that one day Mr. Moody asked him to go down among the anarchists, in the hard parts Of Chicago, and hold a meeting there.

"Do the best you can," said Moody, "and some night I'll come down and help you." My friend said that promise was a continual incentive to him to keep up his courage and do his very best. He didn't know when Mr. Moody would come, and so he looked for him every night, and the harder time he had, the harder he hoped and looked. This shows how the constant expectation of the coming Of Jesus will inspire and encourage us. A great many say: "I believe the Millennium will come first, then Christ will come at the end Of it." What people think has nothing to do with it, but what God says has everything to do with it.

Many have missed railroad trains because they believed they would come at a time that did not correspond with the official time card. You will see God's time card if you carefully read the Bible. Not a word can be found in the Bible that gives the slightest hope for the millennium before the return of Christ - but you can find plenty of verses that tell you to look for the coming of the Lord

first. As we look back over the 2,000 years since Christ, how far we seem to be away from the time when the will of God shall be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Every edition of the press seems to make it clear that the devil is still having his way. Look at the reign of wickedness in our great cities in both high life and low. No college has ever yet made a Saint or ever will. Education may improve conditions, but it can never change or cleanse the heart. Look at the lukewarmness and indifference in the Churches everywhere and see what many of them are compelled to resort to in order to keep from going under. See to what schemes and dodges and foolishness some preachers have to resort to to get anybody to go and hear them.

There can be no millennium until Jesus comes; it is His presence that makes the millennium. You might as well talk of daylight not coming until the sun goes down. The millennium cannot begin until Satan has been bound in the pit. Nothing is more certain than that the glory of God shall cover the earth, but it will be after Jesus comes.

Many have an idea the world will grow better and better until the coming of the millennium, and everybody will be converted, and you hear that stuff preached, but the Bible does not teach any such trash. On the day before the flood there were no doubt many people who were sincere in thinking that the world was growing better, and yet it was so hopelessly wicked that God had to destroy it. Some of the men who married into the family of Lot may have made the same claim for Sodom, only a day or two before its destruction; no doubt Lot's wife was of the same opinion. On the day before the Crucifixion there were men in Jerusalem who undoubtedly agreed with each other that the world was growing better. The world will grow worse and worse. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage until the day that Noah entered the ark and the flood came and destroyed them all. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot, they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded. But the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all.

"Even thus shall it be in the day when the son of man is revealed" (Luke 17:27-30). Lawlessness, vice and crime will increase; Communism, nihilism, anarchy, adultery, divorce, graft, all will continue to grow until they will finally ripen into the anti-Christ.

Many think and preach that the millennium will be brought about by the increase of knowledge, culture, great discoveries, such as the gasoline engine, automobile, electricity, radium, liquefied air, wireless telegraphy, airships, etc. These have nothing to do with bringing the millennium. It is the personal reign of Christ that brings the millennium. Those who have been the greatest blessing to the world were filled with this hope and preached it. The word of God was vitiated and neutralized by the traditions of men when Jesus first came, and that is very largely the trouble in present times. Instead of going to the Bible to find out what God says, the Preacher is too apt to go to his books, to see what the great men of his Church have to say about it, and all their preaching and teaching take its color from the glasses the rabbis wear, just as was the case in the time of Jesus. The fact that Jesus was not recognized by the high-up authorities, but was rejected and crucified as an impostor, shows what a dangerous and deadly thing it is to accept the traditions of men rather than what God says about things.

Too many who are now masters in Israel are as much in the dark as Nicodemus was. The truth is no harder to get at than corn on the cob, if we will first strip off the husk and shell it. We need to depend more upon the Holy Spirit and less upon our libraries if we would preach so that those who

hear us will also hear the voice of God in our message. It is not what Doctor This or Professor That has to say about it that settles the question, and settles it right, but who reads the Word. What does the Bible say about it? And what we need to do is to take the Bible as it reads, not as some big man says it means.

Big men have been mistaken about vital things just about as often as little ones. The safest pilot is not the one who wears the biggest hat, but the one who knows the channel the best. We should let the Bible speak to us just as God means it should, without distorting it by the prejudices and vagaries of those who are always trying to put their own camel into it and strain out somebody else's gnat.

It is high time for Christians to interpret unfulfilled prophecies by the light of prophecies already fulfilled. The curses on the Jews were brought to pass literally - so also will be the blessings. The scattering was literal; so also will be the gatherings. The pulling down of Zion was literal; so also must be the building up. The rejection of Israel was literal; and so also must be the restoration. The first coming of Christ was literal, visible and personal, and what right has anybody to conclude that His second coming will be altogether spiritual? If His first advent was with a real body, why not the same with His second coming? When Jesus first came the smallest predictions were fulfilled to the very letter; and should this not teach us to expect that the same will be true when He comes again? There are very many more prophecies concerning His second coming than His first, and does not this mean that God wants to give us the most favorable opportunity possible to prepare for it? If the humility and shame of Christ at His first coming were literal and visible, should not His second coming in power and glory be also literal and visible?

What right have we to say that the words Judah, Zion, Israel and Jerusalem ever mean anything but literal Judah, Zion, Israel and Jerusalem? Some one has called attention to the fact that there are only two or three places in the whole New Testament where such names are used in what may be called a spiritual or figurative way. Jerusalem occurs eighty times, and in every case is unquestionably literal, except when the opposite is clearly indicated by such qualifying terms as "Heavenly," "new" or "holy." Jew occurs a hundred times, and only four are ambiguous. Israel and Israelite occur forty times, and all literal, Judah and Judea about twenty times, and literal in every case.

John Bunyan was once studying the passage foretelling that the feet of the Lord should stand on the Mount of Olives, and he thus reasoned: "Some commentators say that the Mount of Olives means the heart of the believer; that it is only a figurative expression, and means that the Lord will reign in the heart of the believer, and the Holy Spirit will dwell there, But I don't think it means that at all. I just think it means the Mount of Olives, two miles from Jerusalem, on the east." And that is why the Lord could use the poor tinker so marvelously, even when he was shut up in Bedford jail.

While face to face with them, Jesus taught His disciples to be in constant expectation of His early return, and they so understood Him and lived accordingly. They preached the doctrine and taught it in their epistles, every one of them. Certainly, if anybody ever understood the Lord correctly, it was the men whom He personally trained to do that very thing, that they might hand the truth he gave them down to us. If they failed to understand him, what hope is there that anybody else may do so?

Jesus is going to come and reveal Himself to the members of His body at the very moment when the last soul is saved necessary to complete that body - for the body of Christ must consist of a certain number of souls, or it never could be completed. If it were an infinite number it would be an endless task, and Jesus would never return, for He can no more come with His Heavenly body than He could come the first time without a human body. It is the completion of the body of Christ, therefore, that will bring Him, and this shows how we may help and hasten his coming.

"Looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of the Lord wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved and the elements shall melt with fervent heat" (2 Peter 3:12).

Every time we do personal work or try to get anybody saved, we may be doing something that will bring the coming of the Lord. Instead of being discouraged by looking about us and seeing what a small prospect there is of the whole world being converted, it will set our bones on fire to think that perhaps the last man needed to complete the Lord's body and bring Jesus back to earth may be converted this very day. That gives us something definite and tangible to work for, and hope for, don't you see? Colonel Clark, the founder of the Pacific Garden mission in Chicago, put in six nights out of every seven at the mission as long as he lived. One day somebody said to him:

"Colonel, why don't you take some rest? You are killing yourself by sticking to that mission so close. Why don't you take a vacation and go away somewhere and rest?"

"I can't do it, brother," answered the colonel. "I could never do that, for every time I start for the mission, I think, maybe the last man may be saved in our little meeting tonight, and the Lord will come; and I wouldn't miss being at my post for anything in the world. When Jesus comes I want to be right where he expects me to be." The Bible very clearly makes known the great truth that God's purpose for this dispensation is the completing of the Body of Christ. He is not trying to save the world now; that is to be the work of the next dispensation. Here is the scripture for it:

"God at the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for His name. (The body of Christ.) And to this agree the words of the prophets; as it is written. After this I will return and will build again the tabernacle of David (the Jewish nation) which is fallen down (scattered and no longer being used)- and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set them that the residue of men might seek after the Lord (through their missionary efforts)" (Acts 15:14-17). That is the present dispensation, and that is what God is doing now. There is nothing said here about the conversion of the world, but it is made clear that a people is being chosen, and much Scripture might be quoted to show that the people so referred to will constitute the body of Christ.

Throughout this dispensation the Lord has been working among the Gentiles (those not belonging to the Jewish nation), and this shows the purpose for which he has been working. There is no thought expressed there of the Millennium.

"And to this agree the words of the Prophets (about God's purpose in gathering a chosen People from the Gentiles). As it is written (and that means what God says). After this (after the number of People to be chosen from the Gentiles has been I will return (to direct dealing with Israel) and build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down"(Acts 15:15-16).

What does that mean? What does it mean for a house to be fallen down? Certainly that it cannot longer be used as a house while in that condition. Read the prophecy of Amos, from which this is

taken, and see why it is that God is through with Israel until He has taken from the Gentiles the people for His name. (To bear His name, to glorify His name.) The mission of the Church - the Bride of Christ, or Body of Christ is to get ready to meet the Bridegroom. When the Body of Christ is completed He will reveal Himself to the members who are alive and in this world at that time, and at the same moment they will be caught up to meet those who have gone on before in the air, and from that moment they are forever with the Lord. The Body of Christ will be composed of believers from every race and nation on earth. That is why the Gospel must first be preached as a witness to every nation. Not from every dispensation. It had its beginning on the day of Pentecost and will be complete at the time of the meeting in the air, which is called the Rapture. For He is now preparing, perfecting and completing the Church - the Body of Christ, the Bride who is to meet the Lord in the air, and be with Him forevermore.

These different members will be found, one here and another there, and gathered together from all parts of the world, and the moment the last one is saved Christ will be revealed - not to the world, but to his Church - His Bride - just as the electric light blazes out when the last condition is fulfilled. At that time Christ will not be revealed to the whole world, but only to the individual members of His Body who may be alive and here at that time.

There remains no prophecy to be fulfilled. There is not a nation where the Gospel has not been preached. So Christ must be waiting for the completion of the body of believers. When the Rapture comes it will come in the twinkle of an eye. Those who have died in the Lord will be resurrected, and they, with the believers who are alive, will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. When the Rapture comes it will come in the twinkling of an eye, and will be altogether unexpected except by those who have been searching the prophecies and are looking for it, just as Simeon and Anna and the wise men were looking for Jesus at His first coming. After it has occurred there will be an army of Church members and Preachers who will not know that it has come, because they are not members of the Lord's Body; for the Lord will not at that time be seen by any except those who have been caught up to meet Him in the air. The remainder of the world will not know that He has been here, and they will not know what has become of the missing ones. They will seem to have disappeared in all kinds of unaccountable ways, unless their earthly bodies shall be left behind them, as the linen clothes of Jesus were left in the tomb. But things will soon settle back into their old condition, and the world go on its way, as did Sodom after Lot was taken out of it. The notion that people have about the second coming of Christ is that when He comes the Judgment Day will also come, and that the world will come to an end. This idea is unscriptural and shows how little the Bible has been searched to find and make known the real truth by those who are leaders and teachers in the church. Business will go on and governments will go on as now. After Jesus comes and takes the believers out of the world, then takes place the great Tribulation, a description of which you will find later on. At the close of the Tribulation the Lord will return, bringing with Him His saintly members of His Body, to begin His Millennium reign. Then He will reveal himself to the Jews. They will accept Him as their long rejected Messiah. Then the millennium will begin - the devil will be cast into the bottomless pit for a thousand years; nations will be born in a day, through the missionary efforts of the Jews. When the Jews accept Jesus Christ and bring to Him all their wonderful energy and intelligence, oh, this world will grow as it has never grown before! Nations will be born in a day. The Jews have always been full of energy in business, as no other people, and when they become ambassadors for Christ there will be no lukewarmness or indifference.

Either before or during the Tribulation the Jews will have been restored to the holy land, rebuilding their Temple and restoring the Jewish worship.

Also during the tribulation the antiChrist will come, most likely in the person of some great king. It is supposed that he will be a personal incarnation of the devil, just as Jesus was an incarnation of God. He will go to Jerusalem, and there do great signs and wonders, by which he will so delude the chosen people that they will accept him as their Messiah, and pay him divine honors in the Temple. It will be during this that Jesus will return and destroy him by the brightness of His coming, "And then shall the wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming, even of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders" (2 Thessalonians 2:8-9). The devil has got some of you so close to Hell that you can smell the fumes. He's no loafer. He's been working for 6,000 years, and he was never laid up with appendicitis nor tonsillitis, nor the grip. In the Lord's coming there are to be two distinct phases - His coming for the members of His Body, and revelation to them at the time of the Rapture, or taking up into the air, and His coming with the members of His Body at the close of the Tribulation, when He is revealed to the Jews and destroys the antiChrist.

Overlooking these two phases has put some people in confusion about the order of events, just as the failure to distinguish between the prophecies pertaining to the first and second coming confused the Jews, and caused them to reject Jesus, through what they supposed to be His failure to fulfill prophecy.

Yes, Christ will come in person, and will destroy the antiChrist. The seat of his power will be Jerusalem. This is literal and not figurative. The visible Church will be left here, strong in members and organization. It will probably make a great show of missionary activity, but will have no more power against the principalities and powers of evil than did the disciples who missed the Mount of Transfiguration have over the demons that were tormenting the little boy. In a worldly way it will appear to be in a very prosperous condition, rich in property and elegant buildings; but here is a picture of what it will be after the salt of the earth has been taken out of it: "This know also that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection; truce breakers, false accusers, inconsistent, fierce, despisers of those that are good; traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof" (2 Timothy 3:1-5). Did you ever know a time in all history when the world was worse than it is now? People are passing up the Church and the Prayer Meeting for the theater, the leg show and the movies. Oh, Lord, how we need someone to cry aloud, "Return to God."

Bear in mind that this has no reference to the Turks, the heathen in Africa or the people in the slums; but that it is a description of the rank and file of the Church, after the Lord has come and taken His Body out of the world. For notice that it is said that these people have a form of godliness which means that they are professors of religion. They are not avowed infidels or atheists, but professed believers.

Let us consider, in the first place, something of what it may mean to have a part in that meeting in the air:

1. Well, the most glorious thing about it is that if we are there we shall be members of the Body of Jesus Christ. It will mean that we are members of the royal family of the universe; that we are kings and princes who are to sit on the throne and reign with Jesus, and that we shall be with Him forevermore, never to be separated from him again. And this will mean that we shall be the most exalted beings in all the universe, for who could be higher than the sons of God or the Bride of our Lord?

We are living in the most important part of the world's history. Great heaven! I don't see how anyone can fail to be inspired.

It is an awful thing to miss being a part of the Body of Christ because you're too big a fool to be a Christian. You would rather play bridge. Well, then, go to the devil, if that's the way you want to live. I can't stop you.

Whenever I remember I'm a part of the Body of Christ, a member of the royal family, I just want to shout "Hallelujah." In talking to men God must, of course, use the language of men, but He can only put into our words just a little of what He would tell us. A very little looking into the matter, however, will show that He has used the most expressive words in our language to show how near and precious is to be our relationship to Him. In fact, He has used about all the words we have that could be used for that purpose, as members of His Body, His Bride and sons of God.

If we are so fortunate as to have a part in that meeting in the air, it will mean that we are among the most fortunate of all the sons of men, and that we have lived in the most blessed of all times for men to live, for only those are eligible to membership in the Body of Christ who live in the present dispensation.

Moses and David and Isaiah and Jeremiah had no such chance as we have, for the Body of Christ had its beginning at Pentecost. Neither will those who live after the Rapture have an opportunity, for the Body will then be complete and the door closed forever, as it was in the faces of the foolish virgins. Jesus said of John the Baptist that he was the greatest of all prophets, but that the least in the kingdom of God was greater than he. What an awful thing it would be, then, to have such a glorious opportunity and miss it! Others will know the joys of great salvation, for the world will be saved during the Millennium (the next dispensation), and the knowledge of the glory of God will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, but the people of that day will have no place in the Body of Christ; they cannot become members of the royal family. They will be loyal subjects of the king. That is why Paul could say, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Romans 8:16).

There is a vast difference between a son of King George and a subject of Great Britain. The smallest babe of royal blood is greater than the greatest man in the kingdom.

2. If we have a place in that meeting in the air it will mean that we are like Christ, for "when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." The true child of God is always longing to be like his Master, and this heart yearning is the sure prophecy of what we shall then be. It will also mean that we shall nevermore be separated from Him. The devil will never again have power to separate us from Him for a single moment, and wherever He is, there shall we be also. The fact that Jesus is to be here during the Millennium would be proof conclusive that we shall be here with Him, even if there were no other Scripture for it.

3. For some that meeting will mean that they reached it without having to pass through death, for it is to be composed of those who have gone before, and those who are still living at that time. Some who are born into this world are never to die, and we may hope to be of that elect number. The Christian has no business to be looking for death. It is his right to hope to live forever, and instead of expecting to go to the grave, he should be looking for the coming of his Lord and the meeting in the air.

4. It will also mean that we shall then have bodies that will remain young forever. Pains and aches, gray hair, wrinkles and feebleness will never again be known. Listen to this: "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep (die), but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible (no longer subject to age or decay), and we shall be changed (into His likeness)" (1 Corinthians 15:51-52). And it will come in the twinkling of an eye - in a moment - and that moment will be what all time was made for. In that moment some will give up old age to be young forever. Others will go from beds of pain upon which they may have lain prostrate for years. Others, from the most grinding poverty, will spring to eternal wealth. Some will go from burdens from which they expected no relief save death. From what tribulations and troubles and afflictions will not that moment be a deliverance, and how the angels will begin to crowd the battlements of Heaven upon that glad meeting when they know it is about to come! In a moment! In the twinkling of an eye!

"Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly," ought to be the daily prayer of every Christian heart, And yet as we look about us now, and see how the devil seems to be having his way as much as ever, it looks as if that great time would never come. But you can't tell by appearances. An hour before the tidal wave comes there is nothing to indicate that it will ever come. Nobody dreamed of an earthquake ten minutes before San Francisco began to rock and tumble.

Some time ago the President touched a golden key in the White House and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the acres of machinery at the great Seattle exposition, on the other side of the country, were in motion, and countless flags began to fly in the breeze; and that's the way the Lord will come.

Just that quick! Quicker than a clock can tick! Quicker than lightning can flash! Ten minutes before the President touched the golden key it looked as if the machinery would never start, but when the right moment arrived it was going. "Therefore, be ye ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh." God's clock is never behind the smallest fraction of a second.

All signs point to the great event, some of which seemed to me to be:

- (a) Radical tendency to depart from the Christian life.
- (b) Prophecies fulfilled - the gospel has been preached in every nation.
- (c) The world-wide expectancy of his coming.
- (d) Revival among the Jews. They are flocking to Jerusalem.
- (e) The political unrest.
- (f) Extreme views on questions of government.

(g) Concentration of wealth in the hands of the few,

5. If we have a part in that meeting it will mean that we shall be here in this world with the Lord during the Millennium - a thousand years -with the devil chained and cast out - not a saloon, gambling hell or brothel in the world, and everything just as we want it. Hear this: "And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled; and after that he must be loose a little season."

"And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them; and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."

"But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection."

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years" (Revelation 3:1-6).

6. To have part in that meeting will be to meet those who have gone on before - fathers and mothers and other loved ones. Think of how glorious and blessed that will be, and there will doubtless be infinite surprises that the Lord will have in store for us, "For it hath not entered into the heart of man the things that the Lord hath prepared for them that love him."

7. Think of the delight of meeting and continuing with the other members of the Lord's Body, who will then be as dear to us as the apple of our own eye. Think of being intimate with Peter, James and John, Andrew, Philip and the others, and of hearing from them again and again all the incidents they witnessed in the life of Jesus. Think of being more intimate with Paul and Silas and Mark and Luke and Timothy, and the Saints who were in Caesar's household, than we are with our very best friends now. Think of knowing Mary, the mother of Jesus, as well as You know your own mother, and of having her intimate friends, Martha and Mary Magdalene, and the unknown disciples who on the first Easter morning walked with their risen Lord on the way to Emmaus! Think of talking with Zacchaeus and Blind Bartimeus, the daughter of Jairus, and the wild man out of whom the legion of devils were cast. And the blind man in the ninth chapter of John how good - it will be to shake hands with him and tell him some of the good things, we have so often thought about his courage. And Joseph of Arimathaea, Nicodemus and the boy who had the five loaves and two fishes. And the blind woman who touched the hem of His garment; the widow who gave the two mites and the Philippian jailer who got the old time religion in an unmistakable way; the first leper who was cleansed, and all the rest. How much we shall miss, if we miss that meeting in the air.

8. Think of how glorious it will be to live for a thousand years in this world with our blessed Master and be closely associated with Him: with bodies that will not wear out or grow old, always in perfect health, and with faculties for enjoyment a thousand times higher than we possess now. The millennium will be the greatest time ever known, for it will be the golden age of man. Poverty, sickness, war and pestilence will be unknown. There will be no devil to cause human suffering and

woe.

Then think of the delight of coming back into this world, where we have had so much trouble and hardship and poverty and sickness, to live under such glorious circumstances as will then prevail. A man told a friend of mine that when {he was} a boy he footed it for nearly a hundred miles over the old National road. It was in August, the weather hot and dusty, and the boy penniless, homeless and disheartened. He had on a pair of cowhide shoes, and his feet became so sore that over much of the way he could only hobble along in great pain. A little while ago he went over the same road in an elegant automobile, and he never so enjoyed a ride in his life. The weather was fine and he had nothing to do but sit there and drink in the beauty of the day, and think of how much better off he was than when he went limping over the same road, a poor, helpless, sore footed boy.

Well, it will be something like that with us in the millennium, perhaps, only vastly more glorious when we come back to have a good time here.

9. It will also mean to be richly rewarded for all we have ever done or suffered for the Lord. Near the close of his hard and strenuous life, Paul said: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing" (2 Timothy 4:8).

Here are other verses showing there is to be a reward - "And when the chief shepherd shall appear ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away" (1 Peter 5:4). "And behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with Me to give every man according as his work shall be" (Revelation 22:12).

10. If we have a part in that meeting we shall escape the great Tribulation which is to come upon all the earth as soon as the members of the Body of Christ are taken out of the world. The Body of Christ is now the salt of the earth, and the light of the world. It is the army with which God now holds in check the principalities and powers of evil. It is therefore evident that when this army is taken out of the world, the devil will have unhindered sway, and will immediately begin to make this world as much like Hell as he wants it to be. In speaking of this awful time, Jesus said:

"Then shall be great Tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there shall no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened" (Matthew 24:21-22). And here is what Daniel says of it:

"And there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation even to that time, and at that time thy people shall be delivered (members of the Lord's body), every one that shall be found written in the book" (Daniel 1:1).

Human imagination is incapable of picturing the awfulness of this great tribulation, that is surely coming on the world, and may begin this very day - yes, even this very hour! Think of it! It is to be the worst time the world has ever known, or ever will know. A worse time than the flood; a worse time than the bondage of Egypt, and a worse time than the destruction of Jerusalem, when women and children were torn in pieces, and the very name of mercy was unknown. A worse time than the reign of Nero; worse than during the Spanish Inquisition; worse than when Cortes destroyed the

Aztecs; worse than during the French revolution and the communists, and worse than during the Dark Ages. A worse time than when men were skinned alive; worse than when they were pulled asunder by horses; worse than when men, women and children were thrown to hungry lions, and worse than when they were dipped in pitch and burned as torches. Do you want to live in that kind of a time? Well, the only thing that can surely save you from it is to have a part in that meeting in the air, for no others who are living at that time can escape from it, and that awful time may be upon us within the next ten minutes, for it will begin at the very moment the Rapture takes place.

There is now not a single prophecy remaining to be fulfilled before the Lord may come, and the members of His Body be caught up to be with him in the air.

It stands to reason that the tribulation must be the most awful time known, because for the only time in all history the devil will then be loose and have unhindered sway. Everything he can do that will add to human woe will certainly be done. Governments will go to pieces, and there will be no security of life and property. A man may be a millionaire one day and a beggar the next. Every chaos of crime and outrage of every kind will be turned loose. God will let the world and the universe see for a time what it will mean to live under the devil's rule, and will let those who pass through the Tribulation see that the good they so long enjoyed was because of the presence of the good.

Some of you people who throw your votes and influence in favor of whisky and all kinds of hellishness that go with it may live to find out in the bitterness of the Tribulation just what is meant by sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind.

It is supposed that the Tribulation will cover a period of seven years. It might be seven hundred years, but it cannot be less than seven years. God in His mercy will make it as short as possible. That the real Church of God, believers, members of the Body of Christ, are to be taken out of the world before the world is saved is as clearly taught in the Bible as that through the atonement made by Christ man may have salvation from sin.

What will it mean to the world? Every believer will be instantly taken out of the world; homes will be rent in twain, husbands will be robbed of Godly wives, children will be taken out of the world and those left behind will wring their hands in grief. No doubt newspapers will print extra editions. Universal consternation will reign. The world will neither see the Lord, neither will they see their loved ones go. Those who have died in the faith will be raised. The statement of Jesus shows that not all the people are to be caught up in the air in clouds, but one here and there:

"There shall be two men in one bed; one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two men shall be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left" (Luke 17:34-36). This makes it look as if the number caught up in the air would not be large. When will the meeting in the air occur? In regard to this Jesus said:

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven - neither the Son, but the Father. Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is" (Mark 13:32-33). But also said, after speaking of conditions that would prevail about that time:

"So, likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors" (Matt. 24:33), Will the world come to an end when Jesus comes and takes away the members of His

Body? No, not for at least 1,000 years; perhaps longer. The Millennium must come after Jesus comes, and must have its beginning at the close of the great Tribulation. The real truth is, that great event will not bring destruction to anything that is good, but will, on the contrary, introduce an era of the greatest progress and prosperity the world has ever known. The coming of Christ will bring the Millennium - the golden age of man in this world - when the arts and sciences, and everything else that man ought to delight in, will flourish as never before, and never until Jesus comes will the knowledge of the glory of God cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. To say that the second coming of Christ is a pernicious thing to preach is the same as saying it would be a calamity for God to rule. It will be the culmination of the redemption of this world, and to say that it would put an end to all progress is as foolish as to say that putting the roof on a house would ruin it and throw the carpenters out of work.

There is nothing more clearly declared in the Bible than that Christ will come and reign on earth during the Millennium, when all will be restored that was lost by the fall. Then and only then will God's will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. The scribes and Pharisees thought that business was going to be endangered by Christ's first coming. The only business that will be hurt by the second coming of Christ will be the devil's business. At the time of His coming there will be no general resurrection or judgment. At the close of the Millennium reign of Christ the devil will be loosed out of the pit for a season, and look for the first time upon a world without sin. He will tempt people. They will be as foolish now and yield to his lies and subtlety.

He will gather his host and come against the saints to battle. Fire will fall from Heaven and consume them. Then takes place the resurrection of the wicked dead. Then the judgment of the Great White Throne, with Christ to judge.

There is this about it, however: we are living nearer to it than anybody ever lived before, and when it does come it is going to come in a moment - in the twinkling of an eye - and the only safe course for us to pursue is to be ready for the Bridegroom when He comes.

"Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is, For the son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even or at midnight or at the cock crowing or in the morning; lest coming suddenly he find You sleeping. And what I say unto You I say unto all, watch" (Mark 13:33-36).

We are not told when Jesus will come, but we are told that his coming is sure, and we are charged to watch for it. How it would affect our lives and make hard things easy to bear if we would only do this and always be doing this.

Don't you know how eagerly you get ready for company that you love when you receive a telegram saying that they are surely coming? How you clean house and want to have everything in the very best kind of order!

If we were continually looking for the coming of Jesus we would be as careful to keep our lives as clean as you would be to have your homes clean if you were expecting company. The certainty of His coming would also be a constant source of comfort and inspiration to us, if we believed it to be near. The Lord does not come to the world at the time of the Rapture, but only reveals himself to the members of His Body. At the time of his resurrection He was only seen by those who believed

on Him. Pilate and the High Priest, and those who crucified Him, did not know that He was risen. So it will be at the time of the Rapture. The world will not know that He has been here, and will have no knowledge of Him until He comes with the members of His Body, at the close of the Tribulation.

What an awful thing, then, to have the glorious privilege of living in His dispensation, with all that it means, and miss getting into the Body of Christ by refusing to become a Christian. The Preacher owes it to his people to look into these things, that He may show them their great privilege, and warn them of the awful things that may come upon them, if they miss their chance and have to go through the Great Tribulation. The Preacher who has never qualified himself to preach a sermon on the sure and certain coming of his Master will have to answer for an awful breach of trust when he stands before Him. Our fleet of battleships made its remarkable trip around the Horn and around the world, and again dropped anchor at home on schedule time, almost to the minute, in spite of storm and the fickleness of the wind and wave, and if the calculations of men can be wrought out so precisely, certainly we have the right to expect that God will execute His plans with absolute precision in whatever task he sets for himself.

Certainly we can think of nothing so improbable as that He would complete His program for creation on schedule time, and yet would so tie his own hands by failure to anticipate and provide for all possible emergencies and contingencies that the train of His purpose for redemption would be so delayed or nearly wrecked that it would almost have to be abandoned. Do not think it for a moment. God's purpose can no more be kept back a minute than the Heavenly bodies can be delayed a minute. In redemption God is working by the clock as surely as in creation, and His chariot of salvation is not marked late by a single minute. Come, Lord Jesus!

## 07-Under the Sun

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### Under the Sun

by Billy Sunday "What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?" Ecclesiastes 1:3 THIS question is asked and answered by King Solomon, and in our language it means about this: "What good does a man get out of life if he lives only for what this world can give?"

If any man has ever been able to give the right answer to this great question, out of his own wisdom and experience, that man was Solomon. If any man ever came into this world with a gold spoon in his mouth, he certainly did. The devil has a mortgage on some people from the cradle, but Solomon had no such handicap, for he was well born. He was the favorite son of one of the greatest and best men who ever lived, for his father, King David, was a man after God's own heart, which means that he just suited the Lord.

Solomon was made king of a great kingdom in his early manhood, while his father was still alive to counsel and help him. From this we see that he had every advantage that high station and boundless wealth and opportunity could give him. He had wisdom, riches, wealth and honor such as no king ever had before him or since. An invincible army stood ready to do his bidding, and all the power of a great nation that was under the special protection and favor of God was behind him. He had only to command, and it was done; to express a wish, and it was gratified. He had received the best education it was possible to give him, and was called the wisest of men. The fame of his wisdom covered the earth, and caused the Queen of Sheba, with a great retinue, to make a long pilgrimage of weary weeks and months, to sit at his feet in wonder. She looked upon the beauty of his wonderful palace and the magnificent temple he had built. She reviewed his matchless army; considered the numbers of men who served him and the elegance of their livery; then she looked in amazement upon the wealth of gold and precious things that surrounded him, and took her departure, declaring that the half had not been told her. This is the kind of ability Solomon had with which to answer his own question. He wrote three thousand proverbs and a thousand and five songs, all full of wisdom. If he wasn't qualified to speak as an expert, where can we find one?

Let us see how well qualified he was to know what he was talking about from his own actual experience. Every great pleasure was at his fingertips. If he wanted anything he had only to reach out his soft-jeweled hand and take it. His kingdom had peace and rest from war during all of his reign, so that he had plenty of time to enjoy himself. And from what he says of himself he lost no time, for he took about all the degrees and invented a few of his own. He was a thirty-third degree sport.

He lived in a palace, surrounded by courtiers who were not spring chickens, and all highbrows themselves. He was honored, admired and flattered as few men have been. No greater honor than his could be known, no greater wisdom found in any books, and no higher station attained. He was

so rich that his wealth could not be measured. He had forty thousand horses and twenty thousand horsemen. The high cost of living never troubled him, for his provisions for his household and attendants one day were two hundred and eighty-one bushels of fine flour; five hundred and sixty-six bushels of meal; ten fat oxen out of the stall; twenty oxen out of the pasture; one hundred sheep, besides hart, roebuck, fallow deer and fatted fowl.

Solomon had no ambition that had not been achieved; no curiosity that had not been satisfied. Like his princely father, he was a close observer, and nothing escaped him, so that he was able to say, "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun," meaning that the world had nothing more to show him or to give him and that was certainly going some. At some time in our lives we have all envied men of great scholarship and intellectual attainments, and have thought of what a foretaste of heaven it would be to have the time and opportunity to learn all the things we would like to know. We have believed that one of the greatest joys this life could give is the joy of knowing things. Well, Solomon not only drank that well dry, but he pulled out the pump, for he exhausted all the schools and colleges of his day, and gave all his teachers nervous prostration in their vain endeavor to teach him something more than he already knew. And then when he had pumped that fountain dry, he sighed and said, "Go to, now; I will see what I can get out of mirth and pleasure," and then he cut loose on that line, and began to carry on in a way to make a baseball fan at the world's series look like a dummy in a clothing store window.

He got into his golden chariot with the diamond-set wheels and went round the track in a way to set the bleachers crazy. At breakneck speed he galloped over the rose-lined avenues of sensuous pleasures that opened for him in every direction, looking as if they led straight to paradise; but ere long his shining car of delight lost a wheel and he was down in the mud again, and crying out to any who might be following in his wake, "Go back! Don't come this way, for here all is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

Then he took to wine and the rosiest kind of dissipation. He hit up the booze. He tried a lot of things. He had a great natatorium built that was supported by great lions. Then he began to love many strange women, laying hold on folly with both hands. That's where he struck out. He had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, but soon had to give the same verdict as before, and again cry out, "Vanity, vanity; all is vanity!"

Then he thinks he has discovered something really substantial, and so goes to building great works and houses, chief of which is the magnificent temple, still called by his name. It required seven years to build it, and took the combined efforts of one hundred and eighty-three thousand Jews and strangers to do the work. It took ten thousand men eleven years to cut the trees. There were eighty thousand hewers of wood, and seventy thousand burden bearers. There were eighty thousand squared stones, all so perfectly shaped in the quarries that the sound of neither hammer nor mallet was heard in putting them together in the temple. At the completion of the work there was a feast of seven days at its dedication, and Solomon sacrificed one hundred and twenty thousand sheep and twenty thousand oxen. The temple was built of white marble, so artfully joined that it appeared like one stone. The roof was of olive wood, covered with pure gold. That is where the idea of covering the domes of many of our capitol buildings with gold leaf originated. When the sunshine fell on the temple its splendor was so dazzling that the eyes were almost blinded. The temple courts and apartments could house three hundred thousand people. There were fourteen

hundred and fifty-three columns of Parian (fine white) marble; twenty-nine hundred and six pilasters or columns. Over three billion dollars worth of gold was used. One billion dollars worth of silver was used on the floors and walls, which were overlaid with gold and silver.

There were two hundred targets of beaten gold, with six hundred shekels of gold in each target. There were three hundred targets with three hundred shekels in each target. There were three hundred shields of beaten gold, with three pounds of gold in each shield, and the value of the gold that came to Solomon in one year was about twenty millions of dollars. When the temple was dedicated the glory of God filled it.

Then Solomon turned his great talent and wealth toward making a beautiful Jerusalem, by planting vineyards and laying out gardens that were like Fairyland, and then like a tale of magic he produced orchards, in which he had a great collection of the finest and rarest trees in all the world. Trees from every clime, and flowers of every kind and hue were there, and all these were kept green and beautiful by irrigation from artificial lakes. It is doubtful if the world had ever seen greater beauty than Solomon with his unlimited power produced in Jerusalem at that time, but even all this pleased his fancy only for a little while, and soon he seems to have nothing but dust in his mouth, and again cries out, "All is vanity!" But almost immediately he seems to have taken up another whim, and says, "I got me servants and maidens, and also had great possessions of great and small cattle, above all that were in Jerusalem before me. I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings, and of the provinces. I got me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts, meaning, no doubt, that he became an art collector, and began to feed on the beautiful, the artistic and esthetic, somewhat as millionaires are doing now, securing for himself the very best to be had in painting, old china, bric-a-brac, sculpture, musical instruments, singers and performers, and then at voluptuous ease he would lie on a princely couch that seemed almost to float in the air, and drink to the full all he could get out of them in the way of enjoyment. But presently he is again almost dying with disappointment, and crying out in the same old doleful tone, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

Meaning that there was nothing in it all but an empty puff of air that could only fill a bubble for a moment. And then he goes on to say, "So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; and whatever mine eyes desired I kept not from them. I withheld not my heart from joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labor. Then I looked on all the works my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do, and, "Behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun!" And so this wise and honored and wealthy man goes on drinking first from one golden cup and then another, only to dash them all away as soon as tasted in bitter disappointment, and then after he had tried them all, to say, "Not one can satisfy!" confirming what his father David had said in the statement, "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger," and just what every millionaire on earth today knows from his own experience. To find starvation of the most awful kind today, don't go down into the slums, but go to the people who are enormously wealthy. Andrew Carnegie says there are no happy millionaires, and Andy ought to know, for he's got the dough. John D. Rockefeller has about as good as confessed that he got more out of the first thousand dollars he made than out of any ten millions he has made since, and today he is perhaps the hungriest man in all the world.

Every man wants to be satisfied. I do. So do you. Everyone is reaching out for happiness and peace and rest. There are men before me who have tried many things in pursuit of happiness. You have climbed high and you have probed deep, and some of you have not found what you have sought. All who are here are on the verge of eternity. The past is simply a memory, the future an uncertainty. No matter how old you are; no matter if your hair is gray; no matter what your bank account may be; some of you must say, "I have not found happiness. I am a failure. My life has been a failure. All is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

Why don't you be a man? Why don't you show a man's courage, and take up the cross of the Son of God? Why don't you rise to what you might be? We were all meant for better things. You were never meant for the slop and the swill barrels of the devil. Why do you let the devil control you? Why do you let him make you a pawn on the board on which he plays his game?

Why do you spend your money for that which is not bread? Is there any bread in rum? Ask the poor fellows who have been spending their earnings for drink during all these years. Ask their wives and their children. No bread for them. Ask the saloonkeeper. There is bread in it for him, but none for those who drink what he sells. But to go back to Solomon's doleful cry of "All is vanity!" What does it mean? Was Solomon a dyspeptic, as most millionaires are? Have you ever noticed that it takes more religion to make a dyspeptic smile than it does to make a healthy man shout? Was there something wrong with Solomon's liver, or what was the matter? Was the trouble all with Solomon, or is all creation out of joint? Is there no good to be found in any of the things with which he employed his time? Is going to school no better than wasting time in idleness? Does a keen appreciation of the beautiful carry with it a curse and not a blessing? Is there no benefit in architecture, music or sculpture? Is there nothing but evil in wealth, wisdom and high station in life? Was Solomon really starving while apparently feeding on the finest of the wheat? He said so many things that appear to contradict all he said about vanity and vexation of spirit and so what does it mean? But wait a moment. Here is something that seems to throw light on the matter. When Solomon says, "All is vanity," he also says, "under the sun," and that shows the standpoint from which he drew his conclusions. What we see as we go through life always depends upon where we stand to look. Many a man who tries to talk as if he were standing on a mountain, shows by what he says that he is up to his eyes in the mud. When a man tells you that the whisky business is a good thing for the country, you know that he is looking at things through the eyes of a brewer or a saloonkeeper, and not through the eyes of a father who has a son that has become a drunkard. When a man tells you that he don't believe in foreign missions, you know that he don't know any more about what pure and undefiled religion is than a jack rabbit knows about running for president. From what he says you know the viewpoint from which he has come to his conclusion. To know a man's viewpoint is to know why he sees the thing he claims to see, and now we know why Solomon said, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit!" It was because he was looking at things from the viewpoint of "under the sun." As if a man could tell what a rainbow were like while standing on his head in a dark cellar. In the little book of Ecclesiastes, from which the text is taken, the expression "under the sun " occurs thirty-one times, as if Solomon wanted everyone to understand that what he said therein was said from the standpoint of low ground. The great king was looking at things from a low, sensual, materialistic plane, and from that viewpoint every word he said was true. Take away God, take away the Bible, take away inspiration and revelation, take away all hope of a better life in the world to come, destroy all thought of

resurrection, and put in its place nothing but hopeless and endless night, and you have nothing left that is worth living for. The life of the greatest and wisest man is then no better than that of a fool. The best fruits of the world would then turn to ashes on the lips, and it were better to die than to live.

Blot out everything except what we can know through our senses, and keep from us all light from a source higher than the sun, and the very best this life can give is worse than nothing at all. Destroy in every man the divine spark that tells him there is a God, and that there is a beyond, and every grave would hold a suicide. Let all hope die, and despair would reign.

We have only begun to know a little about the soul when we discover that nothing under the sun can satisfy it. It was this great truth Solomon began to realize after he found nothing but disappointment in the very best the world could give him. Under the sun nothing lasts; nothing endures; nothing satisfies. No sooner do we begin to think we have a thing safe forever than it is gone. We love but to lose. Whatever we have is ours but for one brief moment, and the anguish of our loss is a wound that never heals. No happiness is possible without the hope of certainty, and the thing we feel we must have mocks us as it flies. No fountain under the sun can hold enough to satisfy an immortal spirit, and that very fact proves us to be spirits in prison while we are here.

All the gold mines in the world have not given up treasure enough to satisfy the man who has a greed for gain. The man with a hunger for honor and distinction has never been able to get enough of it, and the same can be said of everything else for which men strive and struggle and destroy each other and themselves.

Nothing this world can give is worthwhile, unless while living in it we can have more than is revealed by the light of the sun. Destroy the Bible and all faith in God, and we might as well eat, drink and be merry and die. Nothing will do unless it can give us the wings of the morning and let us mount higher than the sun, for what can a mole know about the sunrise, or a man in a pit know about the beauty of the mountains? No heaven we can build for ourselves without God can be more than a little anteroom to hell. Without God and revelation and the Bible and hope of heaven, all is indeed vanity and vexation of spirit. But at last Solomon spreads the wings of faith and gets higher than the sun, and when he does the change in his viewpoint changes the meaning of life, for now he can see with a clear eye.

I know a man who through some difficulty with his vision can see scarcely anything a little distance away, but one day he went up in a balloon, and when over a half-mile high he could see like a bird. In fact he could see better than he had ever believed anybody could see, and it was that way with Solomon when he reached the place where his faith could lay hold on God.

Listen to this, and note how his vision has expanded, and his sight cleared up, "Surely I know (no uncertainty about that) that it shall be well with them that fear God." There is no more talk about everything being vanity now, and the reason is because at last he has a viewpoint higher than the sun, as is always the case with even the humblest man who has faith in God. Solomon can now see that nothing good is ever lost, and that bread cast on the waters is sure to return after many days.

He now sees that wisdom is better than weapons of war, the plain meaning of which in our day is that good common sense is better protection than a slingshot. And then, to sum up, he closes the

book by saying, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." And there is no vanity about anything God does. And now let us employ our time for a little while with some of the men who have looked at life from a viewpoint higher than the sun. It was this that kept Noah working away on the ark for a hundred and twenty years, without seeing a flash of lightning or hearing a clap of thunder. Had he been living only for what he could see, it would never have been said of him that "he was a just man and perfect, and walked with God." The man who walks with God will not spend much time in thinking about the bugs that may be creeping under his feet.

Abraham was another man who had a faith that lifted him higher than the sun, when looking for "a city which had foundations, whose maker and builder was God." You never hear a word from that grand old man about all being vanity and vexation of spirit. And then there was Moses. He had a vision that pierced the clouds and went far beyond the sun, when he saw that "the reproach of Christ" would bring him greater and more lasting riches than the treasures of Egypt, that he might have had by simply folding his arms and doing nothing. But he endured as seeing Him who is invisible, and that made it easy for him to refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Neither was he looking from the low plane of "under the sun," when in bidding farewell to the army he had brought out of Egypt, he said, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." A man must have a sweep of faith reaching higher than the sun before he can say things like that.

There is not a word about "under the sun" in the chapter where grand old General Joshua says, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," and no such words as "vanity and vexation of spirit" ever fell from the lips of that great captain of iron courage.

Samuel was looking at things from much higher than the sun when he said, "To obey is better than sacrifice," and so was Job when he said, "I will trust Him though He slay me," and "I know that my redeemer lives!"

Ezra was not standing on low ground when "he prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it," or when he said, "The hand of our God is upon all of them for good that seek Him, and His power and His wrath is against all them that forsake Him." The same was true of Nehemiah, when, in building up the wall that was broken down, he said, "I am doing a great work." From "under the sun" it would have looked very small.

David was looking from higher than the sun, or he could never have said, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them. O taste, and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him!" And Daniel had a vision that swept far higher than the sun when he went to the lions den with no more anxiety than you and I would go to dinner.

Stephen's viewpoint was from much higher than anywhere "under the sun," when he cried out, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing, on the right hand of God!" and then went to his cruel death with the light of heaven on his face. And Paul was looking from higher than the stars, or he could never have said, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!" And so it was also with John the beloved, when near the close of his long and busy

life he took up the much worn pen with which he had written so much that will still be bright when the stars are dim, and wrote the precious words that have been shining down the centuries ever since, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is!" And then still later, when a white-haired prisoner on the Isle of Patmos, and just before he left the world to be forever with the Lord, John again had a vision of things infinitely higher than the sun, and once more took up the stylus and wrote, "And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He doth judge and make war. . . . And He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood; and His name is called the Word of God. . . . And He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of Kings and Lord of Lords!"

Jude also was looking from very much higher than the sun when he declared with unhesitating confidence, "That He is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy." And O how much higher than the sun was Jesus looking from when He said, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." And then, when after the shame of the cross and the grave, He stood on resurrection ground, how infinitely far above the sun was His eye fixed when He said to the eleven faithful ones, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And thank God the time will surely come, when in our vision we shall not be confined to the low plane described as "under the sun," but when with Him in whom we have believed we shall be lifted "far above all principality and power, and might and dominion," and be with Him forever in heavenly places, where we shall no more see as through a glass darkly, but face to face, and where we shall know as we are known.

## 08-What Shall I Do Then With Jesus?

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What Shall I Do Then With Jesus? by Billy Sunday "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?"

Matthew 27:22

Nineteen hundred years ago a star poised above a lowly manger in Bethlehem and above the moonlit hills of Judaea the angels heralded the beginning of the life of Jesus Christ upon this earth--He who came to teach us the religion of human kindness, brotherly love and salvation through repentance and faith in His shed blood. No matter what He said or did, the Jews refused to acknowledge His claims as the Messiah. Their enmity finally culminated in the greatest tragedy that the brutality of man ever committed, or the eye of God ever witnessed--the murder of Jesus Christ under false testimony. Jealous of His popularity and rejecting His divinity, they resolved at all hazards to kill Him. Not having the power of life and of death in their own hands, or tribunals, they renounced Him before Pilate, the Roman governor. To stir up his enmity, they said that He was an impostor, that He had stirred up sedition and that He was an enemy of the government.

Pilate examined these charges made against Him but, being unable to prove Him guilty of any offense worthy of death, proposed that they release Him. But the rabble shrieked and screamed: "No! Away with Him! Give us Barabbas!"

Next to Jesus, Pilate is the scene, and from his lips fall the words I have taken for my text. When they cried, "Barabbas!" he turned to them and said: 'Well, then, what will I do with Jesus which is called the Christ? I got rid of Barabbas at your suggestion, but I still have Jesus on my hands.'

Pilate was very near the line. He tried to reason with them. Then he arose from the throne, took Jesus by the hand, led Him out in front of them and asked, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" So I lead Him out before this audience tonight and ask you the same question Pilate asked the crowd that surged around the throne that day. Pilate was confronted, my friends, with difficulties. He had many things to encourage him. He had his wife's dream. The story of Mrs. Pilate is very briefly told in the Bible, in one verse of Scripture. It is no evidence of her worth and character as a woman that God condescended to reveal Himself in a dream to her. He revealed Himself in a dream to Pharaoh, to Nebuchadnezzar. Yet for all we know, Mrs. Pilate might have been a very reverent, devout woman, constantly on the alert to save her husband from the difficulties into which she knew his miserable, pliable temper would lead him. Somehow, while she slept, God worried her by a dream. What He revealed, I do not know. Presumably it was about Jesus and the part her husband was to play in this tragedy. (They couldn't put Him on the cross without the consent of Pilate.)

She sent a messenger to Pilate with the plea: 'Have thou nothing to do with this just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him. Have nothing to do with him.' So we have the personality of Jesus. Never had such a personality appeared before Pilate for sentence. There He stood in His calmness, in His purity, in His power--more beautiful than a

dream of Pericles.

I am frank to tell you that if I were on a jury, the personality of the man would have a big drag with me--almost as much as what the man on the witness stand would say. If I were called upon to try a man like Bryan, or Roosevelt, I am frank to tell you that his personality would have a tremendous drag with your Uncle Fuller.

Pilate had the personality of Jesus. He had the miracles of Jesus. I do not know that Pilate had ever witnessed Christ's performing a miracle. I do not know that Pilate had ever seen a man or woman who had been a recipient of the power of Jesus. Positive am I that he knew about the miracles, for they were current conversation. There was no section of the country where he could not find somebody whom Jesus Christ had benefited, either by opening their eyes or curing their lameness. So while certain things influenced Pilate for Jesus, other things discouraged him. And while God is trying to bring influence to bear toward making you a Christian, the Devil is bringing influence to bear toward keeping you away from Jesus. So Pilate had these things to consider: first, what would the Jews say? The Jews were at this time under the control of the Romans, who were severe in their exactions; and Pilate was the very triple essence of severity. So harsh was he that some of the influential Jews had gone to Rome to intercede with Caesar to have Pilate recalled and a more kind and humane man placed over them in Jerusalem.

Pilate knew that these Jews had no use for Jesus. He also knew that if they heard that he had thrown his influence on the side of Jesus, it would only increase their enmity and their hatred and they would bring stronger influence to bear. Pilate figured: "These Jews up at Jerusalem have no use for Jesus. They say He is a fraud. If they hear that I say He is not a fraud, then they will have no use for me. But if they hear that I have denounced Him, I will win their friendship, they will withdraw their opposition and I will hold my job."

Pilate was willing to let that gang nail Jesus Christ to the cross in order to keep their friendship and hold his job. All over the land today there are people who are willing to do the same thing for a trifling reason. Pilate, my friends, asked himself: "What would the Jews say about it?"

Pilate should not have yielded to their clamor, but should have been willing to sacrifice his office and his life to avoid convicting Jesus Christ, an innocent Person. It was that Jewish hierarchy that threatened old Pilate as an officeholder.

Pilate was a stand-pat, free-lunch, pie-counter, pliable, plastic, lickspittle, rat-hole, tin-horn, weasel-eyed, wardheeling, grafting politician of his day, pure and simple. Old Pilate was a direct product of the political system of Rome. He was a typical machine politician. And there is no more low-down scoundrel on earth than a mere typical machine politician.

So, "What will the Jews say?"

Listen, "What will Caesar say?" (Caesar's word was law.)

Pilate says: 'If Caesar at Rome hears that I have let Jesus go, and by that act admitted that I believe His claims are just, he won't stand for it; so off will come my head; I will surely lose my job. But if Caesar hears that I say this man Jesus is a fraud and that I let them put Him on the cross,, he will know that I am at my job, working for the interests of Rome. I will win Caesar's favor and keep my job.'

Oh, he was willing to sacrifice Jesus Christ to please old Caesar and to please the gang that had no use for Jesus Christ. I despise a man like that. But, hold on! I don't have to go back to old Pilate--I don't have to go out of this city to find people of the same low-down type as was old Pilate.

Pilate often heard of Jesus; no doubt he was prejudiced against Him, and was longing for the chance to pass sentence against Jesus. I have imagined the look of wonder that must have swept over the face of Pilate as Jesus was ushered into his presence. Pilate turned to Him and said: 'Art thou the Son of God?'

Jesus answered: 'I am.'

He was either the Son of God, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; or He was a bastard, for He was born out of wedlock. He was either conceived by the Holy Ghost or He was an illegitimate offspring of a Jewish harlot.

Away with your damnable Unitarian theory that makes Jesus a bastard! My mother taught me that the Good Book didn't lie. And if Jesus Christ wasn't the Son of God, it does lie. My mother taught me that a good man didn't lie. And if Jesus Christ wasn't the Son of God, He was a liar, and all the teachings of the Bible are false.

I have often tried to imagine how different the early history might have been had there been in Jerusalem at that time a great Jewish daily, a string of popular newspapers down through Asia Minor--a Hebrew Lord Northcliffe, or a Jim Keeley of the Chicago Tribune, or a Pulitzer or a Hearst. Just imagine what a hard time those high priests would have had, had there been a syndicate of newspapers playing upon the front page a three-column display headline about the villainy of that little crowd of religious bigots and crooked politicians who were intent on murdering Jesus Christ, the One who stood for the common people as no other man in history had stood and no other man in history ever will stand. So old Pilate called for a basin of water, walked out before the crowd, washed his hands and said: 'I wash my hands of His blood. I find no fault in Him.'

If he had washed his old black heart at the same time, he would have been a clean man.

There has come from across the seas a book bearing the strange title, Letters From Hell. The introduction was written by George McDonald. In that book Pilate is represented in the lost world bending over a stream of water. (I think the author must have gotten his wires crossed. A stream of water in Hell would be the limit, according to my idea. That is just like the average fool novel writer anyway.) Pilate is represented bending over, dipping his hands in the water. Some one touches him on the shoulder and says: "Will they never be clean?" And with a shriek of agony that rang through the lost world he cried: "Oh, will they never be clean! No!"

Poor Pilate! The blood of Jesus has been on you for nineteen hundred years in Hell. It will be on you through an unending eternity. You had your chance that day in front of the gang in Jerusalem, but you were willing to let them nail Him to the cross rather than stand by the side of Jesus Christ and His truth.

"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?"

He didn't have the courage of his convictions. He was convinced that Jesus was right. Oh, if Pilate had bared his back and said, "This Man is on the level; you can take me and crucify me, but you can't touch one hair of His head"-he would have taken his stand in the same company with Joseph of Arimathaea and other famous men. We would have been glad to name our children after him. But tonight we speak his name with ignominy and repulsion. He had his chance. He was a miserable, white-livered coward.

Now, when old Pilate heard that Herod was in town he was glad to get rid of Jesus. So he shoved Him over to Herod. Herod thought that Jesus was sort of a sleight-of-hand performer-legerdemain, Chautauqua entertainer and had a bunch of high rollers; so he asked Jesus to come up and perform a few miracles just to entertain the crowd. Jesus answered the old fox never a word. So they secured Him and sent Him back to old Pilate. Herod had heard John the Baptist preach. John had said: 'It isn't right for you to have your brother Philip's wife.' Herod wanted Jesus and his brother Philip's wife, too; but he could not have both. So he turned down Jesus and kept his brother Philip's wife, which was against the law. Is William Jennings Bryan a fool? Is he a believer in Jesus Christ as the Son of God? What are you going to do with the Christ of these Christian men? Was the late William McKinley a fool? When the assassin's bullet struck him down at Buffalo, fondly and reverently did he pray that he would be spared. When they gave him the anesthetic and the doctors bent over him to catch what might have been his last words, he was muttering the Lord's Prayer. We smiled, dried our tears, shook hands and forgot our political differences.

Then the relapse came and we were informed that he was growing worse. They sent for his wife. He looked up and said: "It's God's will. His way, not ours, be done." McKinley started to repeat, "Nearer, My God to Thee, Nearer to Thee," and the lamp of life flickered and went out forever. Down the streets of Buffalo went the funeral procession and the band played, "Nearer, My God to Thee." The railroad track from Buffalo to Washington was lined with people who stood with bowed, uncovered heads and tear-stained cheeks as they sang, "Nearer, My God to Thee."

I journeyed to Canton that I might be present at the funeral. Five hours I stood on the street corner, opposite the Stark County Courthouse where his body was to lie in state. The booming cannon told us that the funeral train had arrived. Down the funeral procession came, and bands, with muffled drum, played, "Nearer, My God to Thee." The hearse stopped opposite to where I stood, and the detachment of sailors from the battleship Indiana and soldiers from the regular army drew out the coffin and carried it into the courthouse where it was to lie in state.

Up dashed a carriage. Out leaned that giant of the west, Theodore Roosevelt. By his side was Elihu Root. By his side was Doctor Ritchie. I stood and watched Admiral Croinshield and Admiral Farquhar. Then I saw General Otis, just returned from the Philippines, and General Gillespie, both Roman Catholics, but both earnest, devout Christians who believed in Jesus Christ. By their side walked the finest specimen of manhood I have ever looked upon- -Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles.

Up the steps hobbled my friend, General David B. Henderson, of Dubuque, Iowa, then speaker of the House of Representatives. By his side was William B. Ellison. I stood and gazed upon men from the North and men from the South; Democrats and Republicans of all classes. Then they were given the privilege to walk through, and I was among the first two hundred to go through.

When I looked at the dead president's pale, upturned face, my eyes were blinded with tears and I groped my way out of the north door.

I stood there bathed in the perfect sunlight of a perfect September day, and as I stood there I said to myself: "Hail to God! I stand with the best men of this nation when I stand beneath the cross of Jesus Christ, the Son of God."

What are you to do with the Christ when from the north, the south, the east and the west the trumpet of Gabriel sounds and the unsaved dead come out of their graves to the last judgment?

Lost! What will you do then? You can sit out there now and sneer at me. You can damn me, call me crude, and illiterate; but old man, I have you beat.

Now, our acceptance with God is going to depend on what we do with Jesus. The vilest sinner on earth, if he accepts Jesus Christ, will be accepted; and the very moment you accept Jesus Christ your sins are forgiven. If you reject Jesus, God will spurn and reject you. In the Bank of England is a machine--a marvelous mechanism. It is used to weigh gold sovereigns. The Bank of England never takes gold for its face value, as our banks do. They always weigh gold because gold will wear off by circulation.

I had a friend out in Illinois who had some \$45,000 in gold. He sent it to the First National Bank of Chicago for deposit. They weighed it for him and it was \$1,500 shy on weight. The Bank of England always weighs gold. A man sits at the machine there, the gold is dropped through a little slit and falls on a pan. If it is standard weight it tips to the right; if it is a fraction short it tips to the left. It never makes a mistake. Never! It saves the Bank of England hundreds of pounds of sterling every year. That is nothing compared with the scrutiny that we will have to pass through when we stand before God. We can't muster because of our wealth or intellectual standing. It is because of our acceptance or rejection of Jesus Christ; then our becoming children of God depends on what becomes of Jesus.

There is an insidious heresy: the teaching about the universal Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, the teaching that we are all one flesh. But if you are not a child of God, you are a creature of God. We are all creatures of God. (Nobody is a child of God but a Christian.) You are my brother in the flesh; that is, you are human and I am human. But you are not my brother in the spirit unless you are a Christian. God is the Creator of us all, but God is the Father of none but those who believe in Jesus Christ.

There was one way you came into the world--you were born. There is one way you will get into Heaven--you must be born again. You have had a physical birth. You must have a spiritual birth and that must come through Jesus Christ as the Son of God. Does Jesus Christ lack anything in your esteem? Wherein does He fail to measure up to your ideal? Where could He improve? What could you suggest that would improve Jesus Christ? I would be very glad to know. A man said: "If you can find me an absolutely flawless character, I will worship Him." I challenge all the infidels on earth or in Hell to find one flaw in the character of Jesus Christ.

Oh, the Rothschilds, Rockefellers, Morgans, Vanderbilts, Armours, Astors are all powerful in the commercial and the financial world. Kelvin, Agassiz, Newton, Spencer are all prominent in the scientific world.

Caesar, Alexander, Hannibal, Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Grant, Lee are all powerful in military warfare.

Mightier in England than the king; mightier in Germany than the emperor; mightier in America than Washington or Lincoln or Roosevelt or Bryan or Jefferson is the name of Jesus Christ. That is the name that unhorsed Saul of Tarsus. That is the name that knocked him blind on the highway. That is the name that knocked Newton to the deck of the ship. That is the name that holds 500,000,000 of the world's population in its magic grip and power.

It is an encouraging name. Go to the cemetery, to the graves and read the epitaphs on the tombstones of the people who used to rule twenty-five or forty years ago. Oh, none so poor as to do them honor today.

Mighty names of earth will perish. All the great-Caesar, Cleopatra, Nero, Charlemagne, Gregory VI, Catherine de Medici, Catherine of Russia, Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI, Madam du Barry, Madam Pompadour--are gone.

We will perpetuate it in art. There will be other Raphaels, there will be other Michelangelos, there will be other Murillos, there will be other da Vincis, there will be other Rubens, there will be other Corots, other Millets, other Munkacsy's to paint "Christ Before Pilate." We will perpetuate the name of Jesus in art, in literature and in song.

There will be other Cowpers who will write, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform: He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm."

There will be other Topladys who will write, "The Rock of Ages." There will be other Blisses who will write, "Almost Persuaded." There will be other Fanny Crosbys who will write, "Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross"; "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour"; "Once I Was Blind--Now I Can See." There will be other Charles Wesleys who will write, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul, Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly."

We will perpetuate it in architecture, Catholicism and Protestantism. There will be other St. Pauls; there will be other St. Peters; there will be other St. Johns, St. Johns the Divine; there will be other Kremlins at Moscow; there will be other Cathedrals at Cologne; there will be other Madeleines at Paris.

Oh, you can cut, burn and crucify if you will, but if he who thus dies stands for some immortal truth, his soul will merge from his mutilated casket and go sweeping triumphantly down the halls of time.

Look at the love the pure and holy bear Him. See what an object of love He is with them in Heaven. Look at Him when He got ready to come to this old earth. The angels had to come down to sing to the shepherds, "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2:11).

Look at Him in His baptism of John, when God the Father stopped making worlds and leaned over the battlements of Heaven and said: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matthew 3:17).

Herschel the astronomer was a Christian. So were Jonathan Edwards, Blackstone, Gladstone, Washington, Lincoln, Lee, Queen Victoria, Grant--honored in his tour around the world as no man

has ever been honored before. When Grant reached Jerusalem a feast was proposed for him, and he said: "No, not in this city where my Saviour bled and died. Let me get alone; I want to weep."

Look at the love the pure and holy bear Him.

"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?"

I am not worshipping a sleeping Christ in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathaea, but a living, ruling reigning Christ, at the right hand of God, the Christ who is coming to judge the quick and the dead.

"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" You ought to have to do because of the sacrifice He made for you.

If Shakespeare should enter this tabernacle, we would all stand up and bow. If Jesus Christ should sweep down that aisle, we would all kneel and bow our heads in humility as He swept by in all His regal splendor.

"What shall I do?" In the battle of San Juan Hill, in the Spanish American War, a roughrider was wounded on an eminence. He was supposed dead, when he was seen to wave his bloodstained handkerchief as the Krag-Jorgensen and the Mauser bullets were singing their death song back and forth. One of his friends, a cowboy from Arizona, turned to his colonel and said: "Colonel, I will go and save him ."

"Oh, Jack," the colonel said, "you couldn't live out in that zone. You would be cut to pieces. I guess he is gone." But presently they saw the wounded American soldier wave his bloodstained handkerchief again. The cowboy said: "Look, he isn't dead! I will go and save him."

He threw down his Krag-Jorgensen, and throwing his arms to his face as if to protect himself from the bullets, he dashed out into the zone. But what protection would flesh and bones have against steel bullets that could go three miles and pierce through thirty-two inches of solid wood? He ran out, grabbed his comrade and dragged him over the brow of the hill; then a bullet from a Spanish sharpshooter struck him just above the heart. It went through him as if he were made of papier-mache. He dropped his comrade and a crimson tide spurted from his nose, eyes and lips. He said, "Tom, pard, I'm hit hard. It's all up with me. I wish you well," and he reeled and fell dead. The man crept back into the ranks to tell the story.

Oh, if Jesus could come down here, I wouldn't let Him get all the way here. I would jump from the platform and go to meet Him. He saved me and my wife and children, and I'll go where He commands me to go, I'll go where He wants me to go. We ought to do that for Him because of the sacrifice He made for us.

Savonarola stood speaking in the square at Florence. The people surged around God's lionhearted preacher who told that gang of ecclesiastical crooks and thugs where to head in. He hurled the anathemas of God at them until they incinerated him to ashes because he dared rebuke their crookedness and their infamy. Savonarola stood preaching. He knew that these were the questions uppermost in the minds of the Italians: What sort of government will emerge from all this? Will it be a Republican form or will it continue the monarchy with the king? The second question was, What will be our religion? Will it be the star and the crescent of the Mohammedan, or will it be the cross of Jesus Christ?

Those were the questions, and as they all surged to hear him, he climbed on top of his pulpit where the great crowd could see him and cried out, "Jesu Christo al nostro sino salvatoro" --Jesus Christ, our King and Saviour.

Down the streets of Florence they surged. Through every building and every alley they met the oncoming crowd, and they caught the spirit. Out into the country they went until it seemed to leap as by magic from mountain peak to mountain peak, until all Italy rang with the cry: "Jesus Christ is our King and Saviour." Tonight the cross of Jesus Christ waves over Italy instead of the star and crescent of the Mohammedan.

Oh, Jesus Christ waits to be your King. What is your answer? Are you ready to crown Him? Are you ready to say, "Christ is ours"? Or will you dip the cross of Jesus into the forces of evil? What is your answer?

Get up and let me look at you. Come on, whoever you are. I don't give a rap where you came from or who you are in the world, come on! Come on! Don't sit down; come on. You wouldn't sit down if we played the "Star Spangled Banner." Come on! The cross of Jesus Christ is waving over the crowd. Come on, and give me your hand and stand with me.

## 09-Wonderful

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Wonderful by Billy Sunday "His name shall be called Wonderful..."

Isaiah 9:6 IN olden times all names meant something, and this is still the case among Indians and all other people who are living in a primitive way. Whenever you know an Indian's name and the meaning of it, you know something about the Indian. Such names as Kill Deer, Eagle Eye, Buffalo Face and Sitting Bull tell us something about the men who possessed them. This tendency to use names that are expressive still crops out in camp life, and whenever men are thrown together in an unconventional way. In mining, military and lumber camps nearly every man has a nickname that indicates some peculiarity or trait of character. Usually a man's nickname is nearer the real man than his right name.

All of our family names today had their origin in something that meant something. All Bible names have a meaning, and when you read the Scriptures it will always help you to a better understanding of their meaning to look up the definition of all proper names.

There are two hundred and fifty-six names given in the Bible for the Lord Jesus Christ, and I suppose this was because He was infinitely beyond all that any one name could express. Of the many names given to Christ it is my purpose at this time to briefly consider this one: "His name shall be called Wonderful." Let us look into it somewhat and see whether He was true to the name given Him in a prophecy eight hundred years before He was born. Does the name fit Him? Is it such a name as He ought to have?

Wonderful means something that is transcendently beyond the common; something that is away beyond the ordinary. It means something that is altogether unlike anything else. We say that Yellowstone Park, Niagara Falls and the Grand Canon of the Colorado are wonderful because there is nothing else like them. When David killed Goliath with his sling he did a wonderful thing, because nobody else ever did anything like it. It was wonderful that the Red Sea should open to make a highway for Israel, and wonderful that the sun should stand still for Joshua. Let us see whether Jesus was true to His name. His birth was wonderful, for no other ever occurred that was like it. It was wonderful in that He had but one human parent, and so inherited the nature of man and the nature of God. He came to be the Prince of princes, and the King of kings, and yet His birth was not looked forward to in glad expectation, as the birth of a prince usually is in the royal palace, and celebrated with marked expressions of joy all over the country, as has repeatedly happened within the recollection of many who are here.

There was no room for Him at the inn, and He had to be born in a stable, and cradled in a manger, and yet angels proclaimed His birth with joy from the sky, to a few humble shepherds in sheepskin coats, who were watching their flocks by night.

Mark how He might have come with all the pomp and glory of the upper world. It would have been a great condescension for Him to have been born in a palace, rocked in a golden cradle and fed with golden spoons, and to have had the angels come down and be His nurses. But He gave up all

the glory of that world, and was born of a poor woman, and His cradle was a manger.

Think what He had come for. He had come to bless, and not to curse; to lift up, and not to cast down. He had come to seek and to save that which was lost. To give sight to the blind; to open prison doors and set captives free; to reveal the Father's love; to give rest to the weary; to be a blessing to the whole world, and yet there was no room for Him. He came to do that, and yet many of you have no room for Him in your hearts. His birth was also wonderful in this, that the wise men of the East were guided from far across the desert to His birthplace by a star. Nothing like this ever announced the coming of any one else into this world. As soon as His birth was known the king of the country sought His life, and ordered the slaughter of the Innocents at Bethlehem. The babies were the first Christian martyrs. His character was wonderful, for no other has ever approached it in perfection. It is wonderful that the greatest character ever known should have come out of such obscurity, to become the most famous in all history. That such a time and such a country and such a people should have produced Jesus Christ can be accounted for on no other ground than His divinity. On his return from a trip to the Holy Land a minister was asked what had made the greatest impression upon him while there. "Nazareth," he answered, and for this reason: "The same kind of people are living there today as in the time of Jesus, and they are about the worst specimens of humanity I have seen anywhere. Lazy, lustful, ignorant and unspeakably wicked, and to think of His coming out from such a people is to me a sure proof of His divinity. Had I not been a believer in His divinity before going there, I should have to believe in it now." His life was wonderful. Wonderful for its unselfishness, its sinlessness and its usefulness. Even His enemies could not bring against Him any graver charge than that He claimed God for His Father, and that He would do good on the Sabbath day. Not the slightest evidence of selfishness or self-interest can be found in the story of His life. He was always helping others, but not once did He do anything to help Himself. He had the power to turn stones into bread, but went hungry forty days without doing it.

While escaping from enemies who were determined to put Him to death He saw a man who had been blind from birth, and stopped to give him sight, doing so at the risk of His life. He never sought His own in any way, but lived for others every day of His life. His first miracle was performed, not before a multitude to spread His own fame, but in a far-away hamlet, to save a peasant's wife from humiliation. He had compassion on the hungry multitude and wept over Jerusalem, but He never had any mercy on Himself. His teaching was wonderful. It was wonderful for the way in which He taught; for its simplicity and clearness, and adaptation to the individual. Nowhere do you find Him seeking the multitude, but He never avoided the individual. And His teaching was always adapted to the comprehension of those whom He taught. It is said that the common people heard Him gladly, and this shows that they understood what He said. He put the cookies on the lower shelf. No man had to take a dictionary with him when he went to hear the Sermon on the Mount. He illustrated His thought and made plain His meaning by the most wonderful word-pictures. The preacher who would reach the people must have something to say, and know how to say it so that those who hear will know just what he means.

Jesus made His meaning clear by using plenty of illustrations. He didn't care a rap what the scribes and Pharisees thought about it, or said about it. He wanted the people to know what He meant, and that is why He was always so interesting. The preacher who can't make his preaching interesting has no business in the pulpit. If he can't talk over ten minutes without making people

begin to snap their watches and go to yawning all over the house, he has misunderstood the Lord about his call to preach.

Jesus was interesting because He could put the truth before people in an interesting way. We are told that without a parable He spoke not to any man. He made people see things, and see them clearly. It is wonderful that this humble Galilean peasant, who may never have gone to school a day in His life, should have made Himself a Teacher of teachers for all time. The pedagogy of today is modeling after the manner of Christ closer and closer every day.

He was wonderful in His originality. The originality of Jesus is a proof of His divinity. The human mind cannot create anything in an absolute sense. It can build out of almost any kind of material, but it cannot create. There is no such thing as out-and-out originality belonging to man. You cannot imagine anything that does not resemble something you have previously seen or heard of.

I grant that you can take a cow and a horse and a dog and a sheep and from them make animals enough to fill Noah's ark, but you must have the cow and the horse and the dog and the sheep for a beginning. Everything you make will simply be a modification of the various forms and properties of them.

There is said to be nothing new under the sun, and there is a sense in which it is true. Everything is the outgrowth of something else. The first railway cars looked like the old stagecoaches, and the first automobiles looked like carriages. It is that way about everything. No man ever made a book, or even a story, that was altogether unlike all others. The stories we hear today on the Irish and Dutch are older than the Irish and Dutch. You can find stories like them in the earliest literature, but you can't find any stories anywhere in any literature that even in the remotest way resemble the parables of Jesus. Such parables as the prodigal son and the Good Samaritan are absolutely new creations, and so proclaim Jesus as divine, because He could create. His teaching was wonderful, not only in the way He taught, but in what He taught. He taught that He was greater than Moses. Think of the audacity of it! Making such claims as that to the Jews, who regarded Moses as being almost divine. Think of the audacity of some man of obscure and humble parentage standing before us Americans and trying to make us think he was greater than George Washington.

Jesus also declared that He fulfilled the prophecies and the law of Moses, and the only effort He ever made to prove His claim was to point to the works that He did. The first thing an impostor always does is to over-prove his case. Jesus never turned His hand over to try to convince His enemies that He was the Christ. You have to explain a coal-oil lamp, but you don't need to waste any breath in giving information about the power of the sun. The springtime will do that by making all nature burst into bud, flower and leaf, and the power of Christ is shown just as convincingly in the changed lives of men and women who believe in Him.

Jesus taught that all would be lost who did not believe on Him. I have seen multitudes of saved people, but I have yet to see one who did not get his salvation by believing on Christ. Find the place in this world that comes the nearest to being like hell itself, and you will find it filled with those who are haters of Jesus Christ. You can't argue it. Go into saloons, gambling hells, and such places, and the people you find there are all haters of Jesus Christ, and the more of them you find the more the place in which you find them will be like hell itself.

Jesus taught that He was equal to God. He said, "He that hateth Me hateth My Father also" (John 15:23). Did you ever know of anybody else making such claims? He said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Offering to bear the burden of the whole world. Think of it! He said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." And He said, "I am the resurrection and the life; and he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Surely He was wonderful in what He taught.

It is not surprising that He so stirred them in the Capernaum synagogue, where He taught them not as the scribes, but as one having authority. Is it any wonder that they were right after Him for heresy? Let any one today begin to teach in our churches something as entirely new as the teachings of Jesus were, and see what will happen.

He was wonderful in what He prophesied of Himself. He foretold how He would die, and when He would die. It was wonderful that He should have been betrayed into the hands of those who sought His life, by one of His own trusted disciples, and wonderful that He should have been sold for so low a price.

Wonderful, too, that He should have been condemned to death in the way in which He was, by both the religious and civil authorities, and on the testimony of false witnesses, in the name of God, when all the laws of God were defied in the trial. It was wonderful that He was tormented and tortured so cruelly before being sent to the cross, and that He should have been put to death in the brutal manner in which He was. The time of His death was also wonderful; on the day of the Passover, thus Himself becoming the real Passover, to which the passover lamb had so long pointed. The great publicity of His death was also wonderful. It is doubtful if any other death was ever witnessed by so many people. Hundreds of thousands of people were in Jerusalem, who had come from everywhere to attend the Passover. The sky was darkened, and the sun hid his face from the awful scene. A great earthquake shook the city; the dead came out of their graves, and went into the city, appearing unto many, and the veil of the temple was rent from top to bottom. And remember that up to that time no eye had been allowed to look behind that veil, except that of the high priest, and then only once a year, on the great Day of Atonement. His resurrection was wonderful. He had foretold it to His disciples, and had done so frequently, always saying, whenever He spoke of His death, that He would rise again on the third day, and yet every one of them appeared to forget all about it, and not one of them was expecting it. None of them thought of going to the sepulcher on the morning of the third day, except the women, and they only to prepare His body more fully for the grave. Womanhood has always been on the firing line. This shows how fully they had abandoned all hope when they saw Him dead. Some left the city, for we are told of two who went to Emmaus. The manner of His resurrection was godlike. No human mind could ever have imagined such a scene. Had some man described it in the way in which he thought it should have occurred, he would have had earthquakes and thunders and a great commotion in the heavens. A sound like that of the last trump would have proclaimed to all the terrified inhabitants of Jerusalem that He was risen. But see how far different it was. An angel rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulcher as quietly as the opening of the buds in May, and the women, who were early there, found no disorder in the grave, but the linen clothes with which they had tenderly robed His body were neatly folded and tidily placed. And then how wonderful are the recorded appearances after the resurrection, again so different from what man

would have had them. He appeared to every one of His friends, and to His best friends, but not a single one of His enemies got to see Him. I know that this story of the resurrection is true, because none but God would have had things happen in the order that they did, and in the way in which they occurred. Had the story been false the record would have made Jesus go to Pilate and the high priest, and to the others who had put Him to death, to prove that He was risen. The effect of His teaching upon the world has been wonderful. Remember that He left no great colleges to promulgate His doctrines, but committed them to a few humble fishermen, whose names are now the most illustrious in all history. Looked at from the human side alone, how great was the probability that everything He had said would be forgotten within a few years. He never wrote a sermon. He published no books. Not a thing He said was engraved upon stone or scrolled upon brass, and yet His doctrines have endured for two thousand years. They have gone to the ends of the earth, and have wrought miracles wherever they have gone. They have lifted nations out of darkness and degradation and sin, and have made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. When Jesus began His ministry Rome ruled the world, and her invincible legions were everywhere, but now through the teachings of the humble Galilean peasant, whom her minions put to death, her power and her religion are gone. The great temple of Diana of the Ephesians is in ruins, and no worshipper of her can be found. When Jesus fed the five thousand with a few loaves and fishes, and healed the poor woman who touched the hem of His garment, there wasn't a church, or a hospital, or an insane asylum, or other poor house in the world, and now they are nearly as countless as the sands upon the seashore. When the bright cloud hid Him from the gaze of those who loved Him with a devotion that took them to martyrdom, the only record of His sayings was graven upon their hearts, but now libraries are devoted to the consideration of them. No words were ever so weighty or so weighed as those of Him who was so poor that He had not where to lay His head. The scholarship of the world has sat at His feet with bared head, and has been compelled to say again and again, "Never man spake as He spake." His utterances have been translated into every known tongue, and have carried healing on their wings wherever they have gone. No other book has ever had a tithe of the circulation of that which contains His words, and not only that, but His thoughts and the story of His life are so interwoven in all literature that if a man should never read a line in the Bible, and yet be a reader at all he could not remain ignorant of the Christ.

He is true to His name because He is a wonderful Savior now. You have only to lift your eyes and look about you to see that His wonderful salvation is going on everywhere today. This vast audience throws the lie back into your teeth when you say the religion of Jesus Christ is dying out. There has never been a time when the love of Christ gripped the hearts of humanity as it does today. When John the Baptist, in prison, sent two of his disciples to Jesus, saying: "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" Jesus sent this answer to John: "The blind receive their sight; the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them"; and that test of His power is as apparent in nearly every part of the world today as it was in Galilee. If you have eyes to see the works of God, you will always find them going on. The heavens declare the glory of God, but there are people so blind they can't see anything but a spell of weather in the rainbow.

Jerry McAuley in prison, a man who had lived by crime, and who had never heard the name of God outside of profanity; as blind and dead to anything good as a stone, one Sunday in the prison

chapel heard a verse of Scripture quoted that took hold of his attention. He thought he would like to see it and read it for himself. So he took the Bible in his cell and began to search for it. He didn't know but one sure way to find it, and that was to begin at the first verse in the Bible and read straight on until he came to it. The verse he wanted was in Hebrews, away over in the back part of the New Testament.

Jerry read on, chapter after chapter, and day after day, looking for that verse, but long before he found it he found Jesus Christ-just as some of you would do if you would only be honest with God, and give Him a chance at you by reading His word. From that time on everybody who came near Jerry McAuley knew that the eyes of the man born blind had been opened in him. He started the Water Street Mission in New York, where I don't believe a service was ever held in which somebody was not converted.

Any number of men who were headed straight for the devil are preaching the gospel today because they were stopped by the light of God and the voice of His Christ as suddenly at St. Paul was. Yes, He is a wonderful Savior because He is able to save to the uttermost now. A man would be a great surgeon who could save ninety per cent, of those upon whom he operated, but mark this: Jesus Christ never lost a case. He never found a case that was too hard for Him. His disciples were continually finding cases they thought were hopeless, and this shows how little they knew Him while He was with them. Jesus never sent anybody away who came honestly and earnestly seeking His help. They brought to Him all kinds of desperate cases, but at a word or a touch from Him their troubles were all gone. The hardest cases were no more difficult for Him than the easiest, and the same is true today, for there is no change in Him. He is the same yesterday, today and forever. He can save the scarlet sinner-the man who commits murder-as easily as He can the woman who cheats at cards.

He is a wonderful Savior, too, because He can save so quickly. Quicker than thought He can give you life. It is only, look and live. As quick as you can come He receives you, and as quickly as you could receive a present you had been wanting for years, you can have salvation. "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out." "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." No need of taking very much time about that. In a meeting Thomas Harrison was holding, a railroad engineer came forward with his watch in his hand and said, "Mr. Harrison, can I be saved in ten minutes? I must leave here to take my train out then."

"Yes," replied Harrison, "you can be saved in ten seconds." The man dropped on his knees, was quickly saved and had seven minutes to spare. A conductor on a fast Pennsylvania train, in Ohio, was converted while crossing a bridge fifty feet long, when going at the rate of a mile a minute. Yes, indeed, He is a wonderful Savior because He can save so quickly.

Moody used to tell of a banker in San Francisco, who was awakened in the night by a burglar at his bedside. The robber held a revolver almost against his face, and said, "If you move I'll kill you!" The banker said, "God have mercy on my soul!" and knocked the burglar down before he could pull the trigger, and was soundly converted before the man struck the floor, as his life afterward proved. And now I come to the last evidence I will give you that He is true to His name, and that is-He is a wonderful Savior because He saved me. There is nothing that can be so convincing to a man as his own experience. I do not know that I am the son of my mother any more certainly than I know that I am a child of God, and I do not know that I have been born in a natural way any more

convincingly than I know that I have been born of the Spirit. And now let me ask you this: Has this wonderful Savior saved you? Do you know Him as your Savior? Have you ever given Him your case? When the proof is so overwhelming that He does save, and has been saving for centuries, and that none have ever been saved or ever can be saved except through Him, is it not wonderful that any one can be indifferent to the claims of Jesus Christ?

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