

WRITINGS OF GEORGE RIDOUT

by George Ridout

A collection of theological writings, sermons, and essays by George Ridout, compiled for study and devotional reading.

43 Chapters

Table of Contents

1. 00.00. Ridout, George W. - Library
2. 01.00. The Beauty Of Holiness
3. 01.01. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Purity
4. 01.02. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Divine Union
5. 01.03. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Humility
6. 01.04. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Christlikeness
7. 01.05. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Consecration
8. 01.06. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Love
9. 01.07. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Perfection
10. 02.00. The Cross and Flag
11. 02.000. Dedication
12. 02.01. Departure
13. 02.02. A London Air Raid
14. 02.03. The Battle of the Skies in Paris
15. 02.04. My First Religious Work in France
16. 02.05. Doing Field Work on Historic Soil
17. 02.06. The Story of a Little French Village
18. 02.07. The Story of John Grace of the Army
19. 02.08. Under Fire
20. 02.09. Chateau Thierry
21. 02.10. Moving Toward the Battle Lines
22. 02.11. My Baptism of Fire
23. 02.12. The Second Battle of the Marne
24. 02.13. After the Battle
25. 02.14. Fletcher Benson
26. 02.15. Peace
27. 02.16. Preaching the Gospel in Germany
28. 02.17. Some Messages of the War
29. 02.18. Joan of Arc
30. 02.19. Consecration as Illustrated by the War
31. 02.20. Some Interesting People I Met During and After the War
32. 02.21. The Havoc of War, and After
33. 03.00. The Deadly Fallacy Seventh Day Adventism
34. 03.01. Seventh Day Adventism
35. 03.02. Prophets Prophetess Seventh Day Adventism
36. 03.03. Absurd Claims Seventh Day Adventism
37. 03.04. In Conclusion
38. 04.00. The Witness Of The Spirit
39. 04.01. The Witness Of The Spirit

- 40.** 04.02. How State Entire Sanctification May
- 41.** S. Deadly Fallacy of Russellism or Millennial
- 42.** S. Henry Clay Morrison -- Prophet, Warrior, Orator
- 43.** S. The Black Prophet Harris of Africa

00.00. Ridout, George W. - Library

Ridout, George W. - Library
Ridout, George W. - The Beauty Of Holiness
Ridout, George W. - The Cross and Flag
Ridout, George W. - The Deadly Fallacy of Seven Day Adventism
Ridout, George W. - The Witness Of The Spirit
S. Henry Clay Morrison - Prophet, Warrior, Orator
S. The Black Prophet Harris of Africa
S. The Deadly Fallacy of Russellism or Millennial Dawnism

01.00. The Beauty Of Holiness

The Beauty Of Holiness By George Ridout In this 7 chapter work, Ridout (Methodist) presents us with 7 points of beauty in holiness: Purity, Divine Union, Humility, Christlikeness, Consecration, Love, and Perfection.

Contents 1. The Beauty Of Holiness Is The Beauty Of Purity 2. The Beauty Of Holiness Is The Beauty Of Divine Union 3. The Beauty Of Holiness Is The Beauty Of Humility 4. The Beauty Of Holiness Is The Beauty Of Christlikeness 5. The Beauty Of Holiness Is The Beauty Of Consecration 6. The Beauty Of Holiness Is The Beauty Of Love 7. The Beauty Of Holiness Is The Beauty Of Perfection

01.01. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Purity

01 -- THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS IS THE BEAUTY OF PURITY As pure Light is composed of seven colors, so the holiness of the perfect Christian character is composed of a number of distinct and beautiful virtues and purity is not the least among them. "Blessed are the pure in heart. "

"I wait till he shall touch me clean, Shall life and power impart, Give me the faith that casts out sin And purifies the heart. " The purification of the soul from sin's defilement is a distinct and definite act of God's grace wrought for the believer. Peter, in Acts 15:9, describing the outflowing of the Spirit in the house of Cornelius, said, "And God which knoweth the hearts bare them witness giving them the Holy Ghost even as he did unto us and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith. " The mystic writers on the deeper life in God trace the stages whereby the chosen soul is gradually invaded and absorbed by God thus: First, the long climb of purgation when the first renunciation is effected; secondly, the hilltop of supernatural illumination; thirdly, the vale of purging drought when all spiritual life seems withdrawn, and the world loses all of its attachments and all spell of its allurements is broken and no taste for worldly things remain.

Pureness of soul is solely a matter of God's grace through the precious blood. The question arises, how pure may we become? How clean of sin? To what depths of the soul can purification through the blood go?

Perhaps we cannot do better than present a concrete case of heart purity from the Reflections of Albin Peyron, of France, in which he tells of his complete deliverance from indwelling sin which took place quite sometime after his notable conversion; his testimony is as follows:

"I can fix precisely the day when kneeling beside a Salvationist who for years had traveled the way of holiness, I had the distinct impression that the Lord had taken from my soul the roots of sin, that He had purified me from all my stains, all my idolatries. I besought Him for this blessing of entire deliverance as I prayed long for the grace of forgiveness. ". The sister who knelt beside me interrupted with: 'Bless the Lord, because He has granted your prayer. ' But ought I not to wait until I realize it before thanking Him for it?"

"No, " came the answer, "believe that He has given it. This mercy is obtained by faith. "

"Well, then, " I cried, "bless thee, my Saviour, be cause thou hast taken sin out of my heart and hast now given me a new heart and a pure heart. "

"And he did it. He freed me from evil. He made me literally free. That was nine years ago and I can say here to the glory of God that the sin which He took out of my heart has never returned. I do not mean to say that since that time I have never been tempted; on the contrary, I have been the mark of the adversary and attacked far more than before, and at times these attacks have been terrible. But if Satan has come -- and he has -- he has had nothing in me. The Saviour has removed that inner correspondence with him which formerly existed, that traitor hidden within who opened the gate to the enemy. Satan still prowls around. I must watch. But thanks to God, he prowls around

and not within. Jesus guards the gates. "

It will be noticed in Paul's writings that he uses some special phrases in setting forth the state of soul purity. He uses negatives namely, "without offence, " Acts 24:16;

"Without rebuke, "Php 2:15;

"Without blame, " Eph 1:4;

"Free from sin, " Rom 6:22.

Let it be remembered sin is cleansed, not outgrown. The remains of depravity must be removed from the soul by faith in the atonement and not supplanted by a new nature. In fact, the weeds will choke the growth of the wheat. The remains of the carnal mind will hinder the development of the spiritual nature. The energies which should be spent in working for Christ are used in watching, and chaining, and keeping the old self subdued and in prison, when he ought to be slain and buried, and then these guards could do active duty for God and humanity. The soul is exhausted in this dreadful struggle with self. The inner poverty and emptiness have no overflowing streams for the thirsty souls of others. Self-environed and self-absorbed, they do not move as a living force, an inspiration and courage to their fellowmen. They need the cleansing of the blood of Christ, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost which always follows, and then they will grow. "Having the hindrances removed, and the vital force of the spiritual organism increased by this Holy Ghost power, they will grow naturally and symmetrically from within and not from accretion without. A few Greek soldiers, concealed within the prodigious horse, which the Greeks made and which the Trojans captured as a prize and took within the city's gates, opened the gates of Troy to the Greek army, and Troy fell. Traitors within the heart are more to be feared than the foes without. "

Martin Luther has said:

"The Holiness of common Christianity is this: that the Holy Spirit gives the people faith in Christ and sanctifies them thereby; that is, makes a new heart, soul, body, work, and being and writes the law of God, not on tables of stone, but in fleshly hearts. He sanctifies them, not only by the forgiveness of sin, but also by the laying aside, expelling and destroying of sin. "

How To Attain Christian Purity

"An error has gained considerable prevalence, and has wrought not a little evil, in relation to this very subject -- the faith which brings the sanctifying grace. "

It has been indiscreetly said, "We are to believe the work is done, and it will be done. "Persons seeking the blessing have been told that they must believe they are sanctified, and they will be sanctified. What a misfortune that so great, so dangerous an error should be taught in connection with so important a subject! What a manifest absurdity! Making our sanctification to depend upon the belief of an untruth; namely, a belief that it is now wrought, in order that it may be wrought! This is a great delusion. It is not the doctrine of the Bible. It is not, and never was, the doctrine of any branch of the Church. Some sincere and honest Christians have fallen into this delusion without perceiving its absurdity; and it has gained considerable currency. We trust it will no more find place in the language of the friends of this glorious doctrine. The stages of faith immediately at the point of entire sanctification, and just before, and right after it, may thus be described. And let it be

remembered, that when this exercise of faith takes place, it is not a mere intellectual calculation; it occurs when the soul is travailing for sanctifying power; when it is groaning for deliverance from distressing sinfulness; when it is giving up all to Christ; when it is feeling that "it is worse than death its God to love, and not its God alone;" when it is purposing to claim and obtain holiness, at all hazards. This is the state of the soul: it is now agonizing at God's altar; it is pleading for salvation, looking at the promises; the Holy Spirit is helping, imparting, illuminating, and strengthening the faltering faith. Now comes the moment when sanctification is about to be imparted. Now the soul believes it will be done; taking firmer hold of the promises, and looking steadfastly upon the atoning sacrifice, it believes it is being done; the refining fire touches it, "as the coal Isaiah's lips;" it yields, it trusts -- the work is done; and now the soul, sanctified, believes it is done, and rejoices in the rest of faith. The belief that it will be done, that it is being done, is the trust which brings the blessing; the belief that it is done follows after. They are each distinct, though all may occur in the interval of a moment. " --Bishop Foster.

01.02. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Divine Union

02 -- THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS IS THE BEAUTY OF DIVINE UNION In Divine Union the soul is brought into a sweet and mysterious nearness and union with God. It would hardly be too much to say that the soul has, in some important sense, changed its locality. It has not only withdrawn its affections from the world, which separated it for so long a time from its Creator, but mounting upward, it experiences a mystical reunion, a most holy and delightful mingling with the infinitude and blessedness of the divine nature. Not an extinction of our personality, for that would be a view false and pernicious; but a union, although the similitude gives but an imperfect idea of the reality, like that of the planets to the sun, which revolve in its attraction; and are not only bound to it by a strong and indissoluble tie, but are ever clothed in its light. The soul may be said, in the experience of this interior life, to live in God as well as with him. God is its center and its home; not only its sustaining power, but its encircling radiance. --Saint.

"Among the ideas relating to the Beautiful, " says one, "are order, proportion, harmony (or unity), grace, perfection. "

Union with God or Divine Union is one of the richest and deepest experiences of the soul.

Madame Guyon indicates the steps by which Divine Union is acquired thus:

First Degree -- Conversion.

Second Degree -- Effectual Touch of the Will.

Third Degree -- Passivity or Interior Sacrifice.

Fourth Degree -- Naked Faith.

Fifth Degree -- Mystical Death.

Sixth Degree -- Union with God. When a soul has happily attained Divine Union by the perseverance of love, it is lost in God, and never leaves him. It ceases, says Augustine, to possess itself, in order to possess God alone; it cleaves to Him, is swallowed up and absolved in Him, as its center and in its repose. The Holy fire of Divine Love melts and dissolves it that it may flow into the heart of God. Of this it takes possession, there it fixes itself and abides as in its own dominion and never leaves it. There it is inflamed with divine fire; there it enjoys infinite delights and is at length formed into that which it loves. "

Among the saints of the ages perhaps, no one had a greater joy in God and in Divine Union than St. Bernard, of Clairvaux.

Reading recently the life of St. Bernard (by Storrs) we were profoundly impressed with the saintliness of this man of the Eleventh Century. He enjoyed a rich, spiritual illumination. His soul at times seems to have been lifted up on "heavenly pinions and made to partake in a degree of the inheritance of angelic purity. " Bernard enjoyed the sense of the Divine to such an extent that it

was to him as "animating breaths coming from the gates of pearl, bringing exaltation and secret illumination and immediate and perfect insight into all Divine things which he expected to reach. "

Bernard, in one of his sermons, specifies in a mystical way three Divine touches of the soul: The first, at the feet of God where the soul embraces His mercy and truth. The second, at the hands of God when it turns with its might to His service in good works or gratefully receives from Him the gift of virtues. The third, from His mouth when, with celestial desire, the soul aspires to the hidden joys of the most intimate communion with the Divine mind. The soul thus touched abstracts itself from all human things and divinely assisted, arises to direct contemplation of God.

Bernard's thought of a holy life is further expressed thus: "Even as the atmosphere when flooded by the light of the sun is transfigured with such clearness of light that it does not so much seem to us illuminated as to have itself become elemental light; so is it needful that in the holy, every human affection should, in some ineffable way, clear itself from itself and become inwardly transformed into the will of God.

Gregory the Great has touched upon a similar experience when he said: "A mind occupied with external desires will not glow with the fire of Divine Love; and no words will avail to inspire hearts to celestial desires which proceed from a cold heart. Nothing which does not burn itself can kindle flame in anything else. "

Such nearness to God makes the soul burn with holy love such as Bonaventura had when it was said of him: "His cheeks are furrowed with the courses made by frequent tears springing from his burning love of the wounds of his Saviour"

Spurgeon, the great London Gospel preacher, once said, "There is an upper realm of rapture, of communion, and conscious union with Christ, which is far from being the common dwellingplace of believers. All believers see Christ, but all believers do not put their fingers into the prints of the nails, nor thrust their hand into His side. We have not all the high privilege of John to lean upon Jesus' bosom, nor of Paul, to be caught up into the third heaven. In the ark of salvation we find a lower, second, and third story; all are in the ark, but all are not in the same story. Most Christians, as to the river of experience, are only up to the ankles; some others have waded till the stream is up to their knees; a few find it breast high, and but a few -- o how few ! -- find it a river to swim in. "

Charles Wesley expresses the longing of the believer for those higher and deeper things in the lines,

Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be; Our sacrifice receive: Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee, To Thee ourselves we give. Heavenward our every wish aspires, For all thy mercy's store; The sole return thy love requires, Is that we ask for more. For more we ask; we open then Our hearts to embrace thy will; Turn, and revive us, Lord, again; With all thy fullness fill. Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love Shed in our hearts abroad; So shall we ever live, and move, And be, with Christ in God. The soul that has found the blessedness of divine Union has come to a cessation of its own works. (Heb 4:10). A great transformation has taken place. Rest has taken the place of struggle; peace the place of turmoil, and the place of assurance and quietness has been reached. (Isa 32:17-18).

T. C, Upham well describes it in the following words:

"The soul that reposes itself always in God, has an inward sense of His love, of His lovingkindness and tender mercy, such as the heart wandering from God has no conception of. The sweet rest, the blissful repose of such a soul, cannot be expressed; it rests on the bosom of infinite, unchangeable love. Though removed from the object of its love in a natural sense, yet the eye sees, the ear hears. It sees the infinite mind, and reads the thoughts of love, numerous as the sands upon the seashore, recorded here. It feels the union with the Eternal, the Holy, the Blessed One.

Sacred Meditations

Away back in the centuries lived a saintly man -- Jan Van Rynsbroeck -- He devoted the latter years of his life to the deeper things of God. He gave this testimony:

"The soul that has stood in the presence of Christ experiences a great sweetness, which deepening, passes into that holy joy that is the yielding of the soul to the divine love. If every earthly pleasure were melted into a single experience and bestowed upon one man, it would be as nothing when measured by the joy of which I write; for here it is God who passes into the depths of us in all His purity, and the soul is not only filled but overflowing. This experience is that light that makes manifest to the soul the terrible desolation of such as live divorced from love; it melts the man utterly; he is no longer master of his joy. " In "Revelations of Divine Love, " by Juliana of Norwich, the writer says:

"God is nearer to us than our own soul. He is the ground, He is the substance, He is the teaching, He is the teacher, He is the end and the meed for which every soul travaileth. Till I am one with Him, I may never have full rest nor bliss.

"The goodness of God is the highest prayer, and it cometh down to the lowest part of our need. It quickeneth our soul and bringeth it on life, and maketh it for to waxen in grace and virtue.

It is nearest in nature; and readiest in grace; for it is the same grace that the soul seeketh, and ever shall seek till we know verily that He hath us all in Himself enclosed. "

Divine Union And Spiritual Torrents No one set forth more beautifully the virtues of the holy life than Madame Guyon, of France. She lived and died within the pale of the Catholic Church which persecuted her for her holiness and imprisoned her for her profession of grace. She wrote various books on Divine Union, etc. , and one of her most extraordinary books was called "Spiritual Torrents. " The thesis of her book may be briefly set forth as follows: "There are three classes of souls that may be compared to rivers flowing toward God as their ocean. "

1. Some moving toward Him sluggishly and feebly.
2. Some proceeding decidedly and rapidly.
3. Some advancing with headlong impetuosity.

Souls Of The First Class

"These advance slowly and feebly. They deal with the outward life, and are very dependent on outside sources of help. They are like pumps that give water only when worked. They are only able for service in conjunction with others. They have great desire to be always doing. At one time they

do wonders, at another they only creep. They are easily discouraged, and are often scrupulous and fettered by their own 'ways. ' They are full of plans how to seek God and to continue in His Presence, but all this by their own efforts, aided by grace.

Souls Of The Second Class

"These are like large rivers which move with decision and rapidity, yet they are dull and sluggish compared with the impetuous torrent described later on. Souls of the second class are redrawn out of the first (the feeble rivers), gradually or suddenly, by God taking hold of them.

"These souls are so full of light and ardent love that they excite the admiration of others, for God seems to give them gifts upon gifts, graces, light, visions, revelations, ecstasies. Temptations are repelled with vigor; trials are borne with strength. Their hearts are enlarged, and they gladly make great sacrifices for God and souls.

Souls Of The Third Class

"These are like Torrents which have their source in God, and enjoy not a moment's rest until they are lost in Him. Nothing stays their progress, and they run with a rapidity which strikes fear into the boldest. They are drawn from among the feeble ones (the first class), or from the souls in the 'way of light' when any of these have courage to part with their rich experiences and to press on to know God.

"God commences His work in a soul by causing it to feel the estrangement from Himself. It is given a true grief for its sins and sees a rest in God afar off, the sight of which redoubles its restlessness, and increases the desire to reach it.

"It seeks at first in outside means what it will never find except within. The wound is in the heart. Unsatisfied, these souls become more eager, and struggle with all in themselves that hinders, but the fight only increases their sense of helplessness

"In the mercy of God, help is sent them, and they are instructed to seek within what they have looked for without; at last they find they have the treasure within them that they sought afar off. (Gal 1:15-16).

"It is now nothing but ardor and love; all earthly pleasures are not comparable to one moment of the joy it tastes. Its prayer is uninterrupted, becoming so ardent that it cannot contain it. Its senses (i. e. , feelings or sensibilities) are so much centered, and its recollection in God so strong, that it would fain be in perpetual solitude with its Well-Beloved; for it is not sufficiently established to be undisturbed by ordinary conversations, so it is disposed to shun them.

"The Well-Beloved is so manifestly in possession that He rapidly reproves for an idle look or hasty word, and it changes more in one day than in years before. It seems as if sentinels were placed over all the senses, and as if it were no longer held to earth, so much does it feel detached there from.

"The soul is so full of what it 'feels, ' that it would fain impart it to the whole world. Its words are all fire and flames, and it is fertile in beautiful thoughts; full of deep lively feelings; all reasonings are swallowed up in ardent love, and one word from God awakens afresh the love that burns it. "

01.03. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Humility

03 -- THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS IS THE BEAUTY OF HUMILITY

"Where there is holiness there is Humility. It is a Christian grace hard to define, but which implies at least a quiet and subdued, a meek and forbearing spirit. Whatever may be our supposed gifts and graces, whatever may be internal pleasures and raptures, they are far from furnishing evidence of completeness of Christian character without humility. It is this grace which perhaps more than any other imparts a beauty and attractiveness to the religious life; and which, while it is blessed with the favor and approbation of God, has the additional efficacy of disarming, in a considerable degree even the animosity of unholy men. It has the appearance of a contradiction in terms but is nevertheless true, that he who walks in humility walks in power. '

"Be clothed with Humility, " say the Scriptures (1Pe 5:5). In order to obtain anything of God's grace the soul must be broken and brought to a state of deep humility. Human nature is proud, self-willed, arrogant. We must bow down in the depths of humility in order to obtain God's grace in justification, and in order to obtain the deeper, more blessed, more precious grace of sanctification a further humbling must take place and there must be the dying out of the self-life-pride, self-sufficiency and self-importance.

Humility is a grace. It cannot be self-induced. God's grace alone can produce it.

God's humbling grace works a work in the human soul that is transforming and sanctifying. One has expressed it thus: The proudest heart that ever beat Hath been subdued in me; The wildest will that ever rose To scorn thy cause and aid thy foes Is quelled, my God, by Thee. The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown In lowliest adoration bends; The weight of glory bows him down, The most when most his soul ascends; Nearest the throne itself must be The footstool of Humility.

Humility is one of the laws of soul growth. (Mat 18:4). "Whosoever therefore, shall humble himself (as this little child) shall be greatest in the Kingdom of heaven. "

Humility is the way to success. (2Ch 12:12). "And when he humbled himself . . . things went well. " The way of Humility is the way of salvation and soul recovery. When John Wesley was seeking converting grace he consulted very freely Peter Bohler the Moravian preacher. After one of those conversations Bohler said of Wesley: "He wept bitterly while I was talking upon the subject, and afterwards asked me to pray for him. I can freely affirm that he is a poor brokenhearted sinner hungering after a better righteousness than that which he has hitherto, even the righteousness of Christ. " The way of Humility is the way of soul restoration.

David the backslider in Psa 51:1-19, cries out with a broken spirit and a contrite heart: "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation. "

Peter in his humiliation, after denying the Lord, wept bitterly" and evidently wept his way back to Jesus as the next time we met him the Lord holds that wonderful dialogue with him: "Simon Peter, lovest thou me more than these? . . . Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" . . . To all of which

Peter replied, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee . . . Lord thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. "

Jesus saith unto him: "Feed my sheep. "

Humility is God's method of growth in grace. Humility is opposed to ostentation, to self-seeking, to self-aggrandizement, and self-advertisement. As one grows Christlike this selfhood fades and dies. Christ was constantly teaching humility to his disciples by precept and example. He Himself was a perfect example of humility. "In his humiliation his judgment was taken away. "(Acts 8:33). He refused to advertise Himself. (John 7:3-6). He hid Himself from the crowd when His successes and victories would force them to make Him king. He had the lowly mind. "I am meek and lowly. " (Mat 11:29).

Humility of soul means the dying out of the ego -- the personal pronoun I.

Mark Guy Pearse in his "Thoughts on Perfection, " says:

"But this agonized effort to make ourselves perfect is not always a failure. Sometimes it actually succeeds -then indeed only most completely to fail. Taking hold of the rebel self, another part of the same self saith, 'Now I am going to make thee perfect. ' And self chips and hammers at self to bring it into shape, and hacks and hews at self until it fits into the ideal mold. And then it is polished with much sulfuric acid and sandpaper and a host of processes are gone through - with what result? This -- That at last there is turned out the most unhappy thing that it has ever been our misfortune to meet -- from five to six feet of polished L A great mass of self-consciousness. How could it be otherwise? All the thoughts, all the desires, all the aims of life have been set upon self. And now this same perfected 'I' becomes the standard by which everything is measured and to which everybody must conform, or there is no hope for them in this world or any other. This, as we have seen is Pharisaism.

"Verily, if that be all, let us rather die in despair. If Holiness, or Perfection, or the Higher Life -- Call it what you will -- is a something that is to set me up on a pedestal, and exalt me in wretched consciousness of my superiority to other people, let us pray God to bury us underneath the pedestal. There will be more hope for us, and we shall be a good deal nearer to the kingdom of heaven. If that is perfection, the best prayer we can make is to be saved from it forever and ever. Thank God that is not His way of holiness. " The Way of Humility is the way into the deeper things of God. The saintly Alfred Cookman tells the following experiences:

"Some years since, at the Penn's Grove Camp Meeting, after the Holy Ghost had been given as a sanctifier, I found myself drawn out for more of God. I could scarcely define my feelings, but there was a going out after God. When surrounded one day with a few Christians, struggling up to enjoy God as never before, this suggestion came: 'You have been trying to get up; are you willing to sink down?' 'Yes, ' I answered, 'any way; if I may find Him thus, let me sink in the depths. ' Then I began to feel that I was going down, and with this there came a realization of love, as I had never known before, and it filled my body, soul and my entire being. O how I loved His children and His word. I asked, 'What does this mean?' 'God is love. ' This was the consciousness of love that filled my whole spirit. "

Some years ago a few ladies met together in Dublin to read and study the Scriptures. One observed in reading Mal 3:3, that there is something remarkable about the expression, "Shall sit as a refiner, " etc. One of the ladies promised to call on a silversmith, and report what might be said on the subject. She went accordingly, and, without telling the object of her errand, begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described. "But, sir, " said she, "do you sit while the work of refining is going on?" "Oh, yes, madam!" he replied, "I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the surface; for, if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver is sure to be injured. " At once she saw the beauty, and the comfort too, of the passage, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver. " As the lady was leaving the shop, the silversmith called her back, and said he had still further to mention, that he only knew when the process of purifying was complete, by seeing his own image reflected on the silver.

01.04. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Christlikeness

04 -- THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS IS THE BEAUTY OF CHRISTLIKENESS

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me. Christ within me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ on my right, Christ on my left, Christ in the fort, Christ in the chariot seat. Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me. Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks of me, Christ in every eye that sees me, Christ in every ear that hears me. -- Ancient Prayer

Much of the Christianity of our day is disappointing because it seems to fall short of real Christlikeness. People naturally expect that we who profess Christ should become like Christ. Paul in Php 2:5, says: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus. " In other words, be Christlike. Christlikeness cannot be attained by the mere effort of morality or moral culture. The Christlike life can only be achieved by holy men and women. There must be the inward work, first of the Spirit of the Lord in the heart; there must be the inward cleansing of the blood; there must be the stamping of the Divine image upon the heart purified by sanctifying grace. Wesley sings:

"Rest for my soul I long to find; Saviour of all, if mine thou art, Give me thy meek and lowly mind, And stamp thine image on my heart. " To be Christlike means a holy combination of the qualities of Righteousness and Compassion and Love. When the Spirit descended on Jesus it was in the form of a dove. The dove hath neither claw nor sting, Nor weapon for the fight, She owes her safety to her wings, Her victory to flight.

Christlikeness in the believer makes him suffer long for righteousness' sake. When on a certain occasion Archbishop Fenelon, that holy man of France, after having experienced much trouble and persecution from his opposers, was advised by some one to take greater precautions against the artifices and evil designs of men, he made answer in the true spirit of a Christian, "moriamur in simplicitate nostra, " 'let us die in our simplicity. ' He that is wholly in Christ, has a oneness and purity of purpose, altogether inconsistent with those tricks and subterfuges, which are so common among men. He walks in the broad day. He goes forth in the light of conscious honesty. He is willing that men and angels should read the very bottom of his heart. He has but one rule. His language is, in the ordinary affairs of life as well as in the duties of religion, 'My Father, what wilt thou have me to do?' -- this is Christian simplicity; and happy, thrice happy is he who possesses it.

, ,

Christlikeness will produce in us a sweet reasonableness and correct those tendencies toward self-will and arbitrariness so common to human nature. It will arrest leanings toward fanaticism. It will make us teachable, docile and considerate for others and their opinions. Dr. Steele, writing of the fanatic which is the creature of loveless light, says:

"He abjures and pours contempt upon that scintillation of the eternal Logos - Human reason. This lighted torch, placed in man's hand for his guidance in certain matters, he extinguishes in order ostensibly to exalt the candle of the Lord, the Holy Ghost, but really to lift up the lamp of his own flickering fancy. He who spurns the spirit will be left to darkness outside the narrow sphere of

reason; and he who scorns reason will be left to follow the hallucinations of his heated imagination, instead of the dictates of his common sense. The fanatic degrades the word of God by claiming for himself an inspiration equal to its the orphic utterances. The fanatic imagines he has a manifestation of God so immediate that he no longer needs the ordained means of grace. He is characterized by acts professedly prompted by the Spirit, but which are contrary to both reason and the Word of God. "

Likeness to Jesus produces his patience and his attitude of soul when suffering and trials come. Madame Guyon has well said:

"Holy souls are without impatience, but not without trouble; are above murmuring, but not above affliction. The souls of those who are thus wholly in Christ may be regarded in two points of view, or, rather, in two parts, namely, the natural appetite, propensities and affections, on the one hand, which may be called the inferior part; and the judgment, the moral sense and the will, on the other, which may be described as the superior part. As things are in the present life, those who are wholly devoted to God may suffer in the inferior part, and may be at rest in the superior. Their wills may be in harmony with the Divine will, they may be approved in their judgment and conscience, and at the same time may suffer greatly in their physical relations and in their natural sensibilities. In this manner, Christ upon the cross, while His will remained firm in its union with the will of His heavenly Father, suffered much through His physical system; He felt the painful longing of thirst, the presence of the thorns and the agony of the spear. He was deeply afflicted also for the friends He left behind Him, and for a dying world. But in His inner and higher nature, where He felt Himself sustained by the secret voice uttered in His sanctified conscience and in His unchangeable faith, He was peaceful and happy. "

One who had entered into spiritual rest and was experiencing a great passion for being like Christ thus describes some soul sensations passed through:

"It is by looking to Jesus, " or "looking at Jesus, that we are changed into his image. " It struck my mind with peculiar force, and produced such a thrill of holy joy as I cannot describe. I was then looking at Jesus. He seemed standing before me, arrayed in glory and beauty that surpassed all I had ever before conceived of, and looking upon me with a look of tender regard, benignant love and divine complacency, seemed to claim me for His own. My soul was so captivated with the charms of the adorable Redeemer, that when my leader spoke of being changed into his image, I felt such a transport of bliss, as nearly overpowered me. Oh! thought I, to be assimilated to His glorious likeness -- to be a partaker of His nature -- to be "one with Him!" What ineffable felicity - what overwhelming glory -- what amazing exaltation! for an abject worm of earth, to be changed into the image of Jesus! And this is my privilege! I, who am "less than the least of all saints. " I, who am the most unworthy of so distinguished a favor, thus honored, thus blessed of God! Heretofore my heart has borne but the mere outlines of that glorious image; but now, I am to receive the full impress! Yes, now, while I am looking at Jesus! now, He is molding me and fashioning me after His own lovely likeness! My soul is in His hands, passive as clay in the hands of the potter. Jesus is making me all glorious within! I shall be like Him! I have fixed my eyes upon Him, never more to remove them thence, and it is by looking at Him that I am to be conformed to His likeness! O! such a fullness of love and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. I seemed, indeed, "filled unutterably full of glory and of God. " As I came home, Jesus seemed walking with me, and

communing with my heart by the way. When I retired to my chamber, His presence accompanied me, and His glory appeared to fill the room! For several hours, I could not sleep. My heart was in such raptures of joy, that I could not become sufficiently composed to sleep. At length exhausted nature sank into repose; but still my mind was occupied with the same glorious object. Often I would awake in ecstasies, exclaiming "Jesus! O, thou art my Saviour, 'my Redeemer from all sin' -- my happiness -- my heaven!" I have since, enjoyed the same delightful consciousness of His presence, who is the life of all my joys, and am still enabled to keep my eyes unwaveringly fixed upon Him. I see clearly that this is the way, and the only way to abide in His love, and to have the continued victory over the world, the flesh, and Satan, to keep looking at Jesus. A certain seeker said, "While entreating God for a clean heart my mind was led to contemplate 'the image of Christ' as the single object of desire. To be Christlike, to possess 'all the mind that was in' the blessed Saviour; and this became the burden of my earnest prayer. " And the thought occurred to him. why not take that image, and take it now? He said:

"Give Him your sin and take His purity. Give Him your shame and take His honor. Give Him your helplessness and take His strength. Give Him your misery and take His bliss. Give Him your death and take His life everlasting. Nothing remains but that you take His in exchange. Make haste! Now, just now, He freely offers you all, and urges all upon your instant acceptance. " He adds: "Suddenly I felt as though a hand omnipotent, not of wrath but of love, were laid upon my brow. That hand, as it pressed upon me, moved downward. It wrought within and without, and wherever it moved it seemed to leave the glorious impress of the Saviour's image. For a few minutes the depth of God's love swallowed me up; all its billows rolled over me. "

Cecil has said, 'The union of saints results from union with Christ, as the lodestone not only attracts the particles of iron to itself by the magnetic virtue, but by this virtue it unites them to one another. " This attachment to Christ furnishes the soul a great incentive to be true and steadfast in all circumstances. The Christian devoted to Christ can sing:

"Though I am now on hostile ground, Christ for me! Christ for me! And sin beset me all around, Christ for me! Christ for me!

Let earth her fiercest battles wage, And foes against my soul engage, Strong in His strength I scorn their rage, Christ for me! Christ for me!

"And when my life draws to its close, Christ for me! Christ for me! Safe in His arms I shall repose, Christ for me! Christ for me! When sharpest pains my frame pervade, And all the powers of nature fade, Still will I sing through death's cold shade, Christ for me! Christ for me!"

Consecration

"The body with all its members; the mind with all its faculties; the soul with all its affections, tastes and appetites; the substance with all its gains and uses, including business pursuits and social relations, recreations, education, thought and reading, embracing all our advantages natural and acquired; indeed, our whole life, together with our death, grave and memory, must be given to Christ and placed under contribution for His glory.

"Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die we are the Lord's.

"Living, dying, suffering, rejoicing, resting, toiling, we are the Lord's, entirely His for time and eternity. "

01.05. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Consecration

05 -- THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS IS THE BEAUTY OF CONSECRATION

Consecration does not mean the giving up of our sins or vices or depraved appetites, or forbidden indulgences; these things we renounce, cut out, abjure. It is that state in which all our ransomed powers are devoted, dedicated, consecrated to God. The language of consecration is thus put by a certain writer:

"I am willing To receive what Thou givest; To lack what Thou withholdest; To relinquish what Thou takest; To suffer what Thou inflictest; To be what Thou requirest; To do what Thou commandest. "

Consecration Rom 12:1 The Language of Consecration -- "I beseech you. " The Subjects of Consecration -- "Brethren" The Motive of Consecration -- "Mercies of God" The Area of Consecration -- "Your bodies" The Quality of Consecration -- "Living sacrifice" The Sanity of Consecration -- "Reasonable service" The Object of Consecration -- "May Prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. "

One of the best hymns of Consecration is that hymn of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal:

"Take my life and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee: Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise. " This hymn takes in the consecration of time, hands, feet, property, intellect, voice -- all. This hymn suggests the extent of consecration or in other words the manifestation of real consecration in personal and practical life through all the ramifications thereof.

I. The Consecration of Life. "Take my life and let it be. "

Real Consecration shows itself in the life, and it should be the burning ambition of every believer to live the consecrated life. Those saints who have impressed their time and age have borne in their daily constant living the marks of dedication to God. Every consecrated soul may say with Paul, Gal 6:18: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus. "

II. The Consecration of Time. "Take my moments and my days. "

We should give our time to God. When this is consecrated to God there will always be time to put into the Lord's service. Many people say: "I have no time to pray, no time to read the Bible, no time to attend church, or go to prayer meeting, " but in real consecration this does not happen as the genuinely consecrated soul always has time for God and His services.

III. The Consecration of the hands. "Take my hands. " This means that when the hands are consecrated to God they will be kept clean and kept out of all unholy business. Consecrated hands mean that the pen will not write that which God cannot bless, will not play that which grieves the Spirit in recreation, will not touch anything that is impure, unclean and that is not of good report.

IV. The Consecration of the feet. "Take my feet and let them be swift and beautiful for thee. "

Consecrated feet will not take us where God will not bless us. We will keep off the Devil's territory. Consecrated feet will walk in the way of God's commandments and will not walk in paths of questionable resort. Consecrated feet will not take us to the theaters, the movies, the dance and other worldly and perilous places. Many young people will save themselves great trouble if they recollect that consecration applies to the feet and many Christian people will strengthen their testimony and increase their influence for God by remembering that the consecration of the feet means keeping out of and away from all those paths and by-paths which lead not to the King's highway of holiness.

V. The Consecration of Property and Money. "Take my silver and my gold. " Where real consecration exists there will be money for God and His cause because the law of the tenth will be observed and perhaps more. Our silver and gold laid upon the altar of God will mean abundance of money for the Lord's work at home and abroad.

Consecration applies to the pocketbook and the income. We recognize that we are only stewards or trustees of the money and property that come in our hands -- god has a claim on it and we recognize it when He draws upon us.

VI. The Consecration of the Intellect. "Take my intellect and use. " This means all our intellectual powers placed upon the altar so that our thinking and reading and study and theology and philosophy will all be along lines well pleasing to the Lord. Paul, Luther, Wesley placed their intellects upon the altar of consecration, hence they became mighty leaders of God's people. Where there is consecrated intellect there will be no skepticism, no modernism, no higher criticism. Today our Protestantism is menaced by an intellectuality that is not consecrated, hence we are flooded with unbelief. A consecrated believer with intellect laid upon God's altar never wanders into the by-paths of speculative philosophy; he believes his Bible, he believes in the things divinely revealed, he enjoys the "inner light" which comes from the illumination of the Holy Spirit.

Consecration of the thinking and reasoning powers will produce wisdom in the life and character. Alfred Cookman says:

"How can it be otherwise? If the third Person in the Trinity comes to abide in our heart, fulfilling His own promise in teaching us all things, revealing Christ in our consciousness as our Wisdom (and to me that means more than the Church now conceives), we shall make wonderful progress in wisdom. Not that a holy person will not blunder; but God will help you to perceive His truth. His character, modeled after the Divine pattern, will be impelled by the Divine impulse. When Jesus sent out His ambassadors, He said, "Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. "That, I think, means the blending of purity and prudence. The Holy Ghost does not come to teach any new doctrine, or to testify of Himself, but of Christ. The very best minds are likely to be tempted in this direction for the sake of holiness.

VII. Consecration of the Voice. "Take my voice and let me sing. " The consecrated voice will mean singing for Jesus and the refusal to use the God-given powers of the voice for the world and the amusement only of the people. This applied to singers will mean songs sung to God's glory; to preachers the use of the voice to publish salvation; and to God's people the use of the voice in prayer, in testimony, in consecration for God's glory. Sankey dedicated his voice to sing salvation

and it was heard on two continents. Bliss' consecrated voice was blessed to multitudes. Sweeney and a great host of holy singers dedicated their voices to sing Redemption's story and countless thousands were won for God. Some years ago a noted opera singer was converted in a holiness tent meeting. She at once left the stage, consecrated her powers of voice to God's glory and gave herself to God's work thrilling thousands with her message of free and full salvation through sacred song.

VIII. The Consecration of the Lips. "Take my lips and let them be.

Consecrated lips will be lips of truth, integrity and love. They will not be lying lips, nortale-bearing or false witnessing lips. They will not be backbiting lips. They will refrain from uttering those things which bring debate and strife and contention.

Consecrated lips will be loving lips and kind, bitter things they will not utter, the unclean they will not speak, truth and righteousness and things pure and holy will be the theme of conversation. They will be praying lips ever burning with holy desire, expressing itself in intercession and prayer for every soul need and the deeper things of the Spirit.

IX. The Consecration of the Will. "Take my will. " The consecration of the will means the will power dedicated to God, hence the will brought into unison with God. "Thy will be done" becomes the language of the soul. A consecrated will will not bend to every pressure brought upon it but is fixed in God. Well has Dr. Upham said:

"A fixed, inflexible will is a great assistance in a holy life. Satan will suggest a thousand reasons, why we should yield a little to the temptations by which we are surrounded; but let us ever stand fast in our purpose. A good degree of decision and tenacity of purpose is of great importance in the ordinary affairs of life. How much more so in the things of religion? He, who is easily shaken, will find the way of holiness difficult -- perhaps impracticable. A double-minded man, he who has no fixedness of purpose, no energy or will, is unstable in all his ways. 'Ye, who walk in the narrow way, let your resolution be unalterable. Think of the blessed Saviour. 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' Though he was momentarily forsaken, at least so far as to be left to anguish inconceivable, and unutterable, his heart nevertheless was fixed, and he could still say, 'My God, my God. '"

X. The Consecration of the Heart. "Take my heart. " The heart consecrated to God means the inward shrine of the life dedicated to God with all its powers and issues. This consecration enables the believer to love the Lord God with a wholehearted devotion in which the affections are not divided. Real consecration protects us from a divided heart.

Gregory the Great said, "A mind occupied with external desires will not glow with the fire of Divine love; and no words will avail to inspire hearts to celestial desires which proceed from a cold heart. Nothing which does not burn itself can kindle flame in anything else. "

XI. The Consecration of our Love. "Take my love, my Lord, I pour at thy feet its treasure store. " This means our affectional nature so consecrated to God that we love God and the things of God supremely.

Love is the master passion of the soul and when regulated by consecrated grace the love powers will not be spent on secondary or trivial matters. Love of Jesus will absorb the soul so that love of

self, of the world, of fashion, dress, money, property will be held in check. Many Christians lose their rich experience when they take off the altar their love powers. Young people often break with their consecration by forming affiliations with those who do not love God, business men often lose their blessing by falling to keep on the altar their love for things -- money, property, etc. Many Christians take their love power off the altar and go after worldly adornment, worldly amusements, etc.

"Thee will I love, my joy, my crown; Thee will I love, my Lord, my God; Thee will I love, beneath thy frown Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod. What though my flesh and heart decay? Thee shall I love in endless day!"

XII. The Consecration of the Personality. "Take myself and I will be ever only all for Thee. "

All our powers are dedicated to God and the life bearing the marks of this complete consecration to God. In this connection we think of Paul when he said: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus. " The seal of God is on the wholly consecrated. The life manifests it, the deportment shows it. With this wholehearted dedication to God there will be a transformation and there will be a constant renunciation and repudiation of worldly standards, fashions and laws. The wholly consecrated person is truly a nonconformist. There is a refusal to conform to this world. A full and complete consecration results eventually in the soul's sanctification and improvement. Let it be remembered that consecration is objective -- "That ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. " (Rom 12:2). "This is the will of God even your sanctification. "

01.06. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Love

06 -- THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS IS THE BEAUTY OF LOVE

"Love is the one kind of holiness existing in different degrees in various believers, " said an old writer. Holiness has been described as Perfect Love -- "The loving God with all our heart, mind, soul and strength, this implies that no wrong temper, none contrary to love, remains in the soul and that all the thoughts, words and actions are governed by pure love. "

Love is the master passion of the soul, hence Jesus placed all service and all obedience and all fidelity to him on Love. He said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy strength. "

Dr. Daniel Steele in describing his entrance into the experience of Perfect Love said: "This has been accompanied with such a feeling of inward cleanness, that I doubt not that the Purifier has taken up His abode in the temple of my heart. But the direct testimony of the heavenly Guest is Love, Love, all consuming Love, flaming in the heart of Jesus -- Woe to me, I feel that sin cannot abide in the flames of this furnace kindled to such an intensity about me. "

One of the most illuminating interpretations of love as set forth in Thirteenth of First Corinthians has been by Professor Drummond in "The Greatest Thing in the World. " He sets forth Love Contrasted, Love Analyzed, Love Defended. In his analysis of Love he says:

"The spectrum of love has nine ingredients:

"Patience -- Love suffereth long.

"Kindness -- And is kind.

"Generosity -- Love envieth not.

"Humility -- Love vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up.

"Courtesy -- Doth not behave itself unseemly.

"Unselfishness -- Seeketh not her own.

"Good Temper -- Is not easily provoked.

"Guilelessness -- Thinketh no evil.

"Sincerity -- Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. " In that wonderful little book of the ages, "The Imitation of Christ, " Thomas a' Kempis speaking of the "Wonderful Effect of Divine Love, " says:

"Love is circumspect, humble, and upright; not yielding to softness, levity, or vanity; love is sober, steady, chaste, quiet, and keeps a guard over all the senses.

"Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing more pleasant, nothing better, either in heaven or earth, because love is born of God; and, rising above all created things, can find its rest in Him alone.

"Love watches, and, slumbering, does not sleep; if weary, it wearies not; if restrained, it is not straitened; if fearful, it is not dismayed; but as a living flame and flowing torch it burst supward, and safely keeps its onward course.

"If any man loves, he will know what is the utterance of love. "

Doddridge was touching this realm of Divine Love when he sang:

"Do not I love thee, O my Lord, Then let me nothing love; Dead be my heart to every joy Where Jesus cannot move.

"Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord But O, I long to soar Far from the sphere of mortal joys, And learn to love thee more. " The consecration of our Love powers hold all things in proper proportion.

Thou art the sea of Love, Where all my pleasures roll, The circle where my passions move And center of my soul. My passions hold a pleasing reign When Love inspires the breast, Love the divinest of the train, The Sovereign of the rest.

Perfection

Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, who was given to the wild beasts at Rome when one hundred and seven years of age, said: "I thank thee, O Lord, that Thou vouchsafed to honor me with a perfect love towards Thee. "

Irenaeus taught that those were perfect "who present soul, body, and spirit faultless to the Lord. Therefore, those are perfect who have the spirit and perseverance of God, and have preserved their souls and bodies without fault. "

Marcarius taught the doctrine more clearly than any of the Fathers. Of our duties and privilege, he says: "It is perfect purity from sin, freedom from all the shameful lusts and passions, and the assumption of perfect virtue; that is, the purification of the heart by the plenary and experimental communion of the perfect and divine Spirit. "

01.07. The Beauty of Holiness is The Beauty of Perfection

07 -- THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS IS THE BEAUTY OF PERFECTION

"The unceasing and steady aim of every Christian should be perfection -- perfection in all things and in his submission to the will of God. No man can be a Christian who does not sincerely desire it, and who does not constantly aim at it No man is a friend of God who can acquiesce in a state of sin and who is satisfied and contented that he is not as holy as God is holy. And any man who has no desire to be perfect and who does not make it his daily and constant aim to be perfect, may settle it down as demonstrably certain that he has no true religion. " -Barnes.

"Out of Zion the Perfection of Beauty God hath shined. " Psa 50:2.

"The church is not a dark lantern, but a candlestick God shines not only in Zion, but out of her. She is made perfect in beauty by his indwelling and that beauty is seen by all observers when the Lord shines forth from her. " Spurgeon, The perfection which Holiness relates itself to is not that of absolute perfection which appertains only to God.

Many erroneous ideas of Perfection prevail on the subject of holiness. Let it be again repeated that on this question we are not predicating angelic perfection, nor Adamic perfection, or absolute perfection, but we are dealing entirely with the subject of Christian Perfection, such as the Bible speaks of in such passages as, Gen 17:1; Mat 5:48; Heb 6:1; Gen 6:9; Job 1:8; Psa 37:37; 1Jn 4:17; 2Co 13:9-11; Heb 13:20-21; 1Pe 5:10; Col 1:28; Eph 4:11-13.

"Religion places the human soul in the presence of its highest ideal of perfection which, for the time being, it can reach or grasp. It lifts it above the level of ordinary goodness and produces at least a yearning after a higher and a better life -- a life in the light of God. "

Christian Perfection as John Fletcher interprets it is this:

"By Christian Perfection we mean nothing but the cluster and maturity of the graces which compose the Christian character in the church militant. In other words, Christian Perfection is a spiritual constellation made up of those gracious stars: Perfect Repentance, Perfect Faith, Perfect Humility, Perfect Meekness, Perfect Self-Denial, Perfect Resignation, Perfect Hope, Perfect Charity and above all Perfect Love. "

"It is Perfection, " said Limborch, "in being correspondent to the provisions and terms of the divine covenant. It is not sinless or an absolutely perfect obedience, but such as consists in a sincere love of piety, absolutely excluding every habit of sin. "

Dr. Adam Clarke discussing Christian Perfection says: "That observation of a learned civilian is at once both correct and illustrative; namely, 'We count those things perfect which want nothing requisite for the end whereto they were instituted. ' Accordingly a man may be said to be perfect who answers the end for which God made him; and as God requires every man to love Him with all his heart, soul, mind and strength and his neighbor as himself, then he is a perfect man that

does so -- he answers the end for which God made him. And this is more evident from the nature of that love which fills his heart; for as love is the principle of obedience, so he that loves his God with all his powers will obey Him; and he who loves his neighbor as himself will not only do no injury to him, but on the contrary, labor to promote his best interests. Why the doctrine which enjoins such a state of perfection as this should be dreaded, ridiculed or despised is a strange thing. "

Let it be understood that this Perfection is the perfection of the Heart. It is that of which Wesley sings.

"A heart in every thought renewed, And full of Love divine, Perfect and right and pure and good A copy, Lord of thine. "Give me a new, a perfect heart, From doubt and fear and sorrow free, The mind which was in Christ impart, And let my spirit cleave to thee. " The Perfect Christian But to answer the question directly. What is it to be a perfect Christian? Two things are necessary, viz. , a clean heart, and a heart filled with love to God and man. This we have already briefly noticed. But is it possible for the heart to be made clean, or to be freed from all sin? We answer affirmatively. That the soul may be saved from the least and last remains of moral pollution and defilement, we have not a shadow of a doubt. Indeed no truth is more clearly revealed in the Bible. Who can read the Bible, anxiously desiring to know the truth, and not acknowledge it? The idea of perfection should always carry with the idea of wholeness and health. Let us ring it out to a needy church that Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith can save to the uttermost and give us a completed and finished case of redemption.

Furthermore let us always bear in mind that Christian Perfection such as the saints of the Lord may attain unto is Practical. Francis DeSales, in his "Introduction to a Devout Life, " says:

"It is an error, a heresy, to suppose that devotion cannot be cherished in the camps of soldiers, the shops of tradesmen, the courts of princes, or the households of married persons. It is true, that neither purely contemplative nor monastic, nor religious devotion, would be suitable in such places; but, besides these three kinds of devotion, there are many others which may be exercised so as to attain perfection in all lawful secular callings. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, David, Job, Sarah, Rebecca, prove the truth of this in the Old Testament. In the New, Cornelius, Sebastian, Maurice, were perfectly devout in the army; Joseph, Lydia, Crispin, in their shops; Constantine, Helen, Lewis, Blessed Amedoeus and St. Edward, on their thrones; Monica, Aquila, and Priscilla, in their households. It has even happened that many have relinquished perfection in solitude, which seems so favorable to it, who cherished it in the world, which appears so much opposed to it.

One has said: "Now devotion is that true spiritual sugar which sweetens the bitterness of mortifications, and corrects the unwholesomeness of worldly consolations; it sweetens the discontent of the poor, and corrects the avidity of the rich -- soothes the desolation of the afflicted, and represses the arrogance of the prosperous - cheers the sadness of those who live in solitude, and checks the dissipation of those who frequent society. It serves as fire in winter, and as dew in summer. It knows how to enjoy abundance and how to suffer want; and how to render both honor and contempt equally advantageous. It enables us to receive pleasure or pain with almost the same evenness of soul, and replenishes us with extraordinary sweetness.

"True devotion never injures, but perfects, whatever it influences; when it is made a hindrance to the pursuit of some lawful calling, it becomes false devotion. The bee, says Aristotle, extracts honey from flowers without doing them the least harm, leaving them as fresh and perfect as it found them; but true devotion does still more, for it not only does no injury to any lawful vocation or employment, but adds to them grace and beauty. " In Holiness there can be no selfishness. In Holiness there can be no murmurings. In Holiness there can be no covetousness. In Holiness there can be no self-will. In Holiness there can be no seeking for the highest places. In Holiness there can be no envy. In Holiness there can be no resentment. In Holiness there can be no religious pride.

-- Ackerman. THE END

02.00. The Cross and Flag

The Cross and Flag By George Ridout This is a 21 Chapter work by Ridout (Methodist) about religious experiences during WWII.

Table of Contents

Dedication Chapter 1 - Departure Chapter 2 - A London Air Raid Chapter 3 - The Battle of the Skies in Paris Chapter 4 - My First Religious Work in France Chapter 5 - Doing Field Work on Historic Soil Chapter 6 - The Story of a Little French Village Chapter 7 - The Story of John Grace of the Army Chapter 8 - Under Fire Chapter 9 - Chateau Thierry Chapter 10 - Moving Toward the Battle Lines Chapter 11 - My Baptism of Fire Chapter 12 - The Second Battle of the Marne Chapter 13 - After the Battle Chapter 14 - Fletcher Benson Chapter 15 - Peace Chapter 16 - Preaching the Gospel in Germany Chapter 17 - Some Messages of the War Chapter 18 - Joan of Arc Chapter 19 - Consecration as Illustrated by the War Chapter 20 - Some Interesting People I Met During and After the War Chapter 21 - The Havoc of War, and After

02.000. Dedication

The Cross and Flag: Dedication By George Ridout THE CROSS AND FLAG WW I EXPERIENCES By George Whitefield Ridout Methodist Minister Overseas YMCA Secretary Pentecostal Publishing Company,

Louisville, Ky.

Printed Book: Copyright 1919 By Pentecostal Publishing Company

DEDICATION To my wife who with great bravery bore my going to war, and with a beautiful spirit carried all the responsibilities of home and family during my absence. To the Officers and Men of the 38th Regiment with whom I was associated when they "wrote one of the most brilliant pages of military history" in the Battle of July 15.

Numerous war books have been published. To venture another upon this somewhat overcrowded sea might appear a trifle presumptuous, but I have ventured because of the unusually generous reception my writings in the Christian Witness, The Pentecostal Herald, The Christian Herald and the Christian Advocate have received.

Some things which have appeared in some of the above papers I have thought it worth while to reproduce in the book.

I have named this book: "The Cross and the Flag -- Experiences in the Great World War," because of what the Cross means to me as a Christian, and what the Flag means to me as an American.

Since the war, these words have a new significance for me:

"In the Cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime." In one of the French villages which the Germans had destroyed by their artillery, one thing remained untouched and unhurt through all -- the Wayside Cross. Homes had been wiped out, business places ruined, schoolhouse and church laid in ruins, but the Cross stood intact. So with the wreckage of this old world and the tumbling of thrones and crowns, the Cross of Christ remains as ever -- the hope of the world and its only means of salvation.

Then the Flag! Glorious old Flag! Its stars broke upon the darkened skies of Europe and gave out light and hope. When it was flung to the breeze in France a new day dawned for the Allies. The coming of our Flag brought rescue and victory! The Flag is coming back home again and we hail it with new affection and new thrills of patriotism. During the war someone wrote of the Flag thus:

"Here's to the blue of the wind-swept North, As we meet on the fields of France. May the spirit of Grant be over them all, As the sons of the North advance. And here's to the gray of the sun-kissed South, As we meet on the fields of France. May the spirit of Lee be over them all, As the sons of the South advance. And here's to the blue and the gray as one, As we meet on the fields of

France. May the spirit of God be over us all, As the sons of the Flag advance."

Now that it comes back from Foreign shores we say as thankful patriots:

"Your flag and my flag; and oh! how much it holds: Your land and my land, secure beneath its folds.

Rose-red and blood-red, its stripes forever gleam;

Snow-white and soul-white, the good forefather's dream Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam aright -The gloried guidon of the day, the shelter of the night."

02.01. Departure

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 1 - Departure By George Ridout When the war between Germany and America broke out I was on the Theological staff of Taylor University. With the declaration of war there was great excitement, and for a few days it was a difficult matter to hold the students down to their studies, particularly the young men. In addressing my Bible class one morning I told them that I believed the war would only be a question of a few months, now that America had entered upon it. I was greatly mistaken. The foe was much stronger than we gave him credit for. At that time I had not the slightest idea of 'becoming in any way connected with the war, save as a citizen, but one night with several other professors of Taylor University I attended a meeting at Marion, Indiana, where speeches were made and the war situation impressed upon us. I got a different view of matters that night. For quite a considerable while I felt a great burden of prayer on my soul as though something was pending, I knew not what. I think I know the reason now. The Lord was getting me ready for a line of service and suffering such as I had never passed through before. The fact was, that for some time I had been feeling that the world was in an agony and that the Lord would not hold us guiltless if we lived snug lives and comfortable, paid our taxes and did a few other decent things like respectable Christians and let the other fellows do the suffering and' endure the agony and we, like the Levite in Luk 10:1-42, pass by on the other side. I felt that in a crisis like the one that is now on us with hundreds of thousands of our boys from our Sunday schools and churches and camp meetings going across the sea to fight for a safe and righteous democracy for the world, that an opportunity was afforded Christian men and workers and evangelists and preachers to pitch in and help save our boys from going to the devil, and put up bars and build fences around them of prayer, and moral and, religious influence and by every means possible do the utmost to save them physically, morally and spiritually. The YMCA had opened doors by which many ministers could go to the war and do their bit in a moral and religious sense, and when passing through Chicago in December, 1917, on my way to a meeting in Michigan, I went before the Central West Committee who were selecting men for overseas service. It seems as though it pleases the Lord to favor me with an immediate acceptance and I went on my way to await the call. When we offered ourselves to the work it was with no limitations and no strings; it was for immediate service and for the duration of the war. We felt if this thing was worth going into it was worth going into all over. And why not? John S. Inskip was Chaplain in the Civil War, and Hedley Vickers and General Gordon, though soldiers, were eminent Christians, and Captain Webb, of early Methodism, was a British soldier! If a million of our young men were giving themselves absolutely to fight for flag and country why should not many Christian ministers give themselves whole-heartedly to work for Christ on the field and out on the firing line among the troops, -- to protect morally, socially and physically the boys whilst in camp and to pray with them and preach to them the mighty Christ, and when the battle wages hot and the wounded and dying are all about you to point them to Jesus, comfort and console them and do everything possible to save soul and body. In our meeting in Michigan with Rev. G. W. Gordon, we had many adversaries -especially from the weather man. Snow storms and frost are no helpful accompaniments of a revival meeting. It was impossible for many to attend, but we continued over

Sunday. When we came to our closing service we were beseeched to stay a few days longer. We promised to stay until Wednesday and make that an all-day meeting. Wednesday came and a good day of blessing it proved to be. As we sat down to supper a message came to the parsonage -- I was wanted at the telephone. I said at once, "That means France." I went to the phone. It was a message from my wife that a call had come summoning me to New York at once. That night in the church I attended my last revival meeting in America, and before daylight next morning was on my way to Detroit to catch a train for home.

Christmas day I ate dinner with my family, and at 3 o'clock I took the train for New York, there to take steamer for France. Many things had to be gotten together before departing. My uniform and outfit, and especially my passports. Before going you pass the most scrutinizing inspection of Washington for your passport, and England and France must pass on you too, before they let you in one of their ports.

After everything on shore was adjusted the most perplexing movement was to get on board ship and, having gotten on board, it was about as difficult to get off -- the only possible thing that could accelerate the exit would be a German torpedo. In that event you got off as best you could, without having to hand out your passport or take an affidavit that you were not a spy. The voyage across the Atlantic, when I crossed, was anything but pleasant; dangers and perils met you on every hand and particularly so when you neared the war zone. The last three days on board we dare not move without our life belts. We bore them with us as we sat down to eat, and wherever we went, and slept at night without undressing, and with our lift belts close at hand. The good ship "Auronia," of the Cunard Line in which we sailed, made many a voyage in safety, but eventually the Hun submarine got her later on in the season and she sunk to her grave in the bottom of the sea.

What joy and delight there was on 'board when the Navy destroyers met us! It was a great relief and everybody breathed a sigh of relief now that those faithful watch-dogs of the British Navy were at our side and would stay by us till we made port. We had six ships in our convoy, and the destroyers of course had ,been notified 'by wireless of our coming. They scoured the seas for miles all around us for the piratical submarine. They never relaxed for one minute their vigilance. They bobbed up and down here and there and everywhere. Woe betide the submarine that would show itself in our vicinity just now.

Here let me stop long enough to speak a word of admiration for the incomparable British Navy. What wonders it has achieved: It blockaded Germany and bottled up the Germany Navy, preserved the British Empire from invasion, enabled the British Empire to wage war in ten different parts of the world, increased its tonnage from 2,500,000 to 8,000,000, steamed, in one month 8,000,000 miles, destroyed 150 submarines, transported 20,000,000 men, 2,000,000 horses, 25,000,000 tons war material, 51,000,000 tons of oil and fuel, and 130,000,000 tons of food. Brought food for its 46,000,000 inhabitants of Great Britain, for its 8,000,000 soldiers, and for the 75,000,000 inhabitants of Italy and France. The U. S. Navy became part of this great sea power, and of course contributed immensely to its achievements. Our ship was loaded with troops -- soldier boys from all the States were going forth to the great adventure across the seas. Also, there were many officers. I was talking one night in the cabin to a Major of the Regular Army. He had spent many years in the service and had traveled in many parts of the world. One thing that struck me about his conversation was that a man to become a good soldier must give up

everything, he must abandon the idea of money and other like things, and must give himself absolutely to his profession. So Uncle Sam is preaching today a tremendous sermon on consecration. He is stretching an altar rail from Maine to California, and the boys are coming hundreds of thousands--yea, millions -- and they are offering upon the altar of patriotism themselves and all they have and are -- money, business, friends, bright prospects -- all go! Behold, on the other hand, with what hesitancy Christian people consecrate themselves to their Lord. How unwilling they are to place all upon the altar and give themselves without reserve to Jesus and His cause.

We Land In England

After a night at Liverpool we went up to London, the great Capital of England, and the seat of the British Empire, and what a country is England!

Many years ago one of German's poets wrote these lines on England, and no doubt, Schiller, as he wrote the lines in reference to the Spanish Armada meant every word of it. To England Blessed island . . . Queen of the seas . . . Who wrought for thee the precious jewel that makes thee queen of all the lands?

Hast thou not wrung from proud kings the wisest of constitutions The Magna Charta that makes citizens of thy kings and princes of thy citizens?

Thy proud sea power, has thou not won it from a million rivals in the sea fight? To whom dost thou owe it, ruddy-faced people of this earth: To whom else but thy spirit and thy sword? From above God Almighty saw the proud live pennons of thy enemy, He saw thy destined grave . . .

"Shall," quoth He, "thy Albion perish, thy race of heroes be destroyed, The last rock bastion against oppression fall to earth, The defense against tyrants be annihilated in this hemisphere?"

"Never," He cried, "shall Freedom's paradise, the shield of all that is worthy in man perish!" The British Empire is world-wide in its control -- embracing Canada, Newfoundland, Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Suez Canal and the Red Sea, Aden in Arabia, India, Singapore, Hong Kong, Australia, New Zealand, Cape Colony, Natal and Sierra Leone, ruling over 450,000,000 souls. When war broke out England only had a little army of 160,000. She raised an army of 7,500,000 and lost in killed alone over 800,000 -- five times as many as constituted her original army. Her casualties during the war were 750,000 more than the U. S. A. entire expeditionary Force in France, her total casualties being 2,500,000.

Emerson's tribute to England reads good to us these days:

England

I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigor and a pulse like cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All hail! Mother of nations, Mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind require at the present hour, and thus only hospitable to the foreigner, and truly a home to the thoughtful and

generous, who are born in the soil. (1856).

02.02. A London Air Raid

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 2 - A London Air Raid By George Ridout

I had been in London twice before -- in peace times. It was a visibly different London now with the war on, but with all its sufferings, limitations, restrictions and such like it was truly remarkable the courage and spirit manifested by the people. Of course it was not the London of twenty years ago -- at night everything had to be darkened, food was somewhat scarce, sugar was at a premium, meat was a rarity, bread was limited, butter none at all. Everything was put on a war basis.

We were not there long before we had, a taste of the horrors of war. We were sitting in the Hall of the YMCA when the secretary came in and addressed the audience thus: "An air raid is pending; you are requested to keep your seats. We will inform you if there are other instructions." An air raid! I had read about air raids, had imagined them -- here I was thrust right into the midst of one so soon! I went to the door with the purpose of going out but it was forbidden that anyone should be on the streets during a raid. I at length went out with an officer who had to report for duty at a certain hour. I went with him as far as the Police Station, and there I got in conversation with a friendly policeman who invited me down in the subway to see a sight. I went down, and what a sight! A mass of humanity had gathered there from the nearby alleys and tenements, and crowded the subway. There were old men and old women, young mothers with nursing babies, young men and young women and little children. Some were weeping, some shivering with fear, some fainting, some hysterical, some laughing, and, I suppose some praying. Up in the sky a terrible battle was going on, and from the sky the bombers hurled the deadly bombs that meant destruction and death. The anti-air craft guns from the ground were pouring their deadly shells at the enemy planes above, but in the dark the shooting was largely at random. That night there were two raids. After the first was over I went back to my hotel and was getting ready to retire when another alarm was heard. I went out and this time there were visible signs of the damage wrought by the enemy. Just down a short distance from my hotel was a great building on fire -- the bomb had done its deadly work, it had hit the roof of this big printing establishment and went clear through the building to the cellar where over a hundred people had taken refuge. The majority of them were killed, the building set on fire, and for awhile pandemonium reigned. The firemen got busy trying to put out the fire and they finally conquered. The great building was a wreck but they had saved adjoining buildings from destruction.

There was a kindly-hearted Episcopal clergyman in London who made it his business, when air raids were on, to go out and try to comfort the distressed in his parish. This night he himself met his death. This war has developed forms of destructiveness men never dreamed of. Science has been harnessed to the Red Horse of War and been turned into an instrument of fruitfulness extreme.

London has had many troubles and dark days. War has cast its shadows upon this great city many a time. It has felt the blast of the war king for centuries past, but never perhaps, has war's dreadfulness come so close to her as in this crisis.

London was a treasure-house during this war. She had to bury many of her treasures. London has the greatest Museum in the world, but during the war it had to be shut up and its priceless manuscripts and books, brought down from the distant past, had to be hidden where the incendiary bomb could not destroy them. London has the most wonderful Cathedral in the world -- Westminster Abbey -- portions of that, during the war, was closed to visitors because of the priceless relics of ancient days housed there. Many of the statues in public buildings had to be sand-bagged to preserve them in case of air raids. The London police have a great organization during the war, and no stranger is allowed to come there or go away without their consent. They have on their records my history, my photograph, my address, etc. They could lay their hands on me at any time if I did contrary to their regulations.

One thing I was constantly reminded of as I traveled about those European countries, how important a thing it is to have a good record and to so live that you can stand the strictest kind of scrutiny. I was reminded too that how one stands abroad depends greatly upon his record at home. It further impressed me with the fact that every man's record is being kept in the sky, and the day of Revelation is going to be a hard day on those who neglected to keep on good terms with Headquarters.

London is the city of John Wesley, and on Sunday morning I went to old City Road Chapel and worshipped in the church where the saintly Wesley preached and conducted his great Conferences with the early Methodist preachers. City Road Chapel keeps the same shape or form of building as in Wesley's days, but the interior has been embellished and beautified by the gifts of money from Methodists from all over the world. The old pulpit from which John Wesley preached is still there. It was a pleasure to stand up in it. Outside in the church yard are the graves of John Wesley, Adam Clarke, Jabez Bunting, and many other famous Methodist worthies. On the tombstone of Adam Clarke, Methodism's greatest Commentator, was this inscription: "A man of remarkable mental vigor; almost unparalleled industry and of expansive and varied learning. A Christian of deep and steadfast piety, firmly attached to the essential doctrine and discipline of Wesleyan Methodism." In the afternoon we went to St. Paul's Cathedral to worship. The service was strictly ritualistic as was to be expected. They have here the most famous boy choir in the world -- the little fellows are taken in charge very young and then devote themselves entirely to the one thing of fitting themselves for singing fit for the King -- and very frequently they sing before His Majesty because upon all State occasions such as National Thanksgiving, National humiliation and prayer, etc., St. Paul's is made the State Church and Royalty attends. Their music on Sunday afternoon was beautiful, especially the Anthem, which embraced Hayden's, "The Heavens are Telling." The preacher gave a good gospel message from Paul's words, "I have fought a good fight."

London has some fine Methodist movements; the chief one being the Central Mission Westminster. It is an immense structure devoted to great religious enterprises. On Sunday evening we attended a great gospel meeting there, which was packed to the galleries with a congregation of perhaps 3,000 people. Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, of Wesleyan Methodism, was the preacher. One thing we noticed particularly was the way those Methodists sang the old-time hymns, and sang them through -- not two or three stanzas but the whole hymn. One of the hymns is a hymn of my boyhood -- I have not heard it sung in many years. Let me give the first stanza:

O God, of good the unfathomed sea! Who would not give his heart to Thee? Who would not love Thee with his might?

O Jesus, Lover of mankind, Who would not his whole soul and mind, With all his strength, to Thee unite?

They sang the whole five stanzas. The sermon was one to make a camp meeting shout over. In fact at times the preacher was interrupted with "Hallelujah," "Praise the Lord." It reminded me of old-time Methodism truly, and the preacher was one of the most scholarly and renowned preachers of English Methodism. Preaching about the finished work of Christ he said, "They say that it is old-fashioned to preach that now. Well then, this preacher is old-fashioned and shall continue to be. What if I should be called to the Bar of God and, instead of preaching the whole counsel of God, I should be charged with trying to please the people." A visit that we made at Westminster Abbey revealed many newly interesting things though we had made previous visits to this most historic Abbey. One very curious thing called to our attention was a door on the north side which is known as Demon's Door. It was the custom always to open this door during the progress of the service and keep it open so that the demons who might be inside should be driven out doors by the power of prayer and worship within. We thought that we knew not a few churches in the homeland where such a north door would be very handy if it was within the realm of possibility to drive the devils out through it.

London has a great history religiously. It was in this great old city that some of the most wonderful events in church history have occurred. Here in London the word of God has been sounded forth to the ends of the earth. It was here the great Spurgeon preached for many years the pure gospel, the echoes of which went throughout the whole world. It was here the Wesleyan revival began, and here at City Road was the great headquarters of the Methodist Movement which swept through the British Isles like flames of holy fire, purging and purifying the nation, and which later crossed the Atlantic engirding the American States in its arms of power and revivalism. But oh, shades of Wesley! What things have transpired since thy day, John Wesley of old London! The very nation and people among whom Wesley went to obtain a sample of pure primitive Christianity and where he says he found the very best type of Christians, have changed their God! The God of War has supplanted the God of Grace and Glory. The word of God -- the old Bible -- has been thrown aside for the new learning and the new culture, and in consequence the whole world has been thrust into an abyss of woe such as was never known in all the annals of time.

Sad indeed it is that the Germany of the Moravians who taught John Wesley the way of salvation and the Germany of Martin Luther, who was God's instrument in bringing on the great Reformation and rediscovering to the Church the great doctrine of Justification by faith should become obsessed by lust of power and conquest like the Huns and Attila of old the "scourge of God" among the nations -- the truce-breaker and defiler, the hated among the nations for her rapine and carnage, her bloody deeds and frightfulness.

02.03. The Battle of the Skies in Paris

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 3 - The Battle of the Skies in Paris By George Ridout

While the war was on, when one started for Europe, from the moment he put steps on shipboard until the armistice was signed, there was absolutely no real safety. Perils on sea, perils on land, perils in the heavens! I had gotten safely to Paris having crossed the English Channel in a crowded "packet" steamship, but was not there very long before I got another baptism of fire. The Germans seemed determined to capture Paris, or destroy it. When they started out in August, 1914, their objective was Paris, and they got within 37 kilometers of it, but God, in His good mercy, stopped them, and they never got any nearer. They were marching at the rate of 40 kilometers a day for four days. A German diary found by the French tells about this march: "The men stumble at every step, their faces all begrimed with dust, their clothes in ribbons; they look like living rags; they march with their eyes closed and sing in chorus lest they might drop asleep on the road. The certainty of instant victory and a triumphant entry into Paris keeps their nerves taut. It is the ecstasy of victory that keeps the men alive. That word Paris (on a sign-board) made them simply mad. Some hugged the signpost with both arms; others danced around it."

Paris! What a city to fight for! No wonder that in 1870 when the Prussians besieged it, rather than give it up the people of Paris endured the most awful privations, until eventually with starvation facing them they surrendered. Paris is France reflected in a single city. Here are her artists and orators, her scholars and her soldiers, her lawyers and her statesmen! Paris is a city of beauty. Statues appear everywhere, many of them are inspired by patriotism, but all are designed to be decorative and magnify the artistic taste. Paris is the home of the artists -- the atmosphere of Paris, it is said, teaches them moderation, clearness, discipline, "divine proportion," as Leonardo calls it, but this must be taken in an artistic sense, not in a moral. Morally, Paris is frightfully unclean. The city is built according to plan, and no one can build a house there unless willing to conform to the general plan or setting of the given locality. Paris has few high buildings. Skyscrapers are unknown there. There are no "canyons" of high buildings such as are to be found downtown in New York.

During the war there did not exist any "gay" Paris. It was somber and sober Paris. At night darkness unrelieved by bright lights took hold of the city and only glimmering street lights were permitted to burn. All windows had to be heavily curtained at night so as not to allow a single ray of light to creep outside because one light might point the way into the city of some enemy airplane hovering on the outskirts of the city. Paris has certainly made a reputation for itself, not alone as the city of art and beauty but as a city of loose morals. The American Army drew a tight line against Paris as a leave center for its men. For a long period no soldiers were permitted to go to Paris on leave -- officers were also excluded, but after the Armistice the rules relaxed some and officers were permitted to go there, and some of the privates. In order to guard our men the YMCA, Red Cross and other American Institutions opened up hotels, club rooms, etc., for officers and men. Here everything was on the American plan -- American meals, etc., and American

women supervised a good deal of the work. These places became the natural rendezvous of Americans. They felt at home there, they were given good beds to sleep on, good food to eat, good entertainments, and on Sundays, religious services. No doubt thousands of Americans in Paris were saved from falling into the toils of the strange women by means of those places provided out of the money of the American people. Besides the above, when the American soldier wished to see Paris he did so with the aid of competent American guides who took him around to all the places worth while seeing. During the war Paris was the target of German's airplanes, and latterly of her biggest gun. The Germans had invented a gun that could throw an immense shell seventy-five miles. Paris was the target. That gun was designed to terrorize the Parisians and was employed as an adjunct to their desperate drive of March, 1918. The Germans thought that big Bertha would have such a psychological effect upon the Parisians that they would become utterly discouraged, they would become broken in spirit -- but it did not work that way. The big gun did some cruel damages to Paris -- the most awful on Good Friday, when the shell fell in a church where there were many worshippers and many were killed, including several Americans.

I had not been in Paris long before one night the alarm was given all over the city that an air raid was in progress. Overhead we could hear the "rat-tat-tat" of the machine guns of the airplanes as they engaged in deadly combat, from the ground the anti-aircraft guns poured forth their deadliest at the invader. While the fighting was going on everybody was in suspense -- no one could tell when or where the enemy bomb might fall. During this night's raid forty-nine were killed. A sad case was that of a French soldier-artilleryman. He arrived home next morning on a ten days' leave, to find that during this raid his wife and two children had been killed. Some bombs fell in the suburbs but did not do much damage to property or to life. Soon the signals were given that the danger was past and people went back to their homes and hotels. Those air raids always had a terrorizing effect upon nervous people, the weak and the sick, and no doubt more people died through fear than were killed by falling bombs. Those air raids of the Germans reminded us of the Beast of Revelations 13:13. "He doeth great wonders so that He maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men." They reminded me, too, of the Judgment Day when woes shall break forth upon the earth and the stars shall fall from their sockets and all nature shall be in convulsions.

See the stars from heaven falling, Hark, on earth the doleful cry,
Then on rocks and mountains calling,
While the glorious Judge draws nigh,
"Hide us, hide us, Rocks and Mountains, from his eye."

02.04. My First Religious Work in France

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 4 - My First Religious Work in France By George Ridout My first assignment took me to a large Quartermasters Headquarters Camp at Gievres lying between Tours and Blois. It was what was known as an Intermediate Camp -- between the base camps and the front line camp. The engineers had done a wonderful piece of construction here, and it was in this vicinity they were constructing the biggest ice plant in Europe. The YMCA hut here was in charge of Rev. Walter Murray, a Presbyterian preacher from Philadelphia. I continued here about two months. We slept in a tent during those winter months, but had a stove in it, and the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning we had a good fire going. Every morning we would rise at Reveille, before daylight, have mess with the engineers, then come back to the hut, get around the stove and have the Bible read, and pray together. Mr. Murray later joined a fighting division and met his death. One day in July he got under shell fire, two shells falling close to him and he was killed. They buried his body near where he fell. His wife and children lived in East Orange, N. J. In one of my first Sunday services held in the hut here I preached from the text, Heb 4:12 : "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." In this message to the soldiers I endeavored to show that if the word of God be so and the Bible be true certain things must inevitably follow.

1. If the Bible is true, sin cannot go unpunished. Be sure your sin will find you out. This is true of men and of nations. Germany for her high crimes against law and humanity and against God cannot go unpunished. The sins of Bismarck of 1870 against the French nation are bringing a terrible fruitage.

2. If the Bible is true man needs a Savior. He cannot save himself or take one sin away. He needs a mighty Savior and he must come to him in the terms of the hymn:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come
to thee, O Lamb of God, I come."

3. If the Bible is true God answers prayer. There are times in the life of every man when he feels he must pray. No human power can help him. The promise is that God is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him.

I set myself to emphasize the religious idea as soon as I got to work in France. I had: been a preacher for twenty-five years and I felt that while many YMCA men did not care for that aspect of the work, yet some of us must hold fast to it. I found among some Secretaries a very cold disposition towards religious work, but some of us never wearied, and all through my fifteen months' service I took advantage of every opportunity to put in religious work and service.

Apart from preaching and public meetings I did some Bible class work. In our Bible class work we sometimes find some splendid fellows. I met a young man from Philadelphia who said that until their company got broken up and separated, a number of them used to get together out in the

woods and have prayer meetings. Another fine young fellow from Michigan in my tent Monday night had a rich time in his soul as he found out our little meeting place, and two nights after I went with him about two miles up to his barracks where I met about forty other fellows. In my Friday night tent Bible class and prayer meeting a young fellow from Philadelphia gave an interesting testimony. He had been going through a trial and was feeling quite dejected and discouraged all day. Toward evening the mail arrived and brought him, from some good friend, a beautiful Bible with this inscription upon it: "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He said it seemed like a direct message to him. He got blessed. It was another proof of God's faithfulness that in the hour of trouble and trial He would remember us in great mercies. Isa 54:7.

We went the other night to barracks of Company ____ of ____ to hold a Bible class with them. When we reached there I witnessed a most interesting scene. The mail had arrived and it had brought letters that had been looked for, for four weeks. Shall I describe the scene? The barracks was lighted only by candles and up against a wall elevated on some boards was the fellow who had the mail and another holding the candle over him so he could see to read out the names -- what a shower of letters some boys from Michigan received! Well suffice it to say I had no Bible class that night, and no one could blame the boys. They wanted to read letters from mother and father, sisters and brothers and sweethearts.

02.05. Doing Field Work on Historic Soil

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 5 - Doing Field Work on Historic Soil By George Ridout

I was assigned by the director of religious work in Paris, to do some preaching and lecture work up the Marne where Joffre and Foch made history in 1914. On my way up by train, as we arrived at Chalons, I saw my first daylight battle in the skies. At London and Paris I had been thrust into air raids but it was night and there was nothing visible. Here at Chalons the enemy was visible and he certainly was given a race for his life by the French. Chalons is a famous old French city. Here the Huns under Attila, the "scourge of God," in the Fifth Century was defeated; 165,000 combatants lay dead on the field of battle and Attila was sent back into Germany.

It was close to here in the early days of our late war that the Germans suffered their great initial defeat and setback by Joffre and Foch. It was the first battle of the Marne and was fought out for seven days, Sept. 5-12. The Germans had 900,000, the French and British 700,000. The British forces only being one-thirtieth of the whole as their army at this period was a very small one. On the night before the opening battle Joffre issued to his troops this message: "When the battle begins in which the fate of the country begins, every man must be reminded that the time is past for looking behind. When a unit can no longer advance it must keep at all costs the ground gained and die where it stands rather than fall back. No flinching can be tolerated."

I was preaching at Mailly, also at Hausemuth, and in going between the two places I had to pass through Somme Sous. It was here I was told that Foch broke the backbone of the Germans in this great battle of the Marne. It was a death struggle. If the Germans had won, here they would have captured Paris next day. Paris knew this and did a most extraordinary thing. The Governor of Paris, Gallieni, requisitioned every taxi cab, automobile and such like that he could lay his hands on -- 1,000 of them -- and, contrary to orthodox military strategy, emptied his garrison of troops and sent them on to help Joffre win the battle of the Marne.

What saved the day for the French (and for the Allies) was Foch discovering a break in the German line and driving a wedge through it. After three days of terrific fighting in which he had been beaten back time and again, he sent this cheerful message to Joffre who was then in charge of the French forces: "The situation is excellent, my right is driven back, so is my left, I am pushing my center forward." It was by pushing his center forward that he won the battle. As I rode through this piece of country, graves of French and German dead were on both sides of the road, sad reminders of the bloody struggle. It was while preaching in this section that I met for the first time some soldier boys who were students at Taylor University. It was a delight to meet them and talk of old times. One young fellow, the son of a preacher out West, was especially desirous of meeting me and talking over some of his difficulties. We talked after the service. I counseled him as best I could, and then under the pine trees we bowed together in prayer to the Mighty God whom we felt to be as near to us in France as in America.

I remember my messages were based largely, during this trip, on Rom 1:16 and Acts 25:19. Before the evening service I took tea with the Major and Chaplain. Both of them were devout men. The Major was a constant attendant upon religious services and the Chaplain was a man who had the religious interests of the men at heart. The YMCA Secretary at this hut was Mr. Fitt, son-in-law of the great Moody. It was just after Passion Week I visited this section, and all through Passion Week Mr. Fitt held nightly religious services.

02.06. The Story of a Little French Village

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 6 - The Story of a Little French Village By George Ridout

It was the little village of Montribourg not far from Chaumonth, the headquarters of the American Army in France. Troops of the Third Battalion, Thirty-eighth Regiment, Third Division, arrived there from Brest in April. The village was in a pretty valley along the whole length of which ran a splendid stream of water. When we arrived there spring was just setting in and adorning the landscape with pretty colors, flowers were just peeping out of their places, birds were beginning to sing, the meadows were turning into a beautiful green and all around nature was doing her utmost to make things pleasant and pretty for the American soldier visitors. The villagers were not many; some were very old. There were no young men, they were away to the war. Of children there were only about a score or more, but a better lot of children could not be found in France. It did not take the soldiers and officers long to get fixed. I myself had my hut and headquarters and "sleeping apartments" in a big stone barn. I slept overhead on the threshing floor until the mice got too busy at night, and I found my bed elsewhere in one of the homes.

Soon the villagers and the Americans got to know each other and the most pleasant relations prevailed -- the French never attempted to take advantage of the Americans in prices, etc., and the Americans, from the officers down, never showed anything but the utmost courtesy to the men, women and children of the village. I became known in that village by the troops as "Holy Joe," and by the children and the villagers as "Uncle (Uncle) George." The nickname "Holy Joe," was started by some "regulars" of the old army who had a certain chaplain to whom they gave that appellation. The boys generally took hold of it and as they found it sometimes' difficult to remember my name they found "Holy Joe" quite handy.

I became "Uncle George" to the children because I grew so fond of them and played with them so much and always remembered them when apples or oranges or any other kind of goodies came down to my hut. One little girl by name Louise, five years of age and an orphan -- her father was killed in the war -- and I became fast friends. I grew very fond, of that little child. She was very shy and at first would not come near a soldier, but eventually I won her and she would come to me and we would take walks in the flower-bedecked fields, and those two months I was in that little village little Louise helped me greatly to overcome homesickness. That little child seemed to feed my hungry heart. At night when at her mother's knee she would say her rosary (she was a Catholic, as all the villagers were) she would always remember to pray for "Uncle George." The period we spent in this little French village was a period of training and preparation. Every day the soldiers would go out to the drill grounds. Their days were busy ones. They rose at 6 a. m. and had mess. Then at 8 they marched out to the fields above the village where they drilled and practiced all the varying arts and maneuvers of war as it pertained to the Infantry. The officers were a fine set of men -- some from the East, some from the West, some from the South. Captain Nixon, the commanding officer, was a fine soldier. He was in the fight at Belleau Woods and was carried out blinded for life. Lieutenant Cramer, from Kansas City, was a bright young fellow. He was killed

going into Fismes with a message. Lieutenant Johnson, from the South, came from a splendid home. His mother used to write him a letter every day. He was killed in the Argonne.

I was enabled in this village camp to carry out my own program of activities and made Sunday a day of worship as far as I could. We had two preaching services and Sunday school in the afternoon. Then once a week on Wednesday evenings, I held a service.

Very often the French people would come to our services. They liked to hear the Americans sing, though they could not understand the meaning. There was a French Catholic church in the village, but it could not maintain a priest so the people who wanted to go to mass went to the neighboring village Company. Among those who always attended our religious services were some Catholics and Jews. I had a few Jewish soldiers in that outfit who were among the finest fellows I have met in the Army, and they were devout and thought of and prayed to God. As Decoration Day approached we began to make preparations for a celebration. Captain McMillan was going to have the companies assemble in the morning and we were going to remember America even though we were in France, but to the surprise of everybody, orders came in from headquarters to move. Now up to this time I had not been near the front, but our Division Secretary, Mr. Danforth, told me one day that all Secretaries who were acceptable to officers and men, and who did good service would move with the troops when they went front. I was now equipped with my helmet and gas mask and other accessories and was ready to go along. My trunk and belongings which I could do without were to be left behind with other excess baggage -- all that I was permitted to take was my bed roll and what things I could carry along in that. The day we marched out of that little village was a memorable one in more senses than one. The village people hated to see us go; they said "au revoir" to us with tears in their eyes, and the children cried too. Lieut. Pitts was telling of one good soul who had mothered quite a few of the boys, that she told him how sorry she was they were going. Oh, he said, other troops will be here after we go. "O, no," she said, "we don't want them, there will never be any like yours. My little Louise clung to my neck and kissed me through her tears. We said "au revoir" and departed and went out from that little village where peace and quiet and contentment reigned, to be ushered upon another scene within a few days where the air was filled with booming guns, where war in reality was being waged, where there was hurry and confusion and congestion, and the voices of Captains giving orders, the whirling of the heavy wheels carrying supplies and guns and ammunition to the front, and the smoke of burning towns and villages, and the flight of their people with what they could carry away on their backs, in go-carts, in dog-carts, voitures, etc. We had intended the last Sunday we were in our little village to have communion. The Chaplain and myself had planned a good program as we thought. The Sunday before I was preaching at night to the boys of two Companies on "Moses' Choice," and I was led to press the subject of personal decision for Christ preparatory to our Communion Service. When I called for those who would, four young fellows at once responded. The next day, after drill hours I met one of them and asked him how he had gotten on during the day, and he said, "Fine. I got through today without any swearing." Alas, for our Communion Service and our plans for the same! The next Sunday we were traveling and no chance for anything like religious services.

02.07. The Story of John Grace of the Army

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 7 - The Story of John Grace of the Army By George Ridout

When the war broke out John Grace was in school preparing for his life work as a minister of the gospel. He was the only son of his mother and she was a widow, but she was a very devout woman and she sacrificed much to give her boy an education and 'fitness for life's work and battle. John was a good boy, he had experienced the saving grace of God in a great revival held in Philadelphia by a noted evangelist, and after his conversion John showed by his changed life to his comrades in the machine shop in which he worked after leaving school, that divine grace keeps a fellow clean and straight, makes him a good workman and a thorough man. John, sometime after his conversion, felt called to devote his life to the ministry and, though to obey this call meant the surrender of a good job and good wages, he yielded to his conviction and started in to prepare himself for the ministry, but very soon the war broke out and believing in the righteousness of the cause, he believed it was his duty as a patriot to offer his service to his country and not try to escape the draft under the plea that he was a divinity student. At the same time he felt that he could do more good if he should be attached to some branch of the army where he could aid the sick and wounded, so he joined the medical department. He was resolved that he would not surrender his Christian principles in the army; that he would not hide his colors, that he would seek to be a true soldier of Jesus Christ as well as a good soldier for his country. So when he went into the camp he looked around for an opportunity to serve his Master's cause. The camp was situated at a place where there were no religious services as chaplains were very scarce and there was nobody officially present to look after religious matters. So he sought out a few fellows of like mind with his own and they thought out a plan for religious activities. There was an old church building up in the town which was not in use, and they went around and saw the trustees and secured permission to use this building for religious service. They then went to the commanding officer and secured his consent. The first Sunday the interest was excellent. Officers came, soldiers came and two splendid services were held, and thus for many Sundays John Grace brought to his camp and his comrades the gospel, and it proved a great blessing. But the pathway of John Grace's soldier life was not always an easy one. He had to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and often was he subjected to the scorn and the scoffs of the scorner. On one occasion he had to undergo a very severe test. A number of fellows one night took the wrong direction, and upon evil bent went into the forbidden house where bad women lure and destroy, and whilst there the military police raided the place and the soldiers, found there were summoned to appear next morning before the Colonel. Some one in the crowd gave the name of John Grace and the next morning his Sergeant said to him "Grace, you are wanted at the Colonel's this morning." Grace expressed his amazement by saying, "Wanted at the Colonel's? What for?" "What for?" said the Sergeant. "Weren't you with that bunch that got raided down town last night?" Grace's reply was, "Why, no, I was not there, I was in my quarters early last night. If I am to report at the Colonel's, I don't know what for, but all right, I will go." The Sergeant looked at him square in the face, and to Grace's utter surprise he said: Grace, you needn't go, I will go to the Colonel and will answer for you. I have been watching your life and I am sure that you wouldn't be found in such a place as

that joint they raided last night." The Sergeant was an old army man, not given to much indulgence with his men, gruff and stern, and this was the first time Grace had ever received any special favor at his hands, but it brought to John Grace fresh assurance that his life in the army was telling for God, and ever after this he and the Sergeant have been the best of friends. A further evidence of the worth of Christian young men in the army is found in the fact that John Grace so conducted himself before his superior officers and gave such repeated exhibition of manly and Christian conduct that he was granted some privileges commonly denied enlisted men. One thing, perhaps more than another, that ingratiated him with his chiefs was his unselfishness and his readiness to help the other fellow. For instance, when Private Johnson got badly hurt and laid in his billet where it was almost impossible for him to sleep John Grace, knowing his condition, reported as usual to his quarters and turned in but he was concerned about his suffering comrade and, unknown to those sleeping around him, he quietly crept out and went over and spent the night with the hurt soldier attending to his needs and alleviating his sufferings. Grace had no thought that anyone had observed this action of his, but someone had knowledge of it, because a few days after a sergeant remarked in the presence of some officers: "Well, if it hadn't been for Grace spending the night caring for Johnson he might have died."

Those repeated acts of kindness and unselfishness on John Grace's part and his all-round Christian conduct won for him the esteem of his comrades and the confidence of his officers. John had upon his heart to minister if he could, to the boys who were in the "Mill" or camp prison. There were not many, it was true, but Grace thought that perhaps he could do some good to them. So he applied for permission to visit them. He received the following written permit: To the Officers of the Guard:

Private John Grace, A. C. No. 7, has the Commanding Officer's permission to visit prisoners in the Guard house in the performance of his, duties. L. F. F., First Lieutenant U. S. Police Officer.

Related as John Grace was to the medical corps he, of course, had duties to perform in connection with the hospital, but he was not satisfied with mere duty. He wished the privilege of visiting the sick in hospital when off duty and of doing some little acts of kindness as well as dropping a word of religious comfort or admonition or invitation, giving a Testament, a tract here and there, praying with some fellow who needed comfort and help. It was a question in John's mind as to whether he would be granted this privilege or not and it was with some hesitancy he requested it, but it was readily granted as the following permit will show:

"Private John Grace, (M.D.,) has permission to visit the hospital wards from 7 to 7:30 p.m. whenever he desires. -- Major C. M. Surgeon." When I met John Grace it was in camp where things were unavoidably crowded and the men were billeted in all kinds of places. I met John coming down the street with a bundle of hay under his arm and he remarked to me, "I am going to make me a bed. Come up and see my quarters." I went in through a narrow door which led to a crooked stairway very dark. Up on the attic floor were the beds of some eight or ten soldiers and here was where John and I had a good heart-to-heart talk on religious matters and things of common interest. In that old attic room we bowed in prayer together and prayed for one another and the work of the Lord among the boys of the American Expeditionary Force.

I came from that room thankful that young men of John Grace's disposition are found in the Army. They are as salt, as exemplars, as lights. They have to stand much temptation. Of course, they

have environments not at all conducive to religious life but it is often amid untoward surroundings that the strongest Christians are built.

02.08. Under Fire

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 8 - Under Fire By George Ridout

While on our way to the front the German's were putting across another great offensive and Paris was once again put in great danger. Once our train was diverted and word came to us that we had to go to the defense of Paris. Once while the train was held for further orders word was passed on to the troops that we may have to go into action at once. War was coming very close to us now. But the enemy was held, and instead of going to Paris we were ordered on toward Chateau Thierry.

We derailed at Conde, and that evening the distant hills were covered with the smoke of bursting shells and burning villages, and towns. Just think, France lost 240,000 houses during the war. Conde was now being emptied of its inhabitants because of shell fire. Evidences were on every hand visible of the awfulness of war, bombers had done some deadly work here. That night I slept under fire for the first time. Our battalion was located in the woods of a fine old Chateau. We slept on the ground, but though we could hear the roar of distant artillery that night, no harm befell us and I had my first night's rest under fire without any mishap or losing any sleep. The next morning all was hurry and congestion. The roads were lined with all kinds of traffic. The French and American troops were together. I ate my breakfast with a "merchant" YMCA from St. Louis. Our "table" was a fence railing, but we ate our bacon and hard tack and drank our coffee with a relish.

We hiked that day towards Chezy, just over from Chateau Thierry, and I remember so well my first sight of the enemy observation balloon. Away over about five miles distant perhaps, there it was. Lieutenant Cramer said to us, "Men, you must keep out of sight. See over there is the enemy. You must not be walking about where you can be observed or we will have some shelling."

I recall several things about this day's hike. It was a warm day and the boys had heavy pack's to carry. We halted at a certain point where was a farm house by the side of the road. The boys went in quest of water to fill their canteens, when an old lady with a sweet, motherly face came out with a big pail of water and two glasses and she took such delight in giving those thirsty boys drink. When night came on and it was a question as to where we should sleep, the officers went into the town and were given beds in the houses now vacated by their owners. I was given possession of a whole house. I was expecting some of the officers to put up with me but they got fixed up elsewhere, so I was given this elegant house as mine. I thought much of the melancholy aspects of war as I viewed this beautiful house left by its aged owner in the care of a French Major and of his turning it over to us of the American army for the officers' use. Here is a home having all the evidences of wealth, refinement, education and religion. Upon the door is a religious emblem bearing the words: "Car Jesu sacratissimum misere nobis." The furniture and furnishings are the very finest, room after room is just filled with the gatherings of years evidently and photographs upon the walls tell of grandparents, parents and children, and no doubt in this elegant home there were many delightful gatherings of children and grandchildren. The court is a thing of beauty planted with fruit trees and profuse with flowers of many varieties here are poppies and primroses

and daisies and blue bells and lilies and the white rose and carnations. And scattered beneath the cozy arbors are numerous seats and resting places.

Here, as I write, instead of the laughter of merry children and the young folks and old folks conversing 'mid happy scenes and surroundings, all is desolation. The piano in the parlor is unopened, the only music now to be heard is the roar and whiz and burst of the guns. Just a couple of hours ago, the enemy got the range on us and threw a few bombs near the church -- it tore away the roof of yonder house, but more will be coming. Last night I went to sleep to the thunderous roar of the guns. I was tired, as the French would put it, "tres fatigue." We had marched quite a stretch and one of the boys with bursting headache fell out and I took his pack (weighing only about 75 pounds) and carried it for him a distance of perhaps five miles and therefore it did not take long for sleep to come to me when I lay me down in a soft feather bed. And though the guns roared and the concussion shook the windows and doors yet I slept the sleep of the just and the unafraid and rose in early morn rested and refreshed. That evening we had orders to move. We moved under cover of darkness, of course. None of us could tell where we were going. We went on and on till we were halted by a message from the front that we must proceed no further but return. For the first time I saw those night flares which the Germans threw up with such lightening effect. It seemed as though none of the allies had anything that could equal those German flares. They illuminated the country all around about and tend to give the enemy the location of their enemies.

We were hiked back to Chezy, and I went back to find my house occupied by officers and' men of another outfit. A number of officers went in search of quarters and at length, we came to a house that we had to gain access to through the windows. It was another splendid home with everything left in the most perfect condition. Evidently it was the home of a French officer who had spent much time in Africa with the French army. We found delightful beds and had a good night's sleep. It may seem strange to the civilian in America that we should take possession of homes this way but let it be remembered that in the war zone everything is in the hands of the army and they may do with it as they deem necessary. Then again, we never can tell when a town or city in the "zone" might be completely destroyed by shell fire, and all those delightful rooms, ,beds, furnishings, etc., ruined. When passing through those deserted areas the laws of warfare permit the army to make use of things necessary. I have thought often of Chezy since that night. I imagine the frightful ,bombardment of that Saturday night, July 14th, which was kept up for ten hours must have wrought irreparable devastation to that town which was just across the river from Chateau Thierry.

02.09. Chateau Thierry

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 9 - Chateau Thierry By George Ridout

We have seen the army behind the lines in the great base camps where seldom a gun is heard and only rarely an airplane was to be seen. We have seen the troops in the camps where, after their arrival in France they were taken for special drill and training. Now we are seeing the army in real action and we write this within the fighting zone just a stones throw from the enemy, and as we write the boom, boom of gunnery and the buzzing of airplanes fill the air and every soldier is constantly on the alert not knowing the minute when he might be called to jump into the fray and fight for the cause which brought him here as well as for his own life.

Shell Fire To many of us shell fire had been a matter of newspaper and magazine knowledge only, we had seen pictures of the thing and had drawn up all kinds of imaginary notions of it, but to behold the real thing, to be into it, to be a dodger of the shells as they fall about you is another thing. I have been frequently on road's where the shells had been quite busy. The other day I had to go over to YMCA supply headquarters on the front to look after some supplies for my companies, and had to go by a road which every now and then had shell holes in it, and I could never tell when another shell might fall behind me or in front of me and one felt a bit as though he was pursued by an unseen enemy, and a feeling of comfort hardly came back till I was completely without range of German positions and could no longer be seen by their powerful field glasses. They have been known to shoot at individuals even with shells. Some engineers were telling me the other day they were engaged doing a piece of work when shell after shell followed them. Somehow when in the zone one learns the knack of knowing how to "duck" or dodge the shells when they come along, and thank heaven, as a general thing you can hear the whistle of the thing a few seconds before it hits the ground, and this gives you a chance, if you are quick, to jump into a dug-out or behind a rock or tree, or throw yourself prone on the ground, and yet this does not always insure safety. The other day a fine young fellow who had gone through the spring drive in safety lost his life just a little down the line from my dug-out, because the shell hit a little too close to where he had jumped. His chum got it likewise and lived only a few hours after, but it is surprising how coolly our boys take these things. It is a rare thing to find a fellow that is scared. Yesterday I was visiting various platoons and dealing out some Y. M. C. A supplies to them when shells were screeching over our heads. Sometimes they came a bit too close but through it all the fellows were as full of humor as though nothing was happening. I think it can be written down that the American soldier is not afraid of danger and as he nears the firing line the more nerve he seems to get. A Lieutenant said to me last night that it was a great surprise to him as his men came into real action to find some fellows who were, in ordinary times, considered no good that they proved to be fellows of courage and daring, and volunteered for the most dangerous service when occasion arose. I went down with a Sergeant to see a Lieutenant on the front. When I got there I met a number of the boys whom I had not seen for a week or more, the companies having been separated by several kilometers. They were glad to see a YMCA man again, and then told me how much they liked the very front lines. They preferred it to the rear. Just across were the

enemy positions, within a stone's throw almost, and the little, and once prosperous, happy town lay empty and dejected with its fine church a wreck and its people fled, no one knows where. Such is war! And I thank God that the one thing that is bringing Americans over here is to protest against this kind of thing and make it possible that Europe can, after this war is over, live without the fear that at any moment war lords who make war a business shall not project upon humanity another such calamity as world-wide war. Though, at the same time, I have my doubts whether wars will ever be a thing impossible as long as sin is in the human heart and the devil is doing business. France has hardly known fifty years straight history without war. It is to be hoped she may go centuries without another, and England also, and America.

Life In A Dugout To live in a dugout is an experience rather unusual indeed. One feels a bit of surprise at times at the way men take to this kind of thing when it becomes a necessity of war as well as a matter of safety and protection. I have seen men living in holes in the ground, in holes dug out of the side of the bank as well as in the larger dugouts capable of holding quite a number. A friend of mine, a professor of languages from down south, has his abode in a hole in the wall, and the captain has the same. I am with several Lieutenants, and a Captain in a large dugout. The advantage of a dugout is, you are protected from shell fire, and then the enemy airplanes cannot locate you and you can sleep free from the feeling that bombs might get you as you sleep.

I have thought frequently of those words of Jer 49:8, "Dwell Deep," as I have come in contact with the dugout outfit. (It is a good thing on the danger line to dwell deep. Spiritually it is likewise so. The soul that dwells deep in God may have a thousand enemies pursue it but is safe from the enemy. Moses dwelt deep in God, and Enoch and Elijah and Daniel and Paul. Though all the world was against them and the "times" were opposed to them their refuge was in God and they dwelt safely. Life in a dugout is very simple. Lots of things you don't have to do; you don't have to sweep the floors or dust the furniture or be careful of the furnishings, and then you are not so very particular about the matter of attire. There are no tailors around the corner to press your uniform, and as you have to sleep with your clothes on ready to jump up and out in a moment if need be, you don't grow very particular, and then as you never meet any of womankind you don't mind being a bit rough in appearance for the time being. Then again, you don't have to be over careful about the dining-room. Your eating utensils are neither china nor glass, but tin or aluminum, and your dining table may be a box, or a rock, or a patch of straw. You have to forego napkins, etc., but invariably you have a good appetite and are always ready when mess time comes around. The other night I had to visit a company quite a distance away, and in reaching them I had to pass through some very interesting bit of territory, and in returning had to meet many a guard who, in compliance with his orders, halted with bayonet fixed and pointed at everyone who came by. The important thing at a moment like that is to stand still and not move till told to advance with the countersign. I of course had the countersign and was permitted to pass, arriving back at my dugout about midnight. I had no sooner laid down than the gas alarm was sounded and a Lieutenant rushed in and yelled "Gas." This is a cry often heard within the war zone, and woe to the soldier who neglects to heed the warning. Instantly I grasped my gas mask and put it on. Fortunately this was not a severe attack and none of us had to keep the uncomfortable gas mask on very long.

Some More Things About The War

About this war there is not much of the poetical, it is nothing but practical drab war with no brass band attachments. Often we read of the soldier marching into battle with flags flying and bands playing, etc. Not so in this war. You never hear the band play within the war zone, and the musicians themselves are called upon to be stretcher bearers and perform other duties. There are no flags flying, because it is important that your positions should not be known by the enemy who has his airplanes flying all over, observing all movements, besides there are observation balloons constantly being employed and the man sitting up in that observation seat with his balloon attached to the ground can see for many miles with his all-powerful glass all that is going on. The other day I was passing through some country where the artillery was located. The men who operated those guns were far behind the actual scenes. They really knew nothing themselves as to how things were going, and every shot was fired at the direction of the man at the telephone and he in turn got his instructions from the man at the observation point, and that may be in an airplane, a balloon, or some other vantage point. The gunner is an important factor in war, but one is struck by the fact that he does all his work unobserved and hidden in a place where it is impossible for him to make observations. To me this illustrates many points in religious warfare. Some of the most important work has to be done away from the limelight where the public eye cannot see and where there can be gotten no inspiration from the crowd, i Many a saint on his knees unobserved by anyone except God, does a greater work for the kingdom than many a one who wins the plaudits of the crowd. Daniel alone in his secret chamber praying three times a day did more to promote religion in Babylon than all the lords and grandees in the kingdom. Father Nash prayed down more revivals of religion than a battalion of time-serving preachers could bring to pass in a thousand years. Then in gunnery I am reminded that all the directions come from someone above. The gunner does not act on his own initiative, but does as he is told to do by the one above -- he is given the exact direction, the distance, the range, and away he sends the fatal bullet and it is wonderful to behold the exactness with which the gunner strikes his blows. I passed a big farm house yesterday which was literally hacked to pieces by artillery fire. It was an important point and its destruction was a matter of necessity.

Then I observe the artilleryman is required to be faithful unto death. Recently I passed an artillery embankment no longer in use but beside it was a grave and it bore a wooden cross upon it with the inscription in French, "Here lieth Bournard Pascal, 61st Artillery, who died for France." The date was also given and his soul was committed to God. A number of American artillerymen in the recent battle have been cited for bravery. One gunner is named especially -- his whole gun crew had been wiped out and he himself was severely wounded by a shell, he crawled to his company commander and asked for other men to man the gun, and then crawled 200 yards to turn in parts of the gun he carried in his pocket. The gunner often takes his life in his hands -- he consecrates himself to the very death if need be, and many seal their devotion with their blood. We are reminded just here of Rev 2:10, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life," which in the French Testament reads thus: "Sois fidele jusqua la mort et je te donnerai la couronne de vie."

02.10. Moving Toward the Battle Lines

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 10 - Moving Toward the Battle Lines By George Ridout

After leaving Chezy we were marched into Courban where we tarried for over a week. It was here we had our first gas alarm. The enemy was shelling us with his long range guns, and every day his airplanes would fly over us and not infrequently did we witness a fight in the air between the Allies and the Germans. Several times also, did we see our observation balloons go up in flames from the bullets of enemy air craft sent out to destroy them. The observer in the basket, when he saw his balloon was doomed, would cut the ropes of his basket and his parachute arrangement would land him eventually on the ground.

One day I saw a poor fellow about to descend from his burning balloon when alas! his parachute caught an fire. Of course he descended to his death. Referring to the gas alarm at Cobourn, we had been warned that gas might come our way any day. On this particular night I was sleeping on the ground beside the Captain and was fast asleep when about midnight the dreadful cry "gas" was raised -- the gas songs rang out. I awoke immediately and proceeded to put on my gas mask. Fortunately this alarm was not an attack. In a few minutes orders were given, "remove gas masks." I shall never forget that gas cry however! Many a time soldiers have been caught napping when the gas attack came on and they died before getting their gas masks adjusted. Some gas is more dangerous than others. Some will injure you but not kill. Some will work on you gradually -- you take it in unawares. Its effects appear hours after when your lungs feel as though they would burn and burst. I have seen gas infected soldiers. They were unable to walk, they gasped for breath, they acted as though they were choking. Their sufferings rendered them unconscious of their surroundings. I can recall one of our own men who got gassed heavy at the Battle of the Marne. They brought him down to the dressing stations. He was crying like a 'baby and calling out for his Captain; crying plaintively, "Captain Smith, Captain Smith!"

While at Courbon one day the German guns broke loose on us and gave us another exhibition of the kind of regard the Hun has for the churches, for his gun evidently was trained on the church, and the shell struck the edge of the tower, but did not damage the building. A remark made by an officer set me to thinking: "When under shell fire keep away from the church because the Buns get their range on the town from the church." This was a very sensible remark, because generally in the French towns the church is located right in the center of things. It led me to think away from immediate things and to think of the Church of God. And true it is that when evil is raging, the church comes in for the heaviest shelling from hell's artillery, and particularly is this true when it is purposed to make the church the center of things and to put "Jesus in the midst." From the days of Pentecost down to the present day, the Church of Christ has had to stand the heaviest artillery onslaughts of the Wicked One when she has been most devout, most prayerful, most zealous for righteousness and holiness. Hell tried to destroy the church in the days of the apostles, tried again in the dark ages, tried again in the age of Luther and Cranmer and Bunyan, in the days of the Inquisition and the Armada; but despite it all the church lives on and the words of the Master come

back to us with enforced meaning: "I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." One day we got orders to move on closer to the lines. I remember the Captain saying to me "We are going to a quiet place. It is in a fine woods which has not been shelled, I think, we are going to have a nice time there and you will like it." Little did any of us think that we were going up to the hottest place we struck during the war, and where we shall receive our first bloody baptism in this war. We moved always at night. In actual live warfare there is not much poetry. It is dreadful prose. I saw a picture in the "Literary Digest" last fall showing troops being led up front headed by a brass 'band! Such a thing would be absurd and the man who put that thing together must have dreamed things, not witnessed them on battle fronts. Oh no, we are not led into front lines and into battles by bands of music. We march at night, and in the dead of night. This was a dark night when we moved into and up that hill between St. Eugene and Crezancy on the Marne. When we reached the woods it was so densely black that we could hardly see where we were going. Occasionally we caught sight of a French soldier -- we were relieving the French that night. When we got in the woods orders were given to lie down just where we were and make the best of it till morning. This was July, and fortunately the nights were not very long and the morning broke early. Numerous dugouts were in these woods and some of the stopping places of the French officers anti men who held this place prior to our coming into it were artistically fixed up. The French are artistic even when it comes to war. They had all manners of rustic seats, tables, etc., located in pretty bowers. I had my canteen located in one of those bowers anti slept on the ground,. The days were delightfully summer like, the nights were short but noisy. Our 'hill was lined with artillery, and it was always particularly active at night. Some nights the guns did overtime and time and again the vibration from the guns would shake the ground upon which I was sleeping and I would be roused from sleep. One gun, a naval gun, was particularly noisy. One night the noise became so suddenly terrific that I jumped up and ran over to inquire of the Lieutenant what was happening.

Days wore on till things began to assume a serious aspect. Orders went all over the camp to "dig in." The men were set to work at dugouts. Every man had to be provided for sleeping in a dugout. This was a very fortunate order as events proved. If we had not "dug in" our casualties the night of July 14 would have been immense. If I had slept that night on the ground instead of in a dugout I would not have been alive next day to tell the story. The place where my canteen was and where had been my former sleeping place had been hit by several shells and my goods were scattered pell-mell. An attack was expected, Sunday, July 7th. There were many signs of activity among the Germans, and both French and Americans looked for the offensive en Sunday night, July 7th, but that night passed by, but in another week the battle raged in all its fury.

02.11. My Baptism of Fire

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 11 - My Baptism of Fire By George Ridout

Since writing my last I have had an experience that will be engraven upon my memory as long as that faculty continues to exist. I have often read of battles and have imagined what they are like. I have thought at times that I should like to be a distant spectator of one, but I hardly thought so soon that I would be right into the heart of one, and endure shell-fire and all other things that go with it, and then through the good providence of God come out of it safely.

Yes, I came out of it whole, but considerably broken in strength and nerve, so much so that as a result of keeping on my feet in service during the first week of battle, I finally, on the second Sunday afternoon after being under heavy shellfire again, had to give up and go to the rear and spend a few days in the hospital resting up. The battle which may be known as "The Battle of Chateau Thierry," or otherwise spoken of as the "The Second Battle of the Marne," began Sunday midnight, July 14. This was the great French holiday -- their Fourth of July. Possibly the Germans took advantage of that event, thinking that they might find the French off guard, but the fact was the French were looking daily, almost hourly, for the attack. We all expected it July 12, our troops were ready and waiting for it. On the previous Sunday, July 7, we all felt it was close at hand, and preaching on that day to our men I used the text in Samuel, "Be of good courage and play the man," etc. Sunday evening of the battle I preached on "Proclaim liberty to all the inhabitants," etc. That was my last message to many Americans. Many died, many were wounded, a few were made prisoners.

I went to my dug-out about eleven o'clock Sunday night and laid down to sleep. I was all alone as the soldiers were busy at night in preparation for the impending attack. At midnight, all of a sudden, there was the roar of cannon on all sides. Cannon answering to cannon, and Germany put across on our territory and troops one of the most terrific bombardments known since Verdun -- indeed some of the French officers who had been at Verdun declared that it was equally as ferocious as Verdun. For several days we had poured into the German ranks thousands of shells -- one night 10,000 shells, and it was a matter of surprise to many of us that they had made no reply, but evidently the Germans saved everything for their one grand offensive of July 14 and 15. When they opened their batteries on the American and French positions that night it was something almost indescribably furious. The Third Battalion, 38th Regiment with which I was connected were up on a hill. The Germans evidently left no spot within a dozen or fifteen kilometers from their lines untouched, but the particular zone in which the troops and artillery were located was the place to which they paid special attention. They sent over little shells, big shells, gas shells, and all other kinds of things, while their airplanes bombed us from the sky.

What is a bombardment or barrage like, do you ask? Well, it is somewhat hard to describe it. This one was like a hail of iron. The shells came thick and fast. As I sat there in my dug-out all alone and for hours keeping my gas mask on because many shells were the horrible gas shells, I could hear the shells as they came with thunderous force and broke all around me. I could discern also

from the sound that they were approaching my dug-out and soon they would be exploding all around me. That wonderful old hymn of Wesley's came to me with special emphasis and blessing -- with little changes in the words.

"Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly.

While the nearer (terrors) roll While the tempest still is high Hide me O my Saviour, hide, Till this storm (of shell) is past;

Safe into the (morning) guide, O (protect) my soul at last."

Then, as the thud of the shells fell close to me and I felt them coming closer to me, my prayer was, "Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing." At length some shrapnel hit the roof of my dug-out and the dirt began to tumble down. I drew nearer the entrance when another hit struck it on the edge. I then thought it was time to get out and seek some safer refuge if possible. So I climbed out and made the most rapid flight to the captain's dug-out, which was more solidly constructed. When I arrived there it was full and there were several wounded men in it. It was now morning and the shelling was subsiding just a little. As I sat there I saw and heard things which showed up wonderfully the American spirit in this war. I saw runners (dispatch carriers from one point to the other) come in and go out in the midst of this hail of fire in fulfillment of their duty. Some were wounded, some were killed and some escaped unhurt. An officer came in and reported to our Captain that the enemy had crossed the river and were coming up our hill. What did the Captain say, think you? This is what he said, "We are here to hold this hill to the last man. Lieutenants, call out your men and get them to take up their positions." Instantly the Lieutenants went out and blew their Whistles and their men came from their dug-outs -- those that escaped from being wounded -- and I saw those American soldiers go forth to their trenches and positions in the teeth of one of the heaviest artillery barrages the Germans ever put across. These men were a part of the 38th Regiment which did the heaviest fighting and contributed more to the undoing of the Huns in this offensive than any other troops on the battlefield. It is already said that the 38th Regiment is going to be awarded one of the highest war decorations of France for their brilliant services in this engagement. With the Germans close at hand and I being no combatant and carrying no arms Lieut. said to me, "Mr. Ridout, you have no means of defending yourself, so I think you had better go down to Battalion headquarters."

I at once proceeded to the Chateau where headquarters were, and in getting there it was almost a race for life through the roads and fields with shells whistling through the air and breaking all around. Every now and then as I would hear a shell coming I would prostrate myself flat upon the ground. At length I reached the stone wall of the Chateau, climbed over hastily and was soon under its shelter, but I was not there long before a sight met my eyes which was reassuring to our American side of the situation. There passed along a big procession of German prisoners. All of them had cast away their arms, some their helmets, and some were wounded. Many were very young boys and they were glad, most of them said, to be captured, as they were tired of war, and knew now they would not have to be killed. The next thing that confronted me were the wounded being brought in to the first aid station at the old Chateau in charge of the doctors and medical corps. Here was plenty of work for all, and that day and the next were days of unceasing activity among the wounded and suffering. I assisted in dressing wounded Americans, French and Germans, and after their wounds were dressed we took them to big cellars underneath the

Chateau and provided beds and mattresses for all.

One American, I remember, had a shot wound that pierced his back and evidently passed through his lungs. I gave him drink and tried to quiet him as he cried out, "I can't breathe, I can't breathe." I put my arm beneath his head and tried to soothe him, and when I was called to attend to another wounded he would cry, "Don't leave me, don't leave me." It was not long before he slept the sleep of death, sealing with his blood his consecration to liberty's cause. As for the German wounded I felt a great pity for some of them. They were mere boys, and were in the war as the victims' of a horrible machine. They were glad, though wounded, to be in American hands. They told us they were surprised at our treatment of them -- they had been told that the Americans would kill them if they made them prisoners, but how different they found things. I saw our American boys share their rations with those German prisoners. They opened their "bully beef" and passed it around among the German boys. They shared out their coffee, and when night came on and several of the wounded were suffering considerably, we searched till we found bedding and made them as comfortable as we could. The next day we saw them off in the ambulances taking them to a rear hospital. It is really remarkable the dispatch with which the wounded upon the battlefield are handled. Within a very few hours they are taken away back to the hospitals, and perhaps the same day or the next are on the train for some great base hospital, where everything is at hand from the most eminently skilled surgeon to the merest little detail.

Speaking of hospitals what a horrible commentary upon the unspeakable cruelty of the Germans is this constant habit of theirs to bomb the hospitals. Just close to where I now write -near the Marne River -- a field hospital was bombed two nights ago, and five fellows were killed, and at a larger hospital farther back, where I went one day with a YMCA truck with a load of wounded, they told me that for many successive nights the Hun bombarding airplanes had been at work there, as well as shelling from a long-range gun. Of course the daily press has been giving the details of this latest battle. It was unquestionably one of the most distinct victories of the war. I have suggested that this may be known as the Battle of Chateau Thierry, but to the Crown Prince, with his contemptuous notions of the American soldier, it may be best known as the Battle of Shattered Theory, because it was here that the Crown Prince and his big Generals got all their theories knocked into a thousand pieces, and to save themselves they have had to put up one of the heaviest pieces of the retreating business in the history of the war.

I visited, some months ago, the spot where in 1914, at the first Battle of the Marne, General Foch, in a superb piece of strategy, broke the backbone of the German invasion of that time. Again, the Marne has led to Germany's undoing, and given her a humiliating defeat. General Joffre at Verdun uttered those notable words, "Ils ne passeront pas." (They shall not pass). Again we seem to hear those words voiced by the Marne, "They shall not pass." We hear it as it is echoed and re-echoed by over a million American soldiers in France, "They shall not pass." We hear it as the Allies take it up and utter it in many languages, "They shall not pass," and we seem to hear it coming forth from the bleeding heart of an oppressed and sorrowing and crushed Europe, "They shall not pass." And yet again, all that is good and pure, righteous and just in nations, in civilization, and in religion, cries out in thunderous tones, "They shall not pass."

02.12. The Second Battle of the Marne

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 12 - The Second Battle of the Marne By George Ridout In the previous chapter I have described some thrilling experiences I had at the battle of the Marne, July 15th. At one time during that battle I was at Battalion P. C., that was almost surrounded by the enemy and as we sat in the big cave underneath the great Chateau we could feel the building tremble under the concussion of the big German guns that were pouring the iron on us at a ferocious rate, we could also hear the rattle of machine guns and the crack of the rifles as foe met foe, and at one juncture of the event I looked quite seriously at the question of how I would like to be a German prisoner and take a trip 'into Germany at the Kaiser's expense.

We YMCA men, chaplains, Red Cross workers, etc., are not permitted to use arms, we have no means of protecting ourselves, and if the enemy got too close to us and there was no escape, the only thing we could do would be to surrender, and then -- well it would depend a good, deal on the temper of our captors whether we lived or died. At any rate I have found it a great comfort to be at peace with God and be ready for death or life in the war zone.

One thing I did. I had some notes and papers on me that I did not want to fall into the enemy's hands if anything happened to me, so I did them up in a small package and tied them to the button-hole of a wounded American soldier Who yeas going into the hospital on the Ambulance, with the instructions that they be handed to some YMCA worker.

I also wrote a brief letter to my wife, that if she did not hear from me for a month or more to not be concerned, as it might be that I Shall be taking a trip to Germany. This letter I sent out also by a wounded soldier who was going to the hospital. About 3 p. m. word came up to our Major that the enemy was coming up the road. The Major sent word back that he intended to hold the lines. However the enemy was held back by the brave 38th against tremendous odds. Soon a great counter attack by the French was brought on, and the tide turned against the Germans, ("The Stars fought against Sisera!") they were driven out, they retreated, they ran; they were routed, and the greatest victory was achieved for the Allies since 1914. I soon found myself on the victory side, got back my papers and instead of being a German captor myself, I had considerable work to do with German prisoners, helping the wounded, etc.

I remember how forcibly that Scripture came into my mind during those days that I ministered to them: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." I can recall one nice looking young fellow about nineteen, his leg was injured severely and he was suffering greatly, he was very quiet but his face revealed his pain. When night came I hunted around till I got some bedding for the poor boy so that he could get some sleep. On the morrow the ambulances managed to get through the shell fire and we sent all our wounded -- American, French, and German to the hospitals in the rear, and let it be remembered, the German prisoners who are wounded, get just as good attention as any others.

During the battle I refer to we lost a lot of personal property. The German shells tore up my canteen, and I lost some most precious things, among them my handy Bible which had full line of helps, index, etc. It was a library in itself and so compact that I could carry it conveniently in my pocket. It had notes, etc., in it and I had preached much from it in France. It was like losing a dear friend. I had another Bible in my traveling bag in the rear, and lo! and behold that bag was lost also, containing not only my Bible, but a lot of valuable papers and other things including my dress suit -- and so it goes when you get in the war zone. But, in a bunch of mail there came to me a Bible -- sent by someone whom I do not know, and I am real glad to have a whole Bible again -- for several weeks I had been obliged to content myself with a pocket Testament.

02.13. After the Battle

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 13 - After the Battle By George Ridout The Battle of the Marne, or Chateau Thierry, of July 15, was unquestionably one of the decisive battles of the war. The 38th Regiment, during that engagement, held one of the gateways to Paris. If they had not held the lines the enemy would have got to Paris probably by Wednesday night, July 17, as the Kaiser had prophesied. The defeat they suffered at the Marne turned the tide which ultimately turned the whole current of the war, resulting in defeat and retreat all along the line, for the enemy and eventuating at Sedan, November 11th, with the signing of the Armistice.

Work in connection with this July 15th battle, together with the nerve-racking experiences I had gone through when on the eighth day going back in the lines where the shelling that afternoon was very heavy I got on a piece of road all alone when three shells -- one, two, three, came right up the road, seemingly after me, it was the last kick. I felt my strength leaving me, -- tumbled into a cellar and there waited till the shelling subsided.

I just had to give up and go out to the field hospital where three days lying in a comfortable cot, getting good nourishing food and good sleep I felt myself again. The Surgeon warned me as I was leaving that I had no business on the front lines because of my age. "Let the younger men go there," said he, "and you work in the rear." I did not take his advice 'however. In a few days I was back again in the lines and had many things yet to suffer and endure.

Other Drives

After returning from the hospital I caught up again with my regiment at Crezancy. In a couple of days we were on the move again -- where, we could not tell, but presumed on again toward the front. We moved out of Crezancy about 3 a. m. in the morning -- this time in French trucks. I well remember how beautiful in the early morn it was to cross the Marne upon newly built bridges. We went on and on till we finally landed in a woods near where that big gun called the Bertha, which fired on Paris had been in position. The Germans, before leaving, tried to blow up the emplacements but failed because of their ponderous weight of iron. The woods bore many a mark of battle, here and there were French soldiers lying unburied -- one poor fellow presented a never-to-be-forgotten expression. He was in a kneeling posture when the ball struck him in the head, he dropped upon his hands and there he was on hands and knees cold in death; his face was a striking one denoting, I thought, intellectuality and spirituality. Who knows but what he was one of France's favorite sons, now to be buried as common clay.

We had orders to move again that afternoon and we entered upon one of the most horrible hikes I think I ever experienced. When we started the sun was shining and the country looked pretty. It seemed glorious to be traveling over such splendid territory so long in the hands of the enemy, now set free. We hiked on till evening, and then rain came on, and with the rain of course we had mud -- slippery, sticky mud. Still we hiked on. As we neared the front lines the enemy seemed to have got wind of our coming and began to shell us heavily, but thanks to a merciful Providence,

the Shells did not fall on the road but in the fields. As we got still nearer, shells came thick and fast and also some one-pounders. If these had fallen on the road where our Brigade was the casualties would have been awful that night. The rain continued to fall until many got drenched to the skin. I took a chill once during a hold-up that caused me to shake all over and it was some minutes before I got over it. It was a densely dark night making it difficult to keep formations when on the hike. At last the head of our Brigade reached the river to be crossed when alas! the bridge was blown up. What were we to do! We down in the center could not imagine what was holding us so long. At last I saw a bunch of men coming back. I called out, "What outfit are you?" They recognized my voice and said, "Co. M., we are ordered to the rear and you had better come along with us." I did not hesitate what to do, but joined them instantly. We started back, we knew not where. Finally, Lieutenant White came along and took charge of us. We went on back perhaps two miles till we struck a woods. Tired, wet, worn, exhausted, I find my brain giving way to strange illusions. As I looked at the trees I thought the spaces between were the broken down walls of houses. I thought there were numerous cellars there, and never did an old cellar seem so good to my imagination as it did that night, but alas it was all an illusion. I was in a woods -- nothing there but trees and bushes, and everything soaking wet. It was now about 2 a. m., Sunday morning, August 4th. I was so completely exhausted that I could have thrown myself down on the wet ground and gone to sleep but fortunately some of the boys had shelter tent. We rigged up a pup tent and I crept in with a couple of doughboys and slept soundly. When morning broke it was raining a little but soon stopped. We were all wet but fortunately I had some dry socks in my pack. This helped my feet out. I got out first and then longed for a cup of coffee. I had some coffee and bacon and hard tack in my pack but the question was how to get a fire. It looked hopeless, but I persevered and, got together some pieces of wood an old German basket, (the Germans had been in these woods about forty-eight hours ago) and after many difficulties I got a fire started, got some water and soon had my cup of coffee, fried bacon and hard tack. I seldom had a breakfast that tasted so good. I encouraged the other fellows to start their breakfast, and soon we had everybody busy cooking their bacon and boiling their coffee. It was well on to noon before "breakfast" was over.

It was Sunday, and now that the sun was out and the boys were feeling better I started in to remind the boys that it was Sunday by reading a chapter from my Bible and having family prayers, but this was a case where it was in order, and the most common sense thing to do was to put the natural first and then the spiritual. During the afternoon a friendly kitchen hove in sight and the boys got some supper. The call to move came and we marched on toward Fismes that dreadful spot where so much American blood was spilled.

'It was when in the Fismes region that I came nearest losing my life, and this led to my penning the following article:

Serving God Amid Shot And Shrapnel The other day I was within a few miles of the firing line at a first aid station. The station was in a house very much battered by shell fire. I had reached the place after a walk from an adjoining encampment about two kilometers away. During my hike a lot of shells came shrieking through the air and hit away up on a high hill where artillery was placed. Some of those shells were gas Shells, the wind carried the fumes down the valley and across the road and I walked right into it but fortunately the fumes were not of the extremely dangerous kind. I very soon got my gas mask on, and sat down on the side of the road with some soldiers who were

waiting till the firing was through.

Arriving at the first aid station I found things had been very busy there as the action up the road had been quite lively, and many of our American men had been wounded by machine-gun fire, also by shrapnel. The doctor had his hands full all night and all day, but now the casualties were diminishing, and during our first night there we slept on a stretcher and had a fair night's sleep, but the morning brought some very painful and distressing experiences.

Some wounded men had been brought in and we had an ambulance ready to depart for the hospital when a shell came within six or eight feet in front of us, and the flying shrapnel damaged the ambulance so much that we had to remove the wounded and bring them back into the aid station. No sooner had we done this than another shell struck right in front of the station and flung its iron fragments right into the midst of us all. For a few moments all was roar and confusion, and the cries and screams of the wounded men filled the air. When things quieted down, and no other shells fell, we proceeded to pick ourselves up and attend to the suffering ones. That awful shell had killed two outright, and had wounded four. It threw the doctor to the ground, and a supply lieutenant likewise, but through the good mercy of God I was spared any serious injury, though I had a slight hit on the back and one on the right cheek. The fellow that was badly wounded in the leg cried piteously. I gave him a drink, comforted him, and told him of God who comforts us in our sufferings. Another poor fellow had a most grievous wound. I held him while the doctor worked with him, but death got ahead of the doctor, and I had hardly laid his head down before he was gone.

I noticed that he had his breast-pocket filled with letters and a book and a piece of shrapnel had hit that pocket, had torn into the letters, thus saving his breast from a bad wound. I have frequently advised our men to wear the New Testament in the pocket on the heart side, and many a time this precious little book has saved a life as well as a soul.

One of those whose life was so suddenly taken away by that fatal shell was an ambulance man, the son of wealthy parents of Patterson, N. J. Those ambulance drivers are brave fellows. They run great risks in going almost up to the firing-line and bringing the wounded out. In some cases those drivers are young women. They drive their cars through roads that are riddled with shell-holes, and many a car bears the mark of shrapnel hits. The Germans seem to make special marks of hospitals, aid stations and ambulances. They Shell and bomb these places at every opportunity. It is a thousand pities that our German enemy should do such an inhuman thing as this, but I know from personal observation that such is true.

During the week of the battle, July 15, I had occasion to go down with a load of wounded to a big hospital at Colummiers. This is a large town. For many days it had been bombed from the air, and at night a long-range gun was being fired into it. It must be confessed that it is anything but a comfortable experience to hospital patients to think that at any moment a bomb might come their way. One of those bombs, however, worked fearful vengeance on the Germans themselves. They bombed a prison hospital and killed 79 German prisoners.

We were at rest for a few days at Crezancy, when the Brigade was ordered on to the Saint Mihiel Drive. It was one dreadful night when we started. The rain poured. Fortunately I found a place in the Regimental Ambulance. We were on the road all night and witnessed the opening of this

battle. The following is a good description of this offensive: At 1 o'clock on the morning of September 12, the artillery preparation began with one terrific burst of flame from many hundreds of guns, French as well as American, ranging in size from the 75's to the great seacoast guns, some as large as 400mm. in caliber, which, firing from railway mounts, carried harassing fire to rail and road junctions as far behind the German lines as St. Benoit, Mars-la-Tour, Gorze, Conflans and even Metz. The stupendous bombardment shook the earth for hours, driving the enemy's troops into their dugouts, tearing up their trenches and demoralizing their communications of every description. Meantime, the hundreds of thousands of Infantrymen, the hundreds of machine guns, the scores of American and French tanks, and the greatest assemblage of American, British and French aviation ever employed for a single operation on the Western front all waited, tense and eager, for the word to sweep forward over the shell-torn fields and roads and trenches which a heavy rain that had begun in the evening was rapidly turning to quagmire.

Rolling Barrage Starts At 5 o'clock, which was still 20 minutes before daybreak of that wet and foggy morning, the bombardment of the German front lines in the sectors of the First and Fourth Corps suddenly changed to a roiling barrage, and behind it the Infantry jumped off, preceded by detachments with wire cutters and bangalore torpedoes to destroy the numerous successive belts of German entanglements.

Immediately occurred the first agreeable surprise. The enemy's wire was in very poor condition, rusty or broken. Little difficulty was experienced in passing it, some of the troops even being able to go over or through it without cutting. It is well known that the Saint Mihiel was one of the most singularly successful campaigns of the Americans. Great gains were made at but little cost in casualties. I remember when we were about to move into action, we had only about started when word came from the front that the enemy had capitulated and that we had taken 13,000 prisoners. It was a time of great joy and exhilaration for the Americans. It was also the beginning of the end for the Germans.

After this came the Argonne. This proved to be one of the bloodiest battle grounds to the Americans because of the woods which abounded here and which the Germans were so well acquainted with and had invested so fully with machine guns. While my regiment was in action I stayed at First Aid Station at a point near Montfaucon, and just a couple of miles from Cierges. Here I had a series of unusual experiences. First was our baptism of fire, the morning we arrived, first from avions and next from artillery. We had no sooner got our positions than a swoop of airplanes appeared in the distance. Our first thought was that they were our machines, but not so, they proved to be Germans. They came over us, turned their machine guns on us and threw out hand grenades. Our boys fired their rifles and also turned some machine guns on them and brought down one. Some of our men were wounded during the attack, but the worst was to come. The avions gave away our position to the enemy and it was not long before the Germans poured on us many murderous shells. It was awful to witness shell after shell tearing right into the field where several companies were located. Fortunately our men had "dug in" and this saved many lives, but over one hundred were put out of commission by death, wounds and shell shock.

After the shelling was over, the wounded and shell-shocked were brought over to our dressing station, we had our hands full for sometime. I saw at this time many cases of genuine shell-shock. They shook all over; they reeled and staggered like drunken men; they startle and shook at the

least sound, they cried, they stuttered and stammered. It was really pitiful to have to send most of them on foot to the ambulance station at Montfaucon about two miles away. We could not do anything else with them. Reaching there they were taken care of by the ambulance company which sent them into the field hospital. When in the hospital myself after the Battle of the Marne, a lad was brought in suffering from shell-shock. In the morning he was walking around with no wounds or any signs of illness about him. I spoke to him. He stared at me and asked me: "When were you taken prisoner?" I said I wasn't taken prisoner. He looked at me in amazement. He was under the delusion that he was a prisoner in German hands. When the surgeon came round the boy tumbled into his bed and cried, "Don't kill me; don't kill me." He buried his head in the pillow and cried out again: "Don't kill me till I write to my mother." Shell shock did it! In The Argonne

After the St. Mihiel was through with we wound our way along until eventually we landed in the Argonne. This brought us over the Hindenberg trenches, once thought so untakable. It also gave me a chance to see the awful havoc wrought by the Rattle of Verdun in 1916. Passing along one of the highways which the engineers were repairing, I talked with one of the officers, who pointing to a certain hill said, "There is where the Germans lost 500,000 men." A terrible country was this, the fields were plowed into shell holes as far as the eye could see. We landed at evening in what was once no doubt a splendid forest. It was melancholy to see the ruins of those great trees. Nothing but their ghosts remained. Our troops could hardly find room between the shell holes to erect their pup tents. The battle was on and our regiment moved to the front lines. We established our dressing station near Montfaucon in several dugouts left in good shape by the Germans. I served with Dr. Lutz, of Second Battalion some of the time; also, with the Regimental Medical Corps. These were busy days. I started making hot chocolate at first for the wounded and the stretcher-bearers that bore them in from the lines. This broadened out to a kitchen. I would rise early in the morning, make chocolate and coffee, and when I could get bread, bacon, rice, etc., I would serve it out to the hungry and wounded, the sick, the cold and the stragglers who came along. During the first few days the roads were so congested that it was impossible to get ambulances through, and for one day and night we had the ground literally spattered all over with the wounded. Among them were some German wounded, some of them young boys. One of them made me think so much of my own boy George B., that I did a whole lot for that German boy to make 'him comfortable. It was quite an undertaking to keep them warm through that cold night, and I hunted around till I found blankets, old clothing, some of it bloody it's true, and wrapped our boys up as well as the wounded of the enemy. During the night some of them died. Among them a German Sergeant and a German medical man, and one of our American boys.

It was in the Argonne that we had our heaviest casualties. Many of our companies went in in full strength and came out, some 80, some 70, some 60. All our Majors went to the hospital, nearly all our Captains also, and many lieutenants, and of the boys who came but most of them were sick due to getting gassed, and also due to having to eat so much canned stuff. The German power was crumbling every day now and we felt sure of victory in the not distant future for the Allies. It looked to us as though the war might be over this fall and yet it might go on till spring.

After we had come out of action and were going to the rear I decided to go out to Chaumont and adjust my papers, take examination, etc., for the regular Chaplaincy. There was quite a demand for chaplains, so I made my application which was endorsed by the Colonel of the Regiment, the Major of the Battalion, and the Surgeon. I passed the examinations successfully and was

practically accepted, but the commission had to come by wire from Washington, and while waiting this the Armistice was signed, which arrested all commissions for the time being. Being now away from my regular troops I became temporarily attached to Chaumont Division and did lecture and preaching work among various units, but spent about six weeks with the 77th Division traversing their entire area, lecturing during the week and preaching three times on Sundays.

It was in the Argonne that I met with the Christian soldier boy who impressed me so much that it led to my writing the sketches, "The Story of Fletcher Benson," which appears in the next chapter.

02.14. Fletcher Benson

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 14 - Fletcher Benson By George Ridout

Fletcher Benson was a good fellow, well built physically, strong in mind, had a tender heart and was whole-souled. He knew God in a sound conversion when quite a lad, and afterwards experienced a clean heart at Zion Hill camp grounds. When war broke out he was studying for the ministry in college, but when the call for soldiers came he did not shirk his duty to his flag and country, but went and enrolled himself under the banner of Uncle Sam. He fully knew what it would mean to get in the army -- going away from home and religious surroundings, and getting into an atmosphere where there would be great temptations, many hardships, much to endure on all hands and of all sorts, but he was convinced that there was grace sufficient for every need. After awhile training in a home camp he was shipped to France, and it was not long before he found himself as an infantryman in active service on the front line. At the Battle of the Marne he passed through his first great fiery ordeal the night of that dreadful bombardment he was down in the trenches and when just past midnight the Germans began to pour that rain of shell over on the American forces he was exposed to the fire without a thing to shelter him, but the walls of a hastily built trench. To him it was a terrible experience, but through it all he prayed to God in silent yet fervent prayer that he might pass safely through the awful night and see the morning break. Many that night about him were wounded by the flying shrapnel, and some were killed, but when morning came he was found without a scratch, yet his sympathies went out to the wounded in adjoining trenches and he willingly offered himself as stretcher-bearer to help take the wounded down the hill to the first aid station in the old Chateau. Many a comrade did he aid that day in getting to the dressing station, and he did all he could to get water for the thirsty, and in every way help the helpless and the suffering. When the counter attack at the Battle of the Marne took place the next Tuesday night, his company had an exposed bit of the line to hold, but they held it through terrible odds, and Fletcher himself knew from real experience what it meant to engage in real soldiering, but through it all he was sustained by the conviction, in some peculiar way, the battle was the Lord's and it was his duty to be a real soldier -- to be brave and courageous and do his full duty.

I met Fletcher about three weeks after the Battle of the Marne. I remember the meeting up there in that shack where he was put up. It was Sunday morning when I happened in on him. He was reading his Bible and he had a little army hymn book opened before him. He said to me, "Just before you came along I was singing one of those hymns that seemed just to suit my experience. If you don't mind I will sing you a verse of it." And he began to sing:

"O Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me, My Master and my Friend!

I shall not fear the battle If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway If Thou wilt be my Guide."

After singing the verse he said: "You remember the Battle of the Marne, Sunday night of July 14th. Well, all through that terrific barrage this hymn was singing through my soul and especially those words:

"I shall not fear the battle, If Thou art by my side."

"I felt in a strange, peculiar way that there was One standing at my side and when the shells were bursting all about me I felt that He was shielding me from the shrapnel and comforting me so that all terror left me and I was not afraid." I said to him, "Sing on, let me hear the rest of the hymn." And he sang:

"O let me feel Thee near me! The world is ever near;

I see the sights that dazzle, The tempting sounds I hear;

"My foes are ever near me, Around me and within;

But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer, And shield my soul from sin.

"O let me hear Thee speaking In accents clear and still, Above the storm's of passion, The murmurs of self-will!

"O speak to re-assure me, To hasten or control!

O speak, and make me listen, Thou Guardian of my soul!"

I must confess that this was a means of grace to my soul, to meet such a young fellow, far, far away from home, the product of one of our most spiritual colleges, the fruits of a revival meeting in a little Methodist Church down in a small town, and a by-product of Zion Hill camp meeting -- to meet him here in France and in the war zone, and a soldier in Uncle Sam's army, and to find that through all the temptations and tests that had beset him he had kept unflinchingly true to God. It was encouraging and inspiring and I went out from his shack to my morning service to preach more vitally the saving and keeping power of the mighty Christ. My next meeting with Fletcher Benson was over in the Saint Mihiel sector. Our division was ordered to relieve the attacking division. We got over in a country that was virtually plowed up by our own artillery preparatory to the attack upon the German strongholds. I had witnessed a great deal of the effects of German artillery but here I had the opportunity of seeing what our guns had done to the enemy country. Some of our large shells had made holes big enough and deep enough to suffice for the cellar of an ordinary sized house; great gaps and chasms had been made in the earth big enough to bury a family of elephants, and the German dugouts were played havoc with -- dugouts which had endured for four years, and where the Huns had kept fairly comfortable had caved in under the American fire as though they were paper boxes. We had to put up a couple of nights in those woods. The first night the Germans threw a lot of shells over on us--they knew where we were -- and some of their fire struck us bad. Two of our boys were killed during the night, several were wounded, and in the morning a soldier pointed out to me where a piece of shrapnel had struck the trunk of a tree right next to the pup tent where I slept, and he said: "It is a good thing for you that that trunk got that bit of iron; if it had hit your tent, good-bye."

Well, such are the mercies attendant upon us in the battlefields! The next day, knowing we would have to spend another night in that woods I went looking for a dugout, and in my search I was delighted to come across my friend Fletcher Benson again. It was a happy meeting. We went together in search of a dugout, and at length was directed by my good friend, Major Mac, to a dugout close to his. We settled on it for the night. Now I must confess that those German dugouts always felt hideous to me, there was something uncanny about them though they were invariably built strong and substantial and comfortable. This one especially gave me strange feelings, but when night came on, and Benson came, we got in, lighted our candles and sat down to talk things over.

Since our first meeting Fletcher told me he had passed through some strange experiences. One thing he was glad to tell me was, that he had been promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, and that his company commander had shown him many favors. He said one day his Captain said to him, "Benson, I see you don't smoke, chew or swear." "No, sir, I don't do either. At home I was taught to avoid tobacco; at college it was prohibited, and as to swearing, I don't think any man can fear God and swear at the same time."

"Well, Benson," said the Captain, "You keep on. I myself am a preacher's son. My father taught me along the same line. I got away from his teachings some since getting in the army, but I hope to get back to them again some day."

Benson was known by some of the men as "Happy" Benson. He was never seen out of temper, nor indulging in anything coarse or doubtful. One day one of his comrades said, "Well, I should like to know what keeps Benson so happy in such miserable surroundings as we have to put up with."

"If you would like to know," replied Benson, "I will tell you. This is what makes me happy. I try to keep the fear of the Lord ever before me. I am in France in the line of duty. I have a little book -- my New Testament -- which I read every day and I say my prayers regularly."

"Oh, there you go again Benson, with your religious business."

"Well," spoke up another comrade, "I think it is a good thing that in this man's army we have a few fellows like Benson, who have the courage to be religious; he helps make up for a lot of us who have not that kind of stuff."

Well, as we sat there in the dugout, Benson was telling me these little incidents, and then before we laid down on our German-made wire cots, I asked Benson to read something from his little Testament, and he read Eph 1:1-23, and after he had finished he said: "I want to read from another little book which I have carried with me all through the war," and he pulled out from his pocket, "The Practice of the Presence of God," by Brother Lawrence. He said, "Let me read a couple of citations from this little book which has been a blessing to me often. Listen."

"There is not in the world a kind of life more sweet and more delightful than that of a continual walk with God; those only can comprehend it who practice and experience it." And again: "To be with God, there is no need to be continually in church. Of our heart we may make an oratory wherein to retire from time to time and with Him hold meek, humble, loving converse. Everyone can converse closely with God, some more, others less. He knows we can. Let us begin then, perhaps He is just waiting for one generous resolution on our part; let us be brave. In that old German dugout we

knelt in prayer and we felt that God was as close to us there as on Zion Hill camp ground, or in the most sacred spot at home. We laid down to sleep, blew out our candles, and sang as our good-night lullaby, Lyte's famous hymn:

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide: When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."

After we had spent that night together in the German dugout in the Argonne, we had to make an early start for our next objective. Breakfast was eaten when it was barely light, and at six o'clock we were on the move. Fletcher was attached to Company G, of the Second Battalion, and my understanding was that the first and second battalions were to move immediately in on the line of attack while the third remained in reserve. I moved on with the Second Battalion Medical Corps, and we put up our first-aid station as far up toward the front as we could go with safety.

It was not long before our wounded began to arrive, and one day we had to work continuously for about twenty-two hours. Some of our boys were terribly wounded, some hopelessly, but the surgeon gave them the best of treatment and hurried them on to the hospital as fast as the ambulances could take them, but, alas, the roads became congested. Everything was trying to get to the front where the fighting was going on -- artillery, ammunition, rations, engineers, signal corps, etc., and between them all a jam occurred on the road, and for about ten miles for almost a whole day scarcely a wheel moved. Of course, one of the things which superinduced this condition was the dastardly trick the Germans played on us by mining the roads; and at one point where the mine went off one of the biggest of our army trucks tumbled over and it took the engineers nearly ten hours to clear things up and build a bridge over the chasm made by the Hun mine.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the Second day a captain was brought in on a stretcher severely wounded. He had been shot in both legs, also in the shoulder. He was in a desperate condition, but what added to his grief was the fact that four men had been killed in their effort to bring him in. They were bearing him along on the stretcher, when the German snipers picked them off one by one. Four other fellows volunteered to take the Captain out, and one of them was Fletcher Benson. These last four succeeded in getting their Captain out of danger and bringing him safely to the first-aid station.

Night was coming on, and the stretcher-bearers concluded they would wait for morning before returning to the lines, and this gave me another chance to fellowship with Benson, and that night by our fire where we kept our chocolate and coffee hot for dispensing to the wounded and to hungry and thirsty soldiers we talked of many things.

"Well," I said, "Benson, what do you think of war by this time?"

"Oh," he said, "war is awful. I hope this will be the last war this old sin-cursed world will ever see. When I get home one thing I shall never do. I shall never glorify war. Now think of what I had to go through and see yesterday. When we got on the lines we were up against a nest of German machine guns -- one-pounders and snipers. I saw one of our Lieutenants shot in the head and fall dead instantly. Ten of my own platoon went down one after the other, and our company got so shot to pieces that I believe there are not more than sixty or seventy left out of 250. On our way out with the Captain the Germans were shelling everything in sight. One shell fell about fifty feet away from us and killed four of our boys and wounded eight others, and a fellow riding a horse was shot

to pieces and his horse torn in two. I have seen enough the past two days to make war appear to me the most horrible monster the devil ever invented. But the marvel is that I am alive. Bullets were flying all around me and shells burst close to me and yet through it all God has mercifully spared my life and I am alive to praise Him. These days I often think of those words in Psa 91:1-16, "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee," and then I think of that hymn we used to sing at Zion's Hill camp meeting, "God will take care of you."

I said, "It is several days now since I have had a sing, and I pulled out my little song book and together, Benson and I sang the first verse.

"Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you;

Beneath His wings of love abide, God will take care of you." The singing attracted many who were standing around, and we had quite a congregation as we sang the second verse.

"Through days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your path assail, God will take care of you."

Then others joined us in the chorus, and we sang on until we sang the hymn through. I said, "When we have been having some close calls the past few days, many of our comrades have gone, not to come back, we have been spared, I propose before we separate to go to our dugout, that we have a bit of prayer. And I am going to call on Sergeant Benson to lead us in prayer." All heads were bared and as I recall it now, Benson prayed something like the following:

"Heavenly Father, we give Thee thanks that our lives have been spared during the awful fighting of those two days past. We have seen many comrades go down in battle, many others wounded and carried off to the hospital. We thank Thee for Thy loving care over us. We have not been worthy of Thy goodness, oh, God, but Thou hast been merciful. Bless my comrades here, oh God, forgive us all our sins, and don't let any of us go down to death without saving our souls. Protect us this night from the shells and from gas. Grant that soon the war might be over and peace shall come on the earth again. Bless our dear loved ones in America, protect them, and grant we may all meet again. For Christ's sake. Amen." The next morning the glad news reached us that the Armistice had been signed and that tomorrow at 11 o'clock all hostilities were to cease.

Fletcher Benson went back to the lines and I saw no more of him till two weeks after the war finished up. I was preaching in the YMCA hut out from the front lines and he found it out and came over. I was anxious to know what he intended to do when he got back home again, and I was glad to hear him say that he meant to go back to school to prepare for the ministry. He said, "The war has taught me many things. I have had all kinds of experience but through it all God has kept me clean. There are a great many problems coming up before the country with our returning soldiers, and I feel as though I might be able to contribute a little to the church and the ministry from the many experiences I have had in France. I know one thing, I feel more deeply settled in God and the old gospel than ever before in my life and I want to live to preach a free and full salvation and to testify to the wonderful grace of a mighty Savior." And now, dear reader, I have set forth this sketch purposely to show that thousands of splendid youths have been in Uncle Sam's army in France and have been kept true in the midst of all the tests to faith and manhood. They have lived the praying life, they have kept the faith and will be returning home the brighter and stronger for

the many things they have passed through. And don't forget this also, that with the return of the soldier boys there will come a splendid opportunity to win them to Christ. Many of them will be hungry for church, and the old-time home preaching again -- they did not get much of that here in France. Let our returning soldiers have the warmest kind of welcome, but don't neglect the opportunity of winning them for Christ and the Church.

02.15. Peace

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 15 - Peace By George Ridout When I left home Christmas day, 1917, I thought I was going on a two years' service. The great German offensive and success of March, 1918, indicated that the war was not going to end that year. Things looked black in the spring.

Time fled fast. The weeks and months have gone by rather fast because the year was one of ceaseless activities and a goodly portion of it spent on battle fronts. Often have I longed for home and loved ones and have had that which the Germans call "Heimweh" which translated means "ache for home."

Often on the long hikes with the army in the dark, rainy nights, have I longed for the lights and comforts of home. When our sleep would have to be on the wet ground or in murky dugouts or trenches, and our "eats" would be coffee without any "fixings," and dry bread, sometimes "hard tack;" when for days no kitchens could accompany us because of shell fire and we had to subsist on reserve rations, I would cast longing eyes towards the homeland and the cozy kitchen and dining-room and the well-prepared meals, and the family circle. But we all felt it was war! From the Colonel of the Regiment down to the humble private they all took their share of the hardships without grumbling. But oh, the joy, the unspeakable joy that comes to us these days, when we think of it -- the war is over. We say it to one another. It seems almost like a dream -- almost too good to be true.

I remember we were on the Argonne front when the first gleams of peace began to break upon the dismal horizon, and day by day all kinds of reports came across. We heard of Bulgaria's surrender, and then of Turkey. We knew if Austria gave up it would be good-bye to Germany. I was so sure of it that my over sanguine nature gave way, and with Austria's surrender I predicted Germany coming across and the cessation of hostilities in forty-eight hours. I had to revise that and, to be on the safe side, I put it that the war would be over by Thanksgiving. Well, I was on the sure side this time, and hostilities ceased Nov. 11 at 11 o'clock. That eleventh hour was hailed with feverish expectancy by our troops. Sad is it not that in the very last hour of the war one of our preachers met his death by an unfortunate shell! By a strange range of circumstances Sunday, Nov. 10, found me in Paris, preaching in the morning at an Aviation Encampment, and my evening appointment brought me to Versailles where I preached. This visit to Versailles was very interesting to me of course because the Allied Supreme Council was then meeting there to determine the question of Armistice, etc. On Sunday afternoon I took a walk through the Palace Gardens, made famous by the brilliant King Louis XIV, and his dazzling Court. Voltaire estimated that Versailles cost Louis XIV \$100,000,000, Mirabeau said it cost \$240,000,000, Volney put the figure at \$280,000,000. You can take your choice or believe the more popular tale that the Great Monarch was himself frightened when he saw the bills and tore them up, so that no one would ever know what it cost. Twenty thousand workmen and 6,000 horses were put to work creating the great park and building the chateau where the delegates of democracy are to assemble. The task

took a long time. In 1685 a courtier wrote in his diary: "There are more than 36,000 peasants now at work for the King in or about Versailles. These half-clad and half-starved wretches die by the dozens under the strain of the cruel tasks imposed upon them. And when one of these workmen died in the King's service his family received \$2.50. The Hall of Mirrors, where the Peace Conference held its sessions, is 242 feet long and 33 feet wide and measures 43 feet from floor to ceiling. On one side of it seventeen large mirrors look out upon the stilted artificial gardens which were designed by Lenotre under the personal supervision of Louis XIV. On the other side of the gallery seventeen large mirrors reflect the splendors of the stately room. Paintings representing scenes in the life of Louis the Magnificent ornament the ceiling, sides and every available vacancy not filled by a mirror. As I walked through its parks with the trees dressed in their autumn glory, the sight was indeed entrancing, yet the fading leaves spoke to me of the fading qualities of human glory. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth," so do kings and empires! Think if you will, of nations and thrones that have faded out. Egypt gone, Assyria, Chaldea, Persia, Rome and Greece and now we see the fading away of Austria as an empire, and Germany too. Thrones have tottered, crown's have gone to the scrap-heap, kings and queens into exile, and Europe is like an old house that has got to be torn down to its very foundations to make room for something new and different. But oh, the joy of peace! I was in a great city where are the headquarters of the A. E. F., when hostilities ceased, and at once the city was decorated with the tri-color of France, the Union Sack of Old England, and the Star Spangled Banner of USA. French people were wild with joy and as the band played the people exulted so as to get beyond themselves. And now the war is over what of conditions religiously. A friend writing me from New Jersey thinks that the churches need to be aroused to meet "conditions that will be upon us after the war is over. Our soldier boys should be met by the church, not simply by giving out flowers and refreshments, but by offering a Christ who satisfies." "I do not know," writes my friend, "what will be the conditions of the soldier boys' conscience when they return, but I do know what should be the attitude of the church in receiving them After the war is won for democracy shall it produce pride and self-conceit?" Well, as I see it when the boys come marching home the church should meet them with a vital gospel because, to be perfectly frank, they have not had much of that in France. My own conviction is that the only thing that will meet the case will be the old gospel and the full gospel.

I have heard men talk about the war giving us a new theology, a new gospel, a new vision of God, a new pulpit. I have heard them say that after the war men will no longer stand for the kind of gospel that the preachers have preached for so long a time. When you first hear that, you may be carried away with the novelty of it for the present and you might find yourself yielding a kind of assent to it, but let me advise you to go slow in changing your point of view or trading away your old faith for the new.

Bear in mind that the Christian faith is not a bit of machinery that is subject to so many improvements that a thing a couple or three years old is thrown on the dump heap as useless since the newest thing has come out. Bear in mind that the Christian faith is the best thing that has ever been found to bless the human soul -- to heal its wounds, to wash away its guilt, assuage its sorrows, cleanse its defilement, illuminate its darkness and bring it back to its God, its Saviour, its Refuge, its Home, its Heaven.

Now the war is over, the paramount question is, "When are we going home?" Before the Armistice the question was, "When will the war be over?" I have had to answer those questions times

without number, as best I could. The other night in the YMCA hut I got myself in quite a fix with a big audience of New York troops who are longing to see the Statue of Liberty again as soon as possible. I told them that at the close of the program I would try and tell them when they would be going home. I afterward saw that I had involved myself into quite a task. At the end of the program it came on me like a sort of inspiration, "Valentine's Day," so I told them they might expect to be home by Valentine's Day, 1919. I hardly think I was far astray. The troops long for home now that the war is over.

Talk all you might about "LaBelle, France," to them, it has no attraction for the bulk of them—they are longing for "home, sweet home," longing for mother's touch, and sister's love, and wife's embrace, and children's kisses, and the old homestead or farm; and the little church by the cross roads, and the school-house where they attend the country Sunday school, and the boys from the city long for Broadway and State Street, and the park and the city crowds. One boy in the hospital got so homesick that he could not eat, and there seemed but little prospect of his getting better, till one day one of the good nurses thought of something, and she made a pie like "mother used to make," and brought it to the sick boy. It aroused his appetite, he ate it with great relish, and soon he was on the mend, and will see mother and the old home again. The coming back of the boys from France will mean a great homecoming.

Many of the boys will come home out of "great tribulation." They have been in the trenches and dugouts, and out at the battle front where they have fought the enemy and seen war in all its hideous realities. Some of them will never get over the shock of war. One boy, in the insane hospital, was talking to the Chaplain. He looked all right, and, for while, talked all right, then he said "Chaplain, I am not crazy, I am all right. I tell you, Chaplain, how it was; me and my Chum were marching along when a shell came across and just cut my buddy's head clean off. I went over where he lay and picked up his head and put it on again and said, 'Buddy, come along now with me,' and I tell you, Sir, he wouldn't come along." The shock, the sight, the horror of the thing was too great for that poor soldier boy; his brain turned, and it is a grave question as to whether he ever will get his mind back again. Yet, there is a possibility because he is young.

Last Sunday I was preaching at an encampment, when the YMCA Secretary said to me: "Could you stay over and conduct a funeral service?" I said I would. The circumstances led me to change my subject and to preach to the soldiers a sermon on heaven. Would the readers like to know what the sermon was like? Well, I think I will put down some notes of the message. The text was Rev 21:2 : "And I, John saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." I said in part, "We are indebted to John, for the fullest description of heaven we have in the Bible. Jesus told us about the many mansions in John 14:1-31, but here in this chapter we have heaven described to us as a city. Now what is there about a city that distinguishes it from all other places?

1. A city is a place of mansions and homes. People crowd in the cities and make them their homes. Heaven is a home city. It has many mansions.
2. A city is a place of many people. So is heaven. John saw multitudes there which no man could number, and they were of all tongues and races and nations and families.

3. A city is a place where there is much beauty and music. Some cities are renowned for their beauty, like Paris, or Venice, or Los Angeles. They have beautiful avenues, parks, statuary, pictures, etc., and in the city there is much music. So with heaven; beauty is there -- there the trees of Paradise grow, and the trees of life beside the River of Life. I expect there are flowers there-the lily and rose, and daisy and daffodil, and as for music, there will be abundance there. John, in Rev 14:1-20 : "I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps and they sung as it were a new song before the throne." John heard the angelic choir singing around the throne: "The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands," and the song they sang was:

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, To receive power and riches, And wisdom and strength and Honor and glory and blessing.

Blessing and honor and glory, And power be unto Him That sitteth upon the throne, And unto the Lamb, For ever and ever."

Music hath charms, and in heaven we shall be charmed with its music. David will then play on his golden harp, and the sweet singers of Israel will chant God's praise whilst the redeemed from all the earth shall shout aloud redemption's song.

Today the land is being filled with music, because the war is over. Our Regiments carry with them their bands, and when the bands play the soldier's heart beats fast with a new joy. Music has often inspired the troops when weary with the march, and we are told of one Scottish musician who, during the battle, played his bagpipes to encourage his fighting comrades, while the shot and shell fell thick and fast. He played on and on while they fought, until he himself got a fatal shot and death silenced him.

4. Heaven is the home of the soul. Home never felt sweeter to us than now. We dream about it and the loved one there. We are all longing for the time when the ship hauls into the pier and we get on board and then say good-bye to France, and face the western sky and our homes. So after life's battles are fought we want to make heaven at last and go to the home of the soul.

5. We must remember next what it means to get to heaven. We must be a candidate for it and run for it. We must let the world know that we are heaven-bound. We must be sure to have things so arranged that we shall not be disappointed. If I desire to go to Paris I must get my ticket and get on the train that goes that way. So we must take care that we are headed right for heaven if we want to make that city our heavenly home. Then we must remember the mark to be borne by those who come up to heaven's gate. John indicates, in Revelation, when the question was asked about the great company, "Who are these arrayed in white and whence came they?" The reply was, "These are they that have come up out of great tribulation and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb."

Note two things here, "They have come up out of great tribulation." Many of our soldier boys are going back home out of great tribulation. They are going to bear wound marks and they are privileged to wear "wound stripes." I remember the doctor who got wounded when the Huns shelled us at our dressing station at St. Giles. He went to the hospital, got well again, but when he returned he was wearing a wound stripe on his arm. Those wound stripes are honorable -- they testify that the bearer was in battle or in the war zone where dangers abounded, he endangered

his life for his country's sake and gave up all. So with regard to heaven. When we get there we shall bear the marks of battle, and remember we have an enemy to fight more dreadful and powerful than the Hun -- that enemy is the world, the flesh and the devil. In our conflicts with this triple foe we shall suffer bruises and wounds, but may come off more than conqueror through Him who hath loved us. Then we must bear the blood mark. When we get to heaven's gate we shall not get through because we are Protestant, Catholic, or Jew -- we shall not get through because we have fought on the battlefields of France; the rich man shall not get through because of his money, nor the learned man because of his culture, nor the great man because of his renown -- there is just one condition, "we must be washed in the blood of the Lamb."

02.16. Preaching the Gospel in Germany

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 16 - Preaching the Gospel in Germany By George Ridout At this writing I am in Germany working with the troops of the Army of Occupation. For a few days, including Sunday, I was with the Rainbow Division. At the present I am with my old Division with which I spent seven months, including the five months I was on the battle lines with them. I am particularly pleased that on the home stretch I have 'been put with the famous Third again. It was my old Regiment, the 38th Infantry, that Pershing in his report said, "Wrote one of the most brilliant pages in military history." It was my lot to be with them when they were writing that chapter. It happened July 15-16, and looking at it now it looks like a perfect miracle how that one Regiment held the Germans as they attempted to cross the Marne -- held them after the 125th French had retired; held them through terrific odds and succeeded in throwing three German Divisions into confusion about ten times their number. I remember what a time we had down at the old Chateau where battalion Headquarters were attending the wounded as they were brought into us from the nearby hill and the river bank where the German hordes were trying to break loose upon us. I remember Captain Burleson in charge of our defenses at the Chateau that day and night, how he told me that he had the place bristling with machine guns and every man at night standing with bayonet fixed. I can recall his expression as he said, "We were to fight to the last man," and I can recall, too, how he shook his head in doubt as to the final issue when I asked him "How things were looking." It must be confessed that for twenty-four hours, at least, things did look rather black for us. If the Battalion had not held the lines the Germans would have got us -- there would have been no help for us, as our retreat would have been completely cut off. That was one time when I looked either death or capture right in the face. It all depended on into whose hands we Tell if the enemy got us. Some officers would have commanded the wiping of us all out. Red Cross or YMCA insignia did not count for much with some Germans, when things fell their way, but thank God, the 38th Regiment did not know how to retreat or run away and they determined to stick it out and they did. They held the lines! They held all day and all night. They held until reinforcements came. They saved the situation!

I must confess that it is a genuine pleasure to get back to that 38th Regiment. At present I am with the 4th, but neat week I shall move up to headquarters of the 38th. I expect to have a good time preaching the gospel to them. At one time last August this Regiment was out to rest for nearly three weeks, and during that time on Sundays we had intense religious interest. Sunday nights we had old-fashioned evangelistic meetings and the interest was so keen that I felt if I could open a protracted meeting for ten days there we would have had hundreds turn to Christ -- the fact was the battle they had been in had brought them face to face with death and eternity and they remembered God and began to pray. A Hebrew Sergeant said to me one day: "I tell you a lot of us have prayed more the past few weeks than ever before in our lives, and, as for me, I am a different man." Strange, too, to relate that this man, a Jew, came to all our religious services and requested the privilege of joining our Regimental Church! In the 38th Regiment I met an Asbury student -- Benson by name -- a good fellow and a true-blue Christian soldier. He had been studying for the

ministry when the war broke out but did not play the shirker -- he made a good soldier. Many talks did we have together, and it was a great pleasure to have him in the services to lead in prayer and otherwise help. I believe Benson came out of the fight without injury. The last time I was with him he and I were dodging German shells up the Argonne as we went in search of Regimental P. C. to see Colonel Adams. I hope Benson will get back to Asbury to finish his studies and I am sure his experiences on the battlefield will make a stronger man and preacher out of him. Well to return to Germany! I came from Paris to Metz and then into Coblenz, the headquarters of the American Army of Occupation. I stayed over a Sunday at Metz to preach at the Y. M. C.A. In the morning I went to the service at the Cathedral. It seemed a pity that such a magnificent church should not be devoted to real religion instead of religious mummery. As I sat there I thought of Martin Luther coming back and ascending that old pulpit and preaching to that crowd of hungry, needy people out of the blessed Word of God the unsearchable riches of Christ. I could almost hear him rebuke the priests adorned in their gaudy glittering robes and saying: "Here! here! Give this people bread, not stones; give them the gospel, not Latin phrases; give them real prayers, not mummery. Lift up your voices, O ye priests, and declare comforts to the mourners, consolation for the sorrowing, cleansing for the unclean, pardon for the sinning through a Savior crucified and risen again for our justification! Away with your empty forms and lip service; rend your gaudy garments in sincere repentance, turn your hearts toward God and lead the people to the 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.'" The land that gave Luther birth needs his life again to turn the hearts of the people in these days of their defeat and misery and sorrow over millions of heir fathers and sons slain in battle, towards the God whom Luther knew and preached as the Mighty Savior and Justifier.

Outside of the Metz Cathedral, close to one of the entrances, is the statue of the Prophet Daniel, but the hideous feature about it, it has the Kaiser's head on it -- upturned mustache and all. The story is that the Kaiser had poor Daniel's head taken off and his own placed there instead. Think of the monstrous travesty! What a piece of monumental assumption! And what a libel on beloved Daniel! I presume the French who now are in charge of Metz will let that thing stay there as a testimony to the crazy William, who assumes at times, to be the special ambassador of the "Most High" Whilst he was engaged in the most murderous business that the devil ever put a potentate to do.

After leaving Metz I came next to Coblenz, the headquarters of the American Army of Occupation. This great German stronghold, with its immense fortress across the River Rhine, is now in full charge of the Americans. Whilst at Coblenz I had a singular experience. There came on my soul a great agony of prayer, and in order to get alone where I could talk to God, I went down one night and there on the banks of the Rhine I had one of the most gracious seasons of prayer I have had since I came in the army. I felt that over in the homeland somebody had been praying for me and God had turned the praying now into my own soul, and my soul was refreshed and comforted and strengthened as I breathed out and talked out to God my yearnings of soul for myself and for the soldiers among whom I was going to put in a month of special work.

Last Sunday I preached to troops of the Seventh Regiment, morning and night. Especially at the night service did we have the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit present and I felt my heart go out very freely as I preached Christ and salvation through grace Divine.

During these days of the Occupation the army is giving a great deal of attention to the 'soldiers' recreation, entertainment, education, etc., and we have many more opportunities of meeting the men in groups and assemblies. The men seem hungry for the religious services when Sundays come and we are putting much more emphasis upon the religious program.

Last Days In France

After coming out of Germany, having finished my itinerary lecturing and preaching to my old Third Division along the Rhine, I came back to Paris to arrange my affairs preparatory to going home. While in Paris I met Bishop Anderson, who is the Bishop in charge of the French work in connection with our Methodist Episcopal Church, American-French work. I also met Bishop Harris, of Korea here -- the old missionary veteran of the cross, was now on his way to Jerusalem. His face was lighted up with holy gladness as he talked of Palestine being now free and the holy places no longer under the Turk. He reminded me some of old Simeon of the gospel who when he saw the Christ child was satisfied and said: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

General Allenby and the British Army seemed to 'have been God's chosen instruments to bring about this event of world-wide religious significance -- the deliverance of Jerusalem and the setting free of the land made sacred by a thousand Biblical events and the life and ministry of our Lord. Himself.

Another man I met in Paris was Rev. E. W. Bysshe, who is superintendent of our Methodist work in France. He has been in France over ten years during which churches and orphanages have been planted in many parts of France. Dr. Bysshe will be known to many of the old friends of Taylor University and also Peniel, Texas. Bishop Burr sent him to open up work in France over ten years ago, and, now the work under him has grown so that he must have several men come to his rescue and help superintend and push the work of Methodism in France. A great door of opportunity is opening up in France for the spread of the gospel. France has had Protestant churches for centuries, but the work has become formal and cold and the great need now is for a movement with the old-time power and the fire of Pentecost about it.

After getting my clearance papers in Paris, I came down to Marseilles and spent a couple of weeks in the Riviera -- that portion of France where possibly that much misunderstood term (among our soldier boys at least) "Sunny France," originated first. Washed by the azure waves of the Mediterranean and sheltered by the mountains and hills that come down from the Alpine ranges and smiled upon by the cloudless skies and sunned nearly all the year round, this section of France is where nature exhibits her charms in beautiful flowers and foliage, her bounties in luscious fruits and the exquisite and picturesque in landscape, coast and sea. "Tres joli" is the favorite French expression for the beautiful. We would say all this country of the Riviera is indeed "tres joli" -very beautiful indeed -- truly, I think, as beautiful a bit of country as can be found in Europe or anywhere upon the earth. All this section had been opened by the American Army as a leave area to our soldiers and it has afforded thousands of them the opportunity of their lives to visit this part of Sunny France and to visit historic spots where the great Caesars and Hannibal, Constantine and the latter kings and conquerors, including Napoleon, fought some of their battles, overcame their enemies, conquered territory, hung out their banners, built their towers and strongholds and lived out their short days.

Nice is a city famous for its beautiful situation on the Mediterranean, for its flowers and gardens and villas, its vines and palm trees, and its tiled houses of yellowish White. It is famous in history. It dates from B. C. 530, so that it was a city many centuries before Christ was born. It was here, A. D., that the great council of Nice was held and the Nicene creed formulated by which the Divinity of Christ was made an important and emphatic article of the Christian confession of faith.

I spent just a day or two at Nice as I felt I was on duty, and with Sunday so near I moved on to Monte Carlo where the program for the Sunday was completed and I went on to Mentone where I preached in the Theater of the Casino to our soldier boys. I continued at this place over two Sundays as Religious Director. It was a matter of great interest to me to be located at Mentone for more than a week. I had read of this place a great deal in connection with the great Spurgeon's life. It was at Mentone he used to come when tired and ill -- he was a great sufferer as well as a great preacher, and it was at Mentone that he died. Frequently he preached when at Mentone. At his hotel he would hold morning prayers for those who wished to attend, and frequently as many as forty would be in attendance. Sometimes he held parlor services which brought, of course, always a capacity audience. One evening in one of the homes they held a reception for him. It was attended by people of all creeds -- high church people and low. During the evening exercises Spurgeon was called upon to speak a few minutes. He told very simply the wonderful leadings of the Lord in regard to his Tabernacle work, his orphanages, etc. His hearers were deeply moved and at the close of his address a high church clergyman with tears in his eyes exclaimed, "Let us pray," fell upon his knees and gave forth the most hearty thanks to God for the message they had heard.

Mentone was also a place of great interest to me because of an orphanage there which is being carried on under the auspices of our American Methodist Episcopal Church. Before arranging for my hotel, I made a call at the orphanage and met the Directress, a very devout, educated Swiss lady of the Swiss Protestant Church. She addressed me first in French and then dropped into English. She was pleased to see an American preacher and took pleasure in showing me through the orphanage. Before leaving I said something about securing a hotel and then she said they had a room fitted up for visitors, and if I chose I could hold that room during my stay in Mentone. I was delighted because there is nothing that gives me more pleasure than to be with the children. I had a good time there with those French boys and girls and became known to them as "Uncle George." Some of the children were war orphans. One little fellow, Emile, was one of five children in a family up in Alsace whose home the Germans destroyed and killed father and mother. I took the children out on several excursions to the great amusement of the soldiers who would remark as I passed by with my children, "You have a large family, sir." To be sure the children had some extras while Uncle George was there, and when I left them and said "au revoir" for the last time some of them clung to my neck and wet my cheeks with their tears. They wanted to sing at evening prayers, "God be with you till we meet again," but I restrained them from it. I did not want to make my going away too sad for them. Two of those children, George and Suzanne, must be sent away to a Sanitarium in Switzerland if we will save them from tuberculosis. I have partly promised to raise \$300 each for them. One year there will probably dispel the danger that now awaits them. Their poor mother died of tuberculosis while their father was at war.

While on the Riviera I visited Monte Carlo -- Europe's famous gambling resort. This place and Monaco is a little principality all of itself, separate from France, though in France geographically.

The Prince of Monaco owns and controls the place, but they all say his rule has been most kind and generous. He is a noted scientist and navigator. On his yacht, the Princess Alice, he has gone around the world time and again and has contributed immensely to scientific knowledge in the realm of navigation -- the deep seas, currents, etc. He has built a wonderful museum at Monaco in which the wonders of the great deep are represented by all kinds of specimens -- possibly this is the finest aquarium in Europe.

Bath Monte Carlo and Monaco are wonderful beauty spots, veritable gardens of paradise with associations, however, of the most wicked, because here amid all this beauty of shining shore and gardens gorgeous and palm tree and foliage superb there is carried on one of the most seductive and nefarious occupations -- the gambling business. It attracts people from all parts. Ladies adorned in their silks, gentlemen in their broadcloth, the rich with their expensive liveries, come here to try the sport, and then some come here with dreams of riches under cover of a few hundred or a few thousand francs. They enter the game, the wheels go around which bring to them loss and disaster, and sometimes suicide. There is a point which we passed up on the high wall which is known as "suicide point." You look from the dizzy heights below to jagged rock and ocean. Many a poor soul who tried the wheel of fortune only to find misfortune, ended it all, as they say, by throwing themselves into the sea from this and other suicide points.

I had the pleasure of meeting a couple of Methodist pastors (French) on the Riviera, Rev. L. D. Martin, at Cannes, and the pastor at Grasse. A very interesting Protestant work has been in progress at Cannes under the direction of Pastor Martin. He is a Swiss minister and married a good woman with consecrated money. This gave him the chance to do lots of good. He built and maintained largely at his own expense, a fine tabernacle for evangelistic work at Cannes, where he has preached to large congregations. He has been feeling the need of giving up the responsibility of the work with his declining health and recently turned his three churches over to the Methodist Episcopal Church of U. S. A. The Conference was held there in March with Bishops Anderson and Henderson in attendance, and some who were there told me that many a meeting was of the old-time Methodist kind in which many rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Coming back to Marseilles to take my steamer to America, I found that I would have to wait patiently my turn, and this held me here for over ten days more. Marseilles is the second city in France; Paris stands first. It is also the greatest seaport on the Mediterranean. The very ends of the earth come together here. It is the gateway to the East. All nations seem to be represented here. There were many soldiers of France here waiting to go back to their homes in Morocco and Algiers, in French Africa and China, in Madagascar and other French possessions to the ends of the earth. In 1721 a terrible plague broke out at Marseilles carrying off half of its population. It was during this plague that a noted doctor in order to give science some new facts on the symptoms and nature of the disease voluntarily contracted the plague, and as long as consciousness lasted he noted down his symptoms and data. Through his sacrifice the doctors were enabled to better combat the disease.

I spent Good Friday at Marseilles. In the afternoon I went up to the Notre Dame de-laGarde Church which is a church built upon a rocky promontory south of the harbor entrance. It is Catholic and dedicated to the Virgin. An immense gilded statue of the Virgin surmounts the belfry and this tower is the last thing visible to the sailor as he puts out to sea and the first thing he sees as he comes into port. The church holds special interest to the sailors Who frequent Marseilles. Many of

them in return for escape from the perils of the deep when they return to port, send some token of gratitude to the church-sometimes it takes the shape of a miniature ship, and many of these are seen suspended from the ceilings. From this church a wonderful panorama opens before you. The great city lies beneath you; its red tiled roofs on yellowish white houses give a pleasing variety of color and makes a striking picture. To me the sight of that great city with its sins and wickedness made me think of Jesus as He beheld Jerusalem and wept over it. I have walked the streets of Marseilles and saw its teeming multitudes. I have seen its gilded saloons filled with drinkers; its brilliantly lighted theaters, alive with people and its churches shut up tight at night -- its Protestant churches shut tight nearly all the time, except for its formal services once or twice on the Sunday, and I have thought what a city to have a live central gospel mission in, brilliantly lighted every night, open all day long for Christian service, and every night the year round for wide-awake gospel meetings! At last the day arrived for boarding ship. I was slated to go by the S. S. America, a large ship carrying 2,500 troops, but they needed a transport secretary who could also be a Chaplain for the S. S. Sophia, which was to sail with 1,200 troops. She was a smaller and slower steamer, but duty before pleasure has always been my motto, so I consented to change to the Sophia so as to help out the transport work. We had a very fine company on board made up of casuals largely who were excellent people to work with.

After a sail of over two days we came to Gibraltar, that wonderful Rock which guards the gateway to the Mediterranean, and that great British Citadel. We tarried there three days, then we sailed again and in twelve days we arrived in New York, May 9th. Oh, it was glorious to see the U. S. A. again. Glorious to see home again and family and loved ones. After our sixteen months' absence, thank God, we are safe home again!

02.17. Some Messages of the War

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 17 - Some Messages of the War By George Ridout

"Be sure your sin will find you out." Num 32:1-42; Num 31:1-54; Num 30:1-16; Num 29:1-40; Num 28:1-31; Num 27:1-23; Num 26:1-65; Num 25:1-18; Num 24:1-25; Num 23:1-30. The nation that is proving this text true today in terms of suffering, sorrow and bitterness, is Germany. Nearly fifty years ago (it was in 1870) Germany through the wicked manipulations of her man Bismarck, worked up through a forged telegram a declaration of war upon France, and followed it up by an onslaught upon the French that eventuated in its total defeat. The victorious Prussians marched into Versailles and took possession of it, and would have set up themselves also in Paris had not the French begged them off. At Versailles they not only had their headquarters but it was here they created formally the German empire and here in the Hall of Mirrors on January 18, 1871 William I. was crowned German Emperor. Now in the very room where that happened the Peace Conference has been meeting and it will be in the same room that Germany will have to sign the Treaty of Peace which seals her doom as a great nation, and means the loss to her with a thousandfold interest of all that Bismarck gained in his wicked war upon France in 1870.

It will be God preaching a sermon to all the nations and to all peoples. "Be sure your sin will find you out." "Whatsoever a nation soweth that shall it also reap." A few weeks ago I was in Cologne, Germany. It is a great and wonderful and beautiful city on the Rhine. One of the great sights of the city is its great Cathedral which stands as a wonder of the architect's and artist's genius. I spent a little time in the Cathedral, and attended one of the services. It has some great bells. Two of them are the products of the war of 1870, and one is called "The Emperor," the other "Gloriosa." "The Emperor" bell is specially in honor of William I, who had it cast, and it bears the following inscription: "William, the Most Illustrious Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, in pious remembrance of the heavenly aid granted him in the fortunate course and conclusion of the last French war, has ordered, after the restoration of the German Empire, a bell to be cast from captured cannon, of the weight of 50,000 pounds, which is to be suspended in the house of God, now nearly completed. In accordance with this pious desire of the victorious prince, the society formed for the completion of the cathedral has caused it to be cast, under Roman Pontiff Plus IX. and the Archbishop of Cologne, Paul Melchers, in the year of our Lord 1874."

One of the peculiarities of this bell is, that the six arms that form the crown are decorated with angels' heads above and end where they join the bell in lions' feet. Angels with lions' feet! What a contrast, and what a commentary on the German nature as shown in this war! The saintly and the beastly! Angels with lions' claws! Certainly as a roaring lion, Germany went forth to devour France, Belgium and England in this war.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad" is an old proverb and certainly it would seem to be so in German's case in this war. She became mad with learning and philosophy and false culture, mad in her negation of God, mad in her rejection of the Bible of Martin Luther, mad in her rejection of Revelation and Reason, and mad with war lust -- lust for power, lust for world

dominion, and a place in the sun!

It was the boast of Bismarck, that the war he brought about in 1870 had paid a thousand per cent. The big war indemnity imposed upon France then and so speedily paid Germany used to start building up a great army and a great navy wherewith to conquer the world. The Kaiser in his insane ambition to be lord of all creation time and again uttered blasphemies and imagined himself to be peculiarly a Regent of God Almighty having power to smite and blast and destroy everything that opposed his will, but again the words of the old Bible ring out "Be sure your sin will find you out." The Palace Royal where the ex-Kaiser used to delight to speak from to his devotees, and where, from the upper balcony, he made a memorable speech to a great multitude of war intoxicated people in the opening day of the great war, is now little more than a wreck. The Kaiser's own subjects have done the bombing and they have smitten the palace unmercifully. Its royal gates are nothing but twisted iron, its doors are crushed, its windows smashed, and the place once so revered and honored as the habitation of royalty is now a wreck and the object of contempt. The Emperor who destroyed palaces and churches and sacred shrines without compunction, who dealt out ruin and death to innocent thousands is himself today a refugee in a foreign land, his palace a ruin, his family scattered, his home destroyed and his name dishonored. God is preaching to the Emperor: "Be sure your sin will find you out." When God preaches His sermons He puts His arguments in concrete form and all His propositions become requirements. God preaches in terms imperative and His every word becomes a law. God speaks not in the abstract, but the concrete, and in preaching to Germany in this war and her defeat, God has said not only your sins are found out but you must return the stolen goods and make restitution for the wrongs you have done.

I have seen the sermon work itself out on this wise. Germany marched into France and Belgium and everything that she wanted She took. She robbed their railway stock, carrying off locomotives and carriages and freight cars. I have seen the work of restitution taking place. I have seen long trains of cars with German marks all over them filling the tracks in France. I have seen locomotives coming through -- it was a case of returning stolen goods! Then the gold she stole from Belgium and Romania and Russia she has had to send back, and now Belgium is demanding the sending back of stolen machinery, and France is making the same demand, and the great art centers from which Germany stole priceless art treasures are putting up a plea for the return of them, and on every hand Germany is finding out that the way of the transgressor is hard.

Again, "Be sure your sin will find you out" was emphasized at Sedan in November, 1918. It was with our troops in the Argonne -- our last desperate fight, and I heard much about an oncoming onslaught of the enemy if the war kept up much longer. Foch was preparing for a consummate blow which would have resulted possibly in completely smashing what remains of the German Army. The armistice happened just in time to witness the complete collapse of the enemy at Sedan! Remember it was at Sedan in 1870 that Bismarck made Napoleon III capitulate to him and surrender all!

Now -- forty and nine years after -- seven times seven -- Foch, the Frenchman, was at Sedan with his victorious army ready to deal a death blow to Germany in one final and terrific blow, but the wily foe knowing what was coming, cried "Kamerad" and exchanged the sword for the pen and signed up under Foch's dictation, an armistice that broke the despoiler's power and ended the

worst war of all the ages. Sedan 1870, Germany in triumph!

Sedan, 1918, Germany beaten, humiliated, crushed. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Under Fire

(Address delivered at Marseilles, France, at religious service, YMCA Hall, Wednesday night, of Passion Week, April, 1918.)

I would like to remind you of one very special thing tonight and that is, this is Passion Week. Friday coming will be Good Friday in which we will celebrate the death of our Lord. Tonight I want to speak to you on the subject of "Under Fire," and base it upon the words of Luk 4:1-44, where we read of the temptation Jesus suffered during those forty days in the wilderness. Of course you will remember the significance of the forty days of Lent. They are forty in recognition of Christ's forty days of fast and temptation as recorded in the gospels. Now speaking of "Under Fire" some of you know what it has meant in this war to be under fire. I myself was under fire nearly five months and know what it means in all its awfulness and peril. I think possibly the most perilous time I experienced under fire was once when I was assisting the wounded at St. Gilles just a little outside of Fismes. We had our dressing station in an old house on the main road, and unfortunately we were under German observation. Away in the distance yonder we could see that tell-tale observation balloon and we knew the fellow up there had our number. In a little while shells came screaming our way. We had several ambulances at the station to carry out the wounded. One shell fell within about fifteen yards from us and the shrapnel came back on the ambulances, putting two of them out of commission. In a few minutes another shell came whizzing through the air and it fell in front of our station and the shrapnel flew right in on top of us killing two and wounding four, including the Surgeon, and giving me a bit on the cheek and the back. For a few moments the place was a screaming, howling station of dead, dying, wounded, scarred set of men, and we did not know but that in another minute another shell might hit us and finish us all, but thank God the other shells fell in another direction and we were enabled to attend to the screaming and suffering wounded. That was an awful morning, and I thank my God that my life was spared and that I am alive to spend a few more years in preaching the gospel.

Now there are some of you who have not been under shell fire, but there is this that must be said. Every man of us knows what it is to be under fire of temptations fierce and long since we have been in the Army. I suppose also, that many of you have suffered forms of temptations over here in France altogether different from any that you had to undergo when at home, and where you had religious environments that shielded and sheltered you. From the story of the Temptation of Jesus as recorded in Luke's gospel, we notice that Satan tempted Him from three angles:

- (1) He tempted Him along the lines of the appetite.
- (2) He tempted Him to doubt, "If thou be the Son of God."
- (3) He tempted Him along the lines of ambition.

I suppose the most common forms of temptation you have suffered in the army have been those of the appetites and senses. Here is where you have had your fiercest tests and trials. Then you have suffered along the line of your faith. The most fatal thing that can strike a man is when he begins to doubt God, his Savior or his Bible. Oh, I plead with you to stand by your faith and at all

costs keep a steady faith in God, your Bible and in Christ, the mighty Savior. Then there is ambition, which someone speaks of as "that last infirmity of noble minds." This was the fatal blunder of Napoleon -- ambition. He wanted to have the whole world fall down and worship him. And this also was the fatal crime of the Kaiser, he wanted the whole world to bow to him and acknowledge him supreme lord, and in consequence the whole world has been plunged into an abyss of sorrow and suffering without parallel in history.

Now in conclusion. How shall we best overcome temptation? Well, think of how Jesus resisted the tempter. By saying, "Thus saith the Lord" His appeal was to God, and to the word of the Lord. I have known what severe tests and temptations are in France. I have had' them rage in the arena of the soul, but this I have found an effective remedy: I have gone out somewhere in the woods alone with my little Bible and there with my Bible and my God I have fought the battle till I got victory.

Men, we shall have lots of heroes going home. Many from the battlefields, but we shall have some going home who have never been at the front but they shall be heroes nevertheless because some of the greatest battles have been fought, not on the Marne or Argonne but in the arena of the human conscience and the soul.

I will finish this with those words which have been circulated in our Reading Room's in France:

What will you say, Sonny, What will you say When the troopship brings you home-Kneeling at last by your mother's chair, You and your mother alone?

What will you say, Sonny, What will you say, As She searches your face to see If the boy She gave to the Country's call Is still her Sonny -- free?

Free of the taint of lust and drink, Free of all hidden shame, Free of the bonds that slave the soul-Her son -- in heart and name?

What will you say, Sonny, What will you say? Will your heart be full of mirth-Holding her close in your strong young arms, The Mother who gave you birth.

What will you say, Sonny, What will you say As Her dear eyes turn to you-The Mother who guarded your boyhood years?

Say, was She ever untrue? And now what answer have you for Her, Her fair regard to win-That for the faith She placed in you, You fought your fight with sin?

What will you say, Sonny, What will you say? Will you answer -- "Mother of Mine, Look in my eyes, look in my heart, Yea, read them line on line?

Days of fighting in field or trench, Nights mid the city's lure, Battle by day, or battle by night-I kept your son's heart pure!"

02.18. Joan of Acr

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 18 - Joan of Arc By George Ridout On a beautiful August afternoon while our Division was out at rest after going through the Marne campaign, I went in a Ford through the Joan of Arc country and visited her home, her church, and the beautiful Basilica built on the hill overlooking the charming Valley of the Meuse. The route out from Gondrecourt was charming. We went by splendid roads along the ridge of the valley for many miles. At length we came into the village of Domremy where in 1412 Joan of Arc was born in a humble home of humble parents, her father being a peasant farmer. Joan was brought up to sew and cook, tend sheep, attend mass and pray. She had little or no schooling. As a girl she was like other girls, light-hearted and merry. Around that old majestic beech tree which was known as the "fairy tree" by the village, she used to join other children in summer days in making wreaths of flowers and hanging it on the tree and then gleefully dancing around it. There is a story that when about twelve years of age she was playing with other children and then finished up with a race in which she ran so swiftly that her feet did not seem to touch the ground. It was that day she heard a voice that she thought was her brother's calling her. It was not her brother's but the "Voice" that was to be heard by her in later days so often and which was to make known to her, her duty as the Lord's chosen one. To walk in the grounds once trod by the pure feet of this wonderful maid was like treading upon sacred soil. We went through the house where she was brought up and through the little church where she delighted to go and pray. As we went up towards the altar to view an old tablet to the memory of Joan's ancestors a soldier asked me: "Where is Joan's tomb?" I said to him: "Joan of Arc has no tomb, she was never buried, they burned her to ashes at Rouen."

Afterwards I thought I had hardly spoken correctly because while Joan has no tomb she has monuments all over France, and shrines innumerable, but above all is she enshrined in the hearts of the people of France. You seldom go into a French church without seeing a Joan of Arc monument, and many an altar is dedicated to her memory, and the Catholic people have prayed very much to Joan of Arc during the war. They still think she helps them. A good old French lady who gave a beautiful statue of the maid to a certain village said to an American visitor who was lecturing to the American soldiers there on Joan of Arc: "Will you tell the American soldiers wherever you go that the good women of France are praying to the good God and to Joan of Arc for the protection of the American soldiers. We cannot talk English and can do little to show how much we appreciate their coming to France to fight with our sons and husbands in the cause of right and liberty. We are praying every day for the safety of the American soldier, for to us he is the answer of the call of France to our own Joan of Arc for help." The most magnificent monument to the maid is the Basilique on the hill where, during the tending of the sheep Joan had her wonderful visions and heard her voices most. The Basilique is built on the site once occupied by a little chapel where tradition says Joan used to retire to pray when she became seriously affected by the condition of France and her voices came to her. This building occupies a charming view point. From the steps one looks out upon the wonderful valley of the Meuse where green meadows and lovely gardens and red tiled houses in the villages and the serpentine river and away in the

distance the Vosges hills with one very pronounced bluff. The view is transporting in loveliness on a summer evening. It conduced to meditation and devotion. No wonder the maid came here so often; no wonder that it was here she used to hear her voices.

Southey, the poet, depicts the maid 'mid those scenes in the following lines:

"Here in solitude and peace My soul was nurst amid the loveliest scenes Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was. As the white mists of morning rolled away, To see the mountain's wooded heights appear Dark in the early dawn, and mark its slope With gorgeous flowers glowing, as the rising sun On the golden ripeness pour'd a deepening light Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook."

Going in the Basilique one is met at the outset by a superb bronze statue by Allarn "Joan of Arc hearing the voices." The edifice is modern having been begun in 1900. One became enamored by the mural paintings of M. Charles Lorin which are executed upon the walls. Each panel depicts some notable scene in Joan's wonderful career. You see Joan listening to her voices, Joan going forth to the relief of Orleans, Joan attending the coronation of Charles at Rheims, and Joan being burned at Rouen. One more picture is needed if it were possible to paint it, Joan among the glorified because if ever there lived a pure soul, if ever a virgin served God and loved Him and obeyed Him and at death went to God, I am sure Joan of Arc was that one. "She feared no danger for she felt no sin."

Joan of Arc symbolized the spiritual and the prophetic. She was brought up in tumultuous times when France was torn asunder by discordant parties. The Burgundians controlled a portion of it. The English other parts. The French, as represented by their weak and uncrowned King Charles VII, were at the end of their resources and were powerless to drive out the enemy, unite the contending forces and to put an end to ceaseless strife and warfare. Joan had a burning pity for poor France and the King. She pondered much upon the sufferings and distresses of her country. A legend has it that France would be saved some day by a woman of Lorraine. In her twelfth year her first vision appeared and her first voice was heard. She tells about it: "About midday in summer in my father's garden I heard the voice from the right side toward the church and when it came I usually saw a great light on the side from which it spoke. The voice told me to be a good girl and go to church and to save France. I said, I am only a poor peasant girl who could not ride or lead armies in the wars. The voice said, 'Saint Michael and Saint Catharine will help thee.'" For four years nearly the voices continued to speak to her, and she became at last convinced that God was calling her to save France. At last she feels commanded to present herself to the King. This she seeks to do, first by way of Sir Robert Bandricourt at Vaucouleurs. She is presented to him only to be rebuked. He laughs at the story of her visions and voices and advises that she be spanked and sent home to her mother, but she perseveres and gives a sign to Sir Robert that she is no impostor. The sign comes true and he consents to send her to the King at Chinon. She meets the King engaged with gay company. This was how he spent his time usually flitting it away with frivolous courtiers while his country was fast going to ruin. The King in order to deceive the man was dressed up in common attire -- nothing to denote royalty, but Joan picked him out immediately she went into the room. She went up to him and told him God had sent her to him to lead his army to victory and to lead him to his crowning at Rheims. The King at first was unwilling to give her a place at the head of his army. He first subjected her to a close examination before the Church Council of Poitiers. They reported in Joan's favor and gave the maid the blessing of the church

saying: "To doubt the maid would be to resist the Holy Spirit."

Joan now sets out to the relief of Orleans which was in the hands of the English. Their strongholds were the towers of the city. Joan boldly announced that she would take the towers. She said: "My voices have spoken, they promise us the victory. We shall take the fort when my standard touches the walls." She carried with her a wonderful banner of white which had embroidered upon it "Maria Jesus." There seemed to be something magical about that banner. Where that banner went the troops followed with daring and courage. The banner touched the walls of the towers, the soldiers pressed on to the final struggle, the victory was won. Orleans was relieved, the foe was driven out. The great city was made to rejoice as it has ever since on the 8th day of May of every year when the victory of the Maid of Orleans is celebrated with great rejoicing. The next great triumph in Joan's career was at Rheims Cathedral, July 17, when Charles VII was crowned King of France. Remember that this wonderful Cathedral has been the pride of France all down the centuries because it was here her Kings were crowned. No wonder that the brutal destruction of this splendid edifice by the Germans has aroused such feelings of grief and bitterness among the French. Today it lies in ruins -- a Cathedral of magnificence and beauty and a shrine of priceless memories to the French. With the crowning of the King Joan felt her work was finished and she wished to go back to peaceful Domremy and again tend the sheep and worship in the little chapel and live the simple life of the peasant girl, but the King would not listen to it. He urged her on to other campaigns, which resulted eventually in Joan's death and martyrdom. It was in her Champagne Picardy campaign that she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians and by them sold to the English for 10,000 livres. The English, of course, reckoned that she had a bewitching effect upon the French army, that if her spell were broken the soldiers would lose their spirit, so they proceeded next to try her, and to do that they had to engage the services of the church. They charged her with uttering blasphemy, with presumption, with witchery, and through the efforts of the unspeakable Cauchon -Bishop of Beauvais -- she was tried. Her trial lasted many months during which she was subjected to the most searching examinations by the doctors of the church. To all of their questions she answered with matchless wisdom. She, a young, untrained, unschooled girl of seventeen, matched the learned doctors in one of the most unusual trials history records.

She was asked: "Do you know you are in a state of grace?"

She replied, "If I am not in a state of grace may God bring me thither; if I am may God keep me there."

"Have you assurance of salvation?"

She replied without a moment's hesitation, "I believe in my salvation as firmly as if I were in heaven already."

They replied: "Your answer is very weighty."

"I hold it for a great treasure," she says.

"Do you believe you have wrought no mortal sin?" they ask.

She replied: "I do not believe I am in mortal sin, and if I have sinned it is for God to know it and for confession to God and the priest." At length they condemned her to be burned at the stake. Oh,

the horror of it, the inhumanity of it! But so it seems every holy cause and every human Savior as well as the Divine One, has got to have a Good Friday when the soul cries out in agony: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me." Joan forsaken by the King whom she led to his crowning, forsaken by the army whom she had led on to victory, forsaken and condemned by the church in which she had been brought up, is led out of her prison on that May morning in the city of Rouen to mount a high scaffold to listen to a sermon by one of the learned doctors, in which she is denounced as a liar, impostor, heretic, blasphemer, witch, and then to be burned alive.

She cries for a cross and it is given her. She is heard to say as the smoke envelops her beautiful pure form, "My voices have not deceived me," and then in her last expiring gasp she is heard to cry "Jesus!" So awful was the sight that one of the men responsible for her being burned said, "We have burned a saint." The man who lit the fires was seized with remorse and spent the rest of his life in penitence for his crime. The English who were guilty of it were driven out of France the next year. But well for France that Joan burned. That fire has lit a thousand, yea, ten thousand fires of devotion in France since that day. That pure maid burning there has been the patron saint of thousands of pure French women since that day, and has demonstrated to the maidenhood of France, that in the midst of the most ignoble and distressful and wicked conditions, God is able to raise up a maiden fair, with heart pure and hands clean and spirit undefiled in the temple of whose soul He has a dwelling place.

God's greatest gift to France was Joan of Arc. Her pure spirit has come down the ages as a rebuke to the carelessness of her people. Her godlikeness has been a lasting reminder to France in her wanderings 'mid the morasses of infidelity and atheism that God still lives and sitteth in the heavens. Her inspired soul lit up by holy vision and spoken to by voices divine announces to France that God hath yet His prophets and seers. And what message has Joan of Arc to us all-American, French and otherwise? This. The maid teaches us again that there is a Spirit above and behind all things, and that Spirit is God -that He communicates Himself to those who will listen and hear; that this God is the same God who spoke to Abraham and told him to go unto a land that he knew not of but which the Lord would show him -- the same God who spoke to the prophets sending them forth to say: "Thus saith the Lord;" the same God who wrought in John the Baptist, in Paul, in Peter and John.

I would put Joan of Arc among the prophets of God. I would put her among the saints of all the ages, and God on that May morning in Rouen chose to elect her to the noble army of martyrs where she has won the undying affection and adoration of all who loved sweet innocence, spotless purity and beautiful sanctity.

02.19. Consecration as Illustrated by the War

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 19 - Consecration as Illustrated by the War By George Ridout

Rom 12:1 "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." The war has preached a powerful sermon to us on the subject of Consecration. Millions of men have come up to the altars of patriotism and dedicated their all to the cause of country. The rich have come with their millions, the merchant with his stores, the banker with his money, the scholar with his learning, the professional with his art, the poor in their penury -- all have come and dedicated their lives and blood to the cause of humanity and liberty, and they have thousands of them, sealed their consecration with their blood upon the battlefields of the Marne, the Vosges, the Meuse, the Argonne.

I think one of the most remarkable cases of Consecration the war has revealed is seen in the remarkable sacrifices made by Paderewski that man of Poland, who, in order that Poland might be set free from the yoke of the Hun and be restored again to her rights as a free and independent nation, gave himself without reserve to his country's cause. Paderewski was the world's greatest pianist. His earnings became enormous. All Europe and all America clamored for his recitals. In one engagement in this country for just a month or two his income was near the \$150,000 mark. He traveled in private car and in state, servants in livery waited upon him. He and his wife enjoyed all the luxury and comforts that royal heads could command. It took over thirty trunks to carry his wardrobe and treasures. A secretary and treasurer traveled with him everywhere. But everything became changed when he thrust himself into his country's cause. He gave up all that his country might be made free, and might be made contented and prosperous and happy again. When he arrived in Poland he bore no trunks, no luxuries; a handbag was sufficient almost to carry just his necessary toilet articles. When he came to Posen and Warsaw and Cracow, he was hailed by the Poles as liberator and savior, but his life was hourly in danger from enemy bombs or bullets. At Posen his hotel was attacked by Germans, five bullets entered his room. He has to be guarded constantly from the assassin's attack.

He came to Paris the other week to plead before President Wilson and the others for fair play for Poland. This is how one of the Paris papers describe Paderewski:

"One morning he simply walked to his piano and shut the lid. It was a symbolic gesture -the closing of one side of his life, the side which, with the strength and nerve-power of every day for thirty years he had been building up, the deliberate killing of every artistic urge within him, and his self-consecration to the dream, born in his youth, of a Polish State. Since that time those amazing fingers of Paderewski, which even in their smallest movements fascinate one, have not touched a keyboard; and in the almost tawdry hotel rooms in Warsaw where he now finds a home, there is a gray line of unbroken dust along the crevice from which the great instrument, crowding one corner, opens. Briefly, in 1916 Paderewski renounced art. And in renouncing art then, renounced all the leisure and ease, all the homage and acclaim that went inevitably with such a success as his had

been.

"He began work. Three years followed in which hundreds of hopes proved vain, in which one bright hour was succeeded by ten desperate ones, in which friends failed and faith wavered, in which ignorance, callousness, blindness, stupidity, malice, enmity to be combated were daily potions, in which the very fiber of the man was strained almost momentarily to the breaking point. Then that period ended, and thanks to British courtesy, it became possible for him to come to Poland. He landed from a cruiser at Dantzig, with his wife was machine-gunned in a hotel, ran countless perils, but at length reached Warsaw. The arrival in Warsaw marked a new epoch -- an epoch a part of which it has been my privilege to be able to observe. "In Warsaw M. Paderewski lives in three very modest rooms in the Hotel Bristol -- shelter for fabulously-rich Ukrainian refugees who keep treasure-chests of cash under their beds, pest-house of German and Bolshevik intrigues, spy-ground for a small army of international agents, a veritable babel of the tongues of the world, and there he has toiled for something like eighteen hours every day for three full months."

It is true Paderewski's consecration is patriotic and political, yet nevertheless it serves the purpose of illustrating some of the important elements that enter into real consecration, which I think, resolve themselves into the following: 1. Possession of a great ideal. 2. Passionate devotion to it. 3. Answering its call and meeting its claim. I wish we might have as full a dedication to God and His cause of our lives and powers and all we have and are as we have witnessed in this war business. When I got ready to go to France in December, 1917, I made my will. I made out all necessary papers to my wife pertaining to any property I had. I fixed up all my affairs as though I was never coming back home again. I was giving myself without reservation to France. I was going to New York and then sail out on the ocean which had perils great and perils many in it. There was the unspeakably dangerous peril of the submarine added to all the other dangers of the sea. I was going to France where dangers stood thick. In Paris there were the bombing planes in the heavens above and in the war zone there was the constant menace of gas and shell attack. One's life was never safe. So the best way to live was to be ready for any emergency that arose. It was a good thing to have all your affairs adjusted, your will made, and above all to be at peace with God and to be able to read your title clear to mansions in the skies. Now this was consecration in a certain sense, and yet it was possible to do all this without entering into Paul's idea of consecration to the Lord Jesus.

I believe the present situation is calling for a special kind of consecration of the Pauline type. This old world has gone far astray and this war in many of its aspects only goes to illustrate the wickedness of humanity, how Christless has been our much-boasted civilization and how far we have gone away from the mind of Christ. The consecration that our times demand and the church requires shall include: The Consecration of Intellect. The Consecration of Heart. The Consecration of Purpose.

1. The Consecration of Intellect must mean the bringing of every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ or in other words thinking in terms of the mind of Christ. It will mean a constant seeking to know the mind of Christ and thinking things out as He would if He were in our place. This will mean the rejection of Rationalism, that evil thing which had no small effect in bringing on the war, because it was Rationalism in its schools and Rationalism in its pulpits that led to the

collapse of moral judgment in Germany, swept away all allegiance to the God of the Old Testament and the ten commandments and rushed it over the abyss. The intellect consecrated to Christ will think in His terms and will make faith not reason its final court of appeal. It will put the emphasis on the supernatural instead of the natural. The consecrated intellect will be needed greatly after the war to bring us back to Biblical and Christian thinking. It will be needed in our schools and colleges because there is a frightful amount of infidelity. One of the most emphatic infidels -- shall I say? I met in France, was wearing the uniform of a Christian organization. I met him on the train and for a couple of hours we talked together. I was glad to inform him that after seeing war in all its aspects I had found no reason to throw overboard any of the traditions of a lifetime. We must learn a lesson from Germany, whose schools corrupted the nation and robbed it of the glorious gospel which its Martin Luther proclaimed to the world in the Reformation. And above all must we have this consecration in the pulpit. Too long has the pulpit been giving out an uncertain sound and telling things born more of rationalism and doubt than of faith and reverence and revelation.

There will be a tremendous need now that we shall settle down to normal life again to have a pulpit after the mind of Christ when the preacher will preach Christ's gospel and not the shifting gospel of the times. Again do we need a pulpit like Spurgeon's where always and without fail Christ's gospel was preached, a pulpit such as Methodism produced in those days of great revivals, crowded churches and prayer meetings -- a pulpit such as Moody's was in Chicago, Inskip's in Brooklyn, Cookman in Philadelphia, and a pulpit such as John S. Jowett's is today in London where the preacher knows no one save Christ and Him crucified, and whose great consecrated intellect devotes itself to setting forth unceasingly the unsearchable riches of Christ.

2. There must be a Consecration of the Heart. Religion that is of the head only becomes superficial and artificial. What is needed is more heart. As the heart is the seat of the affections a consecration is called for that makes for a stream of affection with Christ as its object of devotion. This will make such affections as Love, Pity, Compassion, Admiration, etc., shine forth in the life.

3. Then there must be Consecration of Purpose. The question actuating the true Christian should be, To what am I devoting my life? What is the one dominating purpose of my life? A great man once said when asked the secret of his power as a Christian that he had but one passion and that was Christ. We have to admit that we have today many Christians, so-called, without any definite purpose, and in consequence lacking the fire of real devotion. It was his purpose firm that made a Daniel that produced a Joseph. It was their high purposes that made the martyrs. The kind of purpose I speak of is that which will be willing to suffer and risk all for Jesus' sake trusting the consequences to God. I think possibly I can illustrate this thought with the following incident from history: In 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the Continent, Massena, one of his generals, with an army of 18,000 men, suddenly appeared on the heights above the little town of Feldkirk, on the frontier of Austria. It was Easter Day, and as the morning sun glittered upon the weapons of the French, the town council hastily assembled to consult what was to be done. Should a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town and an entreaty for mercy, or should they attempt resistance? Then the old dean of the church stood up, and said: "This is Easter Day. We have been counting on our strength, and that fails. This is the day of Christ's resurrection. Let us ring the bells and have service as usual, leaving the matter in God's hands. We know only our weakness, and not the power of God." Then all at once from the three or

four church towers the bells began to chime joyous peals in honor of the resurrection, and the streets were filled with worshippers hastening to the house of God. The French heard with alarm the sudden clangor of joy bells, and concluded that the Austrian Army had arrived in the night to relieve the place. Massena soon broke up his camp, and before the bells had ceased ringing not a Frenchman was to be seen.

02.20. Some Interesting People I Met During and After the War

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 20 - Some Interesting People I Met During and After the War By George Ridout

First let me mention my friends Crawford and Skinner, who were fellow travelers on the same steamer with me in crossing the Atlantic. Mr. Crawford was a wonderfully redeemed man from New England of Scotch-Irish extraction. He was full of life and had the root of the matter in him. He has been engaged for some years in boys' work and out of his own deep experience has developed a very interesting lecture on "Educated iron." Mr. Skinner comes from New York where he has been in the construction business. He is a foremost Christian worker and has been closely identified with the John Street Noonday Prayer Meeting. He was the kind of man that the YMCA could have used to great advantage in their religious department but he was given work in the construction line and fell into the hands of a divisional secretary who cared comparatively little about the religious side of the work. Many a valuable man like Skinner was taken no advantage of, but was sidetracked to jobs that men with no religious talents could have carried.

Mr. W. H. Danforth, a big business man from St. Louis, Mo., had charge of our Third Division YMCA work; in fact, he organized the work and went with the Division through the three fronts -- the Marne, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. He was a prominent Christian worker of St. Louis and superintendent of a big Sunday school there. He came to France and worked and toiled night and day to put things through. He paid his own expenses and did not take a dollar for his services. He knew how to handle his men, and the YMCA work in his division was one of the best organized in France. I said good-bye to Mr. Danforth in the Argonne just as we were about to move on to the front line. He had to go back to the U. S. A., to engage in the November drive for money. I am sure the experiences in France will make him of still greater use to the church in St. Louis, especially in his relations to the boys who come back from the army. The man next in command of our Third Division YMCA was Richard C. Shreve, of Rochester, N. Y. Shreve was a big-hearted and big-handed man. He also gave his services without expense, paying his own bills. I think he was without doubt one of the bravest, most courageous and tireless workers I met in my travels. I have seen Shreve on shell-torn roads at night with shells shrieking through the air, in his Ford going on up front delivering goods to his men for the "boys." I have seen him on the roads, driving on when it looked positively suicidal for a man to risk his life so, but Shreve knew no fear and never seemed to get tired. He snatched sleep when he could and ate when he found time. I think one of his most heroic acts was at the Battle of the Marne. No ambulances could get up to us Monday of the battle because of the shells that kept coming all day, but on Tuesday morning Shreve was up to our dressing station first thing with his YMCA truck, for the wounded. In one of his trips back to Courban he was told of over forty American wounded who had been captured by the Germans. They had also captured two ambulances and carried off the drivers. Shreve volunteered to go in and bring back the wounded if he could get some soldiers to go with him. Several volunteered, including Captain Daniel (Surgeon). When they came close to where the wounded were the Captain and soldiers did the shooting -- the German guards disappeared. Shreve loaded up his

truck and the two captured ambulances with the wounded and brought them all back to safety and to the hospital.

Another man of fine parts was Mr. J. R. Simpson, of United Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. He was a man of strong Christian principles and stood by them. To him the Sabbath, even in the army, meant something, and he didn't believe in running his canteen open wide Sun, days as well as week days. He was a good personal worker, a man who read his Bible and prayed but at the same time stood good with his men and never spared himself in serving them. He went all through the war with the Third Division, also went into the Army of Occupation with them. I spent a Sunday with him in Germany. On Sundays he put through a good religious program and in every way was serving his country and his God faithfully. Another man who helped me a good deal in my work with the Third Battalion was Joe Ferry. He had been a Lieutenant in the Salvation Army in Boston and when he joined the army he took a job as cook with Company M. Joe was a good singer and was just full of Salvation Army songs. In my services Joe would always be on hand to lead the singing. Sometimes Corporal Wade, Joe and myself would sing together in the meetings. Wade was a good, solid Christian fellow and kept his testimony true all through the war.

Another fellow was Benson, who studied for the ministry at Asbury College. He came later in the Second Battalion where I got acquainted with him. He was a good, earnest Christian fellow, not ashamed of his Lord, and I was always glad to see him in the meetings. In my last talk with him in Germany I urged him to get in the way of going back to College to finish up his preparation for the gospel ministry. His war experience will make him all the stronger preacher I believe. A Chaplain that I grew very fond of was my dear friend and brother, Dr. George P. Horst, pastor of Presbyterian Church, Portsmouth, O. He was a Princeton man and held a prominent pulpit in Ohio. I seldom enjoyed fellowship with any man more than with Horst. He came to the Regiment just the day before the Battle of the Marne broke out, and therefore had his baptism of fire all of a sudden, while others of us came to it gradually. We were together right up to the Argonne. For a while we shared our pup tent together and very often at night as we laid down to sleep we would sing together some good old hymn. Dr. Horst never failed to preach the real gospel every time he held services. At De Mange for three Sundays we carried on real, old-fashioned evangelistic campaigns and on the last Sunday night before going into the Argonne front we held a communion service in an old French schoolhouse and Dr. Horst baptized twelve men. When down in the Riviera I met a most interesting character. He was certainly a great mixture. He was born in America of Greek parents, was a Greek by nationality, he lived in Constantinople for many years and knew Turkish thoroughly; he had been a soldier in the British army in the capacity of interpreter. So he was American, Greek, Turkish, British, all in one and was then living in Nice, France, and knew French. Thus he could speak English, Greek, Turkish, French, and I don't know what else. I got into a most interesting conversation with him as we waited for our train. He was thrilled with admiration for Constantinople, which was to him almost the same as his native city as he had been practically brought up there. He gave me the story of his nation -- the Greek's entrance into the war over the head of the King Constantine and his Pro-German Queen, but he was especially charmed at what the British had done in setting Constantinople free.

"What is going to become of Constantinople?" I inquired.

"Oh," he said, "It will be an International city." Then he expatiated upon the charms of that city. Especially was he charmed at the prospect of the Cross taking the place of the Crescent on St. Sophia. He was a Greek and belonged to the Greek church. It is to be hoped that when the change comes something more evangelical than the Greek church will take hold of that great church. My conversation with my Greek friend accentuated my interest in Constantinople and St. Sophia, that great church, and I read with renewed interest some facts about the city.

Napoleon, when considering the question of giving Constantinople to Alexander of Russia, exclaimed, "Constantinople! Never, it means the empire of the world. It has a history as wonderful as Alexandria, Carthage, Athens, Rome. It stands with Jerusalem unique in history and destiny. She has been called the "Queen of Cities." Emperors lavished their wealth upon her. Dean Stanley, writing of the city, says: "It is impossible to look down from the Galata Tower on the complication of sea and land, island and mainland, peninsula and promontory strait and continent and not feel that the spot is destined to be what it seems more and more likely to be both historically and politically, the Gordian knot of the world.

Constantinople is called after Constantine the great Christian Emperor who founded it after the Council of Nice in 326. Tradition says he was mysteriously guided in marking out the limits of the city. He said: "I must follow till He who leads me stops. He replaced the heathen temples with Christian churches, Saint Sophia being the chief and greatest. Constantine's purpose was to make Constantinople more imperial than Rome, more brilliant than Athens, more Christian than Alexandria and Ephesus. Upon a lofty column he inscribed these words of dedication:

"O Christ, Ruler and Maker of the World, to Thee have I now consecrated this obedient city and this scepter and Power of Rome. Guard it, Deliver it, from every Harm." The golden age of the Byzantine Empire continued from 530 to 1453 when the Turk and the Mohammedan seized the city. But the Mohammedans however, did not destroy the beautiful St. Sophia; they simply washed it all over with rose water and then dedicated it a Mosque. Beautiful beyond description is this church. It has precious relics from the Holy Land, ivory doors, priceless mosaics, colored marbles and columns from the temple of Ephesus and from Rome, flashing jewels, crystal carbuncle, sapphire, costly stones, porphyry bronze, gold and silver Stamped on each brick were the words, "God is in the midst of her." And now, thank God, the British having set free Jerusalem, have set free Constantinople. Where the Crescent and the bloody sword of the Turk predominated now will the Cross and the gospel have free course and be glorified.

War is horrible! It is to be hated and driven from the earth, but it seems at times as though the great God employs such a dreadful instrument as war to break chains of oppression, to burst fetters with the rust of centuries upon them, to open doors of truth and freedom and righteousness and to bring on a new day and age to oppressed peoples.

02.21. The Havoc of War, and After

The Cross and Flag: Chapter 21 - The Havoc of War, and After By George Ridout

I hate war! Be it far from me to glorify it. War has been responsible for the greatest calamities that have befallen humanity. War has brought more cries and tears, more heart-breaks and agonies, more sorrows and griefs, than pestilence, famine, fire or flood.

Well has an English writer said: "War involves moral degradation not only because of the deeds it demands for which man has to call up his savage and animal instincts, but because of the hate, trickery and false witness without which it cannot be conducted. War dethrones reason and makes religion sheer hypocrisy, and the best thinkers of our times have done their best to devise schemes to banish this disgrace from the world; so far all in vain."

Walt Whitman was right when he said: "Wars are hellish business -- all wars. Any honest man says so -- hates war, fighting, blood letting. I was in the midst of it all. Saw war was worst -not on the battlefields. No -- in the hospitals, there war is worst!"

I hate war. I have seen, while on battlefields and in the devastated territories of France, a thousand things to make me hate war! O war, I hate thee for cities bombed by the aircraft, and pierced by the long-range guns. I hate thee for slaying the mother and her helpless children, and destroying defenseless homes; I hate thee for destroying cities and towns and villages by gun and torch and gas and sword. I hate thee for thy work of ruthless violence upon the innocent and the weak. I hate thee for human habitations turned into slaughter-pens. I hate thee for battle fields 'mid whose smoke and carnage fathers and sons, husbands and lovers go down to dreadful deaths, or to sufferings unspeakable. I hate thee for destroying the wheels of industry, turning aside the streams of progress and human happiness and making the world a dreadful morass in which are found no paths of peace, no resting places.

Think of the awful waste of human life this war has brought: Battle deaths of thirteen nations in the world war, according to figures compiled and announced by General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff, U. S. A., totaled 7,354,000. The figures include only men killed in battle or who succumbed to wounds received in battle. The losses by the various nations were as follows: Russia, 1,700,000; Germany, 1,600,000; France, 1,305,000; Austria, 800,000; Great Britain, 706,000; Italy, 460,000; Turkey, 250,000; Belgium, 102,000; Bulgaria, 100,000; Rumania, 100,000; Serbia and Montenegro, 100,000; United States, 50,000. The number of men in the American Army transported up to the day of the armistice was 2,500,000. The total discharges from the United States Army to date number 1,300,000. Orders issued to date call for the demobilization of a total of 1,500,000 men.

"Christ dies before us in the war;
The wounded show His mangled hands,
We plant His crown in many lands
And all the weapons of our pride
Are piercing the Savior's side."

One has said of war that "it's heroisms are but the glancing sunlight on a sea of blood and tears." Yet after going through it on three battlefronts I cannot see that America could have done anything else but engage in the strife against the greatest menace of our age. I cannot conceive how we Americans could have kept out of it and look a Frenchman or an Englishman in the face again if we had permitted them to keep on unaided in their struggle till their strength was completely gone, and the foe had conquered, and the mailed fist had beaten them into despair and submission. I cannot conceive how we could have maintained a decent self-respect if we had indulged ourselves in a smug, self-complacency and folded our arms and said to England and to France, "It is none of our business." I cannot reconcile the two -- hatred of war and recognition of war -- as a necessary measure. Yet I find myself in that dilemma. America in entering the war did it not for her own sake; did it not for a dollar of gain or an acre of territory. She went into it as a righteous and honorable measure, and by America entering the strife the day was saved! England and France, Belgium, Italy, the Balkans, Jerusalem -- the whole round world has been benefited, humanity and civilization and freedom has been protected, and the stream of human progress has not been turned backward for perhaps a thousand years.

What shall bring an end to wars? Let us not be deceived, let us not look in the wrong direction for hope of relief from the power of this fell destroyer! I think Dr. Jefferson, of New York, has put it right when he said: "Science cannot kill war, for science has not the new heart, and whets the sword to a sharper edge. Commerce cannot kill war, for commerce lacks the new heart, and lifts the hunger of covetousness to a higher pitch. Progress cannot kill war, for progress has no heart at all, and progress in wrong directions leads us into ,bottomless quagmires in which we are swallowed up. Law cannot kill war, for law is nothing but a willow withe tied round the arms of humanity, and human nature when aroused snaps all the withes asunder and carries off the gates of Gaza. Education cannot end war, and if by education you mean the sharpening of the intellect, the drawing out of the powers of the mind, the mastering of formulas and laws and dates and facts, education may only fit men to become tenfold more masterful in the artful art of slaughter. Who will end war? The world has had three historic scourges: famine, pestilence, and war. Each one numbers its victims by the tens of millions. Commerce killed famine. By her railroad and steamship she killed it. It lies like a dead snake by the side of the road along which humanity has marched up to the present day. Science killed pestilence. The Black Plague, the Bubonic Plague, Cholera, Smallpox, Yellow Fever -- all have received their deathblow. Science did the work. These foes of mankind lie bleeding and half dead by the side of the road along which the world presses on to a higher day. Who will kill war? Not Commerce, and not Science, not both of them together. Only Religion can kill war, for religion alone creates the new heart. Without religion we are without hope in this world. Without God we are lost."

After The War -- The Gospel

While the war was in progress I wrote an appeal to hold fast the old faith. In that article in The Christian Witness, I said:

I hold that it will take more than an European war, more than artillery and trenches and airplanes and millions of soldiers armed to the teeth to give us anything better in the way of religion than the old-time religion, or anything better in the way of faith than the ,Christian faith. My own conviction is that at the end of the war we shall find ourselves in greater need of the Christian faith and the

old-time religion than we ever do now, for war brings sorrows, wounds, disappointments, and grief inconsolable. It likewise brings in its train vice, insanity, lawlessness, immorality and numerous other ills, and the people who have to bear these will need more than human support and sympathy. They will need God and the consolations of religion and, I should not be surprised if the experience of our people after the Civil War will be repeated when deep called unto deep -- the deeps of human sorrow and need cried unto the deeps of God's compassion and mercies and there was a great turning unto God through the preaching of the old, old gospel. At all costs let us hold first to the faith because if we let that go we shall be lost in a wilderness of doubt, dismay and despair. Philosophy cannot take its place. Science has added length to our arms so that we can hurl a cannon ball three score miles and ten. It has added to our sight so that we can see through a powerful telescope into limitless space. It has given volume to our voice so that we can talk to one another three thousand miles away. It has given us wings so that we can fly in the heavens, but science has no consolations for the broken heart, no solace for the grief stricken. It has no healing for the wounded soul. It cannot speak pardon to the guilty or wash away the soul's pollution or bring it into tune with God and into accord with heaven's music. Science is demonstrating itself in this war. The science of gunnery has laid cities waste and dealt out destruction to countless thousands. The Science of Chemistry has produced gases which poured out upon the clouds have enveloped armies and caused pains and pangs and horrors indescribable as they have burned up lungs and tissues and made the human body a furnace of fire and death, the most horrible of monsters. The science of aviation has caused cities to shake with suspense and alarm as the dreadful aircraft has dropped bombs that have broken on the heads of the innocent and swept fire and dealt out destruction on houses, churches and marts. Germany today stands as a living monument and example, of what a false philosophy can do and what war as a science can bring to a whole world -- of upheaval, distress, famine, destruction, wreckage and human misery and woe. The whole world is today in its bitterest travail and pain and sorrow because a Nation chose philosophy and kultur [culture] as its God, and war as its science, and to get back to normal again and to reconstruct human affairs and to put civilization again upon a livable basis where happiness and contentment can again be pursued without molestation, we shall have to get back to a New Testament basis and bring back again the ark of the Lord which for a long time now has been in exile. In connection with this subject of the crying need of the gospel after the war, I was moved to write the Christian Herald an appeal on this line, and I said, in part: The Church after the war? Well, let me speak as one who has preached the gospel twenty-five years at home and a year in the army in France; as one who has seen war in all its frightful actualities and who for five months lived and suffered and wrought under shell-fire, and who knows by a bit of real experience what officers and men have to go through and have come out of.

First. Let the Church present a live, vital gospel. I mean the kind that is found in the New Testament. Don't let the pulpit spend its precious time on such secondary matters as "reconstruction," "expansion," the "new social conditions," etc. The press, the magazine, the forum, the lyceum, the lecture hall, etc., can better handle a lot of those questions than the average preacher. That was a good reply of Henry Ward Beecher, while lecturing at Yale, when he was asked if the preacher should devote some time to lecturing on various subjects other than religions. "What's the use," said Beecher, "of having two nozzle to your hose, when you have only water enough for one? Exactly! I believe the Church and the pulpit that "after the war" build on the

same old gospel that Wesley, Spurgeon, Talmage, Simpson and Moody preached will be the one that the soldier boys want to go to, and that will best meet the new conditions brought upon us by the world war. Remember, it was after the Civil War that Moody's mighty work took place, and no man clung to the old, old gospel like Moody. Remember also that the man to whom England is listening to today is John H. Jowett, whose message is always and only that of the New Testament gospel.

Second. Let the churches drop all denominational rivalry; let all petty bickerings be cleaned out; let even theological hair-splitting be done with, and let the Church settle down to the away main proposition: that of promoting the interests of the Kingdom of God. Let there be a settling down to that business chiefly -- all other things, all other questions, all other activities being secondary.

Third. Let the Church guard sacredly the things handed down to her, and let not war conditions and their cessation bring on a hysteria of liberality by which the golden law of Moses might be exchanged, for expediency's sake, for something brassy, and the "old faith" substituted by a program entirely human.

War has a tendency to produce a short memory for the Ten Commandments. Peace must needs improve that memory. The Church must apply herself to this important bit of business. The old Decalogue has had some rough usage the past year or more. America must look out here!

Then there has been a lot of wild talk about a new gospel coming from the trenches and battlefields. Well, I have been through the thing, and have been associated with thousands who have been through the thing, and we have found no new gospel in the trenches or dugouts or battlefields of France. Oh, no! We have seen blood there and demons. We have wrestled with the powers of darkness there, and have seen suffering men cry in their agonies to God. We have met all kinds of things in the trenches and dugouts and battlefield, but have failed to find any gospel there better than the gospel of our childhood, the gospel of our youth, the gospel of our manhood and ministry, which is the good old gospel of the New Testament. And let it be remembered that the boys, as they march out of the trenches and battlefields on their way home, will carry with them the same New Testament that they bore upon the battlefield, because they have failed to find anything any better.

Let no one be deceived by a spurious cry of a new gospel. And now that the war is over, just let the churches do what old Peter Cartwright, of early Methodist history, said when dying: "Give the old gospel a chance." THE END

03.00. The Deadly Fallacy Seventh Day Adventism

THE DEADLY FALLACY OF SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISM By George Ridout

CONTENTS 01 Seventh Day Adventism 02 Prophets And The Prophetess Of Seventh Day Adventism 03 The Absurd Claims Of Seventh Day Adventism Examined 04 In Conclusion

03.01. Seventh Day Adventism

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISM

Like other cults and fallacies Seventh Day Adventism was conceived in ignorance and born of presumption William Miller was reared in the backwoods and received only the poor advantages of a common school. He was a Baptist. He claims that in 1831 he discovered by the prophecies, particularly the Book of Daniel, that he knew the exact year and day the end of the world would come and Christ would appear. He predicted that the event would happen on the tenth day of the seventh Jewish month 1843. He then set it for 1844. The thing did not happen.

One of their number after being with them 28 years said: "It was born in a mistake. The work produced great fanaticism. Out of the movement has grown a whole brood of errors. Their work is largely proselytizing.

Seventh Day Adventism makes its biggest "hit" by its false Sabbath claims. It scares, intimidates, accuses, and condemns all of Christendom (save Seventh Day Adventists) on the score that if people do not keep the Jewish Sabbath they are transgressors of the whole Decalogue, and multitudes of people are carried away by this false and deceptive teaching, totally unaware that Seventh Day Adventism harbors some deadly fallacies.

Let us see what it teaches. Dr. Biederwolf summarizes the Fallacies of Seventh Day Adventism as follows:

1. It teaches that Christ entered into the Holy of holies in the heavenly sanctuary in 1844, to make an investigation of the sins of His people, with the purpose of completing His atonement for them and so securing for them the pardon of God.
2. It taught that the door of mercy was then closed to all who at that time were unsaved.
3. It taught that it was a sin to do any work after that time.
4. It teaches that Satan is to be made the scapegoat to bear away the sins of God's people.
5. It teaches that the souls of the dead sleep in the grave until the day of the resurrection and the judgment.
6. It teaches that the wicked are to be finally annihilated.
7. It teaches that the seventh day of the week is to be observed as the Sabbath and not the first day.

03.02. Prophets Prophetess Seventh Day Adventism

PROPHETS AND THE PROPHETESS OF SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISM

D. M. Canright who spent twenty-eight years as one of their principal preachers and lecturers has this to say of their leaders:

"William Miller the founder was reared in the backwoods in poverty and received only the poor advantages of a common district school except some general reading. This is the extent of his education.

"Elder White, the leader of the Seventh Day Adventists' party, only secured sufficient education to teach a common district school. He was no student of books. In all my travels with him, I seldom saw him read half an hour in any book. Of the languages of the sciences he knew nothing, and little even of common history. Mrs. White received no school education, except a few weeks when a child. She, like Joanna Southcott, Ann Lee, and Joseph Smith, was wholly illiterate, not knowing the simplest rules of grammar.

"Not one of the leading men in that work ever graduated from college or university, and many are illiterate as Mrs. White herself. Elder J. N. Andrews, Elder Smith, and one or two more, by diligent study and reading out of the school, became well informed men in their line. After Elder White came Elders Butler and Haskell as leaders, neither of them educated men, nor of half the natural talent of Elder White.

"The present leaders are small men also. Such men are poorly prepared to lead out in a great reformation in this educated age. Not a man among them has now, or ever had, a particle of influence in the world, or any office or responsible position in state or nation. How different from the great reformers of the past, who often had extensive influence for good not only with the masses, but with the great men and kings of earth. Hence, whatsoever side we view Adventism, it has none of the marks of a genuine reformation sent of God to bless the world. "

Elder A. A. Phelps, for years editor of a First-Day Adventist paper says:

"I watched, and waited, and worked, with patience, meekness and loyalty, in hearty cooperation, and with an earnest desire to see such unity, enterprise, breadth and moral power, a sought to characterize a scriptural and heaven-inspired movement. How slowly and reluctantly I yielded to the conviction -- forced by sad facts and illustrations that I have not even dared to detail-- that I was only throwing away my life in stemming such waves of discord, indolence, looseness, narrowness, dogmatism and spiritual death as I could not overcome. "

Some facts about Mrs. White the "great" prophetess of the movement 1. She claimed the highest inspiration. She devotes 38 pages to vindicate her inspirations.

2. "She was a religious enthusiast, self-deceived, the fits she accepted as the power of God. " -- (Canright) 3. She was ignorant of grammar but employed an accomplished writer to polish her

style.

4. Some of her writings are largely compilations without giving credit to the authors. [In other words, "plagiarisms"! -- DVM]

5. Canright who knew her for over twenty years says her visions are merely the result of nervous disease, a complication of hysteria catalepsy and ecstasy. W. J. Fairfield, M. D., who was brought up a Seventh Day Adventist says: "You are undoubtedly right in ascribing Mrs. White's so-called visions to disease -- no chance to doubt her("divine") attacks [should be attributed] to her simple hysterical trances. "

6. "Her teachings make her people narrow, bigoted and gloomy. " They produce doubt and infidelity. " On page 597 of her testimonies she says so herself: "I am afraid that I shall become an infidel."

03.03. Absurd Claims Seventh Day Adventism

THE ABSURD CLAIMS OF SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISM EXAMINED

1. They claim that all who keep the first day of the week, Sunday, bear the mark of the beast," that is, they bow to the Pope of Rome. This is a foolish unhistorical claim that it was the Pope of Rome who changed the Sabbath. Canright shows that the Catholic doctrine of the change of the Sabbath is this: The Apostles by instruction of Jesus Christ changed the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday to commemorate the Resurrection of Christ and the descent of the Holy Ghost, both of which occurred on Sunday. The change was made by the Apostles themselves. Catholics never teach that the change of the day was "made by the church two or three hundred years after Christ. " Archbishop Ireland in 1914 said: "The Apostles and early Christians instituted the Sunday as a day of special prayer in honor of the resurrection and the coming of the Holy Spirit. " The Roman Catholics do not claim that the Pope changed the Sabbath.

2. Seventh Day Adventism teaches a defective Atonement

They say that they "dissent from the view that the atonement was made upon the cross as is generally held.". They hold that Christ did not complete an atonement upon the cross for our sins, that our sins are not yet blotted out, but that this will take place when Christ comes again and that eventually Satan will be made the Scapegoat to bear away our sins. " Absurd!

What does the Bible say?

Heb 9:28. "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."

"And when he had himself purged away our sins sat down on the right of the majesty on high. " --
Heb 1:3

3. Seventh Day Adventism makes the absurd claim that in 1844 Christ entered the Holy of Holies in the heavenly sanctuary, that He is cleansing it and when the cleansing is finished His Second Coming will occur. They say that He is investigating the sins of His people in order to secure their pardon. Further, they say that when Christ entered the heavenly sanctuary in 1844 the day of pardon ceased and no more sinners could be pardoned. Mrs. White said in 1849, that the angel bade her to avail for sinners as used to be but "I looked but could not see it, for the time of their salvation is passed. "

Millerites disappointed in Christ not coming in 1843 put it a year ahead to 1844. Then they decided that it was not to earth He was to come at that time, but He entered the heavenly sanctuary, and in consequence the door of mercy was closed to all who were at that time unsaved. They had to open the door eventually in order to make way for their propaganda. When Christ finally emerges from the heavenly sanctuary with the sins of His people which He took from off the sanctuary He will lay these on the Devil who will bear them away into the wilderness. Could anything be more grotesque, outrageous to common sense and a greater travesty of the word of God! Truly the Adventists could put out that sign: "All kinds of turning and twisting done here. "

4. Seventh Day Adventism teaches Soul Sleeping and Annihilation

They teach the state of death "is one of silence, inactivity and entire unconsciousness." They teach that the doctrine of Immortality of the soul is of pagan origin, that the dead remain unconscious in the grave until the resurrection; that the millennium is a period of a thousand years in which the earth is waste and void, that the first resurrection of the righteous dead just precedes the millennium, that the saints opened the thousand years in heaven examining the records of the wicked and preparing their judgment, that at the end of the thousand years the New Jerusalem comes down out of heaven, then the wicked are raised to receive their punishment and are annihilated.

Let it be remembered that the most mischief wrought by Seventh Day Adventists is not solely on the Sabbath question, but the peril of the thing lies deeper. It is a propaganda for a lot of the most grotesque, absurd, and dangerous teachings on Christ, The Atonement, Immortality, Future Life and the Bible.

Canright who spent 28 years with them calls it a "Yoke of bondage."

"A system of Popery one-man power."

"Their ministers are mere Lecturers repeating the same old sermons over and over."

"Their theory compels them to be narrow and uncharitable."

"Their workers are largely proselytizing."

"Sunday breakers who fish, sport and hunt are encouraged by them."

"They always side with those who would destroy the Christian and American Sabbath."

Think of "Christians" going to Congress and taking sides with heathen people, Saloon keepers, Dancers, Gamblers, etc., who try to kill every bill that seeks to preserve the Sabbath.

03.04. In Conclusion

IN CONCLUSION

What about the Christian Sabbath? Many sincere people ask us the question, Who authorized the change from the Jewish Sabbath to the first day of the week -- the Lord's Day?

1. The Pope did not do it. This has already been refuted by Roman Catholic Authorities themselves. Constantine, in 321 A. D. legalized the Christian Sunday, but changed nothing. He made legal what had been observed for over 200 years.

2. The First Day of the week -- Sunday -- was made the Christian Sabbath.

(a) In commemoration of the Resurrection and Pentecost.

(b) By the practice of the Apostles and the Early Church -- meeting on that day for worship, the day became the Christian Day of Worship -- The Lord's Day. The New Testament, The Apostles, Justin Martyr, Irenaeus, Tertullian, Origin, Cyprian, and a host of Early Church Worthies have all testified to the First Day of the week as The Lord's Day.

Finally, if it be asked, "Where did Jesus authorize or command the keeping of Sunday instead of the Sabbath?", our reply would be that no where in the New Testament can it be shown that Jesus told us to keep the Sabbath. It may appear strange that Jesus commands the keeping of all of the other commandments, but never the Fourth. Was this not in anticipation of the New Sabbath which the Christians were to keep -- to commemorate the two greatest events of the Christian Church: The resurrection of Jesus and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost?

Note. -- The best book on this subject is *Seventh Day Adventism Renounced*, by D. M. Canright. (Revell). Order from Pentecostal Pub. Co THE END

04.00. The Witness Of The Spirit

The Witness Of The Spirit 1 - The Witness Of The Spirit 2 - How A State Of Entire Sanctification May Be Retained

04.01. The Witness Of The Spirit

01 -- THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT In these closing days of the Church Age, surrounded by a fearful "falling away" from Bible standards and the teaching of the early Christian church, we are prone to forget or neglect to hold rigidly to the foundation doctrines that were blessed to the fathers. We have an unchanging God, who says, "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips;" and since he never changes his attitude toward truth, we must never let down, alter, or change our attitude toward the doctrines taught in his Word. All the doctrines that God blessed in the early Christian church are ours to keep and give out to this generation -- not one of them may we safely neglect! The Bible doctrine of the "Witness of the Spirit" was much emphasized in the early church, and all those seeking for either justification or sanctification were urged to press on after God until they received a clear "witness," and not to profess any state of grace without a definite "witness of the Spirit" that God had given them that grace.

If all pastors, evangelists, and Christian workers today would seek and obtain, for their own hearts, a clear "witness of the Spirit," and then insist, as was universally done in early Methodism, that all their converts seek until they received a definite "witness" to the grace they were seeking; and then also persuade the church members to go down before God through repentance, prayer, and fasting, until they obtained a clear "witness" to the grace of justification or sanctification. If the Christian world would do this, then the joy and freedom that characterized the early holiness movement would return; and what is of the greatest importance, old-time conviction for sin, almost unknown today, would seize the sinner world. Dare we meet this blind generation, drunken on alcohol, saturated with nicotine, mad with lust, bewitched with worldly sports and pleasures, at the judgment, unless we, with burning hearts of love, have done our utmost to get them saved during their day of probation?

"The Witness of the Spirit," properly speaking, is not a "blessing" or a "feeling." It lies in the realm of fact. The Christian is "blessed" when on the mountain top, but the "blessing" disappears when he reaches the valley of sorrow and trial. But "The Witness of the Spirit" glows on through both experiences.

"Walking by faith" does not supplant the "Witness of the Spirit." We "walk by faith" in God's Word, in his goodness, in his faithfulness, in his providences, in his omniscience, in his lovingkindness, in his tender mercy, etc., and while we "walk" the "witness" assures our hearts that God is with us and that he will keep that which is committed to his care. We find the doctrines of the New Testament church clearly represented by the types of the Old Testament. Israel's miraculous deliverance from Egyptian bondage is a type of "justification." God, through Moses, commands Israel, many times, to observe the Passover by "an ordinance forever." Any Hebrew who would fail, only once, to observe the Passover was "cut off" from Israel. The Passover clearly is a type of our "justification." The continual and "forever" keeping of this type of our "justification", by God's command, reveals to us that the "Witness of the Spirit" to our "justification" is to be kept clear and continuous. Apollos was God's example of a New Testament, justified Christian. He was "fervent

in spirit." God's standard for the grace and experience of justification is "fervent" (hot), or he would not have given us this example in his Word. Another type of the "The Witness of the Spirit" is found in the Most Holy Place in the tabernacle. In Exo 25:21; Exo 25:22 God says, "And thou shalt put the mercy seat above upon the ark: and in the ark thou shalt put the testimony that I shall give thee. And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat." On the great Day of Atonement, the great high priest went into the Most Holy Place and sprinkled the blood seven times before the mercy seat, and God communed with him there. The Shekinah Glory glowed above the mercy seat, and God talked to the high priest there as long as Israel obeyed God. When Israel became disobedient, God withdrew his presence and, the Shekinah Glory no longer glowed above the mercy seat although the high priest would still go in and sprinkle the blood, there was no Shekinah Glory and no communion with God. As long as the Christian earnestly walks with God and carefully and fully obeys his voice, he will retain the "Witness" in his heart; but disobedience to God, in any measure causes the "Witness" to disappear. The high priest could have gone into the Holy of Holies as in other years and said, "God is here as he used to be, even though I do not see the Shekinah Glory nor hear him speak to me as he used to do. We are walking by faith now" -- but God was gone! When the "Witness" disappears from the heart of the child of God -- that holy glow that used to assure him that God was with him -- then God is gone! God, it seems, divides the world into three groups. He says, in substance, "I would that you (Laodiceans) belonged to the 'hot' group, or to the 'cold' group, but you belong to neither of these two groups; you belong to the third group, the 'lukewarm.' The lukewarm group are not sinners. They have spiritual heat and are living good lives, but they have lost that fervent "witness" that once glowed in their hearts -- they have let down a little. God is grieved and commands these good folks to "repent" or he will remove his presence from them entirely. It is a good rule to listen to and obey the message that comes from God's messengers whom he blesses. The early Methodists and some in other groups were blessed of God in that early day. The doctrines taught by the early holiness leaders are safe because God blessed those doctrines, and holy lives and great genuine revivals resulted. In this book you will be listening to the messages from some of the greatest men of God that this world has had since Pentecost, on a most vital subject -- "The Witness of the Spirit." The church of God stands or falls according to its acceptance or rejection of this doctrine. The holiness movement is at the crossroads -- or almost past it; but will it swing back to the teaching and vital doctrines that God blessed when taught by the fathers? Will the holiness movement "ask for the old paths .and walk therein"? The aim of this book is to give only enough from the sermons and testimonies of the early holiness leaders to make plain the Bible teaching on this doctrine. If their attitude seems too strong on vital salvation and too hard to measure to, compare it with the Bible, not with modern standards in the Laodicean church. All the great holiness leaders of the early Methodists believed and taught that all Christians received and kept a clear "Witness." Bishop R. S. Foster, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was a great soul winner, preacher and writer. The following is from his great book, Christian Purity. Writing to regenerated Christians, he says, "They cannot deny, that though they still feel power to believe in Christ, and love God, and though his Spirit still witnesses with their spirit that they are children of God, yet they feel in themselves sometimes pride or self-will." Writing on the subject, "Means for the Attainment of Sanctification," he says, "In this connection there is unfortunate, and injurious advice sometimes given, in some such language as the following: 'Bring your all and lay it on God's altar; believe it is accepted; and though you may have no direct witness, no special sensible change, do

not doubt but it is done; the altar sanctifieth the gift; whatsoever toucheth the altar is holy,' and much more of this kind. We must believe that such instructions tend to delusion, and have been the fruitful source of many spurious though sincere professions. It is well, nay, it is indispensable to make an entire surrender of all to God; and when this is done, God will acknowledge it by sending the witness of his acceptance;' but let no one, at his peril, conclude that he has made this surrender, and is consequently sanctified, without the requisite "witness:" he will only deceive himself, and receive no benefit. His faith, however strong, being false, will do him no good. It is the Spirit that sanctifies, and he sanctifies through faith -- faith not in any act of ours, but faith in God; and when by faith he sanctifies, he will impart the "witness." "It is meet, when we have consecrated our all as well as we can, that we should trust in God, not in our act, but in God; not that he has sanctified, because we have consecrated ourselves, but that he will accept the consecration and both sanctify and send us the "witness."

Until the witness comes, we will not say we are entirely sanctified. We will not even 'believe we are; we will look to be, and wait in expectation until we are, and then we will rest in God . . . aye, we will rest while we wait . . . in the faith that it shall be done. "Religious experience is authenticated to the mind in two modes; First, inwardly, by the Witness of the Divine Spirit, conjointly with our own spirit; Second, outwardly, by the external manifestations . . . the fruits of the life. "Let us now consider some of the evidences by which one may conclude himself to have attained the grace of holiness. "When entire sanctification takes place, it will be evidenced directly and indirectly. "Directly, by the joint witness of God's Spirit with our spirits that the work is done. Where this witness is given, it is conclusive and complete. "When it is certain God's Spirit attests a work, that attestation needs no corroboration. The doctrine of the direct witness of the Holy Spirit conjointly with our spirit needs no vindication here, it is clearly a Bible doctrine.

'We know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.'

'The spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.'

'We have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we may know the things that are freely given us of God.'

'He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself.'

'For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of love, and of power, and of a sound mind.'

'There is no dispute as to the fact, that the passages cited teach the doctrine of 'The Witness of the Spirit.' The method of the Spirit's witness we do not conceive to be by sensible signs. It may be accompanied by such, but is not ordinarily; not by an audible voice, not by a visible manifestation, not by a sensible touch, not by anything of this kind: and yet the witness is direct and assured, as much as though accompanied with outward manifestations. It is a consciousness wrought in the soul that a change is affected.

"We are conscious, or by some means assured, that such an impression is made, and made by the divine Spirit, and though we cannot tell how, yet the soul knows, beyond a doubt, that the impression is from God. Thus God's Spirit, conjointly with ours, attests the change; and in their combined testimony thus rendered, without any external signs, the soul reposes with the consciousness of entire certainty.

"But may one rely on the witness here indicated? Is there no great probability of mistake?"

"Take the blind man, whose eyes have been sealed in darkness for a lifetime, whose sightless balls have rolled in rayless night; who, amid outward things, has groped his cheerless way for half a century, ever wondering what they were, what their appearance, what the beauties of color and form of which others spoke: take him out amid the splendors of the starlit sky, where millions of resplendent worlds bewilder the gaze; or lead him to the forest, or the mountain, or the river, or the ocean; or to a garden of flowers, or galleries of art; suddenly lift the veil: will he know the change? Open, among the ravishing strains of a cathedral choir, the ears of one born deaf; will he know it? Quiet the sufferings of the child of affliction, who has spent sleepless nights of pain; bring glad tidings to the broken heart; pour joy into the bosom filled with sorrow; hush the storm to the tempest-beaten voyager; lift the burden from the shoulders of the fainting; will they know it? And shall it not be known when the Spirit bears witness with our spirits that we are become the children of God when the heart that was broken is bound up? when the heart that was dead is made alive? when the heart that fainted under the burden of sin, and trembled at the impending wrath of God, is lifted up, and beholds, by faith, a smiling Savior? If the watcher knows when midnight is past, the sailor when the tempest subsides, surely the soul shall know when the morning of the peace breaketh, and the storm of guilt is hushed."

How shall one discriminate between the witness of the Spirit in justification and entire sanctification? The difference in the Spirit's witness in the work of justification and entire sanctification is not in the manner so much as the thing witnessed to. It is the same Spirit; the phenomena are the same, but the testimony is to different facts, and consequently differs.

"When one is pardoned, the testimony is to precisely that fact, that he is pardoned, made alive to God; but it is not that he is entirely sanctified. When he is entirely sanctified, the same Spirit bears witness again, just as he did before, but now it is to another fact, not that he is pardoned, but that he is entirely sanctified. Thus the Spirit witnesses with our spirits to our religious state whatever it may be. Nor can it be shown that his witness in the one case is either more comprehensible or more important than in the other.

"When God passes sentence of pardon on the soul of man, he witnesses to the fact, and the pardoned soul receives the testimony, but it has no way of explaining how. When he empties the soul of sin, and fills it with his own fullness of love, again he imparts assurance of the fact, but again the soul cannot tell how it receives the testimony. It knows it is so. In each he will find, perhaps, that no words can advance beyond the inspired formula: 'The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.' -- Rom 8:16."

Bishop Foster now considers the results of having entered into the experience of entire sanctification. "Attending this wonderful faith is an immediate assurance wrought as above described, by the Divine Spirit, and attested by the soul, that sin is all gone and the soul is purified. This assurance amounts to entire certainty in the conviction of the soul enjoying it. There follows, in some instances, great joy and ecstasy. Ordinarily the soul at this crisis is filled with peace rather than joy; simple rest, tranquillity, a sense of complete satisfaction.

"All this is accompanied with a sense of the Divine presence; of communion with God, and intimacy.... oneness . . . peculiar to this grace; a feeling that God is all in all, and calm repose

upon him . . . and now the soul being brought into this sense of union and communion with God, its life will be in him, and this will be evidenced further by its fruits Sanctification is evidenced by its fruits. 'By their fruits ye shall know them' is a good rule; and we might, with great propriety, " add, by your fruits ye shall know yourselves. There are certain fruits which proceed from sanctification, which must exist where that grace itself exists, as evidence of its presence By fruits of sanctification we mean both certain states of experience and certain products of these states; . . . fruits manifested in the inner man, and fruits manifested in the outer man.

"By what 'fruit of the Spirit' may we 'know that we are of God'? By love, joy, peace always abiding; by invariable long-suffering, patience, resignation; by gentleness, triumphing over all provocation; by goodness, mildness, sweetness, tenderness of spirit; by fidelity, simplicity, godly sincerity; by meekness, calmness, evenness of spirit; by temperance, not only in food and sleep, but in all things natural and spiritual.

"Entire sanctification is a state of absolute freedom from sin, properly so called, as above described . . . Any sin, whether of the motive, of the will, of the desire, of the life, negatives its existence. Either it must be admitted that it is possible to men to be without sin and to live without it, or the doctrine of entire sanctification must be surrendered; for sin cannot be a consistent element of entire sanctification.

"Are your motives pure? Your volitions in harmony with the will of God?" Your desires single? Your acts holy? "Your tempers. How are they? Do you become impatient under trial; fretful, when chided or crossed; angry, revengeful, when injured; vain, when flattered; proud, when prospered; complaining when chastened; unbelieving, when seemingly forsaken; unkind, when neglected? Are you subject to discontent, to ambition, to selfishness? Are you worldly? covetous of riches, of vain pomp and parade, of indulgence, of honor, of ease? Are you unfeeling, contemptuous of others, seeking your own, boasters, proud, lovers of your own selves? Beware! These are sediments of the old nature! Nay, if they exist in you, in however small degree, they are demonstrative that the old man of sin is not dead.

"It is a sad mistake if you detect these evils within and yet close your eyes to them and continue to make profession of holiness. These are not infirmities; they are indications of want of grace. Remember that secret sins . . . sins unknown to all without . . . sins of imagination, of the thought, of the heart. ... sins of desire and affection are sins Your duties. How, with regard to these? Do you delight in them? Are they your pleasure? Do they constitute your chief joy? When God evidently calls, do you go willingly though it be through the furnace, through persecutions, through losses, reproaches; sorrows? In the midst of all, is God your joy and rejoicing, and can you say, 'The will of God be done'? ... Does he find in you no murmuring, no drawing back, no displeasure; but on the contrary, submission and joy?

"Your experience. How upon this point? Have you an unwavering confidence in God? Is your peace of mind full? Have you joy in the Holy Ghost? Do you have free communion with God? Do you realize within a consciousness of purity? Though, without, there be tempest or calm, sorrow or joy, trial or triumph, do you still, in every case, find a full communion between your soul and the Divine Spirit? By this we do not mean that you are always to be happy, ecstatic; but always to realize union with God, whether you sorrow or rejoice. Do you rejoice in tribulation?

"Are you entirely the Lord's? . . . Have you anything which you do not hold in God? Are you separate from him at any point? Are you opposed to him in anything? Are your actions and enjoyments all in union with him? In your work, in your rest, in your indulgences, in your denials, in your affections, in your volitions, in your associations, in your endeavors, are you always, everywhere, by intention and effort, in union with God?"

"If to the above questions you can with honesty return a favorable answer, then you may conclude that you are one with the Lord, that you are entirely sanctified. These are severe tests, but they are not more searching than truth and honesty require. If you shrink from the ordeal, you furnish the best proof that you are cherishing delusion as to this high state. . . . Only be faithful to yourself and allow no temporizing, no tenderness toward real faults, and all will yet be well. Remember how great a thing you aspire to; to be holy; to be holy in a sinful world, among sinful men, with innumerable infirmities and temptations to hinder and harass you. Remember, too, that while you need evidence that will be sufficient to support such a profession to your own satisfaction, you must also furnish the proof of the genuineness thereof to others. This you are morally bound to do. In the world, you live above the world; a man, you bear in your bosom an indwelling God; alive, you are dead; and dead, you are alive. Sublime privilege! Glorious state! The life of heaven infused into a soul upon earth! Well may you rejoice, for great is your reward in heaven, yea, upon the earth. Even now you have the foretaste of the feast ineffable; the first-fruits of the glorious harvest of immortal joys." The following quotations are from the "Works of John Wesley, Vol. 1," a sermon on the subject, "The Witness of the Spirit." -- Rom 8:16.

"But I contend not (for a certain text of scripture), seeing so many other texts, with the experience of all real Christians, sufficiently evince that there is in every, believer, both the testimony of God's Spirit, and the testimony of his own that he is a child of God

"The manner how the divine testimony is manifested to the heart, I do not take upon me to explain..... But the fact we know, namely, that the Spirit of God does give a believer such a testimony of his adoption, that while it is present to the soul, he can no more doubt the reality of his sonship, than he can doubt the shining of the sun, while he stands in the full blaze of its beams.

"How this joint testimony of God's Spirit and our spirit may be clearly and solidly distinguished from the presumption of a natural mind, and from the delusion of the devil, is the next thing to be considered. And it highly imports all who desire the salvation of God, to consider it with the deepest attention, as they would not deceive their own souls. An error in this is generally observed to have the most fatal consequences: the rather, because he that errs seldom discovers his mistake, till it is too late to remedy it.

"How then may the real testimony of the Spirit with our spirit be distinguished from this damning presumption? I answer, the holy scriptures abound with marks, whereby the one may be distinguished from the other. They describe in the plainest manner the circumstances which go before, which accompany, and which follow, the true, genuine testimony of the Spirit of God with the spirit of a believer. For instance, the scripture describes repentance, or conviction of sin, as constantly going before this witness of pardon. 'Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.'

"The testimony now under consideration is given by the Spirit of God to and with our spirit. He is the person testifying. What he testifies to us is, that we are children of God. The immediate result of this testimony is the fruit of the Spirit: namely, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness. And without these the testimony itself cannot continue. For it is inevitably destroyed, not only by the commission of any outward sin, or the omission of known duty, but by giving way to any inward sin: in a word, by whatever grieves the Holy Spirit of God.

"By the testimony of the Spirit, I mean an inward impression of the soul, whereby the Spirit of God immediately, and directly, witnesses to my spirit, that I am a child of God, that Jesus Christ had loved me, and given himself for me. That all my sins are blotted out, and I, even I, am reconciled to God.

"He so works upon the soul by his immediate influence, and by a strong, though inexplicable operation, that the stormy wind and troubled waves subside, and there is a sweet calm: the heart resting as in the arms of Jesus, and the sinner being clearly satisfied, that God is reconciled, that all his iniquities are forgiven, and his sins covered.

"Ye have received, not the spirit of bondage, but the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

"Because ye are sons (Gal 4:6), God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.'

"And here comes in, to confirm this scriptural doctrine, the experience of the children of God: the experience not of two or three, not of a few, but of a great multitude which no man can number. It has been confirmed, both in this and in all ages by a cloud of living and dying witnesses. The Spirit itself bore witness to my spirit that I was a child of God, gave me an evidence hereof, and I immediately cried, Abba, Father.

"Every one, therefore, who denies the existence of such a testimony, does in effect deny justification by faith.

"To secure us from delusion, God gives us two witnesses that we are his children. And this they testify conjointly. And while they are joined, we cannot be deluded: their testimony can be depended on. They are fit to be trusted in the highest degree, and need nothing else to prove what they assert.

"By two witnesses shall every word be established. And when the Spirit witnesses with our spirit, as God designs it to do, then it fully proves that we are children of God.

"The true witness of the Spirit is known by its fruit; love, peace, joy; not indeed preceding, but following it

"The Spirit of God witnessing with our spirit does secure us from all delusion: and lastly, we are all liable to trials, wherein the testimony of our own spirit is not sufficient; wherein nothing less than the direct testimony of God's Spirit can assure us that we are his children.

"Two inferences may be drawn from the whole. The first: Let none ever presume to rest, in any supposed testimony of the Spirit, which is separate from the fruit of it. If the Spirit of God does

really testify that we are children of God, the immediate consequence will be the fruit of the Spirit, even love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, temperance. And however this fruit may be clouded for a while, during the time of strong temptation, so it does not appear to the tempted person, while Satan is sifting him as wheat, yet the substantial part of it remains, even under the thickest cloud. The second inference is: Let none rest in any supposed fruit of the Spirit without the witness." The book, A Memoir Of Mr. William Carvosso, has blessed untold thousands. Mr. Carvosso was a class leader for sixty years in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Describing his conversion, he says,

"The very moment I formed this resolution (to never cease crying to God for mercy), Christ appeared within, and God pardoned all my sins, and set my soul at liberty. The Spirit itself now bore witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. This was about nine o'clock at night, May 7, 1771; and never shall I forget that happy hour."

Mr. Carvosso retained this clear "Witness" through his long life. He was a successful soul winner. It seems he had almost a continuous revival wherever he traveled in England. His converts always received a clear "Witness" to the work God did for them. Following are extracts from his diary: Carvosso, beginning to realize his need of holiness, says, "My inward nature appeared so black and sinful, that I felt it impossible to rest in that state. Some, perhaps, will imagine that this may have arisen from the want of the knowledge of forgiveness. That could not be the case, for I never had one doubt of my acceptance; the witness was so clear that Satan himself knew it was in vain to attack me from that quarter. I had kept in remembrance: "The blessed hour when from above, I first received the pledge of love."

Carvosso testified that God had enabled him to keep a clear and continuous "Witness of the Spirit" to his justification from the time of his conversion to his entire sanctification. Carvosso, describing his sanctification, after some time of earnest seeking, says, "Just at that moment a heavenly influence filled the room; and no sooner had I uttered or spoken the words from my heart, 'I shall have the blessing now,' than refining fire went 'through my heart illuminated my soul scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole.' I then received the full Witness of the Spirit that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all sin."

Carvosso relates the following experience that God had given him about thirty years previous: "Many years before, perhaps not fewer than thirty, I was sealed by the Spirit in a somewhat similar manner. While walking one day between Mousehole and Newlyn, I was drawn to turn aside from the public road and under the canopy of heaven kneel down to prayer. I had not long been engaged with God, before I was so visited from above, and overpowered by the divine glory, that my shouting could be heard at a distance . Giving glory to my God, I can say to the present moment, I feel the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin."

He testifies that the "Witness" of his cleansing had been kept clear for these thirty years. He says, "Several who had, through unbelief, lost the Witness of Sanctification, were enabled again to lay hold on to the blessing." Again he says, "I have the 'testimony of my own conscience and the Witness of the Spirit, that I am wholly and unreservedly his." This testimony was given forty-nine years after his conversion, May 7, 1820, he says, "Yes, on this day I believed with my heart unto righteousness; on this day I was justified by faith and had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: on this day I received the Spirit of adoption, and was enabled to say, 'Abba, Father'; on this

day my name was written in heaven. " At Mr. K's, I one day met with two who were earnestly longing to be delivered from the plague of an evil heart of unbelief . . . and, blessed be his holy name, before we parted, they both received the witness that they were saved from sin. "My mind has recently been pained to meet with so many who have long been professors of religion, and still know nothing of their interest in Christ. Of justification by faith, and the Witness of the Spirit, they seem just as ignorant as if they had never heard a gospel sermon in their lives.

"This day I unexpectedly met with a Christian friend from a neighboring society. I felt our conversation on the things of God was particularly profitable. It turned on the necessity of our retaining a clear witness of perfect love, not only on account of our own happiness, but of our usefulness also.' "This blessed witness of the Spirit, both in justification and sanctification, is what I see the necessity of more than ever. For my own part, I do not see what progress professors of religion can make without this. Did I say religion? Can they be deemed the possessors of true religion at all till they so believe as to have the Witness in themselves? Till they have this gospel faith, they can only be denominated 'seekers of religion.' It is extremely painful for me to reflect on the multitudes who are stopping short of their inestimable privilege.

"This morning I have felt an increased vigor of spirit, and a fresh resolution to devote myself more fully unto the Lord, and to urge on others the great necessity of their receiving and retaining the Witness of the Spirit. What I mean by the Witness of the Spirit, Mr. Wesley very clearly explains in his excellent sermon of this subject. 'The testimony of the spirit,' says he, 'is an inward impression on the soul whereby the Spirit of God directly witnesses to my spirit that I am a child of God, that my sins are blotted out and that I, even I, am a child of God'."

Carvosso, like all the spiritual leaders in the early holiness movement, insisted that all the converts receive clear "Witness of the Spirit" to their pardon and that they keep that "Witness" clear until they received the grace of entire sanctification; their after the destruction of carnality, the "Witness" thereto must be kept inviolate until their translation to heaven. If they lost the "Witness" they were backslidden; if they had never received a "Witness," they were not converted at all.

"Today I had a conversation with one of the members of our society, on the subject of 'Witness of the Spirit.' Like too many others, he was resting short of this privilege. Finding he had not read Mr. Wesley's sermons on this subject, I earnestly requested him to procure and read them as soon as possible. "Several who had lost the 'Witness of the Spirit, or let slip the blessing of full salvation, were encouraged to again lay hold on Christ for a supply of all their wants. "Soon he was enabled to believe with his heart unto righteousness and with his mouth he made confession unto salvation. He received the inward witness, and testified that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all his sins.

"Our privilege is to enter now into the enjoyment of the salvation we need: and, having once apprehended, never to lose it but hold it fast unto the end." Speaking of the conversion of his grandson, he says, "He did not long groan under the burden of guilt, and his evidence of pardon and adoption was very clear."

William Carvosso died in great triumph in his eighty-fifth year. He kept a clear "Witness" to the hour of his translation and God made him a soul winner to the last. Rev. Seth C. Rees, the great warrior, saint and soul winner of the last generation, in his book, "The Ideal Pentecostal Church,"

says, "The Witness of the Holy Spirit will let us know it, when we are really regenerated; and so satisfactory is this 'Witness' to him who receives it that he would not thank a committee from the upper skies to appear and confirm it."

Again he says, "Thousands say they have taken Christ by faith, but that they never had a clear witness of the Spirit to their pardon. What a farce!" Rev. B. Carradine says, "Some tell us that there is no divine inward testimony to the fact of sanctification. Paul says (Heb 10:14; Heb 10:15), 'He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified.' Let no seeker cease his importunities and waiting on God until he obtains the Witness of the Spirit to his sanctification. With the Witness comes perfect assurance of faith, unruffled tranquillity of mind, abiding light and joy in the heart, steadfastness of life, and great boldness and power in the Gospel. He that impresses a man to preach, that testifies to a man that he is converted, can he not let a man know when he is sanctified? I knew I was sanctified, just as I knew fifteen years before that I was converted He, the Holy Ghost, bore witness clearly, unmistakably and powerfully to his own work; and, although months have passed away since that blessed morning, yet the Witness of the Holy Spirit to the work has never left me for a moment."

Rev. William Bramwell, a great soul winner and one of Wesley's preachers, testifies: "The Lord, for whom I had waited, came suddenly to the temple of my heart, and I had an immediate evidence that this was the blessing I had been for some time seeking. My soul was all wonder, love and praise. It is now about twenty-six years ago. I have been kept by his power. Mrs. Jonathan Edwards (wife of the great pioneer preacher) gives her experience in these glowing words: "So conscious was I of the joyful presence of the Holy Spirit that I could scarcely refrain from leaping with transports of joy. My soul was filled and overwhelmed with light and love and joy in the Holy Ghost, and seemed just ready to go away from the body."

Dr. Daniel Steele, relating his experience, writes: "Very suddenly, after about three weeks of diligent search, the Comforter came with power and great joy to my heart. He took my feet out of the realm of doubt and weakness, and planted them forever on the Rock of assurance and strength . . . in the language of Dr. Payson I daily exclaim, 'O that I had known this twenty years ago!'"

Bishop Foster writes of his experience thus: "The Spirit seemed to lead me into the innermost sanctuary of my soul. . . . into the chambers where I had before discovered such defilement..., and showed me that all was cleansed; that the corruptions which had given me such distress were dead taken away. . . . that not one of them remained. I felt the truth of the witness; it was so; I was conscious of it; as conscious of it as I had been of my conversion."

Rev. Benjamin Abbott, one of the early Methodist sons of thunder.... a great soul winner and powerful preacher, concerning his sanctification, wrote: "In three days God gave me a full assurance that he had sanctified me, soul and body. I found it day by day manifested to my soul by the Witness of the Spirit." Adam Clarke, the great Bible commentator of Methodism, commenting on the "Witness of the Spirit," Rom 8:16, says: "If we take care to walk with God, and not grieve the Holy Spirit, we shall have an abiding testimony (witness); and while we continue faithful to our adopting Father, the Spirit that witnesses to that adoption, will continue to witness it."

Rev. Alfred Cookman, the eminent saint and preacher of Methodism, testified, "The evidence in my case was as clear and indubitable as the witness of sonship received at the time of my adoption into the family of heaven. Oh, it was glorious, divinely glorious! I could not doubt it. Need I say that the experience of sanctification inaugurated a new epoch in my religious life? Oh, what blessed rest in Jesus! What an abiding experience of purity through the blood of the Lamb!"

Rev. Alfred Cookman died in great triumph, exclaiming: "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." All the great spiritual leaders of early Methodism and the holiness movement believed in, experienced, taught, and insisted on their converts receiving the "Witness of the Spirit" in both justification and sanctification. They, too, recognized that any professor of religion who had lost the "Witness" as being in a backslidden state. They taught that no one has a right to expect to have an entrance into the gates of pearl who, here in this life, fails to seek, obtain and keep a clear, continuous, definite and glowing "Witness of the Spirit" to the fact of iniquities forgiven and a heart purified from sin. "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Jesus asks. There will be, without a doubt, forms of faith, letter-of-the-law followers, on the earth when he comes; but the "faith" that Jesus asks about is a vital faith, a faith that transforms sinners into saints, that removes the mountains of sin, that purifies the heart, that turns lethargy and ease into passion, that makes soldiers out of cowards; that makes Christians to love like John, be constrained like Paul, and fervent like Apollos: saints out of whose souls pour rivers of living water into the barren deserts of a sinful world. Paul, the apostle, writing to the Thessalonians (2Th 2:2-3) declares that "the day of Christ shall not come except there come a falling away first." We believe the "falling away" period is now upon us. Holiness, in many places, is just living a real good life -- which is far below Bible justification. "Lukewarm" folks, who need repentance to get back to a Bible experience of justification, have spiritual heat and they are living wonderful lives. They are busy in the work of the church, but God will reject them in the judgment. The Bride of Christ, looking and waiting for His return, is described in song as, "With burning hearts are waiting For that meeting in the air." Comparatively few professors keep a clear and continuous "witness of the Spirit." It seems that few appreciate the "witness," so it soon disappears from their hearts. They are deluded into thinking that they are "walking by faith" after they have let the "witness" slip away.

John Wesley says, "Some have the testimony both of their justification and sanctification, without any intermission at all, which, I presume, more might have did they walk humbly and closely with God." In examining many that professed entire sanctification, Mr. Wesley says they testified to the following: "(1) That they felt no inward sin, and, to the best of their knowledge, commit no outward sin; (2) that they see and love God every moment, and pray, rejoice, give thanks evermore; (3) that they have constantly as clear a witness from God of sanctification as they have of justification. Now in this I do rejoice, and will rejoice, call it what you please". (Works, Volume IV, page 56.)

Mr. Wesley says, "I rode to Derry-Anvil, where are some of the liveliest Christians I have seen in the kingdom. Eight of them I examined closely, who testified that they had never lost the witness, nor felt any decay since the hour they were perfected in love". (Journal, June, 1773.) Quoting again from Mr. Wesley's Journal, "I met such a select society (at Whitby) as I have not seen since I left London. They were about forty, of whom I did not find one who had not a clear witness of being saved from sin". (Journal, 1784) Many anxious eyes are watching the Christians, and for them to fall or waver might mean eternal loss to the watchers! "Ye are the light of the world," said Jesus. We cannot afford to lose the "fervent" experience God gave us at the beginning of our Christian

life and when He purified our hearts. It is a great calamity and disappointment to the sinner when a Christian cools off and lets down. The following chapter is written for the purpose of aiding Christians to continue to be "the light of the world" through a glowing and continuous experience of perfect love.

04.02. How State Entire Sanctification May

02 -- HOW A STATE OF ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION MAY BE RETAINED The following is quoted from the book "Perfect Love" by Rev. J. A. Wood:

"There are many who once enjoyed the blessing of perfect love who have now lost it. Some have received it several times, and, after all, are now without it. "The conditions of retaining perfect love, like the conditions of retaining justification, are the same as those by which it was obtained; namely, a complete submission of the soul to God, and simple faith in Christ for present salvation. "This submission and faith, graduated by increasing light and grace, must continue through life if perfect love be retained.

"To retain this grace you must maintain a continuous, entire consecration -- a complete self-abandonment to God. 'The altar sanctifieth the gift;' and it is only when our all is upon the altar of consecration that we can be in a state of sanctification. No part of the price can ever be taken back if we would retain the 'Witness' of perfect love. Your consecration must continue complete, corresponding with increasing light, through all your life; and you will have occasion to watch yourself, and guard this point thoroughly. Keep yourself, your all, submitted to God.

"To retain full salvation, you must continue to believe. 'The just shall live by faith.' 'We are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation.' "As soon as people cease to believe, they lose the blessing; for 'we stand by faith.' Sanctified Paul said: "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God."

"Faith is the vital bond between the sanctified soul and God; and by it we are to abide in Christ, as the branch abides in the vine. "To retain 'the Witness of the Spirit,' and continue in the light of purity, you must confess it. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' "The fear of man often hinders people from this duty. This fear, which brings a snare, must be overcome. Many have resisted the Holy Spirit when they ought to have confessed the blessing; and in this way have lost it. Confessing Sanctification does not exalt self: it humbles the soul, and gives glory to God. "The call for clear witnesses is more imperative in some places than in others, as in many places the witnesses for perfect love are very scarce and greatly needed.

"Again, the soul must live constantly in the spirit of self-denial. We must deny ourselves of everything sinful, and also of everything doubtful. "And he that doubteth is damned (condemned) if he eat, because he eateth not of faith; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin." Thousands have fallen by lawful things. It is not expedient for a sanctified soul to indulge in every gratification which is not expressly forbidden in Scripture. We are to 'abstain from all appearance of evil.' "The sanctified soul must live in a spirit of watchfulness. Watch over your heart, and keep it 'with all diligence.' Watch over your lips, and be jealous of your tongue, and guard against a light and trifling spirit, by which multitudes have fallen into darkness and ruin. "Foolish talking," "jesting," and "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

Many today, are trying to do the impossible -- keep spiritual while fellowshiping the world! No Christian can retain a "fervent (God's standard for justification is "fervent") justified experience who feeds 'his (or her) soul on the "funnies," (sillies) baseball, football, boxing, the races, or any other form of popular sports, any more than an athlete can maintain his excellent health and strength who feeds his body on garbage! "Watch for seasons of prayer and special communion with God. Watch for opportunities of doing and receiving good. Watch against the allurements of the world, and against everything that is sensual, and has a tendency to lull the soul to sleep. Watch against temptations, and resist them in a moment -- steadfast in the faith. 'Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.' "The purified soul must be faithful to the teachings and drawings of the Holy Spirit. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.'

We must follow the Spirit of God, let consequences be what they may. The Holy Spirit will remind you of duty; you must instantly obey. "The Spirit is very easily grieved,. and you must promptly attend to all his teachings, or you may in a moment forfeit full redemption. "His chosen emblem is the tender dove, and it will take its flight if its gentle monitions be not heeded. "The Spirit teaches and guides mainly by illumination, and little by impression. "He throws light upon nature and providence, but especially upon the Scriptures and our minds, illuminating the sacred page and our path, leading us to truth and duty. His teaching always accords with the Word, hence we are not to look for dreams, visions, or impressions; these may have served their purpose in the earlier and darker dispensation. We have now, the voice of the Spirit -- the Bible. No measure of the Spirit can supersede the written Word." We should never assume "wisdom above what is written." "The Holy Scriptures must be read daily. The Word of God is the voice of the Spirit. He is grieved when the truth is neglected or disobeyed.

"The Bible is soul-food. Perfect love will require nourishment daily. If you do not feed it with Bible truth it will die." "Holiness furnishes a strong appetite for spiritual nourishment. Those who have been the clearest in perfect love are those who have paid the greatest attention and deference to the Word of God. The Bible is a well of living water. You will need to draw water daily out of this well of salvation; you can never drink it dry. The Bible is your chart and compass, and you will have occasion to examine it daily. "To retain the blessing of perfect love, you must constantly aim at growing in grace. There is no standing still in religion. If we are not advancing we are retrograding. Many people have lost 'The Witness of the Spirit' by not pressing after a greater fullness. "Christian holiness secures the best possible preparation for growth in grace; and there are heights and depths, and lengths, and breadths of the love of God, to which we must be constantly aspiring. If we do not press after them, we shall be likely to go backward and lose what we have before attained. "John Wesley says: 'It is impossible to have a glorious witness to pure love, and retain it, without growing therein."

"The sanctified soul must live constantly under a sense of the presence of God. Always remember, 'Thou, God, seest me!' You are watched and seen every moment by an eye a million times keener than the eyes of angels -- the infinite eye of the all-seeing God. If you knew that a legion of angels were watching you every moment, how careful you would be to act right! Remember you are always in God's immediate presence. "A life of prayer must be led. You must be a man of prayer. Pray early in the morning, and, if possible, remain some time on your knees with God. This will prepare you for the day. "Pray often, and then prayer will be a delight. Stay with God in prayer --

stay until he melts you, and then stay when you are melted, and plead with him, and he will answer, and you will be transformed, renewed, and strengthened. "To retain holiness of heart you must labor faithfully for the salvation of sinners. It is the nature of perfect love to long for the salvation of souls; and if you do not go out with God for the salvation of men, your love will cool into apathy and indifference, and you will lose the evidence of entire sanctification altogether. When your heart yearns over sinners, go to God and pray; then go to sinners with manly sympathy, and you will find it an excellent means of grace to your soul. "It will be a holy oil that will anoint you. You must also seek to lead saints into this grace.

Mr. Wesley says: "One great means of retaining what God has given, is to labor to bring others into this grace, and to profess it to all mankind." "To retain sanctification, you must oppose sin of every name and kind, without any compromise. "Like our Lord, you must show it no quarter, at any time, or anywhere, either in or out of the church. In respect to sin and holiness, it is eternally true that 'No man can serve two masters.' You must know no exceptions, either in high places or in low, in great things or little things, among enemies or friends. Your duty is plain -- 'Abstain from all appearance of evil.' The sainted Southern preacher and author of the last generation, Rev. J. O. McClurkan, in his book, "How to Keep Sanctified," says: "The conflict is not over when you enter the sanctified life. The enemy within has been cast out, but sin in a thousand different forms lurks about you. To retain a pure heart requires the utmost vigilance. "'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' "The Israelites did most of their fighting after entering Canaan; but few conquests were made in the wilderness. It takes the grace of entire sanctification to guarantee continuous victory in a land of walled cities, giants, and thirty-one kings. You will have endless opposition, keener trials, and more severe temptations in a life of holiness. But the gift of the Holy Spirit makes every man a soldier, and Christ in the heart causes him to be more than a conqueror. "Storms may rage, men scoff, and devils howl, but hid in the pavilion of the Divine Presence you have perfect peace. "You do the committing: he does the keeping." "I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless."

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."

"Temptation: Immediately after our Lord was baptized with the Holy Ghost he was led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil.

"Temptation is of divine appointment, hence there is no sin in being tempted. You sin only when you yield to temptation. "For instance, Satan may torture you with suggestions of evil thoughts, desires, or feelings. "Failing to get you to indorse them, he will turn accuser, saying, 'You are a pretty Christian. Ha, ha, ha! Professing sanctification! Why, you hypocrite, it is doubtful if a person having such thoughts as you have was ever justified.' The devil has met many entering the threshold of a holy life and driven them back into the wilderness with just such accusations.

"First tempting you to sin, but failing at this point, he would persuade you that the temptation itself is a sin. You can't prevent the devil bringing his children and leaving them on your door-step, but you don't need to bring them in and adopt them as your own. "Evil suggestions do not become yours until you put your endorsement on them.

"The 'holiest people are often the most fiercely assaulted by the devil. he shoots his biggest guns not at the babes in Christ but at those who are pressing on to know the fullness of God. It may be

that as we advance in the kingdom of grace we have to grapple with a class of devils stronger than those we met in the beginning of our Christian life.

"This much we know, the nearer we get to God the less we have of temptation on the physical side. He often comes as an angel of light in the person of some dear friend, some long established habit, some cherished wish or desire. Then again he clothes himself in such reasonable, proper, and commendable attire that, if possible, 'he would deceive the very elect; yet the Spirit-filled soul will be able to recognize and resist him. 'For we are not ignorant of his devices.'

"Avoid laying too much stress on your feelings; as there are no two people alike, so there will be no two experiences exactly the same. The Lord gives to each such as he needeth. Perhaps those who seek certain good feelings have the least of them. Fix your eyes on Jesus, then the whole body will be full of light. Seek him rather than his gifts. Having him, all his gifts are yours." Madame Guyon said that the Lord sometimes withdrew all her joyous emotions, that she might be drawn closer to him.

"You entered the sanctified life through consecration and faith. It is retained the same way. Remember the gift must stay on the altar. It is so easy to compromise a little here and there -- the world creeps in and Jesus goes out before you are aware of it. Take an inventory once in a while to make sure that property, church, family, plan of life, likes and dislikes, are all kept on the altar. "Should you find at any time that you have taken something off the altar, put it back instantly. Whatever he tells you to do, do it; don't try to dodge it, nor postpone it, nor excuse yourself from it, but do it at once.

"Cultivate the habit of trusting God regardless of emotions. You doubt God just in proportion to what you require apart from the Word to make you believe it."

Some one asked Mr. Muller the secret of his strong faith. He replied: "By standing firm amid severe testings." Abraham staggered not at the promises. There would be more Abrahams if there were more who would stand such testings. It is hard to believe, looking at the difficulties; the longer you look, the bigger they become. But when your eye and heart rest on Jesus, faith follows as a natural result. Peter did not begin, to sink until he got his eyes off Christ on the waves. In a meek, humble, joyful spirit, tell what the Lord has done for you. Don't shun the word "sanctification," nor any other term that the Spirit uses in designating this great work. It is God's term, and can not be improved by us. At the same time don't be in bondage to any particular one of the many phrases which abound in the Word.

"Perfect love," a "pure heart," "holiness;" "life more abundant," "the gift of the Holy Ghost," and sanctification," are a few of the many Bible terms which may be used in testifying to the "second work of grace." It is better, however, for the benefit of those to whom you speak, to use the word "sanctification" than these others, because it is generally understood to embrace the system of truth emphasized by the holiness movement. The devil seems to hate it more than all the rest, and as the "offense of the cross" has shifted to this despised doctrine, there is a peculiar blessing attending the clear, definite testimony to sanctification. Hence watch, for an insidious fear of criticism may lead you to avoid this important word even before you are aware of it.

"Frances Willard received the blessing in Evanston, and soon after went to Lima, N. Y., to become preceptress of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. She was advised to keep still about sanctification

because of the Methodists in those parts. It was cruel advice. She writes: 'I kept still until I soon found that I had nothing to keep still about. The experience left me. That sweet pervasiveness, that heaven in the soul, of which I came to know in Mrs. Palmer's meetings, I do not now feel.' The sainted Fletcher lost this blessing four or five times by not testifying to it."

Dr. Sheridan Baker says: "Clear testimony to full salvation is so opposed by Satan, is so distasteful to a church, and is so much discouraged by many who are reputed wise and good, that more lose the blessing of entire sanctification by ambiguity and indefiniteness in testimony than by any other and perhaps by all other causes put together." Dr. Carradine says: "Very long and sorrowful indeed is the list of preachers and laymen, men and women, who possessed the blessing of sanctification, hid the talent in a napkin, tried to live the experience, toned it down in various ways to suit family, friends, and church, until at last they awoke to see that the star had disappeared, the angels had vanished into the skies, and the glory had departed. "If we follow faithfully the divine plan of witnessing, not only with the life but the lips, certain gracious and blessed results will be left at once to arise and increase as the days go by. One will be a sense of increased light and gladness with every occasion of witnessing.

"Each time the duty is performed the Spirit will smile upon the soul well pleased. Another result will be a growing freedom, or sense of religious liberty. "A third effect will be a consciousness of increasing strength. The testimony may be modestly and simply given; but if uttered clearly and unctuously, it will never fail, but hearts will be stirred and souls set to panting after this great grace of God. The song will reach the heart, the arrow will strike the mark, the testimony, in a word, will never fall to the ground. God will take care of it. "When family, pastor, and church are grieved at a definite testimony, it is so natural to evade a little until the heart grows cold and the lips silent.

"When the high priest entered the holy of holies he wore a garment on the borders of which hung pomegranates and bells, twelve of each, alternating, the former typifying the fruitful life, the latter the testimony. First, the pomegranate of holy living, then the clear ring of the bell of witnessing. The two go hand in hand. When the bells ceased to ring the people knew that the high priest was dead." "Notwithstanding the busy toils and cares of the day, keep in close touch with God through these stated interviews, and by living in a constant spirit of prayer. Some people rush to their knees without taking time to read the Bible, thereby losing the most effective preparation for prevailing prayer. A reverent study of the Word opens the way for mightiest prayer. God speaks to you through the Scriptures. You speak to him through prayer; then the blessed Holy Spirit witnesses to the Word in the palace of the soul.

"Take time to be alone. Make much of the still hour. Get right quiet before God. Bid all other voices be silent, that he may speak to you. "Many live in such a rush that they miss that delicate finish of character, that far-reaching view of God, the massive strength, the fervid piety, the unutterable depth of love and tenderness of spirit, the triumphant faith and profound repose which are the results of frequent interviews and long communings with God. Men like Knox, Luther, Wesley, Elijah, and John the Baptist owe much of the heroic grandeur of their ministry to the long seasons spent in retirement with God." Mr. Moody says that the Bible read without much prayer makes an intellectual Christian, while a great deal of prayer with but little study of the Scriptures will produce fanatical Christians.

"Let your words be seasoned with salt. Determine that through an indwelling Christ your language shall be chaste, discreet, tender, and helpful. What marvelous good can flow from a single tongue! "Let your words, like the gulf stream, flow through the ocean of a wicked world only to cheer, comfort, strengthen, and bless. "Live a moment at a time. 'Be careful for nothing.' 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink.' We borrow most of our trouble. A quaint old writer has said that God would not give grace for borrowed trouble. "We are constantly climbing mountains that we never reach, crossing swollen streams which we will never see, and fearing things that will never happen. "Attend holiness meetings. It may be said that all gospel services are holiness meetings. To a certain extent this is true, but it is needful to have special services where the deeper phases and experiences, of Christianity can be studied, discussed, and taught -- a place where kindred spirits may talk together of the precious truths which would be offensive to many in the promiscuous assemblies. "Should there be no such meeting in your vicinity, start one, even if you have to begin in your own home. Where there are but few interested, the cottage meetings will do more good than if conducted in public buildings.

"Two can claim the promise. Don't be discouraged at the indifference manifested by your brethren and sisters in the Lord, but pray right on, and God will sooner or later answer by fire. "Read holiness literature. Keep supplied with a variety of the many excellent papers and books devoted to holiness. Merely skipping over them will not yield much profit, but thoughtful, prayerful study will find something new, stimulative, and helpful in each." If you purchase but one book, let that be "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." Next to the Bible, it is the best book published -- in the author's opinion. It is not the best book to lead you into the experience, but it will throw a flood of light on how to keep it.

"Mind the checks. Walk in the Spirit. When you start in the wrong direction he will gently pull the bit. You are indulging in certain conversation; suddenly there is a gentle pressure on your spirit to refrain. Mind the checks. "You are pursuing certain lines of thought; there comes a mild pressure on the heart to desist. Mind the checks. You are engaged in certain transactions, when lo! 'the still small voice' whispers 'Stop!' Mind the checks. By this means God will keep you from sin. Know his voice and instantly obey. When these tender admonitions are given by the Spirit, you disregard them, and backsliding begins." Avoid the extremes in dress. Shun the gay worldly attire so conspicuous today, on the one hand, and the slovenly garb on the other. "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel. But let it be the hidden man of the heart . . . even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Tithing is a means of grace. Students of the Scriptures believe that the Jews, under the Mosaic law, contributed to the church, the poor, and other causes, the total sum of three-tenths from their income. "Surely in the face of such thrilling examples we can not afford to pay less than one-tenth of our income. Then whatever we contribute beyond this becomes a free-will offering. "Keep a strict account with yourself, putting the tithe of your entire income into the Lord's treasury, then making free-will offerings as you can from time to time." Men active in lodges are seldom very spiritual. As a rule, when the lodge goes up Christ goes down in their devotion. Steer clear of these things.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. The Christian's Sabbath is a day for worship and spiritual exercises and not visiting and worldly diversions. You will find it difficult to remain sanctified and affiliate with the old rum-soaked, godless political parties. A strange sight to see -- after praying three hundred and sixty-four days that God would blot out the awful curse of liquor, the Christian marches to the polls on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day, arm in arm with the brewer and distiller, and votes their ticket to keep their liquor party in power. If you vote to keep the liquor political party in power, you are responsible for the accursed traffic. Be a Prohibitionist! It is the only way to keep out of the whiskey business.

We have nothing to do with results -- if our party is not elected. Our part is to do right. Results belong to God. This book is written for Christians, so nothing has been said about tobacco. Intelligent Christians do not raise, buy, use, or sell this narcotic weed. In spite of the fact that denominations, teaching and professing to believe and experience the blessing of heart holiness, are now allowing their members, who clerk in grocery stores, to sell tobacco across the counter. No person, young or old, who loves God with all his heart, soul and mind and his neighbor as himself, can keep the smile of God and any experience of grace, if he sells to another what he knows will injure his neighbor. Love forbids it.

"Walk in the light. Things will be constantly coming up that you must lay aside. Possibly you did things yesterday that you can't do today without condemnation. Keep under the searchlight of the Holy Ghost. Seek to see yourself more and more as God sees you. The time is short. Soon you will stand before the Lord. Do your best through his strength for this poor, blind, wretched, sinful world. God grant that it may be so. Amen." THE END

S. Deadly Fallacy of Russellism or Millennial

The Deadly Fallacy of Russellism or Millennial Dawnism By George Ridout THE DEADLY FALLACY OF RUSSELLISM OR MILLENNIAL DAWNISM By George Whitefield Ridout RUSSELLISM REVEALED AS A COUNTERFEIT OF CHRISTIANITY It: (R)-obs Christ of His Deity, ("Studies in the Scriptures," Vol. V., pages 84 and 88). (U)-nblushingly contradicts His plain statements concerning the eternal punishment of the wicked. ("Where are the Dead?" by Pastor Russell.) (S)-ays that Christ came in October, 1874. (S. in S., Vol. II., pages 146, 170, 171. 188.) Offers a (S)-econd chance to all who willfully reject the Lord Jesus Christ, (E)-ncourages men to sin that thereby they may perceive the beauty of virtue. (S. in S., Vol. I, page 124). (L)-ibels all true Gospel preachers, past and present. ("Bible Students' Monthly," Vol., V., No. 9, page 4). (L)-ures the unwary by pious platitudes and picture panoramas. (I)-mitates the names of accredited Christian Societies to mislead the multitude, (S)-ays that the Man Christ Jesus is DEAD -- FOR EVER DEAD. (S. in S., Vol. V., pages 362, 428, 454), (M)-aliciously misquotes and misrepresents the Scriptures. It preaches just enough truth to persuade people to partake of the poison. It parades in the livery of heaven and propagates the lies of hell. It is a counterfeit, a devilish delusion, a hideous perversion of the Gospel of Christ. Don't be misled by fair speeches and persuasive personality. "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." (2 Cor. It :14), Beware! -- W. M. R. London RUSSELLISM OR MILLENNIAL DAWNISM Russellism is a great delusion and a snare to multitudes. It carries itself under various names. 1. It calls itself "Millennial Dawn" in its books. 2. It calls itself "The Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society" in its Pamphlets. 3. It calls itself "The International Bible Students Association" in its advertisements. Its seven deadly marks. 1. It doesn't seek to convert sinners. It perverts saints. 2. It denies the Deity of Christ. 3. It denies the bodily resurrection of Christ. 4. It denies that believers in Christ have "eternal life" now. 5. It makes "God a liar." 6. It offers people a chance in the next age: it offers no present salvation in this age. 7. It is at enmity with the evangelical faith of all true believers. Russellism, like the other fallacies, was conceived in ignorance and born in deceit. Pastor Russell was a man of no scholarship and no training in Biblical Theology. Rev. G. A. Cooke, a Methodist theologian, has made a most thorough study of Russellism in all its phases He says of Russell: "In the preface to his 'Plan of the Ages,' published in 1886, he says: 'After being for several years a member of the Orthodox Congregational Church, the author of this volume awakened to the fact that there must be something radically wrong in some or in all of the conflicting creeds of Christendom; and in attempting to harmonize them with each other and with common sense he was led to the brink of infidelity, inferring that the Bible, like the creeds, must be self-contradictory and unreasonable, since they all claim to be based on the Bible.'" Thus by one stroke of his hammer he smashes the creeds of Christendom. On page 128, "Plan of the Ages," he says: "Eternal torture is nowhere suggested in the Old Testament scriptures, and only a few statements in the New Testament can be so misconstrued as to appear to teach it, and these are found either among the symbolism of the book of Revelation, or among the parables and dark sayings of our Lord, which were not understood by the people who heard them, and which seem to be but little better comprehended today." It is easy to believe that Mr. Russell was not only led to the very brink of infidelity in his

youth, but that he fell in and never got out. Robert Ingersoll never taught anything worse than that, and he certainly never taught such unblushing and ungarnished lies about the teaching of the Bible. Our Savior teaches clearly and strongly the future punishment of the wicked, not in one or two places, but in many passages. This pious fraud who professes great reverence for the Scriptures, but who in reality is a self-confessed infidel, attributes all such teaching to Satanic influence. What could be more diabolical? The inevitable effect of such teaching is to open the flood gates of sin and crime. This hypocritical monster would break down the barriers and allow vice and crime to rush over the world with impetuous and unrestrained fury. So far as his negative teaching is concerned he is bent on destruction with an enthusiasm that amounts to frenzy. Russell professes to be a "profound Bible scholar." Nothing comes amiss to him. Problems that have baffled and perplexed godly men of all ages are simple as A B C to him. Surely there must be solid support forthcoming before we can accept as accurate his description of his mental and spiritual powers. It is not forthcoming! On the contrary, "Pastor" Russell stands convicted, and that out of his own mouth, of laying claim to that of which he has not even the remotest conception. The real character of his scholarship is revealed in the following incident that took place in the Canadian Criminal Court. The quotation is from "Some Facts and More Facts about the self-styled Pastor Charles T. Russell," by Rev. J. J. Ross, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada (page 18). The author was sued by Russell for libel. Russell lost his case. "As to his scholastic standing, he had sworn that what was said about it was not true. Under the examination he admitted that, at most, he had attended school only seven years of his life, that the public school, and that he had left school when he was about fourteen years of age, just at the opening of the adolescent period, when the directional element is so necessary in a boy's life. "Do you know the Greek?" asked the attorney. "Oh yes," was Russell's reply. Here he was handed a copy of the New Testament by Wescott and Hort, in Greek, and asked to read the letters of the alphabet as they appeared on the top of page 447. He did not know the alphabet! "Now," asked Mr. Staunton, "Are you familiar with the Greek language?" "No" said Mr. Russell without a blush. When he saw that he was caught, then he admitted that he knew nothing about Latin and Hebrew, and neither had he ever taken a course in Philosophy, Systematic Theology, or ever attended any of the higher schools of learning." Mr. C. T. Russell formerly ran a gents' furnishing store in Pittsburgh and was a man of considerable business ability. He figured in the courts when his wife sued him for separation and alimony. He drew to himself much money by persuading people that the end of the age was soon to come and they gave their money freely. DEADLY ERRORS OF RUSSELLISM 1. It denies that Jesus Christ was God before the Incarnation. Russell says: (1) "Our Redeemer existed as a spirit being before he was made flesh and dwelt among men. (2) "At that time, as well as subsequently, he was properly known as "a god" -- a mighty one. As chief of the angels and next to the Father, he was known as the Archangel (highest angel or messenger), whose name, Michael, signifies, "Who as God," or God's representative. (3) "As he was the highest of all Jehovah's creation, so also he was the first, the direct creation of God, the "Only begotten," and then he, as Jehovah's representative, and in the exercise of Jehovah's power, and, in his name, created all things." Put over against this John 17:5. "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." Here our Lord reveals three things: 1. Personality. 2. Preexistence. 3. Possession of glory in all points equal to that of the Father. In order to offset Scripture testimony to Christ's Deity, Russell says that the translations are wrong, thus setting himself up against the ripest scholarship of the ages. Think of putting Pastor Russell's "translations" up against such

Bible Scholars as Alford, Clarke, Wescott, Bengel, Ellicott, etc. RUSSELLISM TEACHES THAT JESUS CHRIST WAS MAN -- NOT GOD Russellism teaches that Jesus Christ was man (not God) when upon earth; that he had but one nature and that was human. Russell says: "Neither was Jesus a combination of the two natures, human and spiritual. The blending of two natures produces neither the one nor the other, but an imperfect, hybrid thing, which is obnoxious to the divine arrangement. When Jesus was in the flesh he was a perfect human being; previous to that time he was a perfect spiritual being; and since his resurrection he is a perfect spiritual being of the highest of divine order. It was not until the time of his consecration even unto death, as typified in his baptism -- at thirty years of age -- that he received the earnest of his inheritance of the divine nature. The human mind had to be consecrated to death before he could receive even the pledge of the divine nature. And not until that consecration was actually carried out and he had actually sacrificed the human nature, even unto death, did our Lord Jesus become a full partaker of the divine nature. After becoming a man he became obedient unto death; wherefore, God hath highly exalted him (to the divine nature) (Php 2:8-9). If this Scripture is true, it follows that he was not exalted to the divine nature until the human nature was actually sacrificed -- dead. "Thus we see that in Jesus there was no mixture of natures, but that twice he experienced a change of natures; first, from spiritual to human; afterward, from human to the highest order of spiritual nature, the divine; and in each case the one was given up for the other." Over against Mr. Russell put Christ's own words: "I and my Father are one," John 10:30. "I came forth from the Father and am come into the world: again I leave the world and go to my Father," John 16:28. But unto the Son He saith "Thy throne O God is forever and ever," Heb 1:8. A positive statement of the God head of the Son. Professor Lindsay said: "I regard this verse as furnishing one of the clearest and strongest proofs of the Deity of our blessed Lord that is anywhere to be found" (Prof. W. Lindsay on Heb., vol. i., p. 65). RUSSELLISM TEACHES THAT THE MAN CHRIST JESUS WAS EVENTUALLY ANNIHILATED Russell says: "The soul (being) of our Lord Jesus went to oblivion, to sheol, at death. "Our Lord's being or soul was non-existent during the period of death." -- p. 454. Vol. V. "Nor could our Lord have been raised from the dead a man, and yet have left with Justice our ransom-price, in order to the release of Adam (and his condemned race) from the sentence and prison-house of death, it was necessary, not only that the man Christ Jesus should die, but just as necessary that the man Christ Jesus should never live again, should remain dead, should remain our ransom-price, to all eternity... the man Jesus is dead, for ever dead, and could not be a father or life-giver to the world." One Commentator says on this point "The theory we are combating is by the law of resurrection, which demands that the personality passing through the process of death shall be the same personality which emerges from death. The one who dies must be the one who rises again. If death means extinction of being (and Russell says so), then the One who died on the Cross cannot be the One who rose from the grave, and redemption is a myth, and faith folly. Our proposition is thus proved beyond dispute, and the system of professed light is shown to be the deepest darkness. If our Lord Jesus Christ ceased to be man, the impassable gulf remains between God and man. There is no hope for the sinner, no Heaven for the saint. And that which thus robs us of our greatest treasure is neither a benefaction nor a blessing. It is a curse." RUSSELLISM DENIES THE RESURRECTION OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST "Many Christians have the idea that our Lord's glorious spiritual body is the very same body that was crucified and laid away in Joseph's tomb; they expect, when they see the Lord in glory, to identify him by the scars he received on Calvary. This is a great mistake." "Our Lord's human body was, however,

supernaturally removed from the tomb; because had it remained there it would have been an insurmountable obstacle to the faith of the disciples, who were not yet instructed in spiritual things -- for "the spirit was not yet given." "We know nothing about what became of it, except that it did not decay or corrupt. Whether it was dissolved into gases or whether it is still preserved somewhere as the grand memorial of God's love, of Christ's obedience, and of our redemption, no one knows: -- nor is such knowledge necessary." Thus Russellism repudiates the great cardinal doctrine of the Christian faith as well as the Creed of the Church throughout the ages.

RUSSELLISM TEACHES THAT THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS CHRIST TOOK PLACE OCTOBER, 1874 He says: "The next chapter will present Bible evidence that 1874 A. D. was the exact date of the beginning of the "Times of Restitution," and hence of our Lord's return." p. 188. "Our Lord's second advent was due when the "Times of Restitution" were due to begin, viz., in October, A. D. 1874." p. 234. "And the harvest of this age began with the presence of our Lord at the beginning of Earth's Great Jubilee, in 1874, as shown in chapter vi., and ends with the overthrow of Gentile power -- A. D. 1914." "While the reader is thus informed of what will be proved in succeeding chapters, he must not expect to have passages of Scripture pointed out in which these matters and these dates are plainly written. On the contrary, he must bear in mind that all these things have been hidden by the Lord, in such manner that they could not be understood or appreciated until the due time had come, and then only by his earnest, faithful children, who esteem truth as more precious than rubies and who are willing to seek it as men search for silver." This is rich. These astounding assertions will be "proved," we are told, but not from Scripture. It would be asking too much that this should be done. They were hidden from all the saintly souls and Bible scholars of the ages, but were made known to an "earnest, faithful child" called Pastor Russell, who has since given his revelations to the world! Miller said Christ came in 1843. Russell said he came in 1874. What folly to accept such absurdities from such ignorant men!

RUSSELLISM SETS UP FOR ITSELF AN INSPIRATION SUPERIOR TO THE SCRIPTURES Read the following from Watch Tower Sept. 15, 1910., page 298. "If the six volumes of "Scripture Studies" are practically the Bible, topically arranged, with Bible proof texts given, we might not improperly name the volumes "the Bible in an arranged form." That is to say, they are not mere comments on the Bible, but they are practically the Bible itself. Furthermore, not only do we find that people cannot see the Divine plan in studying the Bible by itself, but we see also, that if anyone lays the "Scripture Studies" aside, even after he has used them, after he has become familiar with them, after he has read them for ten years -- if he then lays them aside and ignores them and goes to the Bible alone, though he has understood his Bible for ten years, our experience shows that within two years he goes into darkness. On the other hand, if he had merely read the "Scripture Studies" with their references, and had not read a page of the Bible as such, he would be in the light at the end of two years, because he would have the light of the Scriptures." What a presumptuous claim! Stevens says that Russell obtains his sense of Scripture by means of keywords chosen and capriciously explained by himself; by a continual paraphrasing of the Bible to suit his own mind, by erroneous translations of the original: and even by sacrilegious, alternation of the very language itself."

RUSSELLISM TEACHES NO-HELLISM Russellism teaches No-Hellism, denies the Bible teachings regarding Future Punishment and preaches annihilation of the wicked. Russell says: "The sacrifice of Christ secured for all mankind, however vile, an awakening from death, and the privilege of thereafter coming to perfection, and if saved, of living for ever." Those who finally remain impenitent are to be annihilated (Vol. I., pp.

241, 242). Some years ago much publicity was given to the fact that the I. B. S. A. had voted Hell out of existence. Undoubtedly a great crowd follow Russellism because it preaches a second chance and No-Hellism. People like that kind of religion which has no penalty for sin in it, no fearful judgment. SOME OF RUSSELL'S PREDICTIONS Biederwolf names them as follows: "We consider it an established truth that the final end of the kingdoms of this world, and the full establishment of the kingdom of God, will be accomplished at the end of A. D. 1914." -- Vol. 2, page 99. "The present governments must all be over-turned about the close of A. D. 1914." -- Vol. 2, page 242. The "Battle of the great day of God Almighty" will end in A. D. 1914 with the complete overthrow of earth's present rulership." -- Vol. 2, page 101. "The Gospel age harvest will end October 1914 and the overthrow of "Christendom," so called, must be expected to immediately follow." -- Vol. 2, page 245. "Sometime before the end of A. D. 1914 the last member of the divinely recognized Church of Christ, the "royal priesthood," the "body of Christ," will be glorified with the Head," -- Vol. 2, page 77. The "reign" of the "heirs of the heavenly kingdom" over the world "can date only from A. D. 1914 -- when the times of the Gentiles have expired." -- Vol. 2, page 81. "The times of the Gentiles will run fully out with the year A. D. 1914, and... at that time they will be overturned and Christ's kingdom fully established." -- Vol. 2, page. 170. Bible Students Monthly, Vol. 5., No. 1., we read: "Everything is getting ready for the Millennium! Not only is it coming, but it is here." Imagine if you can the Millennium now here! The nations just after being drenched in blood; Europe staggering under war debts and arming to the teeth for another war. Crime waves all over the country. Skepticism spread all over the educational and ecclesiastical systems of the world. Dr. Moorhead says that the most charitable view to take of Russell's teaching was that it is the product of insanity. Dr. Cooke says: "His millennium is a wonderful invention -- unfortunately a mechanism of the imagination. He has told his followers that the dawn of his glorious millennial day began forty years ago, 1874. His followers have taken his assertion by faith, a sublime and lofty faith sometimes, and more properly called credulity. He never offered any proof, and, of course, his worshippers never asked for any. He has predicted with equal proof and authority that the end of the Christian age, or the Gospel age, would come in the year 1914, in October of this blessed year. He has risked his reputation as a prophet upon the declaration that the Lord's return would occur and the glorious Messianic reign of Christ would begin this year and this month. He brushes aside all the notions of Christ's coming and of the day of judgment as taught in the New Testament and interpreted by the great evangelical scholars of the world. He says: "A further examination of God's revealed plans (revealed to Russell) will give a broader view of the object of both the first and second advents; and we should remember that both events stand related as parts of one whole. The specific work of the first advent was to redeem men; and that of the second is to restore, and bless and liberate the redeemed -- the work of giving to the world of mankind the great blessings secured to them by his sacrifice will be due to commence, and he will come forth to bless all the families of the earth." (Page 93, Plan of the Ages). The real converting of sinners is to occur under the rule of Christ during his second advent. The wicked are not to be destroyed at his coming, nor are they to be banished. The wicked dead are all to be brought back on the earth so as to have another and a better chance. See page 130. "But would not this be giving some of the race a second chance? Yes, we answer; and more, it would be giving all people a second chance... No one got life under the first chance, but on the contrary all rights and privileges of life were lost to all under the penalty, 'Dying, thou shalt die.' The news of a second chance for all, through the redemption and forgiveness of sin, which is in Jesus Christ, is the

gospel." DANGERS OF RUSSELLISM Rev. J. E. Brown has said about this second chance gospel: "This doctrine appeals, and appeals profoundly to two classes of the earth's millions: "The first class has the sympathy of every right-minded person. "These are the men and women who have loved ones who lived and died outside the Christian faith. "To these, the Russell gospel of a second chance comes as the one ray of light, flashing into what seems to be unending, impenetrable darkness. "These men and women grasp at Russellism with its second prohibition as a drowning man grasps at a straw, and in the hope that this professed prophet speaks God's message, they are ready to honor him with their money and their support. "The other class deserves no sympathy of man or God. "The second class is composed of those who hate righteousness and love vice, and who will persist to the end in a viciously immoral state, hating God and God's church and God's people. "To such as these, the so-called gospel of a "second chance" comes as a sweet morsel to be rolled beneath the tongue. "There is no announcement that God could make from His throne that would more quickly throw the world in open rebellion to His government, and plunge the race more quickly into every conceivable excess of sin and crime, than the assurance direct from His throne that every man and woman, whatever their record here, was to have another opportunity for accepting Christ and being saved on the other side of death." BEWARE OF MILLENNIAL DAWNISM! -- WHY? 1. It doesn't seek to convert sinners. It perverts saints.

2. It denies the Deity of Christ.

3. It denies the bodily resurrection of Christ.

4. It denies that believers in Christ have "eternal life" now.

5. It makes "God a liar."

6. It offers people a chance in the next age: it offers no present salvation in this age.

7. It is at enmity with the evangelical faith of all true believers. IT HAS VARIOUS NAMES FOR ITSELF. WHY? Its advocates alone know why. 1. It calls itself "Millennial Dawn" in its books.

2. It calls itself "The Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society" in its pamphlets.

3. It calls itself "The International Bible Students Association" in its advertisements.

-- John Climie

S. Henry Clay Morrison -- Prophet, Warrior, Orator

HENRY CLAY MORRISON -- PROPHET, WARRIOR, ORATOR By George Whitefield Ridout
OUTSIDE BACK COVER TEXT

Those men who are clamoring for a new theology, new truth, and a new gospel, do not know in their hearts, the power of the old theology, the old truth, the old gospel. The revelation contained in the Scriptures, the laws of Moses, the history of Israel, the psalms and proverbs, the prophecies, the teachings of Jesus and the apostles, and the apocalypse contain all the truth necessary for a salvation, civilization, upbuilding, enlightenment and development of our own race to its highest possibilities. What the times need is holy men who will faithfully preach the truths contained in the Bible. The gospel of the day of St. Paul, Martin Luther, and John Wesley, is the gospel we need today. It is the power of God unto salvation. Men who are preaching it faithfully see no need of a new gospel. Those who are preaching against the old gospel see nobody saved from sin and degradation under their false teaching.

One of the greatest needs of the time is a consecrated and zealous ministry -- men who have been sinners, who have tasted the bitterness of true repentance, who have been regenerated by the Holy Spirit, who have been cleansed from all sin with the blood of Christ, who have become tabernacles filled with the Holy Ghost, who have no desire for the world's honors or the world's wealth; who feel it the highest honor to be called into the ministry, and who are content with the wealth which is laid up in heaven, and who, with love for all men, and fear of no man, are preaching the word with full faith in its power to accomplish the will of God. Such men will be able to turn the world upside down.

H. C. Morrison INSIDE BACK COVER TEXT Shall it be evolution or Revival for America? I believe the preachers of America hold the key to the situation; if a thousand of them or more would shake off the things that bind them, the things that hold them too much to earth, there would come about great moral, social and spiritual upheavals in America. Too many of our educated preachers are in bondage to intellectuality; they want to do the thing through brains instead of heart. They lack moral and spiritual passion; they are the victims of man-made programs. They are tied to ideals which drag instead of lift. Our great institutions of learning have little or no faith. Christian Education, so-called, in many of our church schools, has been rendered effete by professors who have no regard for Bible religion; they rob their students of their Christian experience.

Revival! Yes -- here is our salvation! We must have a Revival in America that will clean up the lives of the people, rich and poor, alike; a revival that will convert the masses and classes alike. A revival in which "born again" men and women will change society and government.

H. C. Morrison

CONTENTS 1 -- Henry Clay Morrison 2 -- The Prophet 3 -- The Warrior

4 -- The Orator

5 -- Evangelist 1 -- HENRY CLAY MORRISON -- PROPHET, WARRIOR, ORATOR

Chrysostom has said, "The true shekinah is man." In the Bible we read: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness ... So God created man in his own image." We are going to discourse about such a man -- the kind of man that God and Grace make. Such a man is the subject of this sketch -- Henry Clay Morrison.

Carlyle said: "A good man living for high ends is the noblest picture to be seen on earth ... great men lift us out of the vacancy and despair of a frivolous mind, out of the tangle and confusion of society, buried in bric-a-brac, out of the meanness of unfeeling mockery, and the heaviness of unceasing mirth, into a loftier and serener region. The study and contemplation of the life and ministry of Dr. Morrison cannot but have an uplifting and ennobling effect upon our mind and heart, because his life and career were a burning protest against the easy-going, self-pleasing, vain and self-satisfied spirit that pervaded the church and the age in which he lived. Of the great Elijah it has been said, "His life rose up as a fire, and his words blazed as a torch." We think of Dr. Morrison in such terms; he was one of God's ministers of flame. "With eloquence divine, his tongue was armed; he drew his audience upward to the sky; he bore his great commission in his look."

Great occasions call forth great sacrifices and great men. "When the church is dying," said Dr. Parker, "God sends men like Wesley and Whitefield to blow it into a flame." Dr. Morrison was like one born in due time to carry on a ministry of grave and great importance to his church and country; and both nature and grace endowed him with faculties and powers that marked him as one chosen of God for a great mission. He was born in the Victorian Age -- an age illustrious with great men. It was an age of poetry -- Tennyson, Browning, Byron, Longfellow, Whittier. It was an age of orators -- Gladstone, Bright, Philips. It was an age of great preachers -- Munsey, Simpson, Spurgeon, Talmage, Beecher. It was an age of great revivalists -- Finney, Moody, Inskip, Harrison, Sam Jones, Godbey. It was an age when the Methodist Church in city, and town, and village, was enjoying prosperity, crowded churches and popular religion. It was a church-going age, when the pulpit held a high and dignified place in the nation, when all over the land there were great and powerful preachers. It was an age, also, when a great forward movement for Christian holiness was inaugurated by the formation of the National Association for the Promotion of Scriptural Holiness by such men as Osborne, the world-traveled evangelist missionary, John S. Inskip, the fire-touched orator and leader, Alfred Cookman, saintly pastor-evangelist, McDonald, the classic writer and preacher, Daniel Steele, the devout scholar and Greek exegete. This Holiness Movement was in its purity and power untouched by the fires of fanaticism or radicalism, and it spread like fire through the land. Bishops and elders, preachers, great and small, were allied with it; the Pentecostal flame was spreading in the churches, small and large. Camp Meetings, where the hosts gathered, were times of marvelous spiritual enthusiasm. Vineland, Manheim, Urbana, Round Lake, Ocean Grove, witnessed scenes of power and blessing, the like of which had never before been witnessed in the land. Ministers, officials and church members were getting their baptism of fire, and the churches were reaping glorious harvests in revivals when hundreds and thousands were swept into the kingdom.

Dr. Morrison was truly a born-again preacher and evangelist. When pastor he was in constant demand for revival meetings among his brethren, and wherever he went revivals broke out. His

call to preach came early while he was working on the farm, and when he would hire himself out, sometimes at twenty-five cents a day. He tells us of his first attempt to preach. It was a failure. His text was, "Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." He gave out his text, then forgot what to say. He cried: "God has called me to preach." He tried to go on and still forgot what he was to say. But he said, "The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob has called me to preach." Again he halted, and said finally: Friends, I can't preach tonight. My sermon is gone from me, but I have a call to preach." Then he broke out into tears, and some of his audience wept with him.

It was settled. Henry Clay Morrison, the orphan boy, brought up by his grandfather, going out to work on the farm at 25 cents a day; not much schooling, no training, but having had a glorious conversion, and the fire of the Lord burning in his soul he heard the Voice and said: "I am called to preach." And what a call! There is nothing like it, this call to preach. I think Jowett, in his Yale Lectures, gives us a very good idea and conception of what it means; "That sense of the divine initiative -- a solemn communication of the divine will, a mysterious feeling of commission which sets him in the road of this divine vocation bearing the ambassadorship of a servant and instrument of the Eternal God."

"Thy talents, gifts and graces, Lord Into thy blessed hands receive; And let me live to breathe thy Word, And let me to thy glory live; My every sacred moment spend In publishing the sinner's Friend."

2 -- THE PROPHET "While swings the sea, while mists the mountain shroud, While thunder's surges burst on banks of cloud, Still at the Prophet's feet the nations sit."

Ezekiel depicts, somewhat, the prophet's call and experience in these words: "Now it came to pass ... that the heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God ... The word of the Lord came expressly ... the hand of the Lord was there upon him." We have here four important things that enter into the prophet's call and commission -- the Opened Heavens, Vision of God, the Word of the Lord, and the Hand of the Lord. The prophet is a man who knows God in the deeper life. Isaiah gives us an insight of that in Eze 6:1-14; in fact, if there had been no Eze 6:1-14 there would have been no Isa 53:1-12 or Isa 61:1-11. This prophet had his baptism of fire as a prophet; his vision of God came to him in the temple. It was a vision of the holiness of God. It was a time of soul purification and purgation. It was a time when his lips were touched by the sacred fire, and a time of special divine call? with the answer, "Here am I; send me."

Henry Clay Morrison, at an important epoch in his ministry, had a call like this, and out from it he went forth as a prophet. His experience of entire sanctification, he did not reach at a single bound; it was not a blessing easily obtained and easily forgotten. It was something that burned its way into his inmost soul. His Pentecost came when he was pastor of a fine church in the Highlands across the river from Cincinnati. While a revival was on in his church a letter came to him from a beloved brother in the ministry, Rev. H. B. Cockrill, telling him of his having received his Pentecost. It stirred his soul. He wanted and must have this blessing. In prayer with Rev. J. H. Young, who was assisting him in the revival, the fire fell. He was prostrated and fell as one dead upon the divan. He tells about it: "Just as I seemed to come to myself and recover the use of my limbs, a great liquid fire, the size of a large ball, seemed to descend and strike me in the face, then dissolve and enter into me. I leaped and shouted aloud: 'Glory to God!'" This was his Kadesh-Barnea. He had to go further yet. Holiness as an experience was something new. To testify to it was uncommon and he

went on and had some wilderness experiences; while he held some fine churches and carried on evangelistically, he was not out clear and clean; he had to cut loose from some things that were holding him; finally he reached a crisis after days and nights of agony. Yes, real soul travail anguish and dying out; for some fifteen days he struggled, and fasted, and prayed. "I was," he said, "in an awful school. It would hardly be lawful for me to go into details and tell what the Lord revealed to me of the nature of sin and the hatefulness of it ... Satan buffeted, ridiculed, taunted and tempted me almost beyond endurance." At this point a Presbyterian Professor of Theology came to his help, who said to him: "My young brother, the Lord has not forsaken you, but is leading you into what Mr. Wesley called Christian Perfection; the Baptists call it 'Rest of Faith,' the Presbyterians call it 'The Higher Life,' or the 'Fulness of the Spirit.'" On the day when full deliverance came, Brother Morrison was so exhausted from loss of sleep, praying and fasting, that he fainted; twice during the day, he became unconscious, then, thank God, the floodgates gave way and the Blessing fell upon him.

Oh friends, preachers and young preachers, let me stop here for a moment to say that this great blessing of Pentecost, or Entire Sanctification, is not to be obtained by a process of syllogism, or by mere assent or merely taking it by faith. You remember the Roman captain who said to Paul (Acts 22:28), respecting his citizenship, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." When we have heard Dr. Morrison in some of his great sermons when he has lifted us up to the seventh heaven of ecstasy and vision, we have had cause to remember that it was with a great sum that he obtained that freedom. Like Moses, and Luther, and Wesley, and Booth, he counted the cost, paid the price, and obtained the blessing and the power.

Henceforth Henry C. Morrison was to become one of the heralds and champions of holiness; and with tongue of fire preach the great Gospel of a Full Redemption and to become its eloquent advocate and propagandist as Preacher, Prophet, Editor, and Educator. In a peculiar sense he was to become one of God's prophets for the spread of holiness; as a witness to an unpopular doctrine. Of course, he had to suffer for it. The popular young preacher, with the gold-handled cane and the plug hat was called to take his stand with the folks who stood for holiness and the deeper things of God. He had to part company with the worldly folks who wanted to be in the church and the world at the same time. To become a prophet and herald of holiness, he was called and could say:

"Christ the Son of God hath sent me o'er the widespread lands, Mine the mighty ordination of the pierced hands."

There is a story told of John Wesley being called to meet Bishop Butler, the high church prelate of Bristol. When Wesley testified to the Bishop the wonderful things of the Spirit the learned Bishop said: "Sir, the pretending to extraordinary revelations and gifts of the Holy Spirit is a horrid thing, a very horrid thing." But it is these extraordinary experiences in the Holy Ghost that produces prophetic men like Wesley and Morrison.

Dr. Morrison as a prophet never played the role of "fore-teller" He was more than that -he was a "forth-teller." He could say: "Thus saith the Lord." He never indulged in fanciful predictions, or in cheap hearsay prophecy. He never sought popular audiences by announcing fantastic subjects. To him, the prophetic office was sacred and he never would lower its standard by commercializing it, or using it for vain purposes.

Dr. Morrison looked like a prophet. He was built that way. In the crowded church, auditorium or tabernacle, when he would appear, people would think and say: "Behold the prophet cometh!" It was as a prophet he preached. To him, the pulpit held the pre-eminence; not for him the round table and its empty questions; not for him the forum and its discussions; not for him the symposium with its intellectual conceits. His call was a prophetic one. As a prophet he stood up, as a prophet he proclaimed; as a prophet with a prophet's passion, he poured forth the message from on high.

3 -- THE WARRIOR "They climbed the steep ascent to Heaven, Through peril, toil and pain, O God to us may grace be given To follow in their train."

Martin Luther once said: "I was born to fight devils and factions. It is my business to remove obstructions, to cut down thorns, to fill up quagmires, and to open and make straight paths; but if I must have some failings, let me rather speak the truth with too great severity, than once to act the hypocrite and conceal the truth."

Dr. Morrison was born to be a warrior. To him, the ministry was no picnic, but a crusade; it was no parade, but a battle. He could say at the close of his ministry: "I have fought a good fight." He fought sin in high places and low, and never hesitated to speak out with a trumpet voice against the sins of the church, as well as those of the world. In all his warfare he was fearless and unafraid. He was specially vigorous in his battling against false doctrine and modernism in the church. He unsheathed his sword without hesitancy when doctrines contrary to the word of God and the established standards of the church were taught and preached.

Dr. Morrison was endowed with the prophet's vision and fire; the warrior's courage and daring, and the passion of the soul winner. His time and age felt the impact of his great soul. He was one of God's mountain-top men and he dwelt much on Sinai's heights, at Pisgah and at Camel. In his preaching there was the far vision of the prophet, the rapture of the seer and the exultant spirit of the herald calling the people to heights sublime.

He was one of God's warriors who faced danger for the Truths' sake, feared not the cost of sacrifice and toil. He early forsook softness and ease for the battle front. The call to arms for God and the truth met with a ready and fearless response. At the front of the battle he was always found. He waged a good warfare. To him the ministry was a divine vocation, a call to serve and suffer and toil. His sermons were the blast of glorious and rapturous trumpets, his appeals were to the conscience and the heart. He chose the rugged way not the easy. He was a good soldier of Jesus Christ who always kept his armor bright. To Dr. Morrison religion was a passion and the ministry a crusade, not a profession. He was one of God's men whose soul was kindled by the hallowed story of the Christian faith. When young and popular as a preacher he became like unto that merchantman who found one pearl of great price -- full salvation -- and he went and sold all that he had and bought it and thus he became poor in the world's esteem in order that many, yea, multitudes, might be made rich. This was the event of his life which made him become a herald of holiness and a great leader in that crusade of evangelism. And this was what made him become to Methodism, especially, the peculiar gift of God at a time when doubt and discount were playing havoc with the great doctrine of perfect love. As a good soldier he unsheathed the sword in defense of sound doctrine, he fought a good fight, broke down walls of opposition, and became the leader of hosts of men whose hearts God had touched. Southern Methodism shall never forget

what Henry Clay Morrison did to set the gospel of full salvation to a new tune and give it a happier place among the churches.

4 -- THE ORATOR "O for a trumpet voice, On all the world to call, To bid their hearts rejoice In him who died for all! For all my Lord was crucified; For all, for all, my Saviour died."

Dr. Morrison was by nature peculiarly gifted. It might be said of him, he was a born orator as was Spurgeon, Parker, Bascom and other great pulpit lights. He had a magnificent physique. His splendid head crowned in his latter years with locks of snowy white, his face and countenance were like that of George Whitefield's "a magazine of eloquence." His voice was vibrant carrying notes soft as a child and loud as a trumpet. Whitefield said, "I love those that thunder out the Word; the Christian world is in a deep sleep; nothing but a loud voice can waken them out of it."

That's what God gave Henry Morrison, a trumpet voice. Few there were who could excel him in histrionic power; with him, oratory was not acquired; it was natural as music is to the musician, or poetry to the poet. "The acid test of true oratory," said one, "is the power to touch and revive the sleeping passions in others." Oratory is something inborn or inbred in a man. "It's in me -- it's in me," cried Sheridan when he failed before a hissing audience, "and it shall come out."

Disraeli, the Jewish Prime Minister of England, in his first speech in Parliament failed, but he cried out, "The day will come when you will hear me." Same with Henry C. Morrison, the youth, when he forgot his sermon and was dumbfounded, cried out, "God has called me to preach." He was sure of that and it was that call and conviction that brought out the orator. In the gospel there is everything to inspire and produce the orator if it is born within him. There is majesty and magnificence about the gospel message that sets the soul of the preacher on fire. As one has said, "The gospel preacher has the best field for tender, solemn and sublime eloquence; the most august objects are presented; the most important interests are discussed; the most tender motives are urged. God and angels, the treason of Satan, the creation, ruin and recovery of a world, the incarnation, death and resurrection and the reign of the Son of God, the day of Judgment, a burning universe, an eternity, a heaven and a hell, all pass before the eye. What are the petty dissensions of Greece or the ambition of Philip? What are the plots and victories of Rome, or the treason of Cataline compared with this? If the ministers were sufficiently qualified by education, study and the Holy Ghost; if they felt their subjects as much as Demosthenes and Cicero did they would be the most eloquent men on earth, and would be esteemed wherever congenial minds were found." Gospel oratory is really "speech thrilled by the power of a supernatural conviction and persuasion." The gospel orator is well described by Cowper, the poet: His theme divine, His office sacred, his credentials clear; By him the violated law speaks out Its thunders. And by him in strains as sweet As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace;

He establishes the strong, restores the weak, Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken hearts And arouse'd himself in panoply complete Of heavenly tempers, furnishes with arms Bright as his own and trains by every rule of holy discipline, to glorious war The sacramental host of God' elect. In the ministry of Dr. Morrison we see all these matters illustrated. His gifts as a gospel orator were never frustrated on things of earth. He could have achieved a fortune if he had gone on the lecture platform, but every bit of that sort met with a positive refusal. Too often the gospel preacher is spoiled for the brilliant orator at such a price. Dr. Morrison was not for sale, nor his gifts or convictions. His great gifts were not earth born, and he would not employ them on earthly matters.

God's great gifts to him were to be devoted to holy purposes. He came like one of old "to interrupt the repose of the pulpit, and shake one world with the thunders of another." He had great dynamic as well as dramatic power. A story is told of a professor going with one of his students to hear bishop Simpson preach one of his greatest sermons. When they came out, the student began to talk about his elocution. The professor answered, "Elocution! Why that was not elocution -- that was the Holy Ghost." So on great occasions when Dr. Morrison soared on wings of thought and holy emotion the people sitting under him felt that there was more than human power in that sermon. It was the Holy Ghost.

Hugh Price Hughes, the fire-brand of the British pulpit, once said to Dr. Jowett, "The evangelistic preacher is always on the brink of an abyss." True, there is always something astir in his soul. "Till thought becomes a passion it hardly becomes a power." Preaching to Dr. Morrison was a passion and, as such, he was always a model and a great example. not only to those to whom he preached, but to those whom he taught. The students at Asbury College were a privileged company. When Dr. Morrison would come in from some of his campaigns and would preach at chapel, and speak at special student gatherings, they were sitting at the feet of one of the great master preachers of America. It is no small wonder that Asbury turned out many great preachers and evangelists. Many a time his morning messages would flash with thought sublime, sparkle with humor, thunder with truth, thrill with eloquence and charm like poetry set to music. His eloquence and passion and speech were a rebuke to the tranquillity of the pulpit, the worldliness of the church, and the do-nothingness of a multitude of professing Christians. He seemed to say, as one of old, "Brethren, not to be aflame is madness, if we believe our creed." He stood out against cold, formal, tepid, milk-and-water type of religion. His conviction was, if the church would be pure the church must be passionate. He decried the modern tendency to suppress emotion in religion and in the church. He believed that the fires of devotion and consecration should ever be kept burning on the altars of the church. Our task is done. Our tribute paid to a great man -- a good man -- one of God's great men. When shall we see his like again? We shall miss him. Once in Westminster Abbey, London, we stood before the tablet of John and Charles Wesley; upon it is inscribed these words: "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." Great preachers, evangelists, missionaries, believers, die, but God carries on their work. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." In a real sense Dr. Morrison's works will follow on. Though he has gone to his long home for his eternal rest yet his work carries on. By the sermons he has preached and published, and the books he has written, he still carries on. By the preachers, evangelists and missionaries whom he inspired and taught, his work will carry on. By the College and Seminary to which he gave time and money and untiring interest and devotion, he still carries on. By the Press which he established and maintained which sends out to the nation and to the ends of the earth messages by periodicals and books in undiminished volume, he still carries on.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

5 -- EVANGELIST Happy, if with my latest breath I may but gasp his name;

Preach him to all, and cry in death, Behold, behold the Lamb!

Dr. Morrison dedicated his life from beginning to end to soul saving evangelism. His whole ministry was spent that way and death met him on his way to a revival meeting in the Methodist Church. He

died in harness, just like Whitefield. The sentiment expressed in the above verse exactly fitted his dying hour. As an evangelist his soul was on fire. To him, evangelism was a passion and the ministry a crusade, not a profession. He was one of God's men whose soul was kindled by the hallowed story of the Christian faith. To him the Gospel was something glorious. We have seen him in the pulpit at times as though he stood on Pisgah's heights and viewed the landscape o'er, and was enraptured as he told of Canaan the happy land.

It has been well said, "Masses of precious truth imparted by an able and faithful pulpit sometimes lie inoperative, at least in that which is most essential because unquickened by the Spirit, by fervor of appeal and by vanity of motive made intense and almost irresistible. To do this evangelists are in demand."

"Evangelists are of divine appointment and have their peculiar work in the rousing of the churches, the conversion of souls, the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the glory of His name."

"When the church is dying," said Joseph Parker, "God sends men like Wesley and Whitefield to blow it into flame."

We believe Dr. Morrison was raised up and appointed by God for a very special type of evangelism. When young in the ministry he had frequent calls to help in revivals and all the time he could spare from his busy pastorates he gave to revival work among the churches; then after receiving the baptism of the Spirit he eventually gave all his time to soul-saving and became one of the great evangelists of his century, and he traveled through the nation preaching the great salvation in churches, halls, camp meetings, conventions and tabernacles. In the Holiness Movement he came to the front all over the nation after the great John S. Inskip had passed to his reward.

Perhaps it might be said Dr. Morrison had doors opened to him that the average evangelist could never hope for, his eloquence and gospel oratory stirred the churches all over Methodism, North and South, and he held revivals in many of the great churches of the nation and brought blessings to untold thousands, including many ministers whom he led into the experience of holiness. He was particularly used in the great Conferences of his church. At the Annual Conferences all over Methodism he preached and also at many of the General Conferences. In the days of Joyce, Mallalieu, McCabe and other bishops of the M. E. Church, he was often the evangelist of their Conferences as well as at the General Conferences.

Sometimes in his evangelism he met with serious opposition from official men. On one occasion he was invited by the pastor of a large Methodist Church to hold a revival but the higher powers through the presiding elder refused permission and the meeting was called off, but there was a smaller church in the same city which opened its doors to him. He went there and preached to crowded houses. It was in this meeting he came in contact with a young man named E. Stanley Jones, who wanted advice as to what college he should attend. Dr. Morrison advised him to go to Asbury College. He went to Asbury and graduated, received his call to India while there and from Asbury he went to India and made sacred history, and all the world knows the result. Dr. Morrison as an evangelist touched many lives which went out to bless the church and the world both at home and abroad. Bishops, elders, officials high and low, pastors, educators, missionaries came under the spell of his marvelous and fire-baptized ministry. As an evangelist Dr. Morrison always

drew his message from the Cross and Pentecost and he preached always with the altar before him; he preached to save and sanctify the soul. Catherine Booth, mother of the Salvation Army, complained that in her age the gospel preachers in the average pulpit "Neither damned the sinner nor sanctified the saint." Not so with Morrison's gospel, he preached the terrors of the Lord and the matchless provisions of the gospel of full redemption to save and sanctify and satisfy the needs and longings of the soul; his gospel was always vitally and thrillingly compelling and irresistible.

John Wesley said: "Give me one hundred preachers who care for nothing but God and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen. Such alone will shake the gates of hell and set up the kingdom of God upon earth."

Henry Clay Morrison was such a man as Wesley had in mind when he penned these words. The words of Bishop Ryle of the English Church very potently apply to the preaching and ministry of Dr. Morrison.

"Let others hold forth the terrors of hell and the joys of heaven. Let others drench their congregations with teachings about the sacraments and the church. Give me the Cross of Christ. This is the only lever which has turned the world upside down, hitherto, and made men forsake their sins. And if this will not, nothing will. A man may begin preaching with a perfect knowledge of Latin Greek or Hebrew; but he will do little good among his hearers unless he knows something of the Cross. Never was there a minister who did much for the conversion of souls who did not dwell much on Christ crucified. Luther, Rutherford, Whitefield, McCheyne were all most eminent preachers of the Cross. This is the preaching that the Holy Ghost delights to bless. He loves to honor the Cross."

Some one said: "One energetic man is worth more than a thousand intellectual babblers."

It was said that listening to Theodore Roosevelt in some of his great speeches was like "standing in a field of magnetic force." Rowland Hill said: "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. When I see eternal destruction about to fall on poor sinners and call on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast? No, sinner, I am no enthusiast in so doing, and I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the gospel."

Dr. Morrison was a prince among the holiness evangelists of his age; he broke down walls of opposition to Scriptural holiness by his unique and eloquent preaching. He said: "It is not the preaching of holiness that produces ill-will, strife, dissension, and the breach of peace. It is the rejection of holiness which brings all of these evils. It must be remembered that we have in the Church multitudes of unconverted people -- men full of the world, dealing in futures of all sorts -gamblers, at the same time officials in the church. We have women bedecked with jewelry and covered all over with the stamp of the world. These multitudes don't pretend to live by the New Testament standard; they know and think nothing of the command which says: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." This worldly company who call themselves the flock of Christ, will flock to a cake-walk, but sanctification, -- Oh, it's awful! it will split the Church, cause ill-will, dissension and factions in the Church." As an evangelist Dr. Morrison was God's special gift to the church and nation; he was a voice calling sinners to repentance and the church unto holiness; he was a messenger going through the land with lips touched with the sacred fire proclaiming the great salvation through the precious blood.

Evangelism to him was something tremendous, the salvation of souls and the sanctification of believers was the great objective; at all costs he must have souls and see revivals break out. Money did not count with him; he never commercialized preaching; he had the King's business always on his heart and soul, and because of this soul passion thousands of people all over the world bless his memory and thank God that he came their way and opened up to them the riches of God's grace. His consecration could well be expressed in the language of the hymn:

"My talents, gifts and graces, Lord, Into Thy blessed hands receive; And let me love to preach Thy word, And let me to Thy glory live." THE END

S. The Black Prophet Harris of Africa

THE BLACK PROPHET HARRIS OF AFRICA A Second Sammy Morris By George Whitefield
Ridout INSIDE FRONT-BACK COVER TEXT The Black Prophet Harris Of Africa The man who, without any training or earthly calling, obeyed the call of God to preach and evangelize among the tribes of Africa.

Wins 50,000 souls for Christ. This is a special authentic account of this strange unknown prophet of God and Black Prophet of Africa, by Rev. George Whitefield Ridout.

It was a saying of Dr. Charles Inwood:

"When God is going to do something wonderful he begins with a difficulty, and if he is going to do something very wonderful he begins with an impossibility." That is a strange statement, but as we read the history of God's acts along the ages we see how startlingly true it is. We are reminded of those words of Isa 55:8-9 : 'For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.'"

"It was an obscure Moravian that led John Wesley, the Oxford man, to his conversion. It was an ex-coliery man, a miner, who led that great Wales Revival. It was a Chicago shoe salesman, Moody, whom God used to bring on the great Revival in Great Britain and America. It was an untutored, unknown, unheralded, Kru black man that God chose out and sent forth among the villages of Africa to call the multitudes to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Black Prophet Harris in his humble sincere way and methods had some fifty thousand converts in the gold and ivory coasts of Africa.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform;

He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm."

"The most interesting thing in Africa is the native himself. The more I see him and study him the more I respect him. If I had a thousand tongues and each one of them were inspired by the gifts of the prophets of old, all should be dedicated to pleading for this people." -- Bishop Hartzell. A native preacher, dying, gave this charge to his people upon his deathbed: "We are not what we were -- savages -- but men, professing to be taught according to the Gospel. Let us do then accordingly. My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus Christ has pardoned me. Beware of falling into the same evils into which I have frequently led you. Seek God and He will be found of you to direct you."

AFRICA, HARRIS' NATIVE LAND I know of a land that is sunk in shame, Of hearts that faint and tire-And I know of a Name, a Name, a Name Can set that land on fire. Its sound is a brand, its letters flame-I know of a Name, a Name, a Name Will set that land on fire."

Africa has long been known as the Dark Continent. Bishop Hill once wrote: "Where is light most needed? Without question in dark, dark Africa." Some have taken Job 10:22, "The land dark as midnight, the land of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as midnight," (Revised) as fitting language wherewith to depict the darkness of Africa. But thank God, when Christian Missions in the nineteenth century began to open in Africa, the long, long night was broken and the morning light appeared. Livingstone, Mackay, Melville Cox, William Taylor were God's pathfinders and, as the Africans themselves would put it, "fire bringers." They blazed the way for the multitude of missionary enterprises that are now going on in all parts of Africa, and out of these movements have come other streams of influence for the spread of the glorious gospel. These early missionaries of Africa hazarded their lives for the gospel. A visitor to Africa said to a missionary there: "A queer country this is, where the only things of interest you have to show me are the graves." "Yes," was the answer, "but they are the milestones of Christianity to regions beyond." One of those pioneers said: "Though every step be over the grave of a missionary, Africa must be redeemed;" and Bishop MacKensie said, "If I had a thousand lives to live, Africa should have them all." Melville B. Cox, who lived only four months after reaching Africa, said: "Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up."

African missions took on new meaning and new enthusiasm after David Livingstone had penetrated the depths of the continent and opened it up to the white man. Livingstone was the great missionary-explorer, and he once said: "I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise."

Three of God's servants who also aroused interest in Africa were Bishop William Taylor and Sammy Morris, the Kru boy -- and the other who kindled our evangelistic wonder and amazement was the Black Prophet Harris, who in this century achieved a record for revivalism and salvation among the tribes without any equal in the history of missions in Africa.

Those who are acquainted with Bishop Taylor's work in Africa will remember the marvelous triumphs of the gospel in his days, his self-sustaining Faith Missions, and the soul-saving work that ensued. William Taylor, Sammy Morris, and others were the forerunners of the singular and little, unknown man of God -- William Harris, -- whose strange, obscure, unheralded ministry of flaming evangelism it is the purpose of these pages to record. When we were in Brazil we found in a minister's library a publication of an English missionary society in which the story of the Prophet Harris was given. It was, in fact, the first time that the story of Harris' wonderful career was ever told, and we are indebted to Rev. F. Deaville Walker and his story of the Ivory Coast (published in England) for the interesting bits of history published in this sketch. THE BLACK PROPHET HARRIS OF AFRICA -- Second Sammy Morris Synopsis Second Chapter 1. The Black Prophet's Humble Origin.

2. The Method of His Soul Saving.
3. His Manner of Preaching.
4. Receives No Offerings; No Gifts.
5. Arrested by Government But Carries On.
6. Whole Villages Become Converted.

7. People Give Up Their Idols and Fetishes.

8. 50,000 Souls Saved.

9. The White Missionary Comes.

10. The Prophet Retires and Dies in Solitude.

"See heathen nations bending Before the God we love, And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing, The gospel call obey, And seek the Savior's blessing, A nation in a day." Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." -- 1Co 1:26-27 "Who but Thou, almighty Spirit, Can the heathen world reclaim!

Men may preach, but till Thou favor, Heathens will be still the same:

Mighty Spirit!

Witness to the Savior's name."

Marvelous are the Lord's ways of working. Paul, writing in 1Co 1:26, says: "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." The Story of the Ivory Coast, and of that strange black Prophet, who wrought such wonders and made thousands of converts on the Ivory Coast of Africa, is amazing. He was a Kru evangelist appearing suddenly like Elijah. With the fiery zeal of a Hebrew prophet this unlearned man denounced the old heathen religion and got thousands of people to destroy their idols, fetishes, charms, etc., and give themselves to Christ; even degraded fetish priests joined in cutting down the sacred groves in which the old worship centered. Harris preached to them the one true and great God of the Bible; his message was one of the living God as against their heathen gods of wood and stone. Harris was of medium height, with gray beard, always dressed in a long white gown with sleeves, and a big white turban; around his shoulders and hanging down in front he had a broad red band, and upon his breast there hung a cross. He walked barefooted and carried a long bamboo walking staff to which was fastened a small crosspiece which gave his staff the form of a rude cross; this he used as a symbol of his mission; he would hold this up before the people and tell of Jesus who died on the cross. He lived simply, carried a small Bible, and utterly refused all gifts or offerings by the chiefs or the people; all he asked was food and shelter. His preaching was in the open air; he spoke in pidgin English, and used an interpreter and he moved the hearts of thousands. He would baptize his converts in a simple way by laying the Bible on their heads as they kneeled, then sprinkling water upon them.

How Harris began his work is hidden in mystery. It seems almost like the story of Elijah again. Nothing is written of Elijah's antecedents, not a word about his training or gifts or qualifications. He is introduced to us as Elijah the Tishbite; all we know about Harris is that he was just the Black Prophet of Africa -- he seems to have had some contacts with mission stations and heard the

gospel in English, and it would seem that he worked among English-speaking people, because the language that he preached in was pidgin English and this was interpreted into the tribe language by native men who also had some trifling knowledge of the English, sufficient to put the message of salvation across so that the gospel preached in such simplicity became the power of God to the salvation of tens of thousands of Africans.

Some characteristics of his methods in the great meetings he held were:

1. His appearance -- he always dressed in a white robe and white turban.
2. He always made the cross prominent, he carried a cross suspended with cord from his neck upon his breast.
3. He carried a prophetic staff made of bamboo and in the form of a cross; this, no doubt, added greatly to his impressiveness to the natives.
4. He carried his Bible and made use of it not simply by reading it, but he used it as he laid hands upon the heads of his converts.
5. He never made capital of his powers; he was always humble, he would allow no offerings and received no gifts, all he asked was journeying mercies, a place to sleep and enough to eat.
6. His practice was to baptize his converts in every service where they repented and accepted Christ.
7. When old age came upon him he retired to some obscure village and there passed to his reward.

There are some things about Harris that read somewhat like Sammy Morris: one lived mostly in Gold Coast, the other from the Ivory Coast; both had contacts with the English-speaking missionaries and became converted; both had a remarkable conversion and both developed a deep religious experience. Sammy Morris, of course, became known to America because of his marvelous experiences after coming in contact with Bishop Taylor's missionaries and his coming eventually to America; Harris comes out entirely as the raw native, he owes nothing to any human agency -- he was God-commissioned, God-sent, God-prospered in the salvation of souls. Harris stands out as one of the most singularly extraordinary preacher-evangelists known in missionary history.

"In hamlet, town and village, He stayed to preach the Word: And when men heard his trumpet-call Their hearts were strangely stirred.

"The Gospel truths neglected, Through barren years of sin, A sense of deep conviction wrought In those he sought to win.

"Dividing joints and marrow, Pierced the two-edged sword:

Till souls cried out, 'What must we do?' And turned unto the Lord."

Most of Harris' work began and continued on the African French Gold Coast till they arrested him and sent him out of their territory to the English; but before this occurred Harris had crossed the eastern frontier of the French colony and paid a brief visit to the adjoining region of the British Gold

Coast. There on a more limited scale was a repetition of the scenes that followed his preaching on the Ivory Coast. At his fervent appeals some thousands turned to God. At the bidding of Harris they sent messengers to the Methodist workers at one or two other places, asking for teachers to be sent them, and it was in this way that the Missionary Society first heard of the prophet and his work, But we had no idea of the extent of the movement. It was supposed that it centered in Apollonia, and spread only in a lesser degree to the adjoining districts of the Ivory Coast. This, as we now know, was quite erroneous. Apollonia was a mere offshoot of the greater movement.

After about three months in Apollonia, Harris returned to the Ivory Coast, where he continued to preach and to consolidate his work, but the government of the French Ivory Coast was with some anxiety watching the mass movement that had now spread over so wide an area of their territory. In the wholesale conversions to Christianity, ancient customs were being changed, and fetish shrines were being destroyed, to such an extent that the Government feared might lead to disturbances. So in the autumn of 1914 the Governor of the colony summoned Harris to appear before him. Without hesitation Harris obeyed. In the palatial Government House the unlettered Kruman stood before the representative of the power of France. What passed between them we do not know. Apparently the Governor was satisfied that the movement was not political, and Harris was dismissed with a word of caution. But as the prophet left the Government House by the stately avenues of palms, there met him a company of people. There were Atties who had come from upcountry to seek baptism at his hands, and there in the very presence of the Governor, Harris baptized them. The times were difficult for the Administration. The great war was devastating Europe, and the Ivory Coast was drained of troops. In the event of a native uprising the situation might become serious. The Government was apprehensive and watched Harris with increasing uneasiness. At last, in April, 1915, it was resolved to arrest and deport him, and the Governor instructed one of the Administrators to carry out this decision.

Taking with him two soldiers, an interpreter, and his own cowboy, the Administrator made his way to Port Barret, on the seashore, where Harris was thought to be. There, on the surf-beaten beach with its fringe of coconut palms, he found the prophet holding a service with several hundreds of people around him. As the Administrator approached, he noticed that the people were kneeling on the sand. They were praying, so he resolved to allow the service to proceed that he might see for himself what was going on. After the prayer Harris preached for ten or fifteen minutes. To the rhythmic accompaniment of the stringed gourds, the people sang a hymn; and then the prophet called those to come forward who desired to be baptized. There was perfect order, and no excitement or confusion of any kind. Quietly a number came to the front and knelt down, with their hands upon the bamboo cross, while Harris placed his Bible upon their heads and administered the Sacrament of baptism. To the Administrator's surprise, his own interpreter and cowboy came to him and asked his permission to go forward with the others. The Administrator was startled, but nodded his consent, and those two men knelt before the man they had come to arrest and received baptism at his hands. At the close of the service, the Administrator, desiring to carry out his instructions in the quietest way possible, stepped up to Harris and told him that he was sorry to interfere, but the Government could not allow this sort of thing to go on, and the Governor had ordered his arrest. In the name of the Government he "requested" Harris to accompany him to the Liberian frontier. Without any question, Harris bowed to the authority of the rulers. Without opposition, without arguing the point or attempting to justify his work or position as a God-sent

prophet, this remarkable man meekly submitted. He appealed to the people to make no trouble, to go home and serve God, and on no account to return to their fetishes. And that crowd of converts stood quietly on the sand, while their prophet walked away with the Administrator and his men. Partly on foot and partly by canoe, they took him to the frontier of his native land, nearly three hundred miles away and forbade him to return to French soil.

Having deported Harris, the Government resolved upon an even more drastic step towards crushing the movement he had inspired. It was decided to destroy the churches. An Inspector and an Administrator were ordered to carry out this decree, and they went from village to village, called the people together, informed them of the Government's order, and then directed the little church to be set on fire. We can imagine the grief with which those simple converts saw their little sanctuaries go up in flames. At one place the whole Christian community, in indignation, left their homes and tramped across the frontier to the Gold Coast, where, under the British flag, they might have freedom to worship God in their own way. When the French Governor called upon them to return, they named as their condition the rebuilding of their churches.

Without their prophet, without teachers or shepherds, those Ivory Coast Christians remained firm to the allegiance Harris had taught them. Braving the wrath of the Government, they maintained their Christian faith and worship, and as time went on even dared to rebuild their churches. Harris had told them that one day a white man would come and teach them about God, and they settled down to wait and to pray for his coming. They were all illiterate, and about all they knew were the barest facts of their new religion. The Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, even the Ten Commandments, seem to have been unknown to them. Probably they had never heard a chapter of Scripture, and very few, if any, verses quoted.

Harris had told the people that they must keep God's Day; and though often it caused difficulty with their employers, or even with the Government for such as were called up for labor on the roads, those villagers, just emerging from gross darkness, kept it with the utmost care according to their dim light.

Sunday after Sunday the church bell rang to summon the people to the House of God. When they were assembled, the official "preacher" did his best to conduct a service. An unlearned and ignorant man, it was but little he could do. The people knelt in prayer, and either the preacher or one of the apostles attempted in his uninstructed way to lead them. They would venture to sing a few lines -- some snatch of song they had picked up. They sang feebly in pidgin English -- of which they did not understand a word. After the first verse -- if they succeeded in getting so far -- their stock of crude rhyme failed, and they lapsed into a mere humming of the air. Or possibly some man or woman in the congregation would launch out in an impromptu lyric -- always in their mother tongue -- and the whole congregation would hum a response. Thus to express their own thoughts in simple and unpremeditated lyric was infinitely better.

Harris had told them they must obey the Bible, for it is God's book, and he had held a copy on each head when he baptized them; but in the Roman churches they found no Bibles, and they came to the conclusion that those could not be the right kind of churches.

Thus, thrown upon their own slender resources, those eager multitudes groped slowly forward with their faces toward the dawn, looking for the white man, and Rev. W. J. Platt was the man sent of

God. The English Methodist missionaries took up the work.

"What has become of Harris?" For some years he sunk into silence and nothing was heard of him. He returned to his own native village near Cape Palmas, Liberia; but still when able, visiting some adjacent village to preach, and eventually died an old man past eighty years -- but, he left behind him about 50,000 converts.

"Yet all these treasures of Thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay; And the weak sons of mortal race
The immortal gifts convey.

"Feebly they lisp Thy glories forth, Yet grace the vict'ry gives:

Quickly they molder back to earth, Yet still Thy gospel lives."

Grow in Your Walk with Christ

Listen and read messages that will stir your heart for Christ and point you to deeper repentance and devotion.

- 50,000+ Sermons from speakers past and present
- 3,900+ Classic Christian Books freely readable online
 - 1,200+ Bible Translations and Commentaries
- Over 450k forum posts — Join our vibrant online Christian forum

www.sermonindex.net