

21 Sermons By Evangelist Billy Sunday

With Biography, Photos, Newspaper Articles, and More



Compiled From Internet Resources
by
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Atonement Through the Blood of Jesus

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"For if the blood of bulls and of goats and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh" - Paul argued in his letter to the Hebrews "how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God." (Heb. 9:13-14)

No more of this turtle-dove business, no more offering the blood of bullocks and heifers to cleanse from sin.

The atoning blood of Jesus Christ - that is the thing about which all else centers. I believe that more logical, illogical, idiotic, religious and irreligious arguments have been fought over this than all others. Now and then when a man gets a new idea of it, he goes out and starts a new denomination. He has a perfect right to do this under the thirteenth amendment, but he doesn't stop here. He makes war on all of the other denominations that do not interpret as he does. Our denominations have multiplied by this method until it would give one brain fever to try to count them all.

The atoning blood! And as I think it over I am reminded of a man who goes to England and advertises that he will throw pictures on the screen of the Atlantic coast of America. So he gets a crowd and throws pictures on the screen of high bluffs and rocky coasts and waves dashing against them, until a man comes out of the audience and brands him a liar and says that he is obtaining money under false pretense, as he has seen America and the Atlantic coast and what the other man is showing is not America at all. The men almost come to blows and then the other man says that, if the people will come tomorrow, he will show them real pictures of the coast. So the audience comes back to see what he will show, and he flashes on the screen pictures of a low coast line, with palmetto trees and banana trees and tropical foliage and he apologizes to the audience, but says these are the pictures of America. The first man calls him a liar and the people don't know which to believe. What was the matter with them?

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

God never intended to give you a picture of the world in one panoramic view. From the time of Adam and Eve down to the time Jesus Christ hung on the cross he was unfolding his views. When I see Moses leading the people out of bondage where they for years had bared their backs to the taskmaster's lash; when I see the lowing herds and the high priest standing before the altar severing the jugular vein of the rams and the bullocks; on until Christ cried out from the cross, "It is finished," (John 19:30) God was preparing the picture for the consummation of it in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ.

A sinner has no standing with God. He forfeits his standing when he commits sin and the only way he can get back is to repent and accept the atoning blood of Jesus Christ.

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

An old infidel said to me once, "But I don't believe in atonement by blood. It doesn't come up to my ideas of what is right."

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

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

Suffering for the Guilty

You say you don't believe in the innocent suffering for the guilty. Then I say to you, you haven't seen life as I have seen it up and down the country. The innocent suffer with the guilty, by the guilty and for the guilty. Look at that old mother waiting with trembling heart for the son she has brought into the world. And see him come staggering in and reeling and staggering to bed while his mother prays and weeps and soaks the pillow with her tears over her godless boy. Who suffers most? The mother or that godless, maudlin [drunk] bum? You have only to be the mother of a boy like that to know who suffers most. Then you won't say anything about the plan of redemption and of Jesus Christ suffering for the guilty.

Look at that young wife, waiting for the man whose name she bears, and whose face is woven in the fiber of her heart, the man she loves. She waits for him in fright and when he comes, reeking from the stench of the breaking of his marriage vows, from the arms of infamy, who suffers most? That poor, dirty, triple extract of vice and sin? You have only to be the wife of a husband like that to know whether the innocent suffers for the guilty or not. I have the sympathy of those who know right now.

This happened in Chicago in a police court. A letter was introduced as evidence for a criminal there for vagrancy. It read, "I hope you won't have to hunt long to find work. Tom is sick and baby is sick. Lucy has no shoes and we have no money for the doctor or to buy any clothes. I manage to make a little taking in washing, but we are living in one room in a basement. I hope you won't have to look long for work," and so on, just the kind of a letter a wife would write to her husband. And before it was finished men cried and policemen with hearts of adamant were crying and fled from the room. The judge wiped the tears from his eyes and said: "You see, no man lives to himself alone. If he sins others suffer. I have no alternative. I sympathize with them, as does every one of you, but I have no alternative. I must send this man to Bridewell [house of correction]." Who suffers most, that woman manicuring her nails over a washboard to keep the little brood together or that drunken bum in Bridewell getting his just deserts from his acts? You have only to be the wife of a man like that to know whether or not the innocent suffer with the guilty.

So when you don't like the plan of redemption because the innocent suffer with the guilty, I say you don't know what is going on. It's the plan of life everywhere.

From the fall of Adam and Eve till now it has always been the rule that the innocent suffer with the guilty. It's the plan of all and unless you are an idiot, an imbecile and a jackass, and gross flatterer at that, you'll see it.

Jesus' Atoning Blood

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

would be a meaningless jargon and jumble of words.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I held it for a moment and then it fluttered and struggled and finally reached the window ledge in a second story across the street. And other birds fluttered around over my head and seemed to say in bird language, "Thank you, Bill."

The kid looked at me in wonder and said: "Say, boss, why didn't you chuck that nickel in the sewer?"

I told him that he was just like that bird. He was in the grip of the devil, and the devil was too strong for him just as he was too strong for the sparrow, and just as I could do with the sparrow what I wanted to, after I had paid for it, because it was mine. God paid a price for him far greater than I had for the sparrow, for he had paid it with the blood of his Son, and he wanted to set him free.

No Argument Against Sin

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

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

But you can't argue against the existence of sin, simply because it is an open fact, the word of God. You can argue against Jesus being the Son of God. You can argue about there being a heaven and a hell, but you can't argue against sin. It is in the world and men and women are blighted and mildewed by it.

Some years ago I turned a corner in Chicago and stood in front of a police station. As I stood there a patrol dashed up and

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

"How Long, O God?"

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

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

I said, "Well, Jim, my name is Mr. Sunday. I'll tell you where there are some good Christian boarding houses and you let me know which one you pick out." He told me afterwards that he had one on the North Side. I sent him an invitation to a meeting to be held at the Y.M.C.A., and he had it when he and some companions went bathing in Lake Michigan. He dived from the pier just as the water receded unexpectedly and he struck the bottom and broke his neck. He was taken to the morgue and the police found my letter in his clothes, and told me to come and claim it or it would be sent to a medical college. I went and they had the body on a slab, but I told them I would send a cablegram to his folks and asked them to hold it. They put it in a glass case and turned on the cold air, by which they freeze bodies by chemical processes, as they freeze ice, and said they would save it for two months, and if I wanted it longer they would stretch the rules a little and keep it three.

I was just thinking of what sorrow that cablegram would cause his old mother in Cork when they brought in the body of a woman. She would have been a fit model of Phidias [ancient Greek sculptor], she had such symmetry of form. Her fingers were manicured. She was dressed in the height of fashion and her hands were covered with jewels and as I looked at her, the water trickling down her face, I saw the mute evidence of illicit affection. I did not say lust, I did not say passion, I did not say brute instincts. I said, "Sin." Sin had caused her to throw herself from that bridge and seek repose in a suicide's grave. And as I looked, from the saloon, the fantan rooms, the gambling hells, the opium dens, the red lights, there arose one endless cry of "How long, O God, how long shall hell prevail?" (Psa. 74:10)

You can't argue against sin. It's here. Then listen to me as I try to help you.

When the Standard Oil Company was trying to refine petroleum there was a substance that they couldn't dispose of. It was a dark, black, sticky substance and they couldn't bury it, couldn't burn it because it made such a stench; they couldn't run it in the river because it killed the fish, so they offered a big reward to any chemist who would solve the problem. Chemists took it and worked long over the problem, and one day there walked into the office of John D. Rockefeller, a chemist and laid down a pure white substance which we since know as paraffine [paraffin wax].

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

End

Backsliding

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"Thy own wickedness shall correct thee. Thy backsliding shall reprove thee. Know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of Hosts."
Jeremiah 11:19.

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

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

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

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

I've sometimes thought, almost, that it might be a Godsend to many a community if it could only be swept by typhoid fever or pneumonia or scarlet fever just after a good revival and before the people have a chance to slide back.

The second class of backsliders is the class that started soberly and seriously, but not seriously enough. They do not make a complete surrender. If you secure a balloon with 100 ropes and cut 99 of them, the balloon will still be held, but don't cut the shore lines, they have failed to cut loose from sin, and it is drawing them back.

A friend of mine holding a meeting, asked how many who were present had been Christians, but were now backsliders. Finally forty fessed up. Then he asked them for the reasons for their falling away. Finally a man got up and said he backslid through believing that he could be a Christian and keep his store open on Sundays.

A young lady arose and said that she backslid because of cards. A friend had given a card party and she had to give one in reciprocity. She said she had invited a young man to attend, but that he didn't know what kind of a party it was to be. He came, but when he found out he said he was sorry, but he must go, for he could not stay there. "I admired him for his loyalty to his religion, he made me feel that I wasn't worthy to have my name as a church member," the young lady said.

Another man stood up and said: "I backslid when I voted for the saloon." You bet he did or he would not have voted for the dirty, rotten thing. Why, he backslid before he voted that ticket, or he wouldn't have voted it.

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

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

I believe more people in the church backslide because of the dance, card playing and theatre gadding than through the

saloons. But hold on there, don't you think for a minute that I'm in favor of the dirty, stinking, rotting saloons.

I'm against a lot of amusements popular among church members, as you people are going to find out before I am through in Boston. I don't give that (snapping his fingers) whether you like my preaching or not. Understand? It's a question of whether you are interested in decency. If you live wrong you can't die right. Emerson said: "What you are speaks so loudly that I cannot hear what you say."

This is an age of incompleteness of unfinished things. Life is full of half done things. Education is begun and abandoned. Obedience to the law of God is begun - and given up. People start in business - and fail. They attempt to learn a trade - and don't do it thoroughly. A hound once started running after a stag and after running for a while it saw a fox and turned after it. A little farther along it saw a rabbit and ran after that, and finally wound up holing a field mouse. So it is with so many who enter the Christian life. They started to hunt and compromised on a glass of booze. They enter a royal race, but compromised on a glass of beer or on some little gain through dishonesty.

Not every backslider is an apostate, but every apostate is a backslider. Peter was a backslider, but he came back and preached that sermon at Pentecost. Judas was a backslider, and what he did so preyed upon his mind that he did not want it. He went out but he never came back.

I have never tabooed but two towns in my life and one of them was a little town in Iowa, where I once held a meeting before I really became an evangelist. That town had an infidel club of 150 members. There were only two church members in the place, and there was an interrogation point after them at that. They could have started a founding asylum of their own in that community. My life was not safe there - they threw stones at me in the streets.

A storekeeper there told me he was going to sell out and leave the town for purely moral reasons, at a loss of about \$8000.00. He said that he had daughters and that there wasn't a young man in the town that he would trust with them. He said that any young man in that town were to call on any of his daughters he wouldn't go upstairs to bed unless he had a Gatling gun he could train on the visitor at a moments notice. It is not only for here and now, it is not only for a time, but it is for eternity. It is one of the great things. All other things are incidents.

The leader of that God - forsaken, iniquitous gang was a man named Dickson, who ran a one - horse country grocery business in a place about as big as a boxcar. He had been a Christian - used to be a class-leader in a Methodist church. He kept a store. I used to pass the store as I went to preach, and I would see the bunch, as many as 40 sometimes, sitting around in the little store.

Whenever a new preacher came they would assemble to talk him over, and if old Dickson gave consent, they would go to church to hear him. I remember one old brush rat. He had bushy whiskers with a dirty brown streak down the middle, and he could spit 30 yards and hit a fly. I'll bet my life he could hit a post down there. He used to come in late, with one pant leg tucked in his boot, no coat or vest, no galoshes - just a rope around his paunch - the old son of perdition.

He'd sit down and turn the hose on the wall. He looked to me as if he had had only one bath in his life and that one when he was born. He came clattering down the aisle - old hair and beard twisted - looked like a cows tail. He started as a backslider, ended in apostasy, just as disease ends in death if not checked.

In business life, crises come unforeseen. Hard times come. When they do, you may be able to get away with a overdraft at the bank if the cashier knows you too well. At the bank of heaven no checks on God's mercy, when signed by God's loyal followers have ever been turned down. If you come with honest heart God will honor the appeal if your hands are red with blood.

In a campaign like this, for some little thing many men will sell out. There are men whose honor hang like meat in butcher shop, for sale for so much a pound. I thank God though, that most men are honest and most women are virtuous, and that even the minority can be made to yield when you preach the gospel right.

I ask about a man. "Has he reached the burning bush?" They answer, "Yes, and got past it." I ask, "Is he a K. of P.?" They say he is. I ask, "Has he jumped?" They say, "Yes." I don't know what it means to jump, for I am not a K. of P. I heard a couple of K. of P.'s talking, though ? they didn't leak. I suppose it has something to do with the initiation. I ask. "Is he an Odd Fellow?" "Yes" They tell me he will share his last dollar with a needy person, die for the widow or the orphan, put his head on the track ahead of the Black Diamond or allow himself to be shot to pieces before he would be false to the vows he took amid the scent of the orange blossoms.

That sounds like a good man, but there are lots of men who will be true in all these things, and false to Jesus Christ. They will go to church and partake of the communion, then will line up in front of some bar and tell smutty stories. True in business, true to lodge, true in society, true in the home, but a perjurer in the sight of God. If you are such a man you are a backslider - a backslider, sir, and a liar.

If I were to go to a man and say: "They say you're an old liar." Would he say, "Well, Bill, I suppose I am, but you mustn't put the standard too high for poor, weak humanity, and I'm only human." If I were to say to him, "They say you are an old thief and that they have to hide everything when you come around." Would he say he supposed it was true, but I mustn't set the standard too high for poor human nature? If I say, "They tell me that you are a rotten old libertine and that you have ruined many innocent girls, that you would crush a woman's virtue as quickly as a snake beneath your foot." Would he say he supposed it was true, but I mustn't set the standard too high for poor human nature?

No sir. If he were anything of a man at all he would say, "I demand, sir, that you prove your charges." But that's not what a man does when you charge him with being a backslider or to say that he is a liar. Oh, for the Presbyterian or Baptist or Episcopal backslider who stands up and talks about poor human nature - yet to say a man is a backslider is to say that he is a liar. Of, for power to come to you and show what you ought to be.

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

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

He said "Panathea, where dwellest thee?"

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

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

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

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

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

body.

King Cyrus came up and dismounted. He removed his turban and knelt By the dead husband and wife and thanked his God that he had found in his kingdom one true and virtuous woman that his money could not buy nor his power intimidate.

A person of Boston, preachers, the problem of this century is the problem of the first century. We must win the world for God and we will win the world for God just as soon as we have men and woman who will be faithful to God and will not lie and will not sell out to the devil.

End

Booze

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

Here we have one of the strangest scenes in all the Gospels. Two men, possessed of devils, confront Jesus, and while the devils are crying out for Jesus to leave them, he commands the devils to come out, and the devils obey the command of Jesus. The devils ask permission to enter into a herd of swine feeding on the hillside. This is the only record we have of Jesus ever granting the petition of devils, and he did it for the salvation of men.

Then the fellows that kept the hogs went back to town and told the peanut-brained, weasel-eyed, hog-jowled, beetle-browed, bull-necked lobsters that owned the hogs, that "a long-haired fanatic from Nazareth, named Jesus, has driven the devils out of some men and the devils have gone into the hogs, and the hogs into the sea, and the sea into the hogs, and the whole bunch is dead."

And then the fat, fussy old fellows came out to see Jesus and said that he was hurting their business. A fellow says to me, "I don't think Jesus Christ did a nice thing."

You don't know what you are talking about.

Down in Nashville, Tennessee, I saw four wagons going down the street, and they were loaded with stills, and kettles, and pipes.

"What's this?" I said.

"United States revenue officers, and they have been in the moonshine district and confiscated the illicit stills, and they are taking them down to the government scrap heap."

Jesus Christ was God's revenue officer. Now the Jews were forbidden to eat pork, but Jesus Christ came and found that crowd buying and selling and dealing in pork, and confiscated the whole business, and he kept within the limits of the law when he did it. Then the fellows ran back to those who owned the hogs to tell what had befallen them and those hog-owners said to Jesus: "Take your helpers and hike. You are hurting our business." And they looked into the sea and the hogs were bottom side up, but Jesus said, "What is the matter?" And they answered, "Leave our hogs and go." A fellow says it is rather a strange request for the devils to make, to ask permission to enter into hogs. I don't know, if I was a devil I would rather live in a good, decent hog than in lots of men. If you will drive the hog out you won't have to carry slop to him, so I will try to help you get rid of the hog.

And they told Jesus to leave the country. They said:

"You are hurting our business."

Interest in Manhood

"Have you no interest in manhood?"

"We have no interest in that; just take your disciples and leave, for you are hurting our business." That is the attitude of the liquor traffic toward the Church, and State, and Government, and the preacher that has the backbone to fight the most damnable, corrupt institution that ever wriggled out of hell and fastened itself on the public.

I am a temperance Republican down to my toes. Who is the man that fights the whisky business in the South? It is the Democrats! They have driven the business from Kansas, they have driven it from Georgia, and Maine and Mississippi and

North Carolina and North Dakota and Oklahoma and Tennessee and West Virginia. And they have driven it out of 1,756 counties. And it is the rock-ribbed Democratic South that is fighting the saloon. They started this fight that is sweeping like fire over the "United States. You might as well try and dam Niagara Falls with toothpicks as to stop the reform wave sweeping our land. The Democratic party of Florida has put a temperance plank in its platform and the Republican party of every state would nail that plank in their platform if they thought it would carry the election. It is simply a matter of decency and manhood, irrespective of politics. It is prosperity against poverty, sobriety against drunkenness, honesty against thieving, heaven against hell. Don't you want to see men sober? Brutal, staggering men transformed into respectable citizens? "No," said a saloonkeeper, "to hell with men. We are interested in our business, we have no interest in humanity."

After all is said that can be said upon the liquor traffic, its influence is degrading upon the individual, the family, politics and business, and upon everything that you touch in this old world. For the time has long gone by when there is any ground for arguments as to its ill effects. All are agreed on that point. There is just one prime reason why the saloon has not been knocked into hell, and that is the false statement that "the saloons are needed to help lighten the taxes." The saloon business has never paid, and it has cost fifty times more than the revenue derived from it.

Does the Saloon Help Business?

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

The wholesale and retail trade in Iowa pays every year at least \$500,000 in licenses. Then if there were no drawback it ought to reduce the taxation twenty-five cents per capita. If the saloon is necessary to pay the taxes, and if they pay \$500,000 in taxes, it ought to reduce them twenty-five cents a head. But no, the whisky business has increased taxes \$1,000,000 instead of reducing them, and I defy any whisky man on God's dirt to show me one town that has the saloon where the taxes are lower than where they do not have the saloon. I defy you to show me an instance.

Listen! Seventy-five per cent of our idiots come from intemperate parents; eighty per cent of the paupers, eighty-two per cent of the crime is committed by men under the influence of liquor; ninety per cent of the adult criminals are whisky-made. The Chicago Tribune kept track for ten years and found that 53,556 murders were committed by men under the influence of liquor.

Archbishop Ireland, the famous Roman Catholic, of St. Paul, said of social crime today, that "seventy-five per cent is caused by drink, and eighty per cent of the poverty."

I go to a family and it is broken up, and I say, "What caused this?" Drink! I step up to a young man on the scaffold and say, "What brought you here?" Drink! Whence all the misery and sorrow and corruption? Invariably it is drink.

Five Points, in New York, was a spot as near like hell as any spot on earth. There are five streets that run to this point, and right in the middle was an old brewery and the streets on either side were lined with grog shops. The newspapers turned a searchlight on the district, and the first thing they had to do was to buy the old brewery and turn it into a mission.

The Parent of Crimes

The saloon is the sum of all villainies. It is worse than war or pestilence. It is the crime of crimes. It is the parent of crimes and the mother of sins. It is the appalling source of misery and crime in the land. And to license such an incarnate fiend of hell is the dirtiest, low-down, damnable business on top of this old earth. There is nothing to be compared to it.

The legislature of Illinois appropriated \$6,000,000 in 1908 to take care of the insane people in the state, and the whisky business produces seventy-five per cent of the insane. That is what you go down in your pockets for to help support. Do away with the saloons and you will close these institutions. The saloons make them necessary, and they make the poverty and fill the jails and the penitentiaries. Who has to pay the bills? The landlord who doesn't get the rent because the money

goes for whisky; the butcher and the grocer and the charitable person who takes pity on the children of drunkards, and the taxpayer who supports the insane asylums and other institutions, " at the whisky business keeps full of human wrecks.

Do away with the cursed business and you will not have to put up to support them. Who gets the money? The saloonkeepers and the brewers, and the distillers, while the whisky fills the land with misery, and poverty, and wretchedness, and disease, and death, and damnation, and it is being authorized by the will of the sovereign people.

You say that "people will drink anyway." Not by my vote. You say, "Men will murder their wives anyway." Not by my vote. "They will steal anyway." Not by my vote. You are the sovereign people, and what are you going to do about it?

Let me assemble before your minds the bodies of the drunken dead, who crawl away "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," and then out of the valley of the shadow of the drink let me call the appertaining motherhood, and wifehood, and childhood, and let their tears rain down upon their purple faces. Do you think that would stop the curse of the liquor traffic? No! No!

In these days when the question of saloon or no saloon is at the fore in almost every community, one hears a good deal about what is called "personal liberty." These are fine, large, mouth-filling words, and they certainly do sound first rate; but when you get right down and analyze them in the light of common old horse-sense, you will discover that in their application to the present controversy they mean just about this: " Personal liberty" is for the man who, if he has the inclination and the price, can stand up at a bar and fill his hide so full of red liquor that he is transformed for the time being into an irresponsible, dangerous, evil-smelling brute. But "personal liberty" is not for his patient, long-suffering wife, who has to endure with what fortitude she may his blows and curses; nor is it for his children, who, if they escape his insane rage, are yet robbed of every known joy and privilege of childhood, and too often grow up neglected, uncared for and vicious as the result of their surroundings and the example before them. "Personal liberty" is not for the sober, industrious citizen who from the proceeds of honest toil and orderly living, has to pay, willingly or not, the tax bills which pile up as a direct result of drunkenness, disorder and poverty, the items of which are written in the records of every police court and poorhouse in the land; nor is " personal liberty " for the good woman who goes abroad in the town only at the risk of being shot down by some drink-crazed creature. This rant about "personal liberty" as an argument has no leg to stand upon.

The Economic Side

Now, in 1913 the corn crop was 2,373,000,000 bushels, and it was valued at \$1,660,000,000. Secretary Wilson says that the breweries use less than two per cent; I will say that they use two per cent. That would make 47,000,000 bushels, and at seventy cents a bushel that would be about \$33,000,000. How many people are there in the United States? Ninety millions. Very well, then, that is thirty-six cents per capita. Then we sold out to the whisky business for thirty-six cents apiece - the price of a dozen eggs or a pound of butter. We are the cheapest gang this side of hell if we will do that kind of business.

Now listen! Last year the income of the United States government, and the cities and towns and counties, from the whisky business was \$350,000,000. That is putting it liberally. You say that's a lot of money. Well, last year the workingmen spent \$2,000,000,000 for drink, and it cost \$1,200,000,000 to care for the judicial machinery. In other words, the whisky business cost us last year \$3,400,000,000. I will subtract from that the dirty \$350,000,000 which we got, and it leaves \$3,050,000,000 in favor of knocking the whisky business out on purely a money basis. And listen, we spend \$6,000,000,000 a year for our paupers and criminals insane, orphans, feeble-minded, etc., and eighty-two per cent of our criminals are whisky-made, and seventy-five per cent of the paupers are whisky-made. The average factory hand earns \$450 a year, and it costs us \$1,200 a year to support each of our whisky criminals. There are 326,000 enrolled criminals in the United States and 80,000 in jails and penitentiaries. Three-fourths were sent there because of drink, and then they have the audacity to say the saloon is needed for money revenue. Never was there a baser he. "But," says the whisky fellow, "we would lose trade; I heard my friend ex-Governor Hanly, of Indiana, use the following illustrations:

"Oh, but," they say, "Governor, there is another danger to the local option, because it means a loss of market to the farmer.

We are consumers of large quantities of grain in the manufacture of our products. If you drive us out of business you strike down that market and it will create a money panic in this country, such as you have never seen, if you do that." I might answer it by saying that less than two per cent of the grain produced in this country is used for that purpose, but I pass that by. I want to debate the merit of the statement itself, and I think I can demonstrate in ten minutes to any thoughtful man, to any farmer, that the brewer who furnishes him a market for a bushel of corn is not his benefactor, or the benefactor of any man, from an economic standpoint. Let us see. A farmer brings to the brewer a bushel of corn. He finds a market for it. He gets fifty cents and goes his way, with the statement of the brewer ringing in his ears, that the brewer is the benefactor. But you haven't got all the factors in the problem, Mr. Brewer, and you cannot get a correct solution of a problem without all the factors in the problem. You take the farmer's bushel of corn, brewer or distiller, and you brew and distill from it four and one-half gallons of spirits. I don't know how much he dilutes them before he puts them on the market. Only the brewer, the distiller and God know. The man who drinks it doesn't, but if he doesn't dilute it at all, he puts on the market four and a half gallons of intoxicating liquor, thirty-six pints. I am not going to trace the thirty-six pints. It will take too long. But I want to trace three of them and I will give you no imaginary stories plucked from the brain of an excited orator. I will take instances from the judicial pages of the Supreme Court and the Circuit Court judges' reports in Indiana and in Illinois to make my case.

Several years ago in the city of Chicago a young man of good parents, good character, one Sunday crossed the street and entered a saloon, open against the law. He found there boon companions. There were laughter, song and jest and much drinking. After awhile, drunk, insanely drunk, his money gone, he was kicked into the street. He found his way across to his mother's home. He importuned her for money to buy more drink. She refused him. He seized from the sideboard a revolver and ran out into the street and with the expressed determination of entering the saloon and getting more drink, money or no money. His fond mother followed him into the street. She put her hand upon turn in a loving restraint. He struck it from him in anger, and then his sister came and added her entreaty in vain. And then a neighbor, whom he knew, trusted and respected, came and put his hand on him in gentleness and friendly kindness, but in an insanity of drunken rage he raised the revolver and shot his friend dead in his blood upon the street. There was a trial; he was found guilty of murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment, and when the little mother heard the verdict - a frail little bit of a woman - she threw up her hands and fell in a swoon. In three hours she was dead.

In the streets of Freeport, Illinois, a young man of good family became involved in a controversy with a lewd woman of the town. He went in a drunken frenzy to his father's home, armed himself with a deadly weapon and set out for the city in search of the woman with whom he had quarreled. The first person he met upon the public square in the city, in the daylight, in a place where she had a right to be, was one of the most refined and cultured women of Freeport. She carried in her arms her babe, motherhood and babyhood, upon the streets of Freeport in the day time, where they had a right to be, but this young man in his drunken insanity mistook her for the woman he sought and shot her dead upon the streets with her babe in her arms. He was tried and Judge Ferand, in sentencing him to life imprisonment said: "You are the seventh man in two years to be sentenced for murder while intoxicated."

In the city of Anderson, you remember the tragedy in the Blake home. A young man came home intoxicated, demanding money of his mother. She refused it. He seized from the wood box a hatchet and killed his mother and then robbed her. You remember he fled. The officer of the law pursued him and brought him back. An indictment was read to him charging him with the murder of the mother who had given him his birth, of her who had gone down into the valley of the shadow of death to give him life, of her who had looked down into his blue eyes and thanked God for his life. And he said, "I am guilty; I did it all." And Judge McClure sentenced him to life imprisonment.

Now I have followed probably three of the thirty-six pints of the farmer's product of a bushel of corn and the three of them have struck down seven lives, the three boys who committed the murders, the three persons who were killed and the little mother who died of a broken heart. And now, I want to know, my farmer friend, if this has been a good commercial transaction for you? You sold a bushel of corn; you found a market; you got fifty cents; but a fraction of this product struck down seven lives, all of whom would have been consumers of your products for their life expectancy. And do you mean to say that is a good economic transaction to you? That disposes of the market question until it is answered; let no man argue further.

More Economics

And say, my friends, New York City's annual drink bill is \$365,000,000 a year, \$1,000,000 a day. Listen a minute. That is four times the annual output of gold, and six times the value of all the silver mined in the United States. And in New York there is one saloon for every thirty families. The money spent in New York by the working people for drink in ten years would buy every working man in New York a beautiful home, allowing \$3,500 for house and lot. It would take fifty persons one year to count the money in \$1 bills, and they would cover 10,000 acres of ground. That is what the people in New York dump into the whisky hole in one year. And then you wonder why there is poverty and crime, and that the country is not more prosperous.

The whisky gang is circulating a circular about Kansas City, Kansas. I defy you to prove a statement in it. Kansas City is a town of 100,000 population, and temperance went into effect July 1, 1905. Then they had 250 saloons, 200 gambling hells and 60 houses of ill fame. The population was largely foreign, and inquiries have come from Germany, Sweden and Norway, asking the influence of . the enforcement of the prohibitory law.

At the end of one year the president of one of the largest banks in that city, a man who protested against the enforcement of the prohibitory law on the ground that it would hurt business, found that his bank deposits had increased \$1,700,000, and seventy-two per cent of the deposits were from men who had never saved a cent before, and forty-two per cent came from men who never had a dollar in the bank, but because the saloons were driven out they had a chance to save, and the people who objected on the grounds that it would injure business found an increase of 209 per cent in building operations; and, furthermore, there were three times as many more people seeking investment, and court expenses decreased \$25,000 in one year.

Who pays to feed and keep the gang you have in jail? Why, you go down in your sock and pay for what the saloon has dumped in there. They don't do it. Mr. Whisky Man, why don't you go down and take a picture of wrecked and blighted homes, and of insane asylums, with gibbering idiots. Why don't you take a picture of that?

At Kansas City, Kansas, before the saloons were closed, they were getting ready to build an addition to the jail. Now the doors swing idly on the hinges and there is nobody to lock in the jails. And the commissioner of the Poor Farm says there is a wonderful falling off of old men and women coming to the Poor House, because their sons and daughters are saving their money and have quit spending it for drink. And they had to employ eighteen new school teachers for 600 boys and girls, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, that had never gone to school before because they had to help a drunken father support the family. And they have just set aside \$200,000 to build a new school house, and the bonded indebtedness was reduced \$245,000 in one year without the saloon revenue. And don't you know another thing: In 1906, when they had the saloon, the population, according to the directory, was 89,655. According to the census of 1907 the population was 100,835, or an increase of twelve per cent in one year, without the grogshop. In two years the bank deposits increased \$3,930,000.

You say, drive out the saloon and you kill business - Ha! Ha! "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

I tell you, gentlemen, the American home is the dearest heritage of the people, for the people, and by the people, and when a man can go from home in the morning with the kisses of wife and children on his lips, and come back at night with an empty dinner bucket to a happy home, that man is a better man, whether white or black. Whatever takes away the comforts of home, whatever degrades that man or woman, whatever invades the sanctity of the home, is the deadliest foe to the home, to church, to state and school, and the saloon is the deadliest foe to the home, the church and the state, on top of God Almighty's dirt. And if all the combined forces of hell should assemble in conclave, and with them all the men on earth that hate and despise God, and purity, and virtue, if all the scum of the earth could mingle with the denizens of hell to try to think of the deadliest institution to home, to church and state, I tell you, sir, the combined hellish intelligence could not conceive of or bring an institution that could touch the hem of the garment of the open licensed saloon to damn the home and manhood, and womanhood, and business and every other good thing on God's earth.

In the Island of Jamaica the rats increased so that they destroyed the crops, and they introduced a mongoose, which is a species of the coon. They have three breeding seasons a year and there are twelve to fifteen in each brood, and they are deadly enemies of the rats. The result was that the rats disappeared and there was nothing more for the mongoose to feed upon, so they attacked the snakes, and the frogs, and the lizards that fed upon the insects, with the result that the insects increased and they stripped the gardens, eating up the onions and the lettuce and then the mongoose attacked the sheep and the cats, and the puppies, and the calves and the geese. Now Jamaica is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to get rid of the mongoose.

The American Mongoose

The American mongoose is the open licensed saloon. It eats the carpets off the floor and the clothes from off your back, your money out of the bank, and it eats up character, and it goes on until at last it leaves a stranded wreck in the home, a skeleton of what was once brightness and happiness.

There were some men playing cards on a railroad train, and one fellow pulled out a whisky flask and passed it about, and when it came to the drummer he said, "No." "What," they said, "have you got on the water wagon?" and they all laughed at him- He said, "You can laugh if you want to, but I was born with an appetite for drink, and for years I have taken from five to ten glasses per day, but I was at home in Chicago not long ago and I have a friend who has a pawn shop there. I was in there when in came a young fellow with ashen cheeks and a wild look on his face. He came up trembling, threw down a little package and said, 'Give me ten cents.' And what do you think was in that package? It was a pair of baby shoes.

"My friend said, 'No, I cannot take them. "But, he said, 'give me a dime. I must have a drink.' "No, take them back home, your baby will need them.' "And the poor fellow said, 'My baby is dead, and I want a drink.' "

Boys, I don't blame you for the lump that comes up in your throat. There is no law, divine or human, that the saloon respects. Lincoln said, "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." I say, if the saloon, with its train of diseases, crime and misery, is not wrong, then nothing on earth is wrong. If the fight is to be won we need men - men that will fight - the Church, Catholic and Protestant, must fight it or run away, and thank God she will not run away, but fight to the last ditch.

Who works the hardest for his money, the saloon man or you?

Who has the most money Sunday morning, the saloon man or you?

The saloon comes as near being a rat hole for a wage-earner to dump his wages in as anything you can find. The only interest it pays is red eyes and foul breath, and the loss of health. You can go in with money and you come out with empty pockets. You go in with character and you come out ruined. You go in with a good position and you lose it. You lose your position in the bank, or in the cab of the locomotive. And it pays nothing back but disease and damnation and gives an extra dividend in delirium tremens and a free pass to hell. And then it will let you, wife be buried in the potter's field, and your children go to the asylum, and yet you walk out and say the saloon is a good institution, when it is the dirtiest thing on earth. It hasn't one leg to stand on and has nothing to commend it to a decent man, not one thing.

"But," you say, "we will regulate it by high license." Regulate what by high license? You might as well try and regulate a powder mill in hell. Do you want to pay taxes in boys, or dirty money? A man that will sell out to that dirty business I have no use for. See how absurd their arguments are. If you drink Bourbon in a saloon that pays \$1,000 a year license, will it eat your stomach less than if you drink it in a saloon that pays \$500 license? Is it going to have any different effect on you, whether the gang pays \$500 or \$1,000 license? No. It will make no difference whether you drink it over a mahogany counter or a pine counter, it will have the same effect on you; it will damn you. So there is no use talking about it.

In some insane asylums, do you know what they do? When they want to test some patient to see whether he has recovered his reason, they have a room with a faucet in, and a cement floor, and they give the patient a mop and tell him to mop

up the floor. And if he has sense enough to turn off the faucet and mop up the floor they will parole him, but should he let the faucet run, they know that he is crazy.

Well, that is what you are trying to do. You are trying to mop it up with taxes and insane asylums and jails and Keeley cures, and reformatories. The only thing to do is to shut off the source of supply.

A man was delivering a temperance address at a fair grounds and a fellow came up to him and said: "Are you the fellow that gave a talk on temperance?" "Yes."

"Well, I think that the managers did a dirty piece of business to let you give a lecture on temperance. You have hurt my business and my business is a legal one."

"You are right there," said the lecturer, "they did do a mean trick; I would complain to the officers." And he took up a premium list and said: "By the way, I see there is a premium of so much offered for the best horse and cow and butter. What business are you in?"

"I'm in the liquor business."

"Well, I don't see that they offer any premium for your business. You ought to go down and compel them to offer a premium for your business and they ought to offer on the list \$25 for the best wrecked home, \$15 for the best bloated bum that you can show, and \$10 for the finest specimen of broken-hearted wife, and they ought to give \$25 for the finest specimens of thieves and gamblers you can trot out. You can bring out the finest looking criminals. If you have something that is good trot it out. You ought to come in competition with the farmer, with his stock, and the fancy work, and the canned fruit."

The Saloon a Coward

As Dr. Howard said: "I tell you that the saloon is a coward. It hides itself behind stained-glass doors and opaque windows, and sneaks its customers in at a blind door, and it keeps a sentinel to guard the door from the officers of the law, and it marks its wares with false bills-of-lading, and offers to ship green goods to you and marks them with the name of wholesome articles of food so people won't know what is being sent to you. And so vile did that business get that the legislature of Indiana passed a law forbidding a saloon to ship goods without being properly labeled. And the United States Congress passed a law forbidding them to send whisky through the mails.

I tell you it strikes in the night. It fights under cover of darkness and assassinates the characters that it cannot damn, and it lies about you. It attacks defenseless womanhood and childhood. The saloon is a coward. It is a thief; it is not an ordinary court offender that steals your money, but it robs you of manhood and leaves you in rags and takes away your friends, and it robs your family. It impoverishes your children and it brings insanity and suicide. It will take the shirt off your back and it will steal the coffin from a dead child and yank the last crust of bread out of the hand of the starving child; it will take the last bucket of coal out of your cellar, and the last cent out of your pocket, and will send you home bleary-eyed and staggering to your wife and children. It will steal the milk from the breast of the mother and leave her with nothing with which to feed her infant. It will take the virtue from your daughter. It is the dirtiest, most low-down, damnable business that ever crawled out of the pit of hell. It is a sneak, and a thief and a coward.

It is an infidel. It has no faith in God; has no religion. It would close every church in the land. It would hang its beer signs on the abandoned altars. It would close every public school. It respects the thief and it esteems the blasphemer; it fills the prisons and the penitentiaries. It despises heaven, hates love, scorns virtue. It tempts the passions. Its music is the song of a siren. Its sermons are a collection of lewd, vile stories. It wraps a mantle about the hope of this world and that to come. Its tables are full of the vilest literature. It is the moral clearing house for rot, and damnation, and poverty, and insanity, and it wrecks homes and blights lives today.

God's Worst Enemy

The saloon is a liar. It promises good cheer and sends sorrow. It promises health and causes disease. It promises prosperity and sends adversity. It promises happiness and sends misery. Yes, it sends the husband home with a lie on his lips to his wife; and the boy home with a lie on his lips to his mother; and it causes the employee to lie to his employer. It degrades. It is God's worst enemy and the devil's best friend. . It spares neither youth nor old age. It is waiting with a dirty blanket for the baby to crawl into the world. It lies in wait for the unborn.

It cocks the highwayman's pistol. It puts the rope in the hands of the mob. It is the anarchist of the world and its dirty red flag is dyed with the blood of women and children. It sent the bullet through the body of Lincoln; it nerved the arm that sent the bullets through Garfield and William McKinley. Yes, it is a murderer. Every plot that was ever hatched against the government and law, was born and bred, and crawled out of the grog-shop to damn this country.

I tell you that the curse of God Almighty is on the saloon. Legislatures are legislating against it. Decent society is barring it out. The fraternal brotherhoods are knocking it out. The Masons and Odd Fellows, and the Knights of Pythias and the A. O. U. W. are closing their doors to the whisky sellers. They don't want you wriggling your carcass in their lodges. Yes, sir, I tell you, the curse of God is on it. It is on the down grade. It is headed for hell, and, by the grace of God, I am going to give it a push, with a whoop, for all I know how. Listen to me. I am going to show you how we burn up our money. It costs twenty cents to make a gallon of whisky; sold over the counter at ten cents a glass, it will bring four dollars.

"But," said the saloonkeeper, "Bill, you must figure on the strychnine and the cochineal, arid other stuff they put in it, and it will bring nearer eight dollars."

Yes; it increases the heart beat thirty times more in a minute, when you consider the licorice and potash and logwood and other poisons that are put in. I believe one cause for the unprecedented increase of crime is due to the poison put in the stuff nowadays to make it go as far as they can.

I am indebted to my friend, George B. Stuart, for some of the following points:

I will show you how your money is burned up. It costs twenty cents to make a gallon of whisky, sold over the counter at ten cents a glass, which brings four dollars. Listen, where does it go? Who gets the twenty cents? The farmer for his corn or rye. Who gets the rest? The United States government for collecting revenue, and the big corporations, and part is used to pave our streets and pay our > police. I'll show you. I'm going to show you how it is burned up, and you don't need half sense to catch on, and if you don't understand just keep still and nobody will know the difference.

I say, "Hey, Colonel Politics, what is the matter with the country?"

He swells up like a poisoned pup and says to me, "Bill, why the silver bugbear. That's what is the matter with the country."

The total value of the silver produced in this country in 1912 was \$39,000,000. Hear me! In 1912 the total value of the gold produced in this country was \$93,000,000, and we dumped thirty-six times that much in the whisky hole and didn't fill it. What is the matter? The total value of all the gold and silver produced in 1912 was \$132,000,000, and we dumped twenty-five times that amount in the whisky hole and didn't fill it.

What is the matter with the country, Colonel Politics? He swells up and says, "Mr. Sunday, Standpatism, sir."

I say, "You are an old windbag."

"Oh," says another, "revision of the tariff." Another man says, "Free trade; open the doors at the ports and let them pour the products in and we will put the trusts on the sidetrack."

Say, you come with me to every port of entry. Listen! In 1912 the total value of all the imports was \$1,812,000,000, and we dumped that much m the whisky hole in twelve months and did not fill it.

"Oh," says a man, "let us court South America and Europe to sell our products. That's what is the matter; we are not exporting enough."

Last year the total value of all the exports was \$2,362,000,000, and we dumped that amount in the whisky hole in one year and didn't fill it.

One time I was down in Washington and went to the United States treasury and said: "I wish you would let me go where you don't let the general public." And they took us around on the inside and we walked into a room about twenty feet long and fifteen feet wide and as many feet high, and I said, "What is this?"

"This is the vault that contains all of the national bank stock in the United States."

I said, "How much is here?"

They said, "\$578,000,000."

And we dumped nearly four times the value of the national bank stock in the United States into the whisky hole last year, and we didn't fill the hole up at that. What is the matter? Say, whenever the day comes that all the Catholic and Protestant churches, just when the day comes when you will say to the whisky business: "You go to hell," that day the whisky business will go to hell. But you sit there, you old whisky-voting elder and deacon and vestryman, and you wouldn't strike your hands together on the proposition. It would stamp you an old hypocrite and you know it.

Say, hold on a bit. Have you got a silver dollar? I am going to show you how it is burned up. We have in this country 250,000 saloons, and allowing fifty feet frontage for each saloon it makes a street from New York to Chicago, and 5,000,000 men, women and children go daily into the saloon for drink. And marching twenty miles a day it would take thirty days to pass this building, and marching five abreast they would reach 590 miles. There they go; look at them!

On the first day of January, 500,000 of the young men of our nation entered the grog-shop and began a public career hellward, and on the 31st of December I will come back here and summon you people, and ring the bell and raise the curtain and say to the saloon and breweries: "On the first day of January, I gave you 500,000 of the brain and muscle of our land, and I want them back and have come in the name of the home and church and school; father mother, sister, sweetheart; give me back what I gave you. March out."

I count, and 165,000 have lost their appetites and have become muttering, bleary-eyed drunkards, wallowing in their own excrement, and I say, "What is it I hear, a funeral dirge?" What is that procession? A funeral procession 3,000 miles long and 110,000 hearses in the procession. One hundred and ten thousand men die drunkards in the land of the free and home of the brave. Listen! In an hour twelve men die drunkards, 300 a day and 110,000 a year. One man will leap in front of a train, another will plunge from the dock into a lake, another will throw his hands to his head and life will end. Another will cry, "Mother," and his life will go out like a burnt match.

I stand in front of the jails and count the whisky criminals. They say, "Yes, Bill, I fired the bullet." "Yes, I backed my wife into the corner and beat her life out. I am waiting for the scaffold; I am waiting." "I am waiting," says another, "to slip into hell." On, on, it goes. Say, let me summon the wifehood, and the motherhood, and the childhood and see the tears rain down the upturned faces. People, tears are too weak for that hellish business. Tears are only salty backwater that well up at the bidding of an occult power, and I will tell you there are 865,000 whisky orphan children in the United States, enough in the world to belt the globe three times around, punctured at every fifth point by a drunkard's widow.

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

What Will a Dollar Buy?

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

"Hello, John, what did you bring home?"

"A quart."

What will a quart do? It will burn up my happiness and my home and fill my home with squalor and want. So there is the dollar. The saloonkeeper has it. Here is my quart. There you get the whisky end, of it. Here you get the workingman's end of the saloon.

But come on; I will go to a store and spend the dollar for a pair of shoes. I want them for my son, and he puts them on his feet, and with the shoes to protect his feet he goes out and earns another dollar, and my dollar becomes a silver thread in the woof and warp of happiness and joy, and the man that owns the building gets some, and the clerk that sold the shoes gets some, and the merchant, and the traveling man, and the wholesale house gets some, and the factory, and the man that made the shoes, and the man that tanned the hide, and the butcher that bought the calf, and the little colored fellow that shined the shoes, and my dollar spread itself and nobody is made worse for spending the money.

I join the Booster Club for business and prosperity. A man said, "I will tell you what is the matter with the country: it's overproduction." You lie, it is under consumption.

Say, wife, the bread that ought to be in your stomach to satisfy the cravings of hunger is down yonder in the grocery store, and your husband hasn't money enough to carry it home. The meat that ought to satisfy your hunger hangs in the butcher shop. Your husband hasn't any money to buy it. The cloth for a dress is lying on the shelf in the store, but your husband hasn't the money to buy it. The whisky gang has his money.

What is the matter with our country? I would like to do this. I would like to see every booze-fighter get on the water wagon. I would like to summon all the drunkards in America and say: "Boys, let's cut her out and spend the money for flour, meat and calico; what do you say?" Say I \$500,000,000 will buy all the flour in the United States; \$500,000,000 will buy all the beef cattle, and \$500,000,000 will buy all the cotton at \$50 a bale. But we dumped more money than that in the whisky hole last year, and we didn't fill it. Come on; I'm going to line up the drunkards. Everybody fall in. Come on, ready, forward, march. Right, left, here I come with all the drunkards. We will line up in front of a butcher shop. The butcher says, "What do you want, a piece of neck?"

"No; how much do I owe you?" "Three dollars." "Here's your dough. Now give me a porterhouse steak and a sirloin roast."

"Where did you get all that money?"

"Went to hear Bill and climbed on the water wagon." "Hello! What do you want?" "Beefsteak."

"What do you want?" "Beefsteak."

We empty the shop and the butcher runs to the telephone. "Hey, Central, give me the slaughter house. Have you got any beef, any pork, any mutton?"

They strip the slaughter house, and then telephone to Swift, and Armour, and Nelson Morris, and Cudahy, to send down trainloads of beefsteaks.

"The whole bunch has got on the water wagon."

And Swift and the other big packers in Chicago say to their salesmen: "Buy beef, pork and mutton."

The farmer sees the price of cattle and sheep jump up to three times their value. Let me take the money you dump into the whisky hole and buy beefsteaks with it. I will show what is the matter with America. I think the liquor business is the dirtiest, rottenest business this side of hell.

Come on, are you ready? Fall in! We line up in front of a grocery store.

"What do you want?"

"Why, I want flour. What do you want? Flour."

"What do you want?"

"Flour."

"Pillsbury, Minneapolis, 'Sleepy Eye'?"

"Yes, ship in trainloads of flour; send on fast mail schedule, with an engine in front, one behind and a Mogul in the middle."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, the workingmen have stopped spending their money for booze and have begun to buy flour."

They tell their men to buy wheat and the farmers see the price jump to over \$2 per bushel. What's the matter with the country? Why, the whisky gang has your money and you have an empty stomach, and yet you will walk up and vote for the dirty booze.

Come on, cut out the booze, boys. Get on the water wagon; get on for the sake of your wife and babies, and hit the booze a blow.

Come on, ready, forward, march! Eight, left, halt! We are in front of a dry goods store.

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"What do you want?"

"Calico."

"Calico; all right, come on." The stores are stripped. Marshall Field, Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., J. V. Farreu, send down calico. The whole bunch has voted out the saloons and we have such a demand for calico we don't know what to do. And

the big stores telegraph to Fall River to ship calico, and the factories telegraph to buy cotton, and they tell their salesmen to buy cotton, and the cotton plantation man sees cotton jump up to \$150 a bale. What is the matter? Your children are going naked and the whisky gang has got your money. That's what's the matter with you. Don't listen to those old whisky-soaked politicians who say "stand pat on the saloon."

Come with me. Now, remember, we have the whole bunch of booze fighters on the water wagon, and I'm going home now. Over there I was John, the drunken bum, The whisky gang got my dollar and I got the quart. Over here I am John on the water wagon. The merchant got my dollar and I have his meat, flour and calico, and I'm going home now. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home without booze."

"Two porterhouse steaks, Sally."

"What's that bundle, Pa?"

"Clothes to make you a new dress, Sis. Your mother has fixed your old one so often, it looks like a crazy quilt."

"And what have you there?"

"That's a pair of shoes for you, Tom; and here is some cloth to make you a pair of pants. Your mother has patched the old ones so often, they look like the map of United States."

What's the matter with the country? We have been dumping into the whisky hole the money that ought to have been spent for flour, beef and calico, and we haven't the hole filled up yet.

A man comes along and says: "Are you a drunkard?"

"Yes, I'm a drunkard."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to hell."

"Why?"

"Because the Good Book says: 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God,' so I am going to hell."

Another man comes along and I say: "Are you a church member?"

"Yes, I am a church member."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to heaven."

"Did you vote for the saloon?"

"Yes."

"Then you shall go to hell."

Say, if the man that drinks the whisky goes to hell, the man that votes for the saloon that sold the whisky to him will go to hell. If the man that drinks the whisky goes to hell, and the man that sold the whisky to the men that drank it, goes to heaven, then the poor drunkard will have the right to stand on the brink of eternal damnation and put his arms around the pillar of justice, shake his fist in the face of the Almighty and say, "Unjust! Unjust!" If you vote for the dirty business you

ought to go to hell as sure as you live, and I would like to fire the furnace while you are there. Some fellow says, "Drive the saloon out and the buildings will be empty." Which would you rather have, empty buildings or empty jails, penitentiaries and insane asylums? You drink the stuff and what have you to say? You that vote for it, and you that sell it? Look at them painted on the canvas of your recollection.

The Gin Mill

"Hello, there, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A sawmill."

"And what do you make?"

"We make boards out of logs."

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

"Yes."

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

He goes up to another mill and says:

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

"A grist mill."

"What do you make?"

"Flour and meal out of wheat and corn."

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

"Yes."

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

He goes up to another mill and says:

"What kind of a mill are you?" "A paper mill." "What do you make paper out of?" "Straw and rags."

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

He goes up to another mill and says:

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

"A gin mill."

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

"A gin mill."

"What is your raw material?"

"The boys of America."

The gin mills of this country must have 2,000,000 boys or shut up shop. Say, walk down your streets, count the homes and every fifth home has to furnish a boy for a drunkard. Have you furnished yours? No. Then I have to furnish two to make up.

"What is your raw material?"

"American boys."

"Then I will pick up the boys and give them to you."

A man says, "Hold on, not that boy, he is mine."

Then I will say to you what a saloonkeeper said to me when I protested, "I am not interested in boys; to hell with your boys."

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

"Bleary-eyed, low-down, staggering men and the scum of God's dirt."

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

Listen! Here is an extract from the Saturday Evening Post of November 9, 1907, taken from a paper read by a brewer. You will say that a man didn't say it: "It appears from these facts that the success of our business lies in the creation of appetite among the boys. Men who have formed the habit scarcely ever reform, but they, like others, will die, and unless there are recruits made to take their places, our coffers will be empty, and I recommend to you that money spent in the creation of appetite will return in dollars to your tills after the habit is formed."

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

I feel like an old fellow in Tennessee who made his living by catching rattlesnakes. He caught one with fourteen rattles and put it in a box with a glass top. One day when he was sawing wood his little five-year old boy;

Jim, took the lid off and the rattler wriggled out and struck him in the cheek. He ran to his father and said, "The rattler has bit me." The father ran and chopped the rattler to pieces, and with his jackknife he cut a chunk from the boy's cheek and then sucked and sucked at the wound to draw out the poison. -He looked at little Jim, watched the pupils of his eyes dilate and watched him swell to three times his normal size, watched his lips become parched and cracked, and eyes roll, and little Jim gasped and died.

The father took him in his arms, carried him over by the side of the rattler, got on his knees and said, "O God, I would not give little Jim for all [the rattlers that ever crawled over the Blue Ridge mountains."

And I would not give one boy for every dirty dollar you get from the hell-soaked liquor business or from every brewery and distillery this side of hell.

In a Northwest city a preacher sat at his breakfast table one Sunday morning. The doorbell rang; he answered it; and there stood a little boy, twelve years of age. He was on crutches, right leg off at the knee, shivering, and he said, "Please, sir, will you come up to the jail and talk and pray with papa? He murdered mamma. Papa was good and kind, but whisky did it, and I have to support my three little sisters. I sell newspapers and black boots. Will you go up and talk and pray with

papa? And will you come home and be with us when they bring him back? The governor says we can have his body after they hang him."

The preacher hurried to the jail and talked and prayed with the man. He had no knowledge of what he had done. He said, "I don't blame the law, but it breaks my heart to think that my children must be left in a cold and heartless world. Oh, sir, whisky did it."

The preacher was at the little hut when up drove the undertaker's wagon and they carried out the pine coffin. They led the little boy up to the coffin, he leaned over and kissed his father and sobbed, and said to his sister, "Come on, sister, kiss papa's cheeks before they grow cold." And the little hungry, ragged, whisky orphans hurried to the coffin, shrieking in agony. Police, whose hearts were adamant, buried their faces in their hands and rushed from the house, and the preacher fell on his knees and lifted his clenched fist and tear-stained face and took an oath before God, and before the whisky orphans, that he would fight the cursed business until the undertaker carried him out in a coffin.

A Chance for Manhood

You men have a chance to show your manhood. Then in the name of your pure mother, in the name of your manhood, in the name of your wife and the poor innocent children that climb up on your lap and put their arms around your neck, in the name of all that is good and noble, fight the curse. Shall you men, who hold in your hands the ballot, and in that ballot held the destiny of womanhood and childhood and manhood, shall you, the sovereign power, refuse to rally in the name of the defenseless men and women and native land? No.

I want every man to say, "God, you can count on me to protect my wife, my home, my mother and my children and the manhood of America."

By the mercy of God, which has given to you the unshaken and unshakable confidence of her you love, I beseech you, make a fight for the women who wait until the saloons spew out their husbands and their sons, and send them home maudlin, brutish, devilish, stinking, blear-eyed, bloated-faced drunkards.

You say you can't prohibit men from drinking. Why, if Jesus Christ were here today some of you would keep on in sin just the same. But the law can be enforced against whisky just the same as it can be enforced against anything else, if you have honest officials to enforce it. Of course it doesn't prohibit. There isn't a law on the books of the state that prohibits. We have laws against murder. Do they prohibit? We have laws against burglary. Do they prohibit? We have laws against arson, rape, but they do not prohibit. Would you introduce a bill to repeal all the laws that do not prohibit? Any law will prohibit to a certain extent if honest officials enforce it. But no law will absolutely prohibit. We can make a law against liquor prohibit as much as any law prohibits.

Or would you introduce a bill saying, if you pay \$1,000 a year you can kill any one you don't like; or by paying \$500 a year you can attack any girl you want to; or by paying \$100 a year you can steal anything that suits you? That's what you do with the dirtiest, rottenest gang this side of hell. You say for so much a year you can have a license to make staggering, reeling, drunken sots, murderers and thieves and vagabonds. You say, "Bill, you're too hard on the whisky." I don't agree. Not on your life. There was a fellow going along the pike and a farmer's dog ran snapping at him. He tried to drive it back with a pitchfork he carried, and failing to do so he pinned it to the ground with the prongs. Out came the farmer: "Hey, why don't you use the other end of that fork?" He answered "Why didn't the dog come at me with the other end?"

Personal Liberty

Personal liberty is not personal license. I dare not exercise personal liberty if it infringes on the liberty of others. Our forefathers did not fight and die for personal license but for personal liberty bounded by laws. Personal liberty is the liberty of a murderer, a burglar, a seducer, or a wolf that wants to remain in a sheep fold, or the weasel in a hen roost. You have no right to vote for an institution that is going to drag your sons and daughters to hell.

If you were the only persons in this city you would have a perfect right to drive your horse down the street at breakneck speed; you would have a right to make a race track out of the streets for your auto; you could build a slaughter house in the public square; you could build a glue factory in the public square. But when the population increases from one to 600,000 you can't do it. You say, "Why can't I run my auto? I own it. Why can't I run my horse? I own it. Why can't I build the slaughter house? I own the lot." Yes, but there are 600,000 people here now and other people have rights.

So law stands between you and personal liberty, you miserable dog. You can't build a slaughter house in your front yard, because the law says you can't. As long as I am standing here on this platform I have personal liberty. I can swing my arms at will. But the minute any one else steps on the platform my personal liberty ceases. It stops just one inch from the other fellow's nose.

When you come staggering home, cussing right and left and spewing and spitting, your wife suffers, your children suffer. Don't think that you are the only one that suffers. A man that goes to the penitentiary makes his wife and children suffer just as much as he does. You're placing a shame on your wife and children. If you're a dirty, low-down, filthy, drunken, whisky-soaked bum you'll affect all with whom you come in contact. If you're a God-fearing man you will influence all with whom you come in contact. You can't live by yourself with my business?"

If I heard a man beating his wife and heard her shrieks and the children's cries and my wife would tell me to go and see what was the matter, and I went in and found a great big, broad-shouldered, whisky-soaked, hog-jowled, weasel-eyed brute dragging a little woman around by the hair, and two children in the corner unconscious from his kicks and the others yelling in abject terror, and he said, "What are you coming in to interfere with my personal liberty for? Isn't this my wife, didn't I pay for the license to wed her?" You ought, or you're a bigamist. "Aren't these my children; didn't I pay the doctor to bring them into the world?" You ought to, or you're a thief. "If I want to beat them, what is that your business, aren't they mine?" Would I apologize? Never! I'd knock seven kinds of pork out of that old hog.

The Moderate Drinker

I remember when I was secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago, I had the saloon route. I had to go around and give tickets inviting men to come to the Y. M. C. A. services. And one day I was told to count the men going into a certain saloon. Not the ones already in, but just those going in. In sixty-two minutes I could count just 1,004 men going in there. I went in then and met a fellow who used to be my side-kicker out in Iowa, and he threw down a mint julep while I stood there, and I asked him what he was doing.

" Oh, just come down to the theater," he said, "and came over for a drink between acts."

I said to my friend, "George, do you see that old drunken bum, down and out? There was a time when he was just like you. No drunkard ever intended to be a drunkard. Every drunkard intended to be a moderate drinker."

"Oh, you're unduly excited over my welfare," he said. "I never expect to get that far."

"Neither did that bum," I answered. I was standing on another corner less than eight months afterward and I saw a bum coming along with head down, his eyes bloodshot, his face bloated, and he panhandled me for a flapjack before I recognized him. It was George. He had lost his job and was on the toboggan slide hitting it for hell. I say if sin weren't so deceitful it wouldn't be so attractive. Every added drink makes it harder.

Some just live for booze. Some say, "I need it. It keeps me warm in winter." Another says, "It keeps me cool in summer." Well, if it keeps you warm in winter and cool in summer, why is it that out of those who freeze to death and are sun-struck the greater part of them are booze-hoisters? Every one takes it for the alcohol there is in it. Take that out and you would as soon drink dish water.

I can buy a can of good beef extract and dip the point of my knife in the can and get more nourishment on the point of that knife than in 800 gallons of the best beer. If the brewers of this land today were making their beer in Germany, ninety per

cent of them would be in jail. The extract on the point of the knife represents one and three-quarter pounds of good beefsteak. Just think, you have to make a swill barrel out of your bellies and a sewer if you want to get that much nourishment out of beer and run 800 gallons through. Oh, go ahead, if you want to, but I'll try to help you just the same.

Every man has blood corpuscles and their object is to take the impurities out of your system. Perspiration is for the same thing. Every time you work or I preach the impurities come out. Every time you sweat there is a destroying power going on inside. The blood goes through the heart every seventeen seconds. Oh, we have a marvelous system. In some spots there are 4,000 pores to the square inch and a grain of sand will cover 150 of them. I can strip you and cover you with shellac and you'll be dead in forty-eight hours. Oh, we are fearfully and wonderfully made.

Alcohol knocks the blood corpuscles out of business so that it takes eight to ten to do what one ought to do. There's a man who drinks. Here's a fellow who drives a beer wagon. Look how pussy he is. He's full of rotten tissue. He says he's healthy. Smell his breath. You punch your finger in that healthy flesh he talks about and the dent will be there a half an hour afterwards. You look like you don't believe it. Try it when you go to bed tonight. Pneumonia has a first mortgage on a booze-hoister.

Take a fellow with good, healthy muscles, and you punch them and they bound out like a rubber band. The first thing about a crushed strawberry stomach is a crushed strawberry nose. Nature lets the public on the outside know what is going on inside. If I could just take the stomach of a moderate drinker and turn it wrong side out for you, it would be all the temperance lecture you would need. You knew what alcohol does to the white of an egg. It will cook it in a few minutes. Well, alcohol does the same thing to the nerves as to the white of an egg. That's why some men can't walk. They stagger because their nerves are partly paralyzed.

The liver is the largest organ of the body. It takes all of the blood in the body and purifies it and takes out the poisons and passes them on to the gall and from there they go to the intestines and act as oil does on machinery. When a man drinks the liver becomes covered with hob nails, and then refuses to do the work, and the poisons stay in the blood. Then the victim begins to turn yellow. He has the jaundice. The kidneys take what is left and purify that. The booze that a man drinks turns them hard.

That's what booze is doing for you. Isn't it tune you went red hot after the enemy? I'm trying to help you. I'm trying to put a carpet on your floor, pull the pillows out of the window, give you and your children and wife good clothes. I'm trying to get you to save your money instead of buying a machine for the saloonkeeper while you have to foot it.

By the grace of God I have strength enough to pass the open saloon, but some of you can't, so I owe it to you to help you.

I've stood for more sneers and scoffs and insults and had my life threatened from one end of the land to the other by this God-forsaken gang of thugs and cutthroats because I have come out uncompromisingly against them. I've taken more dirty, vile insults from this low-down bunch than from any one on earth, but there is no one that will reach down lower, or reach higher up or wider, to help you out of the pits of drunkenness than I.

The Curse of Liquor!

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

As preached in Boston, MA

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

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

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

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

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

Crime and Idiocy

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

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

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

Five Points, in New York, was a spot as near like hell as any spot on earth. There are five streets that run to this point, and right in the middle was an old brewery, and the streets on either side were lined with grog shops. The newspapers turned a search light on the districts, and before they could stop it the first thing they had to do was to buy the old brewery and turn it into a mission, and today it is a decent, respectable place.

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

Sum of All Villainies

The saloon is the sum of all villainies. It is worse than war or pestilence. It is the crime of crimes. It is parent of crimes and the mother of sins. It is the appalling source of misery and crime in the land and the principal cause of crime. It is the source of three-fourths of the taxes to support that crime. And to license such an incarnate fiend of hell is the dirtiest, low-down, damnable business on top of this old earth. There is nothing to be compared to it.

The Legislature of Illinois appropriated \$6,000,000 in 1908 to take care of the insane people in the state, and the whiskey business produces 75 per cent of the insane. That is what you go down in your pocket for to help support. If I remember rightly the Legislature appropriated nearly \$9,000,000 to take care of the state institution. Do away with the saloon, and you will close these institutions. The saloons make them necessary, and they make the poverty and fill the jails and the penitentiaries. Who has to pay the bills? The landlord who doesn't get the rent because the money goes for whiskey; the butcher and the grocer, and the charitable person who takes pity on the children of drunkards, and the tax payer who supports the insane asylums and other institutions that the whiskey business keeps full of human wrecks.

Do away with the cursed business and you will not have to put up to support them. Who gets the money? The saloon keepers and the brewers, and the distillers, while the whiskey fills the land with misery and poverty and wretchedness and disease and death and damnation and it is being authorized by the will of the sovereign people.

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

Drink and Bankruptcy

Now listen! In 1912 the income of the United States government and the cities and towns and counties from the whiskey business was \$134,000,000. That is putting it liberally. You say that's a lot of money. Well, last year the working men spent \$2,200,000,000 for drink, and it cost \$1,200,000,000 to care for the judicial machinery. In other words, the whiskey business cost us \$3,400,000,000, I will subtract from that the dirty \$350,000,000 which we got, and it leaves \$3,000,000,000 in favor of knocking the whiskey business out on purely a money business.

And listen! Last year we spent \$600,000,000 for our paupers and criminals, insane, orphans, feeble minded, etc., in the United States, and 82 per cent of our criminals are whiskey made and 75 per cent of the paupers are whiskey made. Our national increase in wealth was only \$5,000,000,000, so you can figure out how long it will take us to go into bankruptcy with that cussed business on our backs. The average factory hand earns \$500 a year, and it costs us \$5,200 a year to support each of our whiskey criminals. There are 335,000 enrolled criminals in the United States and 80,000 in jails and penitentiaries. Three-fourths were sent there because of drink, and then they have the audacity to say the saloon is needed for money revenue. Never was there a baser lie.

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

Scared of Farmers

You know if the farmers were given a chance they would knock the whiskey business into hell the first throw out of the box. You are afraid. You have cold feet on the proposition. You are afraid to give the farmer a chance. They are scared to death of farmers.

When the whiskey gang tries to say its business is, not falling off it lies. I've got the last annual report of the government right here. I tell you I have an inside track on that dirty gang. This report says that there were 10,741,738 less gallons of whiskey made last year than there were in 1913. It says there were 127 fewer registered distilleries in 1914 than in 1913

our land, which means a lot when you consider there are only 743 in the United States. Also, it says there were 33 fewer breweries in 1914 than there were in 1913.

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

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

Saloon vs. Government

The saloon is strong against good government. It supports the boodle aldermen, the political boss and the political machine. And all it asks for the \$30 it hands out is that it be left alone. It says, "keep your hands off and let me go on with my business of making drunkards out of the countries youth, and filling the jails and the penitentiaries and the asylums and the poorhouses."

The saloon is never identified with any movement for good government, and there was never one started that the saloon didn't oppose, tooth and nail. All the slanders and lies out about me crawled out of a grog shop. The liquor gangs press bureau has got my itinerary, just as well as I have got it, and they send out there dirty; rotten, stinking lies ahead of me. Yes, and there's always a dirty, rotten, stinking newspaper or two that will print them. But don't you think that scares me a bit? I'm not afraid of the worst old scoundrel that ever dipped his pen in the inkbottle.

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

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

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

Worse Than a Thief

It is my opinion that the saloonkeeper is worse than a thief and a murderer. The ordinary thief steals only your money, but the saloonkeeper steals your honor and your character. The ordinary murderer takes your life, but the saloonkeeper murders your soul.

The saloon is an infidel. It has no faith in God; has no religion. It would close every church in the land. It would hang its beer signs on the abandoned altars. It would close every public school. It respects the thief, and it esteems the blasphemer; it fills the prisons and penitentiaries. It despises heaven, hates love, and scorns virtue. It tempts the passions. Its music is the song of a siren. Its sermons are a collection of lewd, vile stories. It wraps a mantle about the hope of this world to come.

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

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

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

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

Half Million Enter Grog Shop

On the first day of January 500,000 of the young men of our nation entered the grog shop and began a public career, hellward, and on Dec. 31 I will come back here and summon you people and ring the bell and raise the curtain and say to the saloon and breweries: "On the first day of January I gave you 500,000 of the brain and muscle of our land, and I want them back and I have come in the name of home and church and school; father, mother, sister, sweetheart: give me back what I gave you. March out."

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

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

Two Uses of Dollar

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

"A quart."

What will a quart do? It will burn up my happiness and my home and fill my home with squalor and want. So here is the dollar. The saloonkeeper has it. Here is my quart. There you get the whiskey end of it. Here you get the workingman's end of the saloon.

But come on. I will go to a store and spend the dollar for a pair of shoes. I want them for my son, and he puts them on his feet, and with the shoes to protect his feet he goes out and earns another dollar, and my dollar becomes a silver thread in the woof and warp of happiness and joy, and the man that owns the building gets some, and the clerk that sold the shoes gets some, and the merchant, and the traveling man, and the wholesale gets some, and the factory, and the man that made the shoes, and the man that tanned the hide, and the butcher that bought the calf, and the farmer that raised the calf, and the little colored fellow that shined the shoes, and my dollar spread itself and nobody is made the worse for spending the money.

Gang Has His Money

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A grist mill?"

"What do you make?"

"Flour and meal out of wheat and corn."

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

"Yes."

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

He goes up to another mill and says:

"What kind of mill are you?"

"A paper mill."

"What do you make paper out of?"

"Straw and rags."

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

He goes up to another mill and says:

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

"A gin mill."

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

"A gin mill."

Growing Boy Is Raw Material

"What is your raw material?"

"The boys of America."

(Here the evangelist summoned five small boys to the platform.)

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

"What is your raw material?"

"American boys."

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

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

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

They don't even give you the pure stuff. If ever there was a jubilee in hell, it was when lager beer was invented. Not 3 per cent of the beer sold is made exclusive from barley, malt, hops and yeast. Look at the breweries. What are those sidetracks for? Why, to bring in the carloads of gincose and sugar and other things they put into the stuff. Pure beer is dark in color and bitter in taste. You poor idiot, you never drank pure beer.

Not 15 per cent of the whiskey on the market is pure stuff. When it is first distilled and pure, whiskey is the color of water. It gets its color in the aging process. Legitimately, that takes from four to eight years. But now they stick a steam

pipe into the stuff and "age" it in 20 hours.

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

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

End

Broken Down Altars

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"He repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down."-- I Kings 18:30

There is something more than history in the chapter from which my text is taken, just as there is always more in a picture than is seen at first glance.

The state of affairs at this time the chapter opens was as bad as is possible for the human mind to conceive. The country was in an awful condition because of idolatry, adultery and all other sins associated with a nation that had forgotten God and was given, unbridled, to all lust and evil desires.

That talk had in it no "as it were", "in a degree", "perhaps", or "in a measure" or "so to speak".

He didn't qualify it by any adjectives; every word had a ring like chilled steel as it cut like a Damascus blade into the putrefying abscesses of his day. Ahab and Jezebel were on the throne. A more vicious, iniquitous, rotten man or vile woman never disgraced the earth than these two. Wickedness had the right of way throughout the kingdom; Ahab and Jezebel set the pace and others followed. There were no depths of iniquity, adultery, licentiousness and vileness to which Ahab and Jezebel did not sink. Baal was worshiped; true religion was on the sidetrack, and hell had the main line. It is true that there were a few faithful, like Obadiah and Naboth, who had not bowed to Baal, but they were in a sad minority. Many had been compelled to hide in caves and dens. If it was a woman who dared say she believed in and worshiped Jehovah, she was an outcast and her children were murdered; if it was a man, he was subjected to infamies that no tongue would attempt to describe. So rampant had idolatry, adultery, and kindred evils had become that in order to try to stem the deadly tide, God sent the prophet Elijah to shut off the water supply and bring on the famine.

As we read the Bible we will notice that always in a dark time God sends a prophet to arouse, stir and call the people back to the true God.

So in this instance, when the situation looked dark, God sent His messenger to warn the people of the judgment which they were bringing on themselves because of sin and iniquity. The old Tishbite bobbed up before weak-kneed Ahab with all the abruptness of a thunderclap out of a clear sky, and without banners or bands or furbelows or salaam, spoke out in the first breath in a way that brought a deadly pallor upon the cheeks of the miserable wretch Ahab: "As the Lord of hosts liveth..." (I Kings 18:15). "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand..." cried the prophet. That ought to be the preacher's cry every time he walks into the pulpit. That kind of faith makes the devil get up and dust every time! Such confidence in God as the prophet had as he stood before Him would make granite out of soapstone. And to know God as Elijah knew Him, and to have the same unbroken sense of His presence, is better preparation for a great career in the ministry than a degree from any college you can name. I am not discounting the value of education. I consider a mind without education as something like marble in a quarry, which shows none of the inherent beauty until the skill of the polisher fetches out the color and discovers every ornamental vein that runs through the marble. Education draws out many virtues and perfections which otherwise would never come to the surface and never be seen. I believe in education, but education alone cannot make character-never! It takes acquaintance with God to do that.

It takes purity of heart as well as brilliancy of intellect to make one great for God.

But I have no sympathy with anybody who would exclude anyone, educated or uneducated. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God" is as much in force tonight as it was two thousand years ago. Any man who does that will have a stirring time and

will give the devil the best run for his money he ever had.

Nothing was as much needed in Israel as a sweeping revival: and God sent the right man to bring it about. Let us see how Elijah did it

Elijah Was Sensational

He repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down. Elijah did his work in a way that was natural but unconventional. He had backbone. He wasn't pinned down or dominated by the personality of other men. He didn't try to add anybody's peculiarities or eccentricities; he had plenty of his own and the nerve to use them, too, and to be himself.

The preacher who is afraid to be like Elijah in this respect will be as weak in his ministry as Samson with his hair cut: he will have no power. I tell you, whenever God calls a man to preach, He expects him to do it as naturally as he sneezes or snores. His individuality is to him what the steel frame is to a skyscraper.

And when he surrenders it, he becomes like other people. Down go his ministerial methods; his candlestick is taken away, and God casts him into the dust of His displeasure.

Lots of us are afraid that we do something sensational. I have no more patience with such a man than I have with a horse that will shy at a wheelbarrow, or a woman who will go into hysterics over the sight of a mouse.

Everything that Elijah did was sensational; that is why he aroused the country. If shutting off the water supply, shutting up the heavens for three years so there was not a drop of rain or dew to fall on the earth, wasn't sensational, trot out something that was. It raised the biggest stir that that whiskey-soaked, licentious, idolatrous, corrupt, godless, blasphemous country had ever seen or had ever recorded; and it made Ahab and Jezebel mad enough, I think, to spit fire.

If you wish to see a dead church awakened, do something out of the ordinary. There's plenty of Bible authority for not pushing a thing aside just because it seems sensational.

When Noah built the ark and loaded it with strange cargo, that was a sensation.

When Jonah walked down the streets of Nineveh covered with seaweed crying, "Repent! Repent!"-that was sensational. Jesus Christ created a sensation when He went into the synagogue at the beginning of His ministry and taught, not as the scribes, but as one who had authority.

GET A LITTLE ENTHUSIASM FOR JESUS!

The preacher who can't preach as one who has authority has no call from God to open his mouth! Matthew 23 is sensational preaching in words that cut like a razor.

John the Baptist was sensational in what he said as well as in what he did, and in the clothes that he wore; and because he was not like one of the bunch, all Jerusalem and Judaea came out to hear God's lion-hearted preacher hurl anathemas of the Lord into the ranks of sin-high, low, rich and poor!

"Why don't people go to church?" is a question always asked. My guess is that it is because it is too much like going to a cemetery or a funeral parlor. Put more life in it and you won't have so many complaints. Many a time the prayer meeting is dead because a corpse is leading it. When Ahab saw Elijah, he put on a long, prayer-meeting face and with a sort of sanctimonious whine said to him, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

The prophet of God came back with an uppercut and old Ahab got it under the fifth rib. Elijah straightened up like a fire ladder and, with a look that went through that old licentious king like an x-ray, thundered out, "I have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and followed Baalim." If that wasn't sensational, show me something that was! Elijah expected results from his kind of preaching. If some preachers would talk that plain to some of the big sinners on the front seats, we would soon see them begin to crowd the pews. If

your churches are full of men who are working overtime for the devil-working seven days and then doing overtime at night-tell them so! If you will call a spade a spade, you will hear things begin to rattle like castanets for Jesus Christ.

One reason why there are so few revivals and why religion and morality are at such an awful low tide is because there is so little of the Tishbite kind of preaching done today to the chief sinners who occupy the chief seats in the synagogues. If Bible results are expected, there must be Bible preaching. God will honor that, no matter who may do the preaching.

I wouldn't give a rap for preaching which never lets a sinner know he is an old hell-bound sinner. There is sure to be discontent and disappointment for the preacher who is always shooting with nothing in his gun but bird shot. When David killed Goliath, he did it because he went against him with suitable ammunition. He loaded his sling according to the size of the job that he had on hand. Oh, some would have tried to kill the giant with a little sand in a blowpipe; but you can't do it that way. David didn't waste any time skirmishing for position; he took dead aim and put enough muscle behind the throw to crack the giant's bean the first throw out of the box. If he had only meant to wing him, there would have been no mourning in the camp of the Philistines. Where no definite result is expected, nothing out of the common will happen. Elijah trusted God to take care of the consequences

The next thing we learn about Elijah is-he knew his God well enough to trust Him. Some of us are so very slightly acquainted with the Lord that we are afraid to do this. many of us get little help from God because we are afraid to trust Him to do very much for us. We won't trust Him any further than we have to. We are like the little girl who said, "I don't have to pray anymore that I won't get scarlet fever because I've got a sulphur bag around my neck." We won't go any further than we seemingly have to for the Lord.

Elijah had a God who made the ravens feed him. The widow's oil and meal failed not. He wasn't afraid of anything that could happen. So many of us are, and that is why we accomplish so little. As soon as the Lord told Elijah to go show himself to Ahab, Elijah girded his loins and started out. He didn't loose a minute considering what great odds were against him; he thought only of the help God would give him to go out and win that conflict.

Think of the help that God will give you to succeed in life, then you will not moan about the tremendous odds against you when you try to live for Jesus and His truth. Faith says; "Amen" to everything God says. Faith takes God at His word, without any "if's" or "and's". Faith says, "I believe it" and rests on that and stands pat for Jesus.

If some of us had had more raven experiences yesterday, there would be more mountains moved for God today. We wouldn't go through this life as nonentities, accomplishing nothing for Jesus and His truth.

The prophet knew his God well enough to set out for the front without a tremor, and when he got there, he wasn't afraid of what would happen. His only concern was to meet the conditions as they had been made known to him, knowing that when he had done his prayerful best, he could trust God to take care of the consequences.

When a farmer plows his ground and plants the seed, he has done his best; then he has to trust God to make that seed grow. When he puts that seed in the ground, he trusts the rest to a law which he cannot Understand, a law which he did not originate and which he cannot control. When you have done your prayerful best, you can bank on it that God Almighty will do His part. You never need fear or lose any sleep over the Lord. When Elijah challenged the opposition, he defied them to their worst, giving them all the rope they wanted.

Elijah Asks That They Choose Whom They will Serve; We, Too, Must Choose!

A great camp meeting, or revival was to be held on Mount Carmel. The opposition did all the advertising. Hear this:" Ahab sent unto all the children of Israel, and gathered the prophets together unto Mount Carmel. And Elijah came and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." He said," Take your choice!" That is fair enough, isn't it? Nothing could be more reasonable.

If we are better by all getting drunk, then let us all quit being sober and go and get drunk.

If we are better because we curse and do not pray, let us all quit praying and go to cursing. If we are better because we are

impure, then let us all stop living decent lives and go out and live for the devil. If we are better with saloons and beer joints than with churches, then let us close the churches and build more breweries and saloons.

Take your choice! If you are better, if this city is better without Jesus Christ than with Him, then I'll quit, go home and stop preaching. That is a fair deal. What was fair and reasonable then, is fair and reasonable today. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." Make up your mind how it will be - the Lord God or the devil.

Now if the Bible came from God, find out what it tells you to do, then do it. If it is God's book, you have to do that or God Almighty is against you just as sure as you breathe. If the Bible comes from God, then there must be an easy way for every willing mind to find it out. If you want to know if the Bible came from God, square your life by its teachings and see if it will not make out of you the kind of man it says it will.

Give it a chance! Give it a test! The fact that God proved His existence on Mount Carmel is proof that God can do it today in Richmond. And He will do it every honest doubter who wants to know.

Elijah's Faith Held Midst Tremendous Opposition.

Now the purpose of that meeting on mount Carmel was to have the people know that there was a God, and to have them get right with that God. That is the reason I sweat every drop of perspiration; that is the reason I preach with every ounce of my manhood. You haven't money enough in your bank vaults in Richmond to hire me to spend my energy and strength if I didn't believe that you were bound for Hell without Christ.

The man is either insane or a fool who deliberately fights against God and lives without God. Why, it would be as wise for him to stand on a railroad track and contest his strength with that of steel and steam as to fight against God.

It always thrills me to the end of my toes to see how bravely the old prophet of God stood up before that jeering, howling, sneering, blatant, blaspheming mob of licentious, adulterous, degenerate cutthroats who stood there and defied him. How utterly indifferent he was to the tremendous odds that were against him! And, judging by appearances, all were against him.

It didn't look as if God were within a hundred miles of that meeting on top of mount Carmel. The whole country was reeking and stinking with filth; and as the old prophet of God stood up and scanned the blackened plains-turned black because no rain or dew had fallen on them-there wasn't a green thing in sight. As he looked into the brutal faces of that mop of blasphemers, jeering and sneering upon him, nothing but unshaken confidence in God could have kept him from stampeding and hitting it for the woods. But his faith held him!

Oh, faith is a mightier force than dynamite and electricity! Elijah helped many as he stood there alone. And if science and discovery can take the Bible from us, then the sooner they do it, the better. If the Bible came from God, you can no more hurt it by anything blatant blasphemers can say than the waves of the ocean can be stopped by blowing a tin whistle against them. If the Bible came from God, nothing you can do can hurt it, anymore than you can dam Niagara Falls with toothpicks, any more than you can knock Gibraltar down by shooting green peas against it with a popgun. And if the preacher has no faith, it becomes apparent when things go wrong. If he undertakes to hold a meeting and it rains the opening night, it chills his marrow. He is sure that it isn't God's set time to work, if those whom he counted on are sick or away from home, or if they knock him and won't come near him. How anxious he is if the janitor goes over to the side of the devil and the building is too hot or too cold. And he concludes that God has forsaken him if the organist gets on her high horse and won't come out and play, and if there is nobody present to lead the singing. Think of Elijah. In spite of all that was against him, he could stir up the opposition to do their worst. He said to them, "Cry louder!" as they cried for old Baal. "Cry louder; perhaps he's asleep! Or maybe he's gone off to hunt or fish; cry louder and awaken him!"

Elijah Urged Immediate Decision

He addressed himself to the conscience of the people. That is my aim when I preach. He urged immediate decision according to their honest conviction. You do the same! If everyone would act according to his or her conviction, there wouldn't be a sinner left on God's earth.

He said, "if the Lord be God, follow him"-appealing to their conscience and reason. Now he gave the people to understand that God would manifest himself in a God-like way.

In these days we are prone to belittle the work of the Holy Spirit. We depend too little on God and too much on the kitchen, or the choir loft, or something or somebody.

Miraculous work of grace must be expected and prayed for God is still the wonder-working God and He always will be. The salvation of a sinner is as much a miracle as the raising of the dead.

Human Conditions Must Be Met

God has spiritual laws that are as positive in their working and as subject to conditions as the natural laws. The laws of faith are just as certain as the laws of steam and electricity. There are laws of spiritual growth and fruitage, just as there are laws that govern the growth of a potato or a hill of corn. And to secure spiritual results, human conditions must be set.

The man who plows with a forked stick gets all the crop that he deserves. And the man who prays the same old rat-eaten prayer is on the same par with him. Get something new! To have God's help in obtaining a crop, the farmer has to do certain things, at certain times, in certain ways; if he doesn't, there will not be a potato for him to stick his fork into, nor a loaf of bread for him to cut. If one doesn't work in harmony with God, then he can have nothing to eat.

There are, I say, spiritual laws in this old world, just as there are natural laws. And to have God's help in spiritual things one must put himself in right relationship with God. The farmer must put himself in right relationship with God and in right relationship with the ground and nature by plowing and preparing it, then by planting the seed.

You must put yourself in right relationship with God or He can do you no good. You have to put yourself in right relationship with the physician by taking his medicine and following his directions; else all the skills on God's green earth will never drive the disease away.

There are natural laws to follow.

There is common sense in everything. The prophet used it when he prepared the broken-down altar. He knew it was a waste of breath to pray for God to answer by fire if he did not do his part. It is absolutely useless to ask Him to save and bless this city if the church and preacher do not do their part. Elijah was smart enough to know that.

And before you can pray right, you must begin to live right. Whatsoever is wrong must be righted. Even if it is as valuable to you as your right eye or arm, get rid of it if it is wrong, if you want God's blessing and favor and partnership with you. When this kind of repentance takes place, then the step from death to life is a mighty short one.

Rebuild Your Broken-Down Altars

He repaired the altar of sacrifice when it was broken down. Oh, God's warriors must first be God's worshipers. Uncle Sam's soldiers must first be Uncle Sam's citizens! Get things cleared away. If you want Heaven on your side, the broken-down altars must be rebuilt in your heart. Give yourself to God. Confess your sins. Stand as a solid phalanx for Christ.

There are enough men and women in this tabernacle tonight to rewrite the religious and moral history of this God-forsaken, whiskey-soaked city and transform it for Jesus Christ, if you would go out and do God's will, if you would line up absolutely as one man and woman for Jesus. But before God will pay any attention to a call for fire, Christians must get right. It is a great mistake to expect a crop without planting the seed. It is a great mistake to expect a blessing without first doing your part.

Christian, can anything more important command your attention than to give God a chance in your heart? Perhaps years ago something crept in your life and you have never had a moment of peace since. Whatsoever it was has poisoned your joy and has made serving God the hardest job in the world. Perhaps only God and you knew about it. Your friends never suspected, yet it has been there blighting and blasting. Wherever you go, that secret goes with you. You have cried and sighed to be free. But you haven't taken the course God pointed out to you. You have crucified your conscience.

Nothing will give back that peace until you build up that altar in your heart, renew that vow and covenant. Take a clean-cut stand for Jesus. Until you do, you will stay as cold and unresponsive as a stone.

Did you quarrel with someone? Did hate get a foothold? Did someone wrong you whom you think you can never forgive? Ask God to take the bitterness out, or give you grace to get rid of it. God stands pledged to help; you do not have to do it in your own strength.

No matter what has broken down the altar, build it up. Maybe it is the breaking of vows, or neglect of prayer, or neglect of family worship, or failure to get anything worthwhile done for God; maybe it is that you never go to prayer meeting, or that your business practices are crooked, or that you have been a coward about witnessing for Christ.

If you have one drop of red blood in your veins, then when a man talks about your country or your wife, you will knock him down. Yet you will stand around and let somebody damn and curse God and spew out his maledictions against the church, and never open your mouth in protest! Brother, your altar is broken down! Build it up and see what the Lord will do.

The broken-down altar at Mount Carmel was built up-not in the name of the prophet, not in the name of the scribes, but Elijah built up the broken altar in the name of the Lord. And the fire of God fell. The man who undertakes anything in His name will not have the Devil for a silent partner!

The mother who undertakes to train her child in the name of the Lord will have more anxiety about his salvation than she will about her own standing in society.

Note how carefully the broken-down altar was built up. Elijah began at the ground and cleared away the rubbish. A stone represented each tribe. He took the stones according to the twelve tribes of Israel, leaving out not one stone; if he had, there would have been no fire all that day. God is particular about important things. Now don't try to short measure God. When God says 36 inches for a yard, don't make it 32. When God says one hundred cents on a dollar, don't make it 94. When God says 2,000 pounds for a ton, 1,700 won't work. Don't try to put one over on God.

Do you remember what happened to Ananias and Sapphira when they held back part of the possessions and lied? Yes, their dead bodies were carried out to the place of the dead. If God says 12 stones, He won't take 10. You can't get through with 11 if God says 12. Don't try to cover up the rubbish. No; clear it away if you want His blessings.

How particular the surgeon is to sterilize his instruments in order that all the dangerous germs may be kept from the wound and thus keep the patient from being put into the grave. And before fire will fall from Heaven there must be a clean place for it to fall. If the clean place is prepared, then it will come.

How is your praying? Unselfish? Or is it, "God bless me, my wife and my son John"? Are you unselfish in what you want to do? Is there anybody you won't speak to? When you get down on your knees, is there hatred in your heart against someone? Then He won't listen. The command to forgive is as positive as the command not to steal, not to commit adultery. No difference. It is just as positive as the command to insulate before you touch a wire.

Do what God says-step by step, not mile by mile. Never mind about tomorrow. We may not have a chance to do anything tomorrow; do it today and see if God doesn't bless you.

Elijah Expected Results

The next thing I notice is, Elijah went to the mountain prepared for results. He had no doubt about its being God's set time to work. He knew God so well that he was willing to meet the horde for Him. That is why he nagged the opposition to do their worst.

Trust God to give you great things. Don't be afraid of the Devil outflanking the Lord. Never! God has never lost a battle and God will never lose a battle.

Elijah wanted the prophets of Baal to humble themselves. He knew that the more fuss they made, the easier it would be to show that they were a bunch of frauds and humbugs.

It has been computed by naturalists that one mustard plant will ripen and scatter through a season thousands of seeds, and that if they all took root and grew and then scattered their seeds, in ten years all vegetation in the United States would be choked out and killed.

One saloon or beer joint in a community can smother, choke and kill enough manhood, womanhood and childhood to blight the entire community.

I read of a woman in New York called "Typhoid Mary." She was known by scientists as a carrier of the dreaded disease. After recovering from typhoid fever, a strange phenomenon happened- the germ remained with her. Wherever she went she scattered those germs. Giving typhoid fever to scores of people. To keep from further spreading the germs, she was finally put in a hospital.

The saloon is a germ-spreader, spreading the germ of drunkenness, the germ of crime, the germ of poverty, the germ of hereditary mental and physical weakness.

Liquor curses and blights the world!

Said a fellow to me the other day, "A glass of beer never hurt anybody." Of course he lied. A glass of beer never did anybody any good. It is that first glass that always leads to a drunkard's grave. If a man never took the first one, he would never take the last one.

Now nothing was slighted, and nothing was hurried through. Too many of you are in a hurry to get this meeting over. You pay closer attention to your watch than to the preacher. Men will go fishing and stand up to their knees in water for hours without even a nibble, and say they are having a good time. Yet they will fidget around when they go to church like a boy with a hornet in his pants! Don't be in a hurry with God. You can't put the pressure on when you want to get through.

Be Sure You Pray to the Right God!

In their prayer meetings, the prophets of Baal were as much in earnest as anybody else. They called on Baal from morning until evening, saying, "O Baal, hear us!" They tore their clothes, they cut themselves until blood gushed out, thinking that that self-inflicted suffering might appeal to Baal.

Elijah said, "Cry louder! You've got on the soft petal. Cry louder! He's talking or perhaps he's hunting, or he's gone on a journey, or perhaps he's asleep or gone joy-riding! Cry louder!"

Hold on! It's a waste of time to pray to the wrong god. Don't pray to money; don't pray to culture; don't pray to philanthropy; don't pray to social greatness!

Baal never heard-never! And he will never hear. Elijah addressed a prayer to the God from whom he expected help. And he had his answer before sundown! The three years that he spent out there in the cave taught him how to get a prayer through to the throne of God in three minutes-something that has never been taught in any theological seminary!

Charon and Serapis had their drawbacks, yes; but they also had their advantages. War has both its advantages and its drawbacks. Many of the blessings, which we enjoy today, were bought with blood on the battlefield. There are some things that you never get without war. Nobody wants war. But there are some things we never get without it. Never! Therefore, out in the cave Charon and Serapis had their drawbacks-as well as their advantages.

I have met a lot of people on my
Journey here below
Who were always discontented, grumbling
About their lot of woe;
Never seemed to know the blessings
that a thrill might secrete,
Or in passing take a lesson from the
Hobo on the street.
But they fancied that the roses should
Be grown without a thorn;
That it ought to rain at midnight and
Be pleasant in the morn;
They never paused to listen, nor to
Reason out alone
That luster of the jewel is due to
The grinding of the stone!

Elijah called upon the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; the God who made the ravens feed him every morning and every night; the God who made the clouds obey Him; the God who made the stars witness that He was true; the God who burned Sodom and Gomorrah with fire; the God who drowned the world with a flood; the God who saved Noah; the God who said, " Let there be light"; the God who shut the lions' mouths for Daniel; the God who didn't let the fire burn Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego in the furnace because they wouldn't bow down to Nebuchadnezzar and his idol of gold. The prayer that Elijah offered to God that brought fire down from Heaven was short-only sixty-three words-and it burned up and consumed everything. When the fire fell, everyone on the mount knew it was the fire of the Lord. It licked up the water; it licked up the dust; it licked up the stone; and the people fell on their faces-all except these 450 stiff-necked, uncircumcised, black-hearted, white-livered false prophets of Baal.

Oh, hear me! God has plenty of the same kind of fire up in Heaven to pour down on us! And He will give it to us and to our country just as freely as He poured it down on the altar on Mount Carmel.

When the fire fell, how soon there was purity on the mountain! Oh, let God's blessing fall and there will not be a house of ill-fame; there will not be a drunkard; a thief, a panderer, a prostitute, there will not be a stick-up nor a gunman to do the job. There will not be one blasphemer left on God's dirt. Everything that stands in the way of the Lord will be consumed.

The idolatrous prophets-all of them-had to die before dark. What happened then will always happen when God has a chance to reveal Himself. The prophets of Baal must die. When God appears on the scene, other things must go. It won't do to parole these prophets of Baal on their good behavior. They had to do what they did on Mount Carmel-put them to the sword. They had to be slain.

You will have to slay uncleanness; you will have to slay lasciviousness; you will have to slay adultery; you will have to slay enmity; you will have to slay strife; you will have to slay jealousy; you will have to slay wrath; you will have to slay divisions; you will have to slay heresies; you will have to slay these infamous lies that men are preaching from their

pulpits that lead people away from God. You will have to slay envy; you will have to slay drunkenness; you will have to slay lying; you will have to slay stealing; you will have to slay reviling. Before the fire from God comes, the prophets of Baal must die, sir!

Do you want God's blessing? Do you want it on you home? In your church? On your city? On America?

Then slay utterly! Repair the altar of the Lord that is broken down!

End

The Devil's Boomerangs!
(Hot Cakes Off the Griddle)
by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment" -- Eccl. 11:9

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" -- Galatians 6:7

You can always get the truth out of the Bible.

Of course you can always find truth elsewhere, but never from so clear a source. Nothing was ever printed more true than "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap."

God will not coerce and attempt to force any man to be a Christian. When he dies, however, he will be judged for his sins. He must face the day of judgment.

Do as you please. Lie, steal, booze, fight, prostitute. God won't stop you. Do as you please until the undertaker comes and puts you in a coffin and then the Lord will have His say. Lives of pleasure shall have an end, the wicked shall not live half their days.

If I sat in the pew and you were up here preaching there are four questions I would ask that you answer satisfactorily before you could win me.

First: Are you kindly disposed to me? Second: Do you want to help me? Third: Do you know what you are talking about? Fourth: Do you practice what you preach?

No man can say I am not kindly disposed to him. I do want to help every man and woman. I have read and studied and everything I preach comes from the Bible. What I say this afternoon is based on indisputable facts. I have no ambition except to alleviate the misery and suffering that comes through sin. I'll not pump you full of hot air, and what I preach I'll practice. If I didn't practice what I preach I'd leave this platform and never try to speak to an audience again.

If sin wasn't so deceitful it would not be so attractive.

The devil doesn't let a man stop to think what he is doing, that in every added indulgence in a drink he grows weaker. Some people think that to be a Christian means to be a weakling sort of a sissified individual. When I played baseball and was serving the devil, I circled the bases in fourteen seconds from a standing point, and I believe I can do it now. No man has ever beaten that. Han Lobert and some of the rest may have equaled it, but none has ever beaten it. I used to be handy with my dukes, too, before I became a Christian, and I can go so fast now for five rounds you can't see me for dust.

When I was with the Chicago Y.M.C.A. I did the saloon route for a time handing out invitations to men's meetings in Farwell Hall. One day I met a young man I had known in Iowa. He was half drunk and a broken down, drunken bum came along. I told my friend that if he persisted in drinking he would become as the bum. He laughed and said he would never be a drunkard. One year later he was down and out, his job gone and his home wrecked.

No man ever started out with the intention of becoming a drunkard. Line up all the drunkards on earth and ask them and they will all tell you they never intended to be drunkards. They all started as moderate drinkers.

Christianity is capital and capital is character. Your character is what you do business with and there's a big difference between character and reputation. Reputation is what people think about you, and character is what God, your wife and the angels know about you.

For a man to preach and practice the gospel of Jesus Christ makes him trustworthy. There was a time when people wouldn't trust me to hold a yellow dog fifteen minutes.

Many men live only for money. They care for nothing else, but I believe they are in the minority. You cannot measure a man's success by the rattle of the cash register. All some men have is money. Subtract \$50,000, booze and women from some men and you will have nothing left.

I haven't a word to say against the rich man who got his wealth honestly and is trying to do good with it. The Bible doesn't have a thing in it against a man because he's rich. Look at Solomon. He was worth about \$6,000,000,000, according to our standard of gold and silver. Yet he was a Godly man.

But there's a lot of good-for-nothing lobsters who think they are called by God to go up and down the country harping for a limitation of wealth and cussing and damning the rich man for every dollar he has, while they sit around and cuss and damn and never work.

If you want to use your genius and ability to get all you can and use the surplus over your own needs for the good of humanity, I hope you all will be millionaires. If you want to get all you can, and can all you get, I hope you'll all go to the poorhouse.

When Commodore Vanderbilt, who was worth \$200,000,000, died, he called in a minister and asked him to sing for him that old song Vanderbilt's mother used to sing in Moravia, "Come ye sinners, poor and needy!"

Worth \$200,000,000 and yet poor and needy when he came to his death. The next day one man told another Vanderbilt was dead. "How much did he leave?" asked the second man. He left it all. He could not take one cent with him.

But don't stop for anything I say. Go on piling up money until you have a pile as big as the tabernacle. When you die you can't take it with you, and if you could it would melt or burn up.

Just remember, however, that it will not be long before you and I go to the beyond.

Another thing I want to talk about this afternoon is the immorality of the country. Sixty thousand girls were ruined last year by the white slave traffic. But I don't believe any woman was ever ruined but that some brute of a man didn't take the initiative. If what I hear about you young bucks is true, when you come back home from trips, no decent girl ought to speak to you, allow you in their homes or even to look at you. And I understand some of you old married rakes are at it, too. I think the lowest, vilest, most damnable buffoon and triple extract of infamy and degeneracy in the world is the one who will plight his troth and marry, and leave his wife at home to go out with a prostitute.

I wouldn't wipe my feet, I wouldn't spit or blow my nose on society that makes a distinction between the man who sidesteps and the woman who goes wrong. The crying need of the age is a single standard for the sexes. It makes no difference to God whether one wears a plug hat or a hairpin. When a man wants to marry, does he select a girl from the red-light district? No. He goes to some decent, virtuous girl and asks her to accept his whisky soaked, sin blackened, diseased carcass.

A man visited a house of prostitution and found his sister there. He murdered her, although she had as good a right there as he had. Talk about your buccaneers of the Spanish Main, or the heartless men who sat at the feet of Jesus Christ as He hanged on the cross, and gambled for the coat on his back - I'd rather trust my daughter with them than some of the smooth rascals in society. They go around with their trousers rolled up, and their only aim is to lead the next girl they can astray. Then they go back to a lot of young bucks like themselves and laugh at her.

I say they are interlopers in decent society. There must be a Hell. If there isn't where would these low down scoundrels who force motherhood upon a woman and then haven't the manhood to accept fatherhood go? There couldn't be a better argument for Hell. And a lot of you young bucks walk around with a pistol in your hip pockets, and if it would explode it would blow your brains out. I believe that any man low-down enough to deliberately ruin a young girl and sell her into a life of shame should be shot on the spot. Shooting is too good for him. What is wrong for the woman is wrong for the man and any other code is rotten.

If a man has the right to sit around telling smutty stories a woman has the same right. The man adulterer is no better than the woman adulteress. There are many young men so vile that the only good use that could be made of them is to dip their heads in buckets of soapsuds and use them for mops.

Perhaps you have no idea of the extent to which the black plague has grown in this country. Much more than half the young men of this country are or have been afflicted with venereal disease. Eighty per cent of the abdominal operations performed on women are caused by disease contracted from their husbands. Most cases of blindness in infants is caused by disease in their fathers. I know this is plain talking, but what is needed in this country are men not afraid to talk plainly to men. There are men hobbling diseased around Omaha who say, "Oh, I don't go to hear Billy. He is too vulgar for me." Rot. Plain speaking is always vulgar to the rascal and old fool who is afraid to hear the truth.

There are 500,000 prostitutes in this country. Besides them, there are 1,500,000 who are not classed as prostitutes, being kept on the side. Every year 100,000 prostitutes die, directly or indirectly, from the diseases peculiar to their trade. Think of it!

Eighty per cent of the cases of total blindness in the world are a result of venereal diseases. Perhaps the person himself or his parents were not afflicted, but their ancestors were some time or other. The cause of the downfall of Greece and Rome was the degradation of woman's honor and no attempt by men to curb their beastly desires. And the virtue of womanhood is the rampart wall of American civilization.

Some men say they drink because it makes them cool in summer and warm in winter. Then why is it the booze fighter dies from sunstroke or freezes to death quicker than the man who doesn't drink? That's easy. The alcohol drives the blood to the surface, where it warms or freezes quicker.

You drink because there is alcohol in it, and if the alcohol was taken out you might as well drink water. Some of you let 1,000 gallons of beer slop drain through you to get the value of one and three-quarter pounds of beefsteak. If you want to make swill barrels out of your stomachs, go ahead.

One of the first indications of a crushed strawberry stomach is a crushed strawberry nose. Some of the diseases from drinking are locomotor ataxia, stammering, jaundice, Bright's disease.

I defy any man this side of Hell to show me any scintilla of benefit that ever come from hitting the booze.

It is strange the drinking man thinks I am his enemy when I am only trying to protect him from the things he is rushing into. By my voice, my vote and by all my power I am trying to add twenty years to his life, pull the pillow out of the window and put in a pane of glass, and to feed and clothe his wife and babies the way they should, and put carpet on his floor. I can pass the saloon in my strength and not have a desire to take a drink, but there are many who cannot, and I don't see how men can do anything but drown the dirty rotten business in Hell. Drive it back into Hell, where it ought to be, men.

I have seen more drunken men since I came to Omaha, more drunken men in the tabernacle than I have seen in any other city in seven years.

Whisky is rarely pure. Less than 15 per cent of the whisky sold in this country is unadulterated. That's the chief reason it

makes men commit crime.

If you want to know what whisky does to you, drop the white of an egg into a glass when you go home, cover it with whisky and let it stand for a time. The white of the egg will harden. That is what whisky does to your nerves. It affects them the same way and you reel and mutter, because your nerves are whisky soaked. If I could show you men today the inside of a drunkard's stomach, hold his liver or kidneys up to your view, that would be all you would want to make you quit hitting the booze.

Alcohol poisons the system, prevents the liver and kidneys doing their work and eventually sends a man tottering and reeling to a drunkard's grave or to an insane asylum. Men may look healthy but if they drink they are not. Something is wrong with their heart, liver or kidneys. If you don't believe me ask your physician.

I have been drinking your Omaha water for three weeks and I do not believe that anywhere in the country have I drank better, clearer, more refreshing water. I asked where your water came from and they told me from the old muddy Missouri. I could hardly believe that water could be made so pure by filtering. But just in that way do the liver and kidneys filter your blood and when you fill your system with alcohol you stop the filtering process. For 1,900 years alcohol has ruined its millions, sent men to drunkard's graves, impoverished families, wrecked homes and filled our institutions. How much longer are we going to stand it?

Because of my fight against this rotten business, I have suffered attacks from newspapers and from the dirty gang that howls at every man who dares interfere with their illicit profits.

I have been lied about, vilified, insulted, defamed in Omaha since coming, but let me tell you, men of Omaha, any little, rotten, stinking two-by-four sneaking editor of a vile, unspeakable sheet can revile me and talk about me until he is black in the face and I will not give up my fight against that dirty, Godforsaken, rotten business as long as I live.

I'll reach further down and higher up than any man you ever heard of to save you, your wife and babies from the fangs of that beast and I am not going to be turned back or dismayed by the opposition of a pack of curs.

The spawn of Hell barks at my heels from one end of the land to the other. The open saloon is the hotbed of political corruption and the breeding place of criminals, and nest of anarchy, and the incubator of poverty, misery, squalor, want, dishonesty and all that is vile.

I've been through blood and fire for Jesus Christ, and when some of the preachers stop preaching about the New Jerusalem and start preaching against the whisky crowd and the red-light district in these cities something is going to happen.

You Methodists can talk about infant baptism, and the Presbyterians can howl about perseverance and half waters close over me you'll say and the Baptists can howl about water and half of your members go where you can't get a drop.

When I leave old Omaha you can take me down to the Missouri River, tie a millstone around my neck and drop me off the bridge. And when the waters close over me you'll say "There goes a man who wasn't afraid to preach the truth."

You say you can't prohibit men drinking. If Jesus Christ lived in Omaha men would booze fight, men would side step. But when you say you can't enforce the laws you lie. You can enforce the laws against booze as much as against anything else if you have honest, decent officials to do it. There is not a law in the United States which prohibits. There is a law against murder, but does it prohibit? No. Would you advocate a repeal of all the laws because they do not prohibit? No. You wouldn't let a man murder any one he wanted to by paying a license of \$1,000; or for \$500 ruin any girl over 16 years of age; or for \$250 seduce young girls - or for \$200 license him to crack any safe - or for \$50 license him to burn buildings. That's what you do with the whisky gang.

As many of you know I was a member of the old White Sox ball club, the best club that ever stepped on a diamond. We

could beat any other nine men that ever donned a uniform. I was converted in Chicago and forsook the old crowd. The other boys saw me go to Jesus one night in Chicago, but none followed.

Listen! Mike Kelley was sold to Boston for \$10,000. Mike got half of the purchase price. He came up to me and showed me a check for \$5,000. John L. Sullivan, the champion fighter, went around with a subscription paper and the boys raised more than \$12,000 to buy Mike a house.

They gave Mike a deed to the house and they had \$1,500 left and gave him a certificate of deposit for that. His salary for playing with Boston was \$5,000 a year. At the end of that season Mike had spent the \$5,000 purchase price and the \$5,000 he received as a salary and the \$1,500 they gave him and had a mortgage on his house. And when he died down in Allentown, Pa., they went around with a subscription paper to get money enough to put him in the ground. Mike sat there on the corner with me twenty nine years ago when I said, "I bid you good-bye."

Williamson was the shortstop, a fellow weighing 215 pounds, and a more active man you never saw. When Spaulding took the two clubs around the world, I was the second man asked to sign a contract. I was sliding to second base one day - I always slid head first - and I hit a stone and cut a ligament loose in my knee. I got a doctor and had my leg fixed up, and he said to me: "William, if you don't go on that trip I will give you a good leg." I obeyed, and I have as good a leg today as I ever had. They offered to wait for me at Honolulu and at Australia. Spaulding said: "Meet us in England, and play with us through England, Scotland and Wales." I didn't go. Ed Williamson went with them, and while they were on the ship crossing the English channel a storm arose, and the captain thought the ship would go down. Ed dropped to his knees and prayed and said: "God, bring this ship safe into harbor and I promise to quit drinking and be a Christian." God abated the storm and the ship went into the harbor safely. They came back to the United States and Ed came back to Chicago and started a saloon in Dearborn Street.

I would go through there giving tickets for the Y. M. C. A. meetings and would talk with him, and he would cry like a baby. I would go down and pray for him, and would talk with him. When he died and they put him on the table and cut him open and took out his liver, it was as big as a candy bucket. Ed Williamson sat there on the street corner with me twenty-nine years ago, when I said, "I bid you good-bye."

Frank Flint, our old catcher, who caught for nineteen years, drew \$3,500 a year on an average. He caught before they had chest protectors and masks and gloves. He caught barehanded.

Every bone in the ball of his hand was broken; you never saw a hand like Frank had. Every bone in his face was broken and his nose and cheek bones, and the shoulder and ribs, had all been broken. Frank was discharged from the Chicago club because he would drink, and nobody else wanted him. He used to hang around the saloon all the time. Many a time I have found poor old Frank asleep on a beer table. I turned my pockets wrong side out and dumped every cent I had on the table and said: "Frank, you can always look to me for half of what I have. I haven't as much now as I had when I was playing ball." Then I was drawing \$5,000 and \$7,000 a year, and was offered \$1,000 a month if I would play ball. But I stuck to my job at \$85 a month.

His wife left him, and one day he staggered out of a saloon and was seized with a paroxysm of coughing. His wife happened to meet him and the old love for him returned. She called a carriage and summoned two policemen, and they carried Frank to her boarding house. She summoned five physicians, the best that money could get.

They felt his pulse, counted, and then told her he couldn't last very long. She leaned over and whispered: "Frank, the doctors say it won't be very long now." Frank looked up and said: "Send for Bill." I hurried over to the house, and as I stood beside his bed he reached up his left hand and put it around my neck and drew me down to him. He said: "Bill, there is nothing that gives me so much comfort as to have you come down on an occasion like this. I can see the crowd hissing when I strike out and they need a run, and I can hear them cheer when I catch a foul tip, or throw a fellow out on the base. But it don't do any good, now, when I come to a time like this."

Frank coughed and his life went out. The umpire had leaned over him and said: "You're out." Frank Flint sat on the street

corner with me twenty-nine years ago, when I said, "Boys, I am through."

Men of Omaha, did they win the game of life or did I?

End

Dancing, Drinking, Card Playing

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" (Galatians 6:7).

I KNOW of no more suitable text in all the Bible for the subject that I have in hand, and by the presence of such a vast audience and by the expectant look upon your upturned faces I am sure that you won't expect me to utter one word of defense on the amusement proposition.

I suppose some may wince at the plainness with which I will speak, but remember it costs me severe pangs of regret to be compelled to do it. If the ingenious skill of the devil is to be defeated there is but one of two alternatives open to the man who assaults the most Hell-soaked institution with grit and courage.

One of two alternatives. He can consume his energy and time in talking about the minor usage's of the possible limits one might go, or he can peel the bark away and show the thing full of wormholes and run the risk of losing his fair reputation.

I want to say that I have willfully and deliberately, and with malice afterthought, chosen the latter course. I don't care a rap what you think about it before I begin or after I am through.

I have a message that burns its way into your soul and into my heart. My words may be strong, and if they are you must remember they are blood red with conviction. With the cry of lost souls ringing in my ears, I cannot remain still. I must cry out.

Judged in the court of human desires, I might be condemned by everybody that wants to do it, but judged in the court of human conscience, I will receive a universal verdict.

We always associate in our minds certain amusements - the theater, the cards and the dance.

While some will justify one, others will condemn it. Some who play cards will seek to justify that and condemn the theater, and those who go to the theater may condemn the cards.

In my opinion the theater is of such doubtful character that it has been relegated to the class of forbidden amusements.

You know that the theater had its beginning in the Church, and was intended to be the handmaid of Religion. It produced so much fuss and trouble that they were compelled to drop it. Unless the theater is redeemed it will fall by its own stinking rottenness.

I want it distinctly understood that my scrap is not with the theater as an institution. I fight the saloon as an institution, but what I am against, hammer and tongs, are the things that the theater stands for, and the rot and filth and rubbish and trash that are spewed out over the stage.

If you want obscenity you will find it in the theater. If you want to see character destroyed, you will find that both behind and before the footlights. Your show has to be tainted in order to gather in the coin. The capacity for amusing people along decent lines seems to have gone by. That may sound foolish, but you let somebody go out on the road with a Shakespearean play and that somebody will go into bankruptcy while the musical show and the burlesque show and the leg show are playing to full houses across the street and the people are drinking in from them gutterish ideas and filthy lines and obscene songs.

I do not mean to say that all plays and all actors are rotten. But you will have to hunt pretty hard to find those that are not. They will tell you that there is money in the theater. Well, there's money in highway robbery and there's money in prostitution and there's money in the saloon. Sure, there's money in it!

You'll find the theater trafficking in love - why, that's the basis of the average play - and yet they call it "art". You will find divorce smeared all over the stage, and adultery even lurking in the flies. Why, there are shows where they have beds right in the middle of the stage, and carryings on which, if they happened in your own homes, would probably result in your receiving a visit from the police.

I haven't darkened the door of a theater since I was converted twenty-nine years ago, except, perhaps, to preach. The last time I went to a show was at the McVickar theater, in Chicago, and I'm not sure, but I think I saw old Joe Jefferson in "The Cricket on the Hearth." Now, I'm not sure; it might have been Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead." They had pretty good shows in those days, didn't they? And, you can bet that old Joe Jefferson wouldn't have stood for what's going on on the stage today. I had a narrow escape once from going on the stage myself. Old Tom Keene, the great tragedian, asked me once to go out on the road as his understudy. "You'd make a cracker-jack, Billy," he said to me. That was the last time we played at the Polo grounds, and old Tom came to me and begged me to go out on the road as his understudy. Tom was a good scout, but I'm a preacher and not an actor.

You remember when the Iroquois theater burned in Chicago every little cheap skate theater in the country and all the city officials had spasms of virtue.

When the Iroquois theater burned the theaters all over the country were restricted; and in Chicago they were closed for a month. The actors said that if they were not opened there would be excessive drunkenness and that a good many would commit suicide, for there was no way of entertaining the people. At the expiration of a month, the Chicago Record-Herald said that evidently no such dreadful things had occurred as had been prophesied. The public has a capacity for amusing itself in other ways. It is only a matter of amusement and that is trifling.

The time is long past when any number of serious-minded citizens look to the theater for entertainment or instruction. Crude melodramas, mawkish plays and literary clap-trap form the staple production of the average theater. The extravaganza is an elaboration of the burlesque of our grandfathers' days. It is estimated that closing the theaters that month in Chicago saved the people \$2,000,000.

Spectacular drama! If it were not for the leg shows the theater would go bankrupt. All are not bad. Who said they were? You say that the theater has power. Certainly; nobody denies that. The theaters of Chicago are worth between \$30,000,000 and \$40,000,000, but nobody will defend the theater because it has power. Nobody defends the whisky business because it has unlimited capi-tal back of it. Not for a minute.

An actress whose name I will not give said this: "After years on the stage I am convinced that the theatrical business is the most corrupt in the world."

It is upon the charred souls of women that most of the men who are a power in the theatrical world have climbed to their height.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, famous author, went to twenty-one plays picked ones -and out of the twenty-one there were only eight that were unobjectionable, and two of the twenty-one were grand opera.

It is almost impossible to find in the theater decency and purity. You sow bridge whist and auction pitch and five hundred in the home and you reap a crop of gamblers.

You sow the dance and the ballroom and you reap a crop of brothels.

You sow saloons and you reap a harvest of drunkards.

You must want a lot of prostitutes or you wouldn't sow dances; You must want a lot of vomiting, puking drunkards or you wouldn't sow saloons, and you must want a bunch of gamblers or you wouldn't play cards in your home.

If you've got any cards in your home you'd better throw them in the furnace when you get back there or else throw your Bibles in the furnace. The two won't mix!

Oh, You needn't gasp! I am handing it to you straight!

There's no use having Bibles around your house if You're going to make a joke of His word by playing bridge.

The theater is a caterer and the Church's business is to be a surgeon for the truth.

The Only way to reform the theater is to turn it into something else. for what is right and helpful. The Church stands for what is right, and the theater cares very little.

Israel Zangwill says that the playwright gets up his productions to satisfy the lust of the age and not for what good they will do the world. Archbishop Lennon said to go night after night to the theater is a mark of decadence.

You avoid the pestilence and lepers, and yet night after night you will rush to the theater to enjoy this procession of moral lepers, exposed on the stage for the plaudits of the people.

The rogue and scoundrelism and man's infidelity form the groundwork of most plays.

These are paraded before the people as exhibitions of genius and fit for art.

When the Church quits pouring money into that business it will stop, and when the Church of Jesus Christ stops voting for the whisky business, and drinking and playing cards, and going to the theater, and stops dancing, you know that those things will die.

The four rottenest things on earth have their existence because of the indulgence of the Church. You listen to me! I defy anybody to contradict what I have to say about the matter.

Somebody says: "What is the matter with that Preacher? Don't he believe in amusements?"

There is not a man in Omaha who believes more in amusements than I do. But I believe that they should be recreative and harmless. Nobody believes more in amusements than I. What games do I play? Well, I play baseball and lawn tennis, although I think that that is a girl's game and I don't like it - and I play golf and checkers and chess.

Somebody says: "What difference between a game of cards and a game of checkers?"

Well, just as much difference as there is between Heaven and Hell.

Ever since the day that cards were invented to satisfy the whims of an idiotic king they have been the tools of the gambler. Many a boy is inveigled into a gambling room and listens to the roulette wheel, and the faro bank and keno and listens to the ribaldry and the jest and the blasphemy, and he is reminded of home.

Men who have been spending their funds and lives to ferret those things out tell us that nine-tenths of the gamblers are taught in their homes by their mothers, or 80 percent of them first learned gambling in the homes of professing Christian people.

When I talk to you about card playing in your home, I am trying to pound through your head that every pack of cards is but another stepping stone to Hell. I think the old painted hag or the broken-down roué, hanging around the tables at

Monte Carlo, or a down-and-out card sharp bucking a crooked game in a gambling joint at 3 o'clock in the morning a blamed sight more respectable than the Church people or the professed Christian who permits card playing in his home.

"You take that picture back, and give it to my mother, and tell her damn her! I never want to see her. She taught me to play cards and I killed a man at a gambling table and am serving fifteen years to pay for it. Now she has the audacity to send me her picture after she pushed me behind the prison bars."

I say it may not injure you, but it is damning others.

Many a boy leaves home and goes to board in some miserable, no-account Church member family. The first night they draw out a card table and take out a deck of cards and say: "Won't you play a game with us?"

"No, my mother taught me not to play."

They laugh at his ignorance. Time rolls on, and he gets to think a good deal of one of the girls in the house, and one night she says:

"Won't you play a game of cards with me?"

But he says:

"I don't care to play cards."

She turned her dove like eyes upon him, and with her raven tresses and teeth like pearls (that is a tough place to put a fellow in!) and she smiles, and he wilts.

He learns rapidly, and becomes expert.

One time he walked into a gambling room and thought he saw a shorter route to fame and fortune, and he started out a professional gambler.

He had been employed at the Pinkerton agency as a detective, but he gave that up.

He was nearly killed in a quarrel in a house of ill fame and then he ran away to Tennessee, and began the old life. Over a game of cards he got into a fight, and as he lay wounded a woman said:

"Let him die; he has been damning our young men."

But they took him to a hospital, and when he recovered he went to Florida to a town where a friend of mine was shelling the woods for Jesus, and he was converted and started to preaching.

All that after being thirteen years a professional gambler, led into it simply because that good for nothing Church member family could not see any harm in a game of cards in the home.

I have just as much respect for the old gambler who will bet his last {dime} as for the women who will sit around in their homes and play cards for prizes. They are just as much degenerate, black leg gamblers as the gambler in the gambling Hell. They ought to be put in the calaboose with the rest of the gamblers.

You have no right to find fault with the city officials when they don't suppress gambling, when a thing so near akin to it is carried on right in your own home.

I believe that cards and dancing are doing more to damn the spiritual life of the Church than the grog shops. I believe more people backslide on account of the social side than the saloon.

A seemingly estimable woman will tear and snort and pout through an afternoon, what for? I mean the diamond-wearing bunch; the automobile gang; the silk gowned - that's the bunch. So she can take home a dinky cream pitcher or whisk broom.

There is nothing so tame as to ask a fellow to play cards for the fun of it.

It does not make any difference whether it is penny ante or sky limit. So we have progressive euchre, and lots of Church members have cards on their tables as often as food, and they are progressing to Hell.

A woman who will play bridge whist is no better than a man who will go out and play poker, and the man who comes home with a pocketful of money won at a poker game is no worse than his wife who has been playing auction or five hundred all evening for a nice cut glass dish in which to keep the bouquets that are sent to her by her Church going friends.

Now, I'm not trying to cram anything down your throats. I am appealing to your sense of reason and decency, and if you are not man or woman enough to listen I guess God Almighty doesn't need you.

If this world was made up of only one family I probably would not need to preach this sermon.

But, fortunately or unfortunately, we are made up of many families. If you are lax in the care of your children it makes it harder for me to take care of mine.

If you don't care whether your children go to the dance, and I do care, you make it that much harder for me to keep my children right. But I will keep them right if I have to slap my next door neighbor in the face.

Somebody says to me:

"Mr. Sunday, are you going to include the square dance?"

They all look alike to me. It does not take very long to cut the corners off.

There was a time in America when the stately cotillion seemed to satisfy America, but it is too slow for the hot blood of the twentieth century. They must have something that will chase hurdles through their veins. There is nothing that is so insipid for the devotee of the waltz as to dance a quadrille.

I remember years ago, over twenty-two years ago, my wife and I went out in Kansas to see my mother, and we went out in the country to attend a Fourth of July celebration. They had spread-eagle oratory and red lemonade, and the young fellows with hand painted neckties had little blue sashed maidens and fed them gum drops and candy hearts with reading on them.

They would spend as much as 30 cents on them.

They had the inevitable country dance. The upper end of the platform was on the ground and the other end on posts about as high as this platform. I stood at the corner by a barrel and some ladies were with me.

On the platform they were getting ready for a quadrille. A great big redheaded, freckled faced, lantern jawed, trombone necked fellow was the caller for the dance. (I had just as soon be chambermaid in a livery stable.) He spit tobacco juice enough to drown a jackrabbit. He got into a chair and resined his old, three stringed fiddle and said "Salute your pardners-everybody swing."

A great big strapping country fellow, big enough to pull a thrashing machine, had a fat voluptuous girl for a partner, and he threw his arms around her and lifted her right off the floor and she shot her heels right at my head.

I said to my wife -

"Well, Nellie; they all look alike to me. The round and square dances are the same."

Sure it's harmful, especially for girls, Young men can drink and gamble and frequent houses of ill fame, but the only way a girl can get recreation is in a narrow gauge buggy ride on a moonlight night or at a dance. If you can't see any harm in this kind of thing, why I guess the Lord will let you out as an idiot,

I am asked to give a reason to the unsaved, why should they not do it.

The Church of God forbids. The greatest and the most spiritual churches forbid it, and are against it. Catholic, Presbyterian, Congregational, the United Brethren and the Christian are all against it. The Methodist church was raised up for the very purpose of counteracting the dance in the church. God called Wesley to purify the Episcopal church and that movement which crystallized in the Methodist church was the rebuke which God gave. From that day until this the Church has hurled sermons against these things until it is a generally accepted truism that men and Women that do not preach against these things are too big cowards to pose as spiritual leaders, or they are too ignorant to teach God's people.

I know there are some Churches that tolerate it - they don't encourage it -and any Church that encourages it is too low down to deserve the name.

Listen, I will take the oldest church in Christendom - the Roman Catholic. Do you think that you can be a Catholic and do that? I will give you a quotation from a letter from the bishops and the archbishops in plenary council.

"In this connection we consider it our duty to warn our members against this amusement which may become to them an occasion of sin, especially the fashionable dance, which is disgusting and revolting and fraught with the greatest danger to morals."

Listen to me! Are you here, Episcopalians?

The Episcopal Church is the best organized Church in the United States. If it were only evangelistic, with its money and power and social position, there is not a Church in the world that could do more good than the Episcopal. Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, said: "Dancing is a terrible waste of time and of study and a premature incitement of passion."

Bishop Cox, of New York, said: "The enormities of the theater and the dance would not be tolerated another minute if the mothers would only set their faces against them."

Bishop Vincennes quotes from his records that the waltz would not be tolerated if Christian mothers would only set their faces against it and remove their daughters from this contamination.

Alas! that women professing to follow Christ should not rally for the honor of our daughters and drive these things from society. I have never known a Baptist or Congregational preacher worth a snap of the finger who didn't cry out against the dance. That was on their own initiative, too. You tell us that young people must sow their wild oats. Oh, away with such spiritual rot. You can't sow sin and reap virtue.

If there were nothing but card players and dancers in the Church, it would stink and rot out.

The lowest down rascal in any community is a dancing Methodist. You say: "Mr. Sunday, the Church is too strict with us." Who can charge the Church with being too strict with its young people?

The bars are so low down now that any old bog can come and root and crawl in.

Any old lobster with two or three suits of clothes and a bank account can break into most any Church. I tell you that the Church loves her young people and is indulgent with them and hopes that they will increase in common sense as they

grow in years.

The dancing Christian never was a soul winner. The dance is simply a hugging match set to music. The dance is a sexual love feast.

This crusade against the dance is for everybody, not merely for the preacher or the old man or woman who couldn't dance if they wanted to, but for everybody interested in morals, whether in the Church or out of the Church.

I am preaching a sermon that Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, infidel or Christian, if he wants better morals, can stand on my side. I say that it is unspiritual. Many a pastor is heartbroken and is sighing for new fields because of the Godless mob in the Church.

I had rather have twelve women filled with the Holy Ghost than a hundred theater-gadders, wine-guzzlers and frivolous dancers.

What under God's Heaven do you amount to? The Church is honeycombed with the rottenness of society. Somebody has got to come out and run the risk of incurring your displeasure. Say, if God Almighty gives you a rap on the back of the head and shakes the shroud over your old carcass, and telephones for the undertaker to come and measure you for your coffin, you will begin to whine and sniffle and cry to God, like a sick cat.

Girl! Listen! It is immoral.

Every good man and woman carries in his or her breast passions the same as bad men and women carry, and thus your breast becomes a tinder box and you ought to be careful where you go and what you do lest you ignite it and there be an explosion and wreck of your purity and manhood and womanhood.

My wife and I have been at the bedside of a girl who was dying in a house of ill fame. She said the reason of her downfall had been the dance, which she began when 15 years old. She used to attend Sunday school.

When we asked her if she had any message for the girls, she cried, "Tell the girls and warn them to let the dance alone."

The dance is the dry rot of society. I say it is immoral.

A society woman said that in the ballroom men took liberties with her that they would not dare take any place else or under any other circumstances. Certainly! Perhaps the parties which you have attended have been free from immoral tendencies which have characterized others.

Does not the swinging of the partners in the square dance bring the bodies of the partners into position that would not be tolerated in decent society or anywhere else, or under any other circumstances? Would it not give a Scriptural ground for divorce?

Ma and I stopped in to look at a ball at an inauguration ceremony. Well, I will be horn-swaggled if I didn't see a woman there dancing with all the men, and she wore the collar of her gown around her waist. She had a little corset on - oh, I can't describe it.

Supposing that you go to a dance tonight and then tomorrow you go around to some man's house when he is not there, that you might effectively impress upon his wife the dance and its necessary attendants and requisites. You intend to give instruction, and you go in perfect innocence. You assume the same position and attitude with your arms about her that you would take on the ballroom floor. The husband comes in the back door and sees you there with your arms about his wife, and bang! bang! goes the revolver, and you fall dead. You could not find a jury of married men on God's earth that would convict him.

I would have. Just one vote - and it would be: "Go home."

You cannot get around the circumstances. Is not that true about the position? Any man knows it is. It does not do any harm to keep away and it may ruin your daughter to let her go.

Do you go with your wife to the dance? You don't dance, and she is a fiend. You stand there, and watch man after man as he claims her hand and puts his name on her list. Perhaps that fellow was her lover and you won her hand -and you stand there and watch your wife folded in his long, voluptuous, sensual embrace, their bodies swaying one against the other, their limbs twining and entwining, her head resting on his breast, they breathe the vitiated air beneath the glittering candelabra, and the spell of the music, and you stand there and tell me that there is no harm in it! You're too low down for me.

I want to see the color of some buck's hair that can dance with my wife! I'm going to monopolize that hugging myself.

Do you know that three fourths of all the girls who are ruined owe their downfall to that very thing. You let a young man whose character would make a black mark on a piece of tar paper, who goes down the line every other night, hug and dance with your daughter, and see what happens. They are dancing the tango, the rottenest, most putrid, stinkingest dance that ever wriggled out of the pot of perdition - that's what the tango is.

Are you a father? Are you a brother?

Do you accompany your daughter or your sister to the ballroom and see young fellows come up to her - lecherous young bucks - asking the hand of your daughter or your sister for a dance - young bucks that you know live in sin, young fellows whose names are as common upon the lips of the prostitute as upon the lips of your daughter?

Two or three nights in company with her at some ball or theater party, and two or three nights in the arms of some prostitute. You stand there and see young fellows come up and walk with your daughter and tell me that there is no harm in it, you are too low down for me.

Are you a mother? And do you chaperone your daughter and groom her, and you shove her in front of every marriageable buck, and you accompany her to the ballroom and you stand there and look at her with your head cocked on one side, and see a young fellow come up and wrap his arms around your daughter, and tell me that there is no harm in it? You must be made of basswood or putty or marble. "But," said the woman, "you are too severe in your strictures regarding the dance. The positions have changed since you danced."

Yes; I read that they have. I read the other day a report that said: "The devotee of the waltz ought to be satisfied with the latest position, entitled 'The Dream,' which brings the bodies in such close contact that a case knife could not pass between them."

When I danced on the puncheon floor in the log cabin on the frontier in Iowa, we used to be able to get a stick of wood between them, but now you can't get a piece of tissue paper between. We're going some nowadays. I can understand why some of the young people want to dance, but what some of you old fellows, who have to grease your joints before going on the floor, see in it, I don't know.

I read the other day that sitting out a waltz is going to be fashionable from now on.

The only difference is that you will sit it out instead of dance it. A young man and a girl will sit on a sofa, and he will put his arm about her, her left hand in his, and she rests her head upon his bosom, and all that they have to do is just to sit there and "hug."

I tell you that there is some sense in that. I have always considered it a nuisance to gallop a mile just to get a hug or two. Most men don't care a rap for the dance; it is the hug that they are after. That'll give your old rheumatic and gout masters a chance. A fellow has got to get powerfully old and decrepit when he doesn't enjoy a hug, I'll tell you that.

I want to tell you I don't believe that there are many people who can go on the ballroom floor and dance with a pretty girl hugged to his breast and look upon her charms under the influence of fascinating music, and then go out with prayer meeting feelings. I will bet you, Sir, if men who dance would tell the truth, ninety out of one hundred will say:

"You are right, Bill; you are the first one who ever had the grit to tell it."

I have more respect for a saloonkeeper than for a dancing teacher. I don't believe the saloons will do as much to damn the morals of young people as the dancing school.

That is my position. I don't care anything about yours. Professor Faulkner said that he knew of one private dancing school that sent six girls into houses of ill fame in about three months. He talked with 200 girls and found that 165 fell as the result of the dance twenty by drink, ten by choice and seven from poverty.

Where do you find the accomplished dancers? In the brothels. Why? They were taught in dancing schools.

Listen to me, girls. I have never yet, and never will, flatly contradict the man or the woman that tells me that he or she dances and never knew of premature incitement of passion. I say that I will never contradict them, but I will say then; "Thank God; and get out of it right now, for next time you may,"

Listen. I want you to hear what I've got to say.

They tried the municipal dance hall out in Cleveland and it was so rotten that the sheriff finally insisted that it be closed. Don't talk that municipal dance hall to me. There were more girls ruined around that lot and turned into public prostitutes than you can count. The public dance hall, whether run by a municipality or private enterprise, is the favorite ground for the panderer, and from it three fourths of all the girls who enter the life of shame are recruited.

Oh, the dance is rotten all the way through.

Seven million girls go wrong in a century in this country, and three fourths of them are ruined by the dance. The chief of police of New York says three fourths of the abandoned creatures there fell through the dance. Where did the drunkard get his first drink? In the social dance.

Statistics only change in the adjustment, but the percentage holds good year after year. There are 500,000 public prostitutes in the United States. Their average life is from three to five years. Three hundred and seventy-five thousand fall as the result of the dance. Am I my sister's keeper?

Sisters! If you countenance the dance you are your sister's murderess. You are responsible for her fall, because you could have thrown your influence against it. You become responsible for every fallen person as long as you champion the dance. You are responsible for every rotten, puking drunkard as long as you vote for the grog shop.

It is charged that women are like a pack of wolves. You will stop long enough beside the fallen one to rip and tear what little character she has left, and leave her to rot and bleach on the shores of time. And when a girl does try to raise herself from the quagmires of filth and misery you ostracize and stigmatize her from society and force her back into her life of shame - while you welcome with open arms the lecherous roué who caused her downfall.

I thank God that there are women that will rescue the fallen and help them to crawl out of the quagmire of filth.

If I speak plain it is because of blood red convictions, and I have the wail of lost souls ringing in my ears. God would damn me, if I didn't cry out against these sins. We have charity balls, and I think that they are the biggest insult to God Almighty and decency that God ever looked at. Are you so low down that you would not give a dollar to charity unless they got up a dance which propagates harlotry and keeps the brothels full?

But you say:

"Look here, Mr. Sunday, can't a man dance with his wife.?" "Dance with whom?"

"His wife?"

You old lobster! You don't want to dance with your wife! It is some other fellow's wife. You had just as soon go out and husk corn all night by moonlight as to dance with your wife.

I believe that the dance is founded on sexual preference and I believe - that passion makes the dance popular. You say that you don't believe it! You make men dance by themselves, and it'll kill the dance in two weeks. You know that you don't care for the dance; it is the hug and the opposite sex. A man drinks without women, and you gamble without women, but you make men and women dance alone, and you will kill the dance and you know it. Say, if you dance because you like to dance, you can dance with some old lobster just as well as with a woman. The German and other round dances are favorites, and the liberties taken would not be tolerated anywhere else in the world. When you die you don't send for the dancing master to pray over you.

A young lady was asked to give reasons for not dancing, and she gave these: "The dance would lead me into crowded ballrooms, and late hours, which would be injurious to my health. The dance would lead me to permit freedom with the other sex of which I would be ashamed. The dance has a bad name. The dance is usually accompanied with drinking. I am told that the dance is a temptation and a snare to young men and the dance unfits the mind for serious reflection and prayer."

No wonder that the world is not being brought to Jesus Christ.

People say to me: "Well, didn't they dance in the Bible?"

Yes, they danced in the Bible, and they committed adultery, too; and they got punished. The dances of which their religion approved were never danced by both sexes. Men danced with men and women with women. I tell you the dance nowadays is induced by the passions and seeds of passions. That's its only appeal.

End

Motherhood

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages" -- Exodus 2:9

THE STORY OF MOSES is one of the most beautiful and fascinating in all the world. It takes a hold on us and never for an instant does it lose its interest, for it is so graphically told that once heard it is never forgotten.

I have often imagined the anxiety with which that child was born, for he came into the world with the sentence of death lagging over him, for Pharaoh had decreed that the male children should die, and the mother defied even the command of the king, and determined that the child should live, and right from the beginning the battle of right against might was fought at the cradle.

Moses' mother was a slave. She had to work in the brick yards or labor in the field, but God was on her side and she won, as the mother always wins with God on her side. Before going to work she had to choose some hiding place for her child, and she put his little sister, Miriam, on guard while she kept herself from being seen by the soldiers of Pharaoh, who were seeking everywhere to murder the Jewish male children.

For three months she kept him hidden, possibly finding a new hiding place every few days. It is hard to imagine anything more difficult than to hide a healthy, growing baby, and he was hidden for three months.

Now he was grown larger and more full of life and a more secure hiding place had to be found, and I can imagine this mother giving up her rest and sleep to prepare an ark for the saving of her child.

I believe the plan must have been formulated in Heaven. I have often thought God must have been as much interested in that work as was the mother of Moses, for you can't make me believe that an event so important as that and so far-reaching in its results ever happened by luck or by chance.

Possibly God whispered the plan to the mother when she went to Him in prayer and in her grief because she was afraid the sword of Pharaoh would murder her child. And how carefully the material out of which the ark was made had to be selected!

I think every twig was carefully scrutinized in order that nothing poor might get into its composition, and in the weaving of that ark, the mother's heart, her soul, her prayers, her tears, were interwoven. Oh, if you mothers would exercise as much care over the company your children keep, over the books they read and the places they go, there would not be so many girls feeding the red light district, nor so many boys growing up to bad, criminal lives.

And with what thanksgiving she must have poured out her heart when at last the work was done and the ark was ready to carry its precious cargo, more precious than if it was to hold the crown jewels of Egypt. And I can imagine the last night that baby was in the home.

Probably some of you can remember when the last night came when baby was alive; you can remember the last night the coffin stayed, and the next day the pallbearers and the hearse came. The others may have slept soundly, but there was no sleep for you, and I can imagine there was no sleep for Moses' mother.

There are whips and tops and pieces of string
And shoes that no little feet ever wear -
There are bits of ribbon and broken wings
And tresses of golden hair,

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures all faded and torn,
And marked by finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust -
Yet we strive to think that the Lord is just.

Yet a feeling of bitterness fills our souls;
Sometimes we try to pray,
That the reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken ours away.
And we sometimes doubt if the Lord can know
How our riven hearts did love them so.

But we think of our dear ones dead,
Our children who never grow old,
And how they are waiting and watching for us
In the city with streets of gold.
And how they are safe through all the years
From sickness and want and war.
We thank the great God, with falling tears,
For the things in the cabinet drawer.

Others in the house might have slept, but not a moment could she spare of the precious time allotted her with her little one, and all through the night she must have prayed that God would shield and protect her baby and bless the work she had done and the step she was about to take.

Some people often say to me: "I wonder what the angels do: how they employ their time?". I think I know what some of them did that night. You bet they were not out to some bridge whist party. They guarded that house so carefully that not a soldier of old Pharaoh ever crossed the threshold. They saw to it that not one of them harmed that baby.

At dawn the mother must have kissed him goodbye, placed him in the ark and hid him among the reeds and rushes, and with an itching heart and tear dimmed eyes she turned back again to the field and back to the brick yards to labor, and wait to see what God will do.

She had done her prayerful best, and when you have done that you can bank on it that God will not fail you. How easy it is for God to give the needed help, no matter how hopeless it might seem, if we only believe that with God all things are possible, no matter how improbable.

What unexpected answers the Lord would give to our prayers! She knew God would help her some way, but I don't think she ever dreamed that God would help her by sending Pharaoh's daughter to care for the child; but it was no harder for God to send the princess than it was to get the mother to prepare the ark. What was impossible from her standpoint was easy for God. Pharaoh's daughter came down to the water to bathe, and the ark was discovered, just as God wanted it to

be, and one of her maids was sent to fetch it. You often wonder what the angels are doing. I think some of the angels herded the crocodiles on the other side of the Nile to keep them from finding Moses and eating him up.

You can bank on it all Heaven was interested to see that not one hair of that baby's head was injured. There weren't devils enough in Hell to pull one hair out of its head. You may be sure the angels were not out to some bridge whist party then. God had something for them to do.

The ark was brought, and with feminine curiosity the daughter of Pharaoh had to look into it to see what was there, and when they removed the cover there was lying a strong, healthy baby boy, kicking up its heels and sucking its thumbs, as probably most of us did when we were boys, and probably as you did when you were a girl.

The baby looks up and weeps, and those tears blotted out all that was against it and gave it a chance for its life. I don't know, but I think an angel stood there and pinched it to make it cry, for it cried at the right time. Just as God plans, God always does things at the right time. Give God a chance - I he may be a little slow at times, but He will always get around in time.

The tears of that baby were the jewels with which Israel was ransomed from Egyptian bondage. The princess had a woman's heart, and when a woman's heart and a baby's tears meet, something happens that gives the devil cold feet. Perhaps the princess had a baby that had died, and the sight of Moses may have torn the wound open and made it bleed afresh. But she had a woman's heart, and that made her forget she was the daughter of Pharaoh and she was determined to give protection to that baby.

Faithful Miriam (the Lord be praised for Miriam) saw the heart of the princess reflected in her face. Miriam had studied faces so much that she could read the princess' heart as plainly as if written in an open book, and she said to her: "Shall I go and get one of the Hebrew women to nurse the child for you?" and the princess said, "Go."

I see her little feet and legs fly as she runs down the hot, dusty road, and her mother must have seen her coming a mile away, and she ran to meet her own baby put back into her arms and she was being paid Egyptian gold to take care of her own baby.

See how the Lord does things. "Now, you take this child and nurse it for me and I will pay you your wages." It was a joke on Pharaoh's daughter, paying Moses' mother for doing what she wanted to do more than anything else - nurse her own baby.

How quickly the mother was paid for these long hours of anxiety and alarm and grief, and if the angels know what is going on what a hilarious time there must have been in Heaven when they saw Moses and Miriam back at home under the protection of the daughter of Pharaoh. I imagine she dropped on her knees and poured out her heart to God, who had helped her so gloriously. She must have said: "Well, Lord, I knew you would help me. I knew you would take care of my baby when I made the ark and put him in it and put it in the water, but I never dreamed that You would put him back into my arms to take care of, so I would not have to work and slave in the field and make back and be tortured almost to death by fear that the soldiers of Pharaoh would find my baby and kill him.

"I never thought you would soften the stony heart of Pharaoh and make him pay me for what I would rather do than anything else in this world." I expect to meet Moses' mother in Heaven, and I am going to ask her how much old Pharaoh had to pay her for the job. I think that's one of the best jokes, that old sinner having to pay the mother to take care of her own baby. But, I tell you, if you give God a chance, He will fill your heart to overflowing. Just give him a chance.

This mother had remarkable pluck. Everything was against her, but she would not give up. Her heart never failed. She made as brave a fight as any man ever made at the sound of cannon or the roar of musketry. Mothers are always brave when the safety of their children is concerned.

This incident happened out west last summer. A mother was working in a garden and the little one was playing. The

mother heard the child sitting under a tree in the yard scream; she ran, and a huge snake was wrapping its coils about the baby, and as its head swung around, she leaped and grabbed it by the neck and tore it from her baby and hurled it against a tree. She is always brave when the safety of her children is concerned.

Fathers often give up. The old man often goes to boozing, becomes dissipated, takes a dose of poison and commits suicide; but the mother will stand by the home and keep the little band together if she has to manicure her fingernails over a washboard to do it.

If men had half as much grit as the women there would be different stories written about a good many homes. Look at her work! It is the greatest in the world; in its far reaching importance it is transcendently above everything in the universe - her task in molding hearts and lives and shaping character. If you want to find greatness, don't go toward the throne; go to the cradle, and the nearer you get to the cradle, the nearer to greatness.

Now, when Jesus wanted to give His disciples an impressive object lesson, He called in a college professor, did he? Not much. He brought in a little child and said: "Except ye become as one of these, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God."

The work is so important that God will not trust anybody with it but a mother. The launching of a boy or girl to live for Christ is greater work than to launch a battleship.

Moses was a chosen vessel of the Lord and God wanted him to get the right kind of a start, so He gave him a good mother. There wasn't a college professor in all Egypt that God would trust with that baby, so He put the child back in its mother's arms. He knew the best one on earth to trust with that baby was its own mother.

When God sends us great men He wants to have them get the right kind of a start. So He sees to it that they have a good mother. Most any old stick will do for a daddy. God is particular about the mothers.

And so the great need of this country or any other country is good mothers, and I believe we have more good mothers in America than any other nation on earth. If Washington's mother had been like Happy Hooligan's mother, Washington would have been a Happy Hooligan.

Somebody has said, "God could not be everywhere, so He gave us mothers." Now there may be no poetry in it, but it's true that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," and if every cradle was rocked by a good mother, the world would be full of good men as sure as you breathe. If every boy and every girl today had a good mother, the saloons and disreputable houses would go out of business tomorrow.

A young man one time joined a church and the preacher asked him: "What was it I said that induced you to be a Christian?" Said the young man: "Nothing that I have ever heard you say, but it is the way my mother lived." I tell you an ounce of example outweighs forty million tons of theory and speculation.

If the mothers would live as they should, we preachers would have little to do. Keep the devil out of the boys and girls and he will get out of the world. The old sinners will die off if we keep the young ones clean. The biggest place in the world is that which is being filled by the people who are closely in touch with youth. Being a king, an emperor or a president is mighty small potatoes compared to being a mother or the teacher of children, whether in a public school or in a Sunday school, and they fill places so great that there isn't an angel in Heaven that wouldn't be glad to give a bushel of diamonds to boot to come down here and take their places.

Commanding an army is little more than sweeping a street or pounding an anvil compared with the training of a boy or girl. The mother of Moses did more for the world than all the kings that Egypt ever had. To teach a child to love truth and hate a lie, to love purity and hate vice, is greater than inventing a flying machine that will take you to the moon before breakfast. Unconsciously you set in motion influences that will damn or bless the old universe and bring new worlds out of chaos and transform them to God.

A man sent a friend of mine some crystals from the Scientific American and said: "One of these crystals as large as a pin point will give a distinguishable green hue to 116 hogsheads of water." Think of it! Power enough in an atom to tincture 116 hogsheads of water. There is power in a word or act to blight a boy, and through him, curse a community. There is power enough in a word to tincture the life of that child so it will become a power to lift the world to Jesus Christ. The mother will put in motion influence that will either touch Heaven or Hell. Talk about greatness!

Oh, you wait until you reach the mountains of eternity, then read the mothers' names in God's hall of fame, and see what they have been in the world. Wait until you see God's hall of fame; you won't see any Ralph Waldo Emersons, but you will see women bent over the washtub. I want to tell you women, fooling away your time, hugging and kissing a poodle dog, caressing a "Spitz," drinking society brandy mash and a cocktail, and playing cards, is mighty small business compared to molding the life of a child.

Tell me, where did Moses get his faith? From his mother. Where did Moses get his backbone to say "I won't be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter"? He got it from his mother. Where did Moses get the nerve to say, "Excuse me, please", to the pleasure of Egypt? He got it from his mother.

You can bank on it that he didn't inhale it from his dad. Many a boy would have turned out better if his old dad had died before the kid was born. You tell your boy to keep out of bad company. Sometimes when he walks down the street with his father, he's in the worst company in town.

His dad smokes, drinks and chews. I would not clean his old spittoon. Let the hog clean his own trough. Moses got it from his ma. He was learned in all the wisdom of Egypt, but that didn't give him the swelled head.

When God wants to throw a world out into space, He is not concerned about it. The first mile that world takes settles its course for eternity. When God throws a child out into the world He is mighty anxious that it gets a right start.

The Catholics are right when they say: "Give us the children until they are 10 years old and we don't care who has them after that." The Catholics are not losing any sleep about losing men and women from their church membership. It is the only church that has ever shown us the only sensible way to reach the masses - that is, by getting hold of the children.

That's the only way on God's earth that you will ever solve the problem of reaching the masses. You get the boys and girls started right and the devil will hang a crepe on his door, bank his fires and Hell will be for rent before the Fourth of July.

A friend of mine has a little girl that she was compelled to take to the hospital for an operation. They thought she would be frightened, but she said: "I don't care if mamma will be there and hold my hand."

They prepared her for the operation, led her into the room, put her on the table, put the cone over her face and saturated it with ether, and she said, "Now, mamma, take me by the hand and hold it and I'll not be afraid".

And the mother stood there and held her hand. The operation was performed, and when she regained consciousness they said: "Bessie, weren't you afraid when they put you on the table?" She said: "No, mamma stood there and held my hand. I wasn't afraid."

There is a mighty power in a mother's hand. There's more power in a woman's hand than there is in a king's scepter. And there is a mighty power in a mother's kiss - inspiration, courage, hope, ambition, in a mother's kiss. One kiss made Benjamin West a painter, and the memory of it clung to him through life. One kiss will drive away the fear in the dark and make the little one brave. It will give strength where there is weakness.

I was in a town one day and saw a mother out with her boy, and he had great steel braces on both legs, to his hips, and when I got near enough to them I learned by their conversation that wasn't the first time the mother had had him out for a walk.

She had him out exercising him so he would get use of his limbs. He was struggling and she smiled and said: "You are doing fine today; better than you did yesterday," and she stooped and kissed him, and the kiss of encouragement made him work all the harder, and she said: "You are doing great, son," and he said, "Mamma, I'm going to run: look at me." And one of his toes caught on the steel brace on the other leg and he stumbled, but she caught him and kissed him, and said: "That was fine, son; how well you did it!"

Now, he did it because his mother had encouraged him with a kiss. He didn't do it to show off. There is nothing that will help and inspire like a mother's kiss.

If we knew the baby fingers pressed
against the window pane,
Would be cold and still tomorrow, never
trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling catch
the frown upon our brow?
Let us gather up the sunbeams lying all
around our path.
Let us keep the wheat and roses, casting
out the thorns and chaff!
We shall find our sweetest comforts in the
blessing of today,
With a patient hand removing all the briers
from our way.

There is power in a mother's song, too. It's the best music the world ever heard. The best music in the world is like biscuits - it's the kind mother makes. There is no brass band or pipe organ that can hold a candle to mother's song. Calve, Melba, Nordica, Eames, SchumannHeink - they are cheap skates compared to mother. They can't sing at all.

They don't know the rudiments of the kind of music mother sings. The kind she sings gets tangled up in your heart strings. There would be a disappointment in the music of Heaven to me if there were no mothers there to sing. The song of an angel or a seraph would not have much charm for me. What would you care for an angel's song if there is no mother's song? The song of a mother is sweeter than that ever sung by minstrel or written by poet. Talk about sonnets! You ought to hear the mother sing when her babe is on her breast, when her heart is filled with emotions. Her voice may not please an artist, but it will please anyone who has a heart in him. The songs that have moved the world are not the songs written by the great masters. The best music, in my judgment, is not the faultless rendition of these high priced opera singers.

There is nothing in art that can put into melody the happiness which associations and memories bring. I think when we reach heaven it will be found that some of the best songs we will sing there will be those we learned at mother's knee.

There is power in a mother's love. A mother's love must be like God's love. How God could ever tell the world that He loved it without a mother's help has often puzzled me. If the devils in Hell ever turned pale it was the day mother's love flamed up for the first time in a woman's heart. If the devil ever got "cold feet" it was that day, in my judgment. You know a mother has to love her babe before it is born. Like God, she has to go into the shadows of the valley of death to bring it into the world, and she will love her child, suffer for it and it can grow up and become vile and yet she will love it.

Nothing will make her blame it, and I think, women, that one of the awful things in Hell will be that there will be no mother's love there. Nothing but black, bottomless, endless, eternal hate in Hell - no mother's love.

And though he creep through the vilest caves of sin,
And crouch perhaps, with bleared and bloodshot eyes,
Under the hangman's rope - a mother's lips
Will kiss him in his last bed of disgrace,
And love him e'en for what she hoped of him.

I thank God for what mother's love has done for the world. Oh, there is power in a mother's trust. Surely as Moses was put in his mother's arms by the princess, so God put the babes in your arms, as a charge by him to raise and care for. Every child is put in a mother's arms as a trust from God, and she has to answer to God for the way she deals with that child. No mother on God's earth has any right to raise her children for pleasure. She has no right to send them to dancing school and haunts of sin. You have no right to do those things that will curse your children. That babe is put in your arms to train for the Lord. No mother has any more right to raise her children for pleasure than I have to pick your pockets or throw red pepper in your eyes. She has no more right to do that than a bank cashier has to rifle the vaults and take the savings of the people. One of the worst sins you can commit is to be unfaithful to your trust. "Take this child and nurse it for me". That is all the business you have with it. That is a jewel that belongs to God and He gives it to you to polish for Him so He can set it in a crown. Who knows but Judas became the godless, good-for-nothing wretch he was because he had a godless, good-for-nothing mother? Do you know? I don't.

Who is more to blame for the crowded prisons than mothers? Who is more to blame for the crowded, disreputable houses than you are, to let your children gad the streets with every Tom, Dick and Harry, or keep company with some little jack rabbit whose character would make a black mark on a piece of tar paper. I have talked with men in prisons who have damned their mothers to their face. Why? They blame their mothers for their being where they are.

"Take the child and nurse it for me, and I will pay you your wages." God pays in joy that is fireproof, famine proof and devil proof. He will pay you, don't you worry. So get your name on God's payroll. "Take this child and nurse it for Me, and I will pay you your wages."

If you haven't been doing that, then get your name on God's payroll. You have been drawing wages from the devil. Why have you a bleary eyed, sickly, cigarette smoking boy? Why have you a girl whose reputation is kicked around like a football? Why? You have been working for the devil, and see what you have.

"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay you your wages". Then your responsibility! It is so great that I don't see how any woman can fail to be a Christian and serve God. What do you think God will do if the mother fails? I stagger under it. What if, through your unfaithfulness, your boy becomes a curse and your daughter a blight? What, if through your neglect, that boy becomes a Judas, when he might have been a John or Paul?

Down in Cincinnati some years ago a mother went to the zoological garden and stood leaning over the bear pit, watching the bears and dropping crumbs and peanuts to them. In her arms she held her babe, a year and three months old. She was so interested in the bears that the baby wriggled itself out of her arms and she watched those huge monsters rip it to shreds. What a veritable Hell it will be all through her life to know that her little one was lost through her own carelessness and neglect!

"Take this child and raise it for me, and I will pay you your wages." Will you promise and covenant with God, and with me, and with one another, that from now on you will try, with God's help, to do better than you ever have done to raise your children for God?

End

Gethsemane

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"And being more in agony, He prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground" -- Luke 22:24

Infidels have seized upon certain verses of Scripture and have given as reasons for their unbelief that the statement therein contained did not agree with their opinion. One of these verses is the one that I have just read - "and being in great agony, He prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

For, says the infidel, it is a physical impossibility for men to sweat blood. This is a lot of nonsense. Because you have two good eyes, and have always known good sight, should you say there are no blind? They have never heard of such a thing happening, they say. All right; but because you say that man has never sweat blood, don't say that God didn't.

When I was a boy I used to hear men say that the Bible couldn't be true, for it was absolutely impossible for a man to fast for forty days and live. They thought that settled it. Then along came Doctor Tanner, and he fasted for forty days. That was the first time. He fasted again for forty-six days, and he fasted a third time for sixty-two days, and after that we didn't bear any more about a fast of forty days being impossible. The infidels quit quoting Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" on that point.

When a man gets chesty and puts his old theories up against God, then God always brings a man forward to show that he is an old marplot and an old liar.

Doctor Witheroy, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Chicago - he went there from Boston - says he knew of a man who had a wayward son. He hadn't heard from that boy for nine years. Then, one day, they sent him word that his son was in prison. He had committed a murder, and he had been tried and convicted and was about to be executed. He had refused to tell anything about his family until he was face to face with death; then he told them and they wrote to the father to ask him what should be done with the body.

Doctor Witheroy said that in his agony that father sweat drops of blood. If an earthly father sweat drops of blood for one son who has just gone wrong, is it strange that Jesus should sweat drops of blood for all men when they were in danger of hell?

When Jesus sweat drops of blood there in the garden, it was a new sight for the angels. They had seen their brother angels rebel against God, and they had seen the conflict which followed and they had seen these rebel angels hurled over the battlements of Heaven. They had seen Sennacherib come up with his men, and they had seen 180,000 Assyrians laid low by the sword when the angel of God smote them in the night. They had seen Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego cast into a fiery furnace for refusing to bow themselves down to idols, and had seen them come out from it unharmed. They had seen the brave Daniel hurled into the lion's den for refusing to bow the knee to anyone save Jehovah, and they had seen him come out from the den of wild beasts alive. But never before had the angels beheld such a sight as when they looked down upon the garden of Gethsemane and saw the son of God kneeling there, sweating drops of blood as He agonized over man.

In this text there are many lessons valuable to us, and especially valuable just at this stage of the campaign.

The first lesson is that the Divine cup is bitter. It is bitter to fallen angels and fallen man, and it was bitter to the fallen Christ. Think of the sight. Think of Jesus, staining his garments with the bloody sweat, not because of any sin or fault of his own, for He was without sin, but because of His anguish over man.

God hates sin and so do I, so will every man on this earth who lays any claim to decency. If you don't hate sin you will if

you ever change your ways and try to be decent.

He didn't sweat those drops of blood because of any physical suffering. It wasn't because of any fear of death, for if Jesus had been afraid to die He would have been a coward, and He wasn't a coward, although He was willing to die if God said to. I don't want to die. I want to stay here as long as I can. And so did Jesus, but He wasn't afraid to die. No. It was because of His grief for man.

A great martyr said as he stood in the midst of the flames that were devouring him: "Though you see the flesh fall from my bones I absolutely feel no pain."

If you ever had any doubt about a literal Hell, a fiery Hell, where the wicked must remain forever, it would all vanish as I see Jesus Christ in Gethsemane, agonizing because men would not accept Him and were going to Hell.

Hell must be an awful place. The fact that God went to the trouble He did to send Jesus Christ to this earth and to work out His great plan of redemption proves that it must be an awful place. I think this should give us a new vision.

Yes, it was a bitter cup for Jesus. Oh, don't be careless professors of Christianity for another minutes. Don't you start to make a cold, formal prayer when you come to address Almighty God! Don't you dare to regard this Campaign in a critical and carping way. Oh, Hell must be an awful place when Jesus was in such agony to think that men were going there. You're a big fool to go to Hell, but it will be your own fault if you do. God doesn't want you to go there, but He can't stop you. He has sacrificed His son to keep you out of Hell, and what more could He do? I am doing all I can to keep you out of Hell. I have stood here and preached to you and I've done all that I could, and if you won't be saved, all right -- go to Hell.

When Jesus was being led out to be sacrificed women followed Him and wept, and He turned to them and said: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." For He said, "For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Jesus meant that they shouldn't weep for Him, but for those who were about to crucify Him; He meant that there were more reasons to weep for them than to weep for Him.

So don't weep for others' troubles; weep for your own soul. Don't worry about my vocabulary, sister; get on your knees and pray for your salvation, Don't worry about my eccentricities; you'd better look after your own faults.

We learn still another lesson - the power of prayer.

Every man and every woman that God has used to halt this sin cursed world and set it going Godward has been a Christian of prayer. Martin Luther arose from his bed and prayed at night, and when the break of day came he called his wife and said to her, "It has come." History records that on that very day King Charles granted religious toleration, a thing for which Luther had prayed.

John Knox, whom his queen feared more than any other man, was in such agony of prayer that he ran out into the street and fell on his face and cried, "Oh, God, give me Scotland or I'll die." And God gave him Scotland, and not only that, He threw England in for good measure.

When Jonathan Edwards was about to preach his greatest sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," he prayed for days- and when he stood before his congregation and preached it, men caught at the seat in their terror, and some fell to the floor; and the people cited out in their fear, "Mr. Edwards, tell us how we can be saved!"

I believe that if you will pray as you ought to pray, you will have more people at the altar in the next week than you have had in all the weeks that are passed. You have never had the people of this community in such a frame of mind as they are in now, and you may never have things as they now are again. Now is the time to save souls. If you can't save them now, God pity you, for you never will.

An old infidel - a blacksmith - said that he could refute any argument that a Christian could make. There was an old

deacon there - he was a Baptist, and he heard of it. He told his wife and they got down on their knees and prayed until 3 o'clock in the morning. That morning the old deacon hitched up and drove over to see the man. He went into the blacksmith shop and the infidel was standing there, and the deacon stood before him. He said, "My wife and I prayed for you until 3 o'clock this morning." Then his eyes filled with tears and he sobbed and turned away. He couldn't think of one of the arguments he had prepared. He drove back home, and when he got there he said to his wife, "I've made an old fool of myself. It was all for nothing. When I saw him I just told him that we had been praying for him, then I broke down and couldn't think of another thing, and came home".

In the meantime the infidel went into his own house and he said to his wife: "I heard a new argument this morning." She said, "What was that?" "Why," he said, "the old deacon drove in to see me this morning and told me that he and his wife had prayed for me until 3 o'clock in the morning. Then he sobbed and went away." And the infidel said, "I'd like to talk to him." They drove over and he told the deacon why he had come, and it was not long before the deacon had him on his knees and he was saved.

A mother had some daughters, and they were frivolous and coquettish girls. She couldn't get them to give up their pleasures and live for God. She prayed for them, and finally one day she said to them: "I'm ashamed of you. I'm almost sorry that I bore you and held you on my knees. You care more for others than you do for your God or your mother. Others ask you to go with them, and you go. I ask you to go with me, and you won't go. I'm going into my closet and I'm going to pray for you, I don't know that I shall ever come out alive."

She went in and prayed. The hours went by and still she prayed. Finally there was a knock at the door, and one of her daughters stood there. She was weeping, and she said, "Mother, I want to be saved. I've come to pray with you." So the two of them prayed and the hours went by, and presently another daughter came and joined them there; and before night came all those girls had found Jesus.

Then, we learn a lesson of the spirit of deep concern over soul.

The spirit of concern that we find in the Bible puts to shame many who are in Omaha. Some of you have been coming to this tabernacle ever since the meetings were begun, but you have simply sat here. You haven't put forth a hand to bring anyone to Christ. If you are one of these, you are absolutely worthless so far as God is concerned. You are of no use to him and he looks on you as an unprofitable servant. How can you sit by while souls are going to Hell? What are you going to say to God about it after a while? Go and see an unsaved person die, and read the obituary not once, but twice, and realize that he died unsaved, and then see what you think of it!

Someone may say, "How do I know how God feels about it?" How do I know whether he is really concerned over sinners? I know it. It would be a sin of presumption if I did not. If God cared as little for the souls of men as some of you care, not a soul ever would have been saved - it is not possible for the human mind to have a greater conception of God than is revealed to us in Jesus Christ. For a man to say he loves God and then turn his back on Jesus Christ is an insult to the Almighty. You will find in Him just what your heart has been looking for, and you'll find it nowhere else.

I can see Jesus in the Garden looking down on Jerusalem and saying, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stoned them which are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." It is a matter of history that from that day Jesus turned away from the Jews. He never appealed to them again, but turned to the Gentiles - but God's got a plan for the Jews. So Jesus is God made manifest in the flesh.

Did you ever weep over the sins of the people? Did you ever weep over the evil of the multitude? If you never did then there's something wrong with your religion. If God Almighty had no more concern about the salvation of Omaha than some of you, Omaha would have been in Hell long ago. If God were no more anxious about Omaha than some of the preachers I could name, this city would have been damned long ago. I've been here long enough to see that.

Salvation all comes through Jesus. You've got to see Jesus in order to see God, and you've got to see God in order to enter

Heaven. The hope of the world is in Jesus Christ. The hope of America is in Christ, not in free trade; it's not in the banking system, it's not in tariff reform, or conservation of natural resources or the ship problem or universities. We need a great tidal wave of religion.

One time I found a little boy in the street. After that boy had been restored to his mother, I found that the mother had been frantic for his return. She could not do enough to show her appreciation. It opened my eyes and I said, "God, I know how you feel about all this unsaved world, for I know how that mother felt over that little lost boy."

Another lesson we find is that much concern moves the unsaved for God.

Much concern is aroused by prayer. Doctor Chapman told me that when he was a young minister and was pastor of a little Dutch Presbyterian church in New York state, he started what he called a Revival. He told me that he had often apologized to God since then for calling it that. He would preach, and then he would say, "If anyone would like to join the Church, let them step in and meet the session." If that isn't as cold-blooded a proposition as you can find, I'll give it up. Nobody stepped in to meet the session. They didn't believe in excitement in the church. No, sir. If anybody wanted to join he could step in and meet the session.

Doctor Chapman became concerned for one young man. He felt that he ought to speak for him, but he feared that he might show more zeal than knowledge. He felt the man might be offended if he went to him in that way. He had the wrong idea. If anyone is offended because you try to do right, let them go, If anyone is offended because you ask them to be a Christian, let them go to Hell. You've done your duty. He thought it over and made up his mind to speak that very night. The young man did not come that night, so on the next day Doctor Chapman drove out in a cutter to see him. He met the man and said, "I want you to be a Christian."

The man was angry. He said, "You blankety-blank little preacher, I don't want you to come to me about that." Doctor Chapman turned and left him and drove away. He caught cold while driving out there and it stayed with him that winter, and soon after he left the place and took up Evangelistic work.

One night ten years after, he was holding a meeting at Saratoga, when he saw a man coming down the aisle.

"Don't you know me?" the man asked. Doctor Chapman didn't know him.

"Why," the man said, "I'm Benedict from Schuylerville. I'm the man who cursed you when you drove out to my home and asked me to be a Christian. I want to be a Christian now."

"What has changed you?" Doctor Chapman asked.

"I'll tell you," said the man. "I never heard a sermon that touched me, nor a song. It was your tears, the tears that were in your eyes as I cursed you and you turned away. I've never been able to forget them. I've never had a day's peace since that moment."

Oh, if you knew the power of tears for the sinner. If you only felt enough concern to weep over those who are in danger of being lost. The sight of such tears would win many souls for Christ.

One morning when I was over in Iowa a young woman came to my door and knocked and said that a man wanted to see me. I found that he was a Church member - a ruling elder. He told me that he had not been living right. "How can I get right?" he asked.

I told him that his confession must be as public as his sin had been great. I told him that he would have to stand up and tell the people that he hadn't been living right and promise that with God's help he would do better. He said, "Oh, I can't do that."

"All right," I said, "but if you aren't willing to do what you must do to get right, what did you come to me for?"

He finally said he would do it, and he did. Then he asked me to pray for him and I did. Then he asked me to pray for his son Ernest, and I prayed for him at intervals that day. The boy was at Shenandoah, that was in western Iowa - going to school. He didn't go with his class that day. Late that night there was a knock at the door and when they opened it, Ernest was there. He had walked sixteen or seventeen miles to get home and he was almost frozen.

"What's wrong?" the father asked.

"Oh, father, I'm an awful sinner," said the boy.

They called his mother and they got him warm. Today he is preaching the gospel to the heathen. God shot the arrow of conviction over fifteen miles that day in answer to our prayers.

If the Church people get right, the whole world will get right. The world is challenging the Church instead of the Church challenging the world. If it was as easy to get the Church on its knees as it is to get the unsaved world into the kingdom, we wouldn't have any more trouble about religion. And God can't save you unless you're willing. He won't coerce you to it.

I often think of what Bob Ingersoll might have been if he had only been turned into Christianity. What a power for God that man could have been!

I often think of what a power Voltaire could have been for God - that brilliant man over whose writings many have stumbled to Hell.

Carey translated the Bible into twenty-four languages and dialects.

Finney brought over 1,000,000 into the Kingdom of God.

Moody brought hundreds of thousands to Christ.

I have never seen a minister who preached doctrines and creeds and evolution and all such things who had any real concern for the souls of his people. Jesus Christ is in a hurry to save this world and there never was an age when people were so hungry for the truth as they are today.

The angels don't care anything about a railroad in Alaska. What do the angels care about political principles? What do they care about a forty story skyscraper or reclaiming the deserts of the west? What do they care about pictures, art or science? The only thing they're interested in is the salvation of man. If you want to make the bells of Heaven ring, get down on your knees. Tell a sinner about Jesus Christ if you want to hear the Heavenly bells. Nothing will swing open the prison doors and bring men out of sin like prayer.

I never see a man or a woman or boy or girl but I do not think that God has a plan for them, and wonder what it is. He has a plan for each of us. He will use each of us to His glory if we will only let Him. We can defeat His plan if we want to.

Finally, we find that God honors this spirit in deep concern for the unsaved. This concern comes from a clear realization of man's relation. I never knew a higher critical preacher to save them from Hell. Such preaching is not of God and He will not bless it. It is of the devil. If you haven't got in your heart an agonized concern for the unsaved go right down there in front and fall in the sawdust and ask God to forgive you.

Nothing makes such joy in Heaven as the salvation of a soul. The angels don't care a rap about your wealth; they don't care about your social position, they don't care about your culture. It's the salvation of sinners the angels care about.

End

The Need For Revivals

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

Somebody asks: "What is a revival?" Revival is a purely philosophical, common-sense result of the wise use of divinely appointed means, just the same as water will put out a fire; the same as food will appease your hunger; just the same as water will slake your thirst; it is a philosophical common-sense use of divinely appointed means to accomplish that end. A revival is just as much horse sense as that.

A revival is not material; it does not depend upon material means. It is a false idea that there is something peculiar in it, that it cannot be judged by ordinary rules, causes and effects. That is nonsense. Above your head there is an electric light; that is effect. What is the cause? Why, the dynamo. Religion can be judged on the same basis of cause and effect. If you do a thing, results always come. The results come to the farmer. He has his crops. That is the result. He has to plow and plant and take care of his farm before the crops come.

Religion needs a baptism of horse sense. That is just pure horse sense. I believe there is no doctrine more dangerous to the Church today than to convey the impression that a revival is something peculiar in itself and cannot be judged by the same rules of causes and effect as other things. If you preach that to the farmers - if you go to a farmer and say "God is a sovereign," that is true; if you say "God will give you crops only when it pleases him and it is no use for you to plow your ground and plant your crops in the spring," that is all wrong, and if you preach that doctrine and expect the farmers - to believe it, this country will starve to death in two years. The churches have been preaching some false doctrines and religion has died out.

Some people think that religion is a good deal like a storm. They sit around and fold their arms, and that is what is the matter. You sit in your pews so easy that you become mildewed. Such results will be sure to follow if you are persuaded that religion is something mysterious and has no natural connection between the means and the end. It has a natural connection of common sense and I believe that when divinely appointed means are used spiritual blessing will accrue to the individuals and the community in greater numbers than temporal blessings. You can have spiritual blessings as regularly as the farmer can have corn, wheat, oats, or you can have potatoes and onions and cabbage in your garden. I believe that spiritual results will follow more surely than temporal blessings. I don't believe all this tommy-rot of false doctrines. You might as well sit around beneath the shade and fan yourself and say "Ain't it hot?" as to expect God to give you a crop if you don't plow the ground and plant the seed. Until the Church resorts to the use of divinely appointed means it won't get the blessing.

What a Revival Does

What is a revival? Now listen to me. A revival does two things. First, it returns the Church from her backsliding and second, it causes the conversion of men and women; and it always includes the conviction of sin on the part of the Church. What a spell the devil seems to cast over the Church today!

I suppose the people here are pretty fair representatives of the Church of God, and if everybody did what you do there were would never be a revival. Suppose I did no more than you do, then no people would ever be converted through my efforts; I would fold my arms and rust out. A revival helps to bring the unsaved to Jesus Christ.

God Almighty never intended that the devil should triumph over the Church. He never intended that the saloons should walk rough-shod over Christianity. And if you think that anybody is going to frighten me, you don't know me yet.

When is a revival needed? When the individuals are careless and unconcerned. If the Church were down on her face in prayer they would be more concerned with the fellow outside. The Church has degenerated into a third-rate amusement

joint, with religion left out.

When is a revival needed? When carelessness and unconcern keep the people asleep. It is as much the duty of the Church to awaken and work and labor for the men and women of this city as it is the duty of the fire department to rush out when the call sounds. What would you think of the fire department if it slept while the town burned? You would condemn them, and I will condemn you if you sleep and let men and women go to hell. It is just as much your business to be awake. The Church of God is asleep today; it is turned into a dormitory; and has taken the devil's opiates.

When may a revival be expected? When the wickedness of the wicked grieves and distresses the Christian. Sometimes people don't seem to mind the sins of other people. Don't seem to mind while boys and girls walk the streets of their city and know more of evil than gray-haired men. You are asleep.

When is a revival needed? When the Christians have lost the spirit of prayer.

When is a revival needed? When you feel the want of revival and feel the need of it. Men have had this feeling, ministers have had it until they thought they would die unless a revival would come to awaken their people, their students, their deacons and their Sunday-school workers, unless they would fall down on their faces and renounce the world and the works and deceits of the devil. When the Church of God draws its patrons from the theaters the theaters will close up, or else take the dirty, rotten plays off the stage.

When the Church of God stops voting for the saloon, the saloon will go to hell. When the members stop having cards in their homes, there won't be so many black-legged gamblers in the world. This is the truth. You can't sit around and fold your arms and let God run this business; you have been doing that too long here. When may a revival be expected? When Christians confess their sins one to another. Sometimes they confess in a general way, but they have no earnestness; they get up and do it in eloquent language, but that doesn't do it. It is when they break down and cry and pour out their hearts to God in grief, when the floodgates open, then I want to tell you the devil will have cold feet.

Revival Demands Sacrifice

When may a revival be expected? When the wickedness of the wicked grieves and distresses the Church. When you are willing to make a sacrifice for the revival; when you are willing to sacrifice your feelings. You say, "Oh, well, Mr. Sunday hurt my feelings." Then don't spread them all over his tabernacle for men to walk on. I despise a touchy man or woman. Make a sacrifice of your feelings; make a sacrifice of your business, of your time, of your money; you are willing to give to help to advance God's cause, for God's cause has to have money the same as a railroad or a steamship company. When you give your influence and stand up and let people know you stand for Jesus Christ and it has your endorsement and time and money. Somebody has got to get on the firing line. Somebody had to go on the firing line and become bullet meat for \$13 a month to overcome slavery. Somebody has to be willing to make a sacrifice. They must be willing to get out and hustle and do things for God.

When may a revival be expected? A revival may be expected when Christian people confess and ask forgiveness for their sins. When you are willing that God shall promote and use whatever means or instruments or individuals or methods he is pleased to use to promote them. Yes. The trouble is he cannot promote a revival if you are sitting on the judgment of the methods and means that God is employing to promote a revival. The God Almighty may use any method or means or individual that he pleases in order to promote a revival. You are not running it. Let God have his way. You can tell whether you need a revival. You can tell if you will have one and why you have got one. If God should ask you sisters and preachers in an audible voice, "Are you willing that I should promote a revival by using any methods or means or individual language that I choose to use to promote it?" what would be your answer? Yes. Then don't growl if I use some things that you don't like. You have no business to. How can you promote a revival? Break up your fallow ground, the ground that produces nothing but weeds, briars, tin cans and brick-bats. Fallow ground is ground that never had a glow in it. Detroit had a mayor, Pingree, when Detroit had thousands and thousands of acres of fallow ground. This was taken over by the municipal government and planted with potatoes with which they fed the poor of the city.

There are individuals who have never done anything for Jesus Christ, and I have no doubt there are preachers as well, who have never done anything for the God Almighty. There are acres and acres of fallow ground lying right here that have never been touched. Look over your past life, look over your present life and future and take up the individual sins and with pencil and paper write them down. A general confession will never do. You have committed your sins, one by one, and you will have to confess them one by one. This thing of saying, "God, I am a sinner," won't do.

"God, I am a gossip in my neighborhood. God, I have been in my ice-box while I am here listening to Mr. Sunday." Confess your sins.

How can you promote a revival? You women, if you found that your husband was giving his love and attention to some other woman and if you saw that some other woman was encroaching on his mind and heart, and was usurping your place and was pushing you out of the place, wouldn't you grieve? Don't you think that God grieves when you push him out of your life? You don't treat God square. You business men don't treat God fair. You let a thousand things come in and take the place that God Almighty had. No wonder you are careless. You blame God for things you have no right to blame him for. He is not to blame for anything. You judge God. The spirit loves the Bible; the devil loves the flesh.

If you don't do your part, don't blame God. How many times have you blamed God when you are the liar yourself. You are wont [accustomed] to blame him for the instances of unbelief that have come into your life. When should we promote a revival? When there is a neglect of prayer? When your prayers affect God? You never think of going out on the street without dressing. You would be pinched [arrested] before you went a block. You never think of going without breakfast, do you? I bet there are multitudes that have come here without reading the Bible or praying for this meeting.

You can measure your desire for salvation by means of the amount of self-denial you are willing to practice for Jesus Christ. You have sinned before the Church, before the world, before God.

Don't the Lord have a hard time? Own up, now.

Persecution a Godsend

There are a lot of people in church, doubtless, who have denied themselves - self-denial for comfort and convenience. There are a lot of people here who never make any sacrifices for Jesus Christ. They will not suffer any reproaches for Jesus Christ. Paul says, "I love to suffer reproaches for Christ" (e.g., Rom. 8:17). The Bible says, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you" (Luke 6:26). "Blessed are you when your enemies persecute you" (Matt. 5). That is one trouble in the churches of God today. They are not willing to suffer reproach for God's sake. It would be a godsend if the Church would suffer persecution today; she hasn't suffered it for hundreds of years. She is growing rich and lagging behind. Going back.

Pride! How many times have you found yourself exercising pride? How many times have you attempted pride of wealth? Proud because you were related to some of the old families that settled in the Colonies in 1776. That don't get you anything; not at all. I have got as much to be proud of as to lineage as anyone; my great-grandfather was in the Revolutionary War, lost a leg at Brandywine; and my father was a soldier in the Civil War.

Envy! Envy of those that have more talent than you. Envious because someone can own a limousine Packard and you have to ride a Brush runabout; envious because some women can wear a sealskin coat and you a nearseal.

Then there is your grumbling and fault-finding. When speaking of people behind their backs, telling their faults, whether real or imaginary, and that is slander. When you sit around and rip people up behind their backs at your old sewing societies, when you rip and tear and discuss your neighbors and turn the affair into a sort of a great big gossiping society, with your fault-finding, grumbling and growling. There is a big difference between levity and happiness, and pleasure, and all that sort of thing.

Make up your mind that God has given himself up for you. I would like to see something come thundering along that I

would have more interest in than I have in the cause of God Almighty! God has a right to the first place. God is first, remember that.

Multitudes of people are willing to do anything that doesn't require any self-denial on their part.

I am not a member of any lodge, and never expect to be, but if I were a member of a lodge and there were a prayer-meeting and a lodge-meeting coming on Wednesday night, I would be at the prayer-meeting instead of at the lodge-meeting. I am not against the lodges; they do some good work in the world, but that doesn't save anyone for God. God is first and the lodge-meeting is second. God is first and society second. God is first and business is second. "In the beginning, God!" (Gen. 1:1) That is the way the Bible starts out and it ought to be the way with every living being. "In the beginning, God." Seek you first God and everything else shall be added unto you. Christianity is addition; sin is subtraction. Christianity is peace, joy, salvation, heaven. Sin takes away peace, happiness, sobriety, and it takes away health. You are robbing God of the time that you misspend. You are robbing God when you spend time doing something that don't amount to anything, when you might do something for Christ. You are robbing God when you go to foolish amusements, when you sit around reading trashy novels instead of the Word of God.

"Oh, Lord, revive thy work!"

I have only two minutes more and then I am through. Bad temper. Abuse your wife and abuse your children; abuse your husband; turn your old gatling-gun tongue loose. A lady came to me and said, "Mr. Sunday, I know I have a bad temper, but I am over with it in a minute." So is the shotgun, but it blows everything to pieces.

And, finally, you abuse the telephone girl because she doesn't connect you in a minute. Bad temper. I say you abuse your wife, you go cussing around if supper isn't ready on time; cussing because the coffee isn't hot; you dig your fork into a hunk of beefsteak and put it on your plate and then you say: "Where did you get this, in the harness shop? Take it out and make a hinge for the door." Then you go to your store, or office, and smile and everybody thinks you are an angel about to sprout wings and fly to the imperial realm above. Bad temper! You growl at your children; you snap and snarl around the house until they have to go to the neighbors to see a smile. They never get a kind word - no wonder so many of them go to the devil quick.

End

The Old Time Religion

by

Evangelist Billy Sunday

"I believe the Bible is the word of God from cover to cover. I believe that the man who magnifies the word of God in his preaching is the man whom God will honor. Why do such names stand out on the pages of history as Wesley, Whitefield, Finney and Martin Luther? Because of their fearless denunciation of all sin, and because they preach Jesus Christ without fear or favor.

"But somebody says a revival is abnormal. You lie! Do you mean to tell me that the godless, card-playing conditions of the Church are normal? I say they are not, but it is the abnormal state. It is the sin-eaten, apathetic condition of the Church that is abnormal. It is the 'Dutch lunch' and beer party, card parties and the like, that are abnormal. I say that they lie when they say that a revival is an abnormal condition in the Church.

"What we need is the good old-time kind of revival that will cause you to love your neighbors, and quit talking about them. A revival that will make you pay your debts, and have family prayers. Get that kind and then you will see that a revival means a very different condition from what people believe it does.

"Christianity means a lot more than church membership. Many an old skin-flint is not fit for the balm of Gilead until you give him a fly blister and get after him with a currycomb. There are too many Sunday-school teachers who are godless card-players, beer, wine and champagne drinkers. No wonder the kids are going to the devil. No wonder your children grow up like cattle when you have no form of prayer in the home."

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SUNDAY

What does converted mean? It means completely changed. Converted is not synonymous with reformed. Reforms are from without-conversion from within. Conversion is a complete surrender to Jesus. It's a willingness to do what he wants you to do. Unless you have made a complete surrender and are doing his will it will avail you nothing if you've reformed a thousand times and have your name on fifty church records.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, in your heart and confess him with your mouth and you will be saved. God is good. The plan of salvation is presented to you in two parts. Believe in your heart and confess with your mouth. Many of you here probably do Believe. Why don't you confess? Now own up. The truth is that you have a yellow streak. Own up, business men, and business women, and all of you others. Isn't it so? Haven't you got a little saffron? Brave old Elijah ran like a scared deer when he heard old Jezebel had said she would have his head, and he beat it. And he ran to Beersheba and lay down under a juniper tree and cried to the Lord to let him die. The Lord answered his prayer, but not in the way he expected. If he had let him die he would have died with nothing but the wind moaning through the trees as his funeral dirge. But the Lord had something better for Elijah. He had a chariot of fire and it swooped down and carried him into glory without his ever seeing death.

So he says he has something better for you--salvation if he can get you to see it. You've kept your church membership locked up. You've smiled at a smutty story. When God and the Church were scoffed at you never peeped, and when asked to stand up here you've sneaked out the back way and beat it. You're afraid and God despises a coward--a mutt. You cannot be converted by thinking so and sitting still.

Maybe you're a drunkard, an adulterer, a prostitute, a liar; won't admit you are lost; are proud. Maybe you're even proud you're not proud, and Jesus has a time of it.

Jesus said: "Come to me," not to the Church; to me, not to a creed; to me, not to a preacher; to me, not to an evangelist; to me, not to a priest; to me, not to a pope; "Come to me and I will give you rest." Faith in Jesus Christ saves you, not faith in the Church.

You can join church, pay your share of the preacher's salary, attend the services, teach Sunday school, return thanks and do everything that would apparently stamp you as a Christian--even pray--but you won't ever be a Christian until you do what God tells you to do.

That's the road, and that's the only one mapped out for you and for me. God treats all alike. He doesn't furnish one plan for the banker and another for the janitor who sweeps out the bank. He has the same plan for one that he has for another. It's the law--you may not approve of it, but that doesn't make any difference.

Salvation a Personal Matter

The first thing to remember about being saved is that salvation is a personal matter. "Seek ye the Lord"--that means every one must seek for himself. It won't do for the parent to seek for the children; it won't do for the children to seek for the parent. If you were sick all the medicine I might take wouldn't do you any good. Salvation is a personal matter that no one else can do for you; you must attend to it yourself.

Some persons have lived manly or womanly lives, and they lack but one thing--open confession of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some men think that they must come to him in a certain way--that they must be stirred by emotion or something like that.

Some people have a deeper conviction of sin before they are converted than after they are converted. With some it is the other way. Some know when they are converted and others don't.

Some people are emotional. Some are demonstrative. Some will cry easily. Some are cold and can't be moved to emotion. A man jumped up in a meeting and asked whether he could be saved when he hadn't shed a tear in forty years. Even as he spoke he began to shed tears. It's all a matter of how you're constituted. I am vehement, and I serve God with the same vehemence that I served the devil when I went down the line.

Some of you say that in order to accept Jesus you must have different surroundings. You think you could do it better in some other place. You can be saved where you are as well as any place on earth. I say, "My watch doesn't run. It needs new surroundings. I'll put it in this other pocket, or I'll put it here, or here on these flowers." It doesn't need new surroundings. It needs a new mainspring; and that's what the sinner needs. You need a new heart, not a new suit.

What can I do to keep out of hell? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

The Philippian jailer was converted. He had put the disciples into the stocks when they came to the prison, but after his conversion he stooped down and washed the blood from their stripes.

Now, leave God out of the proposition for a minute. Never mind about the new birth--that's his business. Jesus Christ became a man, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. He died on the cross for us, so that we might escape the penalty pronounced on us. Now, never mind about anything but our part in salvation. Here it is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

You say, "Mr. Sunday, the Church is full of hypocrites." So's hell. I say to you if you don't want to go to hell and live with that whole bunch forever, come into the Church, where you won't have to associate with them very long. There are no hypocrites in heaven.

You say, "Mr. Sunday, I can be a Christian and go to heaven without joining a church." Yes, and you can go to Europe without getting on board a steamer. The swimmings good--but the sharks are laying for fellows who take that route. I

don't believe you. If a man is truly saved he will hunt for a church right away.

You say, "It's so mysterious. I don't understand." You'll be surprised to find out how little you know. You plant a seed in the ground--that's your part. You don't understand how it grows. How God makes that seed grow is mysterious to you.

Some people think that they can't be converted unless they go down on their knees in the straw at a camp-meeting, unless they pray all hours of the night, and all nights of the week, while some old brother storms heaven in prayer. Some think a man must lose sleep, must come down the aisle with a haggard look, and he must froth at the mouth and dance and shout. Some get it that way, and they don't think that the work I do is genuine unless conversions are made in the same way that they have got religion.

I want you to see what God put in black and white; that there can be a sound, thorough conversion in an instant; that man can be converted as quietly as the coming of day and never backslide. I do not find fault with the way other people get religion. What I want and preach is the fact that a man can be converted without any fuss.

If a man wants to shout and clap his hands in joy over his wife's conversion, or if a wife wants to cry when her husband is converted, I am not going to turn the hose on them, or put them in a strait-jacket. When a man turns to God truly in conversion, I don't care what form his conversion takes. I wasn't converted that way, but I do not rush around and say, with gall and bitterness, that you are not saved because you did not get religion the way I did. If we all got religion in the same way, the devil might go to sleep with a regular Rip Van Winkle snooze and still be on the job.

Look at Nicodemus. You could never get a man with the temperament of Nicodemus near a camp meeting, to kneel down in the straw, or to shout and sing. He was a quiet, thoughtful, honest, sincere and cautious man. He wanted to know the truth and he was willing to walk in the light when he found it.

Look at the man at the pool of Bethesda. He was a big sinner and was in a lot of trouble which his sins had made for him. He had been in that condition for a long time. It didn't take him three minutes to say "Yes," when the Lord spoke to him. See how quietly he was converted.

"And He Arose and Followed Him"!

Matthew stood in the presence of Christ and he realized what it would be to be without Christ, to be without hope, and it brought him to a quick decision. "And he arose and followed him."

How long did that conversion take? How long did it take him to accept Christ after he had made up his mind? And you tell me you can't make an instant decision to please God? The decision of Matthew proves that you can. While he was sitting at his desk he was not a disciple. The instant he arose he was. That move changed his attitude toward God. Then he ceased to do evil and commenced to do good. You can be converted just as quickly as Matthew was.

God says: "Let the wicked man forsake his way." The instant that is done, no matter if the man has been a life-long sinner, he is safe. There is no need of struggling for hours--or for days--do it now. Who are you struggling with? Not God. God's mind was made up long before the foundations of the earth were laid. The plan of salvation was made long before there was any sin in the world. Electricity existed long before there was any car wheel for it to drive. "Let the wicked man forsake his way." When? Within a month, within a week, within a day, within an hour? No! Now! The instant you yield, God's plan of salvation is thrown into gear. You will be saved before you know it, like a child being born.

Rising and following Christ switched Matthew from the broad to the narrow way. He must have counted the cost as he would have balanced his cash book. He put one side against the other. The life he was living led to all chance of gain. On the other side there was Jesus, and Jesus outweighs all else. He saw the balance turn as the tide of a battle turns and then it ended with his decision. The sinner died and the disciple was born.

I believe that the reason the story of Matthew was written was to show how a man could be converted quickly and quietly.

It didn't take him five or ten years to begin to do something--he got busy right away.

You don't believe in quick conversions? There have been a dozen men of modern times who have been powers for God whose conversion was as quiet as Matthew's. Charles G. Finney never went to a camp meeting. He was out in the woods alone, praying, when he was converted. Sam Jones, a mighty man of God, was converted at the bedside of his dying father. Moody accepted Christ while waiting on a customer in a boot and shoe store. Dr. Chapman was converted as a boy in a Sunday school. All the other boys in the class had accepted Christ, and only Wilbur remained. The teacher turned to him and said, "And how about you, Wilbur?" He said, "I will," and he turned to Christ and has been one of his most powerful evangelists for many years. Gipsy Smith was converted in his father's tent. Torrey was an agnostic, and in comparing agnosticism, infidelity and Christianity, he found the scale tipped toward Christ. Luther was converted as he crawled up a flight of stairs in Rome.

Seemingly the men who have moved the world for Christ have been converted in a quiet manner. The way to judge a tree is by its fruit. Judge a tree of quiet conversion in this way.

Another lesson. When conversion compels people to forsake their previous calling, God gives them a better job. Luke said, "He left all." Little did he dream that his influence would be world-reaching and eternity-covering. His position as tax-collector seemed like a big job, but it was picking up pins compared to the job God gave him. Some of you may be holding back for fear of being put out of your job. If you do right God will see that you do not suffer. He has given plenty of promises, and if you plant your feet on them you can defy the poor-house. Trust in the Lord means that God will feed you. Following Christ you may discover a gold mine of ability that you never dreamed of possessing. There was a saloon-keeper, converted in a meeting at New Castle, who won hundreds of people to Christ by his testimony and his preaching.

You do not need to be in the church before the voice comes to you; you don't need to be reading the Bible; you don't need to be rich or poor or learned. Wherever Christ comes follow. You may be converted while engaged in your daily business. Men cannot put up a wall and keep Jesus away. The still small voice will find you.

At the Cross-roads

Right where the two roads through life diverge God has put Calvary. There he put up a cross, the stumbling block over which the love of God said, "I'll touch the heart of man with the thought of father and son." He thought that would win the world to him, but for nineteen hundred years men have climbed the Mount of Calvary and trampled into the earth the tenderest teachings of God.

You are on the devil's side. How are you going to cross over?

So you cross the line and God won't issue any extradition papers. Some of you want to cross. If you believe, then say so, and step across. I'll bet there are hundreds that are on the edge of the line and many are standing straddling it. But that won't save you. You believe in your heart--confess him with your mouth. With his heart man believes and with his mouth he confesses. Then confess and receive salvation full, free, perfect and external. God will not grant any extradition papers. Get over the old line. A man isn't a soldier because he wears a uniform, or carries a gun, or carries a canteen. He is a soldier when he makes a definite enlistment. All of the others can be bought without enlisting. When a man becomes a soldier he goes out on muster day and takes an oath to defend his country. It's the oath that makes him a soldier. Going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than going to a garage makes you an automobile, but public definite enlistment for Christ makes you a Christian.

"Oh," a woman said to me out in Iowa, "Mr. Sunday, I don't think I have to confess with my mouth." I said: "You're putting up your thought against God's."

M-o-u-t-h doesn't spell intellect. It spells mouth and you must confess with your mouth. The mouth is the biggest part about most people, anyhow.

What must I do?

Philosophy doesn't answer it. Infidelity doesn't answer it. First, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Believe on the, Lord. Lord--that's his kingly name. That's the name he reigns under. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus." It takes that kind of a confession. Give me a Saviour with a sympathetic eye to watch me so I shall not slander. Give me a Saviour with a strong arm to catch me if I stumble. Give me a Saviour that will hear my slightest moan.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. Christ is his resurrection name. He is sitting at the right hand of the Father interceding for us.

Because of his divinity he understands God's side of it and because of his humanity he understands our side of it. Who is better qualified to be the mediator? He's a mediator. What is that? A lawyer is a mediator between the jury and the defendant. A retail merchant is a mediator between the wholesale dealer and the consumer. Therefore, Jesus Christ is the Mediator between God and man. Believe on the Lord. He's ruling today. Believe on the Lord Jesus. He died to save us. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. He's the Mediator.

Her majesty, Queen Victoria, was traveling in Scotland when a storm came up and she took refuge in a little hut of a Highlander. She stayed there for an hour and when she went the good wife said to her husband, "We'll tie a ribbon on that chair because her majesty has sat on it and no one else will ever sit on it." A friend of mine was there later and was going to sit in the chair when the man cried: "Nae, nae, mon. Dinna sit there. Her majesty spent an hour with us once and she sat on that chair and we tied a ribbon on it and no one else will ever sit on it." They were honored that her majesty had spent the hour with them. It brought unspeakable joy to them.

It's great that Jesus Christ will sit on the throne of my heart, not for an hour, but here to sway his power forever and ever.

"He Died for Me"

In the war there was a band of guerillas--Quantrell's band--that had been ordered to be shot on sight. They had burned a town in Iowa and they had been caught. One long ditch was dug and they were lined up in front of it and blindfolded and tied, and just as the firing squad was ready to present arms a young man dashed through the bushes and cried, "Stop!" He told the commander of the firing squad that he was as guilty as any of the others, but he had escaped and had come of his own free will, and pointed to one man in the line and asked to take his place. "I'm single," he said, "while he has a wife and babies." The commander of that firing squad was an usher in one of the cities in which I held meetings, and he told me how the young fellow was blindfolded and bound and the guns rang out and he fell dead.

Time went on and one day a man came upon another in a graveyard in Missouri weeping and shaping the grave into form. The first man asked who was buried there and the other said, "The best friend I ever had." Then he told how he had not gone far away but had come back and got the body of his friend after he had been shot and buried it; so he knew he had the right body. And he had brought a withered bouquet all the way from his home to put on the grave. He was poor then and could not afford anything costly, but he had placed a slab of wood on the pliable earth with these words on it: "He died for me."

Major Whittle stood by the grave some time later and saw the same monument. If you go there now you will see something different. The man became rich and today there is a marble monument fifteen feet high and on it this inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIE LEE HE TOOK MY PLACE IN THE LINE HE DIED FOR ME

Sacred to the memory of Jesus Christ. He took our place on the cross and gave his life that we might live, and go to heaven and reign with him.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, confess him with thy mouth, and thou shalt be saved and thy house."

It is a great salvation that can reach down into the quagmire of filth, pull a young man out and send him out to hunt his mother and fill her days with sunshine. It is a great salvation, for it saves from great sin.

The way to salvation is not Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Vassar or Wellesley. Environment and culture can't put you into heaven without you accept Jesus Christ.

It's great. I want to tell you that the way to heaven is a blood-stained way. No man has ever reached it without Jesus Christ and he never will.

Shew Thyself A Man

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"Be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man" -- 1 Kings 2:2

No one can read the Bible in a thoughtful way without being impressed with the fact that it makes much of manhood, and holds it up as something that should be sought after with diligence and perseverance.

In fact the Bible exalts and emphasizes manhood in a remarkable way, and shows that real manhood is a great thing in the world. The book of Genesis contains sixty chapters and covers 2,300 years of human history, and yet one half of it is devoted to telling us about the colossal manhood of Abraham, and a third to that of Joseph.

The story of creation is told in 800 words, but a great deal more space is given to the story of Caleb's rugged manhood. A whole book is occupied with the story of Job, and another with that of Daniel, while long chapters here and there tell us of other men who are safe examples to follow.

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

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

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

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

Let me ask you to note, first of all, that David wanted Solomon to be anchored to a noble purpose. He didn't want the young man to drift along in an aimless way, like a log in a whirlpool, but he wanted him to have, his eye set on something for which it would be worth his while to spend every energy to reach.

And so with his dying breath he said, "Don't be a mere floater, my son. Don't be a drifter on the stream of time, but stem the current that would carry you down, but be a man".

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

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

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

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

where the giants were.

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

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

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

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

Samson was a giant in stature and a baby in self-control. It was not the Philistines who destroyed Samson. It was Samson himself.

The man who is able to say "no" whenever it should be said is walking in a way that will lead straight to his own good.

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

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

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

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

Boys take an example from their father. Every man's some boy's hero. Some fathers are woefully deficient, their sparker and gasoline don't work either. They can't make the grade. If every man lived light today, no boy would go to hell tomorrow.

To be a man means to be strong in purpose and self-control. If your manhood is buried under doubt, dig it out. There's a Gettysburg in every man's life which he has to fight. To be ready is half the secret of success.

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

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

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

The man who lets the devil choose his company for him will soon do anything the devil wants him to do.

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

Before you get into the hopper take a look at the grist that is coming out.

Be prudent by learning your own strength and weakness, as a wise general knows his army. Be prudent in speech, for many a fine career has been cut short by a long tongue. Be prudent in making the best possible preparation for the thing you set out to accomplish.

Start out in life as you would set out for the North Pole. First make sure that you are ready and then go straight on with confidence.

Be prudent by keeping as far from the edge of every precipice as you can. Don't fool with temptation or trifle with sin, for the man who keeps on putting his head in the lion's mouth every day is certain to have his breathing interfered with sooner or later.

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

If you are a young man get a college education if you have to live on oatmeal and sorghum molasses to do it. First get understanding and you may have everything else you want.

The life of the uneducated man is like that of a mole living in the dark, while that of the man with culture is like the eagle, mounting above the clouds and soaring towards the sun.

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

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

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

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

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

End

The Second Coming of Christ

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words" (1 Thessalonians 4:17-18).

THE MEETING here mentioned is to be the greatest meeting the Bible tells us anything about. There have been some wonderful meetings, but never has there been one to compare with this. It was a wonderful meeting the children of Israel had on the shore of the Red Sea, after Pharaoh's pursuing host had been destroyed in the angry waters, and Miriam, the prophetess, with her timbrel, led the people in singing, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea" (Exod. 15:21).

And it was another great meeting they had at the foot of Mount Sinai, when the Law of God was given to them amid thunders and lightnings and fire and smoke.

That was a great meeting, too, on Mount Carmel, when Elijah, the sturdy Tishbite, defied the prophets of Bal; and that was a great meeting where David danced before the Ark of God, as it was home into Jerusalem. It was a great meeting when Solomon dedicated the temple, and the glory of the Lord came upon the people, and those were great meetings that were held on the banks of the Jordan when Jerusalem and all Judea went out to hear the man who dressed in camel's hair and wore a linen girdle, and lived on locusts and wild honey.

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

All these were great meetings, and any number of others have been held, both in former times and in our own day. Those were great meetings in the early days of Methodism, when Wesley and Whitefield preached to great multitudes in the fields. Those were great meetings when multitudes were flocking to hear Finney and Moody; and great meetings have since been held by other great evangelists all around the world. But no meeting has ever been held anywhere or in any time that could begin to compare in importance with the greatest of all meetings that is to be held in the air, when our Lord comes to make up His jewels.

That meeting is the one for which all others have been preparing the way. It will be the crowning meeting of all history. The purpose of all that has been done in this world up to the present time has been to prepare for that great meeting in the air.

From Adam, mankind has been marching step by step up a grand stairway leading direct to that meeting in the air. The call of Abraham was one step toward it, and Jacob and his twelve sons were another. Joseph ruling Egypt was another; the deliverance under Moses another; the conquest of Canaan under Joshua another, and so on with every event in sacred history. It was for this Jesus suffered on the Cross to make atonement for sin. It was for this He arose from the dead and ascended into Heaven, where he took His place at the right hand of the Father. It was for this the Holy Spirit came at Pentecost, and it was for this that Churches have been organized and missionaries sent to the ends of the earth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is not a nation on the face of the earth that has not had the Gospel preached within its bounds. The second coming of Christ is the emphatic doctrine of the New Testament. It is mentioned and referred to more than 350 times, and yet the majority of Church members never heard a sermon on the subject; that is the reason they think so little of looking into the matter themselves.

The Church makes much of Baptism, but in all of Paul's epistles Baptism is only mentioned or referred to thirteen times, while the return of the Lord is mentioned fifty times. This certainly shows which he considered the most important. McCheyne, the great Scotch preacher, once said to some of his friends: "Do you think Christ will come back tonight?" One after another they said: "I think not." Then he solemnly repeated: "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh" (Matt. 24:42-44). With such admonitions as this, what right have we to be unconcerned about it and say, as many preachers do, "It is nothing to me; I take no interest in the subject, whatever." Who would care to travel on a train where the engineer would never read his orders? Who would ride on a ship where the captain never looked at the compass? You may call it rubbish, but the disciples called it the "blessed hope."

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

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

I suppose there would be a mighty scramble to get right with God if you all found out that Jesus was going to return tonight. It wouldn't make any difference to Jesus if you had to do the right thing just because He turned up unexpectedly. You would have to prove to Him that you were on the level with Him, and although you might all be baptized, sprinkled and immersed, there would be nothing doing in the salvation line if you didn't play square with the Lord.

This old world is going to wake up some morning and find that all good men and women have beaten it, and she'll rub her eyes when she finds out that the Lord has been here on the job and taken his own with Him.

Every time I preach and every time you do personal work, I feel that we are helping to bring about the second coming of the Lord, and it sets my bones on fire when I think that the last man or woman need only be saved before this campaign is over in order that the Lord may come. That is my incentive to do the work I am doing. It is my hope that, before I finish here, the Church will be purified as a Bride, ready to meet Jesus, the Bridegroom, in the air.

A little more than twenty years ago Mr. Moody called a convention of Christian workers to meet in Chicago, and that convention was in session there in Moody's church for two months, and out of it came the great Bible institute.

The daily program was to spend the forenoon at the church in prayer and Bible study, and the afternoon and evening in doing practical Christian work.

A man who was my assistant some years ago attended that convention. He told me that one day Mr. Moody asked him to go down among the anarchists, in the hard parts Of Chicago, and hold a meeting there.

"Do the best you can," said Moody, "and some night I'll come down and help you."

My friend said that promise was a continual incentive to him to keep up his courage and do his very best. He didn't know when Mr. Moody would come, and so he looked for him every night, and the harder time he had, the harder he hoped and looked.

This shows how the constant expectation of the coming Of Jesus will inspire and encourage us.

A great many say: "I believe the Millennium will come first, then Christ will come at the end Of it." What people think has nothing to do with it, but what God says has everything to do with it.

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

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

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

Many have an idea the world will grow better and better until the coming of the millennium, and everybody will be converted, and you hear that stuff preached, but the Bible does not teach any such trash.

On the day before the flood there were no doubt many people who were sincere in thinking that the world was growing better, and yet it was so hopelessly wicked that God had to destroy it. Some of the men who married into the family of Lot may have made the same claim for Sodom, only a day or two before its destruction; no doubt Lot's wife was of the same opinion. On the day before the Crucifixion there were men in Jerusalem who undoubtedly agreed with each other that the

world was growing better. The world will grow worse and worse. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage until the day that Noah entered the ark and the flood came and destroyed them all. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot, they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded. But the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all.

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

Many think and preach that the millennium will be brought about by the increase of knowledge, culture, great discoveries, such as the gasoline engine, automobile, electricity, radium, liquefied air, wireless telegraphy, airships, etc. These have nothing to do with bringing the millennium. It is the personal reign of Christ that brings the millennium. Those who have been the greatest blessing to the world were filled with this hope and preached it.

The word of God was vitiated and neutralized by the traditions of men when Jesus first came, and that is very largely the trouble in present times. Instead of going to the Bible to find out what God says, the Preacher is too apt to go to his books, to see what the great men of his Church have to say about it, and all their preaching and teaching take its color from the glasses the rabbis wear, just as was the case in the time of Jesus.

The fact that Jesus was not recognized by the high-up authorities, but was rejected and crucified as an impostor, shows what a dangerous and deadly thing it is to accept the traditions of men rather than what God says about things.

Too many who are now masters in Israel are as much in the dark as Nicodemus was. The truth is no harder to get at than corn on the cob, if we will first strip off the husk and shell it. We need to depend more upon the Holy Spirit and less upon our libraries if we would preach so that those who hear us will also hear the voice of God in our message. It is not what Doctor This or Professor That has to say about it that settles the question, and settles it right, but who reads the Word. What does the Bible say about it? And what we need to do is to take the Bible as it reads, not as some big man says it means.

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

It is high time for Christians to interpret unfulfilled prophecies by the light of prophecies already fulfilled.

The curses on the Jews were brought to pass literally - so also will be the blessings.

The scattering was literal; so also will be the gatherings.

The pulling down of Zion was literal; so also must be the building up.

The rejection of Israel was literal; and so also must be the restoration.

The first coming of Christ was literal, visible and personal, and what right has anybody to conclude that His second coming will be altogether spiritual? If His first advent was with a real body, why not the same with His second coming?

When Jesus first came the smallest predictions were fulfilled to the very letter; and should this not teach us to expect that the same will be true when He comes again? There are very many more prophecies concerning His second coming than His first, and does not this mean that God wants to give us the most favorable opportunity possible to prepare for it? If the humility and shame of Christ at His first coming were literal and visible, should not His second coming in power and glory be also literal and visible?

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

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

And that is why the Lord could use the poor tinker so marvelously, even when he was shut up in Bedford jail.

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

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

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

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

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

"I can't do it, brother," answered the colonel. "I could never do that, for every time I start for the mission, I think, maybe the last man may be saved in our little meeting tonight, and the Lord will come; and I wouldn't miss being at my post for anything in the world. When Jesus comes I want to be right where he expects me to be."

The Bible very clearly makes known the great truth that God's purpose for this dispensation is the completing of the Body of Christ. He is not trying to save the world now; that is to be the work of the next dispensation. Here is the scripture for it:

"God at the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for His name. (The body of Christ.) And to this agree the words of the prophets; as it is written. After this I will return and will build again the tabernacle of David (the Jewish nation) which is fallen down (scattered and no longer being used)- and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set them that the residue of men might seek after the Lord (through their missionary efforts)" (Acts 15:14-17).

That is the present dispensation, and that is what God is doing now. There is nothing said here about the conversion of the world, but it is made clear that a people is being chosen, and much Scripture might be quoted to show that the people so referred to will constitute the body of Christ.

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

"And to this agree the words of the Prophets (about God's purpose in gathering a chosen People from the Gentiles). As it is written (and that means what God says). After this (after the number of People to be chosen from the Gentiles has been I will return (to direct dealing with Israel) and build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down" (Acts 15:15_16).

What does that mean? What does it mean for a house to be fallen down? Certainly that it cannot longer be used as a house while in that condition. Read the prophecy of Amos, from which this is taken, and see why it is that God is through with Israel until He has taken from the Gentiles the people for His name. (To bear His name, to glorify His name.)

The mission of the Church - the Bride of Christ, or Body of Christ is to get ready to meet the Bridegroom. When the Body of Christ is completed He will reveal Himself to the members who are alive and in this world at that time, and at the same moment they will be caught up to meet those who have gone on before in the air, and from that moment they are forever with the Lord.

The Body of Christ will be composed of believers from every race and nation on earth. That is why the Gospel must first be preached as a witness to every nation. Not from every dispensation. It had its beginning on the day of Pentecost and will be complete at the time of the meeting in the air, which is called the Rapture. For He is now preparing, perfecting and completing the Church - the Body of Christ, the Bride who is to meet the Lord in the air, and be with Him forevermore.

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

There remains no prophecy to be fulfilled. There is not a nation where the Gospel has not been preached. So Christ must be waiting for the completion of the body of believers.

When the Rapture comes it will come in the twinkling of an eye. Those who have died in the Lord will be resurrected, and they, with the believers who are alive, will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. When the Rapture comes it will come in the twinkling of an eye, and will be altogether unexpected except by those who have been searching the prophecies and are looking for it, just as Simeon and Anna and the wise men were looking for Jesus at His first coming. After it has occurred there will be an army of Church members and Preachers who will not know that it has come, because they are not members of the Lord's Body; for the Lord will not at that time be seen by any except those who have been caught up to meet Him in the air.

The remainder of the world will not know that He has been here, and they will not know what has become of the missing ones. They will seem to have disappeared in all kinds of unaccountable ways, unless their earthly bodies shall be left behind them, as the linen clothes of Jesus were left in the tomb. But things will soon settle back into their old condition, and the world go on its way, as did Sodom after Lot was taken out of it.

The notion that people have about the second coming of Christ is that when He comes the Judgment Day will also come, and that the world will come to an end. This idea is unscriptural and shows how little the Bible has been searched to find and make known the real truth by those who are leaders and teachers in the church. Business will go on and governments will go on as now. After Jesus comes and takes the believers out of the world, then takes place the great Tribulation, a description of which you will find later on. At the close of the Tribulation the Lord will return, bringing with Him His saintly members of His Body, to begin His Millennium reign. Then He will reveal himself to the Jews. They will accept

Him as their long rejected Messiah. Then the millennium will begin - the devil will be cast into the bottomless pit for a thousand years; nations will be born in a day, through the missionary efforts of the Jews.

When the Jews accept Jesus Christ and bring to Him all their wonderful energy and intelligence, oh, this world will grow as it has never grown before! Nations will be born in a day.

The Jews have always been full of energy in business, as no other people, and when they become ambassadors for Christ there will be no lukewarmness or indifference. Either before or during the Tribulation the Jews will have been restored to the holy land, rebuilding their Temple and restoring the Jewish worship.

Also during the tribulation the antiChrist will come, most likely in the person of some great king. It is supposed that he will be a personal incarnation of the devil, just as Jesus was an incarnation of God. He will go to Jerusalem, and there do great signs and wonders, by which he will so delude the chosen people that they will accept him as their Messiah, and pay him divine honors in the Temple. It will be during this that Jesus will return and destroy him by the brightness of His coming, "And then shall the wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming, even of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders" (2 Thess. 2:8-9).

The devil has got some of you so close to Hell that you can smell the fumes. He's no loafer. He's been working for 6,000 years, and he was never laid up with appendicitis nor tonsillitis, nor the grip.

In the Lord's coming there are to be two distinct phases - His coming for the members of His Body, and revelation to them at the time of the Rapture, or taking up into the air, and His coming with the members of His Body at the close of the Tribulation, when He is revealed to the Jews and destroys the antiChrist.

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

Yes, Christ will come in person, and will destroy the antiChrist. The seat of his power will be Jerusalem. This is literal and not figurative.

The visible Church will be left here, strong in members and organization. It will probably make a great show of missionary activity, but will have no more power against the principalities and powers of evil than did the disciples who missed the Mount of Transfiguration have over the demons that were tormenting the little boy.

In a worldly way it will appear to be in a very prosperous condition, rich in property and elegant buildings; but here is a picture of what it will be after the salt of the earth has been taken out of it: "This know also that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection; truce breakers, false accusers, inconsistent, fierce, despisers of those that are good; traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof" (2 Tim. 3:1-5).

Did you ever know a time in all history when the world was worse than it is now? People are passing up the Church and the Prayer Meeting for the theater, the leg show and the movies. Oh, Lord, how we need someone to cry aloud, "Return to God."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Moses and David and Isaiah and Jeremiah had no such chance as we have, for the Body of Christ had its beginning at Pentecost. Neither will those who live after the Rapture have an opportunity, for the Body will then be complete and the door closed forever, as it was in the faces of the foolish virgins. Jesus said of John the Baptist that he was the greatest of all prophets, but that the least in the kingdom of God was greater than he. What an awful thing it would be, then, to have such a glorious opportunity and miss it! Others will know the joys of great salvation, for the world will be saved during the Millennium (the next dispensation), and the knowledge of the glory of God will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, but the people of that day will have no place in the Body of Christ; they cannot become members of the royal family. They will be loyal subjects of the king.

That is why Paul could say, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. 8:16).

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

2. If we have a place in that meeting in the air it will mean that we are like Christ, for "when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

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

3. For some that meeting will mean that they reached it without having to pass through death, for it is to be composed of those who have gone before, and those who are still living at that time. Some who are born into this world are never to die, and we may hope to be of that elect number.

The Christian has no business to be looking for death. It is his right to hope to live forever, and instead of expecting to go

to the grave, he should be looking for the coming of his Lord and the meeting in the air.

4. It will also mean that we shall then have bodies that will remain young forever. Pains and aches, gray hair, wrinkles and feebleness will never again be known. Listen to this: "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep (die), but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible (no longer subject to age or decay), and we shall be changed (into His likeness)" (1 Cor. 15:51-52). And it will come in the twinkling of an eye - in a moment - and that moment will be what all time was made for.

In that moment some will give up old age to be young forever. Others will go from beds of pain upon which they may have lain prostrate for years. Others, from the most grinding poverty, will spring to eternal wealth. Some will go from burdens from which they expected no relief save death. From what tribulations and troubles and afflictions will not that moment be a deliverance, and how the angels will begin to crowd the battlements of Heaven upon that glad meeting when they know it is about to come! In a moment! In the twinkling of an eye!

"Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly," ought to be the daily prayer of every Christian heart, And yet as we look about us now, and see how the devil seems to be having his way as much as ever, it looks as if that great time would never come.

But you can't tell by appearances. An hour before the tidal wave comes there is nothing to indicate that it will ever come. Nobody dreamed of an earthquake ten minutes before San Francisco began to rock and tumble.

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

Just that quick! Quicker than a clock can tick! Quicker than lightning can flash! Ten minutes before the President touched the golden key it looked as if the machinery would never start, but when the right moment arrived it was going.

"Therefore, be ye ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh." God's clock is never behind the smallest fraction of a second.

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

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

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

"And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them; and I saw the souls of them that were

beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the Word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."

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

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years" (Rev.20: 3-6).

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

7. Think of the delight of meeting and continuing with the other members of the Lord's Body, who will then be as dear to us as the apple of our own eye. Think of being intimate with Peter, James and John, Andrew, Philip and the others, and of hearing from them again and again all the incidents they witnessed in the life of Jesus. Think of being more intimate with Paul and Silas and Mark and Luke and Timothy, and the Saints who were in Caesar's household, than we are with our very best friends now. Think of knowing Mary, the mother of Jesus, as well as You know your own mother, and of having her intimate friends, Martha and Mary Magdalene, and the unknown disciples who on the first Easter morning walked with their risen Lord on the way to Emmaus! Think of talking with Zacchaeus and Blind Bartimeus, the daughter of Jairus, and the wild man out of whom the legion of devils were cast. And the blind man in the ninth chapter of John how good - it will be to shake hands with him and tell him some of the good things, we have so often thought about his courage.

And Joseph of Arimathaea, Nicodemus and the boy who had the five loaves and two fishes. And the blind woman who touched the hem of His garment; the widow who gave the two mites and the Philippian jailer who got the old time religion in an unmistakable way; the first leper who was cleansed, and all the rest. How much we shall miss, if we miss that meeting in the air.

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

Then think of the delight of coming back into this world, where we have had so much trouble and hardship and poverty and sickness, to live under such glorious circumstances as will then prevail.

A man told a friend of mine that when {he was} a boy he footed it for nearly a hundred miles over the old National road. It was in August, the weather hot and dusty, and the boy penniless, homeless and disheartened. He had on a pair of cowhide shoes, and his feet became so sore that over much of the way he could only hobble along in great pain.

A little while ago he went over the same road in an elegant automobile, and he never so enjoyed a ride in his life. The weather was fine and he had nothing to do but sit there and drink in the beauty of the day, and think of how much better off he was than when he went limping over the same road, a poor, helpless, sore footed boy.

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

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

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

10. If we have a part in that meeting we shall escape the great Tribulation which is to come upon all the earth as soon as the members of the Body of Christ are taken out of the world.

The Body of Christ is now the salt of the earth, and the light of the world. It is the army with which God now holds in check the principalities and powers of evil. It is therefore evident that when this army is taken out of the world, the devil will have unhindered sway, and will immediately begin to make this world as much like Hell as he wants it to be. In speaking of this awful time, Jesus said:

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

And here is what Daniel says of it:

"And there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation even to that time, and at that time thy people shall be delivered (members of the Lord's body), every one that shall be found written in the book" (Dan. 12: 1).

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

A worse time than the reign of Nero; worse than during the Spanish Inquisition; worse than when Cortes destroyed the Aztecs; worse than during the French revolution and the communists, and worse than during the Dark Ages.

A worse time than when men were skinned alive; worse than when they were pulled asunder by horses; worse than when men, women and children were thrown to hungry lions, and worse than when they were dipped in pitch and burned as torches.

Do you want to live in that kind of a time? Well, the only thing that can surely save you from it is to have a part in that meeting in the air, for no others who are living at that time can escape from it, and that awful time may be upon us within the next ten minutes, for it will begin at the very moment the Rapture takes place.

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

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

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

It is supposed that the Tribulation will cover a period of seven years. It might be seven hundred years, but it cannot be less than seven years. God in His mercy will make it as short as possible. That the real Church of God, believers, members of

the Body of Christ, are to be taken out of the world before the world is saved is as clearly taught in the Bible as that through the atonement made by Christ man may have salvation from sin.

What will it mean to the world? Every believer will be instantly taken out of the world; homes will be rent in twain, husbands will be robbed of Godly wives, children will be taken out of the world and those left behind will wring their hands in grief.

No doubt newspapers will print extra editions. Universal consternation will reign. The world will neither see the Lord, neither will they see their loved ones go. Those who have died in the faith will be raised. The statement of Jesus shows that not all the people are to be caught up in the air in clouds, but one here and there:

"There shall be two men in one bed; one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two men shall be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left" (Luke 17:34-36).

This makes it look as if the number caught up in the air would not be large. When will the meeting in the air occur? In regard to this Jesus said:

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

But also said, after speaking of conditions that would prevail about that time:

"So, likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors" (Matt. 24:33),

Will the world come to an end when Jesus comes and takes away the members of His Body? No, not for at least 1,000 years; perhaps longer. The Millennium must come after Jesus comes, and must have its beginning at the close of the great Tribulation.

The real truth is, that great event will not bring destruction to anything that is good, but will, on the contrary, introduce an era of the greatest progress and prosperity the world has ever known.

The coming of Christ will bring the Millennium - the golden age of man in this world - when the arts and sciences, and everything else that man ought to delight in, will flourish as never before, and never until Jesus comes will the knowledge of the glory of God cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

To say that the second coming of Christ is a pernicious thing to preach is the same as saying it would be a calamity for God to rule. It will be the culmination of the redemption of this world, and to say that it would put an end to all progress is as foolish as to say that putting the roof on a house would ruin it and throw the carpenters out of work.

There is nothing more clearly declared in the Bible than that Christ will come and reign on earth during the Millennium, when all will be restored that was lost by the fall. Then and only then will God's will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

The scribes and Pharisees thought that business was going to be endangered by Christ's first coming. The only business that will be hurt by the second coming of Christ will be the devil's business. At the time of His coming there will be no general resurrection or judgment.

At the close of the Millennium reign of Christ the devil will be loosed out of the pit for a season, and look for the first time upon a world without sin. He will tempt people. They will be as foolish now and yield to his lies and subtlety.

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

There is this about it, however: we are living nearer to it than anybody ever lived before, and when it does come it is

going to come in a moment - in the twinkling of an eye -and the only safe course for us to pursue is to be ready for the Bridegroom when He comes.

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

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

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

If we were continually looking for the coming of Jesus we would be as careful to keep our lives as clean as you would be to have your homes clean if you were expecting company. The certainty of His coming would also be a constant source of comfort and inspiration to us, if we believed it to be near.

The Lord does not come to the world at the time of the Rapture, but only reveals himself to the members of His Body. At the time of his resurrection He was only seen by those who believed on Him. Pilate and the High Priest, and those who crucified Him, did not know that He was risen. So it will be at the time of the Rapture. The world will not know that He has been here, and will have no knowledge of Him until He comes with the members of His Body, at the close of the Tribulation.

What an awful thing, then, to have the glorious privilege of living in His dispensation, with all that it means, and miss getting into the Body of Christ by refusing to become a Christian.

The Preacher owes it to his people to look into these things, that He may show them their great privilege, and warn them of the awful things that may come upon them, if they miss their chance and have to go through the Great Tribulation. The Preacher who has never qualified himself to preach a sermon on the sure and certain coming of his Master will have to answer for an awful breach of trust when he stands before Him.

Our fleet of battleships made its remarkable trip around the Horn and around the world, and again dropped anchor at home on schedule time, almost to the minute, in spite of storm and the fickleness of the wind and wave, and if the calculations of men can be wrought out so precisely, certainly we have the right to expect that God will execute His plans with absolute precision in whatever task he sets for himself.

Certainly we can think of nothing so improbable as that He would complete His program for creation on schedule time, and yet would so tie his own hands by failure to anticipate and provide for all possible emergencies and contingencies that the train of His purpose for redemption would be so delayed or nearly wrecked that it would almost have to be abandoned.

Do not think it for a moment. God's purpose can no more be kept back a minute than the Heavenly bodies can be delayed a minute. In redemption God is working by the clock as surely as in creation, and His chariot of salvation is not marked late by a single minute. Come, Lord Jesus!

End

Spiritual Food for a Hungry World

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"They need not depart; give ye them to eat." - Matthew 14:16.

Some folks do not believe in miracles. I do. A denial of miracles is a denial of the virgin birth of Jesus. The Christian religion stands or falls on the virgin birth of Christ. God created Adam and Eve without human agencies. He could and did create Jesus supernaturally. I place no limit on what God can do. If you begin to limit God, then there is no God.

I read of a preacher who said that the miracles of the Bible were more of a hindrance than a help. Then he proceeded to spout his insane blasphemy. He imagined Jesus talking to the five thousand and, like many speakers, overrunning his time limit. The disciples, seeing night coming, said: "Master, you have talked this crowd out of their supper and there is nothing to eat in this desert place; dismiss them so they can go into the towns and country and get food."

He imagined Jesus saying: "We have some lunch, haven't we?"

"Yes, but not enough to feed this crowd."

"Well, let's divide it up and see." So, Jesus proceeds to divide his lunch with the hungry crowd.

An old Jew, seeing Jesus busy, asked, "What's he doing?" "Dividing his lunch." "Huh," grunts this old knocker, "He is the first preacher I've ever seen who practices what he preaches." Shamed by the example of Jesus, this old tight-wad brought out his lunch basket and began to divide. Others caught the spirit and followed suit and in this way the five thousand were fed. This heretic of a so-called preacher thought such an occurrence more reasonable than the Bible account. Every attempt to explain the miracles by natural laws gets the explainer into great difficulty and shows him up as ridiculous.

I wish to draw some practical lessons from this miracle of Jesus feeding the five thousand. The world is hungry. Jesus stood face to face with the problem of physical hunger just as we, in our day face, the problem of hunger, not only physical but spiritual.

If one were to believe all the magnificent articles in current and religious literature, one would think the world is disgusted and indifferent to the religion of Jesus Christ. I believe exactly the opposite is true. In no century since the morning stars sang together has there been more real hunger for genuine religion than this. And yet, many a preacher, instead of trying to feed this spiritual hunger, is giving some book review, staking a claim out on Jupiter or talking evolution, trying to prove we came from a monkey with his prehensile tail wrapped around a limb shying coconuts at his neighbor across the alley.

The world is not disgusted with religion, but is disgusted with the worldliness, rituals, ceremonies and non-essentials in which we have lost religion.

There are some kinds of religion the world is not hungry for a religion of formal observances. In Isaiah, first chapter, the Lord says:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices? I am full of the burnt offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts. Incense is an abomination unto me; your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth. When you make prayers, I will not hear them. Your hands are full of blood. Put away the evil of your doings; cease to do evil, learn to do well."

Their formalism didn't make a hit with the Lord. He saw through their smoke screen. Religion does not consist in doing a lot of special things, even if branded as religious, but in doing everything in a special way as the Lord directs. Whenever the church makes its observances and forms the end, instead of the means to the end, the world will turn its back on it.

Praying is not an act of devotion-reading - the Bible is not an act of devotion - going to church is not an act of devotion - partaking of the communion is not an act of devotion; these are aids to devotion. The actual religion lies not in prayer, reading the Bible, church attendance, but in the quality of life which these observances create in you. If the doing of these things does not change your life, then it profits you nothing to have them done. Thousands forget religion and allow the forms of religion to take the place of religion. They are substituting religiousness for righteousness. Jesus alone can save the world, but Jesus can't save the world alone. He needs our help.

The world is not hungry for a religion of theory. There was a time when people were interested intensely in fine-spun theological theories. You could announce a debate on the forms of baptism and pack the house with the S. R. O. sign hanging out. That day has passed; a debate on baptism or predestination would not draw a corporal's guard. The average man has not lost interest in the vital truths connected with these topics, but he has lost interest in the type of religion that spends its energy in argument, word battles, and wind jamming. Religion should relate to life and conduct as well as theory.

There has never been a time in my memory when religion has been so reduced to forms and ritual as today. In the mind of Jesus, religion was not to build up the church, but the church was to build up religion. Religion was not the end but the means to the end. Jesus was so far removed from the formalism and traditions, taught by the priests instead of teaching the commands of God, that he was constantly at cross-purposes with them. A church of make-believers will soon beget a generation of non-believers.

The church in endeavoring to serve God and Mammon is growing cross-eyed, losing her power to know good from evil. Jesus dealt with fundamentals; his quietest talk had a torpedo effect on his hearers. Some sermons, instead of being a bugle call to service, are showers of spiritual cocaine.

I am satisfied that there has never been a time when it is harder to live a consistent Christian life than now. I believe the conflict between God and the Devil, right and wrong, was never hotter. The allurements of sin have never been more fascinating. I do not believe there ever was a time, since Adam and Eve were turned out of Eden, when traps and pitfalls were more numerous and dangerous than today.

The world is not hungry for a religion of social service without Christ. I will go with you in any and all movements for the good of humanity providing you give Jesus Christ his rightful place. You cannot bathe anybody into the kingdom of God. You cannot change their hearts by changing their sanitation. It is an entirely good and Christian act to give a down-and-outer a bath, bed and a job. It is a Christian act to maintain schools and universities, but the road into the kingdom of God is not by the bath tub, the university, social service, or gymnasium, but by the blood-red road of the cross of Jesus Christ.

The Bible declares that human nature is radically bad and the power to uplift and change is external; that power is not in any man, woman or system, but by repentance and faith in the sacrificial death of Jesus Christ. The church is the one institution divinely authorized to feed the spiritual hunger of this old sin-cursed world.

You will notice that Jesus did not feed the multitude. He created the food and asked his disciples to distribute it. Jesus was the chef, not the waiter at this banquet. Jesus created salvation, the only food that will feed the spiritual hunger of the world; the task of distributing the food is in the hands of his human followers.

For every two nominal Christians, there are three who are not even nominal. Out of every two church members, one is a spiritual liability; four out of five with their names on our church records are doing nothing to bring the world to Jesus. There are twenty million young men in this country between the ages of sixteen and thirty [1925]. Nineteen million are

not members of any church; nine million attend church occasionally; ten million never darken a church door.

Seventy-four per cent of our criminals are young men under twenty-one years of age. In the past twenty-five years the age of prostitutes has fallen from twenty-six years of age to seventeen years of age. Five hundred girls fifteen years old and under were divorced or widowed last year. Juvenile crime increased in one year from thirty-two per cent to a hundred and thirty-eight per cent.

There are many institutions that enter into competition with the church in preaching certain phases of religion, but not in preaching religion itself. Associate charities preach charity sometimes with stronger emphasis than the church. Some organizations talk about justice and square-dealing with more vehemence than the church. Some individuals thunder against vice and crime more than the pulpit. Many institutions and organizations preach one or more phases of religion, but it is to the church humanity must ever turn for the last word on salvation and eternal destiny.

People are dissatisfied with philosophy, science, new thought - all these amount to nothing when you have a dead child in the house. These do not solace the troubles and woes of the world. They will tell you that, when they were sick and the door of the future was opening in their face, the only comfort they could find was in the gospel of Jesus Christ. Christianity is the only sympathetic religion that ever came into the world, for it is the only religion that ever came from God.

Take your scientific consolation into a room where a mother has lost her child. Try your doctrine of the survival of the fittest with that broken-hearted woman. Tell her that the child that died was not as fit to live as the one left alive. Where does that scientific junk lift the burden from her heart? Go to some dying man and tell him to pluck up courage for the future. Try your philosophy on him; tell him to be confident in the great to be and the everlasting what is it. Go to that widow and tell her it was a geological necessity for her husband to croak. Tell her that in fifty million years we will all be scientific mummies on a shelf - petrified specimens of an extinct race. What does all this stuff get her? After you have gotten through with your science, philosophy, psychology, eugenics, social service, sociology, evolution, protoplasm, and fortuitous concurrence of atoms, if she isn't bug-house, I will take the Bible and read God's promise, and pray - and her tears will be dried and her soul flooded with calmness like a California sunset.

Is the church drawing the hungry world to its tables? There is no dodging or blinking or pussy-footing the fact that in drawing the hungry world to her tables, the church is facing a crisis. That there is a chasm between the church and the masses no one denies. If the gain of the church on the population is represented by eighty during the past thirty years, during the last twenty years it is represented by four, and during the past ten years it is represented by zero. The birth rate is going on a limited express while the "new birth" rate is going by way of freight.

Need the world turn to other tables than those of the church for spiritual food? Jesus said, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat." The church has the power and the food with which to feed the hungry world. It can feed the spiritual hunger of the world by doing what Jesus did when he fed the five thousand.

By a wise use of what it has on hand with the blessing of God upon it...

What has the church on hand with which to feed the hungry world!

It has two things:

A set of principles which if put into practice in the life of the individual and society and business and politics will solve every difficulty and problem of city, state, nation, and the world. There is no safer or saner method to settle all the world's problems than by the Sermon on the Mount. These principles are truth, justice, and purity. It has a person who has the power to create and make powerful these principles in the lives of men and women and that person is Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Many skeptics have said, "Bill, if you will only preach the principles of Christianity instead of the Person, we will find no fault with you." Nothing doing, old top! Wherever a preacher or a church preaches a set of principles without the person

Jesus Christ, that ministry, that church becomes sterile and powerless.

Truth is never powerful unless wrapped up in a person. I take truth and wrap it up in Christ and say, "Take it!" You say, "Give me truth but no Christ." Then you will be lost. You are not saved by truth but by the person Jesus Christ. Why take truth and reject Christ when it's Christ that inspires truth?

I take justice and wrap Christ up with it and say, "Here, take it." You say, "I will take justice. I deal squarely in business, pay my debts, give labor a square deal; I take justice but not your Christ." You are lost. Why take justice and cast Christ away when it is Christ that inspires justice.

I take purity and wrap it up with Jesus and say, "Here, take this." You say, "I will take the principle purity but not the person Jesus Christ." Then you are lost, for it is Christ that saves, not the principle of purity. "One thing thou lackest," the person Jesus.

Other religions have preached good things, but they have no Savior who can take these things and implant them in the human heart and make them grow. All other religions are built around principles, but the Christian religion is built around a person Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Savior. Every other religion on earth is a religion you must keep, but the Christian religion saves you, keeps you, and presents you faultless before his throne.

Oh, Christians! Have you any scars to show that you have fought in this conflict with the devil? When a war is over, heroes have scars to show; one rolls back his sleeve and shows a gunshot wound; another pulls down his collar and shows a wound on the neck; another says, "I never had use of that leg since Gettysburg"; another says, "I was wounded and gassed at the Marne in France." Christ has scars to show - scars on his brow, on his hands, on his feet, and when he pulls aside his robes of royalty, there will be seen the scar on his side.

When the Scottish chieftains wanted to raise an army, they would make a wooden cross, set it on fire and carry it through the mountains and the highlands among the people and wave the cross of flame and the people would gather beneath the standard and fight for Scotland. I come out with the cross of the son of God - it is a flaming cross, flaming with suffering, flaming with triumph, flaming with victory, flaming with glory, flaming with salvation for a lost world!

End

He That Winneth Souls is Wise

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"I am an old-fashioned preacher of the old-time religion, that has warmed this cold world's heart for two thousand years." - Billy SUNDAY.

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

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

Church and Business Fail Because They Have No Definite Aim

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

"And so our Lord is now rejected; And by the world disowned. By the many still neglected, But by the few enthroned."

That is true of the denominations that are represented in these meetings, too. Out in a western state four years ago a report was made that during that year (there were 300 churches of that denomination in that state and they spent \$300,000 for current expenses) they held 46,000 meetings and during the year there were just 87 men and women converted and joined those churches on confession of faith. I suppose that is this safe and sane evangelism that I hear so much about. It wouldn't take the world long to get into Hell if that is all there is to it! In Chicago just a few years ago the church made a report. There was an average of five who joined each church on confession of faith -- some more, some less -- but it averaged five for a year. And the last year 7,500 churches of all denominations made reports and not one accession that year on confession of faith. All right, look at it! Just face the conditions and you will see why probably I talk in a way that grates on your nerves, but you will realize that I am only telling you the truth.

Now, what is lacking? Why these meager results? Why the expenditure of so much energy and time and money? It is because there is not a definite effort put forth to persuade a definite person to accept a definite Saviour at a definite time -- and that time is NOW. That is the whole thing in a nutshell, boiled down to one sentence. That is why we are not making headway.

But wait! This element of failure is not simply confined to the church. Ninety-nine per cent of the businessmen fail. A banker told me in Chicago that forty years ago there were one hundred business houses, any one of whose paper would have passed without protest, and today only four of those houses were named. The rest of them have been ruined, gone into bankruptcy, gone out of business. There were four of them after forty years and they all passed without protest at any

bank.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Soul Winning, the Most Effective Work in the World

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

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

Andrew didn't have sense enough to win the multitude, but Peter did. That is the way God works! Oh, I get so sick of people being dead! You have sat around so long you have mildewed.

The Earl of Shaftsbury, who gave sixty-five years of his life working among the costermongers, the fallen, the submerged and mudsills of London, was won to Jesus Christ by a servant girl in his home. He was wavering, going down the line with the gang of young bloods when his father died. This servant girl, a godly girl, said "You inherit all the honor and all the wealth that goes along with the name of Shaftsbury, but are you going to a premature grave because of the way you are going, the life you are living, and bring disgrace upon your father's memory and your mother's?" The Earl of Shaftsbury, when he was eighteen years old, fell on his knees and gave his heart to Jesus Christ. When he died, his funeral was the greatest ever held in England except when a king or queen had died.

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

The Soul-Winning Work of John Vassar

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

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

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

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

"Yes, sir."

"Does that mean an increase of salary?"

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

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

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

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

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

"He that winneth souls is wise." Some people think it is beneath their dignity. Then you live on a higher plane than your Master, for He went about doing good wherever he was in the world.

A lady said to a friend of mine, "Do you think that my blindness will hinder me?" My friend answered, "It is a misfortune, but I don't know. I have the opinion it will be a help to you, because people will come up to you to express their sympathy for your lack of sight and that will give you the opportunity to speak of Jesus."

"Oh," she said, "I don't mean in an effort like that, but to stand on the platform." She thought the only way to serve God was to get in the spotlight, not to be doing something with the people whom she might shake hands with day by day in her home.

A man was thinking of entering evangelistic work. He came to my friend, Dr. Chapman, and said, "I am thinking of entering evangelistic work."

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

"I think I will begin out in Colorado -- Denver and Colorado Springs, and out in Pasadena, California. My relatives are there."

My friend said, "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, I have."

"Are they Christians?"

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

"And your sister?"

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

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

He said, "Evangelistic work."

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

Soul Winning is Difficult Work

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

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

I said, "Have you spoken to him?"

She said, "No."

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

She said, "Why?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Get out and do something! "He isn't my boy." That same spirit of letting people go to the Devil because they don't eat at your table and because you are not married to them -- there is too much of that today in the world." He that winneth souls is wise."

God Blesses Personal Effort

A mother in a home had a magnificent character. To my knowledge there had never been a stranger enter that home for years that she hadn't talked to him about Jesus Christ. She was bemoaning the fact that she couldn't do anything or wasn't doing anything for the Lord, yet she was doing more practical Christian work, consistently every day, than the entire membership of that church of five hundred people. She was doing more!

So it the personal effort that God will honor and that God will bless. And listen! There are fifteen million young men in this country between the ages of sixteen and thirty five. Fourteen million of them are not members of any church, Catholic or Protestant. Seven million of them attend church regularly. Nine million of them never darken a church door from one year's end to another.

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

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

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

He said, "Great God, boys! I've got three sons down in there! I must do something!" And if it isn't your boy, it is somebody else's. If it isn't your girl, it is somebody else's.

That is the trouble with the world today. We don't care a rap what becomes of others so long as we go through the world. Now you may soon go; you may die and they may die; and you may live and they may die, but no matter whether you go first or last, you have to meet at the judgment. That is settled! You have to do that.

A casket containing the body of a beautiful seventeen year old girl with the dew of youth on her brow, was being borne from the church to the graveyard. The girl's friends stood around the grave. As they lowered the coffin, a Sunday school teacher who stood there shrieked and screamed and wrung her hands in grief. After the carriage was driven away and after things had been cleared up, the minister went to see this girl. He said, "I noticed your hysteric grief at the grave. Was she a Christian?" The Sunday school teacher said, "I noticed her growing careless with her companions and going into questionable places." Then the girl said to the minister, "I was sure you'd speak to her, for you know more about those things." He said, "No, I didn't speak to her. I intended to but," he said, "I didn't. I was sure you would. She was a girl and you were a girl and you better understood one another. Let's go and see her mother."

The minister and the Sunday school teacher went and talked with the girl's mother. She said, "Yes, I noticed it. I used to plead with her, but she would get mad at me, thinking I was interfering with her company. I hope you spoke to her." Neither of them had, and she had gone to wait at the judgment bar, to witness against the three -- her mother, the preacher, and the Sunday school teacher, for they said nothing. "He that winneth souls is wise!" He is wise!

So there must be a confession of sin. The sin of neglect -- confess that; and the sin of unforgiveness, the sin of indifference. David said, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." Oh, you get the light of Jesus in

your heart! Jesus Christ is able, my friend, to reveal Himself to the agnostic, materialist, like He did to Balaam until he knew Jesus Christ. Oh, He can flash the deity of Jesus Christ into the brain of the son of an orthodox Unitarian of New England, as He did the son of Edward Everett Hale. He is able to knock the scales from the credulous worshippers of Mary Baker Glover Eddy until you will find that matter is existent and not an illusion of the mortal mind.

What God Did Through the Testimony of an Fourteen Year Old Boy

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

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

"How do you do, Deacon?"

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

"Never saw anything worse."

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

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

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

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

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

you ask for converts because there ain't any."

"Deacon, look me in the face, if you can, and answer me this: You knew that if I did, there would be one or some and you don't want that one, or some, to join the church." He squirmed uncomfortably. "Well", he said, "you can do as you please." He said, "I'd do that without your consent. I'll preach if I feel God and the Spirit; if I don't, I won't. I won't do it because you told me to do it, or not to do it. Neither would I do it if you asked me to or if you asked me not to." Sunday morning he walked out and preached. When he got through he said, "If there is anybody here who wants to be a Christian, wants to join the church, come down and take me by the hand." Pretty soon there was a shuffling and down the aisle came that boy. Dr. Broughton took him by the hand and said, "Sit down, sonny." He asked the usual questions. The child gave answers and Dr. Broughton repeated the answers. He said to the audience, "You have all heard the questions I have asked and the answers given, for I have repeated both. All who are in favor of giving this boy the right hand of fellowship and receiving him in full membership, say 'aye'". Two farmers voted aye and the rest of them kept quiet. Dr. Broughton said, "The ayes have it." He got the kid up on the platform and baptized him.

The boy went bounding home. He lived with his grandfather since his mother was dead. His grandfather was an invalid, and the richest man in that section of Georgia. For nearly sixty years he had never been known to darken a church door. He was a leader of the infidels; he denounced religion because of unbelief, and blatantly spewed out the theories and doctrines of infidelity. The boy bounded in, put his arms around the old man's neck and said, "Grandpa, they took me into the church, and Dr. Broughton baptized me, and if you will come up there, they will take you in, too." He said, "Go away, son, don't bother me. Grandpa don't care about it." He pushed the boy off, but back in again he came. He kept begging his grandpa to go, but he said, "Don't bother your grandpa; go on away." He said, "Grandpa, I'll tell you what they will ask you, and I'll tell you what to say. Come on and go." My friend preached to men only on Sunday afternoon. They saw this boy come into the church leading his old grandfather, who was hobbling on the crutches of decrepitude as he came down the aisle. He sat down and listened.

When my friend got through the grandfather arose and said, "Dr. Broughton, may I speak a few words?" He stood trembling on his cane. "I have cussed and damned God all my life. This is the first time I have crossed a church threshold for over sixty years. My little grandson -- and you know he ain't overly bright; his ma's gone and he lives with me and his grandma -- he came home and said you took him into the church and told me if I'd come you'd take me in. Dr. Broughton, if you think God will reach down and take an old reprobate like me, who has cussed Him all my days, and I've never, never prayed -- if you think the Lord will take me in the sunset of life and kiss away the stains of guilt, I'd like to come."

Dr. Broughton said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

The old man came hobbling down and said, "I have wandered far away from God, but now I'm coming home."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Theater, Cards and Dance

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."--Gal. 6:7.

I know of no more suitable text in all the Bible for the subject that I have in hand. And by the presence of such a vast audience and by the expectant look upon your upturned faces I am sure that you will not expect me to utter one word of defense on the amusement proposition.

I suppose some may wince at the plainness with which I will speak, but remember it costs me severe pangs of regret to be compelled to do it. If the ingenious skill of the Devil is to be defeated, there is but one of two alternatives open to the man who assaults the most Hell-soaked institution with grit and courage.

One of two alternatives. He can consume his energy and time in talking about the minor usages of the possible limits one might go, or he can peel the bark away and show the thing full of wormholes and run the risk of losing his fair reputation. I want to say I have willfully and deliberately, and with malice afterthought, chosen the latter course. I don't care a rap what you think about it before I begin or after I am through. I have a message that burns its way into your soul and into my heart. My words may be strong, and if they are you must remember they are blood-red with conviction. With the cry of lost souls ringing in my ears, I cannot remain still. I must cry out.

Judged in the court of human desires, I might be condemned by everybody who wants to do it, but judged in the court of human conscience and I will receive a universal verdict.

We always associate in our minds certain amusements--the theater, the cards and the dance. While some will justify one, others will condemn it. Some who play cards will seek to justify that and condemn the theater; and those who go to the theater may condemn the cards. In my opinion the theater is of such doubtful character that it has been relegated to the class of forbidden amusements.

You know that the theater had its beginning in the church and was intended to be the handmaid of religion. It produced so much fuss and trouble that they were compelled to drop it. Unless the theater is redeemed it will fall by its own stinking rottenness.

I want it distinctly understood that my scrap is not with the theater as an institution. I fight the saloon as an institution, but what I am against, hammer and tongs, are the things that the theater stands for and the rot and filth and rubbish and trash that are spewed out over the stage.

If you want obscenity you will find it in the theater. If you want to see character destroyed, you will find that both behind and before the footlights. Your show has to be tainted in order to gather in the coin. The capacity for amusing people along decent lines seems to have gone by. That may sound foolish, but you let somebody go out on the road with a Shakespearean play and that somebody will go into bankruptcy while the musical show and the burlesque show and the leg show are playing to full houses across the street and the people are drinking in from them gutterish ideas and filthy lines and obscene songs.

I do not mean to say that all plays and all actors are rotten. But you will have to hunt pretty hard to find those who are not. They will tell you that there is money in the theater. Well, there is money in highway robbery and there is money in prostitution and there is money in the saloon. Sure, there is money in it!

You will find the theater trafficking in love--why, that is the basis of the average play--and yet they call it "art." You will find divorce smeared all over the stage, and adultery even lurking in the flies. Why, there are shows where they have beds

right in the middle of the stage, and carryings on which, if they happened in your own homes, would probably result in your receiving a visit from the police.

I haven't darkened the door of a theater since I was converted twenty-nine years ago, except perhaps, to preach. The last time I went to a show was at the McVickar Theater in Chicago, and I am not sure, but I think I saw old Joe Jefferson in "The Cricket on the Hearth." Now, I am not sure--it might have been Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead." They had pretty good shows in those days, didn't they? And, you can bet that old Joe Jefferson would not have stood for what is going on on the stage today.

I had a narrow escape once from going on the stage myself. Old Tom Keene, the great tragedian, asked me once to go out on the road as his understudy. "You would make a crackerjack, Billy," he said to me. That was the last time we played at the Polo Grounds, and old Tom came to me and begged me to go out on the road as his understudy. Tom was a good scout, but I am a preacher, not an actor.

You remember when the Iroquois Theater burned in Chicago every little cheapskate theater in the country and all the city officials had spasms of virtue. When the Iroquois Theater burned the theaters all over the country were restricted; and in Chicago they were closed for a month. The actors said that if they were not opened there would be excessive drunkenness and that a good many would commit suicide, for there was no way of entertaining the people.

At the expiration of a month, the Chicago RECORD-HERALD said evidently no such dreadful things had occurred as had been prophesied.

The public has a capacity for amusing itself in other ways. It is only a matter of amusement and that is trifling. The time is long past when any number of serious-minded citizens look to the theater for entertainment or instruction. Crude melodramas, mawkish plays and literary claptrap form the staple production of the average theater. The extravaganza is an elaboration of the burlesque of our grandfathers' days. It is estimated that closing the theaters that month in Chicago saved the people two million dollars.

Spectacular drama! If it were not for the leg shows the theater would go bankrupt. All are not bad. Who said they were?

You say that the theater has power. Certainly; nobody denies that. The theaters of Chicago are worth between thirty million and forty million dollars, but nobody will defend the theater because it has power. Nobody defends the whiskey business because it has unlimited capital back of it. Not for a minute.

An actress whose name I will not give said this: "After years on the stage I am convinced that the theatrical business is the most corrupt in the world." It is upon the charred souls of women that most of the men who are a power in the theatrical world have climbed to their height.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, famous author, went to twenty-one plays--picked ones--and out of the twenty-one there were only eight that were unobjectionable, and two of the twenty-one were grand opera. It is almost impossible to find in the theater decency and purity.

You sow bridge whist and auction pitch and five hundred in the home and you reap a crop of gamblers. You sow the dance and the ballroom and you reap a crop of brothels. You sow saloons and you reap a harvest of drunkards.

You must want a lot of prostitutes or you wouldn't sow dances; you must want a lot of vomiting, puking drunkards or you wouldn't sow saloons, and you must want a bunch of gamblers or you wouldn't play cards in your homes.

If you have any cards in your home, you had better throw them in the furnace when you get back there or else throw your Bibles in the furnace. The two won't mix. Oh, you need not gasp! I am handing it to you straight! There is no use having Bibles around your house if you are going to make a joke of His Word by playing bridge.

The theater is a caterer and the church's business is to be a surgeon for the truth. The only way to reform the theater is to

turn it into something else. The church stands for what is right, and the theater cares very little for what is right and helpful.

Israel Zangwill says that the playwright gets up his productions to satisfy the lust of the age and not for what good they will do the world.

Archbishop Lennon said to go night after night to the theater is a mark of decadence. You avoid the pesthouse and lepers, and yet night after night you will rush to the theater to enjoy this procession of moral lepers, exposed on the stage for the plaudits of the people. The rogue and scoundrelism and man's infidelity form the groundwork of most plays. These are paraded before the people as exhibitions of genius and fit for art.

When the church quits pouring money into that business it will stop, and when the church of Jesus Christ stops voting for the whiskey business, and drinking and playing cards, and going to the theater, and stops dancing, you know that those things will die. The four rottenest things on earth

have their existence because of the indulgence of the church. You listen to me! I defy anybody to contradict what I have to say about this matter.

Somebody says: "What is the matter with that preacher? Doesn't he believe in amusements?"

There is not a man in Omaha who believes more in amusements than I do. But I believe that they should be recreative and harmless. Nobody believes more in amusements than I.

What games do I play? Well, I play baseball and lawn tennis, although I think that that is a girl's game and I don't like it - and I play golf and checkers and chess. Somebody says: "What is the difference between a game of cards and a game of checkers?" Well, just as much difference as there is between Heaven and Hell. Ever since the day that cards were invented to satisfy the whims of an idiotic king they have been the tools of the gambler.

Many a boy is inveigled into a gambling room and listens to the roulette wheel ¥ the faro bank and keno and listens to the ribaldry and the jest and the blasphemy, and he is reminded of home. What a wonderful heritage to bequeath to a boy! To have him go into a hellhole like that and have it remind him of home! Men who have been spending their funds and lives to ferret those things out tell us that nine-tenths of the gamblers are taught in their homes by their mothers, or eighty per cent of them first learned gambling in the homes of professing Christian people.

When I talk to you about card playing in your home, I am trying to pound through your head that every pack of cards is but another steppingstone to Hell. I think the old painted hag or the broken down roue, hanging around the tables at Monte Carlo, or a down-and-out card shark bucking a crooked game in a gambling joint at three o'clock in the morning a sight more respectable than the church people or the professed Christian who permits card playing in his home.

"You take that picture back and give it to my mother, and tell her 'Damn her!' I never want to see her. She taught me to play cards and I killed a man at a gambling table and am serving fifteen years to pay for it. Now she has the audacity to send me her picture after she pushed me behind the prison bars," so said a condemned boy.

I say it may not injure you, but it is damning others. Many a boy leaves home and goes to board in some miserable, no-account church-member family. The first night they draw out a card table and take out a deck of cards and say: "Won't you play a game with us?"

"No, my mother taught me not to play."

They laugh at his ignorance. Time rolls on, and he gets to think a good deal of one of the girls in the house, and one night she says: "Won't you play a game of cards with me?"

But he says: "I don't care to play cards." She turned her dove-like eyes upon him, and with her raven tresses and teeth like

pearls (that is a tough place to put a fellow in!) she smiles, and he wilts. He learns rapidly and becomes an expert.

One time he walked into a gambling room and thought he saw a shorter route to fame and fortune, and he started out a professional gambler. He had been employed at the Pinkerton agency as a detective, but he gave that up. He was nearly killed in a quarrel in a house of ill-fame and then he ran away to Tennessee, and began the old life. Over a game of cards he got into a fight, and as he lay wounded a woman said: "Let him die; he has been damning our young men." But they took him to a hospital, and when he recovered he went to Florida to a town where a friend of mine was shelling the woods for Jesus, and he was converted and started to preaching. All that after being thirteen years a professional gambler, led into it simply because that good-for-nothing church-member family could not see any harm in a game of cards in the home.

I have just as much respect for the old gambler who will

bet his last soul as for the women who will sit around in their homes and play cards for prizes. They are just as much degenerate, blackleg gamblers as the gambler in the gambling hell. They ought to be put in the calaboose with the rest of the gamblers. You have no right to find fault with the city officials when they don't suppress gambling, when a thing so near akin to it is carried on right in your own home. I believe that cards and dancing are doing more to damn the spiritual life of the church than the grogshops. I believe more people backslide on account of the social side than the saloon.

A seemingly estimable woman will tear and snort and pout through an afternoon- -what for? I mean the diamond-wearing bunch; the automobile gang; the silk-gowned--that is the bunch. So she can take home a dinky cream pitcher or a whisk broom. There is nothing so tame as to ask a fellow to play cards for the fun of it. It does not make any difference whether it is penny ante or sky limit. So we have progressive euchre, and lots of church members have cards on their tables as often as food and they are progressing to Hell. A woman who will play bridge whist is no better than a man who will go out and play poker, and the man who comes home with a pocketful of money won at a poker game is no worse than his wife who has been playing auction or five-hundred all evening for a nice cut glass dish in which to keep the bouquets that are sent to her by her church-going friends.

Now, I am not trying to cram anything down your throats. I am appealing to your sense of reason and decency, and if you are not man or woman enough to listen, I guess God Almighty doesn't need you. If this world was made up of only one family I probably would not need to preach this sermon. But, fortunately or unfortunately, we are made up of many families. If you are lax in the care of your children it makes it harder for me to take care of mine. If you don't care whether your children go to the dance, and I do care, you make it that much harder for me to keep my children right. But I will keep them right if I have to slap my next door neighbor in the face.

Somebody says to me: "Mr. Sunday, are you going to include the square dance?" They all look alike to me. It does not take very long to cut the corners off. There was a time in America when the stately cotillion seemed to satisfy America, but it is too slow for the hot blood of the twentieth century. They must have something that will chase hurdles through their veins.

There is nothing that is so insipid for the devotee of the waltz as to dance a quadrille. I remember years ago, over twenty-two years ago, my wife and I went out to Kansas to see my mother, and we went out in the country to attend a Fourth of July celebration. They had spread eagle oratory and red lemonade, and the young fellows with hand-painted neckties had little blue-sashed maidens and fed them gumdrops and candy hearts with reading on them. They would spend as much as thirty cents on them.

They had the inevitable country dance. The upper end of the platform was on the ground and the other end on posts as high as this platform. I stood at the corner by a barrel and some ladies were with me. On the platform they were getting ready for a quadrille. A great big red-headed, freckled-faced, lantern-jawed, trombone-necked fellow was the caller for the dance. (I had just as soon be chambermaid in a livery stable.) He spit tobacco juice enough to drown a jack rabbit. He got into a chair and resined his old, three-stringed fiddle and said: "Salute your pardners-everybody swing ." A great big strapping country fellow, big enough to pull a thrashing machine, had a fat voluptuous girl for a partner. He threw his

arms around her, lifted her right off the floor and she shot her heels right at my head. I said to my wife: "Well, Nellie; they all look alike to me. The round and square dances are the same.

Sure it is harmful, especially for girls. Young men can drink and gamble and frequent houses of ill fame, but the only way a girl can get recreation is in a narrow gauge buggy ride on a moonlight night or at a dance. If you can't see any harm in this kind of thing, why I guess the Lord will let you out as an idiot.

I am asked to give a reason to the unsaved, why should they not do it. The church of God forbids. The greatest and the most spiritual churches forbid it, and are against it. Catholic, Presbyterian, Congregational, the United Brethren and the Christian are all against it. The Methodist church was raised up for the very purpose of counteracting the dance in the church. God called Wesley to purify the Episcopal church and that movement which crystallized in the Methodist church was the rebuke which God gave. From that day until this the church has hurled sermons against these things until it is a generally accepted truism that men and women who do not preach against these things are too big cowards to pose as spiritual leaders, or they are too ignorant to teach God's people.

I know there are some churches that tolerate it--they do not encourage it--and any church that encourages it is too low-down to deserve the name.

Listen, I will take the oldest church in Christendom--the Roman Catholic. Do you think that you can be a Catholic and do that? I will give you a quotation from a letter from the bishops and the archbishops in plenary council: "In this connection we consider it our duty to warn our members against this amusement which may become to them an occasion of sin, especially the fashionable dance, which is disgusting and revolting and fraught with the greatest danger to morals."

Listen to me! Are you here, Episcopalians? The Episcopal church is the best organized church in the United States. If it were only evangelistic, with its money and power and social position, there is not a church in the world that could do more good than the Episcopal. Bishop Hopkins of Vermont said: "Dancing is a terrible waste of time and of study and a premature incitement of passion."

Bishop Cox of New York said: "The enormities of the theater and the dance would not be tolerated another minute if the mothers would only set their faces against them."

Bishop Vincennes quotes from his records that the waltz would not be tolerated if Christian mothers would only set their faces against it and remove their daughters from this contamination. Alas! that women professing to follow Christ should not rally for the honor of our daughters and drive these things from society.

I have never known a Baptist or Congregational preacher worth a snap of the finger who did not cry out against the dance. That was on their own initiative, too. You tell us that young people must sow their wild oats. Oh, away with such spiritual rot. You can't sow sin and reap virtue.

If there were nothing but card players and dancers in the church, it would stink and rot out. The lowest-down rascal in any community is a dancing Methodist. You say: "Mr. Sunday, the church is too strict with us ." Who can charge the church with being too strict with its young people? The bars are so low now that any old hog can come and root and crawl in. Any old lobster with two or three suits of clothes and a bank account can break into most any church. Itell you that the church loves her young people and is indulgent with them and hopes that they will increase in common sense as they grow in years.

The dancing Christian never was a soul winner. The dance is simply a hugging match set to music. The dance is a sexual love feast. This crusade against the dance is for everybody, not merely for the preacher or the old man or woman who couldn't dance if they wanted to, but for everybody interested in morals, whether in the church or out of the church. I am preaching a sermon that Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, infidel or Christian, if he wants better morals, can stand on my side.

I say that it is unspiritual. Many a pastor is heartbroken and is sighing for new fields because of the godless mob in the church. I had rather have twelve women filled with the Holy Ghost than a hundred theater-gadders, wine-guzzlers and frivolous dancers. What under God's Heaven do you amount to? The church is honeycombed with the rottenness of society. Somebody has to come out and run the risk of incurring your displeasure.

Say, if God Almighty gives you a rap on the back of the head and shakes a shroud over your old carcass, and telephones for the undertaker to come and measure you for your coffin, you will begin to whine and sniffle and cry to God, like a sick cat.

Girls! Listen! It is immoral. Every good man and woman carries in his or her breast passions the same as bad men and women carry, and thus your breast becomes a tinder box and you ought to be careful where you go and what you do lest you ignite it and there be an explosion and wreck of your purity and manhood and womanhood.

My wife and I have been at the bedside of a girl who was dying in a house of ill fame. She said the reason of her downfall had been the dance, which she began when fifteen years old. She used to attend Sunday School. When we asked her if she had any message for the girls, she cried, "Tell the girls and warn them to let the dance alone." The dance is the dry rot of society. I say it is immoral. A society woman said that in the ballroom men took liberties with her that they would not dare take any place else or under any other circumstances.

Certainly! Perhaps the parties which you have attended have been free from immoral tendencies which have characterized others. Does not the swinging of the partners in the square dance bring the bodies of the partners into a position that would not be tolerated in decent society or anywhere else, or under any other circumstances? Would it not give a scriptural ground for divorce?

Ma and I stopped in to look at a ball at an inauguration ceremony. Well, I will be horn-swaggled if I didn't see a woman there dancing with all the men, and she wore the collar of her gown around her waist. She had a little corset on--oh, I can't describe it.

Supposing that you go to a dance tonight and then tomorrow you go around to some man's house when he is not there, that you might effectively impress upon his wife the dance and its necessary attendants and requisites. You intend to give instruction, and you go in perfect innocence. You assume the same position and attitude with your arms about her that you would take on the ballroom floor. The husband comes in the back door. and sees you there with your arms about his wife, and bang! bang! goes the revolver, and you fall dead. You could not find a jury of married men on God's earth that would convict him. I would have just one vote--and it would be: "Go home."

You cannot get around the circumstances. Is not that true about the position? Any man knows it is. It does not do any harm to keep away and it may ruin your daughter to let her go.

Do you go with your wife to the dance? You don't dance, and she is a fiend. You stand there and watch man after man as he claims her hand and puts his name on her list. Perhaps that fellow was her lover and you won her hand- -and you stand there and watch your wife folded in his long, voluptuous, sensual embrace, their bodies swaying one against the other, their limbs twining and entwining, her head resting on his breast, they breathe the vitiated air beneath the glittering candelabra, and the spell of the music, and you stand there and tell me that there is no harm in it! You're too low-down for me.

I want to see the color of some buck's hair that can dance with my wife! I'm going to monopolize that hugging myself.

Do you know that three-fourths of all the girls who are ruined owe their downfall to that very thing. You let a young man whose character would make a black mark on a piece of tar paper, who goes down the line every other night, hug and dance with your daughter, and see what happens. They are dancing the tango, the rottenest, most putrid, stinkingest dance that ever wriggled out of the pot of perdition- -that's what the tango is.

Are you a father? Are you a brother? Do you accompany your daughter or your sister to the ballroom and see young fellows come up to her--lecherous young bucks--asking the hand of your daughter or your sister for a dance--young bucks that you know live in sin, young fellows whose names are as common upon the lips of the prostitute as upon the lips of your daughter? Two or three nights in company with her at some ball or theater party, and two or three nights in the arms of some prostitute. You stand there and see young fellows come up and walk with your daughter and tell me that there is no harm in it.

You are too low-down for me.

Are you a mother? And do you chaperone your daughter and groom her, and you shove her in front of every marriageable buck, and you accompany her to the ballroom and you stand there and look at her with your head cocked on one side, and see a young fellow come up and wrap his arms around your daughter, and tell me that there is no harm in it? You must be made of basswood or putty or marble.

"But," said the woman, "you are too severe in your strictures regarding the dance. The positions have changed since you danced." Yes; I read that they have. I read the other day a report that said: "The devotee of the waltz ought to be satisfied with the latest position, entitled 'The Dream,' which brings the bodies in such close contact that a case knife could not pass between them."

When I danced on the puncheon floor in the log cabin on the frontier in Iowa, we used to be able to get a stick of wood between them, but now you can't get a piece of tissue paper between. We're going some nowadays. I can understand why some of the young people want to dance, but what some of you old fellows, who have to grease your joints before going on the floor, see in it, I don't know.

I read the other day that sitting out a waltz is going to be fashionable from now on. The only difference is that you will sit it out instead of dance it. A young man and a girl will sit on a sofa, and he will put his arm about her, her left hand in his, and she rests her head upon his bosom, and all that they have to do is just to sit there and "hug." I tell you that there is some sense in that. I have always considered it a nuisance to gallop a mile just to get a hug or two.

Most men don't care a rap for the dance; it is the hug that they are after. That will give your old rheumatic and gout masters a chance. A fellow has to get powerfully old and decrepit when he doesn't enjoy a hug, I'll tell you that. I want to tell you I don't believe that there are many people who can go on the ballroom floor and dance with a pretty girl hugged to his breast and look upon her charms under the influence of fascinating music, and then go out with prayer-meeting feelings. I will bet you, sir, if men who dance would tell the truth, ninety out of one hundred will say: "You are right, Bill; you are the first one who ever had the grit to tell it."

I have more respect for a saloon-keeper than for a dancing teacher. I don't believe the saloons will do as much to damn the morals of young people as the dancing school. That is my position. I don't care anything about yours. Professor Faulkner said that he knew of one private dancing school that sent six girls into houses of ill fame in about three months. He talked with 200 girls and found that 165 fell as the result of the dance, twenty by drink, ten by choice and five from poverty.

Where do you find the accomplished dancers? In the brothels. Why? They were taught in dancing schools. Listen to me, girls. I have never yet, and never will, flatly contradict the man or the woman who tells me that he or she dances and never knew of premature incitement of passion. I say that I will never contradict them, but I will say then: "Thank God; and get out of it right now, for next time you may."

Listen. I want you to hear what I've got to say. They tried the municipal dance hall out in Cleveland and it was so rotten that the sheriff finally insisted that it be closed. Don't talk that municipal dance hall to me. There were more girls ruined around that lot and turned into public prostitutes than you can count. The public dance hall, whether run by a municipality or private enterprise, is the favorite ground for the panderer, and from it three-fourths of all the girls who enter the life of shame are recruited. Oh, the dance is rotten all the way through. Seven million girls go wrong in a century in this country, and three-fourths of them are ruined by the dance. The chief of police of New York says three-fourths of the abandoned

creatures there fell through the dance.

Where did the drunkard get his first drink? In the social dance. Statistics only change in the adjustment, but the percentage holds good year after year.

There are 500,000 public prostitutes in the United States. Their average life is from three to five years. Three hundred and seventy-five thousand fall as the result of the dance. Am I my sister's keeper?

Sisters! If you countenance the dance you are your sister's murderer. You are responsible for her fall, because you could have thrown your influence against it. You become responsible for every fallen person as long as you champion the dance. You are responsible for every rotten drunkard as long as you vote for the grogshop.

It is charged that women are like a pack of wolves. You will stop long enough beside the fallen one to rip and tear what little character she has left, and leave her to rot and bleach on the shores of time. And when a girl does try to raise herself from the quagmires of filth and misery, you ostracize and stigmatize her from society and force her back into her life of shame; while you welcome with open arms the lecherous rouse who caused her downfall.

I thank God that there are women that will rescue the fallen and help them to crawl out of the quagmire of filth. If I speak plain it is because of blood-red convictions, and I have the wail of lost souls ringing in my ears. God would condemn me, if I didn't cry out against these sins.

We have charity balls, and I think that they are the biggest insult to God Almighty and decency that God ever looked at. Are you so low-down that you would not give a dollar to charity unless they got up a dance which propagates harlotry and keeps the brothels full?

But you say: "Look here, Mr. Sunday, can't a man dance with his wife?"

"Dance with whom?"

"His wife?"

You old lobster! You don't want to dance with your wife! It is some other fellow's wife. You had just as soon go out and husk corn all night by moonlight as to dance with your own wife.

I believe that the dance is founded on sexual preferences and I believe that passion makes the dance popular. You say that you don't believe it! You make men dance by themselves, and it will kill the dance in two weeks. You know that you don't care for the dance; it is the hug and the opposite sex.

A man drinks without women, and you gamble without women, but you make men and women dance alone and you will kill the dance and you know it. Say, if you dance because you like to dance, you can dance with some old lobster just as well as with a woman. The German and other round dances are favorites, and the liberties taken would not be tolerated anywhere else in the world.

When you die you don't send for the dancing master to pray over you.

A young lady was asked to give reasons for not dancing, and she gave these:

"The dance would lead me into crowded ballrooms, and late hours, which would be injurious to my health.

"The dance would lead me to permit freedom with the other sex of which I would be ashamed.

"The dance has a bad name.

"The dance is usually accompanied with drinking.

"I am told that the dance is a temptation and a snare to young men and the dance unfits the mind for serious reflection and prayer.

No wonder that the world is not being brought to Jesus Christ.

People say to me: "Well, didn't they dance in the Bible?" Yes, they danced in the Bible, and they committed adultery, too; and they got punished. The dances of which their religion approved were never danced by both sexes. Men danced with men and women with women. I tell you, the dance nowadays is induced by the passions and seeds of passions. That is its only appeal.

End

Teach Us To Pray

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"Lord, teach us to pray" (Luke 11:1)

We live and develop physically by exercise. We are saved by faith, but we must work out our salvation by doing the things God wills. The more we do for God, the more God will do through us. Faith will increase by experience.

If you are a stranger to prayer you are a stranger to the greatest test source of power known to human beings. If we cared for our physical life in the same lackadaisical way that we care for our spiritual, we would be as weak physically as we are spiritually. You go week in and week out without prayer. I want to be a giant for God. You don't even sing; you let the choir do it. You go to prayer-meeting and offer no testimony.

You are a stranger to the great privilege that is offered to human beings. Some of the greatest blessings that people enjoy come from prayer. In earnest prayer you think as the Lord directs, and lose yourself in him.

Some people say: "It's no use to pray. The Lord knows everything, anyway." That's true. He does. He is not limited, as I am limited. He knows everything and has known it since before the world was. We don't know everybody who is going to be converted at this revival, but that doesn't relieve us of our duty. We don't know, and we must do the work he has commanded us to do.

Others say: "But I don't get what I pray for." Well, there's a cause for everything. Get at the cause and you'll be all right. If you are sick and send for the doctor, he pays no attention to the disease, but looks at what produced it. If you have a headache, don't rub your forehead. In Matthew it is written, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7:7). If your prayers are not answered you are not right with God. If you have no faith, if your motive is wrong, then your prayers will be in vain. Many times when people pray they are selfish. They are not gripping the word. I believe that when many a wife prays for the conversion of her husband it isn't because she really desires the salvation of his soul, but because she thinks if he were converted things would be easier for her personally. Pray for your neighbors as well as your own family. The pastor of one church does not pray for the congregation of another denomination. I'm not saying anything against denominations. I believe in them. I believe they are of God. Denominations represent different temperaments. A man with warm emotions would not make a good Episcopalian, but he would make a crackerjack Methodist. Oh, the curse of selfishness! The Church is dying for religion, for religion pure and undefiled. Pure religion and undefiled is visiting the widow and the fatherless (James 1:27) and doing the will of God without so much thought of yourself. I tell you, a lot of people are going to be fooled the Day of Judgment.

Isaiah says the hand of God is not shortened and his ear is not deaf (Isa. 59:1). No, his hand is not shortened so that it cannot save. He has provided agencies by which we can be saved. If he had made no provision for your salvation, then the trouble would be with God; but he has, so if you go to hell the trouble will be with you.

In Ezekiel we read that men have taken idols into their hearts and put stumbling-blocks before their faces (Ezek. 14:3). God is not going to hear you if you place clothes, money, pride of relationship before him. You know there is sin in your life. Many people know there is sin in their lives, yet ask God to bless them. They ought first to get down on their knees and pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13).

Some people are too contemptibly stingy for God to hear them. God won't hear you if you stop your ears to the cries of the poor. You drag along here for three weeks and raise a paltry sum that a circus would take out of town in two hours. When they give things to the poor they rip off the buttons and the fine braid. Some people pick out old clothes that the moths have made into sieves and give them to the poor and think they are charitable. That isn't charity, no sir; it's charity

when you'll give something you'll miss. It's charity when you feel it to give.

And when you stand praying, forgive if you have aught [anything] against anyone. It's no use to pray if you have a mean, miserable disposition, if you are grouchy, if you quarrel in your home or with your neighbors.

It's no use to pray for a blessing when you have a fuss on with your neighbors. It doesn't do you any good. You go to a sewing society meeting to make mosquito netting for the Eskimo and blankets for the Hottentots, and instead you sit and chew the rag and rip some woman up the back. The spirit of God flees from strife and discord.

People say: "She is a good woman, but a worldly Christian." What? Might as well speak of a heavenly devil. Might as well expect a mummy to speak and bear children as that kind to move the world God-ward. Prayer draws you nearer to God.

Learning of Christ

"Teach us to pray," implies that I want to be taught. It's a great privilege to be taught by Jesus. A friend of mine was preaching out in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and had to go to a hospital in Chicago for an operation, and I was asked to go and preach in his place. Alexander was leading the singing, and one night Charles [Butler] called a little girl out of the audience to sing. She didn't look over four or five years of age, though she might have been a little older. I thought, "What's the use? Her little voice can never be heard over this crowd." But Charlie stood her up in a chair by the pulpit and she threw back her head and out rolled some of the sweetest music I have ever heard. It was wonderful. I sat there and the tears streamed down my cheeks. That little girl was the daughter of a Northwestern engineer and he took her to Chicago when her mother was away. Some one took her to Patti. Patti took the little girl to one of her suite of rooms and told her to stand there and sing. Then she went to the other end of the suite and sat down on a divan and listened. The song moved her to tears. She ran and hugged and kissed the little girl and sat her down on the divan and said to her: "Now you sit here and I'll go over there and sing." She took up her position where the child had stood, and she lifted her magnificent voice and she sang "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Last Rose of Summer" sang them for that little girl! And Patti used to get a thousand dollars for a song, too. She always knew how many songs she was to sing, for she had a check before she went on the platform. It was a great privilege the little daughter of that Northwestern engineer had, but it's a greater privilege to learn from Jesus Christ how to pray.

A friend of mine told me he went to hear Paganini, and the great violinist broke one of the strings of his instrument, then another, then another, until he had only one left, and on that one he played so wonderfully that his audience burst into terrific applause. It was a privilege to hear that, but it's a greater privilege to have Jesus teach you to pray.

Let us take a few examples from the life of Christ. In Mark we learn that he rose up early in the morning and went out to a solitary place and prayed (Mark 1:35). He began every day with prayer. You never get up without dressing. You never forget to wash your face and comb your hair. You always think of breakfast. You feed your physical body. Why do you starve your spiritual body? If nine-tenths of you were as weak physically as you are spiritually, you couldn't walk.

When I was assistant secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Chicago, John G. Paton came home from the New Hebrides and was lecturing and collecting money. He was raising money to buy a sea-going steam yacht, for his work took him from island to island and he had to use a row-boat, and sometimes it was dangerous when the weather was bad, so he wanted the yacht. We had him for a week, and it was my privilege to go to lunch with him. We would go out to a restaurant at noon and he would talk to us. Sometimes there would be as many as fifteen or twenty preachers in the crowd, and now and then some of us were so interested in what he told us of the work for Jesus in those far-away islands that we forgot to eat. I remember that he said one day: "All that I am I owe to my Christian father and mother. My father was one of the most prayerful men I ever knew. Often in the daytime he would slip into his closet, and he would drop a handkerchief outside the door, and when we children saw the white sentinel we knew that father was talking with his God and would go quietly away. It is largely because of the life and influence of that same saintly father that I am preaching to the cannibals in the South Seas." It is an insult to God and a disgrace to allow children to grow up without throwing Christian influences around them. Seven-tenths of professing Christians have no family prayers and do not read the Bible. It is no wonder boys

and girls are going to hell. It is no wonder the damnable ball-rooms are wrecking the virtue of our girls.

In the fourteenth chapter of Matthew it is told that when Jesus had sent the multitudes away he went up into the mountain and was there alone with God. Jesus Christ never forgot to thank God for answering his prayers. Jesus asked him to help him feed the multitude, and he didn't neglect to thank him for it. Next time you pray don't ask God for anything. Just try to think of all the things you have to be thankful for, and tell him about them.

Pride Hinders Prayer

Pride keeps us from proper prayer. Being chesty and big-headed is responsible for more failures than anything else in this world. It has spoiled many a preacher, just as it has spoiled many an employee. Some fellows get a job and in about two weeks they think they know more about the business than the boss does. They think he is all wrong. It never occurs to them that it took some brains and some knowledge to build that business up and keep it running till they got there.

Here's two things to guard against. Don't get chesty over success, or discouraged over a seeming defeat.

"And when he prayed he said: 'Lazarus, come forth'; and he that was dead came forth" (John 11:43). If we prayed right we would raise men from sin and bring them forth into the light of righteousness.

"And as he prayed the fashion of his countenance was altered" (Luke 9:29). Ladies, do you want to look pretty? If some of you women would spend less on dope and cold cream and get down on your knees and pray, God would make you prettier. Why, I can look into your faces and tell what sort of lives you live. If you are devoting your time and thoughts to society, your countenances will show it. If you pray, I can see that.

Every man who has helped to light up the dark places of the world has been a praying man. I never preach a sermon until I've soaked it in prayer. Never. Then I never forget to thank God for helping me when I preach. I don't care whether you read your prayers out of a book or whether you just say them, so long as you mean them. A man can read his prayers and go to heaven, or he may just say his prayers and go to hell. We've got to face conditions. When I read I find that all the saintly men who have done things from Pentecost until today, have known how to pray. It was a master stroke of the devil when he got the church to give up prayer. One of the biggest farces today is the average prayer-meeting.

Praying in Secret

Matthew says, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." (Matt. 6:6)

Two men came to the Temple to pray (Luke 18:10) - the first was the Pharisee. He was nice and smooth, and his attitude was nice and smooth. He prayed: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican [tax-collector]. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess," and he went out. I can imagine a lot of people sitting around the church and saying: "That is my idea of religion; that is it. I am no sensationalist; I don't want anything vulgar, no slang." Why don't you use a little, bud, so that something will come your way? And it will come as straight as two and two make four.

Services rendered in such opposite directions cannot meet with the same results. If two men were on the top of a tall building and one should jump and one come down the fire escape they couldn't expect to meet with the same degree of safety. The Pharisee said, "Thank God, I am not as other men are," and the publican said, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." The first man went to his house the same as when he came out of it. "God be merciful to me, a sinner." That man was justified. I am justified in my faith in Jesus Christ. I am no longer a sinner. I am justified as though I had never sinned, by faith in the Son of God. That man went down to his house justified.

Praying in Humility

How many people pray in a real sense? How many people pray in humility and truth? Some men pray for humility when it

is pride they want. Many a man gets down on his knees and says: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come - " (Matt. 6:9) That is not so; they don't want God's kingdom to come. It is not so with half the people that pray. I say to you when you pray in the church pew and say that, it don't count a snap of my finger if you don't live it: You pray, "Thy kingdom come," and then you go out and do something to prevent that kingdom from coming. No man can get down and pray "The kingdom come," and have a beer wagon back up to his door and put beer in the ice box. No man can get down on his knees and pray "Thy kingdom come," and look through the bottom of a beer glass. God won't stand for it. If you wanted God's will done you would do God's will, even if it took every drop of blood in your body to do it.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." When you say this in your pew on Sunday it means nothing unless you live it on Monday. You say "Thy kingdom come," and then go out and do the very thing that will prevent God's kingdom from coming. Your prayers or anything you do in the church on Sunday mean nothing if you don't do the same thing in business on Monday. I don't care how loud your wind-jamming in prayer-meeting may be if you go out and skin somebody in a horse deal the next day.

The man who truly prays, "Thy kingdom come," cannot take his heart out of his prayer when he is out of the church. The man who truly prays "Thy kingdom come," will not be shrinking his measures at the store; the load of coal he sends to you won't be half slate. The man who truly prays "Thy kingdom come" won't cut off his yardstick when he measures you a piece of calico. It will not take the pure-food law to keep a man who truly prays "Thy kingdom come" from putting chalk in the flour, sand in the sugar, brick dust in red pepper, ground peanut shells in breakfast food.

The man who truly prays "Thy kingdom come" cannot pass a saloon and not ask himself the question, "What can I do to get rid of that thing that is blighting the lives of thousands of young men, that is wrecking homes, and that is dragging men and women down to hell?" You cannot pray "Thy kingdom come," and then rush to the polls and vote for the thing that is preventing that kingdom from coming. You cannot pray "Thy kingdom come" and then go and do the things that make the devil laugh. For the man who truly prays "Thy kingdom come" it would be impossible to have one kind of religion on his knees and another when he behind the counter; it would be impossible to have one kind of religion in the pew and another in politics. When a man truly prays "Thy kingdom come" he means it in everything or in nothing.

A lot of church members are praying wrong. You should pray first, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and then "Thy kingdom come."

Saying a prayer is one thing: doing God's will is another. Both should be synonymous. Angels are angels because they do God's will. When they refuse to do God's will they become devils.

Many a man prays when he gets in a hole. Many a man prays when he is up against it. Many a man prays in the time of trouble, but when he can stick his thumbs in his armholes [i.e., swagger] and take a pair of scissors and cut his coupons off [collect his interest], then it is "Good-bye, God; I'll see you later." Many a man will make promises to God in his extremity, but forget them in his prosperity. Many a man will make promises to God when the hearse is backed up to the door to carry the baby out, but wilt soon forget the promises made in the days of adversity. Many a man will make promises when lying on his back, thinking he is going to die, and load up just the same when he is on his feet.

Men of Prayer

Every man and every woman that God has used to halt this sin-cursed world and set it going Godward has been a Christian of prayer. Martin Luther arose from his bed and prayed all night, and when the break of day came he called his wife and said to her, "It has come." History records that on that very day King Charles granted religious toleration, a thing for which Luther had prayed.

John Knox, whom his queen feared more than any other man, was in such agony of prayer that he ran out into the street and fell on his face and cried, "O God, give me Scotland or I'll die." And God gave him Scotland and not only that, he threw England in for good measure.

When Jonathan Edwards was about to preach his greatest sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," he prayed for days; and when he stood before the congregation and preached it, men caught at the seats in their terror, and some fell to the floor; and the people cried out in their fear, "Mr. Edwards, tell us how we can be saved!"

The critical period of American history was between 1784 and 1789. There was no common coinage, no common defense. When the colonies sent men to a constitutional convention, Benjamin Franklin, rising with the weight of his four score years, asked that the convention open with prayer, and George Washington there sealed the bargain with God. In that winter in Valley Forge, Washington led his men in prayer and he got down on his knees to do it.

When the battle of Gettysburg was on, Lincoln, old Abe Lincoln, was on his knees with God; yes, he was on his knees from five o'clock in the afternoon till four o'clock in the morning, and Bishop Simpson was with him.

"And whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son" (John 14:13). No man can ever be saved without Jesus Christ. There's no way to God unless you come through Jesus Christ. It's Jesus Christ or nothing.

"Lord, teach us to pray" (Luke 11:1)

End

What Shall I Do Then With Jesus?

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?"--Matt. 27:22.

Nineteen hundred years ago a star poised above a lowly manger in Bethlehem and above the moonlit hills of Judea the angels heralded the beginning of the life of Jesus Christ upon this earth--He who came to teach us the religion of human kindness, brotherly love and salvation through repentance and faith in His shed blood.

No matter what He said or did, the Jews refused to acknowledge His claims as the Messiah. Their enmity finally culminated in the greatest tragedy that the brutality of man ever committed, or the eye of God ever witnessed--the murder of Jesus Christ under false testimony. Jealous of His popularity and rejecting His divinity, they resolved at all hazards to kill Him.

Not having the power of life and of death in their own hands, or tribunals, they renounced Him before Pilate, the Roman governor. To stir up his enmity, they said that He was an impostor, that He had stirred up sedition and that He was an enemy of the government.

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

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

Pilate was very near the line. He tried to reason with them. Then he arose from the throne, took Jesus by the hand, led Him out in front of them and asked, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?"

So I lead Him out before this audience tonight and ask you the same question Pilate asked the crowd that surged around the throne that day.

Pilate was confronted, my friends, with difficulties. He had many things to encourage him. He had his wife's dream. The story of Mrs. Pilate is very briefly told in the Bible, in one verse of Scripture. It is no evidence of her worth and character as a woman that God condescended to reveal Himself in a dream to her. He revealed Himself in a dream to Pharaoh, to Nebuchadnezzar. Yet for all we know, Mrs. Pilate might have been a very reverent, devout woman, constantly on the alert to save her husband from the difficulties into which she knew his miserable, pliable temper would lead him. Somehow, while she slept, God worried her by a dream. What He revealed, I do not know. Presumably it was about Jesus and the part her husband was to play in this tragedy. (They couldn't put Him on the cross without the consent of Pilate.)

She sent a messenger to Pilate with the plea: 'Have thou nothing to do with this just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him. Have nothing to do with him.'

So we have the personality of Jesus. Never had such a personality appeared before Pilate for sentence. There He stood in His calmness, in His purity, in His power--more beautiful than a dream of Pericles.

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

Pilate had the personality of Jesus. He had the miracles of Jesus. I do not know that Pilate had ever witnessed Christ's performing a miracle. I do not know that Pilate had ever seen a man or woman who had been a recipient of the power of Jesus. Positive am I that he knew about the miracles, for they were current conversation. There was no section of the country where he could not find somebody whom Jesus Christ had benefited, either by opening their eyes or curing their lameness.

So while certain things influenced Pilate for Jesus, other things discouraged him. And while God is trying to bring influence to bear toward making you a Christian, the Devil is bringing influence to bear toward keeping you away from Jesus.

So Pilate had these things to consider: first, what would the Jews say? The Jews were at this time under the control of the Romans, who were severe in their exactions; and Pilate was the very triple essence of severity. So harsh was he that some of the influential Jews had gone to Rome to intercede with Caesar to have Pilate recalled and a more kind and humane man placed over them in Jerusalem.

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

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

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

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

So, "What will the Jews say?"

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

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

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

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

Jesus answered: 'I am.'

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

Ghost or He was an illegitimate offspring of a Jewish harlot.

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

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

So old Pilate called for a basin of water, walked out before the crowd, washed his hands and said: 'I wash my hands of His blood. I find no fault in Him.'

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

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

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

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

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

Now, when old Pilate heard that Herod was in town he was glad to get rid of Jesus. So he shoved Him over to Herod. Herod thought that Jesus was sort of a sleight-of-hand performer- -legerdemain, Chautauqua entertainer and had a bunch of high rollers; so he asked Jesus to come up and perform a few miracles just to entertain the crowd. Jesus answered the old fox never a word.

So they secured Him and sent Him back to old Pilate. Herod had heard John the Baptist preach. John had said: 'It isn't right for you to have your brother Philip's wife.' Herod wanted Jesus and his brother Philip's wife, too; but he could not have both. So he turned down Jesus and kept his brother Philip's wife, which was against the law.

Is William Jennings Bryan a fool? Is he a believer in Jesus Christ as the Son of God? What are you going to do with the Christ of these Christian men?

Was the late William McKinley a fool? When the assassin's bullet struck him down at Buffalo, fondly and reverently did he pray that he would be spared. When they gave him the anesthetic and the doctors bent over him to catch what might have been his last words, he was muttering the Lord's Prayer. We smiled, dried our tears, shook hands and forgot our

political differences.

Then the relapse came and we were informed that he was growing worse. They sent for his wife. He looked up and said: "It's God's will. His way, not ours, be done." McKinley started to repeat, "Nearer, My God to Thee, Nearer to Thee," and the lamp of life flickered and went out forever.

Down the streets of Buffalo went the funeral procession and the band played, "Nearer, My God to Thee." The railroad track from Buffalo to Washington was lined with people who stood with bowed, uncovered heads and tear-stained cheeks as they sang, "Nearer, My God to Thee."

I journeyed to Canton that I might be present at the funeral. Five hours I stood on the street corner, opposite the Stark County Courthouse where his body was to lie in state. The booming cannon told us that the funeral train had arrived. Down the funeral procession came, and bands, with muffled drum, played, "Nearer, My God to Thee."

The hearse stopped opposite to where I stood, and the detachment of sailors from the battleship Indiana and soldiers from the regular army drew out the coffin and carried it into the courthouse where it was to lie in state.

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

Up the steps hobbled my friend, General David B. Henderson, of Dubuque, Iowa, then speaker of the House of Representatives. By his side was William B. Ellison. I stood and gazed upon men from the North and men from the South; Democrats and Republicans of all classes. Then they were given the privilege to walk through, and I was among the first two hundred to go through. When I looked at the dead president's pale, upturned face, my eyes were blinded with tears and I groped my way out of the north door.

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

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

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

Now, our acceptance with God is going to depend on what we do with Jesus. The vilest sinner on earth, if he accepts Jesus Christ, will be accepted; and the very moment you accept Jesus Christ your sins are forgiven. If you reject Jesus, God will spurn and reject you.

In the Bank of England is a machine--a marvelous mechanism. It is used to weigh gold sovereigns. The Bank of England never takes gold for its face value, as our banks do. They always weigh gold because gold will wear off by circulation.

I had a friend out in Illinois who had some \$45,000 in gold. He sent it to the First National Bank of Chicago for deposit. They weighed it for him and it was \$1,500 shy on weight. The Bank of England always weighs gold. A man sits at the machine there, the gold is dropped through a little slit and falls on a pan. If it is standard weight it tips to the right; if it is a fraction short it tips to the left. It never makes a mistake. Never! It saves the Bank of England hundreds of pounds of sterling every year.

That is nothing compared with the scrutiny that we will have to pass through when we stand before God. We can't muster because of our wealth or intellectual standing. It is because of our acceptance or rejection of Jesus Christ; then our

becoming children of God depends on what becomes of Jesus.

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

There was one way you came into the world--you were born. There is one way you will get into Heaven--you must be born again. You have had a physical birth. You must have a spiritual birth and that must come through Jesus Christ as the Son of God.

Does Jesus Christ lack anything in your esteem? Wherein does He fail to measure up to your ideal? Where could He improve? What could you suggest that would improve Jesus Christ? I would be very glad to know.

A man said: "If you can find me an absolutely flawless character, I will worship Him." I challenge all the infidels on earth or in Hell to find one flaw in the character of Jesus Christ.

Oh, the Rothschilds, Rockefellers, Morgans, Vanderbilts, Armours, Astors are all powerful in the commercial and the financial world.

Kelvin, Agassiz, Newton, Spencer are all prominent in the scientific world.

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

Mightier in England than the king; mightier in Germany than the emperor; mightier in America than Washington or Lincoln or Roosevelt or Bryan or Jefferson is the name of Jesus Christ.

That is the name that unhorsed Saul of Tarsus. That is the name that knocked him blind on the highway. That is the name that knocked Newton to the deck of the ship. That is the name that holds 500, 000, 000 of the world's population in its magic grip and power.

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

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

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

We will perpetuate the name of Jesus in art, in literature and in song.

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

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

We will perpetuate it in architecture, Catholicism and Protestantism. There will be other St. Pauls; there will be other St.

Peters; there will be other St. Johns, St. Johns the Divine; there will be other Kremilns at Moscow; there will be other Cathedrals at Cologne; there will be other Madeleines at Paris.

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

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

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

Herschel the astronomer was a Christian. So were Jonathan Edwards, Blackstone, Gladstone, Washington, Lincoln, Lee, Queen Victoria, Grant--honored in his tour around the world as no man has ever been honored before. When Grant reached Jerusalem a feast was proposed for him, and he said: "No, not in this city where my Saviour bled and died. Let me get alone; I want to weep."

Look at the love the pure and holy bear Him.

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, Jack," the colonel said, "you couldn't live out in that zone. You would be cut to pieces. I guess he is gone."

But presently they saw the wounded American soldier wave his bloodstained handkerchief again. The cowboy said: "Look, he isn't dead! I will go and save him."

He threw down his Krag-Jorgensen, and throwing his arms to his face as if to protect himself from the bullets, he dashed out into the zone. But what protection would flesh and bones have against steel bullets that could go three miles and pierce through thirty-two inches of solid wood?

He ran out, grabbed his comrade and dragged him over the brow of the hill; then a bullet from a Spanish sharpshooter struck him just above the heart. It went through him as if he were made of papier-mâché. He dropped his comrade and a crimson tide spurted from his nose, eyes and lips. He said, "Tom, pard, I'm hit hard. It's all up with me. I wish you well," and he reeled and fell dead.

The man crept back into the ranks to tell the story.

Oh, if Jesus could come down here, I wouldn't let Him get all the way here. I would jump from the platform and go to

meet Him. He saved me and my wife and children, and I'll go where He commands me to go, I'll go where He wants me to go. We ought to do that for Him because of the sacrifice He made for us.

Savonarola stood speaking in the square at Florence. The people surged around God's lionhearted preacher who told that gang of ecclesiastical crooks and thugs where to head in. He hurled the anathemas of God at them until they incinerated him to ashes because he dared rebuke their crookedness and their infamy. Savonarola stood preaching. He knew that these were the questions uppermost in the minds of the Italians: What sort of government will emerge

from all this? Will it be a Republican form or will it continue the monarchy with the king? The second question was, What will be our religion? Will it be the star and the crescent of the Mohammedan, or will it be the cross of Jesus Christ?

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

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

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

Get up and let me look at you. Come on, whoever you are. I don't give a rap where you came from or who you are in the world, come on! Come on!

Don't sit down; come on. You wouldn't sit down if we played the "Star Spangled Banner." Come on! The cross of Jesus Christ is waving over the crowd. Come on, and give me your hand and stand with me.

Under The Sun

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?" -- Eccl. 1:3

THIS question is asked and answered by King Solomon, and in our language it means about this: "What good does a man get out of life if he lives only for what this world can give?"

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

Solomon was made king of a great kingdom in his early manhood, while his father was still alive to counsel and help him. From this we see that he had every advantage that high station and boundless wealth and opportunity could give him. He had wisdom, riches, wealth and honor such as no king ever had before him or since.

An invincible army stood ready to do his bidding, and all the power of a great nation that was under the special protection and favor of God was behind him. He had only to command, and it was done; to express a wish, and it was gratified. He had received the best education it was possible to give him, and was called the wisest of men. The fame of his wisdom covered the earth, and caused the Queen of Sheba, with a great retinue, to make a long pilgrimage of weary weeks and months, to sit at his feet in wonder. She looked upon the beauty of his wonderful palace and the magnificent temple he had built. She reviewed his matchless army; considered the numbers of men who served him and the elegance of their livery; then she looked in amazement upon the wealth of gold and precious things that surrounded him, and took her departure, declaring that the half had not been told her.

This is the kind of ability Solomon had with which to answer his own question. He wrote three thousand proverbs and a thousand and five songs, all full of wisdom. If he wasn't qualified to speak as an expert, where can we find one?

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

He lived in a palace, surrounded by courtiers who were not spring chickens, and all highbrows themselves. He was honored, admired and flattered as few men have been. No greater honor than his could be known, no greater wisdom found in any books, and no higher station attained. He was so rich that his wealth could not be measured. He had forty thousand horses and twenty thousand horsemen. The high cost of living never troubled him, for his provisions for his household and attendants one day were two hundred and eighty-one bushels of fine flour; five hundred and sixty-six bushels of meal; ten fat oxen out of the stall; twenty oxen out of the pasture; one hundred sheep, besides hart, roebuck, fallow deer and fatted fowl.

Solomon had no ambition that had not been achieved; no curiosity that had not been satisfied. Like his princely father, he was a close observer, and nothing escaped him, so that he was able to say, "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun," meaning that the world had nothing more to show him or to give him and that was certainly going some.

At some time in our lives we have all envied men of great scholarship and intellectual attainments, and have thought of

what a foretaste of heaven it would be to have the time and opportunity to learn all the things we would like to know. We have believed that one of the greatest joys this life could give is the joy of knowing things. Well, Solomon not only drank that well dry, but he pulled out the pump, for he exhausted all the schools and colleges of his day, and gave all his teachers nervous prostration in their vain endeavor to teach him something more than he already knew. And then when he had pumped that fountain dry, he sighed and said, "Go to, now; I will see what I can get out of mirth and pleasure," and then he cut loose on that line, and began to carry on in a way to make a baseball fan at the world's series look like a dummy in a clothing store window.

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

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

Then he thinks he has discovered something really substantial, and so goes to building great works and houses, chief of which is the magnificent temple, still called by his name. It required seven years to build it, and took the combined efforts of one hundred and eighty-three thousand Jews and strangers to do the work. It took ten thousand men eleven years to cut the trees. There were eighty thousand hewers of wood, and seventy thousand burden bearers. There were eighty thousand squared stones, all so perfectly shaped in the quarries that the sound of neither hammer nor mallet was heard in putting them together in the temple.

At the completion of the work there was a feast of seven days at its dedication, and Solomon sacrificed one hundred and twenty thousand sheep and twenty thousand oxen.

The temple was built of white marble, so artfully joined that it appeared like one stone. The roof was of olive wood, covered with pure gold. That is where the idea of covering the domes of many of our capitol buildings with gold leaf originated. When the sunshine fell on the temple its splendor was so dazzling that the eyes were almost blinded.

The temple courts and apartments could house three hundred thousand people. There were fourteen hundred and fifty-three columns of Parian (fine white) marble; twenty-nine hundred and six pilasters or columns. Over three billion dollars worth of gold was used. One billion dollars worth of silver was used on the floors and walls, which were overlaid with gold and silver.

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

Then Solomon turned his great talent and wealth toward making a beautiful Jerusalem, by planting vineyards and laying out gardens that were like Fairyland, and then like a tale of magic he produced orchards, in which he had a great collection of the finest and rarest trees in all the world. Trees from every clime, and flowers of every kind and hue were there, and all these were kept green and beautiful by irrigation from artificial lakes. It is doubtful if the world had ever seen greater beauty than Solomon with his unlimited power produced in Jerusalem at that time, but even all this pleased his fancy only for a little while, and soon he seems to have nothing but dust in his mouth, and again cries out, "All is vanity!"

But almost immediately he seems to have taken up another whim, and says, "I got me servants and maidens, and also had

great possessions of great and small cattle, above all that were in Jerusalem before me. I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings, and of the provinces. I got me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts, meaning, no doubt, that he became an art collector, and began to feed on the beautiful, the artistic and esthetic, somewhat as millionaires are doing now, securing for himself the very best to be had in painting, old china, bric-a-brac, sculpture, musical instruments, singers and performers, and then at voluptuous ease he would lie on a princely couch that seemed almost to float in the air, and drink to the full all he could get out of them in the way of enjoyment.

But presently he is again almost dying with disappointment, and crying out in the same old doleful tone, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

Meaning that there was nothing in it all but an empty puff of air that could only fill a bubble for a moment. And then he goes on to say, "So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; and whatever mine eyes desired I kept not from them. I withheld not my heart from joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labor. Then I looked on all the works my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do, and, "Behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun!"

And so this wise and honored and wealthy man goes on drinking first from one golden cup and then another, only to dash them all away as soon as tasted in bitter disappointment, and then after he had tried them all, to say, "Not one can satisfy!" confirming what his father David had said in the statement, "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger," and just what every millionaire on earth today knows from his own experience.

To find starvation of the most awful kind today, don't go down into the slums, but go to the people who are enormously wealthy. Andrew Carnegie says there are no happy millionaires, and Andy ought to know, for he's got the dough. John D. Rockefeller has about as good as confessed that he got more out of the first thousand dollars he made than out of any ten millions he has made since, and today he is perhaps the hungriest man in all the world.

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

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

Why do you spend your money for that which is not bread? Is there any bread in rum? Ask the poor fellows who have been spending their earnings for drink during all these years. Ask their wives and their children. No bread for them. Ask the saloonkeeper. There is bread in it for him, but none for those who drink what he sells.

But to go back to Solomon's doleful cry of "All is vanity!" What does it mean? Was Solomon a dyspeptic, as most millionaires are? Have you ever noticed that it takes more religion to make a dyspeptic smile than it does to make a healthy man shout? Was there something wrong with Solomon's liver, or what was the matter? Was the trouble all with Solomon, or is all creation out of joint? Is there no good to be found in any of the things with which he employed his time? Is going to school no better than wasting time in idleness? Does a keen appreciation of the beautiful carry with it a curse and not a blessing? Is there no benefit in architecture, music or sculpture? Is there nothing but evil in wealth, wisdom and high station in life? Was Solomon really starving while apparently feeding on the finest of the wheat? He said so many things that appear to contradict all he said about vanity and vexation of spirit and so what does it mean?

But wait a moment. Here is something that seems to throw light on the matter. When Solomon says, "All is vanity," he also says, "under the sun," and that shows the standpoint from which he drew his conclusions. What we see as we go through life always depends upon where we stand to look. Many a man who tries to talk as if he were standing on a mountain, shows by what he says that he is up to his eyes in the mud.

When a man tells you that the whisky business is a good thing for the country, you know that he is looking at things through the eyes of a brewer or a saloonkeeper, and not through the eyes of a father who has a son that has become a drunkard.

When a man tells you that he don't believe in foreign missions, you know that he don't know any more about what pure and undefiled religion is than a jack rabbit knows about running for president. From what he says you know the viewpoint from which he has come to his conclusion. To know a man's viewpoint is to know why he sees the thing he claims to see, and now we know why Solomon said, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit!" It was because he was looking at things from the viewpoint of "under the sun." As if a man could tell what a rainbow were like while standing on his head in a dark cellar.

In the little book of Ecclesiastes, from which the text is taken, the expression "under the sun " occurs thirty-one times, as if Solomon wanted everyone to understand that what he said therein was said from the standpoint of low ground. The great king was looking at things from a low, sensual, materialistic plane, and from that viewpoint every word he said was true. Take away God, take away the Bible, take away inspiration and revelation, take away all hope of a better life in the world to come, destroy all thought of resurrection, and put in its place nothing but hopeless and endless night, and you have nothing left that is worth living for. The life of the greatest and wisest man is then no better than that of a fool. The best fruits of the world would then turn to ashes on the lips, and it were better to die than to live.

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

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

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

Nothing this world can give is worthwhile, unless while living in it we can have more than is revealed by the light of the sun. Destroy the Bible and all faith in God, and we might as well eat, drink and be merry and die. Nothing will do unless it can give us the wings of the morning and let us mount higher than the sun, for what can a mole know about the sunrise, or a man in a pit know about the beauty of the mountains? No heaven we can build for ourselves without God can be more than a little anteroom to hell. Without God and revelation and the Bible and hope of heaven, all is indeed vanity and vexation of spirit.

But at last Solomon spreads the wings of faith and gets higher than the sun, and when he does the change in his viewpoint changes the meaning of life, for now he can see with a clear eye.

I know a man who through some difficulty with his vision can see scarcely anything a little distance away, but one day he went up in a balloon, and when over a half-mile high he could see like a bird. In fact he could see better than he had ever

believed anybody could see, and it was that way with Solomon when he reached the place where his faith could lay hold on God.

Listen to this, and note how his vision has expanded, and his sight cleared up, "Surely I know (no uncertainty about that) that it shall be well with them that fear God." There is no more talk about everything being vanity now, and the reason is because at last he has a viewpoint higher than the sun, as is always the case with even the humblest man who has faith in God. Solomon can now see that nothing good is ever lost, and that bread cast on the waters is sure to return after many days. He now sees that wisdom is better than weapons of war, the plain meaning of which in our day is that good common sense is better protection than a slingshot. And then, to sum up, he closes the book by saying, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." And there is no vanity about anything God does.

And now let us employ our time for a little while with some of the men who have looked at life from a viewpoint higher than the sun. It was this that kept Noah working away on the ark for a hundred and twenty years, without seeing a flash of lightning or hearing a clap of thunder. Had he been living only for what he could see, it would never have been said of him that "he was a just man and perfect, and walked with God." The man who walks with God will not spend much time in thinking about the bugs that may be creeping under his feet.

Abraham was another man who had a faith that lifted him higher than the sun, when looking for "a city which had foundations, whose maker and builder was God." You never hear a word from that grand old man about all being vanity and vexation of spirit.

And then there was Moses. He had a vision that pierced the clouds and went far beyond the sun, when he saw that "the reproach of Christ" would bring him greater and more lasting riches than the treasures of Egypt, that he might have had by simply folding his arms and doing nothing. But he endured as seeing Him who is invisible, and that made it easy for him to refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Neither was he looking from the low plane of "under the sun," when in bidding farewell to the army he had brought out of Egypt, he said, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." A man must have a sweep of faith reaching higher than the sun before he can say things like that.

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

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

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

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

Stephen's viewpoint was from much higher than anywhere "under the sun," when he cried out, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing, on the right hand of God!" and then went to his cruel death with the light of heaven on his face.

And Paul was looking from higher than the stars, or he could never have said, "For we know that if our earthly house of

this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"

And so it was also with John the beloved, when near the close of his long and busy life he took up the much worn pen with which he had written so much that will still be bright when the stars are dim, and wrote the precious words that have been shining down the centuries ever since, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is!"

And then still later, when a white-haired prisoner on the Isle of Patmos, and just before he left the world to be forever with the Lord, John again had a vision of things infinitely higher than the sun, and once more took up the stylus and wrote, "And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He doth judge and make war. . . . And He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood; and His name is called the Word of God. . . . And He hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of Kings and Lord of Lords!"

Jude also was looking from very much higher than the sun when he declared with unhesitating confidence, "That He is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

And O how much higher than the sun was Jesus looking from when He said, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

And then, when after the shame of the cross and the grave, He stood on resurrection ground, how infinitely far above the sun was His eye fixed when He said to the eleven faithful ones, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

And thank God the time will surely come, when in our vision we shall not be confined to the low plane described as "under the sun," but when with Him in whom we have believed we shall be lifted "far above all principality and power, and might and dominion," and be with Him forever in heavenly places, where we shall no more see as through a glass darkly, but face to face, and where we shall know as we are known.

End

Wonderful

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

"His name shall be called Wonderful" -- Isaiah 9:6

IN olden times all names meant something, and this is still the case among Indians and all other people who are living in a primitive way. Whenever you know an Indian's name and the meaning of it, you know something about the Indian. Such names as Kill Deer, Eagle Eye, Buffalo Face and Sitting Bull tell us something about the men who possessed them.

This tendency to use names that are expressive still crops out in camp life, and whenever men are thrown together in an unconventional way. In mining, military and lumber camps nearly every man has a nickname that indicates some peculiarity or trait of character. Usually a man's nickname is nearer the real man than his right name.

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

There are two hundred and fifty-six names given in the Bible for the Lord Jesus Christ, and I suppose this was because He was infinitely beyond all that any one name could express.

Of the many names given to Christ it is my purpose at this time to briefly consider this one: "His name shall be called Wonderful." Let us look into it somewhat and see whether He was true to the name given Him in a prophecy eight hundred years before He was born. Does the name fit Him? Is it such a name as He ought to have?

Wonderful means something that is transcendentally beyond the common; something that is away beyond the ordinary. It means something that is altogether unlike anything else. We say that Yellowstone Park, Niagara Falls and the Grand Canon of the Colorado are wonderful because there is nothing else like them.

When David killed Goliath with his sling he did a wonderful thing, because nobody else ever did anything like it. It was wonderful that the Red Sea should open to make a highway for Israel, and wonderful that the sun should stand still for Joshua. Let us see whether Jesus was true to His name.

His birth was wonderful, for no other ever occurred that was like it. It was wonderful in that He had but one human parent, and so inherited the nature of man and the nature of God. He came to be the Prince of princes, and the King of kings, and yet His birth was not looked forward to in glad expectation, as the birth of a prince usually is in the royal palace, and celebrated with marked expressions of joy all over the country, as has repeatedly happened within the recollection of many who are here.

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

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

Think what He had come for. He had come to bless, and not to curse; to lift up, and not to cast down. He had come to seek and to save that which was lost. To give sight to the blind; to open prison doors and set captives free; to reveal the Father's

love; to give rest to the weary; to be a blessing to the whole world, and yet there was no room for Him. He came to do that, and yet many of you have no room for Him in your hearts.

His birth was also wonderful in this, that the wise men of the East were guided from far across the desert to His birthplace by a star. Nothing like this ever announced the coming of any one else into this world. As soon as His birth was known the king of the country sought His life, and ordered the slaughter of the Innocents at Bethlehem. The babies were the first Christian martyrs.

His character was wonderful, for no other has ever approached it in perfection. It is wonderful that the greatest character ever known should have come out of such obscurity, to become the most famous in all history. That such a time and such a country and such a people should have produced Jesus Christ can be accounted for on no other ground than His divinity. On his return from a trip to the Holy Land a minister was asked what had made the greatest impression upon him while there. "Nazareth," he answered, and for this reason: "The same kind of people are living there today as in the time of Jesus, and they are about the worst specimens of humanity I have seen anywhere. Lazy, lustful, ignorant and unspeakably wicked, and to think of His coming out from such a people is to me a sure proof of His divinity. Had I not been a believer in His divinity before going there, I should have to believe in it now."

His life was wonderful. Wonderful for its unselfishness, its sinlessness and its usefulness. Even His enemies could not bring against Him any graver charge than that He claimed God for His Father, and that He would do good on the Sabbath day. Not the slightest evidence of selfishness or self-interest can be found in the story of His life. He was always helping others, but not once did He do anything to help Himself. He had the power to turn stones into bread, but went hungry forty days without doing it. While escaping from enemies who were determined to put Him to death He saw a man who had been blind from birth, and stopped to give him sight, doing so at the risk of His life. He never sought His own in any way, but lived for others every day of His life. His first miracle was performed, not before a multitude to spread His own fame, but in a far-away hamlet, to save a peasant's wife from humiliation. He had compassion on the hungry multitude and wept over Jerusalem, but He never had any mercy on Himself.

His teaching was wonderful. It was wonderful for the way in which He taught; for its simplicity and clearness, and adaptation to the individual. Nowhere do you find Him seeking the multitude, but He never avoided the individual. And His teaching was always adapted to the comprehension of those whom He taught. It is said that the common people heard Him gladly, and this shows that they understood what He said. He put the cookies on the lower shelf. No man had to take a dictionary with him when he went to hear the Sermon on the Mount. He illustrated His thought and made plain His meaning by the most wonderful word-pictures. The preacher who would reach the people must have something to say, and know how to say it so that those who hear will know just what he means.

Jesus made His meaning clear by using plenty of illustrations. He didn't care a rap what the scribes and Pharisees thought about it, or said about it. He wanted the people to know what He meant, and that is why He was always so interesting. The preacher who can't make his preaching interesting has no business in the pulpit. If he can't talk over ten minutes without making people begin to snap their watches and go to yawning all over the house, he has misunderstood the Lord about his call to preach. Jesus was interesting because He could put the truth before people in an interesting way. We are told that without a parable He spake not to any man. He made people see things, and see them clearly. It is wonderful that this humble Galilean peasant, who may never have gone to school a day in His life, should have made Himself a Teacher of teachers for all time. The pedagogy of today is modeling after the manner of Christ closer and closer every day.

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

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

There is said to be nothing new under the sun, and there is a sense in which it is true. Everything is the outgrowth of something else. The first railway cars looked like the old stagecoaches, and the first automobiles looked like carriages. It is that way about everything. No man ever made a book, or even a story, that was altogether unlike all others.

The stories we hear today on the Irish and Dutch are older than the Irish and Dutch. You can find stories like them in the earliest literature, but you can't find any stories anywhere in any literature that even in the remotest way resemble the parables of Jesus. Such parables as the prodigal son and the Good Samaritan are absolutely new creations, and so proclaim Jesus as divine, because He could create.

His teaching was wonderful, not only in the way He taught, but in what He taught. He taught that He was greater than Moses. Think of the audacity of it! Making such claims as that to the Jews, who regarded Moses as being almost divine. Think of the audacity of some man of obscure and humble parentage standing before us Americans and trying to make us think he was greater than George Washington.

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

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

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

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

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

Wonderful, too, that He should have been condemned to death in the way in which He was, by both the religious and civil authorities, and on the testimony of false witnesses, in the name of God, when all the laws of God were defied in the trial. It was wonderful that He was tormented and tortured so cruelly before being sent to the cross, and that He should have been put to death in the brutal manner in which He was. The time of His death was also wonderful; on the day of the Passover, thus Himself becoming the real Passover, to which the passover lamb had so long pointed.

The great publicity of His death was also wonderful. It is doubtful if any other death was ever witnessed by so many people. Hundreds of thousands of people were in Jerusalem, who had come from everywhere to attend the Passover. The sky was darkened, and the sun hid his face from the awful scene. A great earthquake shook the city; the dead came out of

their graves, and went into the city, appearing unto many, and the veil of the temple was rent from top to bottom. And remember that up to that time no eye had been allowed to look behind that veil, except that of the high priest, and then only once a year, on the great Day of Atonement.

His resurrection was wonderful. He had foretold it to His disciples, and had done so frequently, always saying, whenever He spoke of His death, that He would rise again on the third day, and yet every one of them appeared to forget all about it, and not one of them was expecting it. None of them thought of going to the sepulcher on the morning of the third day, except the women, and they only to prepare His body more fully for the grave. Womanhood has always been on the firing line.

This shows how fully they had abandoned all hope when they saw Him dead. Some left the city, for we are told of two who went to Emmaus. The manner of His resurrection was godlike. No human mind could ever have imagined such a scene. Had some man described it in the way in which he thought it should have occurred, he would have had earthquakes and thunders and a great commotion in the heavens. A sound like that of the last trump would have proclaimed to all the terrified inhabitants of Jerusalem that He was risen. But see how far different it was.

An angel rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulcher as quietly as the opening of the buds in May, and the women, who were early there, found no disorder in the grave, but the linen clothes with which they had tenderly robed His body were neatly folded and tidily placed.

And then how wonderful are the recorded appearances after the resurrection, again so different from what man would have had them. He appeared to every one of His friends, and to His best friends, but not a single one of His enemies got to see Him. I know that this story of the resurrection is true, because none but God would have had things happen in the order that they did, and in the way in which they occurred. Had the story been false the record would have made Jesus go to Pilate and the high priest, and to the others who had put Him to death, to prove that He was risen.

The effect of His teaching upon the world has been wonderful. Remember that He left no great colleges to promulgate His doctrines, but committed them to a few humble fishermen, whose names are now the most illustrious in all history. Looked at from the human side alone, how great was the probability that everything He had said would be forgotten within a few years. He never wrote a sermon. He published no books. Not a thing He said was engraved upon stone or scrolled upon brass, and yet His doctrines have endured for two thousand years. They have gone to the ends of the earth, and have wrought miracles wherever they have gone. They have lifted nations out of darkness and degradation and sin, and have made the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

When Jesus began His ministry Rome ruled the world, and her invincible legions were everywhere, but now through the teachings of the humble Galilean peasant, whom her minions put to death, her power and her religion are gone. The great temple of Diana of the Ephesians is in ruins, and no worshipper of her can be found.

When Jesus fed the five thousand with a few loaves and fishes, and healed the poor woman who touched the hem of His garment, there wasn't a church, or a hospital, or an insane asylum, or other poor house in the world, and now they are nearly as countless as the sands upon the seashore. When the bright cloud hid Him from the gaze of those who loved Him with a devotion that took them to martyrdom, the only record of His sayings was graven upon their hearts, but now libraries are devoted to the consideration of them. No words were ever so weighty or so weighed as those of Him who was so poor that He had not where to lay His head. The scholarship of the world has sat at His feet with bared head, and has been compelled to say again and again, "Never man spake as He spake." His utterances have been translated into every known tongue, and have carried healing on their wings wherever they have gone. No other book has ever had a title of the circulation of that which contains His words, and not only that, but His thoughts and the story of His life are so interwoven in all literature that if a man should never read a line in the Bible, and yet be a reader at all he could not remain ignorant of the Christ.

He is true to His name because He is a wonderful Savior now. You have only to lift your eyes and look about you to see that His wonderful salvation is going on everywhere today. This vast audience throws the lie back into your teeth when

you say the religion of Jesus Christ is dying out. There has never been a time when the love of Christ gripped the hearts of humanity as it does today.

When John the Baptist, in prison, sent two of his disciples to Jesus, saying: "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" Jesus sent this answer to John: "The blind receive their sight; the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them"; and that test of His power is as apparent in nearly every part of the world today as it was in Galilee. If you have eyes to see the works of God, you will always find them going on. The heavens declare the glory of God, but there are people so blind they can't see anything but a spell of weather in the rainbow.

Jerry McAuley in prison, a man who had lived by crime, and who had never heard the name of God outside of profanity; as blind and dead to anything good as a stone, one Sunday in the prison chapel heard a verse of Scripture quoted that took hold of his attention. He thought he would like to see it and read it for himself. So he took the Bible in his cell and began to search for it. He didn't know but one sure way to find it, and that was to begin at the first verse in the Bible and read straight on until he came to it. The verse he wanted was in Hebrews, away over in the back part of the New Testament.

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

Any number of men who were headed straight for the devil are preaching the gospel today because they were stopped by the light of God and the voice of His Christ as suddenly at St. Paul was. Yes, He is a wonderful Savior because He is able to save to the uttermost now.

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

He is a wonderful Savior, too, because He can save so quickly. Quicker than thought He can give you life. It is only, look and live. As quick as you can come He receives you, and as quickly as you could receive a present you had been wanting for years, you can have salvation. "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out." "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." No need of taking very much time about that.

In a meeting Thomas Harrison was holding, a railroad engineer came forward with his watch in his hand and said, "Mr. Harrison, can I be saved in ten minutes? I must leave here to take my train out then."

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

Moody used to tell of a banker in San Francisco, who was awakened in the night by a burglar at his bedside. The robber held a revolver almost against his face, and said, "If you move I'll kill you!" The banker said, "God have mercy on my soul!" and knocked the burglar down before he could pull the trigger, and was soundly converted before the man struck the floor, as his life afterward proved.

And now I come to the last evidence I will give you that He is true to His name, and that is-He is a wonderful Savior

because He saved me. There is nothing that can be so convincing to a man as his own experience. I do not know that I am the son of my mother any more certainly than I know that I am a child of God, and I do not know that I have been born in a natural way any more convincingly than I know that I have been born of the Spirit.

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

End

Why Delay Your Real Conversion?

by
Evangelist Billy Sunday

What does converted mean? It means completely changed. Converted is not synonymous with reformed. Reforms are from without - conversion from within. Conversion is a complete surrender to Jesus. It's a willingness to do what he wants you to do. Unless you have made a complete surrender and are doing his will it will avail you nothing if you've reformed a thousand times and have your name on fifty church records.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, in your heart and confess him with your mouth and you will be saved. God is good. The plan of salvation is presented to you in two parts. Believe in your heart and confess with your mouth. Many of you here probably do believe. Why don't you confess? Now own up. The truth is that you have a yellow streak. Own up, business men, and business women, and all of you others. Isn't it so? Haven't you got a little saffron? Brave old Elijah ran like a scared deer when he heard old Jezebel had said she would have his head, and he beat it. And he ran to Beersheba and lay down under a juniper tree and cried to the Lord to let him die. The Lord answered his prayer, but not in the way he expected. If he had let him die he would have died with nothing but the wind moaning through the trees as his funeral dirge. But the Lord had something better for Elijah. He had a chariot of fire and it swooped down and carried him into glory without his ever seeing death. [?? - 2 Chron. 21:12].

So he says he has something better for you - salvation if he can get you to see it. You've kept your church membership locked up. You've smiled at a smutty story. When God and the Church were scoffed at you never peeped, and when asked to stand up here you've sneaked out the back way and beat it. You're afraid and God despises a coward - a mutt. You cannot be converted by thinking so and sitting still.

Maybe you're a drunkard, an adulterer, a prostitute, a liar; won't admit you are lost; are proud. Maybe you're even proud you're not proud, and Jesus has a time of it.

Jesus said: "Come to me," not to the Church; to me, not to a creed; to me, not to a preacher; to me, not to an evangelist; to me, not to a priest; to me, not to a pope; "Come to me and I will give you rest." Faith in Jesus Christ saves you, not faith in the Church.

You can join church, pay your share of the preacher's salary, attend the services, teach Sunday school, return thanks and do everything that would apparently stamp you as a Christian - even pray - but you won't ever be a Christian - until you do what God tells you to do.

That's the road, and that's the only one mapped out for you and for me. God treats all alike. He doesn't furnish one plan for the banker and another for the janitor who sweeps out the bank. He has the same plan for one that he has for another. It's the law - you may not approve of it, but that doesn't make any difference.

Salvation a Personal Matter

The first thing to remember about being saved is that salvation is a personal matter. "Seek ye the Lord" - that means every one must seek for himself. It won't do for the parent to seek for the children; it won't do for the children to seek for the parent. If you were sick all the medicine I might take wouldn't do you any good. Salvation is a personal matter that no one else can do for you; you must attend to it yourself.

Some persons have lived manly or womanly lives, and they lack but one thing - open confession of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some men think, that they must come to him in a certain way - that they must be stirred by emotion or something like that.

Some people have a deeper conviction of sin before they are converted than after they are converted. With some it is the

other way. Some know when they are converted and others don't.

Some people are emotional. Some are demonstrative. Some will cry easily. Some are cold and can't be moved to emotion. A man jumped up in a meeting and asked whether he could be saved when he hadn't shed a tear in forty years. Even as he spoke he began to shed tears. It's all a matter of how you're constituted. I am vehement, and I serve God with the same vehemence that I served the devil when I went down the line.

Some of you say that in order to accept Jesus you must have different surroundings. You think you could do it better in some other place. You can be saved where you areas well as anyplace on earth. I say, "My watch doesn't run. It needs new surroundings. I'll put it in this other pocket, or I'll put it here, or here on these flowers." It doesn't need new surroundings. It needs a new mainspring; and that's what the sinner needs. You need a new heart, not a new suit.

What can I do to keep out of hell? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

The Philippian jailer was converted. He had put the disciples into the stocks when they came to the prison, but after his conversion he stooped down and washed the blood from their stripes.

Now, leave God out of the proposition for a minute. Never mind about the new birth - that's his business. Jesus Christ became a man, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. He died on the cross for us, so that we might escape the penalty pronounced on us. Now, never mind about anything but our part in salvation. Here it is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

You say, "Mr. Sunday, the Church is full of hypocrites." So's hell. I say to you if you don't want to go to hell and live with that whole bunch forever, come into the Church, where you won't have to associate with them very long. There are no hypocrites in heaven.

You say, "Mr. Sunday, I can be a Christian and go to heaven without joining a church." Yes, and you can go to Europe without getting on board a steamer. The swimming's good - but the sharks are laying for fellows who take that route. I don't believe you. If a man is truly saved he will hunt for a church right away.

You say, "It's so mysterious. I don't understand." You'll be surprised to find out how little you know. You plant a seed in the ground - that's your part. You don't understand how it grows. How God makes that seed grow is mysterious to you.

Some people think that they can't be converted unless they go down on their knees in the straw at a camp-meeting, unless they pray all hours of the night, and all nights of the week, while some old brother storms heaven in prayer. Some think a man must lose sleep, must come down the aisle with a haggard look, and he must froth at the mouth and dance and shout. Some get it that way, and they don't think that the work I do is genuine unless conversions are made in the same way that they have got religion.

I want you to see what God put in black and white; that there can be a sound, thorough conversion in an instant; that man can be converted as quietly as the coming of day and never backslide. I do not find fault with the way other people get religion. What I want and preach is the fact that a man can be converted without any fuss.

If a man wants to shout and clap his hands in joy over his wife's conversion, or if a wife wants to cry when her husband is converted, I am not going to turn the hose on them, or put them in a strait-jacket. When a man turns to God truly in conversion, I don't care what form his conversion takes. I wasn't converted that way, but I do not rush around and say, with gall and bitterness, that you are not saved because you did not get religion the way I did. If we all got religion in the same way, the devil might go to sleep with a regular Rip Van Winkle snooze and still be on the job.

Look at Nicodemus. You could never get a man with the temperament of Nicodemus near a camp meeting, to kneel down in the straw, or to shout and sing. He was a quiet, thoughtful, honest, sincere and cautious man. He wanted to know the truth and he was willing to walk in the light when he found it.

Look at the man at the pool of Bethesda. He was a big sinner and was in a lot of trouble which his sins had made for him. He had been in that condition for a long time. It didn't take him three minutes to say "Yes," when the Lord spoke to him. See how quietly he was converted.

Matthew stood in the presence of Christ and he realized what it would be to be without Christ, to be without hope, and it brought him to a quick decision. "And he arose and followed him."

How long did that conversion take? How long did it take him to accept Christ after he had made up his mind? And you tell me you can't make an instant decision to please God? The decision of Matthew proves that you can. While he was sitting at his desk he was not a disciple. The instant he arose he was. That move changed his attitude toward God. Then he ceased to do evil and commenced to do good. You can be converted just as quickly as Matthew was.

God says: "Let the wicked man forsake his way." The instant that is done, no matter if the man has been a life-long sinner, he is safe. There is no need of struggling for hours - or for days - do it now. Who are you struggling with? Not God. God's mind was made up long before the foundations of the earth were laid. The plan of salvation was made long before there was any sin in the world. Electricity existed long before there was any car wheel for it to drive. "Let the wicked man forsake his way." When? Within a month, within a week, within a day, within an hour? No! Now! The instant you yield, God's plan of salvation is thrown into gear. You will be saved before you know it, like a child being born.

Rising and following Christ switched Matthew from the broad to the narrow way. He must have counted the cost as he would have balanced his cash book. He put one side against the other. The life he was living led to all chance of gain. On the other side there was Jesus, and Jesus outweighs all else. He saw the balance turn as the tide of a battle turns and then it ended with his decision. The sinner died and the disciple was born.

I believe that the reason the story of Matthew was written was to show how a man could be converted quickly and quietly. It didn't take him five or ten years to begin to do something - he got busy right away.

You don't believe in quick conversions? There have been a dozen men of modern times who have been powers for God whose conversion was as quiet as Matthew's. Charles G. Finney never went to a camp meeting. He was out in the woods alone, praying, when he was converted. Sam Jones, a mighty man of God, was converted at the bedside of his dying father. Moody accepted Christ while waiting on a customer in a boot and shoe store. Dr. Chapman was converted as a boy in a Sunday school. All the other boys in the class had accepted Christ, and only Wilbur remained. The teacher turned to him and said, "And how about you, Wilbur?" He said, "I will," and he turned to Christ and has been one of his most powerful evangelists for many years. Gipsy Smith was converted in his father's tent. Torrey was an agnostic, and in comparing agnosticism, infidelity and Christianity, he found the scale tipped toward Christ. Luther was converted as he crawled up a flight of stairs in Rome.

Seemingly the men who have moved the world for Christ have been converted in a quiet manner. The way to judge a tree is by its fruit. Judge a tree of quiet conversion in this way.

Another lesson. When conversion compels people to forsake their previous calling, God gives them a better job. Luke said, "He left all." Little did he [Matthew] dream that his influence would be world-reaching and eternity-covering. His position as tax-collector seemed like a big job, but it was picking up pins compared to the job God gave him. Some of you may be holding back for fear of being put out of your job. If you do right God will see that you do not suffer. He has given plenty of promises, and if you plant your feet on them you can defy the poor-house. Trust in the Lord means that God will feed you. Following Christ you may discover a gold mine of ability that you never dreamed of possessing. There was a saloon-keeper, converted in a meeting at New Castle, who won hundreds of people to Christ by his testimony and his preaching.

You do not need to be in the church before the voice comes to you; you don't need to be reading the Bible; you don't need to be rich or poor or learned. Wherever Christ comes follow. You may be converted while engaged in your daily business.

Men cannot put up a wall and keep Jesus away. The still small voice will find you.

Right where the two roads through life diverge God has put Calvary. There he put up a cross, the stumbling block over which the love of God said, "I'll touch the heart of man with the thought of father and son." He thought that would win the world to him, but for nineteen hundred years men have climbed the Mount of Calvary and trampled into the earth the tenderest teachings of God.

You are on the devil's side. How are you going to cross over?

So you cross the line and God won't issue any extradition papers. Some of you want to cross. If you believe, then say so, and step across. I'll bet there are hundreds that are on the edge of the line and many are standing straddling it. But that won't save you. You believe in your heart - confess him with your mouth. With his heart man believes and with his mouth he confesses. Then confess and receive salvation full, free, perfect and external. God will not grant any extradition papers. Get over the old line. A man isn't a soldier because he wears a uniform, carries a gun, or carries a canteen. He is a soldier when he makes a definite enlistment. All of the others can be bought without enlisting. When a man becomes a soldier he goes out on muster day and takes an oath to defend his country. It's the oath that makes him a soldier. Going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than going to a garage makes you an automobile, but public definite enlistment for Christ makes you a Christian.

"Oh," a woman said to me out in Iowa, "Mr. Sunday, I don't think I have to confess with my mouth." I said: "You're putting up your thought against God's."

M-o-u-t-h doesn't spell intellect. It spells mouth and you must confess with your mouth. The mouth is the biggest part about most people, anyhow.

What must I do?

Philosophy doesn't answer it. Infidelity doesn't answer it. First, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Believe on the Lord. Lord - that's his kingly name. That's the name he reigns under. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus." It takes that kind of a confession. Give me a Saviour with a sympathetic eye to watch me so I shall not slander. Give me a Saviour with a strong arm to catch me if I stumble. Give me a Saviour that will hear my slightest moan.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. Christ is his resurrection name. He is sitting at the right hand of the Father interceding for us.

Because of his divinity he understands God's side of it and because of his humanity he understands our side of it. Who is better qualified to be the mediator? He's a mediator. What is that? A lawyer is a mediator between the jury and the defendant. A retail merchant is a mediator between the wholesale dealer and the consumer. Therefore, Jesus Christ is the Mediator between God and man. Believe on the Lord. He's ruling today. Believe on the Lord Jesus. He died to save us. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. He's the Mediator.

Her majesty, Queen Victoria, was traveling in Scotland when a storm came up and she took refuge in a little hut of a Highlander. She stayed there for an hour and when she went the good wife said to her husband, "We'll tie a ribbon on that chair because her majesty has sat on it and no one else will ever sit on it." A friend of mine was there later and was going to sit in the chair when the man cried: "Nae, nae, mon. Dinna sit there. Her majesty spent an hour with us once and she sat on that chair and we tied a ribbon on it and no one else will ever sit on it." They were honored that her majesty had spent the hour with them. It brought unspeakable joy to them.

It's great that Jesus Christ will sit on the throne of my heart, not for an hour, but here to sway his power forever and ever.

"He Died for Me"

In the [civil] war there was a band of guerillas - Quantrell's band - that had been ordered to be shot on sight. They had

burned a town in Iowa and they had been caught. One long ditch was dug and they were lined up in front of it and blindfolded and tied, and just as the firing squad was ready to present arms a young man dashed through the bushes and cried, "Stop!" He told the commander of the firing squad that he was as guilty as any of the others, but he had escaped and had come of his own free will, and pointed to one man in the line and asked to take his place. "I'm single," he said, "while he has a wife and babies." The commander of that firing squad was an usher in one of the cities in which I held meetings, and he told me how the young fellow was blindfolded and bound and the guns rang out and he fell dead.

Time went on and one day a man came upon another in a graveyard in Missouri weeping and shaping the grave into form. The first man asked who was buried there and the other said, "The best friend I ever had." Then he told how he had not gone far away but had come back and got the body of his friend after he had been shot and buried it; so he knew he had the right body. And he had brought a withered bouquet all the way from his home to put on the grave. He was poor then and could not afford anything costly, but he had placed a slab of wood on the pliable earth with these words on it: "He died for me."

Major Whittle stood by the grave some time later and saw the same monument. If you go there now you will see something different. The man became rich and today there is a marble monument fifteen feet high and on it this inscription:

**SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIE LEE
HE TOOK MY PLACE IN THE LINE
HE DIED FOR ME**

Sacred to the memory of Jesus Christ. He took our place on the cross and gave his life that we might live, and go to heaven and reign with him.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, confess him with thy mouth, and thou shalt be saved and thy house."

It is a great salvation that can reach down into the quagmire of filth, pull a young man out and send him out to hunt [for] his mother and fill her days with sunshine. It is a great salvation, for it saves from great sin.

The way to salvation is not Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Vassar or Wellesley. Environment and culture can't put you into heaven without you accept Jesus Christ.

It's great. I want to tell you that the way to heaven is a blood-stained way. No man has ever reached it without Jesus Christ and he never will.

End

Brochure Given to People Who Committed Their Lives To Christ at Billy Sunday Meetings, ca. 1910-1935

By Billy Sunday

Dear Friend:

You have by this act of coming forward publicly acknowledged your faith in Jesus Christ as your personal Savior. No one could possibly be more rejoiced that you have done this, or be more anxious for you to succeed and get the most joy out of the Christian life, than I. Therefore, I ask you to read carefully this little tract. Paste it in your bible and read it frequently.

What it Means to be a Christian

"A Christian is any man, woman or child who comes to God as a lost sinner, accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior, surrenders to Him as their Lord and Master, confesses Him as such before the world, and strives to please Him in everything day by day."

Have **you** come to God realizing that you are a lost sinner? Have **you** accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as **your** personal Savior; that is, do you believe with all your heart that God laid all **your** iniquity on Him? (Isa. 53:5-6) and that He bore the penalty of **your** sins (I Peter 2:24), and that **your** sins are forgiven because Jesus died in **your** stead?

Have **you** surrendered to Him as your Lord and Master? That is, are **you** willing to do His will even when it conflicts with your desire?

Have **you** confessed to Him as your Savior and Master before the world?

Is it **your** purpose to strive to please Him in everything day by day?

If you can sincerely answer "YES" to the foregoing questions, then you may know on the authority of God's Word that **you** are NOW a child of God (John 1:12), that you have NOW eternal life (John 3:36); that is to say, if you have done **your** part (i.e., believe that Christ died in your place, and receive Him as your Savior and Master) God has done HIS part and imparted to you His own nature (II Peter 1:4).

How to Make a Success of the Christian Life

Now that **you** are a child of God **your** growth depends upon yourself.

It is impossible for you to become a useful Christian unless you are willing to do the things which are absolutely essential to your spiritual growth. To this end the following suggestions will be found to be of vital importance:

1. STUDY THE BIBLE: Set aside at least fifteen minutes a day for Bible Study. Let God talk to you fifteen minutes a day through His Word. Talk to God fifteen minutes a day in prayer. Talk for God fifteen minutes a day.

"As new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." - I Peter 2:2.

The word of God is food for the soul.

Commit to memory one verse of Scripture each day. Join a Bible class. (Psa. 119:11)

2. PRAY MUCH: Praying is talking to God. Talk to Him about everything -- your perplexities, joys, sorrows, sins, mistakes, friends, enemies.

"Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known

unto God." Phil 4:6.

3. WIN SOMEONE FOR CHRIST: For spiritual growth you need not only food (Bible study) but exercise. Work for Christ. The only work Christ ever set for Christians is to win others.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15.

"When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." - Ezek. 3:18.

4. SHUN EVIL COMPANIONS: Avoid bad people, bad books, bad thoughts. Read the First Psalm.

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness - what part hath he that believeth with an infidel - wherefore come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord." - II Corinthians 6:14-17.

Try to win the wicked for God, but do not choose them for your companions.

5. JOIN SOME CHURCH: Be faithful in your attendance at the Sabbath and mid-week services.

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." - Heb. 10:25.

Co-operate with your pastor. God has appointed the pastor to be a shepherd over the church and you should give him due reverence and seek to assist him in his plans for the welfare of the church.

6. GIVE TO THE SUPPORT OF THE LORD'S WORK: Give as the Lord hath prospered you. - I Cor. 16:2.

"Give not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver." - I Cor. 9:7.

7. DO NOT BECOME DISCOURAGED: Expect temptations, discouragement and persecution; the Christian life is warfare.

"Yea and all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." - II Tim. 3:12.

The eternal God is thy refuge. We have the promises that all things, even strange and hard unaccountable obstacles, work together for our good. Many of God's brightest saints were once as weak as you are, passed through dark tunnels and the hottest fire, and yet their lives were enriched by their experiences, and the world made better because of their having lived in it.

Read often the following passages of Scripture: Romans 8:18; James 1:12; I Corinthians 10:13.

Biography

William Ashley Sunday

In the early twentieth century Billy Sunday was one of the most popular evangelists in America. He preached revivals all over the country, reportedly converting over 300,000 people to Christianity over the course of his career.

He was born William Ashley Sunday, on 18 November 1862 in Ames, Iowa. His father was a Union soldier who died of pneumonia a month after Billy's birth, and even though his mother, Mary Jane, tried to keep the Sunday family together, Billy was eventually sent to a series of orphanages. In 1874 Billy went to live at the Soldiers' Orphan Home in Glenwood, Iowa. In his teen years he held numerous jobs including the janitorial position at a high school that he took so he could attend classes there. While he was working as a clerk in Marshalltown, Iowa, Billy joined the local baseball team. In 1883 his playing skills caught the eye of the captain of the Chicago Whitestockings, who invited Billy to play for his team. Billy did join the team, beginning a career as a professional baseball player. He played in Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia.

Billy's life changed dramatically in 1886 when he met a group of evangelists from the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago. The evangelists invited Billy to attend services and he did so, converting to Christianity shortly thereafter and joining Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church. He married Helen A. Thompson on 5 September 1888, with whom he had four children: Helen Edith, George Marquis, William Ashley, and Paul Thompson. After his conversion Billy became famous in the baseball community for his strong faith and moral lifestyle in a sport that promoted drinking, gambling, and hard living.

He gave up his baseball career in 1891 to work for the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago. Two years later he became the advance man for Presbyterian evangelist John Wilbur Chapman's revival meetings. Chapman was unable to attend a scheduled revival in 1896 and asked Billy to lead it for him. Billy received license to preach in 1898, and the Chicago Presbytery ordained him on 15 April 1903.

Sunday led revivals all over the country, bringing a rural camp-meeting style to the cities, speaking to between one and five thousand people per month. His wife picked the cities that he would preach in and arranged the details of the tours. He preached from a wooden platform, urging sinners to "hit the sawdust trail," by walking down the sawdust aisle and repenting of their wickedness and turning to Christ. Billy used an energetic preaching style, performing acrobatic feats and throwing imaginary baseballs to convince his audience to "pitch over the plate for

Christ.” Sunday denounced the evils of the day: drinking, gambling, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking. The revivals combined Billy’s sermons with lively music and large choirs, and they worked, converting upwards of 300,000 to Christianity. By the end of his career, Sunday had preached to over eighty million people, more than any American until Billy Graham started his own revivals.

Sunday was also involved in numerous social issues of the day. He participated in the prohibitionist movement and his influence was instrumental in getting the 18th amendment passed in 1919. Conservatives disliked his support of women’s rights and his efforts to reach out to the African American community. He wrote numerous books including *Burning Truths from Billy’s Bat* (1914), *Great Love Stories of the Bible and Their Lessons for Today* (1917), and *Billy Sunday’s Sermons in Omaha* (1915). Sunday moved to Winona Lake, Indiana, late in life. The peak years of his ministry were 1910–1920, but he continued to hold meetings until his death in 1935. He died of a heart attack on 16 November 1935 and was buried in Forest Hills Cemetery in Chicago.



Billy Sunday and wife "Ma Sunday" leaving the home of Mrs. Alexander in New York where the evangelist had preached a sermon to a select four hundred (circa 1927)

In 1911, Billy and his wife Helen or "Ma" settled in Winona Lake, Indiana, home of the Winona Lake Bible Conference and famed Chautauqua meetings. During the summers, prominent figures, including orators and musicians would come to Winona Lake to inspire audiences. Billy Sunday did his part by imparting the message of sin and salvation to the summer visitors.



The Sunday family home, named Mount Hood, is a California style bungalow. Its style was in obvious contrast to the highly ornamented homes of the late nineteenth century. The owner made the statement, "Here reside people more important than their belongings." The interior of the Sunday's home is furnished in an Arts and Crafts style. The Arts and Crafts movement, like the architecture of the bungalow, was a brilliant contrast to preceding interior designs. Colors, shapes and forms give the visitor a feeling of being surrounded by nature within the home.



Billy Sunday, his family and entourage pose with Lula and Bud Rendleman, distant relatives.
back row - Fischer (singer), Bud Rendleman, Lula Rendleman, Billy Sunday, Lyda Henshaw
front row - singer, Ma Sunday holding youngest Sunday, singer, young Billy



These views of Billy Sunday energetically battling the devil appeared in the Rotogravure Section of The Detroit News Tribune October 29, 1916.



The evangelist in his days with the Chicago White Sox in the 1880s.



Billy Sunday and his wife, "Ma" Sunday, in 1932, three years before his death.



Detroiters line up outside the Masonic Temple for a Billy Sunday meeting.



Sunday's Detroit crusade "tabernacle" under construction in 1916.



The audience listens raptly to Sunday inside the tabernacle.



Billy Sunday speaking in Decatur, Illinois

"Billy" Sunday Funeral

Moody Bible Church of Chicago
Loizeaux Brothers
1939

This is a booklet published by Moody Church in 1939. Billy Sunday died November 5, 1935, thirteen days before his seventy-second birthday. The service at Moody Church was held on November 9.

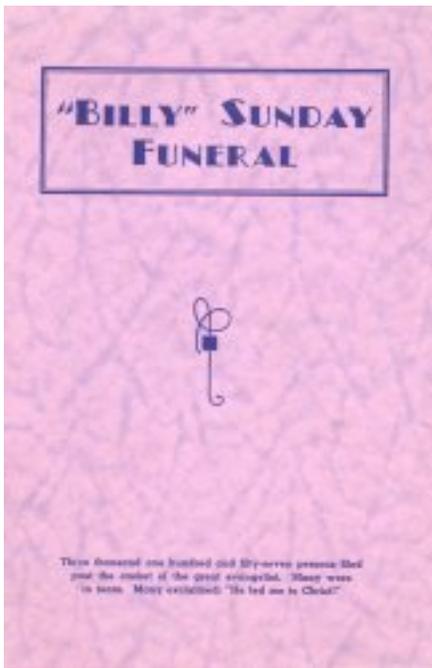


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PREFATORY NOTE

When Mrs. William A. Sunday requested that the funeral of her honored husband should be held in the Moody Memorial Church, our Executive Committee were pleased to comply, for all felt it was most becoming for him who had so often preached from our pulpit to be buried from the edifice reared to the memory of the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, who, in an earlier generation, stood so valiantly for the same precious truth that Mr. Sunday proclaimed so fearlessly and energetically.

For myself, I counted it a real privilege and a sacred trust to be permitted to direct the service and preach on this memorable occasion. The full account was published in *The Moody Church News*, a large extra edition being printed at that time. Owing to requests from all parts of the world for copies, this edition has long since been entirely exhausted, and still the requests come.

Now, at the earnest solicitation of personal friends of "Billy" Sunday, the entire account is presented in pamphlet form, and is sent forth with the sincere hope that it may be blessed of God, not only to large numbers of the evangelist's own converts but to many others who have heard of his great work. In this way, I trust, the word will be fulfilled concerning him that was written of another so long ago: "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

H. A. IRONSIDE.

Moody Memorial Church. Chicago.

June. 1939.

Introduction by Dr. Ironside

It seems very fitting that on such an occasion as this when we are gathered to pay our last respects to our friend and brother, Mr. Sunday, that we should have with us on the platform several who have been associated with him at different times for a number of years in his great campaigns. The service will be opened this afternoon by a musical number by Harry Clarke who has been recently his song-leader. He will be accompanied by Mr. B. D. Ackley, who so often has been with Mr. Sunday in his great campaigns.

Tribute and Song by Mr. Clarke

Mr. Clarke: I would like to pay a tribute to Mr. Sunday if it is possible. I do not think there are words that could ever be couched into any phrase that would convey the thought or expression that is in my own heart. I came from Cardiff, Wales, to the United States, was converted in the Moody Bible Institute, traveled around the United States doing Christian work until the time came in the providence of God when He was kind enough to place it in the heart of Mr. Sunday to help me along. Mr. Sunday was a father to me. I do not know what his children must feel today, but Mr. Sunday for the last seven years has been a friend, - more than a friend - he has been a father to me. Some time ago at Des Moines, Iowa, I thought it was the last call for Mr. Sunday. He stood there preaching what we all thought was his last sermon (he had told me as well as his wife and family, "There is one way I want to die. and that is in the harness") , and his strength failed. When he started to give the invitation, he hung on and said, "Harry, don't let the people go without me having at least one from this meeting to go into the presence of God with." He held out his hand as we sang an invitation song, and I knew it was no time to pull a crowd, so I put my hand in his hand and he must have thought somebody had taken his hand to make a decision for Christ, for he said, "Thank God I" We took him to a little anteroom and then to the hotel, and we thought that was his last, but God raised him up again and let him close, in my judgment, with a wonderful victory. This song that I am bringing is called, "God's Tomorrow," but it is Mr. Sunday's "Today:" he is in the presence of God. This is a difficult thing for me to do but I am glad to do it.

God's tomorrow is a day of gladness,
And its joys shall never fade;
No more weeping, no more sense of sadness,
No more foes to make afraid.

Chorus:

God's tomorrow! God's tomorrow!
Ev'ry cloud will pass away
At the dawning of that day;
God's tomorrow, no more sorrow,
For I know that God's tomorrow
Will be better than today!

Prayer by Dr, Hepburn

Dr. Ironside: We will be led in prayer by Dr. Henry Hepburn, pastor of the Buena Memorial Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Hepburn : Let us all pray. O God, our Heavenly Father and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom could we go in this hour but to Thee? - for with Thee are the words of eternal life, and we are those who believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting through our blessed Redeemer, Lord, and Saviour , Christ, the King. We pray that this day our hearts may be filled with adoration and praise to Him who "hath loved us and given Himself for us," that He might give Himself through us. And so, our Father , as we pause at the very beginning of this service to acknowledge with thanksgiving and praise Thy wondrous love so blessedly revealed through Calvary and the precious blood of the Saviour, here in this presence we, with great thanksgiving of heart and consecration of mind and of life, dedicate ourselves to the unfinished task, because our hearts see a new vision of what the Saviour is and what He would be through His followers. And this day, our Father , we humbly acknowledge our own lack, our own unworthiness, and pray for the forgiveness of every sin, that with blood-whitened lives we may worship Thee today in the beauty of holiness with the dew of the eternal morning upon us.

And, Father, Thou knowest how sore our hearts are because we gather about the quiet form of a brother beloved, a pilgrim warrior of the cross who has laid down his sword at Jesus' feet to receive "a crown of life that fadeth not away ," and on this journey of his life from the cross to the crown we praise Thee, we thank Thee for the way in which the Lord Jesus has lived Himself over again in our brother's life. Mr. Sunday has shown to us how one with utter abandon to the Lord Christ can be used of Him. And so, our Father , wilt Thou not accept our thanks and praise for the life he has lived, for the wonder of his golden ministry shot through with Divine power and made possible by Thy Holy Spirit using his yielded life, his child-like faith, his wonderful courage to win a multitude of souls to the cross, to cause him to walk the way of this world, thus leaving a shining trackway behind him. So, our Father , in this place today with our hearts filled with sadness that we shall not look upon his face again until the morning, we would praise Thee,

For all Thy saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee before the world confessed,
O Jesus, be Thy name forever blest.

We have come also to consecrate ourselves anew, or dedicate ourselves anew for Thy consecrating touch for the great unfinished task that lies before, and, our Father , as we gather about this altar of tender love today may many a heart feel the burning touch of Christ. Multitudes here have been won to Him through Mr. Sunday's preaching. Oh, may there come a renewed longing in every heart to follow even more fully than before; and for any who have been wandering afar from the Saviour , oh, bring these back again today.

And then we have before us the longing of Thy servant that souls might be won to Thee today, and that this body of people might go out a blood-bought, fire-swept multitude, go out to a great task in a willing endeavor to honor the Lord Jesus Christ, having accepted Him, and in willingness to live for Him. And now, our Father, wilt Thou not gather into a bundle of Thy loving tenderness Mrs. Sunday and her sons, these who rise to call the husband and father blessed! Their hearts are sore and lonely. O Thou great Consoler, speak to them such a word of blessed comfort today that they have never known before. May the Saviour be so real, His message so triumphant, that sorrow and sighing and grief may be met by a marvelous grace, grace deeper than sorrow's depth, higher than the mountains of trouble, wider than the great anxiety that lies about. Our Father , comfort them and the other members of this household and the great multitude

throughout the world who are shadowed today in loneliness, in great institutions, in Thy Church throughout the world, on mission fields. in colleges, in mission halls, in Bible institutes; all these are a multitude that have felt his touch and known his beneficence. his kindly interest. his devoted prayer. O God. bless us all because we are a sorrowing group today with a great unnumbered group who cannot be here. May we go from here today remembering that through Him, life is eternal, love is immortal, and death after all is only a shadow beyond the horizon which we cannot see with these tear-dimmed eyes. but we do look forward to the morning when the tears shall be wiped away and our Saviour shall be crowned King of kings and Lord of lords. And to Him - and to Him - be the glory both now and forever. Amen.

Scripture Reading by Dr. Houghton

Dr. Ironside: We will listen to the reading of the Word of God by our brother, Dr. Will H. Houghton, the President of the Moody Bible Institute.

Dr. Houghton: A few verses from the fifteenth chapter of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians. reading from the twelfth verse : "Now if Christ be preached that He rose from the dead. how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead. then is Christ not risen: and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain. and your faith is also vain. Yea. and we are found false witnesses of God because we have testified of God that He raised up Christ; whom He raised not up. if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not. then is not Christ raised; and if Christ be not raised. your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ. we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead. and become the first fruits of them that slept. ...Now this I say. brethren that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold. I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep. but we shall all be changed. in a moment. in the twinkling of an eye. at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound. and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption. and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting } O grave, where is thy victory } The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast [sic], unmoveable [sic], always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

We have read these verses from the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and may God bless to us this reading of His Word.

Tribute and Song by Mr. Rodeheaver

Dr. Ironside: For something like twenty years, I believe, Mr. Homer Rodeheaver was the active associate of Mr. Sunday; he was the songleader, the music~director; and Mr. Rodeheaver is going to sing at this time.

Mr. Rodeheaver : The members of Mr. Sunday's party want me to say to you that those of us who knew him best loved him most. We could all sign our names to one of the telegrams that Mrs. Sunday got, and it came from some very humble folk, some negro friends, and this is what it said, "We loved him, but God loved him best," and we could sign that too. Mr. Bryan wrote to us some time ago and said, "Christ has made of death a narrow starlit strip between the communion of yesterday and the reunion of tomorrow." We are saying, "Good-night" to our "boss," that is what most of us lovingly called him ; we are saying "Good~night." to him here, but we are expecting to say "Good morning" before very long.

When comes to the weary a blessed release,
When upward we pass to His kingdom of peace,

When free from the woes that on earth we must bear,
We'll say "Good~night" here, but "Good~morning" up there.

Chorus:

"Good-morning" up there where Christ is the Light,
"Good-morning" up there where cometh no night;
When we step from this earth to God's heaven so fair,
We'll say "Good-night" here, but "Good-morning" up there.
When fadeth the day and) dark shadows draw nigh.
With Christ close at hand. it is not death to die;
He'll wipe ev'ry tear. roll away ev'ry care;
We'll say "Good-night" here, but "Good-morning" up there.
When home lights we see shining brightly above.
Where we shall be soon, through His wonderful love.
We'll praise Him who called us His heaven to share.
We'll say "Good-night" here. but ."Good-morning" up there.

Message by Dr. Stone

Dr. Ironside: Mr. Sunday was a member of the Chicago Presbytery. a man highly esteemed by his brethren and very loyal to the principles of the Presbyterian Church. It seems very fitting therefore that we should have with us at this time to speak to us now our brother, Dr .John Timothy Stone, who for a generation has been recognized in this city as an outstanding Presbyterian minister and preacher of the Word, Dr. Stone. as you know, is the president of the Presbyterian Seminary and Pastor Emeritus, I believe, of the Fourth Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Stone: William A. Sunday was loved by all who knew him, and this service cannot be a day of mourning. but a day of coronation. The poet said :

Why should it be a wrench
To leave your wooden bench ?
Why not with happy shout.
Run home when school is out!

His loving Father in Heaven. whom he so loved. did not let him linger long in pain. nor languish on a bed of suppressed suffering. In the very blessed presence of his loved life-partner and closest friend. God called him quietly and quickly from his busy. happy life to his Eternal Home. Just the way the dear man wanted to go. Few have been welcomed there by more than he. Since the unique Christlike Moody. in whose memorial church we bow today. there has been no greater soul-winner among American citizens or men. With all he had. and with his whole heart and being. he spent himself to direct and lead others to Jesus Christ. Loyal, devoted, eager, intense, fervent, positive, impulsive, dynamic, sympathetic, human, humorous, guileless, plain, pointed, forceful, direct, colorful, conscientious, strong and sweet, he with unique individuality. unremittingly denounced sin, and pleaded with the sinner to yield to the Only Saviour from sin.

Thousands in this building. and tens and hundreds of thousands without. all over the nation and the world. thank God today for his faithful and fearless voice of power. and heart and hand of love.

He hated cant and insincerity. He never attempted to be another. but was just himself in all his rugged reality and unfeigned frankness. Sin he called sin. and graphically pictured it in all its frenzied and unexpurgated awfulness. But the hand that clenched against evil was bared to lift men. to clasp the scarred hand of his crucified Lord.

"Billy.' Sunday loved men, and longed to introduce them to the best Friend he and mankind ever had, Jesus Christ. Rich and poor, high and low, prince and pauper, drunkard and harlot, he loved and welcomed in the name of the Lowly Man of Nazareth.

Innumerable hosts today rise up and call him "blessed,.. as today they wreath their beloved friend who spent his very soul to save their souls.

"He being dead yet speaketh." Yes, " A prince has fallen in our midst," but "he ever liveth." Yes, "he that winneth souls is wise" and "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever ." I quote those priceless words of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, carved above his tomb :

But thou would'st not alone
Be saved. my father! alone
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we were
Fearful. and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing-to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And. at the end of thy day,
Oh faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

Message by Dr. Ironside

Dr. Ironside: I could not help thinking as I have been looking over this audience of the great throng that greeted Mr. Sunday in this same building just about a year ago when some 7,000 crowded this place. Many more had to be turned away, so eager were they to hear this messenger of the cross. We knew then that he was a very sick man; he came out of a sick bed to speak to us, and yet he took hold of that meeting most heroically, and some of us are very thankful indeed for the opportunity we had of hearing that message.

When I was asked to say a word or two on this occasion, four passages of Scripture came before me very vividly, four scriptures that to my mind bring before us most clearly what I may call the spiritual history of our departed brother. The

first of these is found in the second chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians, verse 12. There we read: " At that time ye were without Christ...having no hope and without God in the world." That expression, "Without Christ," tells us what was true of everyone of us in our unconverted days. It was true of "Billy" Sunday. As a young man, well-known in the athletic world, a good friend, a royal sport, and a jovial companion, he was, nevertheless, without Christ. As he himself afterward looked back upon those early years, he realized in a very deep sense how ungodly his life had been. I notice that some who have put in print their estimate of his character in these last few days since the news was wired throughout the world that "Billy" Sunday had suddenly died, declared that he quite overestimated his own wickedness. He was not, they tell us, the vile man that his words implied. He was never a hopeless drunkard. He was never as corrupt in the sense that his language would seem to convey. But "Billy" Sunday in this was like John Bunyan, who, when the arrows of conviction entered his soul and he saw himself as a poor sinner in the presence of a holy God, felt as though he could not exaggerate the corruption of his heart and the wickedness of his life. It is only men who have a very low sense of holiness who are likely to have a feeble sense of their own sinfulness. The man who is brought into the light of the sanctuary realizes the evil of his own heart in such a way that he cries out in agony to be delivered, and never ceases to magnify the grace of God that could take up such a wretch as he. This explains "Billy" Sunday's sense of his own deep, deep need in those days when he was without Christ.

The second scripture speaks of the great change that came to him when he heard the gospel at the Pacific Garden Mission in this city and received the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour. In 2 Corinthians 5 : 17 we are told: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." This is what the Bible calls "conversion," or "regeneration." This great change came to "Billy" Sunday, as it comes to every truly saved soul, as a great miracle. One moment he was without Christ, the next, to his joy and amazement, he was in Christ. Doubtless he did not fully understand the meaning of this at the time, but his life all through the years since has proven the reality of it. Now the man who is in Christ is the man who has been born again, has become a partaker of the Divine nature and is indwelt by the Holy Spirit. "He which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God, who hath also sealed us and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts" (2 Cor. 1: 21). The man who is in Christ is justified before God and freed from condemnation. Having learned that he has no righteousness of his own, this man has found a perfect righteousness in the risen Son of God. This was true of "Billy" Sunday. It was no mere lip profession with him when he declared himself to be a Christian. It was not simply turning over a new leaf or joining a church or accepting certain religious views. There had been in his case a definite dealing with God on the basis of the sacrifice of His beloved Son. "Billy" knew he was lost, but he knew that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," that "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19: 10), and he rested on the word, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

When he knew that he was secure himself, he was not satisfied; his heart went out to others Who were where he had once been, and he felt that henceforth he must devote his redeemed life to trying to win as many of his fellows as possible to the knowledge of the Saviour who meant so much to him. This brings me to the third passage I had in mind: 2 Corinthians 5 : 20, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." The young convert of so many years ago realized that the One who had redeemed him had claims upon his life. Jesus was not only Saviour, He was Lord, and if He is not Lord of all, then He is not Lord at all. "Billy" Sunday was a very weak Christian at that time, but there was within him a yearning to be used of God in the salvation of others. He wanted to be absolutely for Christ, and the Lord took him up in wondrous grace and made of him a great ambassador of the High Court of Heaven. There have been few soul-winners like him in the history of the Church of God. His methods may at times have seemed spectacular, his language sometimes strange for the pulpit and the church, but "Billy" Sunday was dead in earnest in seeking to reach lost men. He knew that in order thus to reach them he must, so far as in him lay, go to them where they were and meet them on their own ground. Remembering the example of the Apostle Paul who said, "I am become *all* things to *all* men if by *any* means I may save some," he fitted his message to the people whom he sought to reach. It may be a surprise to some if I say that he who was so thoroughly at home in talking to vast throngs of what we sometimes call "the common people" was equally at home in the halls of learning. "Billy" Sunday was not, as some have attempted to make people believe, an ignoramus--he was a cultured, educated man. Whether addressing vast multitudes who filled the largest tabernacles that were constructed for his great meetings, or whether standing before

university audiences, "Billy" Sunday realized that he was there to represent the Son of God, and he presented his message in the way which he felt was most adapted to the people who were before him. He had his critics. What man who has accomplished anything in any sphere has not? In my study I have on my wall a little motto that reads, "To escape criticism, say nothing, do nothing, be nothing." But I am afraid if anyone fulfilled all three of these conditions, he would be criticized as a nonentity. "Billy" Sunday knew that he was exposing himself to criticism, but so desperately in earnest was he in his zeal for Christ that he could say, "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, if so be that I might finish my course with joy." The more people loved Christ, the more they loved "Billy" Sunday after they got to know him. The more people hated Christ, the more they hated this preacher of righteousness. A cultured old French evangelist, who looked askance at many of his methods, said to me some years ago, "I love that man because of the enemies he has made."

And now, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith, and he is at Home "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." In Philippians 1 : 23, the Apostle tells us, when he lay in a Roman prison, that he was in a dilemma, not knowing whether he would rather be set free to continue his work or go Home to heaven. "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better ." This, then, is what death means to the Christian; this is what death has meant to "Billy" Sunday. It is to be with Christ. It is, " Absent from the body, present with the Lord." And we may be sure of this, that as we are gathered here to pay our respects to the memory of our departed brother, and as we lay away this precious body in the tomb until the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ and our gathering unto Him, that we are not burying the real "Billy" Sunday. He himself is with Christ in that city that hath foundations, to go no more out forevermore. We are simply laying away the tabernacle in which dwelt for a season that earnest personality that we knew as "Billy" Sunday.

What a history this is! Once "*without* Christ," then through grace "*in* Christ;" to become for many years an ambassador "*for* Christ." And now his labor ended, the victory won, he is at Home "*with* Christ," waiting the glad hour when all the redeemed shall meet in the Father's house.

I want to add one more word, and I am quite certain that if Mr. Sunday were able to, he would tell me to do it. It is this :- Am I addressing any in this great audience today who do not know Mr. Sunday's Saviour? Oh, then, I plead with you, as he would plead if those still lips of his were yet able to speak, come to the blessed Saviour of sinners, come to Him just as you are, not attempting to make yourself any better. Take your place before God as a poor needy soul; tell Him you are the sinner for whom Jesus died and that you too want to know the salvation that ..Billy" Sunday knew, that you want to experience the blessed change of regeneration. Tell Him that now, today, without putting it off even until the close of this funeral service, you are ready to trust Him, for you are a sinner. He died for sinners; ..This Man receiveth sinners," and says, "Him that cometh unto Me will in no wise cast out." I would that many might go from this service today saying, ".Thank God, I too now know for the first time 'Billy' Sunday's Saviour." How glad he would be to meet you by~and~by in the glory and have you say to him, "Mr. Sunday, it was at your funeral service that I yielded my heart to Christ, that I trusted your Saviour and devoted my life to Him."

Song by Trio

We are now going to listen to a trio by three brethren long associated with Mr. Sunday, our brethren who have already sung, Mr. Homer Rodeheaver, Mr. Harry Clarke, and Mr. Peterson.

Mr. Rodeheaver asked all those who had been saved through Mr. Sunday's ministry to stand as a tribute to him. Many arose.

Mr. Rodeheaver: Mr. Sunday loved to hear us sing this song: he didn't care so much about it being soft and sweet; he wanted it to be powerful enough to reach the man in the back corner, and would give his orders in back of us and say, "Hold that note now; hold it;" "Where the Gates Swing Outward Never ."

Mr. Peterson: I walked twenty~four miles as a boy of seventeen in snow to my knees to find Mr. Sunday's Christ, and from that day until this I have loved him with all my heart because he gave me a glimpse of service, and I am here today with no other desire in my heart but to dedicate my life anew on this occasion to his Christ, to work for Him and to win souls as long as God lets me stay in this world. I took care of him for a number of years in his great evangelistic campaigns. I have been in the quiet room alone with him after a meeting when five or six or seven hundred had come forward, and with the tears running down his cheeks, he would say, "O Pete, why didn't more come?" I shall endeavor with God's help to preach that gospel that he created in me a desire to preach many years ago.

Just a few more days to be filled with praise,
And to tell the old, old story;
Then, when twilight falls. and my Saviour calls.
I shall go to Him in glory.

Chorus:

I'll exchange my cross for a starry crown,
Where the gates swing outward never;
At His feet I'll lay ev'ry burden down,
And with Jesus reign forever.
What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see
Him for whom my heart is burning!
Nevermore to sigh, nevermore to die-
For that day my heart is yearning.

"The Glory Song" by Congregation

Mr. Clarke: You know, people, I have heard Mr. Sunday say many times that when it came to the time of his leaving this earth, he didn't want a sad meeting. He would say constantly, "If ever I leave this place in a hurry, there is one song I want you to be sure to have the people sing," and if he were here, he would prompt us and say, "Let's get away from the black crape and sing the Glory Song." The finest tribute we could pay to Mr. Sunday would be to sing :

When all my labors and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore.

Mr. Sunday is safe. I would like to impose on Mr. Rodeheaver; he has been with him for many years and Mr. Sunday would be glad to have him sing it.

The audience stood and sang :

When all my labors and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

Chorus:

Oh, that will be glory for me !
Glory for me! glory for me!
When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory, be glory for me I
Friends will be there I have loved long ago ;

Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet, just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

Benediction by the Rev. W. Taylor

Dr. Ironside: Please remain standing. It was through the Pacific Garden Mission, as you know, that Mr. Sunday was led to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, so it seems most fitting that we should have with us today the Rev. Walter Taylor, Superintendent now of the Pacific Garden Mission, who will pronounce the benediction, after which the service will be concluded. The interment will take place at Forest Home Cemetery immediately following.

Mr. Taylor: May I say a word before the benediction is pronounced? I do not think we should omit saying that "Billy" Sunday is responsible for the building at 650 South State Street on which shines out night after night a ten-foot neon gas cross, and in which year after year we can report at least on an average of eight hundred men a year kneeling in prayer with us. He paid for this building mostly by giving into the Pacific Garden Mission the offerings of his last campaign in Chicago. Shall we be ready for the benediction?

Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead that great Shepherd of the sheep, our Lord Jesus Christ, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is perfect in His sight through Jesus the Christ. To Him be glory now and forever." And may grace and peace be multiplied to the believers here today through God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Billy Sunday Visits Exira

taken from articles in The Audubon County Journal, 1901

In the fall of 1901 the city of Exira was visited by one of the most charismatic personalities of the early 20th Century: Billy Sunday. Sunday was a former baseball player who began preaching the gospel in communities across the country. The following account follows a five-week period as the citizens of Exira prepared for Sunday's arrival, building a large "tabernacle" in the city park. These articles from the Audubon County Journal, while a bit flowery at times, chronicle Sunday's arrival at Exira, his revival meetings, his interaction with the people of Exira and his eventual departure.

September 12

The big revival meeting

For the past week a crowd of willing workers have been diligently employed erecting a tabernacle in the center of the Park and in a few days a series of meetings will be started and conducted by a union of the churches. Reverend Sunday, of Chicago, one of the best known and most successful revivalists in the United States, has been secured and will be on hand and commences the work on Wednesday, September 18th. He will be accompanied by one of the best known singers to church workers.

The money has already been subscribed sufficient to cover all the expenses of the meeting. Every dollar has been raised from the members of the churches and no one has contributed over \$2. It is a union meeting, an united effort and at the meeting will not be conducted in the interest of any denomination, but for the interest of the unsaved. In order to assist the singer a choir of about 50 voices, composed of the best singers of the town, has been secured. The churches are organizing so as to have everything in systematic running order that they may bring about the desired results. The churches and those interested are not starting any reform; it is no crusade against existing evils other than sin. It is to be for the good of the town and community, hoping to give society a moral uplift, a strong public sentiment for purity and sobriety and an ingathering of the unsaved. Much interest is already being manifested by the public and everyone wishes those most interested success. Union prayer meetings are being conducted and when the meetings open there will be a united band of willing workers who will put heart and soul into the meetings and do all in their power to make the meetings a success.

September 19

Big Crowds At The Tabernacle

Never in the history of Exira has the attendance and interest been so great as in the union meetings now in progress at the tabernacle in the park. Each evening the large crowd began to assemble early and by the time the song service ends, usually every available seat is taken.

The work and sermons of most evangelists to the people in general is obnoxious and often repulsive but this is not true as to Reverend Sunday whose words and actions are indicative of earnest sincerity and true loyalty to the cause for which he labors faithfully putting his very heart and soul into his every effort.

The tabernacle capable of seating 1000 people is too small to hold the great crowds that are being constantly augmented by fresh arrivals. Consequently today steps are being taken to take in a space of 14 ft. in width at the South end of the

building.

October 3

"The Devils Boomerang up to date" is the subject "for men only" to be delivered at the tabernacle next Sunday at 3:00 p. m. by the Rev. Sunday, every man in the community should be present saint or sinner.

The meetings in the tabernacle still continue in interest and in large attendance. Reverend Sunday still holds his audience despite predictions otherwise. The park is every night lined with teams and many are driving in from neighboring towns of Audubon and Brayton. Today several arrived from Harlan where Rev. Sunday held service last summer. The preaching has turned from the church to the world and the tremendous appeals are shaking the town from center to circumference, there being 51 forward promising to lend their influences for the noble, good, and the right. It is useless to try to describe either the language or the power of the evangelist, but few men as we said last week can excel him in oratory for when a man can hold a mixed audience an hour-and-a-half without them tiring he has a peculiar gift and a telling message

He now makes his appeals of love so that it reaches everyone present. Each night the seating capacity is crowded and the Christians are working hand-in-hand for the cause of right. Wednesday was observed as a day of fasting and prayer. Several cottage prayer meetings were held and all had good audiences. No one can yet measure the influence as everyone is truly thinking. Fathers and mothers are wondering if they would want their boys and girls to do all they do, and blush at the thought. The tone of the town is changing and that which is high, pure and noble is taking place of all other.

October 10

The Rev. Sunday engaged with the boys in an exhilarating game of baseball the other day on the school grounds and then went and purchased the very latest regulation ball to be had in town and quietly and unostentatiously made the lads a present of it. And now the boys are for Sunday in toto.

Exira's Transformation

The Closing Days Of The Meeting Near At Hand

The principal and we might say the only subject of conversation among all classes of people is the meetings now being held in the tabernacle in the park and the marvelous results that have been achieved and the potential influences for the good that have been accomplished. Reverend Sunday has convinced everyone who has ever heard him that he is sincere and earnestly working for the good of every individual, whatever may be his occupation, environment and condition in life.

His sentences are forceful, and being always grammatically correct and so logically arranged that they are rhetorically correct. He makes no compromise and offers no apology for what he says. To him, sin is sin; he believes that there are two forces at work in the world, one for good and the other for bad, and that all people in and out of the church are allied with one force or the other, lending their time and money and influence for their maintenance or support.

He plainly preaches that all will be saved or lost, that there is an eternal hell for the lost and eternal heaven for the redeemed. So forceful is he in his earnest and fearless appearance that he breaks down every barrier and tears away every pending obstacle that might retard or hinder the onward march of the unsaved leading them to accept or repel all that is pure and true, high and noble.

The men's meeting Sunday afternoon presented a scene that words cannot express and the seed sown at the meeting will in years to come show itself in the lives of those present. Twenty nine men in the prime of youth and noble manhood went forward and turned their backs upon sin and worldly amusements. So far one-hundred fifty have been converted, but as to what the remaining days will bring forth cannot be predicted. Every merchant and businessmen, whether saint or sinner,

believes that the work accomplished is for the good of the boys and girls, good for young manhood and young womanhood, for the purity of society and as a safeguard and protection of the homes.

It is the hope of our people that the influence of these meetings will help all in years to come and as a result the boys and girls of today will be nobler and better men and women of tomorrow. Nothing is too good for our town and as the betterment of our town depends on the betterment of its citizens, every citizen whether Christian or not will freely and willingly give his or her support on this side of right.

The people love their homes, freely support the public schools and liberally contribute to the support of the church, and take away these influences from the town and there would be such an exodus from the place it would be as deserted and still is the cemetery. Give us happy and contented homes filled with the comforts of life; surround us with prosperous men active in the daily walks of life; schools to educate our boys and girls, making them an honor to the community and a blessing to their parents and churches, where the minds and hearts may be cultivated and soon with the Christian graces that prepare people for the duties of this life and fits them for the eternal world to come, and no one in Exira will ever complain or murmur.

October 17

The members of the various churches of the town gave a reception Tuesday evening in the Christian Church to all the new converts. An interesting program of music, prayer and testimony was given, many of the new converts taking an interesting part in the exercises. After the program was given the crowd went to the tabernacle in the park where refreshments were served and all enjoyed themselves. The social and practical feeling was never so strong in Exira as now and the indications are that there will be many pleasant social functions given by the churches of the town and that they will be appreciated and attended with an interest heretofore never shown.

If you want a good picture of Rev. Sunday and his singer Mr. Fischer order them now at Mrs. W. A. Wellman's Photographic Art Gallery .

We understand that arrangements have been made by the clergy of Audubon whereby the services of Rev. Sunday will be secured about January 1902 for holding a revival in that town.

Our hotels and restaurants have been doing a lucrative business for the last two weeks on account of the services in the Park bringing in so many outsiders.

Sunday evening closed and meetings that have been in progress in the tabernacle in the park for the past three weeks and Reverend W. A. Sunday departed for his home in Chicago on the Monday noon train. As a result of the meetings, 260 people were converted and will at once unite with the church of their choice.

The greater part of the work has been accomplished during the past week. No one predicted such a complete and overwhelming victory for the united efforts of the various churches of the town.

At the closing service Sunday night over 1000 people were present to listen with marked attention to the matchless eloquence and his fearless and forceful logical and consistent argument.

At the close of the last service when the invitation to come forward was given, 48 people went forward.

A free will offering was taken at the Sunday services to remunerate Mr. Sunday for his tireless and ceaseless efforts which amounted to \$873 being one of the largest collections ever taken to support him in his laudable and commendable work.

No one who has ever listened to his burning words of truth have any fault to find with his methods and heartily endorse his work; and no one can tell the appreciation as were expressed by the general public for the valuable services he has rendered for the community by teaching of the higher and noble virtues in the various walks of life's duties.

At least 200 or at the depot Monday noon to bid Mr. Sunday and his singer Mr. Fischer goodbye. A chorus of voices sang song after song and as the train pulled out the crowd sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and stood and waved their handkerchiefs until the train disappeared around a long curve in the distance, the evangelist and the singer standing in the rear platform with handkerchiefs waving until the train was lost from view.

Mr. Sunday will ever be held dear to the people of Exira and many warm friends here will fondly cherish the memory of him who worked hard for their joy and comfort, and for the eternal peace and happiness of their homes.

Warsaw Daily Times Thursday November 7, 1935

Billy Sunday Dies in Chicago

Succumbs of Heart Attack During Visit

Evangelist Stricken in Home of Brother-in-Law, William J. Thompson

Death Mourned Here

The **Rev. William A. (Billy) Sunday**, world famed evangelist who deserted a professional baseball career to "save sinners for the Lord," for many years a resident of Winona Lake here, died Wednesday night [Nov. 6, 1935] in the home of his brother-in-law, William J. Thompson, a Chicago florist.

Sunday had suffered a stroke of angina pectoris at 2:00 o'clock Tuesay morning. However, he apparently had recovered and was feeling active throughout the day, Mrs. Sunday said.

At 8:00 o'clock last night, after eating dinner and sitting for awhile with Mrs. Sunday and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, he went upstairs to rest, according to the widow. He had been upstairs only a short time when those in the lower room heard a sharp cry.

They found him suffering intensely and summoned a physician, but the noted evangelist died before medical aid arrived. The evangelist passed away at about 9:15 o'clock. The Sundays had been visiting with the Thompsons for several days. Rev. Sunday left his residence at Winona Lake for Chicago only four days ago, after a short rest period, at which time he remained in more-or-less solitude and greeting an occasional acquaintance.

Only a few hours prior to his departure he was active as ever in the affairs of Winona Lake, discussing at length with James Heaton, general assembly manager, prospects for next year's programs.

Only two weeks ago Sunday insisted that he preach funeral services for Robert Hunter, Winona Lake mail carrier and long-time friend of the evangelist.

Birthday This Month

Sunday, who would have been seventy-two years old Nov. 19, had been in poor health for several years. He was stricken

with a heart attack in Chattanooga, Tenn., May 15, 1935, but said at the time that "I will have a thried strike left."

He was not able to be as active in recent years as was his custom because of poor health and he found it necessary to take long vacations between periods. But he always managed to find strength to come back for one more fight with the devil.

His pugnacious, acrobatic platform style, his colloquial, forceful delivery had been seen and heard by more than 80,000,000 persons in the 40 years he besought sinners to hit the sawdust trail. His delivery and sermons brought criticism from orthodox church circles, but it was estimated he preached to more people than any other person in the history of Christianity.

Nearly every adult resident of Kosciusko county has at one time or another heard the sermons of Billy Sunday.

He often pulled off his coat and vest during sermons. If he really warmed up, off came his tie and collar. He would straddle chairs and strike any grotesque pose which would help him get across a point.

He explained his pulpit vernacular as follows:

"I may be crude. I use slang. But I always make myself understood. The average man-the man in the street has only about 300 words in his vocabulary. He needs the message and I speak his language so he will understand."

He used to his baseball career to increase his popular appeal, and drew upon the slang of the game for many of the phrases he used so tellingly in his sermons.

Baseball Career

His stamina and determination which carried him through his many strenuous years on the platform came from the major league baseball fields. He joined the great "Cap" Anson's Chicago team in 1883 as an outfielder. The club won two championships in the five years he played with it. He was with Pittsburgh two years and concluded his baseball career in 1891 after playing with Philadelphia. Sunday, known for his speed on the diamond, was conceded one of the fastest men in baseball and once held a record for rounding the bases in the shortest time.

He quit baseball at the height of his career to accept an \$85-a-month job at a Y.M.C.A. he was converted at the Pacific Garden mission in Chicago.

His first evangelical work was an assistant to Dr. J. Wilburn Chapman. When Dr. Chapman secured a pastorate, Billy conducted his first revival in a small Iowa town.

His style immediately made him famous and his rise was meteoric. He gathered together a large staff of assistants, singers and ushers and soon was in demand throughout the country. Huge tabernacles had to be built to hold the crowds that wanted to see and hear the new evangelist. Often thousands were turned away from his meetings. Nightly contributions ran into thousands of dollars.

New expressions and illustrations were frequently in his sermons, but his text almost always was the same. He preached repeatedly against "demon rum" and brought converts to the "sawdust trail" with forewarnings of "hell fire and brimstone." He preached the "old time religion."

"It never changes," Sunday said. "I read the newspapers. I keep up with what is going on in the world and I am constantly looking for new expressions and new illustrations. It's just like putting a new frame around an old picture-the picture is unchanged."

Sunday was ordained a Presbyterian minister by the Chicago Presbytery in 1903, but he wouldn't give up evangelism.

Never Saw Father

William Ashley Sunday wa born Nov. 19, 1863 in Ames, Ia., son of William and Mary Jane (Cory) Sunday. He was

educated in the Nevada, Ia. high school, Northwestern university and Westminster college.

His father was with the Union army when Billy was born and died in service without seeing his child. The boy spent most of his early life with a grandfather at Ames and at the Soldiers' Orphans Home.

Later he went to work in Marshalltown, Ia., and there began to play baseball. He helped the town win the Iowa state baseball championship from Des Moines, scoring six runs. Anson scouted the game and offered Sunday a contract.

He married Helen T. Thompson, of Chicago, in 1888. He constantly referred to her as "Ma" Sunday. They had four children of whom George and Paul T. Sunday survive.

Mrs. Sunday communicated at once with the two sons, both of whom live in Los Angeles. They advised her they would come to Chicago by plane.

Carefully, but with obvious pride, Mrs. Sunday recalled that at her husbands last evangelical effort at Mishawaka, Ind., Oct. 27, he had brought "30 or 40" converts to the alter in one of his old time revivals.

Donated much to Winona

Billy Sunday for many years was the largest personal property taxpayer in Kosciusko County. And for just as many years and at frequent intervals he was a generous contributor of funds to further the interests of Winona Lake and the assembly. It is clearly estimated that the philanthropic evangelist had given from \$5,000 to \$10,000 to the institution yearly.

Frequently Sunday had been known to make personal platform appearances, the entire proceeds of which were turned over as a donation to further interests of Winona Institutions.

Not Surprised at Death

Billy Sunday's friends at Winona Lake, where the renowned evangelist lived for 30 years, last night expressed sadness but little surprise at his death.

Victor M. Hatfield, old-time resident of the town and publisher of tracts for religious organizations which form the backbone of the little community, said Sunday's health had grown steadily more precarious since his breakdown last spring.

"But he wouldn't give up," Hatfield said. "He was just as plucky as he ever was, and when friends asked hi to preach a few short sermons he couldn't refuse. But it wore him out."

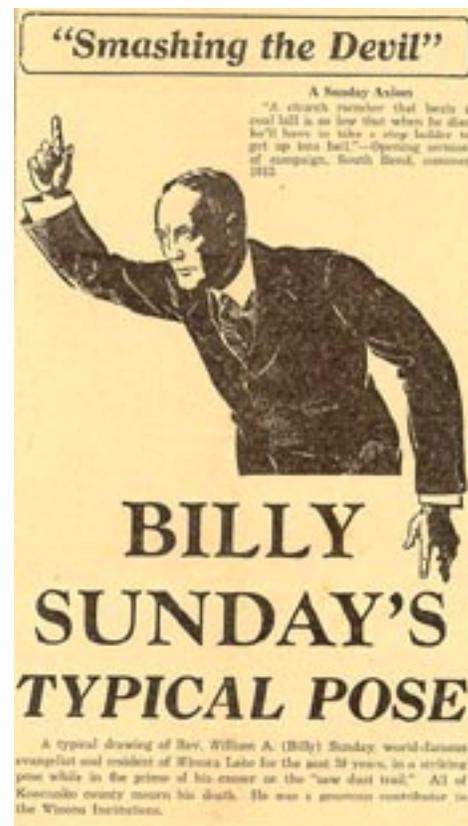
Sunday he lived in a modest to-story bungalow on a small estate which he called "Mt Hood" after the mountain in Oregon, where he maintained a small farm for summer residence.

He had lived in Winona Lake for more than 30 years. He built his permanent residence there after living for ten years in a tiny summer home where he rested between tours.

After his illness last May, Hatfield recalled, Sunday he went to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, where he was told that he would never preach again. "Smashing the Devil"

"A church member that beats a coal bill is so low that when he dies he'll have to take a step ladder to get up into hell." - Opening sermon of campaign South Bend, summer 1913.

A typical drawing of Rev. William A. (Billy) Sunday, world-famous evangelist and resident of Winona Lake for the past 30 years, in a striking pose while in the prime of his career on the "saw dust trail." All of Kosciusko county mourn his death. He was a generous contributor to the Winona Institutions.



Warsaw Times-Union Thursday, February 21, 1957, pages 1 & 2

Rites Saturday for 'Ma' Sunday

Funeral services for **Mrs. Billy "Ma" Sunday**, 88 widow of the late famed evangelist and president of the Winona Lake Christian Assembly, will be held at 10 a.m. Saturday in the First Presbyterian church at Winona.

The pastor, Rev. Franklin W. May, will be in charge of the rites which will include tributes from Dr. Alva J. McClain, president of Grace Theological seminary, Winona Lake, representing the Assembly, Dr. J. Palmer Muntz, of Buffalo, N. Y., director of the Bible conference, and Dr. Bob Jones, Jr., of Greenville, S.C.

Mrs. Sunday, who died of lung cancer and a heart ailment Wednesday at the home of a grandson, Paul Haines, in Phoenix, Ariz., will be buried in Forest Home cemetery in Chicago, next to her husband, the world famous evangelist.

Arrives Tonight

Her body arrives in Indianapolis by plane at 11:10 tonight. It will be taken to Landis funeral home where friends will be received after noon Friday.

Mrs. Sunday went to Arizona early in December to spend the winter with her grandson Paul, an advertising executive in Phoenix. Another grandson, George Sunday, of Chicago, joined the family for Christmas. "Ma" wrote friends back her that she had a very enjoyable holiday season.

Shortly afterward, however, she began finding it difficult to breathe and was taken to Good Samaritan hospital. There specialists told her that her lungs had solidified and she had only a short time to live.

She accepted the verdict with the same indomitable courage that characterized her entire life, elected to return to the Haines' home. Paul Haines told reporters his grandmother had been in critical condition for five weeks, lapsed into a coma four days ago and never regained consciousness.

Only a week before her death, Rev. John Andrews, executive manager of the Assembly, visited Ma Sunday. Her mind was clear and she received his report on the new post office at Winona and other projects with interest and approbation.

Born in Illinois

Mrs. Sunday was born at Dundee, Ill., June 25, 1868, the daughter of William and Ellen Thompson, natives of Scotland. She was named Helen Amelia but her family called her Nell or Nellie. Dundee was founded by Scots and their names still predominate in the city directory. The town is at the northwest edge of Chicago.

Her father was a dairyman and ice cream manufacturer and a staunch Presbyterian. His younger son, William Jr., was the mascot and bat boy for the Chicago Whitestockings on which Billy Sunday was an outfielder. Daughter Helen was an ardent worker in the Christian Endeavor and a Sunday school teacher in the Jefferson Park Presbyterian church, located near the Whitestockings' ball part.

It is said that the couple first met in 1885 when Billy began attending the church. Father Thompson, however, did not look with favor on his daughter's friendship with a professional ball player who worked as a locomotive fireman during the winter.

Encourages Billy

Even after Billy was converted at the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, changed his manner of living and thinking and joined the church, it took almost two more years to win his bride. Nell helped him get started in religious work such as addressing YMCA and Christian Endeavor groups.

She also encouraged him to enroll one winter as a special student in Evanston Academy, a preparatory school run by Northwestern university. The course he liked best was one in rhetoric under Dean Cumnock, of the school of oratory.

Billy and Nell were married Sept. 5, 1888, took a honeymoon trip through the west. He continued to play baseball two more years, transferring first to the Pittsburgh team, later to Philadelphia. Nell occasionally traveled with him.

Turns Down \$500

On March 17, 1891 Billy got his release from the Eastern team, turned down a \$500 a month offer to play at Cincinnati to take a fulltime job with the Chicago YMCA. His pay was \$83.33 per month. Mrs. Sunday often reminisced proudly about their struggle to make ends meet during the depression of 1893.

Billy was offered a chance to assist Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman in conducting revival meetings. Dr. Chapman became Billy's closest friend, and encouraged him to strike out on his own in 1895. Dr. Chapman is remembered as the "Father of the Winona Bible Conference." Billy Sunday and his family began spending part of each summer vacation at Winona in 1900,

built a home and moved here from Chicago in 1910.

Long before, he had become world famous for his dynamic evangelistic rallies and supreme in his own province of preaching. During his career he conducted over 300 revivals, spoke to more than 100 million people and brought more than 1 million down "the sawdust trail."

His wife shared in his work, handled major business decisions. The Sundays were guests in the White House, and great men of the day were their friends. They helped make Winona Lake famous, were active in support of the Assembly and Bible Conference.

After Billy's death, November 6, 1935, his widow, reluctantly at first and then with confidence that she was following God's plan, accepted calls to speak at religious meetings, drawing capacity crowds in cities from coast to coast. She once estimated that she had probably traveled close to a million miles.

Funeral director Paul Landis said that friends will be received on Saturday from 9 a.m. until 10 a.m. at the Winona church. Members of the Winona Literary Society, of which Mrs. Sunday was an honorary member will meet at the church at 9:45 a.m.. They will sit together in a section reserved for them.

Mrs. Sunday is survived by two grandsons, Paul Haines, of Phoenix, and George Sunday, of Chicago; two nieces, Ruth Campbell, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and Mrs. Douglas Weart, of Chicago; a nephew, Fred Campbell, of Wheaton, Ill., and one great grandchild.

Warsaw Times Union Saturday June 23, 1956

Memories of 'Ma' and Billy Sunday as Recalled by Oregon Reporter Met Wife of Famous Evangelist Only Once

by Clytie Hall Frink
Dayton, Oregon

[Editor's Note: In 1919 Billy Sunday conducted a revival at Pendleton, Oregon. A young cub reporter, Clytie Hall, now Mrs. H. W. Frink became acquainted with Mrs. Sunday. Memories of that single meeting are after 37 years very vivid. Impressed with Mrs. Sunday, her devotion to the great evangelist, her great faith, Mrs. Frink has submitted the following article, believing it will be of special interest to residents of this area where Mrs. Sunday is so well-known, loved and respected.]

The Roundup city of Pendleton, Oregon was having a roundup a little out of the ordinary along in the early summer of 1919 for Billy Sunday had rolled into town and set to work.

The Pendleton Tribune sent a girl reporter out to get a story.

I was accompanied by an awful fear of failure. I was scared by the huge tense crowd. It seemed like a good idea to try for

an interview, but Billy Sunday was busy and couldn't be buttonholed.

Ma, however, was available. I sat with her on a bench up front in the huge temporary tabernacle. We had a good neighborly visit. There was a certain amount of confusion as new converts made their way forward, but I finally got a story. This is the way it appeared in next day's *Tribune*-first column, front page, banner head and everything!

"This is the best bunch I've faced in Oregon," yelled Billy Sunday, world famous evangelist, after he had twice tried to stop talking last night. Each time the immense crowd at Happy Canyon stadium shouted 'Go on! go on! lots of time; play ball!' And at side down front, sitting where she could hear every word Billy said, sat Ma.

"Ma really requires a whole chapter herself but since we were told to cover Billy Sunday we'd better include him in the story. He talked for nearly two hours, loud, fast and furiously, and he brought a message that 'got over.'

"Billy's talk was about Americanism, Christianity, the great war and baseball and sometimes he had them all in one sentence."

A Few Home Runs

"A few of the 'home runs' he got in were: "The Kaiser is so low down, he'd need an airship to get to hell." "You can't put it over on God, believe me; God can put the ball in center field any time He walks up to the plate." "We don't want a darned mark of German money; we don't want an acre of their land, and by gosh we wouldn't take it if they gave it to us! The only trouble with that bunch (the Germans) is that they got the tar knocked out of them. I'm against Bolshevism; I consider it's principles the most damnable that ever wiggled out of the heart of man. Bolshevism is another name for rotten, hellish and damnable. God is always on the side of freedom and that's the reason that bunch of Heinies had to take the count."

"Sunday told of his conversion 32 years ago, and also of the way in which he had seen some of his old pals die. He ended with 'All I'm trying to do is make it easier for people to do right and harder for them to do wrong.'

Tributes to the brave soldiers of all nations was a big feature of the evangelist's talk. He said 'Humanity has been saved for years to come because our boys have bared their breasts to the foe and done their duty. His own son, Captain George Sunday, has recently returned from six months' duty in France and is now in charge of Daddy's and Ma's ranch at Hood River, Oregon where they are spending a part of the summer.

"All during Billy's exhortations, Ma Sunday was in agony every time a baby cried and she was going 'sh,sh' half the time so that everything would be quiet for Daddy's talk. She was nice and courteous to this reporter, but she just hated to let even one person miss anything Billy said. Just as we were getting a little information about the 700 Leghorn chickens she has at the farm, and how an old shoemaker in Pittsburgh put those funny heels on her shoes, she'd break off and say something like 'Now listen, this is going to be a good story he's going to tell.' She knew just what her famous husband was going to say next and when he had worked up to one of his climaxes she exclaimed 'He could hardly wait until he got that out!'

It wasn't because she knew Billy's talk by heart, either, for Ma says he never gives the same talk twice. He's always studying and always getting some new ideas from every place he talks. 'He'll pick up something from this town, too,' she laughed.

Why Ma?

" 'Why do they call you 'Ma'?' " we asked. Mrs. Sunday laughed, slapped us on the back, saying 'That's just to fool you reporters.' She said a reporter at Pittsburgh started it several years ago because he couldn't find anything else to write about, she guessed. He heard Mr. Sunday call her 'Ma' and so he did, too and right in print and people have been doing it ever since.

"She doesn't care, she said, but sometimes their four children object to the whole country's calling her 'Ma.' Mrs. Sunday

isn't only 'Ma,' she's 'Grandma,' too. She has three grandchildren. Captain George Sunday is married as is the daughter, Helen. Billy, Jr., and Paul, aged 18 and 12 respectively are still at 'home' which is Winona Lake, Ind. when the family is there.

"Billy Sunday is 56 years old. Ma didn't state her age. They were married 31 years ago and at that time Billy was playing ball with the Chicago Major league. Mrs. Sunday doesn't want people to think her husband was a drunkard and a tough. He never was, she said.

"This spring Billy Sunday preached for 10 weeks straight in Chicago and gave the entire proceeds, \$66,000 to the Pacific Garden mission where he was converted, in recognition of his joy of being a Christian.

"Billy is booked for years ahead, Ma said. Just the other day a cablegram came from New Zealand asking him to come at once for a four months' campaign. A couple of years ago Honolulu tried hard to get him.

Billy Waltzes

"Ma was asked if she ever got tired of listening to her husband. She shook her head emphatically. It's really no wonder that she doesn't; as one feminine admirer in the crowd remarked: "He's downright funny!"

"Billy waltzes from one end of the stage to the other while he lets loose some of the most refreshing slang and apt conclusions one ever heard, and all the time his right hand doesn't know what his left hand doeth.

But Ma knows all the time."

This was the only time I ever actually met Ma Sunday, but I have read every scrap of news I could find about her and was delighted to discover that as recently as six years ago she was as vigorous and out-spoken as ever.

The fact that young Billy Graham out in California was beginning to follow in Billy Sunday's footsteps made Ma mighty happy, so much that she sent him her Billy's set of Bible references.

Writes Mrs. Sunday

I wrote to Mrs. Sunday telling her what I had in mind to do with my memories of her. Within a week her answer came from Winona Lake, gracious and kind, beautifully handwritten and showing no diminution of the dauntless spirit which has always been hers.

An excerpt reads as follows: "It's nice to get your letter. Billy Sunday died in Chicago November 6, 1935. I sold the Hood River, Oregon ranch as I never wanted to go again. For 25 years we had made the trip and had worlds of fun out there with our family Helen, George, Billy, Jr., Paul - all gone. One of George's two sons was killed in 1934."

(Mrs. Sunday's family now consists of two grandsons, George Sunday, Jr., Chicago, and Paul Haines, Phoenix, Arizona)

When she was 86 years old, Mrs. Sunday sent me a picture taken in 1954 bearing a notation: Isaiah 41:10.

Upon looking up the passage we realized anew the source of this remarkable woman's vigor and strength, for she also, with the prophet of old has made this assurance her own: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee, be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."



November 14, 1935 issue of the Greeley County Republican

The Rev. (Billy) Sunday Story

Mother of Billy Sunday, famous evangelist, used to live in Horace, Kansas. The famous William A. (Billy) Sunday, 72 year old evangelist who died suddenly in Chicago, November 6, 1935, was well-known to some of the residents of Greeley County, as his mother, Mrs. Stowell, lived in Horace for a time.

Sunday, born in Ames, Iowa, November 19, 1863 never saw his father, who died in service with the Union army. C.E. Landis said Sunday's mother worked in the Landis Hotel at Horace for a time, and that his stepfather ran a butcher shop there.

W.M. Glenn recalled that Billy Sunday had preached in the old Methodist church at Tribune about 1888, while he was still a professional ball player. Sunday had come to Greeley county to visit his mother, and according to Mr. Glenn, was probably persuaded to preach here by Rev. Sunday's uncle, A.K. Webb, the first probate judge in this county, who was an ardent Methodist. The Landis family said they knew Rev. Sunday, his mother, stepfather and stepbrother well. Mr. Landis said Sunday preached at his stepbrother's funeral in Hoisington.

FUNERAL - A REVIVAL SERVICE

Saturday in the Moody Memorial church in Chicago Billy Sunday was given the kind of a funeral he wanted, a rousing revival service. They sang the "glory song" and pleaded with "sinners" to come down front and be "saved" at his last rites. "No sad stuff when I go," the evangelist had said, but although there were smiles on the lips of thousands of his followers, their eyes were bright with tears.

The noted evangelist had preached on October 27 in Indiana, shortly before he died of a heart attack. He had been in failing health since a heart attack last May.

He left Northwestern University to join the Chicago White Socks as an outfielder and between 1883 and 1890 played also with the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia National league baseball clubs. He was converted in 1886 at the Chicago

Pacific Garden Mission.

Billy Sunday's first religious work was as Y.M.C.A secretary in Chicago. In 1896 he struck out on his own and conducted a revival in a small town in Iowa. "His arm-swinging, spectacular style brought him quick renown and soon he was packing thousands into revival tents in all parts of the country." Said one newspaper account.

"It was not that Sunday presented anything new to his audiences, but it was the manner in which he delivered his sermons that made them reach their mark, cause the sinners to repent and then impel thousands of them to "hit the sawdust trail." The two principal objects of his attack were the devil and rum. He began his sermons in the ordinary religious manner of any preacher, but when he warmed up to his subject the entire aspect of the meeting and preacher was changed. He worked hard with his voice and his body."
