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SERMONS AND SPECIAL ADDRESSES
By Fred T. Fuge

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But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. Mal. 4:2. "

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01 -- CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

On the hill of Notre Dame in northern France, the French government has decided to erect a powerful light which will never go out. It is intended to be a lasting memorial to 50,000 French soldiers who gave their lives for their country in the last great war.

This beautiful idea of France to commemorate the memory of her fallen sons is worthy of the world's admiration. And, while studying it, I personally called to mind that Greater Light kindled on the hilltop of the ages 2,000 years ago. The French light on Notre Dame can only cast its rays over a gloomy battlefield, stained with the lifeblood of 50,000 men. It can only shine over the place of the dead, where the thundering shells of the Teuton laid the bleeding Gaul. It points to no resurrection, or promise of coming day. It speaks of no morning when the dead around that hill shall rise to life again. But the Light that was kindled on Calvary by Jesus Christ shines over the world, and those who once sat in 'darkness and the shadow of death are rejoicing in its glory. It penetrates the dark recesses of our sin-benighted nature, and illuminates our spirit life till we "walk in the light as he is in the light." It enters the tomb of our loved ones, with hope of a resurrection, and a heavenly guarantee of a life that is eternal.

Fifty thousand Frenchmen laid down their lives where France has lit her great new light, and it is resolved that this hard-fought battlefield, this hallowed spot, this blood-stained hill, shall never again be dark. The light purchased with the heart's blood of 50,000 sons of France must never cease to shine. And yet it may, for the destiny of nation is so unsettled, and the heart of man is so untrustworthy, that no prophet of the times can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth.

France may fall a victim to other powers, for whom the blood of her cherished sons will have no special meaning; foes may arise within her own borders that will disregard all that she has ever done; earthquakes may swallow her up. One thing is certain, the hill of Notre Dame will burn in the last great conflagration, and the light of France will die. But no misfortune, in judgment, or at any other time, can possibly overtake the Light kindled by Jesus Christ on Calvary.

At the Wembley Exhibition I had the opportunity of examining the wonderful reflectors of an aerial lighthouse. A tiny jet of gas, and a mantle not larger than a tailor's thimble was the only light inside of the mighty tower. The light itself was not greater than that of a single candle, yet it shone forth with the strength and power of 540,000 candles. It could be seen for nearly forty miles away, and may burn for twelve months without the touch of a human hand. That frail" spark of flame was encased in reflectors which were so powerful and so marvelously arranged, that it could take the tiny light and amplify it up to 540,000 its actual strength, then throw it over the world for a radius of eighty or one hundred miles, and keep on doing so, month after month,

without the intervention of any human power. But how could that delicate little gas mantle endure so long? Well, there were three jets in the great reflector, and each was armed with its tiny mantle, but only one burned at a time, and when it broke and was of no more service, the light in its jet automatically shifted to another. So in this way the great lighthouse kept continually shining.

Here is something of what Christ meant when He said to His followers: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The light that God lit in the heart of Christ was never meant to go out, and it never will. Age after age it has been passing from generation to generation; as one earthly mantle breaks, another catches the heavenly flame, and so the mighty light shines on! "But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

There is no night so dark as that which settles down upon a church or an individual that was once enlightened, but turned from the glories of the cross to the beggarly elements of the world. Outside of Christ there is no sun to disperse the clouds, and usher in the morning. No star to shine its flickering light on the pathway to the grave, and no silver moon to cheer the long and lonesome midnight hours. To this great truth the soul in touch with Jesus Christ is keenly sensitive.

After the long and dreadful Polar night had passed, the Arctic explorer exclaims, "Heaven be praised I have once more seen the sun." Grim darkness had reigned for 126 days without a break. February 18 was the day set for the appearing of the sun, and on that glad morn everybody was filled with high expectations, and hastened away to select a favorite spot, from which they might get a full view of the glorious wanderer's return.

For the last day or two there had been growing uneasiness as the men waited, and time seemed to wear more slowly than ever. Some began to doubt the reckoning; perhaps the Commander was wrong in his figuring, and instead of the 18th, it may have been the 17th or even the 16th, that the sun should appear. The old Negro cook crawled out from under his pots and kettles and said, "I finks dis is a fery long night, and I likes once more to see de blessed sun." At last the longed-for 18th of February came, and according to promise, a glorious ray of light burst through the soft mist-clouds which lay off to the right of us opposite the Cape, blending them into a purple sea, and glistening upon the silvery summits of the tall icebergs which pierced the vapory cloaks, as if to catch the coming warmth.

The ray approached us nearer and nearer, the purple sea widened, the glittering spires multiplied as one after another they burst in quick succession into the blaze of day. And as this marvelous change came over the face of the sea, we felt that the shadow of the Cape was the shadow of night, and that the night was passing away. Soon the dark, red cliffs, behind us glowed with warm covering, and hills and mountains stood forth in their new robes of resplendent brightness, and the tumbling waves melted away from their angry harshness, and laughed in the sunshine, and now the line of shadow was in sight.

"There is the point!" cried one. "There it is!" cried another, and at our feet lay a sheet of sparkling gems as the sun burst broadly in our faces. Off went our caps with a simultaneous impulse, and we hailed this long lost wanderer of the heavens with loud demonstrations of joy. And now we are bathing in the atmosphere of other days. The friend of all hopeful associations

had come back again to put new glow into our hearts. He had returned after an absence of 126 days, to revive a slumbering world. And as I looked upon his face-again after this long interval, I did not wonder that there should be men to bow the knee and worship him, and proclaim him "The eye of God." The parent of all light and life everywhere, he is the same within these solitudes. The germ awaits him here as in the Orient, but there it rests only through the short hours of a summer night, while here it reposes for months under a sheet of snow. But after a while the sun will tear this sheet asunder, and will tumble it in gushing fountains to the sea, and will kiss the cold earth and give it warmth and life. The flowers will bud and bloom, and will turn their tiny faces smilingly and gratefully up to him as he wanders over those ancient hills through the long summer days. The very glaciers will weep tears of joy at his coming, and the ice will loose its iron grip upon the waters, and will let the wild winds play in freedom. The reindeer will skip gleefully over the mountains to welcome his coming, and will longingly look to him for the green pastures, the sea fowls knowing that he will give them a resting place for their feet on the rocky islands, will come to seek the moss beds which he spreads for their nests. And the sparrows will come in his life-giving rays, and will sing their love song through all the summer days.

The light of the sun that momentarily shines across our path is called the life's blood of Nature, and if that life blood should cease to flow, it would only be the matter of a little while when every valuable organism would fade and perish from off the face of the earth. There is however a certain kind of life that can exist for a while in darkness. The vicious and murderous beasts of the sea that inhabit the dark, ice-covered waters of the Arctic and Antarctic oceans, and the blood-thirsty monsters that live in dreadful submarine waves all over the ocean world -- these wild and ferocious children of Nature can exist without the light of the sun. But in their strange world of darkness, there is no happiness, not even the friendship known among the wildest beasts of the earth. Biting, tearing, bloodshed and murder, parents feeding upon their children, and the children pursuing the parents to death. Perpetual war is the order of the great and mighty sea. Such are the conditions that exist in a world where never comes the light of our glorious sun, and to all enlightened creatures such a lightless world must be the shadow of that dark, dread night of eternity, where light can never come. But how different our earth, where the sunlight shines in all its rejuvenating, invigorating, life-giving power. The trees of the forest force their way and extend their branches heavenwards for the purpose of gathering up its golden rays of glory. The grass, the flowers, and all delicate things in the vegetable world, unfold, and gladly open up to receive the gracious light of life.

I sat in St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, and directly in front of me was a wonderful life-size picture of Christ with a lantern by Holman Hunt. I watched with great interest the crowd that stopped to study that masterpiece on canvas. No one seemed to pass it by without pausing for meditation, that magnificent, but imaginary face of Jesus, seemed to grip all hearts. The young, the youth, the middle-aged, and the bent and trembling head, bald from the flight of years, or crowned with hoary locks, all without exception stopped to look into His charming eyes and meditate with wonder upon His thorn-crowned brow. Occasionally, I noticed the head of the aged bent, and their lips trembling, as though engaged in prayer. The youth would sometimes step back, so that the light streaming through the stained-glass windows might fall upon it from another angle, and the child would inquire of its parent concerning the blood-drops on His brow, His fingers knocking at the long-closed door, or the lantern in His hand. Pilgrims from many parts of the world stopped that day to gaze upon the wondrous Christ of Holman Hunt. A tottering old man, who seemed to linger

longer than all the rest, especially attracted my attention, and stepping to his side, I whispered, "Do you think He needs a lantern?" Suddenly, his grand old face lit up with a light that seemed to be not of this world, as slowly, but very positively, he said, "He needs no lantern, He doeth all things well;"

There is a great and glorious promise in the Book of God that assures us "that at even-time it shall be light." In the even-time of trial and temptation, the faithful, plodding pilgrim may look beyond the veil of time's dark and ceaseless din, to the radiance and the glory that streams forth from Him who sits on the right hand of God. In the even-time of physical suffering, the shut-in invalid, wrecked and broken with pain, may receive from Jesus Christ such rest and comfort, and trusting consolation, as angels can never know. And further still, in the evening time of death, the blood-cleansed saint sweeps on and up to the golden summer-land above. Where the sun shall nevermore go down, nor shall the moon withdraw its shining, where God shall be their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning shall be ended. The youth, buoyant with hopes for a long and useful life, may find in Jesus Christ a richer joy, a truer happiness, a grander, greater, and a more enduring glory than can be found in all the mighty enterprises of a million worlds like this. The middle-aged, burdened and bent with the cares of responsible manhood, need never bear his load of care alone, Jesus will come to that true and trusting heart, and with the silence of the sunshine, and the gentleness of the morning dew, He will lift the load, and remove from the heart of His believing, struggling, faithful servant all cares and worries of this transient life, that would otherwise crush him to the death. And when the eyes grow dim, the limbs feeble, and the grasshopper becomes a burden, He will never leave nor forsake the soul that trusteth in Him.

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

* * * * *

And the barbarous people shewed us no little kindness: for they kindled a fire, and received us every one, because of the present rain, and because of the cold. Acts 28:2.

02 -- THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA

In this address I am not going to discuss the vices and virtues of some modern secret order, although I may well do so, having spent considerable time as a member of the mystic veil. But that dark day is past and gone, thank God, and I now belong to a higher Order, and a grander and nobler Brotherhood.

The ancient knight was generally a man who had distinguished himself under hard and trying circumstances, and in reward for his noble service had received great honors from his king or queen. Perhaps many of us have seen John Petties' wonderful picture of the warrior in full dress, and with drawn sword pointing downward to the ground, as he kneels erect and prays to God through the entire night, prior to receiving his knighthood in the morning.

There are many societies that designate themselves as knights. There are the Knights of Labour, the Knights of Christian Charity, Knights of the Golden Rule, Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, Knights of the Post, Knights of Rhodes, Knights of Pythias and others. These have all grown out of the Knights of St. John, organized in Jerusalem in 1042, for the purpose of establishing hospitals to care for the wounded of the old Crusader battles. Later on when the Island of Malta, whereon St. Paul was shipwrecked, was captured by the crusading armies, some of the Knights of St. John were sent there from the holy city. These lost their former identity, and were ever after known as the Knights of Malta.

St. Paul on his way to Rome to be tried for his life at Caesar's judgment bar, was caught in a mighty storm on the Mediterranean Sea, and after fourteen days and nights of awful suffering, and threatening death, his ship was broken in pieces on the cruel coast of Malta. Since that far off day Malta has experienced many changes. The island is located between Africa and Sicily, and is only about twenty miles long by twelve miles wide, but a great deal of human blood has flown for it. In the fifteenth century the old Crusaders captured it, later it fell among the world's trophies of Napoleon Bonaparte, and still later it was conquered by the British who hold it to-day. It is now a British naval base in the Mediterranean, and during the World War 130,000 wounded British soldiers passed through the Maltese hospitals.

But it is not the crusading knights under Peter the Hermit, the conquerors under Napoleon, nor the British that hold the island now that I want to refer to in this address as the Knights of Malta.

When Paul's ship was dashed upon the breakers and torn to pieces by the angry waves, the 276 souls on board were in imminent danger of being lost. Some jumped into the sea and were tossed upon the shore, others on boards and broken pieces of the ship; but all escaped safely to land. It was a bitter cold day near the end of October, and a driving east wind and drizzling rain added greatly to the distress and suffering of the ship-wrecked men, but the grand old islanders received them kindly. They built a great fire, and gave the sea-soaked, tempest-driven seamen a fighting chance for their lives, they provided for the sufferers the very thing they needed most -- a rousing fire, and a shelter from the storm.

St. Luke in his New Testament story has called these dear old island boys barbarians. But I want to think of them in this address as the true Knights of Malta. What if they had not received our great Paul with kindness, fourteen books of the New Testament might have never been written and hundreds of thousands now in heaven might have been lost in hell. But thank God they received him kindly, and provided just as far as they knew how for his most urgent needs, and in doing so, they proved themselves the true Knights of Malta. For, the spirit of real knighthood and chivalry was manifested in and through them. They did not push the dying, suffering seamen back into the awful surf, they did not turn heartlessly from them as they struggled to pull their bedraggled bodies from the dreadful waters of death. No, but they saw their perilous condition, and laid themselves out to help. O brother, our world is a stranded wreck! Six thousand years ago dark, threatening clouds rolled up from the infernal regions and broke upon her, since then the storms of damnation and sin have been lashing her on every side. Her sails are torn, her spars are gone, her life-boats crushed, her cable strained, and never an anchor to hold in the wild and turbulent sea. A single red cord is her only hope, and if it breaks, she is certain to fall into hell. Millions of her storm-tossed,

tempest-driven passengers in wild and hopeless despair have flung themselves into the raging waters, and have gone beneath the waves forever. Millions more on boards and planks of the grand old gospel have escaped safely to land, but millions are still struggling in the awful storm, and are in imminent danger of being lost forever. Arouse then ye Knights of Malta to provide the shelter and kindle the fire, and offer a helping hand to those who otherwise may never be saved. By a miracle of saving grace we have escaped the threatening wrath to come. The saints and martyrs of ages past -- here long before we came -- were God's true knights and heroes, they kindled fires, provided shelter and prepared for our soul comfort. They were the real Knights of Malta -- with tear-dimmed eyes they watched the gathering storms of persecution, bloodshed and death.

"They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel,
And followed in his train."

They kept the watch-fires burning, and in thousands of cases augmented the flames with their blood. Now the grave responsibility comes home to us. Shall we allow the fires of God's truth and holiness to flicker, faint and die? There are other wrecks along the shore and millions of souls are struggling in the hellish grip of sin's terrific cyclone. Then away to the hills for fuel, ye new Knights of Malta!

See Paul drenched with the cold October rain, soaked with angry waters of the Mediterranean, and with prison chains shackled about his person -- yet he refuses to sit and watch the fire that the islanders kindled, burn out and die. That fire must continue to burn, and he must add his fagot to the flame. Others may dry their garments and sit in comfort by the dying embers, but Paul is away to the hills for fuel to keep the blaze alive, his bundle of sticks must feed the flame whatever others do. And here, with one of old, I sound the battle-cry, "Victory may come to others who only stand and wait, but to us it means fighting."

It is true that a poisonous viper came out of the heat, possibly out of the very bundle of sticks Paul himself had gathered, and fastened itself to his hand. But what of that? The God who delivered him from the jaws of the mad and turbulent sea could deliver him from the fangs of a poisonous snake, and when others watched and waited to see him swell, fall down and die, he shook off the beast and felt no harm. Ah, my friends, it is our behavior under strain, our stand in the time of trial, our faith in the hour of temptation, that will give us influence for God with the people around us. Hear the islanders cry with one accord as they gaze in astonishment upon the victorious Paul, "He is not a murderer as we supposed, but a god in human form !" Now he can comfort their souls, now he can heal their sick, and every home on the Island of Malta is thrown wide open to the shackled prisoner of God, who a little while before crawled out of the raging deep.

The governor's father is dying of fever and bloody dysentery, but he is suddenly healed in answer to the prisoner's prayer. Then, all the sick on the island gather around Paul like bees around their queen, and all are healed of their diseases. For three months a wave of salvation and healing sweeps over the entire island. Then a ship of Alexandria, whose sign is Castor and Pollux, takes Paul and his company away, but the grand old Knights of Malta are left behind to watch for

other storm-tossed, struggling seamen, and to keep their love-fires burning for other suffering, dying souls, who perchance may come their way.

* * * * *

If we suffer, we shall also reign with him. 2 Timothy 2:12.

03 -- THE REWARD OF SUFFERING

A little while ago I stood in front of the royal palace of King George the Fifth; before me were the world's master-pieces. The wonderful monument of Victoria "the good," was a marvel in marble and granite. The nations of the British Empire, represented by triumphal archways and mighty columns, were arrayed about the gilded mansion. Shining pools, springing fountains, sparkling cascades, and rippling streams flowed and dashed, and washed their embankments like rivers of molten silver. Palaces of ambassadors, foreign diplomats, and retired monarchs skirted the radiant boulevard, and the world's great men and women in cold and silent stone stood up on every hand. There was the Duke of York, one hundred feet high, King Edward the Seventh on his great horse of war, Sir John Franklin, the uncrowned king of the Arctic, and Colan Campbell, the hero of Balaklava. In the midst of all these mighty ones stood the figure of a beautiful woman -- beside her with fixed bayonets, as if ready to charge, were old-fashioned soldiers of the Crimean War. Above her a shining angel, holding in his hand a laurel crown, ready to descend and place the glittering diadem upon her queenly brow. Later, I met the same beautiful woman in the crypt of old St. Paul's, still occupying a place among the mighty. For she was there between Lord Wellington, who broke the power of France, and Lord Nelson, who broke the power of Spain. Wellington, or the "Iron Duke" on one side, beneath his mighty funeral-car weighing seventeen tons and made of the metal of old guns captured from Bonaparte, on the field of Waterloo. On the other side slept Nelson under eighteen tons of peter-head granite, in a tomb originally made for Lord Wollsey, but later enlarged for Henry the Eighth and Ann Boleyn, but finally given to Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar. Between these two, the greatest soldier and the greatest sailor of the British Empire, was lovely Florence Nightingale. But why? What had she done to merit such distinction, or to be entitled to such a place of honor among the world's mighty?

They were mostly men of war, she was a woman of peace, her lovely hands were never stained with blood, save, when she washed the bleeding wounds of fainting, dying soldiers. They were heralds of judgment and death; she was a white-winged angel of mercy on every battle-field. They killed and wounded on every hand, and left their victims to struggle, bleed and die on ghastly fields of gore. She hushed their dying groans, bound up their bleeding wounds, and wiped away the death-sweat from off their burning brows. They did their cruel work with a hand that knew no mercy, and in the name of the hydra-headed god of war; but Florence Nightingale poured in oil and wine with a hand of tenderness and love, and carried on her gracious work in the name of Jesus Christ. And who will say that the workman's chisel was not guided by a hand divine, when he fashioned for her unblemished brow the laurel crown, and put the shining lamp of knowledge in her uplifted hand?

I know not how near to God this lady lived, nor has the pen of history told of any supernatural change that came into her life, but He who promises a reward for a cup of cold water

given in the name of a disciple, will righteously repay us for all deeds done in His name. Miss Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, and named after the city of her birth. You may remember that Florence was the city of Savonarola, and that under the preaching of this great disciple of the Lord, Florence was declared to be a Christian republic, and Jesus Christ was elected by actual ballot as its true and lawful King. But the same Florence that elected Jesus King and bowed trembling under the mighty messages of Savonarola, a few years later kindled a bonfire in her public market, and burned Savonarola to ashes. How strange and ever changing are the fortunes of time, the world that applauds and crowns its idols with roses today, will curse and hiss him off the stage and choke him with a hangman's rope tomorrow. Today Caesar is the god of Rome, tomorrow he is murdered by Brutus, his friend. On Monday Jesus enters Jerusalem amid the triumphs of a nation, on Friday He is a bleeding victim; nailed high upon a cross, and dying between two thieves.

O, ye that are tempted and tried, whose hearts are crushed and broken by the world's hard and heavy blows, look up. There is a better world: "A home where changes never come, who would not fain be resting there?" However great our burdens, or difficult our trials, there is One who has trod the way before us. The blessed feet of the Son of God, nail-pierced and mangled on the cross, has crushed the sharpest thorns in the road to eternal life. He was in all points tempted like unto us, therefore, He is abundantly able to succor all who seek His blessed help. He gave His back to the smiters, and His cheek to them that plucked off the beard. They spat in His face and slapped Him, and bruised His stainless body with a scourge of leather and bone. They put spikes in His hands, spikes in His feet, and a crown of thorns upon His brow. They mocked Him, struggling in the agonies of death, and offered Him as their last cursed compliment, vinegar mingled with gall. But He suffered on earth that He might reign in glory, and those who suffer for righteousness sake shall reign in glory with Him.

All great and worthy projects are the outcome of sacrifice and suffering, and the characters who shine the brightest on the pages of history are those who have fought their way through stubborn difficulties, and battled in the face of bitter opposition.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

There was never a man in all ages of time -- apart from Christ himself, better fitted to write the words of my text, than the man who wrote them, Saul of Tarsus. Paul of the glorious gospel had suffered the loss of all things, and counted the world with all its changing glory, nothing more than a mass of useless refuse, when compared with the unchanging and eternal glory to be revealed in Jesus Christ. The sufferings of this present world, he said, are not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed. Hear him at Caesar's judgment hall exalting Jesus Christ in his own changed life, until Agrippa, seized by the Spirit of God, and trembling like a leaf in the autumn wind, cries out, "Paul, thou hast almost persuaded me to be a Christian." Then see the grand old hero as he raises his shackled hand to heaven and replies to the Roman governor: "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that are here with me this day, were almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." See him again bound in prison chains, and his feet in stocks, waiting to have

his head chopped off next morning at nine o'clock. See him crouched on the cold stone floor of his cell, with pen in hand, and by the dim light of a burning rag in a tiny vessel of oil, he writes his last great message to Timothy, his beloved son in the gospel. That aged and manacled hand had already written fourteen books of the New Testament, and other volumes that we have never seen, and now on the damp dungeon floor he writes his great Amen! It was not a lost chord, but a ringing "Hallelujah chorus." Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer of many fine tunes, including the wonderful tune now sung to "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was sitting in his study, when, by sudden inspiration there came to him a new melody, and as he started to work it out, he said,

"I struck one chord of music..
Like the sound of a great amen."

He called his new composition "The Lost Chord," and sold it for fifty thousand dollars, and for fifty years the world has been thrilled by "The Lost Chord," that Arthur Sullivan found.

For more than nineteen hundred years the Church of Jesus has been thrilled by the mighty note that Paul struck in the Roman prison just before they took him out to die. To Timothy he wrote in 2 Timothy 4:1-8:

"I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom;

"Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine.

"For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears,

"And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.

"But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

"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 also that love his appearing."

He closed his letter, and shortly after went out to die. No, that is not the whole truth, he went out to live. It is true that they chopped off his head, but before the nerves in the severed neck had ceased to twitch, angels rushed his mighty soul into heaven, and Jesus crowned him with a crown of righteousness that will never fade away.

If we suffer for Him, we shall reign with Him in glory.

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If a man die, shall he live again? Job 14:14.

04 -- THE DEAD SHALL LIVE AGAIN

The older I grow, the more firmly I become settled and grounded in all the doctrines of the Bible, as revealed in the Bible.

The prejudiced and denominational twist so often given to certain passages of the Old Book has never had much influence on me. Men build creeds and dogmas around some isolated portion of Scripture, and strain every effort to make all the rest fit their particular setting. But whatever men think, or say, or do, the Old Book will stand, and not by our interpretation of it, but by the Word itself we shall be judged.

My text, the riddle of ancient heathen put into words by the patient man of Uz, in the minds of multiplied millions is still waiting its answer. But why wait longer? For more than a hundred times in this Old Book of God, the question is definitely answered. Patriarchs, prophets, priests, kings and Jesus Christ himself, have settled beyond a shadow of doubt the resurrection of the dead, and all nature joins in the same glad song of resurrection glory. Every opening flower, every sprouting leaf, and every blade of grass proclaims with eloquent tongue the great and mighty time to come, when all that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake.

"See slowly creeping across our path an insignificant little creature. We call it a worm, or rather a caterpillar. That tiny creature not more than an inch long contains within its body hidden and unspeakable mysteries.

"No one cares for it, it is passed and re-passed, unnoticed, until the days of its caterpillar condition are drawing near their close. Then the creature languishes and refuses to eat, and finally ceases to move. Then Nature wraps it safely in a silken shroud, which soon changes into a dusty crust, or cone, and in this coffin it remains apparently dead for six or seven months. Then it suddenly begins to acquire new life, the confining cell bursts open, and he comes forth, no longer however a creeping, crawling worm of the dust, but changed and fashioned into a glorious butterfly, furnished with limbs and glittering wings, and decked in down of purple and gold. It now takes rank with a new and superior race of beings. It mounts the air, and glides as softly as a sunbeam, and as silent as dew, and arises in exhilarating flight toward the glorious orb of day, rejoicing in its grand existence of a new found life, and the all-superior power of resurrection glory."

What a mighty illustration of the true saints of God, who, like the caterpillar worms are doomed for a brief period to tread the fleeting earth, then to be laid asleep within the tomb, but not forever. The day soon comes, when like the worm, they shall come forth from the wreck and ruin of the grave in form as lovely as that of the Son of God, and mount the radiant heavens to associate

with a new race of beings, to enjoy a grander and a more, sublime existence, and to live forever in the exhilarating presence of Jesus Christ, who loved them, and gave Himself for them.

Every mortal body, from ancient Abel, murdered and buried by his wicked brother, down to the last to go beneath the sod, shall hear the voice of the Son of God and shall come forth. "They that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." It was with this great thought in mind that the ancients so carefully laid away their dead.

Jacob said to his son Joseph, "I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite. In the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite for a possession of a buryingplace. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife, there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah. The purchase of the field and of the cave that is therein was from the children of Heth. And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and was gathered unto his people."

Tradition still points to the tombs of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, and Jacob and Leah in the cave of Machpelah at Hebron. The Crusaders in the twelfth century built over it a church which was made the seat of a bishopric, but Saladin conquered the place and the church became a mosque. And from that time onward none but Moslems, foreign princes, or ambassadors, have been allowed to enter. Unbelievers might come no farther than the seventh step, the Jews thus excluded from the tombs of their patriarchs, built a shrine beside it, and through a hole in a large stone written petitions to their fathers were inserted.

Now under the new rule of religious equality brought by Britain as mandatory of the League of Nations in Palestine, the mosque has been thrown open to Jews, Christians and Moslems alike, and for the first time for seven centuries Jews may worship the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob by the tombs where they are lying. The cave itself is reached by two openings in the floor. "Each of the tombs in the cave has its shrine in the mosque, covered with golden-broidered cloth, green for the patriarchs, and crimson for their wives."

Death in the sense of annihilation was never recognized by the early Church, no, nor did any of God's ancient saints believe that death would forever claim their God-planned, and God-built human body. They knew that after death had done its worst, that body touched, re-fashioned and quickened, would awake to a new and everlasting life. Job said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Daniel's statement that "those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake" is a revelation of the Hebrew mind. He regarded death only as a sleep, from which there would be a general awakening on the resurrection morn. Indeed, that is only what it is. Our loved ones laid in the grave-yard have only gone to take a prolonged sleep, from which they will soon awake, refreshed with all the life of God.

"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, said Jesus, I go that I may awake him out of sleep." That was a true figure of resurrection time, when Christ shall come to awake all that sleep in Him.

Our word for cemetery has come down from the old word used for dormitory, a place where people went to take their natural rest in sleep. "Sleep" has often been called the twin brother of death, and if it was not so common, the miracle of awaking after a night's sleep would be as great as awaking from death in the grave-yard."

Not only the righteous, but the wicked shall awake and Come forth as well. All must appear before Christ to give an account of the deeds done in the body, from HIM there will be no hiding. Many that oppose prayer and despise the righteous cause of Christ now will in the great day coming cry for the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from his face, but their prayers will be too late.

Man for all his folly and neglect, for all his sins of omission and commission, and for all his opposition to, and outrages on the holiness of the Master, will at last have to give an account. Death with all its terrors will not annihilate him, the grave with all its mysteries will not conceal him. "Thy dead men shall live," says the prophet, "together with my dead body shall they arise. They that dwell in the dust shall awake, and the earth shall cast out her dead."

The Pyramids and Sphinx will surrender their long-lost Pharaohs, and the 730,000,000 mummified bodies concealed in the caves and sand-dunes of ancient Egypt will all come forth and take their stand at the judgment seat of Christ. Many of them were secretly buried in the darkness of midnight, and all who participated in the funeral rites were killed when the funeral work was over. Dead men could tell no tales.

Attila, the king of the Huns, died of a drunken spasm in Hungary. His body was encased in a coffin of gold, a second coffin of silver, and a third coffin of iron. Then in the midst of a vast plain a host of prisoners dug a colossal grave, and buried him in the pitch darkness of night. His triple coffin was covered with the spoils and riches of many nations, and when all was carefully hidden under the ground, those participating in the work of burial were brutally murdered and dragged away, so that the resting place of the king of the Huns might never be known.

Alaric, the all-conquering Goth, after he had conquered Rome, lay down and died, and multitudes of captives were set to work to turn a mighty river out of its course. When this work was done they laid the tyrant in a huge sepulchre adorned with the spoils and trophies of vanquished armies. They buried him in the river-bed, then turned the waters again in their natural course, and all was hid from view. The workmen were murdered, and the grave of the conquering tyrant was to forever remain a secret.

But the Pharaohs, long lost in the sands of Egypt, Attila, from the rolling plains of Hungary, and Alaric from the dark bed of the ancient river, will all come forth at the sound of the last trump, for the trumpet will sound, and the dead shall arise incorruptible, and the living will be changed. "They that have done good, unto the resurrection of life: and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

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I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Psalm 139:14,

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05 -- MAN THE WONDERFUL

In this address on Man I want to call your attention to just a little of the power, ability, and indescribable genius locked up in a few pounds of blood, bone and brain.

On the walls of one of the many rooms of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York, there is a verse that reads something like this: Got any rivers they say are uncrossable? Got any mountains you can't tunnel through? We specialize on the wholly impossible, Doing the things that no one can do. That is certainly the language of faith. From the dizzy heights of unscalable mountains, such faith flings down her challenge, and none dare accept that challenge who are not prepared to enter in and explore the strange and unknown realm of impossibility.

In the strange and wonderful web of man's creations, or inventions, there are to be found many things that in other ages could have only been attributed to angels, or other supernatural powers. One man enters the empty walls of an incandescent lamp bulb. Empty we say, not even a breath of air, for it has all been forced out to make it possible for the tiny filament to glow and provide us with light. Into that little bulb the faith of the man of science goes, he finds it not empty, however, but crowded with millions of atoms, and billions of electrons with power to blow our world into fragments, if only it could be harnessed and controlled.

The real man of science lives on the borderland of the supernatural, continually watching and waiting for the invisible to appear. And they tell us that the impossible is only that which we have not yet learned. The world's man has measured distance to the millionth part of an inch, and weighed the air that we breathe to the ten-millionth part of an ounce. He has measured the speed of light, 11,000,000 miles a minute, and counted millions of tiny creatures living a contented life in a single drop of water. He has built seismographs to keep strict account of the trembling, shaking earth, and instruments to measure wind and air currents ten miles up in the sky. He has amplified the beat of a human heart sufficiently to be heard as loud as hammer blows three thousand miles away. And he has copied photographs from the retina of a dead man's eye.

Russia has lately come to the front with an ingenious instrument intended to adopt the functions of the human heart. When a man's heart stops beating, this curious electrical device if applied in time will stir circulation and set it in motion again. And while this invention is being tested out, England comes to the front with her wonderful ray of light that penetrates six feet of solid lead.

It is indeed true that man has accomplished wonderful things in the face of wonderful opposition. On every hand he has been challenged, and even threatened. The frost and snow, and bitter blasts warned him not to violate the secrecy of the poles, but he has risen a conqueror, and nailed his national colors to both the north and south. The oceans threatened to drown him if he

attempted a voyage across their surfaces, but their threatenings were unheeded. Man has sailed every sea, charted their mighty expanse of water, and sounded their deepest depths. He has bridled fire, harnessed the wind, and wrenched electricity from its secret chambers. He has braved the dangers of land where parasites waited to pollute his blood, and sap from his body the last sparks of life. He has driven tunnels through mighty mountains, and laid cables under the deepest seas. He has risen ten miles in the direction of heaven, and sunk thousands of feet in the direction of hell. He has flung the human voice twelve thousand miles through the trackless ether, and caught a vision of a human face three thousand miles away. He has conquered every element in nature, but SIN has conquered him.

Man so mighty and next in intelligence to angels, yet a cringing slave, a branded felon, a notorious criminal bound hand and foot by chains that all the powers of this world can never break. Sin, man's master here on earth, has cursed him, damned him, and with whips of fire is chasing him momentarily to the dark confines of eternal despair. And he is ten times more helpless than an African slave bound by the chains of Arab raiders. Only Christ can snap the fetters, and set the prisoner free.

Man will never realize the seriousness of his lost condition until that awful day shall come, when the fountains of God's grace will be forever exhausted, and repentance and restoration shall have no more a place in the eternal program. Man was created for wonderful things, and in his original state he must have been a wonderful creature. He was lord and master over a sinless, sickless, sorrowless, deathless world, he daily communed with the great eternal God, and angels were his bosom friends. The world wherein he had come to live unfolded to him its mysteries, and the bright and shining worlds were open like a book before him. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea were all obedient to him, and came bounding at his call. He was made but a little lower than the angels, and placed over the works of the Creator's hands.

Where is all that glory now? The beasts of the forest are thirsting for his blood, the teeth of ocean monsters are sharpened to devour him, the talons of the air are ready to tear him in pieces, the worms of the earth are waiting to annihilate his body of wondrous beauty. But worst of all, man's brother-man will blast his life, blacken his character, cut out his heart with the point of a sword, blow him into bits with high explosives, send him mad to death with poisonous gas, then dance to the music of the war god, on fields made slippery with his blood. Man is a dethroned king, a fallen giant, a blasted saint, and ex-communicated friend of God, a branded felon, "a cringing slave begging a crust of bread from the hand of his old-time servant." He is adrift on the ocean of time without a pilot, a wanderer in the howling wilderness without a guide, a lost sheep on the black, dark mountains of sin, with no shepherd to lead him home. But God has sent His shepherd Son to seek and bring him back. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

In the city of Lisbon I visited the great church of Santa Maria. This was the state church of Portugal, and for two hundred years or more the great and mighty ones of that country had been coming there to worship, or to make pretense at worship. And when they died their bones were brought there to rest in silent and pathetic dust.

After spending some time in the great audience room we were ushered into an adjoining chamber, where there was gathered together the most illustrious congregation of the world's great and mighty ones that it had ever been my privilege to meet. Kings, princes, princesses, presidents and other statesmen, each occupying his own elaborate box. The great hall was draped in the deepest black, the long and mournful aisles were empty and altogether lifeless. The heavy stained-glass windows allowed only the faintest glimmer to filter through. All seats were occupied by guests who seemed to wait in profound and dreadful expectancy. Some had rested in that sad place for more than two hundred years, and still they were waiting on -- not a word upon their lips, not a flash in their eye, not a twitch of the muscle, not a heart throb, and not a single beat of the pulse.

Each one of that august assembly occupied his or her station in strange and awful silence. There was not a flower in all that wilderness of gloom, not a rustling leaf, not a rippling stream, not a moving bough, not a song of praise, not a word of prayer. No comfort from the Word of God, no friendly greeting, no glad refrain, and never a sign of life; the entire congregation was still and cold in death.

In that great and lonesome hall of the dead, I could almost hear my own heart beat, and as I passed from one black box-to another, pulling back the drapery and looking through the heavy plate glass upon all that was left of kings, queens, princes and princesses, the mightiest of the country, my blood seemed almost frozen.

Don Pedro, whose mighty power and eloquence had gained for him the throne of Portugal, and the presidency of her greatest colony overseas, was there. But where was his eloquence now? His mouth was closed, his tongue was still, and while the jewels and medals of honor were still wreathed about his bosom, they were dull and unattractive, for the flight of years had eaten up his great heart, breast bone and back-bone had fallen together, and his insignias of renown lay buried in dust. His arm hung useless from his shoulder-blade, and the great sword with a jeweled hilt that he carried into battle, lay rusty and unemployed by a dead and moldering hand.

King Jose, whose marble statue is mounted upon a war-charger, overlooking the Arch of Triumph in Black Horse Square, is there in pathetic dust. And King Carl, shot by his political enemies two years and six months before, was also present in that strange and mournful gathering. But their honors were laid low, their glory departed, and all that remains of these great and mighty ones may be gathered in the bandanna kerchief that the peasant maid on the hills of Portugal ties about her head.

In that great chapel of the kings death sat on every brow, reigned in every heart, silenced every tongue, and made sightless every eye. Death by its Arctic touch had chilled every warm current and frozen every genial spring, so that there was more life, more warmth, and more inspiration for the soul of man in the lowest and most degraded Hottentot's hovel that I ever visited, than in this royal chapel of the kings.

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And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand: and let all the other people go every man into his place. Judges 7:7.

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06 -- THE COLD-STREAM GUARDS

My subject may sound new to some, but if I announced such a subject anywhere in the British Empire, every schoolboy would understand it. The Cold-Stream Guards is a celebrated regiment of British soldiers. It is said to be the oldest regimental name in all the armies of England. In 1660 Oliver Cromwell formed them into a new regiment, and gave them over to the command of General George Monk, then they were known as Monk's Regiment, but they were a part of Cromwell's Invincible Ironsides that always went into battle for victory or death. In the winter of 1665 General Monk was marching this regiment from Scotland toward England, but halted for orders, and spent considerable time by a cold and beautiful stream near the river Tweed; from that time they lost their former designation, and were after known as the Cold-Stream Guards. They have fought in nearly all the great wars of Britain, and have suffered tremendous losses, but have never been completely defeated.

This morning I have taken that great troop of old Ironside fighters, trained and molded into real fighting conditions by Oliver Cromwell, the mighty Puritan, and by far the greatest military genius of Britain for the last five hundred years -- these I have taken as an illustration of a greater and a holier regiment that I desire to speak of at this time.

Never has the sun looked down upon a more courageous troop of old-fashioned fighting heroes than Gideon's noble three hundred, who lapped water like thirsty dogs from the cold, sparkling stream at the foot of Mount Gilboa. They were the nerve, the back-bone and the muscle of an army of thirty-two thousand men, and they most certainly represented that inner circle, that praying band, that courageous, self-denying few, found in nearly every religious society. But three hundred out of thirty-two thousand was an exceeding large percentage. It is not uncommon to find a church with a thousand members, barely able to muster a baker's dozen at the mid-week prayermeeting. Gideon marching to battle against the Midianites had an immense army on dress-parade, and just as long as there was no real fighting to be done, they were ready and willing to follow the flag. They were mostly men from Gideon's own country, and when their enthusiastic young leader sounded his trumpet and sent out a call to arms, they were wild to enlist under his banner. It was a sort of a popular revival movement, where they could strike the trail in mass formation. In one of these kind of religious concentration camps that I attended, the entire student body of the city high school stood up and gave their school "yell," and stampeded to shake the preacher's hand. They were all converts (?).

Gideon's army did not seriously consider what they were doing, but seemed to look upon the whole affair as a frolic on a big scale. They were certainly a jolly, jovial crowd, and indeed they made a great showing, and a most desirable advertisement for young Gideon's next big meeting. There was surely a great stir, as with "rusty swords, broken spears, ox-goats, pruning-hooks, and every kind of weapon they could lay their hands on, that vast crowd of

thirty-two thousand men rushed down the mountains of Galilee away to the plains of Jezreel, and across the river Kishon. All went well, every man was courageous, and the wild yells and war-whoops were not lacking, until from the high places of Gilboa they looked off upon an army 200,000 strong, with camels and horses, and fighting units like the sand on the seashore for multitude -- all marching in battle formation to kill them, and give their bodies to the mountain beasts and vultures. That changed their feelings, the glitter suddenly dropped from the big religious game, the bluster and the boast, the bravado and mass movements of yesterday had given place to much more practical affairs, for which they were not prepared. The thought of coming battle, the hard knocks, the flowing blood, the dying groans and breaking bones, did not appeal to them -- they were a band of heartless, nerveless cowards, afraid of the real issue. It was one thing to shout and whoop and "holler" with all the ladies of Gilead hugging and kissing them farewell, but it was altogether another thing to lock horns with a dreadful foe fifty times their strength and number on the bloody field of battle.

It is, it has been, and always will be, in just such critical and dangerous times and places that God's Cold-Stream Guards are needed. It sounds big to speak of 30,000,000 Methodists, 7,000,000 Baptists, or 6,000,000 Presbyterians. But when we read in such reliable magazines as the Literary Digest and the Christian Herald, of 4,651 Methodist churches, 3,474 Baptist churches, and 3,269 Presbyterian churches with all their men, money and machinery, never winning a single convert for the twelve months of 1927, we begin to view things in a different light.

A modern Gideon's army enlisted under the glittering banner of Metho -- Presto -- Bapto -- An army nearly fifty millions strong, with millions of money, and sufficient machinery to run a small world. But lo, the enemy appears on the plains of opposition, pitched battle is threatening, Beelzebub marshals his God-defying forces in the dark valleys of the world. But the shouts of yesterday are no longer heard, their hearts drop to their heels, the mighty army of heroes on paper are changed to an army of cringing cowards on the field of spiritual warfare. Come, Gideon, muster them out! Send 22,000 of them home to stocks and bonds and money making -- to their socials, suppers, and lodges; to the movies, dances and card parties. Come down to the river, call out the Cold Stream Guards, or the battle will never be won.

Go home, said Gideon, every one of you whose heart fails him at the sight of the foe, and before sundown on the second day twenty-two thousand of them galloped back to their homes and families in the lonely mountains of Gilead. And grand old Gideon, turning to the remaining ten thousand, commanded that they march down to a little stream that sparkled among the foot-hills of Mt. Gilboa. There the final test was made, and 9,700 more took up the trail of the deserters, and hurried away to their wives and sweethearts, leaving the general with an insignificant three hundred to encounter a mighty army 200,000 strong. But they were the three hundred that lapped at the brook, they were the Cold-Stream Guards, they were the men that God and Gideon could depend upon, if heaven and earth should fall together.

The ancient war correspondent who wrote this wonderful story has described in eloquent language the undisputed history of almost every religious movement on the earth. God's battles have never been won on the mass movement principle, it is the units, the two's and three's, the Cold-Stream Guards, who have slaked their burning thirst at the sparkling river of life. These are

the men and women who have carried the blood-stained banner of the cross into the camp of the enemy, and crowned the wars of the Lord with sweeping and triumphant victory.

Gideon's noble three hundred were in a far better position to fight after all their cowardly comrades had beat the trail back home. There was no one in the crowd to criticize their old-fashioned fighting equipment, no one to laugh at their ancient looking pitchers, no one to throw water on their flickering torches, or to minimize or under-estimate the value of their strange old sounding trumpets. Let the church crowd, wherever they are, that have no use for the old-fashioned blood atonement, the cleansing of the human heart from all sin, and the mighty baptism with the Holy Ghost -- I say, if you are not going to change, for God's sake, and the kingdom's sake, fall out of the ranks and leave the entire field to the fiery Cold-Stream Guards who will fight and win, and crown Jehovah's banner with glorious victory.

There was one thing, Gideon's Cold-Stream Guards stood every man in his own place about the camp. No one wanted the general's place, or the colonel's place, or the sergeant-major's place, but every last one stood firm in his own place, and moved only as they were directed by God through Gideon. They recognized their leader, and their leader recognized them. There was perfect fellowship, no quarreling, the quarreling crowd had gone. And it would be a great blessing to the cause of Christ in these modern times if the shirkers and the trouble makers would follow the course of these their ancient brothers -- for the longer they remain in the Church, the longer the victory will be delayed. Arise, go back to your home in the world, or hurry down to the river and prove your right .to enlist with the Cold-Stream Guards by drinking a full supply at God's bright, sparkling stream.

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The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there. Psalm 87:6.

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07 -- THE UNKNOWN WARRIORS

It is a wonderful thing to have a real good backing, to belong to a wealthy nation, a famous city, or a celebrated family. Egypt, Babylon, Philistia, Tyre and Ethiopia were all famous in their day, and the fact that a man was born in either of these great places carried with it some significance and honor. And the man who was born in Zion made his boast along the same line.

But from a salvation standpoint the places where we were born mean but little. Many have gone to heaven from Egypt, and many have gone to hell from Zion. Judas Iscariot betrayed Jesus and went to hell from Jerusalem, Daniel honored God and went to heaven from Babylon.

The Lord shall count when He writeth up the people that this man was born there, and the birth that he deals with is spiritual. The time when we become members of the spiritual Zion, and no such birth will ever escape His heavenly notice. Then He will remember that this man was born there -- not New York, London, Cincinnati, Pekin or Paris, but there, the birthplace of the soul. But

where is the there? There is the spot where the soul found Jesus Christ. There in the corn-field, there in the country schoolhouse, there in the hold of a ship, there at a campmeeting altar, there at the bed-side of a dying child.

Just think how wonderful it will be to have Him who wrote the commandments in stone, and the condemnation of Belshazzar on the wall. He who said of Ephraim, "I have written to him" and of Judah, "His sins are written with a pen of iron." That wonderful and heavenly scribe is going to write us up, and in His report there will be no mistakes. The prophet Nahum tells us that the Lord is going to recount His worthies. This pre-supposes that He has already counted them once. Yes, He counted them when they were born into His kingdom, He registered them at birth.

All responsible governments demand that their citizens be registered at birth, and again at death; this means that they are counted twice. And our blessed Lord is not a whit behind. He counts us all at the spiritual birth, and again in the Grand Review when our work for Him is over. After all the storms of life are out-riden, and earth with its abuses, temptations, testings and death is behind, then there will be the recounting time that the prophet here refers to, and that counting will stand, it will never be less, for in glory the ranks a, re never depleted by death.

"No graves on the hill-side of Glory,
For there they shall never more die."

John exhausted his mathematical powers in trying to count the numbers in heaven. He tells us there were four living creatures, twenty-four crowned elders, then ten thousand, 144,000, then thousand times ten thousands, and thousands of thousands. Then a mighty multitude that no man could number. But God knows them all, He who has been so careful as to count every hair of our head on earth will not forget us in glory.

But the question arises as to who these worthies are that God is going to re-count. My first answer is, those who were least esteemed among men, who suffered trials of cruel mockery and so forth. They were not worthies on earth, but they are worthies in heaven. Weak and insignificant below, but powerful and dignified above, unknown on earth, but well known in heaven. Did I say unknown? Yes, they are unknown warriors whom this world never did recognize, but they will receive their full and complete recognition when brought home from the far-flung battle-line of the Church of God on earth.

Among the most impressive scenes that this world has ever known were those held in Europe and America, when their unknown warriors were brought home from different battle-fields. America's unknown warrior sleeps in Arlington, the honored burial place of the nation's mighty dead. France has laid-hers beneath the Arch of Triumph, the most beautiful spot in all the city of Paris. In Lisbon, Portugal, the unknown hero lies in Rolling Motion Square, where ,the shadow of King Jose and great Don Pedro may fall across his tomb. In Rome they laid him to rest by the statue of Victor Emmanuel, by whose side, said Garibaldi, "All quarrels should be forgotten, and all rancor depart." In London the British unknown conqueror sleeps in Westminster Abbey, between the silent dust of William Pitt and glorious David Livingstone. To that celebrated place he was followed by 100,000 British mourners, who solemnly marched to the muffled tune of the grandest of all hymns.

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

"Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream,
Dies at the opening day."

On reaching the Abbey General John Pershing, in the name of all America, laid the congressional medal upon the grave, saying, as he did so, "Let us profit by this occasion, and let us pledge anew our trust in God that He may guide our faltering footsteps into paths of righteousness and peace.

When I visited the Abbey the flowers were still fresh upon the unknown warrior's grave, and the wonderful wreaths sent by the different nations of the world were in full display. It was a thrilling sight. I had already refused to allow my shoes to touch the slabs that covered the graves of David Livingstone, Oliver Cromwell, George Williams the founder of the Y. M. C. A., and others. But this spot made sacred by the blood of ten hundred thousand British dead seemed to impress me more than all, and standing there I pledged my soul anew to Christ, determined to be faithful unto death, and at last receive a crown of life that would never fade away.

Britain's Victoria Cross, America's Congressional Medal, the French Legion of Honor, Germany's Iron Cross, and the Badge of the Order of Leopold, will be less than dust and ashes when compared with the glory and honor bestowed by Christ upon His warriors home from the battle-fields of earth.

Over the graves of all these unknown warriors there are emblems that are planned to endure forever. But nations talk flippantly about the forever. Time is given to the sons of men, and beyond its strange and dreadful borders man's flames cannot burn, man's bells cannot ring, man's flowers cannot bloom, nor can mechanical devices proclaim man's great achievements. Forever belongs to the vocabulary of another world. It is a wall-less, bottomless, topleless world. Depths unmeasurable, heights insurmountable, everlasting, eternal, limitless duration. No beginning, no ending, only the spirit disrobed of mortal flesh can enter the Forever.

We rejoice that the sword crimsoned in the blood of the slain has gone back to its scabbard, and that to a certain extent peace from the clash of arms, the thunder of the cannon, and the infernal outrage of poison gas has come to our earth. But we have no guarantee that the blast of

the bugle will not again arouse the tramping millions, and drive once more the world through fire and blood.

But God's covenants and decrees will never pass away, and some glad morning the peace that Jesus Christ alone can give will unfold its snowy wings and fly from pole to pole. To earth's remotest bounds the righteousness of the everlasting Christ will one day cover our storm-tossed, troubled world like the waters of the present time sweep over the mighty deep. "And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek; and his rest shall be glorious" (Isaiah 11:10). "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire" (Psalm 46:9). "And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" (Isaiah 2:4).

Earthly scenes however great are transitory and dying, for upon them all there is the touch of death. But in the land whither we go all things are eternal.

When the great procession was following the unknown warrior down White Hall, an aged woman dressed in black, and with tear-stained face, was seen sitting on the curbstone. Someone said, "Well Mother, I suppose you have come to see the procession." She replied, "No, I have not, but I have come to see all these great officers salute my son Jim. He is coming home today from France." Ah! Mother, the man in the warrior's casket may be your son, but there is a doubt.

In heaven there will be no doubt, there the unknown will be well known. Saints from Southern cotton-fields, who died under the lash in old plantation days. From northern glaciers where Moravian missionaries froze to death while telling of a Savior's love. From the gloomy West, where David Brainerd buried himself in the snow-drifts and prayed the red Indians to God. From the gray dawn of the East, where prophets, priests and kings in types and shadows unfolded the story of Calvary, where Jesus dropped His bleeding chin upon His bosom, and cried, "It is finished."

Yes, they come from fields afar, all radiant with life and glory. And as angels, arch-angels, cherubims and seraphims, and the spirits of just men made perfect crowd down the golden avenues to welcome them home, I want to see Jesus salute them. I want to see the hand that was wounded for me raised to the temples that felt the thorns, when Jesus welcomes the blood-washed warriors to the sky. The unknown little boy who brought the fish and bread. The little maid who told her mistress about a prophet in Israel. The armor bearer who climbed with Jonathan up the sides of the cliff. The Bethphage farmer who gave his donkey for Jesus to ride. The wise men who brought their gifts to Jesus. The shut-in and the cripple. All these were unknown by name. I want to be there when God's unknown warriors come into their full and complete recognition.

Perhaps from other worlds great delegations will come over oceans of perennial glory, and continents of eternal bliss, to be present at the great reception. For in the ages to come God will show forth the exceeding riches of Christ in us.

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And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads, and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy. Rev. 13:1.

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08 -- ANTI-CHRIST AND THE FLYING MACHINE

Never have I seen it- in print, or even heard it suggested, but I have been led to wonder if the beast that John saw arise out of the sea, after whom the whole world wondered, did not in some way or other foreshadow the anti-christ in connection with the world's traffic on wings. I know that this scripture is generally taken to mean that in coming days the superman, the man of sin, the anti-christ, will emerge from out the great sea of humanity, or arise from among the men of this world. Be that as it may, it will certainly be to the advantage of that great anti-Christian leader to avail himself of every road to world power, and all the greatest and newest developments.

The scripture clearly teaches that he will usurp dominion, and make himself the magic master of every exalting enterprise. And judging from the attitude of the present time toward our flying men, there is nothing that could possibly add more to the popularity and fame of the "man of Sin," than long-distance flights, daring adventures, and thrilling aerial stunts above the great cities of the world.

Think of our modest and unassuming Colonel Lindbergh -- never in the history of all time has the world so prostrated itself at the feet of a human being, and never did the gods of ancient nations so grip the hearts of the multitudes as this Swedish-American boy has done. Fabulous wealth, with prayers and worship have been offered him, multiplied millions have struggled to catch a glimpse of his face, titles galore have been conferred upon him, medals of all the great nations have been tossed like playthings into his lap. And to outstrip all others, the president of a South American republic compared him to "the Spirit of the eternal God that brooded over the ancient chaos." But Lindbergh has only written the A, B, C of aerial development. His descent out of the sky on Paris, Brussels, London and Mexico will be a common traveling stunt within a little while. Already a young woman has followed over the Atlantic, and others have conquered the Pacific. The honors of yesterday will be overshadowed by the triumphs of tomorrow, and the heroes of 1928 will be ciphers on the page of history long before 1938.

For anti-christ to come, as he certainly will, will be the most charming and influential man that ever lived, the most attractive personality, the mightiest intellect, the cleverest statesman, and most unique religious leader apart from Jesus, that ever touched our earth. He will be a past master in all science and earthly wisdom; the desired of all nations. Just think for a moment of such a beloved and mighty leader in some highly developed seaplane arising out of the sea, and dashing from New York to Paris, Brussels, London, Berlin, Bagdad, Jerusalem, Calcutta, Shanghai, Tokyo, and San Francisco, then taking an altitude flight to bring down samples from Jupiter, Mercury, or the moon. I tell you that this fame-mad world would fall at his feet in adoring worship and readily honor him as a great and mighty god. If kings of the eleventh century took off their shoes, and on bare feet led the donkey of Peter the Hermit through the cities of Continental Europe, the rulers of

this world in coming days would quickly and unhesitatingly surrender the management of their estates and dominions to such a remarkable character as I have described.

A little while ago, while steaming up the English Channel on board the great Majestic a seaplane came out to meet us. On steady wings she flew around our ship like some winged monster of pre-historic days returning from another world to visit our earth once more. After encircling our ship two or three times, she alighted on the sea. This wonder on wings appeared to be as much at home in the air as a stormy petrel, she raced our ship for a while, then, as gracefully as a sea-gull, and treading water like a duck, she arose and passed into the heavens again. To me this great mechanical sea-fowl was the climax of human genius, and as she arose high among the clouds, could I but wonder if the strange vision of Jules Verne would yet be realized, and that men would fly to the moon!

In 1738 that mighty sea-plane was nothing more than a puff of smoke arising from an evening fire. In that far off day two French brothers, Joseph and Michael Jacques, sons of a paper-maker, living in northern France, stood watching the smoke as it arose from the old-fashioned fireplace, and speculated as to whether smoke being lighter than air, could not be made to carry a weight up with it. They at once secured some paper from their father's shop, and made it into paper bags for the testing of their experiment. They inflated the bags with smoke, which, to their delight, floated up to the ceiling of the room, and there and then that mighty sea-plane which I saw come down from the clouds and alight upon the waters Of the channel, then arise and pass into the heavens again, was born.

For centuries before 1738 men had been jealous of the birds and longed to exchange places with them. King David in his far-off day sighed for the wings of a dove that he might fly away and be at rest. Isaiah spoke of those who fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows.

Elijah went up into heaven by a whirlwind and chariot of fire, and if those who witnessed the first modern man rising in the air knew of the Elijah story, they must have thought that the ancient miracle was being repeated. For the first airman went up in a chariot of fire -- a large paper-lined, linen balloon filled with smoke, to which a kind of wicker basket was attached, in which there was a little furnace and a good supply of wood to keep up the necessary smoke, and wet sponges to quench the flames if the fabric of the great bag should become ignited. Thus armed, the first "bird man" went up from earth in a chariot of smoke and fire. This happened nearly one hundred years before I was born. Then followed the long struggle of experiment, trial, abuse, misrepresentation, mockery, suffering and defeat; and thousands of wrecked and broken lives.

Until twenty years ago men had but little faith. When Wilbur Wright came out with his big, ugly machine, the crowd shouted, "She will never go, she will never rise, the man is a fool." But Wright shouted back, "One, two, three," and in a moment he was up where the birds fly, and clouds travel on the wings of the wind. He came down from that flight never to be mocked again, the people who jeered and ridiculed when his ship came out of the shed, fell on his neck and kissed him, almost worshipping him as though he had fallen from the clouds.

John said, I saw the beast rise out of the sea, and the whole world wondered after him. Whether antichrist in person will manipulate some great flying machine or not, I am not prepared

to say, but I am persuaded that the Bible has something to say concerning air-traffic in anti-christ's day. Five hundred years before our blessed Savior came into our world the prophet Zechariah had a most remarkable vision of latter day traffic through the air. This vision is set forth in the fifth chapter of his book.

A large basket, or measure, such as the Jews used for measuring wheat, which the prophet calls an ephah, was presented in the vision, and with it there was a talent of lead. The basket and the lead represented the weights and measures of the prophet's day; they also represented the great commercial age to which the vision pointed. In the basket there crouched a woman, and the talent of lead served as a cover to keep her in. Then the prophet saw two other women flying through the air with wings like a mighty stork. These flying women made a landing beside the basket, and in some way, or by some means that the prophet does not describe, attached themselves to it. Then with the basket, and woman passenger shut in with the cover of lead, they arose high in the air, and before a driving gale flew with their cargo to a strange and far-off land. The astonished prophet inquired of his angel guide the meaning of the peculiar vision, and he was informed that the name of the woman in the basket was wickedness and the flying women were carrying her away to build a house in the land of Shinar.

This is wonderful. Here is the world's wickedness, the world's wealth, and the world's brains speeding through the air to re-build ancient Babylon, to establish anti-christ in power, and eventually crown Him king over all the known world. The late development along the line of traffic in the air is perhaps the clearest and most outstanding evidence that the awful days of the anti-christ are even at the door. Every nation has gone mad over flying, and money and human blood are sacrificed like water to bring it up to perfection. It is the last great scheme of locomotion, and according to the scripture, it is scheduled to immediately precede, and participate in ushering in, the Tribulation period, and inaugurating a reign of terror over all the earth. Zechariah saw the airship carrying wickedness and wealth to build the devil's throne in Babylon, and to establish there a world encircling kingdom for the coming "man of sin." It is strange, but wonderfully suggestive of the approaching end, that there has now been devised in France as the symbol of air traffic the figure of an immense woman with wings extending heavenward. The days to which the prophet's vision pointed are even at the door.

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The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightnings. Nahum 2:4.

09 -- THE MOTOR CAR AND THE LAST TIMES

The first real car to run by gasoline was turned out in 1886, ten years before I was converted. Long before that date the World had heard of Mother Shipton's prophecy concerning the coming horseless carriage.

In our younger days many of us heard great stories of Mother Shipton. About ten years after I was born her strange prophecies caused a great panic in many parts of the world, for, according to her sayings, the world would soon come to an end. Thousands believed that the things Mother

Shipton prophesied would surely come to pass, and many of them did. Who was Mother Shipton, and when and where did she live? According to a booklet published in 1641, and referred to in the Universal Encyclopedia, Mother Shipton, whose maiden name was Ursula Southill, was born at Knaresborough in the year 1488 and died in 1561. In the days of Henry the Eighth she prophesied the death of Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Percy and others -- all of which came true. A certain Richard Head, who wrote a history of her life and death, represented her as a daughter of the devil. Her prophecies were marked by such wonderful fulfillment, that the people of her time, and hundreds of years after she was dead, regarded her as a witch, or an enchanted character of more than human power. Mother Shipton was not inspired by God, for she made many blunders and foretold many things that never came to pass. But in that far off age, nearly five hundred years ago, she had visions of the automobile, the submarine, the airship and the iron ocean liner. She even saw down to the very days that are upon us now -- when women dress in men's clothes, cut off their locks, ride astride, despise marriage, dislike babies, and fondle cats and dogs instead.

Her poem has been given great publicity since the last war, and for the benefit of my readers I give it here:

"A carriage without horse shall go,
Disaster fill the world with woe:
In London Primrose Hill shall be,
Its center hold a Bishop's see.
Around the world men's thought shall fly,
Quick as the twinkling of an eye.

"And waters Shall great wonders do--
How strange -- and yet it shall come true.
Then upside down the world shall be,
And gold found at the root of tree;
Through tow'ring hills proud man shall ride,
Nor horse or ass move by his side.

"Beneath the water men shall walk;
Shall ride, shall sleep, and even talk;
And in the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, as well as green.
A great man then shall come and go,
For prophecy declares it so.

"In water iron then shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found in stream or stone,
In land that is as yet unknown.
Waters and fire shall wonders do,
And England shall admit a Jew.

"The States shall lock in fiercest strife,

And seek to take each other's life;
When North shall thus divide the South
The eagle builds in lion's mouth.
Then tax and blood and cruel war
Shall come to every humble door.

"Three times shall sunny, lovely France
Be led to play a bloody dance;
Before the people shall be free,
Three rulers in succession be--
Three tyrants rulers shall she see:
Each sprung from different dynasty.

"Then when the fiercest fight is done,
England and France shall be as one.
The British olive next shall twine
In marriage with the German vine.
Men walk beneath and over streams--
Fulfilled shall be our strongest dreams.

"And now a word in uncouth rhyme,
Of what shall be in future time:
For, in those far-off coming days
The women shall adopt a craze
To dress like men and trousers wear,
And cut off all their locks of hair.

"They'll ride astride with brazen brow,
As witches do on broomsticks now.
Then love shall die and marriage cease,
And nations wane as babes decrease.
The wives shall fondle cats and dogs,
And men live much the same as hogs.

"In nineteen hundred twenty-six,
Build houses light of straw and sticks,
For then shall mighty wars be planned,
And fire and sword shall sweep the land,
But those who live the century through,
In fear and trembling this shall do.

"Flee to the mountains and the dens,
To bog and forest and wild fens--
For storms will rage, and oceans roar,
When Gabriel stands on sea and shore;
And as he blows his wondrous horn,

Old worlds shall die and new be born."

So gripping were the tales told of Mother Shipton, that many contended that she was a Bible character, and all her wonderful prophecies were written in God's holy Book. This, as I have showed you, was not the case, but she certainly came very near to some things that were foretold by the ancient prophets, and the last verse in her great poem points to the closing days that are even at the door:

"Flee to the mountains and the dens,
To bog and forest and wild fens--
For storms will rage and oceans roar,
When Gabriel stands on sea and shore;
And as he blows his wondrous horn,
Old worlds shall die and new be born."

But the motor car is the particular thing that I want to deal with in this address. Long before Mother Shipton was born the Jewish prophet Nahum had described this wonderful invention. Indeed the motor car is not yet up to the pitch of perfection that Nahum saw nearly three thousand years ago. In God's Book the motor car has a prominent place among the inventions of the last great days. A thousand years before our Lord was born the Holy Spirit gave Daniel a most remarkable vision, but it was to be kept a secret until the time of the end. "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." In the end-time, the rapidity of transport and the increase of knowledge is to be on such a gigantic scale, that no thoughtful student of Scripture needs to be deceived or led astray concerning the approaching climax. Many shall run to and fro -- go up and down, hither and thither, over land and sea, and through the air at such a tremendous speed as the wisest among the ancients never dreamed of. And this indescribable power and speed has been made possible since fire became the propelling agent.

Our dear Lord Jesus when He was on earth never rode in a chariot, He always walked, save once or twice when He rode on a donkey. The swiftest means of travel that the ancients knew was the camel and horse, and the distance that the old stage-coach could cover at her best in four and a half days, can now be covered by the motor car in two hours, and by the airplane in sixty minutes. The old-time chariots and coaches were all made of wood, and the idea of propelling them by fire was foreign to the minds of their ancient builders.

But listen to Nahum's prophecy of the last times -- "He that dasheth in pieces is come up before thy face: . . watch the way The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings." Read the Revised Version on this: The chariots flash with fire of steel. And scholars tell us that this readily admits the following rendering: The chariots of steel driven by fire, shall flash and rage, and run through the world's highways like flashing streaks of lightning. This is most decidedly the present day motor car built of steel, driven by electrical fire applied to gas, with flaming head-lights, and running a tremendous speed. According to Daniel, this lightning means of travel is due to appear in the time of the end.

Man has now outstripped all beasts and birds. The leopard of India, the fastest beast on earth, can only make about sixty miles an hour, and the long-tailed swift of northeastern Asia, the fastest bird, can cover two hundred miles in an hour. But Major Segrave in his "Golden Arrow," has just gone more than two hundred thirty-one miles an hour.

Mark you, Nahum makes no mention of the horse in connection with his lightning chariots, it is a ponderous steel car driven by fire, racing and raging at incredible speed over the highways and broadways of the earth; endangering the lives of thousands by their reckless raging, and blinding the eyes of countless beholders by their flashing, flaming headlights. The motor car driver in his dreadful juggernaut, dashing old and young to pieces, has come up before our faces. This machine, together with the ship of the air, eloquently testifies that the end of the age is even at the door.

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And the rock poured me out rivers of oil. Job 29:6.

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10 -- THE OIL KING OF EDOM

There is no way at present to know the methods that Job employed to get his oil, but the Book clearly informs us, however, that rivers of the precious fluid gushed out of the rocks to enrich the coffers of this grand old sheik of Edom.

Oil is older than modern man, and since long before the dawn of history ancient men skimmed it from pools of water, into which it had oozed from the earth, or collected into holes roughly dug in the soil. No one can tell when oil was first discovered, but there is yet to come into our world of industry an invention or useful discovery that is not in some way or other foreshadowed in the wonderful Book of God. Whenever I hear or read of something new coming upon the scene I generally begin to seek for some reference to, or suggestion of it in the Bible, and I am not always disappointed.

The airplane, the automobile, and all the newest methods of communication, as well as many great things that have not yet arrived, were foreshadowed by the ancient prophets. But in all my searching of the Holy Scriptures I have never found one intelligent reference to the modern submarine. This murderer of the sea, as I have shown in "The Storm King," is beyond question an invention of the devil; to say the least it was he that inspired its manufacture. There is no possible justification for the submarine, for speed, research, or commercial purposes, it is absolutely unnecessary. It was intended for murder, and murder alone, therefore, it ought to be killed by international law.

But in this address my special theme is oil, therefore, I must stick to my subject. Job was increasingly rich, he had 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen, and 500 mother donkeys, and a very great household; and in addition to all this, he said, The rocks poured me out rivers of oil. I do not know whether Job sank oil wells, or not. The diamond-bit drill might have been used

in his day; at any rate, the diamond was used for pointing engraving and cutting tools thousands of years ago. Here is another invention that man calls modern, but diamond points were common in the time of the prophet Jeremiah. In the seventeenth chapter of his book, verse one, he tells us that the sin of Judah was written with a pen of iron, and the point of a diamond.

In the language of our times Job would have been called an oil king, for his enormous supply of oil from the bowels of the earth is described as rivers pouring out -- no modern oil magnate can boast of such a supply. It is true that the present day oil kings are the richest people in the world, and from the standpoint of money they are the most powerful men that ever lived.

The yearly supply of oil from the earth amounts to about fifteen billion gallons, valued at more than five hundred million dollars. This enormous treasure-trove, or oil river, had its modern rise in 1874, two years after this writer was born. At that time a man by the name of Oakes, in the small village of Derbyshire, England, was boring into the earth to find coal, when suddenly and quite unexpectedly he struck a stream of oil that yielded about three hundred gallons a day. This was the modest beginning of the mighty oil river that now deposits into the lap of the kings of the golden stream about fifteen billion gallons a year. But will the supply hold out? This is the question that seems uppermost in the minds of the great oil men. It may not. Already oil experts are ransacking every land to find a substitute for oil, for the men who claim to know the most about it have decided that the greatest possible supply in the earth can only meet the enormous and ever increasing demand a few years longer. And just here I catch the thought that inspired this address on the oil king of Edom.

Oil is a mighty factor in the rapid fulfillment of prophecy. Since it was first employed as a driving force speed has gone up from the old-fashioned trotting horse, that at its best could average about six miles an hour, to the nerve-racking speed of the motor car and flying machine. Oil is responsible for this great change, oil keeps the speed king on his trembling throne, and should the great oil springs of the earth suddenly cease to flow, every airship would die in its hangar, the automobile would go to the scrap heap, and thousands of other machines would stand useless and unemployed. Buggies and wagons would crowd our city and country roads, and the grand old nag that at present is almost crowded out, would come into his own once more.

But oil has come, and through it the flying-ship of Zechariah, and the raging, jostling, flaming car of the prophet Nahum have been made possible. Now men travel ten miles in the direction of heaven, drive thousands of feet in the direction of hell. Oil sends the submarine man under the sea among the fish, and the airship man above the clouds among the birds. Oil carries men to and fro, up and down, back and forth across the earth, and keeps a-whirling the rapid wheels of locomotion that from ancient times had been due to appear on our earth, immediately preceding the coming of Jesus. Yes, oil has come in its proper time, and is doing just the work that according to prophecy must be done before the Lord returns. The earth was full of it in father Job's day, and the rocks poured out rivers for him, but it was never applied to the wheels of commerce or travel. It was reserved by God for the fulfillment of later day prophecies, It is less than fifty years since oil came out of the earth to inspire the speed kings, and to bring the ends of the world together.

Some think that the oil in the earth has been distilled from coal under high pressure at a very low temperature, far down into the bowels of the world. Others hold that it rises from decomposed vegetation, and still others are of the opinion that every drop of oil in the earth comes from the remains of sea creatures of epochs long remote. All this is the mere guess of men who claim to be wise. The earth was made for man, and at its creation the eternal God treasured in this mighty storehouse of the world every substance, element and germ that was necessary for the life and prosperity of man until his course was run. And as one by one these substances and elements are exhausted, so much the less remains for man to exist and thrive on.

Every dead species of God's created creatures leaves one less in the great family of nature, and every exhausted element in the earth leaves that much less to supply the needs of men. It is given out on good authority that both oil and coal are fast coming to their last resources -- man is wearing out the earth, and the earth is wearing out man; neither can survive indefinitely, both must reach the last milestone some day, and that day cannot be far away. Every diminishing element in nature points to the end of the age when judgment flame and fire will cleanse and purify, and destroy, and God will restock the glorified earth with a new supply, suited entirely to the needs and necessities of the perfect generations that in the ages to come shall live upon its surface. Oil, in that glad and glorious day, may flow from the rocks in rivers as in the days of Job, but there will be no graft, no swindling or blood-letting connected with it. The earth beyond question is fast emptying out its treasured resources, and man is running madly to the time when nature will fail to respond to his demands, and if Jesus carries a bankrupt world with starving, dying nations may not be far away.

But we are waiting and watching for our friend and Savior soon to return, and every gallon of oil used as a driving force is slowly fulfilling prophecy that points to that glad time. The grand old oil king of Edom in the midst of all the strange ups and downs of life comforted his soul with the blessed thought that his Redeemer was above, and that in the latter days he would stand upon the earth, and after the skin-worms had destroyed his corruptible body, yet in his new and glorified flesh he was certain to see God.

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Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and shewed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. Matt. 4:8.

And the devil, taking him up into an high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. Luke 4:5.

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11 -- WHEN JESUS WENT TO THE MOVIES

If the only moving pictures were such as those monopolized by the vaudeville crowd, it would be blasphemous for me to discuss this subject. But because God is the true author of everything that is good, including the first great moving picture, I do not hesitate to do so. The devil is a perjurer, a robber, a fraud and a plagiarist of the first water, his chief business from the

very beginning has been to steal and appropriate to himself the great things of God, then put his infernal brand upon them, and pawn them off to the world as his creation. He is a liar, and the father of liars, he has never done anything any good, and never will.

With all the marvelous inventions along the line of moving pictures, there has never been anything to compare with the phosphorescence of the sea that burns in the wake of the ocean steamer, as she plows her way through the Tropic of Capricorn, or across the Sea of Cancer. The half-enlightened Eskimo in his igloo of ice, wrapped up in seal-skins, and feeding on frozen fish, and spending the whole of his strange life in the dreadful Arctic regions where the polar bear, the killer whale, the walrus and the empire penguin haunt the darkness, and sport in wild, uncharted waters -- that strange child of nature has enjoyed greater moving pictures than all the vaudeville wizards of a million ages could put upon the screen. The aurora-borealis, unfolding across the midnight sky in schools of rainbow flame, is the most elaborate moving wonder of all time. Then there is the rainbow, the mirage, the shooting stars, the sunrise and the evening glow.

Some time ago while sitting in my study, the setting sun poured down its glory upon the crystal windows of a large building which stood out in full view of my window. Oh, what a scene. Angels on gold and crimson wings hovering over the shadowy walls, chariots and horses of fire dashing along highways of crystal. For a moment the foundations of heaven seemed to be resting on earth, and I was strongly reminded of the Holy City soon to descend out of heaven from God. The glittering gates of pearl, and the twelve foundations in all their dazzling splendor unfolded before my enraptured vision, in waves of bewildering glory. Had heaven at last come down to earth? The scenes were indescribable, the building before me seemed garnished with all manner of precious stones: jasper, sapphire, chalcedony and topaz; chrysoprasus, jacinth and amethyst. All this wonderful glory had come down in front of my study window from, a great illuminating body 95,000,000 miles away. The radiant sun from his throne far up in the heavens smiled down upon the earth-stained and tottering building just down the road, and, oh, what a change! Angels on glittering wings, a rainbow circled throne, a pavement of sapphire, a sea of glass mingled with fire, heroes of God, and elders crowned with gold, all seemed to be represented in the picture. Don't tell me that the vaudeville crowd have the best pictures. Nothing of the kind.

On the exceeding high mountain (which possibly was Mount Pisgah, from which the Lord showed Moses the land of Canaan) the devil must have done some juggling. His main thought might have been to do greater things than Jehovah, when He pointed out to Moses all the kingdoms of the pleasant land. The devil, true to his infernal scheme to outstrip everything that God had done, must make his picture larger. His hope then, as now, was centered in bigness, not only Canaan, but the kingdoms of all the world must be thrown into his elaborate picture. I know not how long Jehovah stayed with Moses on the mount, but the devil was there with Christ not more than sixty seconds, and in that brief period he undertook to show him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of the same. But it was jugglery, a delusion, a representation in a cloud, as all the devil's pictures are.

Here he set before Christ in their proper colors the greatest kingdoms of the world in all their glory. Princes robed in splendid and costly attire with crowns of gold on their heads, attended and surrounded by royal retinue, and the pomp of thrones and courts, and stately palaces, into which flowed the wealth and the pleasures of gay society -- for he showed the kingdoms and their glory. But the devil's pictures are painted on passing clouds, his gifts are cheap, and his glory

is but for a moment. But there is, however, an enduring glory, and an everlasting kingdom that shall not pass away.

This moving picture of the devil must have been a mirage. A mirage is an optical illusion, by which scores of people have been deceived. I have seen great ocean vessels with all sails set, sailing across the sky, and mountains lifting their majestic peaks among the clouds. Strangers not acquainted with the peculiar antics of the phenomena known as the mirage would at such times be inclined to believe that heaven and earth had exchanged places -- heavenly things are pictured on the earth and earthly things are pictured on the sky. Great scorching Saharas are changed into scenes of sparkling water so real, that the exhausted traveler and wild beasts of the forest rush madly to the mystic brink to slake their burning thirst.

Fifty years ago all France was frightened when they saw the city of Paris pictured on the clouds. It was a mirage caused by light rays, and the density of the atmosphere, through which the light passed, and such were the kingdoms of the world presented by the devil to Jesus Christ on the mount. This world is a mount of temptation, and all its glory and honor are but a passing of the devil's panorama, they are only visions in a cloud, and will last for but a moment, and if we are so stupid, and so spiritually blind as to fall a victim to his infernal schemes, we must surely suffer loss.

In Westminster, in London, I saw the old Coronation Chair where the kings and queens of the British Empire have sat to receive their crowns since the days of Edward the First. Above it hangs the great state sword and shield of Edward the Third, and built into a frame just underneath the seat is the famous black stone that has been claimed for thousands of years as the stone pillow upon which Jacob rested his weary head at Bethel. When Ann Boleyn sat in this chair on that June morning, 1533, she little thought of the beheading block that lay in her path ahead. From the old Abbey she was brought to the throne of England amid the greatest rejoicing that perhaps this world has ever known. The river Thames was the scene of her triumphal entry, officers dressed in scarlet, choirs chanted national anthems along the river bank, and flags were adorned with bells that rang as they were stirred by the wind, as Ann Boleyn dressed in cloth of gold, and wearing a circlet of precious stones, stepped into the royal barge amid the sounding of trumpets and the shouts of a mighty kingdom. The horse that she rode to the palace was covered with gold and velvet, and led through streets adorned with scarlet, and defended by royal guards in coats of beaten gold, while fountains at every corner poured out to the thirsty nation streams of refreshing wine.

Did not this old Coronation Chair bring back to my mind the mightiest triumphal scene in all the history of Britain? But Ann Boleyn, the goddess bowing in Westminster Abbey to receive the crown of the empire, a few months later was Ann the adulteress, the apostate, the traitor, bowing her head in Tower Green to have her neck slashed off with a sword. Let the woman who would come in and steal the heart of another woman's husband, and trample on the affections of a true and lawful wife, take warning by this unfortunate queen.

For some reason unknown to me, no axe in all Britain could be used to cut off her cruel head, so a great sword was brought over from France to do the dirty work. Oh, how changing is the course of this old world! A crown in Westminster Abbey today, a heading block at Tower Green

tomorrow. The devil may be able to present the kingdoms of this world in a moment of time, but he cannot present them forever. Never was there a truer illustration of that vision which Christ had from the exceeding high mountain, than that which I have quoted from the history of England's unfortunate queen. Ann Boleyn was a special kind of a sinner, she came in between another woman and her husband, she flirted with Henry the Eighth, and broke the heart of his wife and children. She influenced Henry to divorce his wife, while she became his royal harlot and gave birth to an illegitimate child. She married in January, and in June of the same year, 1533, she was crowned in Westminster Abbey.

Don't let the devil deceive you, he counterfeited the mirage, one of God's great moving pictures, and used it as a means of destroying Jesus. And that is what Will Hayes, the Presbyterian elder, and the rich Jews in the "movie" business at Hollywood are doing today. Half nude women and girls that they put upon their screens will serve all right to feed up the lust and passion of the general crowd, but there must be something different for the church people, so they plagiarized the Bible -- The King of Kings, The Life of Jesus, the Ten Commandments, Lot's Wife, and other sacred things. Beware, beware! The modern movie is a mount of temptation where the devil leads millions, to deceive and lead them astray, as he vainly attempted to do with Jesus.

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Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. Matt. 2:2.

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12 -- THE STAR OF THE EAST

Stephen quoting Amos 5:26, referred the wicked Jews to their notorious idolatry. When they forsook the Lord and turned to idols, he says, You took up the tabernacle of Moloch, and carried about with you the star of your god Remphan. Moloch was the bull-headed god of the children of Ammon. It was made of sheet metal, and during sacrificial times fires were kindled in it. Into the arms of this burning idol the worshippers would cast their little children, then beat their drums, and shout the praises of Molech to drown the dying cries of their precious little babies.

This dreadful idol enclosed in tiny temples or tabernacles, the idolatrous children of Ammon carried with them wherever they went, and Stephen charges Israel with falling victims to the same awful sin. You have taken up the tabernacle of Moloch, and the star of the god Remphan. Remphan yeas an idol named after the planet Saturn, and in his honor they carried about little shrines like shining silver stars, it was the star of their god Saturn. This custom was very common among the heathen nations, their gods were named after the planets.

But the grand old magi Of the East were watching the heavens for another star that had not been corrupted or woven into heathen idolatry, and when that glorious star appeared, they said, It is His star, and we will go and worship Him.

The first mention of a bright manifestation in the heavens heralding the coming of the Messiah was made by Balaam, the witch doctor of Pathor. But this same Balaam was well acquainted with the unwritten tradition of the East that told of particular Stars appearing in the sky to announce the birth of great and mighty men.

Ancient tradition tells us that on the night of Abraham's birth his father Terah was entertaining a number of friends, among whom were magicians and wise men of king Nimrod (the man who built the tower of Babel). When these wizards were leaving the house they were attracted by a great new star, brilliant and glorious, and rising out of the East. As it arose higher in the heavens it increased in magnitude and power until it outshone or entirely eclipsed some of the brightest stars in the heavens, and the wise men of Nimrod said, this great new star must in some way be connected with the new born child of Terah, And as they pondered it over together they were more and more convinced of this truth, and at last went to Nimrod their great king and told him all that they had seen, and advised him what to do.

They said the great new star that we have seen in the Eastern sky has come to proclaim the birth of Terah's child. This child will grow to be great and mighty, and in the coming days through his descendants he will arise and overthrow the kingdom of Nimrod, therefore, if it please the king let him send to Terah's home and have the child destroyed. The king took their advice, and went to where the child was born, but the wonderful child was concealed, and Nimrod with the hope of killing him, destroyed the children of Terah's servants. But the child Abram was hid in a cave for ten years, until Nimrod had forgotten his star, then he was brought out and adopted into the family of father Noah, with whom he lived for thirty-nine years.

Here then is a story that has come down from the days of Noah hundreds of years before Balaam. It is a story of a great man's star, it also tells of a new born child whom the wicked king of that far off day wanted to kill. But that child was safely hid away, and innocent babes were murdered in his stead.

This ancient story is so much like the New Testament story of Jesus and His birth, that the skeptics may be inclined to think that the latter was copied from the former. But the star of Abraham is not all. Nearly a thousand years after Abraham's birth, and more than a thousand years before the birth of Jesus, Moses was born in Egypt, and it is a well known tradition that three years before he was born the Egyptian astronomers saw in the sky a new and wonderful star. This star they said was a sign that a child was to be born of Israelitish parents, that would arise and overthrow the power of Egypt unless he was destroyed.

With the story of the new star, the Egyptian wise men went to Pharaoh and told him that the star foretold that a mighty child would be born among the Hebrew slaves that would arise and endanger his throne, therefore, he had better take measures to prevent it. So king Pharaoh from that day gave strict orders that every male child born in Israel had to be killed, but after all his cruel scheming, Moses the deliver of Israel escaped.

You can see by these stories that the ancient wise men studied the heavens, and when new stars appeared they took it for granted that some remarkable personality had arrived on earth.

And as Balaam under strange inspirations had prophesied that some particular star would arise out of Jacob, the astronomers and wise men from Balaam's day onward were ever searching the heavens for the coming of that star. Therefore, it is no longer a question in my mind as to how or why the wise men of our text were aroused to move eastward in search of the new born Christ.

Everyone who has read anything on the line of astronomy knows well enough that there is a constellation or cluster of bright stars in the heavens that are called the "Virgo" or the "Virgin." This constellation on the charts of the sky is pictured like a beautiful woman holding a bundle of wheat in her hand. For six thousand years this sign has been regarded as the picture of the virgin who was to give birth to the Redeemer of the world. There is another star cluster not far from the "Virgo" called "Coma." This means the seed of a woman.

God showed Adam these heavenly pictures, and told him their names and what they meant. Adam told Seth and Enoch, Enoch told his son Methuselah, and as Methuselah lived six hundred years with Noah, he certainly told him about the starry pictures in the sky. Noah brought the news across the flood, and the first great new star that was noticed after the flood announced the birth of Abram. The next that was noticed announced the birth of Moses. Still after Moses Balaam said there would appear another star, and it was for this star that the wise men of my text had watched and waited.

Now listen, here is a fact written in the records of astronomy. According to Dr. Seiss, "Nine months before Jesus was born the beautiful 'Virgo' woman in the hour of midnight was seen on the meridian with the star of 'Coma' on her bosom. That was the sign of the conception of Jesus by the Holy Ghost. Nine months later this glorious woman at the same hour of the night was just arising out of the eastern sky in all her glory and brightness, and with one of the brightest stars in the heavens in her right hand."

And when our wise men who were astronomers saw this, they knew that Balaam's star had appeared and that the Messiah was now born.

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And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard o/ it; and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window. 2 Kings 9:30.

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13 -- THE PAINTED LADY

From all ages since king Ahab formed alliance with Ethbaal, king of the old Zidonians, and married his daughter Jezebel, the world has pointed back to that cruel woman as the queen of all that was evil and corrupt. No name since Cain killed Abel, or since the devil first deceived our mother Eve, has carried with it greater contempt and repulsiveness than the name Jezebel -- it is suggestive of all that is wicked, murderous and God-defying.

The seething condemnation of the Almighty for the church of Thyatira was because of a woman in its membership by the name of Jezebel. This woman claimed to be a prophetess, but at the same time she was wickedness incarnate. She seduced her fellow members to commit fornication, and to eat meats sacrificed to idols; she had gone beyond repentance, and with adulterers and the worst kind of sinners was condemned to the lowest hell.

The name Jezebel means chaste, pure, undefiled. But the creature of this story was named wrongly, and yet her parents may have seen in her as a little babe, the sweetest child that ever lived -- the pure, the undefiled, the precious little darling. But, alas for Jezebel, she grew up to be everything but pure! The surroundings of her early life had much, if not everything, to do with the making of the feminine fiend that Jezebel developed into. Her early training, especially in religious matters, was so rooted and grounded in her young life that she never broke away from it.

Her father and mother were staunch supporters of the vicious and licentious religion of the old Phoenicians. Indeed Jezebel's father, king Ethbaal, was named after the greatest of the Phoenician gods, and Ashtoreth his goddess before whom the women worshipped in shame and prostitution, was the feminine deity, at whose altar young Jezebel bowed continually. And when she grew up and became the wife and queen of Ahab, Israel's imbecile king, she brought all her religion with her.

In real matters of state Ahab was a weakling, and soon became a prey to his strong-willed, high-strung, religious wife. Moliere, the great French actor, contended that it was much more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom. And I am sure that Ahab must have realized this truth if he ever tried to tighten the lines on his remarkable Phoenician queen.

She compelled him to build a temple in the royal city of Samaria, plant a grove and erect there a colossal image of Baal the sun god. She opened a school in her home for heathen missionaries, and supported about eight hundred fifty priests of Baal from her own table. So successful was Jezebel in spreading her religion throughout the kingdom, that Elijah thought himself to be the only living servant of the true God, and Jezebel had sworn to kill him before the sun went down. But the Lord assured him that there were seven thousand others who had not yet bowed the knee to Baal. Apart from these seven thousand, Jezebel had won the kingdom.

I may state here that the law of the Hebrews made no provision for a woman to rule, and the only one who ever did sit upon their throne was Athaliah, the daughter of Jezebel. She reigned as queen, and made things hot for Judah for about six years. When king Ahaziah, the reigning king of Judah, had been slain by the sword of Jehu, his mother seized with ambition to be queen, succeeded in destroying all possible heirs to the throne, and reigned with her own hand. But a sister of the dead king fortunately rescued his baby son from the bloody massacre, and concealed him in some secret place in the temple.

When this lad was seven years old Jehoiada the high priest brought him forth to the people, and proclaimed him king. Athaliah tried to create an insurrection, but was quickly killed by order of the priest. What better could be expected from a daughter of Jezebel?

But in this address I am using Jezebel as the painted witch who tried in the very last minutes of her life to cast a withering spell over the mighty Jehu, who had come to destroy her. Jezebel knew well enough that woman carried in her person a mighty weapon, and as a last attempt she endeavored to use that weapon to screen her guilty head.

When Julius Caesar, the Roman emperor, would have killed Cleopatra, the queen of Egypt, 'the shrewd woman not only defeated, but conquered the mighty warrior. She had her body stripped and rolled up in a Persian rug, and when the rug was unfolded, and Caesar saw the form of the beautiful woman, he not only spared her life, but fell in love with her, and she became his royal harlot.

Jezebel attempted the Same game with Jehu, but it failed to work. The painting of her face, and dressing her head in the most attractive style, was done for the purpose of captivating Jehu. And I wonder if it would be wrong for me to say that their sisters in all ages of time, who have fallen victims to the same customs, have done so with the thought of capturing some Jehu, or attracting the attention of some prospective lover. It was certainly so in the East, and it may be probable that the custom in the West was inspired by the same base desire.

Jezebel hearing of Jehu's coming prepared herself to meet him. She saw no possibility of conquering him by the force of arms, so she prepared to appeal to that element in man that is likely to sweep him under when everything else fails. The appeal to passion and lust is the most deadly weapon of the devil, and in this respect Jezebel was a past master.

Handsome and attractive, with cheeks painted a charming pink, lips of the deepest red, eyebrows raven black, and her head and hair dressed and curled in the latest and most elaborate style, and sitting in her mansion window, she certainly presented a very bewitching picture -- such a picture as might have conquered David or Solomon, and perhaps some of our modern preachers, but Jehu was out for other business, and lifting his face toward her throne of lust, he shouted, "Who is on my side?" and receiving a favorable nod from two or three of her officers, "Throw her down, she is a cursed woman," he cried, and in another minute her blood was spattered on the pavement, her carcass was trampled by the hoofs of Jehu's war horses, and devoured by starving dogs. And thus there went on record that day one man that paint, powder, curls and lip-stick could not conquer.

I wonder if behind the beauty box, the bobbed hair, the exposed limbs, mixed bathing, cigarettes and lip-sticks, and the vulgar appearance of beautiful young women, and all this modern craze for pleasure, the devil has not laid his scheme in lust, an appeal to the opposite sex, as in the time of Jezebel.

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Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. 1 Cor. 9:25.

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My subject is not Bible, but a statement made by Dr. Daniel Polling, editor of the Christian Herald, when Floyd Bennett was brought to New York from Quebec in his coffin. Mr. Bennett certainly won the crown, and in the language of the world there may be no one more entitled to wear it than he. Had he been permitted to live, however, even though he did risk his life to bring relief to his stranded comrades of the sky, no mention would have been made of his crown. That would have been all lost sight of, as in the case of the man who went with him on that fatal trip. But because he died while on a mission of mercy and hope to the cast away fliers on Greenly Island, he certainly, living or dead, was entitled to wear the world's crown. When triple pneumonia entered that Quebec hospital, it did not recognize Floyd Bennett as a hero and first of all the human race to pilot a flying machine across the North Pole, nor did it consider his daring adventure to relieve the crew of the Bremen. All men are alike to death, it is only a fickle world like ours, subject to everlasting changes, that makes such discrimination among men.

We certainly admire every man that does anything to make the world known, to shorten distance, to hasten travel; and to bring the nations of the earth in closer fellowship with each other. For, in the end, such work must mean speed to the chariot wheels of God, and life and hope to millions sitting in darkness. The dreadful days of Henry Hudson, Sir John Franklin, David Livingstone, Mungo Park, Hans Egede, John Paton and Dr. Judson are past and gone. The awful silence of the equator and the poles is broken, there is a voice in the howling wilderness, and across the far-distant seas. There are wheels of lightning on the land, and wings of lightning in the air, and a man however religious, must be very short-sighted, if he failed to recognize the brave men who suffered and sacrificed, and in many cases died, while helping to make these great things possible. But if they do it alone for worldly fame and honor, then their crown is corruptible, and must surely pass away.

Alexander the Great who must always head the list of the world's mighty ones, is a fitting sample of what I mean. He conquered the known world in war, and wept for other battle-fields, but on June the 29th, 323 years before Jesus, a mosquito conquered him—he was stricken with fever, and after eleven days of intense suffering on a soldier's shield, in a garden of ancient Babylon, he lay down and died. And so tragic was the blow that all the world staggered, and Alexander's worshippers believed that the sun, the moon and stars would droop and die with him. But when this did not happen they decided that their god and hero must still appear to be alive, so they clothed his embalmed body in the most costly royal robes; they built for him a golden chamber, and high on a summit overlooking the city and the sea, they enthroned him, and set a golden chain of state around his body, and honored him as the emperor of all the world. But Alexander was dead, the corruptible crown with which the world had crowned him, faded away.

But Jesus lives, and all who believe in Him shall receive a crown of life that will never pass away. Millions of ages after Alexander has passed into lost and forgotten dust the crown that I shall receive from the wounded hand of the Son of God will still be growing brighter. Hear the apostle in my text, "They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."

The crown for the ancient victor in the Olympic games of Greece was made of the wild olive, for the winner in the Pithian games, the crowns were made of laurel, for the winner in the Nemen games it was made of parsley, and the winner in the Isthmian games was crowned with a

crown of pines. All these crowns were corruptible, and started to die as soon as they were plucked from the parent tree. They faded on the brow of the proud man who wore them, while the world was applauding their glory and honor was fast passing away. Not so with the heroes of the cross, the men and women whom Jesus crowns are crowned forever, and when the Pleiades and Orion, and Arcturus and his sons have all grown gray with age, I shall just begin to realize the meaning of my life on earth for Christ.

"When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun."

When God's conquering airmen come into their full reward the world's best will be like a faded leaf -- for them the landing fields of heaven will be all aflame with glory. The innumerable company of angels, the general assembly, the Church of the "first born," the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus Christ the mediator of the new covenant, will all be on hand to shout Him welcome to the skies. Oh, what a time! When the conquerors from the far flung battle line of the Church of God on earth come into their full reward.

We do not have to fly east from New York to Paris, or west from Ireland to a forced landing on a desolate rock on the coast of Labrador. We are not asked to risk our lives in attempts to reach the South or North Poles, nor is it necessary for us to break the speed limit on earth, or the altitude record in the air. We are not even required to swim the English Channel, or to beat up our fellow-man in brutal fistic battle. These are some of the things for which the world crowns its victors. But all that is required of us is to triumph over sin and follow the blessed Son of God-for such a victory as this we receive eternal honors.

Hear the old battle-scarred hero of a thousand struggles:

"I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom;

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine.

"For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching

"And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.

"But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: 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 also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. 4:1-8.

Man's fall into sin was the greatest tragedy that the world has ever known, and victory over that tragedy is the greatest triumph that can ever be achieved. The hero in the cause of Christ may endure the hardest trials, but he is headed for the brightest honors. He is a heir of God, a joint-heir with Christ, and full-fledged citizen of a glorious kingdom that will never pass away.

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Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! John 19:27.

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15 -- MOTHER

Immediately preceding my text there is another which differs from it only in one word, and when these two passages of scripture are put together we have the great thought of Jesus for all true family relationship. "Woman, behold thy son!" Here Christ addresses His mother as woman. This conveys no idea of disrespect on the Savior's part, "Woman" was a title of respect and high honor among the people of the East, and now that the relationship between Jesus and Mary was being severed, He spared her the pain and suffering that must have pierced her heart anew at the mention of the word Mother. Woman, consider no longer this crucified and dying man as thy son, but forever after look to John, whom I now appoint to be thy earthly guardian. Then turning to that disciple, he said, "Behold thy mother!" The blessed woman who had bowed herself and suffered among the cattle in the manger to give Him birth, and had started Him out on God Almighty's scheme for the salvation of a lost and fallen world was standing by the cross upon which her son was dying.

Eight days after He was born she took Him to the temple mount, and there under the inspiration of God, old Simon told her that her wonderful son was set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which should be spoken against, and that a sword would pierce through her soul, that the thoughts of many may be revealed. Now that awful time had come, she had watched Him, despised, abused and misrepresented for thirty years or more, and now the dogs of hell and the wild bulls of Bashan were let loose upon Him in all their fury.

A heartless mob arrested Him in Gethsemane, and literally dragged Him to Pilate's judgment hall, where, after a mock trial, He was beaten with a scourge of leather and bone, then compelled to carry the gibbet upon which He was to die, away to the top of the hill. Mary, with other women, had followed along the blood-marked trail of the cross. At first they stood just as near to the dying Christ as they could possibly stand. John mentions this, but Matthew and Mark speak of them standing afar off -- it is probable that the soldiers forced them to do so. But as He hung, crucified between two thieves, Mary was near enough to see Him die, and no mortal tongue can tell the agony and pain she suffered while her lovely Son hung on the bloody spikes with thorns around His brow. Not one of the evangelists even attempts to tell a single word she uttered. Her sorrow was too great for words. But His last words to her have been carefully handed down. The

mysterious link that bound her as an earthly mother to her child was now being severed, the human cord that connected her to Him now snaps forever. Jesus must lay down the garments of mortal flesh and gather about Himself the fadeless robes of immortality. But John must yet remain behind, therefore, He said to that disciple, "Behold thy mother!" From that moment John took Mary under his immediate care, and because of his love and faithfulness to her, the Lord allowed him to live on earth for nearly a hundred years. And after that I verily believe that he was translated to heaven without dying.

These words of Jesus to John I have taken for the text of this Mother's day message, and I want you to think of some of the things they suggest. Joseph was doubtless dead long before the crucifixion, and Jesus had been mainly responsible for Mary's earthly care and comfort, and now that the time had come for Him to sever all human relationship with her, John must take His place. In the words of my text, Jesus calls the attention of every young man and every young woman, every boy and every girl, to the mother who gave them birth. Behold your mother, and consider, well all that she suffered and all that it meant to her to give you life and birth. The weary nights of pain and anguish, the long and patient months of travail while she carried you under her heart. The love of a true mother for her child is second only to the love of God for a lost and fallen world. And because of this the love of a son or daughter for Mother should come next to the love of the truest saint for the Lord Jesus.

Long will there live in my memory the mothers in heathen night who brought their dead babies to me for burial. The children had died in their far-away hovels of mud, and rather than have their little bodies twisted up with grass ropes or raw cow-hide, then crowded into a post hole in. cruel heathen fashion, these mothers strapped the cold and lifeless little forms across their naked backs, then tramped for many miles, sometimes in the pitch darkness of night, that I might lay them in a Christian grave, and breathe the name of the dear Lord Jesus over their silent dust. May the rich blessings of God come down upon the mothers of the earth, whether mothers of darkness or mothers of light.

Never has a penman, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, sketched a more wonderful and gripping picture of mother's love than found in the great story told in the second book of Samuel:

It is a tragedy almost as deep as Calvary, and love almost as high as heaven. The seven sons of king Saul had been crucified on a hill overlooking the beautiful valley of their young and youthful days. They had done no wrong that deserved to be punished with such cruel deaths, but they were crucified because of the sins of their father. When they were dead they might have been taken down and laid in some cave or hole in the ground, but no, instead of a grave, they were sentenced to hang for six months from the gibbets on which they died. Rizpah, one of Saul's unmarried wives, was the mother of two of these boys, and in the breast of that unwed mother there could never beat a truer heart of love. "And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." For 180 days and nights this faithful mother guarded the whitened and withered skeletons of her boys. Wrapped up in sackcloth, or a rough coarse shawl, she crouched on the rock by the feet of her darlings, and every time the wind sighed across their exposed sinews, or rattled among their fleshless bones, it sent pangs through her mother heart that none but God could know. When at

night the wild beasts came to lap their blood or tear their flesh from the chains and spikes that held them fast, she sprang to her feet, seized her club and chased them away with a courage that only outraged mother love can feel, By day when the vultures and other birds came with bloody talons and ravenous beaks to feast upon the carcasses, she climbed the cross and beat them back, and kept on doing so until king David was touched with the love of her broken heart and ordered the skeletons buried. Here is a picture of mother love that must be held in the highest esteem as long as the world shall last. And this great love is akin to that which beats in the heart of every true and faithful mother. No wild beast, no vulture or mountain eagle, no storms, no sufferings, could drive Rizpah from her love watch at the feet of her murdered boys. She loved them in life, she loved them in death: yes, she loved them after death.

If there is a fiend on earth that ought to die for his crime, it is a kidnapper who steals a child and crushes a mother's heart with anguish a thousand times worse than death. A prison under ground is the safest and most secure place for a contemptible wretch like that. Rizpah in her after-death watch not only speaks of mother love in life, but in death. Aye, and beyond the grave she still keeps watch.

The following verses are a tribute to my own darling Mother who went away from me nearly forty years ago:

MY MOTHER

I know my Mother waits for me
Beyond the sunset skies,
And some fair morn I'll meet her there,
Where no one ever dies.

The cold and silent river
Doth now between us roll--
I stand on time's dark, chilly banks,
She, on the streets of gold.

I brush the gathering dews of night,
With her the morn awakes;
The fair, sweet morn of Paradise,
In fadeless glory breaks.

She lives beyond the touch of death,
Beyond the blight of sin--
Safe from the strife of mortal tongues,
And time's dark, ceaseless din,

Hail blessed morn, when we shall meet!
With all Our trials past,
Shut in from all the storms of time,
Safe home with Christ at last.

Ring all the bells of glory then,
When Christ and Mother dear
Shall greet me on the streets of gold
In heaven's morning fair.

* * * * *

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. Rev. 21:5.

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16 -- THE GREAT NEW AGE

It is not my purpose in this address to dwell on the new and wonderful ages so often promised by man. Man is a dying creature, and upon all that his brain can scheme, or his hands create there is the touch of death.

From a world's standpoint, man's brightest days will sink in night, his sun will set behind the deep, dark clouds of threatening disappointment, and his brightest and most enduring enterprise will fade away like mist before the rising sun. The Pharaohs may build the Pyramids, and ancient ages may create the mighty Sphinx, but coming ages will see them crumble and pass completely away. Here we have no continuing city, but we seek a city to come, whose Builder and Maker is God.

The civilizations of ages past are dusty and almost forgotten relics in the great museums of the age that is upon us now, and in like manner the civilization of today will be but dust and ashes on the highway of tomorrow, and unless we anchor our faith to something more enduring than the best that man can promise, we are doomed to failure and eternal disappointment. The brightest of man's promised glories is like the mystic bag of gold barred by the end of the rainbow. The sun sets, the bow vanishes, and night creeps over the earth before the precious bag is found. But the great new age of undimmed and deathless glory that God has promised is certain to come. Righteousness will yet cover the earth as the waters cover the mighty sea. Sin will be compelled to retreat to its dark and dismal hiding place, nevermore to scheme with murderous brain, or blight with blood-stained fingers the things of time and sense. But it will take something more than wireless telegraphy, television and fuelless engines of industry to usher in the great new time that God has promised. Sin, the nightmare of the universe, is not eradicated by the coming of new inventions.

For six thousand years sin has defied man's great attempts to regenerate the world, it has challenged his greatest intelligence and ability to put on the market a remedy for evil. In man's most prospective moment, when he dreamed of Utopia settling down from pole to pole, sin laughed him to scorn, changed his ambitious glory to a passing joke, and lashed our poor old, suffering world with a more severe and cruel scourge than ever before. But across the frowning horizon I glimpse the breaking dawn, the light of the morning-star is filtering through the murk and gloom of sin's dark, dreary night, the great new day will soon awake, the Sun of Righteousness will shortly

spread His wings of healing and change our brokenhearted, suffering, dying, graveyard world into all that God has promised it to be. Not only will downtrodden, sin-cursed and abused mankind lift up his weary head, but all creation will feel the thrill of God's new day.

The apostle in the eighth chapter of Romans tells us that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, and that the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. Nor shall they wait in vain, for the apostle says again, The creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Please note that the creature mentioned here is not the child of God, nevertheless, the creature is to be delivered from its bondage and brought out into the glorious liberty of God's own children. I have always felt that somewhere, sometime, the suffering beast of the earth will be compensated for all the cruelty and hard treatment suffered at the merciless hands of men. And here the Holy Spirit declares they shall be delivered from it all, and allowed to share in the glorious liberty of the sons of God. I dare not venture beyond that which is written, but by some means well known to the Eternal, the suffering brute creation shall be benefited by the atonement made by Jesus Christ on the cross. In the great days coming the dumb creatures of the earth, cursed by man's sin, will certainly share in man's redemption. The lash, the curse, the gun, and the butcher's knife will be no more their reward for service given.

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

"And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

"And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

If the coming age will mean so much for the dumb creatures of our earth, think of all it is going to mean for the intelligent sons of men. The war god that for six thousand years has carried on his carnival of death, feeding on the broken hearts of nations, and making the world slippery with the blood of millions slain, will fall into his deep, dark tomb, no more to know a resurrection. Man will be free from his age-long struggle with Sin. Indeed, Sin shall have lost its power, and when this bat-winged tyrant of the universe has been put out of commission there will suddenly come over the face of all creation such a mighty change as mortals have never seen this side of the Garden of Eden. Sorrow and sickness and all forms of suffering will never more be known, death will be robbed of its devastating scourge -- for the Lord will swallow up death in victory, and wipe all tears away. The grave will never again conceal from our vision the arms that embraced us, nor the lips of affection that kissed away our care, for in that glad new age to come no one shall evermore die. Old age, gray hair and wrinkles will never mark the passing of our years, or herald the evening time of life.

For the old will be young there forever,

Transformed in a moment of time--
Immortal we'll stand in His likeness,
The stars and the sun to outshine.

"He that sat upon the throne said, behold I make all things new. And he that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

KINGDOM OF CHRIST AMONG MEN

Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third he'aven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

"The God of glory down to men
Removes His blessed abode;
Men the dear objects of His grace,
And He their loving God.

"His own soft hands shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

"How long, dear Savior, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day."

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Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring thee a red heifer without spot, wherein is no blemish, and upon which never came yoke. Numbers 19:2.

* * *

17 -- THE TRAIL OF THE LITTLE RED COW

The crimson heifer that was burned to ashes and mingled with the waters of separation, the sprinkling of which made men ceremonially free from the defilement of death and sin, was sacrificed outside the tabernacle door. Therefore, it was altogether fitting that Christ, who was foreshadowed by this stainless creature, should suffer without the gate.

This dying of Christ outside the camp was meant to settle forever the one great fact that the remedy for the world's guilt is far beyond the walls of all our earthly camps. However grand or elaborate, educated or wealthy our earthly organizations may be, there can be found in none of them a remedy for sin. Then away outside the camp! Away to the cross! Away to Calvary, where Jesus suffered, bled and died!

Dr. Talmage once said, "To the hill of Calvary all the patriarchs and prophets pointed forward, to the hill of Calvary all the martyrs and apostles pointed backward, to the hill of Calvary all heaven pointed downward, and to the hill of Calvary all hell pointed upward."

Around the hill of Calvary circled the history of all time and all eternity. Painters have with it covered the mightiest canvases, and sculptors have cut it in the richest marble. In its name earth's orchestras have rolled their grandest music. The Church of all ages has lifted her most wonderful doxologies to it, and in its honor heaven has built its highest and most worthy throne. Calvary in itself was no better than the little hill on the other side of your father's field, but a single blood-drop from the heart of the world's Redeemer has lifted it out of the dunghill, and made it forever the gem-jewel in the crown of an endless universe. That sin-cleansing, world renewing blood of Jesus was traced through the dim and distant ages of four thousand years in the blood of bulls, goats and heifers, pigeons and turtle doves -- none of which could make the sinner sinless, or let the captive free.

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

"But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they."

There is a story told in history of a Scythian herdsman, who discovered that one of his heifers was bleeding in the foot. He traced the blood marks of the wounded beast until he came upon a great and wonderful sword lying in the grass. Mystified by his discovery, the cow-boy forgot his heifer, and ran with the sword to Attila, who afterward became the notorious king of the Huns.

When Attila saw the great sword that had been found in the blood-marked trail of the wounded heifer, he seized the weapon, flashed it high in the air, clapping his hands and crying with

great delight, "It is the sword of Mars, it is the sword of Mars, and he who possesses it shall rule the world." Thus inspired, Attila enthroned himself as king of all the Scythian tribes, and with his mighty army of furious murderers, he swept across the face of the earth like a devastating storm. Macedonia, Greece and Rome dropped down and died before him. From the banks of the Rhine to the forest of Scandinavia, and from the shores of the Baltic to the head of the Adriatic Sea, Attila's victims lay in garments rolled in blood. Fair Germany and beautiful France together, with the whole of Continental Europe, trembled in the grip of the merciless Hun, who carried into battle the mighty sword of Mars, that was found by the herdsman of Scythia in the trail of the bleeding heifer.

Rejoice my soul and be exceeding glad, for in the blood-marked trail of the crimson heifer of my text there has been found a mightier power than the sword of Mars, and a grander and more noble conqueror than Attila, the king of the Huns!

The shepherds found my Savior wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. Wise men from the far off East rejoiced with exceeding great joy. The virgin mother brought Him to the temple mount. Anna, the aged prophetess, shouting and leaping in the courts of God, declared that Christ was the light of the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel. And Simeon the sage, the venerable, the holy, took him in his arms, and cried aloud, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

And still the honor of the new born Christ rolls on -- at His majestic word, nature withers and dies, the raging of the tempest is hushed, and the turbulent sea lies down as quiet as a lamb. His touch restores the blind man's sight, and the dead walked out of the sepulchre responsive to His call.

"Hear Him, ye deaf, praise Him, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy."

But this is not all. On Calvary I thrust my hands in a crimson fountain, then lift them toward heaven, and cry, "It is the blood of Christ, it is the blood of Christ," and he who by faith receives it shall do more than rule a world like this for a few brief, fleeting years. All who are washed in this crimson fountain may be kings and priests of the Lord and His dear Christ forever and forever.

One thousand five hundred years ago Attila the Hun laid in the dust the boasted pride of Europe, and held aloft the sword tipped standard of his wild crusade, but he lost everything. He lost his power, he lost his kingdom, and saddest of all he lost his wretched soul. For while preparing for his final triumph, he was suddenly seized by spasms brought on by drunkenness and died in a minute. His world dream was over, and the deluge of blood which started with a few drops from the foot of a wounded heifer now ceased to flow forever, and Attila and his empire fell, never to rise again. It was the boast of his followers that grass never grew on earth once pressed by the feet of Attila's war horse. Now the grass grows over his miserable dust, and his worthless name is a curse on the pages of history. But how different that other warrior who came in the trail of the bleeding heifer of my text. It is true He fell in the battle, but the victim was the victor.

Who is there among us who has not read Shakespeare's setting of the murder of Julius Caesar by his friend Brutus, and the eulogy over his body by Mark Antony. Antony mounting the rostrum recounted the wonderful things that Caesar had done, especially stressing his sacrifice and suffering for the glory and honor of Rome, but when he reached his climax, and the feeling of the multitude was at its highest tension, he cried, "O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs over? And you (his murderers) whose purple hands now reek and smoke, fulfill your pleasure in me. For, if I live a thousand years I shall not find myself so apt to die: No place of death could please me so as by the side of Caesar. Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth. Thou art the noblest man that ever lived in all the tide of time. Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood! My heart is in the coffin with Caesar, and I must pause until it comes back to me." Then pointing to the holes in his robes made by the daggers of the murderers, he cried, "See here, sweet Caesar's wounds." Then the crowd maddened, and wild with excitement, seized their weapons and torches, and rushed into the streets of Rome, determined to kill every man they met who had anything to do with Caesar's death.

O blessed Christ! Benefactor of the human race and Savior of the world, may Thy bleeding wounds and broken heart speak to us all in thunder tones! Yes, they killed Him on Friday, buried Him in Joseph's tomb, but in the dawning of the third day angels as swift as the morning light flew down from the gates of glory. The soldiers of Rome toppled over like dead men, the seal of Caesar was broken, the defiant stone rolled down the hillside, and Christ, my Christ, blessed be His glorious Name forever, walked out of the grave a conqueror over death!

Behold the Savior of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

Hark, how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marble rends.

'Tis done! The precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul!" He cries:
See where He bows His sacred head --
He bows His head and dies.

But soon He'll break death's envious chain
And in full glory shine;
"O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?"

Now hear, all earth, and tremble, all hell, while heaven celebrates in honor of His name, as the "Hallelujah Chorus" rolls down the avenue of glory. I hear the majestic voice of Jesus above the highest note, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore." Then in

the mighty crescendo that swells and pours, and reverberates through the mansions of the skies, I catch the sound of voices from the ends of the earth, Thou art worthy, they say. For thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every nation and kindred, and people and tongue. Once shackled by sin they were, but Jesus broke the shackles. Once mastered by sin, but Jesus conquered their master. Once slaves of the devil on earth, but now they are God's free men in heaven.

Ah, that great multitude that no man can number, that came out of great tribulation, all washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore, are they ever before the Throne of God, they can hunger no more, neither can they thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall lead them unto fountains of living water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Soon the Man of Calvary will return. Hear the grand old Methodists sing:

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign."

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Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. St. John 14:1.

* * *

18 -- LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED

Around us everywhere there are those who are deprived of privileges that many of us enjoy. There are the shut-ins and invalids confined to beds of suffering and pain, there are the blind and the paralyzed, who cannot see their way, or walk to the house of God. In hospital wards and homes for the aged and feeble minded, the needy watch and wait. There are heartaches, sorrows and suffering, bereavement and disappointment all around, and it is to my friends of these particular classes that I want to speak at this time.

If Jesus Christ were here, as once He was in human flesh, He would stop your pain, heal your diseases, bind up your broken hearts and wipe away your tears. But is He not the same Almighty Friend of sinners as when He walked the shores of time? Yes, He is "the same yesterday, today and forever." The passing of the ages has, and will continue to wash from the pages of memory the names of this world's great and mighty ones. The Pharaohs are gone, Nebuchadnezzar is gone, Alexander the Great is gone, Julius Caesar is gone, Napoleon Bonaparte is gone -- and only as their moldering mummies are brought out from their rock-hewn caves, their names discovered in ancient brick, or on the cold and yellow pages of some long neglected book, are they ever brought to mind. But the name of Jesus of Nazareth will brighten with the circles of time, and

throughout an endless eternity it will swell and roll, and echo like the sound of mighty thunders, and the voice of many waters. For God has given Him a name above every other name in heaven and in earth, and at that name every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess to the glory of God.

The eternal Christ is yours and mine tonight in just as real a sense as when He wore our human flesh, and lived among the sons of men. Then with bereaved and broken hearted sisters He wept at the grave of their dead and buried brother. With a touch of compassion and power He restored a dead boy to the arms of his weeping, widowed mother. A little girl of twelve came back to life at His call. Sickness, sadness and death were disarmed and robbed of their power, when Christ my Lord was here, and in spirit He is just the same today.

"Hear Him, ye deaf, Hail Him, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ,
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,
And leap ye lame for joy."

I know that Christ has passed into the heavens, but His ascension to the right hand of His Father God, has not detracted from His power. He is still Almighty. He is still EMMANUEL, "God with us." I cannot see Him with my natural eyes, nor hear Him with my natural ears, but in times of temptation, trial and pain I lift my burdened heart to Him, and instantly His loving voice stills the raging tempest, and His almighty hand smoothes the rough and rugged road. Look up, dear heart, ask Him to heal your sin-sick soul, then believe His Word, and invite Him to touch your pain-wracked, suffering body, for He is God of the body as well as the soul. While for the present time He is at the right hand of God's eternal throne, we have the strongest assurance that it is only a little while when the same blessed Jesus that the men of Galilee watched passing into the heavens from the slopes of old Mount Olivet will come again in like manner as they saw him go. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: 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."

At His glorious appearing His waiting Church will be raptured away from the earth and closeted with Himself, somewhere in the radiant heavens, there to remain until the tribulation, or the time of Jacob's trouble is passed, and the great marriage supper of the Lamb has been performed. Then the blue sky will open, and the mighty Christ will come to our earth, not only to see His people, but to abide with them forever. He will then set up His kingdom, with His throne at Jerusalem, and reign as the world's king for a thousand years. At the close of that grand millennium the earth and the heavens will appear in the glory of their new creation, and Christ will be the Lord of lords unto the ages of ages. Ah, my friends, we have only a little while to be separated from the glorious person of our Lord and Savior, only a little while to bear His reproach without the camp, only a little while and the curse will be forever lifted, and sickness, suffering, pain and death will disappear. Time in its hurried flight may wrinkle my brow, and change the color of my hair, but time will soon forget me. Jesus will soon be here, then I with Him shall be eternal, nevermore to die, nevermore to sin or sorrow.

Not long ago I stood on the bold bluff of an African mountain, and watched the sun go down. Many times we had seen it sink behind the same dark hills, but on this occasion its wonderful glory appeared to eclipse anything that we had ever seen before. Great waves of light rolled across the dark face of the sky, and dashed like ocean billows on the gathering clouds of night, trimming every rugged edge with gold, and transforming every towering peak into a lighthouse on the coast of heaven. From the fountains of the better land poured gushing floods of indescribable brightness. The rough path across the cloudy firmament seemed changed to sparkling sapphire as the golden-slippered king of day stepped out to bid the world good-night. The drooping hills looked up and smiled, the crouching valleys with hands of fire climbed up the rocky slopes. The trees, plants and vegetation shook from their crimson finger-tips bright tokens of affection, as their lover passed behind the falling curtain. The grim old rocks were encased with gold, and heathen kraals were changed into palaces of light. God's heavenly ring was placed upon the dusky hand of earth, and the two were joined in holy wedlock, and were made partakers of the same bright nature. Then, like a bride and groom in honeymoon excursion, they seemed to sail toward the west over one great sea of flame.

But the happy union was quickly broken up. The evening shadows forced a bill of divorcement, and the golden link was severed. The sun passed through the western gate and the earth dropped back into the dark embrace of night. Most gladly would we have followed the sparkling path of our heavenly visitor, but it hurried on to complete its appointed circle, and we were left on the cold, damp mountain-side.

Such can never be the experience of souls united to their Lord. No darkness will sever their heavenly connection, or compel them to remain behind, but they two shall be one forever. "At even time it shall be light."

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

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!"

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These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them ajar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims. Heb. 11:13.

* * *

The writer of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews was very careful to select as the heroes of faith those who had passed forever away, and were therefore safe. There is no danger of this chapter being spoiled by the downfall of any whose names are written therein. Their names are registered in the Hall of Fame to be erased no more forever.

It is dangerous to say great things about men or women as long as they are living on the devil's territory. The most of us have heard of men, and women as well, who were held in the highest esteem for their works' sake. They were spoken of as princely preachers, silver-tongued orators, marvelous soulwinners, excellent evangelists, great leaders of men, clever organizers, bright minds, wonderful wit, striking personality, deep piety, convincing ability, and many other wonderful things were said of them. But while they were being thus lauded and billed over the country a thunder cloud of immorality, dishonesty, deception or fraud, overshadowed their excellent glory, eclipsed all their brightness, blighted all their prospects, spoiled their lives and work.

We often criticize the elaborate display of flowers laid about the graves or coffins of the dead, but many of the dead would not appreciate the flowers if presented to them while alive. Let the friends of the departed derive all the comfort and consolation possible from the roses and lilies they bring. When the soul has passed on to another world, where'er that world may be, all that can be said or done by those who are left behind will have no effect upon it. Flowers laid on a wicked man's coffin, or planted over his grave, will never bloom in hell. And the glories of heaven are so far in advance of this world that our loved ones there do not rejoice over our eulogies or our gifts.

The heroes of our chapter had passed to their reward long before their names were recorded in God's great Hall of Fame, the eleventh of Hebrews. Some of them had been with the Lord three thousand years or more, and the very latest of the list had spent nine or ten decades in heaven, therefore, there was no possible danger of the records being spoiled by any blunders that they might make. On earth some of them had many faults, they made great mistakes, and fell into glaring sins, but they were forgiven and restored to fellowship and communion with God, and passed away in the triumph of faith, and their names are in the register of heaven, and the records of earth as being the greatest heroes and heroines of all time.

September 6, 1925, I had the great pleasure of visiting America's Hall of Fame. I was somewhat disappointed, for it was not exactly what I expected to find. I had seen many famous places of the old country, but this American institution was so different from them all. It was rather a new thing, and had not yet taken on the air of a thousand years or more. It was only March 5, 1900, when the Council of New York University accepted a gift of \$100,000 for the erecting of this building. It was to stand on University Heights, and be known as the Hall of Fame for great Americans. Only those born on American soil, and who had been dead for ten years or more, were eligible.

The honored names were to be selected from fifteen classes of citizens -- authors, editors, educators, inventors, missionaries, business men, explorers, philanthropists, reformers, preachers, theologians, scientists, engineers, architects, lawyers, judges, musicians, painters, sculptors, physicians, surgeons, rulers, statesmen, soldiers and sailors.

Fifty names were to be inscribed at the beginning, and five additional names for every five years thereafter for two hundred years. And just as it should be, the honored list in the Hall of Fame started with George Washington, then followed Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, General Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel F. B. Morse, David Farragut, Henry Clay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Robert Lee, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Mann, James Kent, Joseph Storey, John Adams, Gilbert Stewart, and Asa Gray. But to this list there have been recently added seven of America's noblest women: Mary Lyons, Emma Willard, Alice Palmer, Mira Mitchell, Frances Willard, Charlotte Cushman, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

As already mentioned, the first list was selected from fifteen different classes of citizens, and while the ages come and go, kingdoms rise and fall, they remain unchanged. George Washington will never breathe another prayer at Valley Forge, Lincoln will never deliver another speech on a field of bloody battle, Webster will never defend another case, Grant, never command another army, Jefferson, never write another Constitution, and Admiral Farragut will never fire another signal gun. Their records are made to stand unbroken through all time and all eternity. So also it is with the fifteen men and women" selected from fifteen classes of citizens, dead for thousands of years, and recorded in God's great Hall of Fame (eleventh Hebrews).

Abel was a pioneer, Enoch a preacher, Noah a carpenter, Abraham a missionary, Sarah a housewife, Isaac a well-digger, Jacob a shepherd, Joseph a statesman, Moses a law-giver, Gideon a ruler, Barak a soldier, Samson an athlete, Jephtha a judge, Samuel a prophet, and Rahab a hotel keeper. If I should take the time, some special lesson may be found in every individual in America's Hall of Fame, but being much better acquainted with the Bible than with the history of America, I prefer to draw lessons from the heroes inscribed in the Hall of Fame now under consideration. The things accomplished by those undying heroes as mere men of the world are entirely eclipsed by the great things that they accomplished through faith.

"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts, and by it he being dead yet speaketh." Here is the George Washington, the forerunner and founder of our great religion of faith in the shed blood. He has a right to the first place in the Hall of Fame; for apart from the principles laid down by him the great system of vicarious atonement could have no meaning for us. Abel's faith points to the blood of Christ, the sure and only foundation upon which the Church can stand.

"By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." The faith of Enoch is one of God's great guarantees to us, that we, having been saved by blood, may live in this wicked, sin-cursed world with a holy heart, and live ready to meet Jesus in the air.

Noah's faith looked beyond death to a coming judgment day, and the preparation that he made for that awful time carried him safely through, while the world and all that was therein perished.

The faith of Abraham went farther than the judgment day, he believed that there was a city prepared for him whose builder and maker was God

"By faith Isaac blessed Jacob and Esau concerning things to come." This is faith for coming glory, not only an entrance into the city, but the blessed God, who hath given Christ for us, "will with Christ also freely give us all things." Crowns, kingdoms, thrones, powers and glory greater than our highest earthly conception are awaiting those who are faithful unto death.

"By faith Jacob blessed both the sons of Joseph." That dying act of the old patriarch as he leaned on the top of his staff, made a great change in the lives of Ephraim and Manasseh. From that moment they were adopted into the family of Jacob, and were ever after to take their places among the great and mighty tribes. Jacob's faith points to the time of our eternal adoption into the family of heaven, when we shall become heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, the ever blessed Son.

By faith Joseph gave commandment concerning his bones. When the children of God went out of Egypt his bones had to come out of the graveyard, out from among the wicked dead, and go with the living ones to a brighter and a better country.. This is faith for a part in the first resurrection, and a triumphant ascent with the living saints to meet the Lord in the air.

By faith the parents of Moses hid their child three months from the tribulation of Egypt, and the wrath of an infuriated king. Their names are not mentioned, but I cannot pass them by, for their work is commemorated in the Hall of Fame. Their faith looked forward to that blessed time when the saints shall hide with Christ in the air, while the tribulation judgments are in the earth. Moses by faith forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king, for he endured as seeing Him who is invisible. This suggests the final victory over the devil, and eternal home life with our glorious Master and Lord.

The remainder of the names and records written here have to do principally with victories gained on earth. Rahab was a heathen, but she was saved from the judgments of Jericho by faith in the scarlet rope, and the promise she had entertained. Gideon's faith destroyed his father's groves and broke down the idols of Israel. Barak's faith believed in the divine revelation as given by God to Deborah. Samson's believed in the special movings of the Spirit. Jephtha's faith laid hold upon the old Scriptures, and the faith of dear old Samuel teaches us that the God whom we serve will go with us down to old age and hoary hairs.

David subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness, Caleb and Joshua obtained their promised possessions in Canaan, Daniel stopped the mouths of lions. The three holy children quenched the violence of fire. Elijah escaped the sword of Jezebel. Hezekiah was healed of his weakness for fifteen years. Shamgar killed six hundred men with an ox goad. The women who waited on Elijah and Elisha both received their dead back to life again. Isaac was mocked by Ishmael, and Elisha was mocked by forty children. The prophet Zechariah was stoned to death, and Isaiah was sawn asunder. Elisha and Elijah and many more of the holy prophets wore the skins of animals, and were driven to the dens and caves of the mountains to save their lives. And thus hath it pleased the Almighty God to have some of their names and deeds recorded in His great Scriptural Hall of Fame, to be erased no more forever.

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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. Rev. 19:11.

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20 -- THE RIDER ON THE WHITE HORSE

For some reason best known to the Almighty, the horse has been given a great place in scripture, at least two hundred twenty times this noble animal is brought out before us in the great Book of God. It is first mentioned by Jacob (Gen. 49:17), where the tribe of Dan is referred to as a snake in the grass watching to bite the horse's heels, that the frightened animal may throw its rider and kill him. It is last referred to by John, where Jesus Christ is spoken of as riding His white horse from heaven. That heavenly charger will not be bitten and frightened by snakes in the grass, nor will its all-conquering rider be thrown from the saddle. But down the opening heavens He rides to crush the bloody head of the last vile snake of hell, and to chase forever from their hiding places the sneaking, treacherous enemies of righteousness and truth.

The evolutionists tell us that this noble creature sprang from some four-toed cur of the field, and that in ages long remote it was as stupid as a bull frog, and no larger than a jack-rabbit. But it is a great question if there ever was a time when the horse or even a bull frog was as stupid as some of the strong advocates of the groundless and senseless theory of evolution.

When Abraham walked this earth the horse was a much more wonderful creature than it is today. With the mighty leviathan that plowed in ancient waters, and behemoth that could drink up a brook, and draw up Jordan with his mouth, the eternal God classed the horse as a wonder of creation. He said to His servant Job who lived with, or before Abraham, "Hast thou given the horse his strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth forth to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. He walloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

This wonderful creature described by the Almighty four thousand years ago does not look like the diminutive hen-foot cur that Charles Darwin and his followers have brought our horse up from. This world owes a debt to the horse that it can never repay.

The British king Richard at the close of the "War of the roses," rode a great white horse, and when that noble creature fell under him, and he could no longer rally his army, he cried, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." From remote ages the horse has been the great vehicle of victory. Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Caesar, Attila, the king of the Huns, and Lord Wellington gained their mightiest victories on horses. Yes, from every page of history the horse, fleet, bold and never afraid, comes bounding into notice. Brodecia, a queen of ancient Britain, mounted her snow-white horse, dashed furiously through the streets arousing her warriors to arise and avenge

the outrages of bloody Rome, and to clear the intruders out of the land. A great white horse carried Constantine across the plains of Europe to become the master of the world. Richard the "lion heart" on his lily-white charger confronted Saladin the mighty Turk at the tomb of Jesus Christ. Napoleon rode in triumph through the cities of Europe on a horse. On horses the brave six hundred of the "Light Brigade" made their deathless charge on the guns of Balaklava. On a horse as white as snow Joan of Arc chased the Britons out of France. And Cromwell led his mighty and always victorious "Ironsides" in the same manner. And it was on a horse that Paul Revere, the young Boston soldier, rode through the night from Charlestown to Lexington, to warn American minute men of the British advance on Concord.

In Deut. 17:16 Israel's king was forbidden to multiply horses, but this prohibition was not because it was sinful to raise the horse, but because other nations had made a god of it, and Jehovah did not want His people to fall into such idolatry. David said in Psalm 20:7, "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

Among all the creatures ever made, the horse comes next to man in the language of the holy Scriptures. There is no four-footed beast, nor winged creature, nor creeping thing, nor fish of the sea, apart from those offered in sacrifice, that is so prominently connected with Jesus Christ in His great redemptive plan as the horse. It is true that He employed the donkey, and the eagle is often referred to, but on horse-back, or behind chariot horses, both Jesus Christ and angels appear many times on the pages of holy writ. Zechariah saw Him riding a red horse, surrounded by angels mounted on red, white and speckled horses. Again the same prophet saw four angelic chariots drawn by black, white, bay and grisled horses. The prophet Habakkuk says of Christ, "Thou didst ride upon thine horses and thy chariots of salvation." He sent out horses and a chariot of fire to take Elijah to heaven, and filled the mountains of Samaria with horses of living flame to protect His servant Elisha.

When the first seal of the Apocalypse opens, Jesus, armed with a bow, and a crown upon His head, drives forth on a white horse. And here in my lesson, on His heavenly charger He leads the swordless cavalry of heaven. "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. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called the Word of God. And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS."

The marriage of the Lamb had just been celebrated in the sky. Christ and His blood washed Church had entered into more permanent, and eternal relationship. The time had come for the Great Captain of our salvation to gird on His Sword and ride majestically down to the last great conquest, and settle forever in Armageddon battle His right to rule and reign over the world for which He died. So the blue arch of heaven splits open, and the mighty conqueror on His white horse gallops through the unfolding gates of the sky, followed by myriad of redeemed sinners, not angels -- all dressed in fine linen clean and white, and mounted on white horses. This is the grand

strategic moment for which the blood washed of our poor world have wept and prayed for six thousand years. To this grand climax of our Savior's triumph the patriarchs and prophets ever pointed. The scene is indescribable -- millions of heavenly horsemen riding down the great blue way, led by Immanuel, the conquering Son of God. The horse that He rides is white, denoting the purity and the righteousness of the cause for which He is coming.

Six thousand years ago the great Creator handed over this new-made world to our first parents, spotless and without sin, sorrow, sickness, suffering or death. But the arch enemy of the race by deceitfulness and lying intrigue spoiled the plan, and for sixty centuries our eyes have been filled with tears, our hearts breaking, our loved ones dying, and our graveyards have been filling up. Now the lawful Lord of the vineyard comes to rout the vile intruder, and forever put an end to the blood and death, and tears that have rolled like a mighty tidal wave from the gates of Eden to the close of the Armageddon war. I shall not in this address attempt to describe the bloody battle that immediately follows the appearing of Christ and His white robed army. That I will do in my address on "The Closing Battle of Time."

Here I want you to see Jesus not meek and lowly and riding upon the foal of an ass to meet His death on Calvary, but majestic, mighty, glorious, wonderful and all conquering; riding down to the last great conquest of the ages to banish suffering, pain and sorrow; to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for the garment of mourning -- to bind up forever the brokenhearted, to comfort all that mourn in Zion, to wipe all tears from off all faces, to swallow up death in eternal victory, and to establish, never to be interrupted, the acceptable year of the Lord.

For six thousand years the red horse of war and bloodshed, the black horse of famine, distress and plague, and the pale horse of death with hell following at its heels, has been racing the white horse of Jesus Christ. But here the race is won -- famine and bloodshed will strike its last dastardly blow, and death will be swallowed up in victory, to know no resurrection. David by the Spirit saw this great triumph of Jesus, and enthusiastically exclaimed, "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty. And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy hand shall teach thee terrible things. Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee." Psalm 45.

The heavenly rider is called Faithful and True. Long, long have deception and falsehood ruled and reigned in the high places of this old world. The race was started on its downward course with lies and falsehood emblazoned on its black banner, and through the ages since the instigator of the vile plot has been the royal guest of honor. But the mighty champion comes at last, and as He unsheathes His glittering sword and rides down the opening heavens all manner of falsehood, lies and trickery must flee before Him like a thunder cloud swept from the face of the sky by a great and mighty wind. In Him mercy and truth are met together -- righteousness and peace have kissed each other. The majesty of the scene is thrilling beyond description.

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THE END