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MALICE
By John B. Culpepper

Author of
To Men Only, etc.

Newby Book Room
Noblesville, Indiana

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edition of the booklet.]

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MALICE

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

The lecture to men excepted, possibly no subject discussed in this meeting is of more
importance.

It has pleased our Father to condition His highest gifts, and our greatest needs, upon our
asking. When He says, "ask and ye shall receive," it is as if He had said, if you do not ask, you can
not receive. By command, entreaty, and the highest example, He urges this duty upon us.

So important do I consider this duty, that could I do but one -- pray or work -- I would give
up the work. Yea, I had rather shut myself up in my room, and expect to pray down a revival, than
come before you the best of manipulators, the best of singers, and the most approved of pulpiteers,

but without prayer. I had rather, tonight, God's beautiful angels who fly over this city would say -- that man strikes our register at ONE HUNDRED, when he prays -- than to say it of me about anything else. If there is but one thing I can do, let it be to move the heart and arm of the Omnipotent, and then I have done all else.

Not only does this book point out the duty of praying, and show us many of its high privileges, but it tells of many of the obstacles we will meet in our approach to the throne. David found that the regarding of iniquity, or iniquity in his heart, would hinder the downpour upon his own soul, or that of others.

I might talk an hour to you on the iniquity of money or gain. I could speak an hour on the iniquity of honors. I could talk an hour on the iniquity of pleasure. But the iniquity of ILL WILL calls our attention now.

Already many of you, who are in the habit of judging others by yourself, or who measure a whole city by your block, say the hour could be better spent in discussing one of a dozen other subjects. As a pastor I have often been deceived myself. Having had a great meeting, after a few months I have thought to set in again about where I left off before, when, lo! I found my bark hung up on a snag. I have prized for days before getting afloat again. That snag is nearly always malice. There is much of it, too. We have sectional strife -- North against South, East against West; the professions arrayed against each other; the pulpits slashing back; business feuds; political strife; family stews; rivalries and jealousies among the young folks. All of this is found, though this Book says he that hateth his brother is a murderer. HEAR THAT. If I am to love my neighbors and even my enemies, how far removed from such state must be the soul which sleeps in frosty [sic] indifference or burns in open dislike?

Jeremy Taylor tells us of watching an eastern lark trying to rise upon her morning wing, but was as often beaten back by a driving blast, until exhausted. She lay panting until the storm had swept by, when on easy wing she went caroling home to the skies. Ah, me! In these great audiences, often have I seen men and women assay to rise upon the breath of prayer, but were beaten back by the blasts of malice -- beaten back by the blasts of malice -- beaten back by the blasts of malice.

In the model of prayer, laid down by our Saviour, did you notice that He turns back and comments on but one part of it? On the petition for personal pardon, He comments and says, "If ye from your own heart, forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive you." Suppose we stand here tonight and look away to the hills from whence our help comes, and pull a cord which will lift a window in Heaven. Are you ready? Then here goes: "Forgive us, O God, as we forgive other folks." But something was wrong. What can it be? The blessing was not general: On some it fell as a curse. What is the matter? Why there sits a man, who says he will never forgive. Then, sir, you will never, never be forgiven. If you say, I can't forgive, then God says, "I can't forgive you." If you say, I won't forgive, then God says, I won't forgive you. Now we are in for it. The battle is joined.

When I was in Gainesville, Florida, about the third day of the meeting, I said -- see here people, let's haul off all these dead horses that are smelling to Heaven, and go on and have a good

meeting. The next morning, at the conclusion of the service, a little woman came up and asked me to accompany her to a funeral. I said, sister, I don't know anyone here, and I am tired. Get some other preacher. But, said she, you are interested. Why, I said, who is it? A dead horse, sir. I caught on, and followed her to the door, to find -- not a dead horse, but two great, big, black elephants. Yes, sir, they were out there -- a steward and a Sunday School superintendent. We gathered around, and, with the scoop of prayer and song and entreaty, undermined them and tumbled them into the abyss of loving pardon.

The last morning I was in that great meeting, Col. Carlisle, one of the converts, exclaimed, "Brother Culpepper, we have buried two more dead horses." That made sixty-eight. Sixty-eight old pouts; sixty-eight old feuds; sixty-eight old warts; sixty-eight old stinks; sixty-eight old dripping sores; sixty-eight old boils; sixty-eight oozing ulcers; sixty-eight old unwashed cancers. Enough to spread contagion and death through the race.

You Won't Forgive

But you won't forgive?

I left my Georgia home, crossed the Mississippi, and went to help a preacher in revival work. He told me that he had the best church he had ever served, and that he had been preaching to them two weeks -- so I could open up at once on sinners. I was glad to find such a church, and so addressed myself to "outsiders." But I felt during that sermon as if I faced a snow storm. After two or three public efforts, I said to the pastor, Brother, I believe there is a dead cat up the church branch. He assured me that I was mistaken. So I preached to "sinners" again. But it snowed in my face -- snowed in my face. When through, I felt almost backslidden.

The next day I asked the good pastor to humor my whim and let me preach to the church. He gave his consent. I preached on the subject which engages us tonight. Well, if you ever stood on the banks of a Southern creek or pond, infested with alligators, and fired a gun, or made a dog bark, and watched the monsters come to the surface and wriggle about, you have the picture. It looked as if everything in the church would respond to my old musket. Why, it was in that church that the organ trouble came up. Most of you have heard, I guess, that once upon a time, there was an organ unpleasantness. Well, that's where it was. Bless that instrument that leads us here in song, but I have thought a devil could hide between every key.

Did you ever see a church with a dozen or less little frying-size sissies, whose mothers each thought they were able to play for the Sunday School this year, and for the great congregation next, and for the angels the third? If so, you have seen the revised version of Daniel's abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not. Pastor, it is time to ask your presiding elder for a change. A transfer would be desirable.

But, back to that church. We had victory, but not triumph. Some months after the meeting closed, I received a letter stating that their choir had been rent from top to bottom -- that the pastor had left, and all because "we kept the truth from you, and thereby kept your knife out of a number of boils, which have spread largely over the body."

I related this in the presence of W. A. Hemphill, who was conducting music for me. He interrupted me to say that he and Dr. Leftwich had just been there in a meeting, and that they found fourteen families not on speaking terms. How does that comport with your views of an apostolic church? What is the outlook there for the millennium?

Before we look up to Heaven and pull the cord of prayer again, I want to ask you a question. If, for the sin of Achan, God felt compelled to turn His back upon Israel, and thereby cause them to turn their backs on their enemy, may not one sin cause a like result today? I am trying to say that if the sin of one man forced God into a controversy with His ancient people, and brought defeat to their arms, the sin of one man or woman may do the same today.

If the sin of covetousness, or stealing, in one man, put out the revival fires in Joshua's camp, the sin of malice, which is more (God calls hatred, murder), can put out the revival fire in our camp for years together. I verily believe it is often done. God dare not bless sinners here to night. Why? Well, He would thereby wing at hatred in these pews, which He has pronounced murder itself.

Is my question reasonable? Then may not that sister out there charge up to herself the condition of affairs in this community?

O this thing of ill will! There sits a man who says, "A certain man made me mad, and I cursed him." Yes, and you did a low-down, ungentlemanly act when you did it, too. Yes, you did. You cursed a man, hey? Who are you, anyhow? How many orphan homes have you ever endowed? How many scholarships in religious schools have you ever donated to the poor? How many millions have you turned over to God, that He is under such obligations to you, as to damn a poor mortal, just for your asking?

Some man crossed your path -- did or said something which did not suit you, and you said, God, I want You to put this fellow in a Devil's Hell forever. He is in my way. He has insulted me. Who are you, anyhow? that God must take one whom He has made in His own image, and in whom He wants to show His mercy, and cast him into outer darkness to please you, forsooth? Sir, if you were not very depraved -- if you were not very close of kin to your father, the devil, you could not do it.

Made you mad! Did you know that the old philosophers and masters never considered a man educated until he was to where you could not make him mad? If you could raise his pulse-beat or sadden his face, by what you might say, he was yet too much like a woman or a child. Why, when they pronounced one of their pupils ready to go forth as representative citizens, if you should spit in his face, he would not even remove it while in your presence, but let it remain, out of drilled deference to your wishes. But the little fellows which we call men now, will stick a pistol in their pocket, or a knife, in their belt, then turn red in the face and curse and threaten to take life. This we call brave. This we call manly. Often, when you hear a man talking loudly, it is only the voice of a pistol, or superior physical strength of which he is conscious. A weapon on your person, sir, doesn't argue that you are brave, but is rather a proof of your cowardice. Brave men don't think much of danger. They are not enemy-conscious. Little men do most of the fighting because it is a little man who gets mad and loses his head. Any little thing can get mad. A little old

worm can get mad. A little wasp can grow furious. A little ant can get mad and bite you. A contemptible cur can fly into a rage and lunge at your throat. Yes, any little thing can get mad. The less you are the madder you can get, and the madder you get the less you are, too. Don't forget that.

And you women. The Lord pity you. If anything you are worse than the men. You get mad as quickly, and get just as mad -- then you won't hush. You talk it in the home -- to your children -- to your husband -- to your neighbors. How often I hear of your saying, "She made me so mad I couldn't see." The trouble with you all this time, my woman, has been that you couldn't see. A house fly can distance you, and he can't see but six feet from the end of his nose. You fall out with your neighbor about a little thing -- then you start out, and how you strew it! Here you go, saying, "We don't speak -- we don't speak -- we don't SPEAK." No, but I think often you ought to be SPANKED and made to stay at home. It is not safe for such little irresponsible things to be running around. O you are so little!! You are just large enough to make a good mouth for a supernumerary devil to use in stirring up trouble among good, law-abiding citizens. Made YOU mad! A very easy job. Did you ever find a Guinea wasp's nest in a knothole, and take a fishing pole and poke at it, and watch them buzz, and threaten to discharge a volley of stings. Well, many women hold themselves in such an attitude. O I know you, I have had you buzz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z around me for a quarter of a century. A chronic case.

I once knew a preacher's wife down in Georgia (but it was not my wife) who was mad so much that her husband said to her one day -- "I am going to get me a shingle and paint one side white, the other black, when you are in a good humor, I will hang out the white side; when you are in a bad humor I will hang out the black side."

"Well," she said, "you can hang out the black side and let it stay, for I never expect to be in a good humor again as long as I live."

Chronic case, you see. I want to say to you women that that poor man is now serving out a term in the lunatic asylum. Made you mad! If I had such a woman for a wife I would stick very close to the evangelistic work. I think it would suit me to go home about once in ten years.

Mad! Don't the word begin to smell badly, and have a nauseating taste to you?

After preaching on this awful subject once, in my own State, a sister came to me and said you struck me today. I hate my sister-in-law. She took all of the estate. She has moved away and I can't see her to tell her I forgive her. Said I -- can't you write? She agreed to do so. Two years later, I preached on this subject in another town. She was in my audience, and at the conclusion of the service, all broken up, she came to the altar and said -- it is not my sister -- that's all gone, but I am mad with a woman in this town -- pray for me. She felt relieved. A year or two later she was in a third town when I held a meeting -- having moved there. When, one day I touched for five minutes on this great sin, she came down the aisle and said -- O I'm into it again. A man here has as good as stolen \$2,000 from my husband and I hate him for it, Pray for me. She got down, and God stretched His mercy and forgave her again. Could I run across her tonight, I guess she would have up another case. You just can't keep so me folks in a good humor. They go through the world, kicking up pouts! -- kicking up pouts!! -- kicking up pouts!!! Am I helping you to feel half as little in your own eyes, as you must appear to the loving angels above?

You can't speak to that woman? God made her and has kept her in life, as well as you. He commands the man, who drives the sun-chariot, each morning to go near enough to her home to bathe her person and children and flowers and fields in light -- but you can't speak to her. Each night the moon and her attendant galaxies are supplied with holy smiles and friendly twinkles for her and her household. But you -- strutting you -- self-conscious you -- self-important you -- devil-deceived YOU, can't speak to her. This very night, while I plead with you to exercise a little sense, and lead a decent life towards other folks -- right now I say, a beautiful angel -- sent in haste from under the throne, gladly guards that woman. In the morning, proud of his commission, he will fly home to heaven, and with pardonable pride report his work, while another will come on to guard her by day. But YOU can't speak to her. That cloud in the West, whose coming I hear in rumbling thunder, bears in its bosom of fire, a commission to water her rose beds and allay the dust in her yard. But YOU can't speak to her. O don't you look hateful to yourself? If not, it must be because you are so contemptibly small that you can't find yourself.

Forgive As We Forgive

But let's pull this cord again. "Forgive us, O God -- as we forgive other people." But that man or woman out there says, I will forgive, but I will never forget. LOOK OUT NOW! As we forgive, so will we be forgiven. "If ye, from your heart, forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive you your trespasses."

By the way, how came you to refer to that particular act or feature of memory? Why did you not say you would never forget your name, or the name of your mother, or the town you live in, or your occupation? If you will dig deep enough below that "never forget" business, you will find the roots of malice, or that you have not yet forgiven. But suppose it is answered. "Forgive me as I forgive." That is, "don't forget it." "Pardon it, Lord, but You may lay it back there, and the next time I do wrong, bring it all up again." Truthfully spelt out, it can't mean less than this. But that will doom, and finally damn you.

I bless God tonight for a first-class forgettery. I want to forget. And you will forget, in the sense you say you won't before God will feel authorized to blot out your own deep transgressions.

"I Can't Forgive"

But you say -- I can't forgive. By God's help, I say you can forgive. You are wicked in not doing it. You are treating God worse now than the person you allude to, ever did, or ever can, treat you.

"Forgive us, as we forgive." "If ye, from your heart, forgive not men their trespasses -- neither will your Father forgive you."

Pull the cord, or turn the button again.

But there sits a person, who says, "I will forgive and I will forget, but we will be distinct people from this time on." My! That is an awful prayer to utter against oneself. You say you will

have no more to do with them? Do you mean that? Well, spell that out, and it is a prayer running this way -- "Lord, forgive what I have done against Thee, and forget it all, but Lord, You may leave me to paddle my own canoe in future -- I will not expect Thee to uphold me in future -- I will expect to make my own way through the world and to heaven, without help." Do you think you can do it? For my part, I can think of nothing worse than to be let alone by the All love, the All mercy, the All forbearance above us. His smittings are fuller of love than the kisses of the best earthly friend. I beg you not to say such a thing. That position will ruin you for both worlds.

I like forgiveness, as Col. Ed. B____, in Buena Vista, Ga., practiced it. While preaching on this subject in his presence once, he arose in the audience and said -- "Mr. Culpepper, if you meet anyone after this service who claims to have some thing against Ed. B____, tell them they are mistaken -- that I have done blotted it out and receipted the account. If you meet anyone who says Ed. B____ has anything against them, tell them they, too, are mistaken, for I have blotted it all out." O I like such wholesome work as that. Just settling up for both sides. Forgiving, like the sun shines -- just because you have come so close to Jesus you can't help it.

I want to be forgiven now, fully and freely, and with as little ceremony as possible:-- So I will forgive fully, freely, unceremoniously, and right now -- and since I want God's pardon to last forever, mine shall endure through Eternity.

Am I helping you? Are you Christians praying? Are you sinners, with the cancer of malice in your hearts, repenting?

You say you CANT forgive!

Let me try and get under you with another Bible prize. In the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, beginning at the twenty-third verse, we read: "Therefore is the kingdom of Heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought to him which owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow servants which owed him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest. And his fellow servant fell down at his feet and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not: but went and cast him into prison till he should pay the debt. So when his fellow servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him: O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me. Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him. So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses."

Congregation, this can hardly be made more simple or pointed. The very language is modern enough to give it all the force of BUSINESS or STREET vernacular. Were I to attempt a

paraphrase of this startling parable, or incident, I could only say that according to the custom of that day, if I owe you a debt and can not pay it, I and my family become chattels to you and yours, and may be sold into slavery, extending into generations, or until the debt be liquidated.

In the case before us, a subject owed his lord several millions (we will say ten thousand dollars, in order that our minds may grasp it), and was about to sell him and his into servitude, but the pitiful cries of this impecunious servant touched his heart, and he bade him stand on his feet, and said, "Take the debt and go." You can imagine both his astonishment and joy, when he suddenly found and slowly realized that executive clemency had made him as free from debt as a morning lark is from care, and as safe from the clutches of the law as an angel of Heaven. He doubtless worshipped the king -- then sprang from the judgment hall, not ceasing his hilarious run till he had embraced his wife and children, down to the little tot in the crib or on the pallet-shouting, "Free-free! Out of debt!" It was some time before he was calm enough to be understood, as he detailed to them how narrowly they escaped perpetual slavery, with all its disgrace and attendant woes. The whole family now joined in expressions of joy, embracing each other, while all agreed that there should never be a drop of blood in the veins of any of the family too good to be spilt in defense of that king or any cause he might espouse. The jubilation was loud and prolonged. But one statement here must be corrected. I said he did not stop his wild run from the palace door to his own. Jesus informs us that as he rushed out through the palace gates, he met a fellow servant who chanced to owe him a nickel. (I use this piece to keep up the disparity). He stooped and grabbed him in the collar, and said, "Pay me that nickel! pay me that nickel I say, I need that nickel you owe me, and I must have it before sundown." The dejected and unfortunate fellow servant, trembling, said, "O my brother, I haven't a cent, but I am looking for work, and have a partial promise of a bit of work over at old man Isaacs. If I get that, I will pay you all I owe you. I have not forgotten it -- bear with me." "Borne long enough, now," retorted the hardhearted laborer. Looking up, he saw a policeman, to whom he said, "Here, policeman, take this fellow and put him in jail till he pays me this debt." THEN he ran on to rejoice over the fact that he was free -- forgetful of his fellow servant, of the wife and little ones who would look in vain for the return of husband and papa.

The king heard about it. HE ALWAYS DOES. The king sent for him. HE IS SURE TO SEND FOR US. I am still paraphrasing. The king said -- Did you not owe me ten thousand dollars? "Yes, sir." Could you pay it? "No, sir." What did I do -- put you in jail? "O no, blessed king. You forgave me the debt, and you rolled an intolerable burden from my poor shoulders. O king, you ought to have seen my wife and children, when they knew of your unprecedented kindness to us, and all exclaimed that we will spill our heart's blood" -- STOP! STOP! stormed the irate king. It is my time to talk. I understand that, after I forgave you that debt of ten thousand dollars, that just outside of my gate, you met with a chance to show the same spirit of kindness, and failed to do it. I understand, sir, that just outside of my gate, you met a FELLOW servant -- one of your equals, who owed you five cents; and that, with a soul unstirred by the great burden I tried to lift from you, you ordered this poor man put in jail because he could not pay you. Is that thing true, sir? With his finger in his mouth, and with shaking knees and hanging head, he said, "Yes, it's so." Then, said the king -- do you go to Hell and stay there until you pay me what you owe. I suppose that impecunious ingrate is still lying on the floors of that dark dungeon, made all the darker by the thought of what he might have been. O malice! malice! malice! Has Hell a more hideous demon than thou?

You won't forgive! Then the gongs of devils will make your music and beat your harmonies forever.

You can't forgive! Then you have paralyzed the Omnipotent arm, and can't be forgiven, but must be stung by the worm of cruel remorse, while memory holds imperial sway.

You say you don't care to forgive! Then you invite the blighting, blasting, withering breath of that God Who says, "I will laugh at your calamity. I will mock when your fear cometh."

Just after I drew this awful picture, from God's opinion on the subject, in Booneville, Mo., I noticed a couple of prominent members of the church, who were sitting on my right and left, in the tent, motion each other to the rear. They passed out at either end of the platform, and with a hand in pistol pocket, approached each other. My singer, standing on the rear of the platform, heard one say, "Well, you have heard what the preacher said." "Yes," said the other, "and I am ready to settle." "So am I, and I want to settle right," drawing out an empty hand. His brother did the same, and they clasped, then embraced. Seeing they were observed, they walked down by a fence and settled, settled, settled.

These were prominent men, who had carried weapons for each other for several months. Yes, you CAN, if you are not so shriveled by malice that common sense and divine grace can't find you.

That same night, a redheaded, able-bodied young man came down and dropped at the altar. Calling me to him, he said: "O sir, I have a pistol in my pocket now for a young man, who, I suppose, is somewhere on the ground. We were to shoot it out here tonight." After a pause, he said, "If you hear of the death of anyone, you may know it is me, for I will die before I will fire on that man. This is the last time I will ever be caught with a pistol in my pocket." While kneeling there, he was converted. While this was going on, the other young man was lying out under some trees, near by, where he was found in deep penitence, by a band of workers. He told them his condition, and, I believe, turned his pistol over to someone, or proposed to. They labored with him, and he left the ground a saved man.

The next morning, each received a note from the other, suing for pardon, and craving an early and a friendly meeting and adjustment of the trouble. Receiving the notes about the same time, they each started for the residence of the other -- meeting in an alley, where they showed to any chance observer that the proud, stony heart could be melted, and that men can yet do the worthy, manly act.

O don't tell me you can't forgive. We can do all things, by Jesus Christ, Who strengtheneth us. The fact that God commands it is enough. The fact that Jesus says OMNIPOTENT love can't help you until you forgive, shows its importance. Why, this king here, who forgave thousands, and saw it fail to awaken gratitude enough to prompt the pardon of a nickel in a fellow servant, gives an insight into the depth of human depravity, sufficient to frighten us into duty.

Don't sit there and talk back about what someone said or did to you. If every person in this city should turn against us, and should relentlessly persecute us for one hundred years, at the end of that bitter century, the whole town would not have done as much against us, as we have done against Jesus in the very best hour of our unconverted lives. Then, if we won't forgive little mole hills, how can we expect Him to smile down these sky-piercing mountains, which we have persistently piled up against Him?

You Can Forgive

Yes, you can forgive.

The fact that it is commanded, is proof, that the ability to perform is in the eye of Him Who says you must. If you look at the wickedness of not doing it, till you see yourself, as a young lady did in Parkersburg, West Virginia, the night I talked on this evil, you will get a move on you. She hurried home, had the horse hitched in, and drove two miles through deep snow, awoke her one-time friend and settled, settled, settled.

When I was in VanBuren, Ark., in 1888, I preached one night on this evil, while Judge B____, one of the leading men of the state, sat near me. His face was a study. He had fought the battles of life to business success. He had the courage to refuse the nomination for governor of the state. He was known as a man hard to move when once he took a position. But it was clear tonight that he was tired of something, or wanted something new. When the sermon was over, he walked down the aisle to where General T____, of the Cambellite church, stood. Judge B____ came back, and with a tremulous voice, said, Mr. T____ and I were law partners till fourteen years ago, when we fell out. Since then we have been on opposite sides of nearly every question. But thank God, we are friends again. There is now some hope for me. This thing has been in the way of my salvation.

Soon he walked down among some young men and seemed to be burying a brace of hatchets. Later I saw him over in another part of the house, surrounded by a group of excited women. As he passed back by me, I said -- Judge, what were you doing out there among the sisters? Well, said he, my wife is in Birmingham, visiting a sick daughter; I knew she would not get home in time to strike the crest wave of this meeting, so I went out to arrange some few differences which she has had among her friends. Ah me! Something has happened to a man when he goes out to settle up his wife's fusses. Don't forget that. The next morning I received a note to come to Judge B____'s place of business. He turned the key in the door -- turned to his clerks and said -- Young gentlemen, I have sent for Mr. Culpepper to pray for us. It is more important that we be religious than that this business run. After prayer, he requested that I remember him in prayer that morning, as he had a steep hill to climb. I learned afterwards that he spent the day in going about correcting mistakes and arranging generally for a new life. He closed the day by going into a barroom, and saying to _____, "We were boys together. I have heard your father pray for me by name many times, when home with you from school. I have drunk whiskey at your bar, and sworn in your presence, I have come in to beg your pardon and propose to pay you for your whiskey if you will empty it into the Arkansas River and go out of the business."

Ah! Great and manly earnestness in all this. Don't say you can't. I tell you, you can by the grace of Christ and a little common sense.

I saw a banker and the commissioner of agriculture, on the streets of Athens, Alabama, when they met and shook hands across a bloody chasm. Each one pulled on the hand he had grasped, until a right foot touched that stream of blood when, lo! it dried up, and along its loamy bed the lilies of the valley and the roses of Sharon sprang up. As I walked off, dashing the unbidden spray from my eyes, I said -- the fact is, the manly man can do what ought to be done.

I know I have gone over the usual limit, as to time, but I have taken this contract by the job, rather than the watch -- like we fight fire, you know. We don't fight fire by a time piece, but fight till we know it is out -- then fight on till we are dead certain of it -- then pour on a whole lot of water more -- then watch it all night for fear it is not all out -- then go out in the morning and take out some more insurance. See? When I was in Salisbury, Missouri, in a great meeting, the pastors said they did not care for a single addition to the churches, if they could only see the church members in love with each other and in line with duty.

Eight years before, they had a college difficulty which resulted in the wrecking of a bank, the building of a second college, both of which had run at cutthroat and starvation rates for eight years -- until nearly everybody in town had become involved. Just after dinner, one day, I felt that I must get ready to preach that night on malice. By sundown the gospel harness was chafing me. I was in a hurry to get hitched up. You preachers know what I mean. I went to supper, but left the table. I went ahead of time to the tent. The singing was cut short. I was sensitive to every detraction. For twenty minutes after I started, I shivered as if cold. You preachers understand me. Then I felt equal to the emergency. I grew bold. I grew emphatic. I became oblivious of surroundings. My spirit demanded a surrender. My spirit was fanned by the Spirit of Him Who said -- "if ye from your heart forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive you your trespasses."

I concluded by saying that sometimes men and even communities came to where they needed a friend to step in and help them settle up. I proposed to be that friend. I referred to the familiar part, that when we were children at school, and got our slate full of figures, that the girls wet the slate and took a piece of sponge and rubbed the slate clean -- that we boys spit on the slate, then took our fist and rubbed the figures out. I plead with them to let this hour be the signal for rubbing out old scores, and starting over.

The scene which followed will never be described. The president of one of the schools was approached by the professor of the other. For a little while they faced each other like two great monarchs of the burns. How we did pray! Time lost her schedule! A grain of sand got hung in the throat of the hour glass! Blood blanched, and fled from the surface of many spectators! My throat got dry! The proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere became too small! Who could command anything? Destiny was in the saddle! My heart grew weak! Will nothing else ever happen! Slowly a hand was raised, and was quickly seized by another. I can't tell the balance, it's untellable. Some things will never be told, I mean till we get a stronger language. The people went beside themselves with gladness. At midnight they were still settling at the tent and in the homes of that town. The next morning, Pastor Stockdale said to me -- Culpepper, since you closed last night, one

hundred and fifty-one fusses have been settled up that we have heard from. The next night the town took possession of my tent, raised \$10,000, paid off the debts on the colleges, employed both sets of teachers, and brought the town into gospel harmony. O! Bless God -- not only can individuals do right, but a whole community can be swayed by the law of forbearance and forgiveness.

Try settling by the other man's book. Ask your brother or sister what you owe them -- then pay the account without disputing it. Try it. God will help you.

I know you call this a hard gospel. Why, I have not yet preached the gospel. This is only law -- common sense -- golden rule -- everyday right. Here is the gospel -- "If thou goest to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hast aught against thee, leave thy gift and go and be reconciled to thy brother." What! You say does Christianity make it binding on me to settle the other man's fuss? That is what Christianity is -- settling the other man's fuss. It's like being bewitched. If you think you are, you are. The thing is in your mind. If I think you have done me a wrong, in so far as I am concerned, you have. It is in my mind. Nobody can get it out but you. God sees that I will be lost, if somebody doesn't help me. But you are the only one on earth who can undeceive me. Then, your God says, don't stop to pray -- there is an error in Culpepper's head and heart -- hurry to him and convince him of your love. See?

So many Christians practice up to Christianity, but don't practice over into Christianity. Christianity speaks last and keeps on speaking. Christianity loses herself in the welfare of the other man. Christianity settles by the other fellow's book. Christianity assumes the other man's difficulty. Christianity is Christ and the other man, fixing it -- with me left out. See?

I said something like this once, when a sister rose up and said -- "That gets me, brother. I fell out with brother Wash two years ago. True, I think he was to blame, but I claim to be a Christian, he don't. I will try and settle today. Come on, Wash, I will meet you half-way." She went half-way-two-thirds-three-fourths, and finally four-thirds, for she piled over on him. He came to time and settled-settled-settled. I tell you, brethren, this thing becomes easy when we get full of love -- Christ-love for folks.

I am reminded here of the kind of love old Aunt Judy, a colored woman of Missouri, had. During the war a young Confederate colonel would manage to slip through the lines and see his old mother who lived in the State, and not far off. The enemy got wind of his visits, and at last surrounded his mother's house, sure they had their game. As soon as the officer saw them, he went upstairs, lifted a floor plank -- got in on the ceiling, and had them to replace the flooring. He almost smothered, but the Yanks looked the house over many times, but failed to find any trace of the colonel. They then took Aunt Judy out. They promised her money if she would tell. They then offered her freedom. Finally they told her they would blow her brains out if she did not tell where her master was. All this time the old Negress sat speechless. Finally one of the officers said -- let her alone, she has got enough grit to build a turnpike. Aunt Judy, in referring to it, said "In course I knowed right whar mass Jack was dat minnet. But when I tink back to when I nuss him tru de hoopin' cough -- den tru de scarlet fever. When I tink how he use ter come from his own mammy to me -- den when he git bigger, how he always bring me sumpen when he go to town; den how he send kind word when he write home from de war -- I jess couldn't speak. Dey sot me down in a cheer, and tole me dey would shoot me. I done see my brains flying way out to de barn. I was

shore skeered, but when I think how mass Jack love his black mammy, I jess take de lockjaw and couldn't tell on dat boy --an' I shore glad now, I didn't."

Brethren, if we could see one hanging on a tree, in agony and blood for us, we would have lockjaw love for all against whom we are tempted to speak evil.

My appeal is made, and the responsibility is with you. Will you do what you think Jesus would if He were in your place?

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THE END