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**SIN, THE TELL-TALE**  
**By William Edward Shepard**

Author of  
Holiness Typology  
Wrested Scriptures Made Plain  
The Palm Tree Blessing  
The Wonder Book  
How to Get Sanctified  
Problems of the Sanctified

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PUBLISHED DURING WORLD WAR I -- [1914-1918]

Another book by W. E. Shepard, "Wrested Scriptures Made Plain," was copyrighted in 1900. Apparently this book was published more than a decade later. The following remark by the author seems to locate the time of publication for "Sin, The Tell-Tale" at some time during World War I [perhaps between 1914 and 1918]: "Nor need we suppose that the judgments of God are confined to individual sinners. Are we not witnessing it upon a most gigantic scale in the great European struggle in which millions of men and billions of money are being sacrificed?"

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Digital Edition 07/04/98  
By Holiness Data Ministry

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## FOREWORD

What! another book? Certainly, why not? Is there not more sin? Shall we not do all in our power to counteract it? We preach a sermon to a congregation of a few hundred, and a certain amount of good may be accomplished; but in preaching through a book we have a congregation of thousands. Hence, we take pleasure in adding to the number of books already in circulation.

A goodly number of years ago the author was conducting revival services in a southern Iowa town. He announced one night that he would preach on the following night from a text to be read at the time, and stated that if any one in the congregation could give chapter and verse where it was located, or tell the meaning of the text, he would make that one a present of a fifty cent book. When the evening came, he took for his text: "Be sure your sin will find you out." No one told the location of text, or the author's meaning. This was the first time we ever preached from the text. As we used it on other occasions it began to evolve and enlarge on our hands. Finally, it assumed somewhat the shape indicated in the chapter headings. In the meantime when a good illustration of some point came our way, we preserved it.

After a number of years it occurred to us to put the message in pamphlet form, and we proceeded with the work. It enlarged on our hands and we concluded to place it in book form; hence, its present size.

The incidents and illustrations have been gathered from many sources covering several years in accumulating. We are indebted to the following sources for much of our help in preparing this work: "Christian Herald," Bible House, New York; "Wonders of Providence," by Rev. J. Martin Rohde, published by the Evangelical Publishing Company, 602 Lakeside Building, Chicago; "500 Scriptural Anecdotes," by H. F. Sayles, published by Geo. W. Noble, Monon Building, 440 South Dearborn St., Chicago; "Book of 625 New Bible Stories and Scripture Anecdotes," by Geo. W. Noble; "Striking Illustrations," by L. B. Williams; and other sources where credit is given in connection with the illustration.

We send forth this message with hopes that it will cross the path of many sinners and be the means of heading them off from sure destruction. We ask the prayers of all who peruse these pages, that God will arrest every sinner into whose hands this book may fall. May we not all assist in placing it in as many hands as possible, in every way possible, remembering that one soul is worth more than a whole world. Please send a copy to that person for whom you have been praying so long.

Our prayer is, that God will take the message to a lost world and make it a real lighthouse along the shores of time.

W. E. Shepard

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## INTRODUCTION TO THIS DIGITAL EDITION

Unlisted Illustrations Now Listed:-- This is an unique book of illustrations. Throughout the book between the illustrations, the author had a "running" commentary, and sometimes gave other illustrations besides those illustrations that were listed. Several of these previously unlisted illustrations are listed in this digital edition, and I have omitted two illustrations that were included in the printed book.

Numbering And Titles Added:-- Also, in the printed edition of this book, the illustration titles were not numbered, nor were the titles placed in the main body of the book text. In this digital edition, I have both numbered the illustration titles in the Table of Contents, and placed numbered titles in the main body of book text. In order to balance the numeric digits at 3 each per illustration number, I have used "zero" numbers beginning with 001. Finally, I have re-titled some illustrations with what I deemed to be a more appropriate or indicative title. -- DVM]

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## 01 -- CHAPTER -- SIN'S SAD TALE

When Moses told the children of Gad, Reuben and the half tribe of Manasseh, if they shirked and settled on the east of Jordan and did not go with their brethren to fight the Canaan battles, that it would be sin unto them and their sin would surely find them out, he spoke a truth that has reverberated down the ages for thousands of years. It is as philosophical as it is inevitable. "BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT," is one of those unerring statements which the world has been toying with. It has been proved for centuries, yet man goes right on as if it were a mere farce.

According to the inspired word of God, "Sin is the transgression of the law." God is the author of law, and sin is the transgression, or crossing over God's word, or way, or -- will. All of God's law is not written between the lids of the Bible. Some of His law is written upon the tablets of the heart. "I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them." We also find His law in nature. We find it permeating everywhere. Man is constantly confronted with the laws of God. When He says, "Be sure your sin will find you out," He has made a statement that is as absolutely correct as that His laws are correct.

How will his sins find him out, or tell on him, or be the means of exposing him, or causing him to divulge the sin? Simply because God has His laws everywhere. They are like hidden mines in the harbor, which the ship cannot pass without being struck. The sinner, sooner or later is bound to run foul of some law of God that will catch him up and thus his sin will find him out. Just as our officers, sentinels, papers, posters, telegraphs, telephones, bloodhounds and all are after the criminal fleeing from justice, so God in some way is sure to run down every sinner of whatever description, who thus dares to cross His will and take things in his own hand and have his own way in this life. He will get caught in the meshes somewhere, somehow, sometime. God's faithful officers will run him down, head him off, corner him up, capture, convict and sentence him, and prove that His word is true, -- "Be sure your sin will find you out."

No one can meddle with sin with impunity. It is too dangerous an enemy to trifle with. There is an Australian missile called the boomerang, which is thrown so as to describe singular curves, and to return at last to the hand of the thrower. Sin is a kind of boomerang, which goes off into space curiously, but turns again upon its author, and with tenfold force strikes the guilty soul that launched it.

\* \* \*

## 001 -- THE GIRL AND THE LIVE WIRE

"A young girl one day ventured to grasp a live wire that was hanging from a post. She did it playfully. Instantly a fearful scream proclaimed the fact that her hand was fastened to that burning current and she was helpless in its grasp. The other hand was quickly raised to loosen her stiffened fingers, and it, too, was caught, and there she hung in agony and helplessness. Her mother rushed to her side to pull her down, but she was flung far off by a shock communicated from the body of the girl. She seemed lost, indeed. At the last moment a young man who understood, took an axe and severed the wire by striking it against the post. The current was broken and the girl fell swooning on the ground. Her life was saved, but her hands were cinders."

"Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?" (Prov. 6:27, 28) Can a person dabble with sin and not suffer the consequences? If "the wages of sin is death," and "the soul that sinneth, it shall die," is true, has not one reached the climax of foolhardiness that attempts to trifle with such a monster? It is the worst thing on earth. It has caused all the trouble, sorrow, suffering, sickness, death, and destruction, either directly or indirectly, since the fall of man. Sin -- that dismal, dark, devilish, heinous monster called Sin, has wrecked prospects, and lives, and homes, and countries, and practically a whole world. One might as well think of trifling with zig-zag lightning as sin, with the thought of impunity. It always leaves its mark. It always harms. It always kills, And it is as sure to tell on one as that it exists in the life.

\* \* \*

## 002 -- THE WONDERFUL JUDAS TREE

Dr. W. Arnot tells of a tree that wonderfully illustrates the nature of sin:

"We have heard of a singular tree, that forcibly illustrates the deceitfulness of sin. It is called the Judas tree. The blossoms appear before the leaves, and they are of brilliant crimson. The flaming beauty of the flowers attracts innumerable insects; and the wandering bee is drawn to it to gather honey. But every bee that alights upon the blossoms imbibes a fatal opiate, and drops dead from among the crimson flowers to the earth. Beneath this enticing tree, the earth is strewn with the victims of its fatal fascination. That fatal plant that attracts only to destroy is a vivid emblem, of the deceitfulness and deadliness of sin. For the poison of sin's bewitching flowers, there is but one remedy; it is found in the 'leaves of the tree of life' that groweth on Mount Calvary."

No matter how well sin may be covered, it is only a question of time till it will come out on one. Dr. Arnot also illustrates this truth as follows:

\* \* \*

## 003 -- THE ROTTEN HOLLOW OF SIN REVEALED

"Certain great iron castings have been ordered for a railway bridge. The thickness has been calculated according to the extent of the span and the weight of the load. The contractor constructs his molds according to the specifications, and, when all is ready, pours in the molten metal. In the process of casting, through some defect in the mold, portions of air lurk in the heart of the iron, and cavities like those of a honey-comb are formed in the interior of the beam; but all defects are hid, and the flaws are effectively concealed. The artisan has covered his fault; but he will not prosper. As soon as it is subjected to a strain, the beam gives way. Sin covered becomes a rotten hollow in a human soul and, when strain comes, the false gives way."

\* \* \*

#### 004 -- THE LADY AND SUPPOSED CHAMELEON

There was once a lady who caught a little creature which she mistook for a chameleon. The chameleon is one of those harmless little reptiles which women sometimes carry on their person for an adornment, the same as they would wear a feather. It changes its color from gray to red, or green according to the material with which it may be in contact. (Oh, the depths of pride that would prompt a woman to want such a thing on her!)

This lady attached what she mistook for a chameleon to her collar, so that it could crawl about on her shoulder. Instead of being a harmless chameleon, she had caught a poisonous kind of lizard, which bit her and caused her death.

Do you say that it was a great mistake in that woman, and that she ought to have been more careful? But the same mistake, only a thousand times greater, is going on all the time all around us. People seem to think it is a trifling matter to sin "just a little." But it is a deadly poison. It surely kills.

\* \* \*

#### 005 -- ONE CIGAR CAUSED A CANCER

The writer had a friend of many years. This friend was brought out into the light of holiness and professed the blessing, having previously been a tobacco user. Many years had passed and he had been delivered from the very appetite of the same. But one day out of curiosity he thought he would see how a cigar would taste once more. He put the cigar to his lips, puffed it a little, and then ceased. Right away there appeared at the spot a small sore on his lip which developed into a cancer. We had seen the cancer on his lip, but did not know the cause of it till he made it known. He afterwards had it taken out by some cancer doctor, and we have lost track of him, and do not know how it resulted. It certainly did not pay that brother to trifle with something which God had plainly shown him before was wrong, and from which he had so miraculously been delivered, Oh, the danger and deceitfulness of sin! It will certainly tell the tale some way, some day.

\* \* \*

## 006 -- THE HIDDEN ROCK ON THE CHART

God has been swinging the red lantern of warning before the world for thousands of years, and yet the sinner will not believe and take heed. The wreck will come, however, sometime. A rock had been newly found and marked on a chart. An old sea captain who had often sailed in these waters did not believe there was a rock at the spot indicated. Coming near the place, he said: "Now I will show you that there is no rock there." He then ran his ship right upon the point marked on the map. There was a crash and the vessel went down.

\* \* \*

## 007 -- WHAT THE X-RAY REVEALED

The sinner seems to be oblivious to the fact of God's scrutinizing eye. Because he does not see God, he seems to forget that God sees him. Surely He beholds the evil as well as the good.

We give below a description of the workings of the X-ray by French Oliver as recorded in "500 Scriptural Anecdotes."

"There is no darkness intense enough to hide your sin from the eye of God. I walked down the street of an Iowa city several years ago, and a physician asked me to visit his office. In company with a number of friends I went to his office that evening to see the wonders of the X-ray machine. He made ready and handed me the strange looking lenses and I looked upon the bones of my friend, though covered with a veil of flesh. The tacks of his shoe sole seemed to hang in space, the bones of the foot were plain to my vision, aided by that powerful ray. But when I turned my attention to the vertebra, I saw the ribs standing out like grim specters, and when I reached the region of the heart, I saw the dim outline of a living, moving organ which meant life in action, and I trembled as I thought man has discovered a ray that reveals the vitals of a man in action. His heart is open for observation under the power of that light. One step more and Divinity reads the sins of that heart. For the first time I understood the word, 'God looketh upon the heart.'"

Just as man in his marvelous inventions of these latter days can see clear into the human body and detect disarrangements of the same, so does God with His all-piercing eye look through and through man's soul and see every sin he commits in his heart, though there be no outward action. He knows our very thoughts. He sees every spiritual disarrangement. The Divine X-ray is hindered by no obstacles. There never was a sin so committed on the sly and so covered up, but that His X-ray goes through and through it.

\* \* \*

## 008 -- THE PHYSICIAN'S HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

One of the characteristics of the present day is the high tension under which the civilized world is running. The blood pressure on this account is so high that it is causing much trouble with our bodies, and numerous maladies are resulting therefrom. Physicians have discovered a method by means of a certain mechanical device to ascertain the amount of blood pressure in individuals.

Care, worry, fear and all its kindred health-destroyers are working havoc on the human race. When these worries obtain, the blood pressure is very high. When anything occurs to calm the individual and relieve him of the care and worry stress, blood pressure drops towards its normal place. The religion of Jesus Christ is the great pacifier of human cares and worries.

I have before me a book written by Dr. William S. Sadler of Chicago, entitled "The Physiology of Faith and Fear, or The Mind in Health and Disease," in which he states by actual experiment the blood pressure materially lowering in case of conversion to God. The blood pressure was taken before and after the experience of conversion, He then goes on to say, "The author would not for one moment suggest that he had discovered a method whereby it would be possible to determine by material tests as to whether or not a person was sincere in his profession of religion; but it is at least interesting to record, in this connection, the case of a certain politician suffering from a marked case of worry (high-tension) who confessedly joined a church for the purpose of furthering his political interests, but whose blood pressure remained unmoved by his outward religious maneuvers."

It would almost seem that in these days of scientific development in new inventions and discoveries, that a hypocrite is liable to have his sins exposed by testing his blood pressure. Had this politician been truly converted his high blood pressure on account of worries would doubtless have materially dropped. There is no telling what additional methods may be discovered in these latter days to cause one's sins to find him out.

Then again sin is of that extremely subtle nature that does not always reveal its heinousness on the start. The devil is so adroit that his traps are not seen in the open, but frequently well hidden till the proper time comes to wind his coils around his victim and drag him to destruction.

\* \* \*

## 009 -- LEADING THE HOGS TO SLAUGHTER

Rowland Hill once began his sermon by saying, "My friends, the other day I was going down the street, and I saw a drove of pigs following a man. This excited my curiosity so much that I determined to follow. I did so, and, to my great surprise, I saw them follow him to the slaughter-house. I was anxious to know how this was brought about, and I said to the man, 'My friend, how did you manage to induce these pigs to follow you here?'

"'Oh! did you not see?' said the man. 'I had a basket of beans under my arm, and I dropped a few as I came along, and so they followed me.' And I thought, so it is; the devil has his basket of beans under his arm, and he drops them as he goes along. And what multitudes he induces to follow him to an everlasting slaughter-house! Yes, friends; and all your broad and crowded thoroughfares are strewn with the beans of the devil."

\* \* \*

## 010 -- HOW THE FISH DROWNED THE MAN

We have taken the following from the Christian Herald:

"Dr. Theodore S. Reimpst, of New York City, was on his vacation in Upper Saranac Lake. He was an enthusiastic and skillful angler, and with his brother-in-law in a small boat he was in search of big fish. Suddenly the doctor had the strike of a great northern pike. In expert fashion the angler played his catch, and after a long struggle the fish was brought to the edge of the boat, and being too large for the net, the brother-in-law undertook to spear him. The two men were at one side of the boat. Just then a passing craft caused a swell, which upset the row boat and threw the doctor and his companion into the lake. In true sportsmanlike spirit the doctor kept the rod in his hand, hoping to save his great catch as well as himself. But the fish darted all around the angler until he had wound the line tight about his feet and legs, disabling him from swimming, and then dragged him down to the bottom of the lake to his death. His body was found two hours after with his ankles and feet tied tight with the line, from which the fish had escaped."

Thus it is with those who toy with sin and the devil. They may seem safe for awhile and sin may not seem so heinous, but the time will inevitably come when they will find themselves overboard, and sin's coils will be around them dragging them down to the uttermost hell.

\* \* \*

#### 011 -- DETERMINED TO DIE RICH

It is certainly strange how some will hold on to sin when the awful inevitable is staring them right in the face.

"The ship Britannia, which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him. 'What are you doing?' shouted the youth. 'Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?' 'The ship may,' said the man. 'I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich.' His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet; and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves. We count such a sailor a madman; but he has too many imitators." How many there are who thus hold on to sin and finally sink into the ocean of eternal despair!

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#### 012 -- GATHERING JEWELS IN POMPEII

"It is said that among the recent discoveries in the ruins of Pompeii, a city that was destroyed by volcanic eruption in A. D. 79, was a woman in the act of gathering in her apron, rings, bracelets and other valuable articles of jewelry. It would seem that some wealthy persons, aware of the coming destruction, had made their escape and left these things behind, as worthless

in comparison with life; but she, hoping to save both life and jewels, delayed the time of her flight, and, alas, was overwhelmed in the terrific judgment, and so lost both life and the treasure."

\* \* \*

### 013 -- EAGLE SLIPPING OVER NIAGARA FALLS

There is a very touching story of an eagle floating down the rapids and over Niagara Falls. On a cake of ice lay a dead lamb. The keen eye of the eagle had spied it, and a fine dinner was in store. The proud bird swooped down upon the cake of ice as it floated down the stream, and was enjoying its feast. A little later the ice cake, lamb and eagle were observed nearing the rapids.

What did the eagle care for rapids, when it had such wings? What did it care for the approach of the Falls when all it had to do was to raise its pinions and soar away at will? Finally, in the swiftness of the current, the eagle saw that to remain on the ice any longer would be its destruction, so just as it was about to slip over the perpendicular, it raised its wings and began to flap them for its flight. What horror must have filled that bird's being, when it discovered that its feet were frozen fast to the ice! What unutterable anguish to feel that it had stayed there too long, and now it was too late! With an awful screech, bird, ice and lamb all went over together.

Reader, is not this a picture of many souls bound for Eternity? The great falls of perdition are just ahead, and many are trifling with time and holding on to sin as a sweet morsel. "There's plenty of time yet," says the procrastinator as he nears the rapids. Finally, when it is too late for repentance, he drifts over the falls into eternal night and despair. While you have the chance, escape and be saved, before it is too late.

\* \* \*

### 014 -- FOOLISH BOYS HIT WITH TRAIN

The following sad incident shows again how one may toy with danger until it is too late to escape:

"Curiosity about the vibration of the rails on which a train was approaching was responsible for the killing on the Boston & Maine tracks at the foot of Laconia, Ct., this afternoon of Peter Lorongos, 10-year-old son of Charles Lorongos of 7 Tremont St., and his chum, Frederick Jordan, 7-year-old son of George Jordan of 3 Tremont St.

"The boys were struck by a locomotive attached to a Boston-bound Saugus branch train. When they were hit they were in the act of rising from the ground, on which they had been stretched, with their ears resting on the rails. Their bodies were thrown some distance and their deaths were instantaneous.

"From boys the police learned that the two victims were trying to see how long they could keep their ears on the rails before being compelled to get out of the path of the train."

\* \* \*

## 015 -- THE PROGRESSIVE NATURE OF SIN

There are too many people dabbling with sin as if it were a plaything. Sin is a monster indeed, and tremendously progressive in its nature. No one who starts down the broadway to ruin expects to make a wreck of himself. But sin will increase in velocity till with marvelous rapidity it will carry its victim into the jaws of eternal death. A falling body drops sixteen and a twelfth feet the first second, three times that distance the next second, five times as far the third second, and so on in ever increasing rapidity. The boy disobeys his parents, then lies, then gets into bad company, breaks the Sabbath, smokes and chews tobacco, drinks liquor, gambles and goes on from bad to worse, because he started on the downward road to ruin. Whoever expected, as he took his first glass of liquor, that he would end with delirium tremens? Whoever expected to swing from the gallows as a murderer, when he first began to give way to violent spells of anger? Did that boy who began by stealing an orange or something else from the grocery store think it would lead him to the penitentiary in the end?

King Saul was truly converted, had a change of heart and was turned into another man, but he "missed the mark" and failed to obey God on a certain occasion. He gave way to a jealous disposition, anger fired his heart, and murder entered in. He lost God out of his life and could not get a prayer through. He found himself forsaken of God. He turned spiritualist and consulted the witch of Endor, He entered battle, committed suicide, crossed the line of worlds and went into eternity with mountains of guilt on his once innocent soul.

Elisha stood before Hazael and wept. His spiritual discernment foresaw the tides of sin that would roll in on that poor man in the near future. Hazael asked him why he wept, and the answer was, "Because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel: their strongholds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child." This was more than Hazael could stand. He was too innocent to think that his heart would ever permit such atrocities as that. Hence, he responds: "But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"

If any one had told David he would be a murderer inside of a few days, he doubtless would have scoffed at the idea. But he failed to check the sight of his eye when it fell on a forbidden object. The next step was a lustful look, then a lustful desire, then adultery in his heart, then adultery in very act, then murder to cover it all. Sin moves on rapidly when it gets started.

"Sodom and Gomorrah did not reach the heights and depths of depravity at a single bound. Their debased and unchaste lives mounted so high before God, that with one fell stroke they were blotted from the face of the earth. But they did not start out with such mountains of guilt. What was their trouble at first? "Pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness." (Ezekiel 16:49) Theirs was a life of ease and selfishness, and direful results followed.

The whole world was swept with the besom [broom] of destruction and went down in the deluge, all but one family. Did they reach their climax of sin in a day or a decade? This sinful world is headed towards destruction at the present time with tremendous rapidity.



\* \* \*

#### 016 -- SIN IS LIKE AN INVERTING MIRAGE

A ship was anchored off Sandy Hook. The passengers and crew beheld a strange sight in the way of a mirage. They saw New York City upside down. The captain sent in this message: "We have experienced a strange phenomenon. It is a mirage. Pilot Pratt refuses to bring ship until vapor lifts. New York City is seen upside down." And New York is not the only place that is upside down. The whole world with the exception of a sprinkling of blood-washed here and there is upside down. Sin turns everything it touches upside down, and changes the proper course of things.

Reader, allow me to impress it on your mind that sin will grow if it is allowed a lodgment at all in your heart. It will taint everything it comes in contact with, and will surely ruin in the end.

\* \* \*

#### 017 -- THE GYPSY AND WHAT IT COST

"Thirty years ago a French naturalist brought a handful of gypsy moths to this country for purposes of scientific experiment. Some of the moths escaped. If taken in hand at once they could easily have been destroyed, but the state authorities dallied with the question for twenty years before they really set to work to destroy them. Up to the present time, that little handful of moths has cost the state of Massachusetts alone \$700,000, and it is estimated that it will cost at least \$1,000,000 more to put an end to them." So sin if turned loose, will increase ten thousand fold. Only the power of God can check it and blot it out.

\* \* \*

#### 018 -- DECEPTION BEGINS LIKE A LANDSLIDE

"A first deception may be a small thing -- probably is; but so is the first bit of dirt that, losing its hold upon Alpine heights, drops slowly downward. But what power that small 'first slide' gathers to itself as the avalanche goes whirling down and down, increasing in strength and in momentum till at the last thousands of tons of wrecked debris lie at the bottom of the ravine! It has been the case, time and time again in the history of the world, that some little deceit -- some little throwing down of truth towards the depths of falsehood -- has in the end carried with it just as weighty ruin and widespread devastation. Be careful how you with thoughtlessness start the fearful slide, and loosen your stronghold upon truth and uprightness." You may think it has no influence over you now, but it is getting in its silent work more and more just the same.

\* \* \*

#### 019 -- SWINGING A GREAT STEEL BAR WITH A CORK

"In a gun factory a great bar of steel weighing five hundred pounds and eight feet in length, was suspended vertically by a very delicate chain. Nearby a common bottle-cork was suspended by a silk thread. The purpose was to show that the cork could set the steel bar in motion. It seemed impossible. The cork was swung gently against the steel bar, and the steel bar remained motionless. But it was done again and again for ten minutes, and, lo, at the end of that time, the bar gave evidence of feeling uncomfortable; a sort of nervous chill ran over it. Ten minutes later and the chill was followed by a vibration. At the end of half an hour the great bar was swinging like the pendulum of a clock."

\* \* \*

## 020 -- HOLDING A BOY BY A THREAD

Sin will gain more and more on the soul until it will have one bound hand and foot, so to speak. A little wrong here, and some more there, and the chains are being forged, that some day will fasten the sinner, and his doom will be sealed.

The following story is told of a teacher illustrating the effects of sin:

"I once saw a little boy brought up before a class and the teacher had him put his hands down by his side, and she took a spool of thread and showed the class how easily she could break a single thread. Then she wound that thread around the boy, telling that each thread stood for a habit which one might practice day after day. 'You tell a lie -- a little one, you call it -- and the next day it is easier to tell another, and then you have to tell many to cover up the first ones, and then you lie without thinking, and then the habit is fixed, and you are a slave to falsehood. Or, you take something not your own, and soon you find it easy to steal, and unless you stop before the habit gets fixed, you are a thief. You are soon a slave to the sins of lying and theft; you are in bondage to them.' As she talked, she wound the thread around and around the boy until all the thread on the spool was around him. Then she asked him to break his arms away; but he could not. He was bound very securely with thread, but it was the thread many times repeated."

Nor does it take many sins to bind one thus. One sin persisted in will surely hold one to destruction in the end.

\* \* \*

## 021 -- DROWNED BY THE TIDE

Some one has illustrated it thus:

"A man went one day, when the tide was out, to gather sea plants on the rocks; and, in stepping from ledge to ledge, his leg slipped down, and became jammed in a crevice. He tried to pull it out. He shrieked, he shouted, he prayed, but all in vain. By and by the tide came remorselessly in, and rose up, and up, until it flowed over him, and stifled his last gurgling cry. Yet he was held only in one place. So one secret bosom sin cherished, one evil habit practiced out

of sight of men, will, by and by, gain such strength that it will hold us fast while the deluge of eternal judgment comes sweeping over us."

\* \* \*

## 022 -- POSTERITY OF A BAD WOMAN

But sin does not stop with the individual who has destroyed his own soul and has gone into eternity to await his further doom. His unhallowed influence goes on still with those whom he has led astray before. The wicked life of a sinner may pass on and affect his posterity in like manner.

It is said that there was a certain bad woman, a criminal, who died in 1827, who has eight hundred descendants. These descendants have been traced, and seven hundred of them were criminals having been convicted of crime at least once. Thirty-seven of them have been hanged for murder. Prosecutions, imprisonments, etc., cost the country \$3,000,000.

What a frightful record this bad woman will have to face later on! Nature caught the taint of criminality of this woman and the stream of posterity was corrupted, and the generations following were visited. Her sin was telling the tale on her clear into coming generations. Nature's law was catching up the story and writing it on the tablets of her offspring.

\* \* \*

## 023 -- POSTERITY OF A BAD MAN

Prof. T. W. Shannon makes this statement in "Perfect Manhood:"

"Max Jukes, born in 1703, was a lazy fellow, insisting that his personal liberty entitled him to the right to do as he pleased. He drank, but would not be considered a common drunkard. He married a common prostitute and moved up on the Hudson River. There he gathered about him his class, with whom his descendants married and intermarried. Nine hundred and three of his descendants have been identified and studied. Over 300 were delinquents and dependents, 200 died prematurely, 145 were drunkards, 285 were viciously diseased, and 90 were female prostitutes, over 100 spent an average of 13 years in prison. This family cost New York state over one million dollars."

\* \* \*

## 024 -- POSTERITY OF IDA JURKA

"A university professor traced the evil inflicted and the expense incurred to the government by and through one intemperate woman, Frau Ida Jurka, who lived from 1740 to 1800. Her descendants have numbered 834, of whom 206 had to be supported by public charity. The family produced 76 convicts, seven of whom were sentenced for murder. It furnished 181 women who lived disreputable lives. The total cost in almshouses, prisons and correctional institutions for a period of seventy-five years, was about \$1,250,000."

\* \* \*

## 025 -- JESSE POMEROY, THE HUMAN MONSTER

S. P. Jacobs in his book "Christ In Ethics," quotes from the "Way of God In Marriage:"

"The mother of little Jesse Pomeroy used to sit at her work and watch her husband, who was a butcher, kill cattle, sheep and hogs, while she carried little Jesse under her heart. The natural result was a human monster who, when twelve years of age, had killed some five or six children; and at the age of thirteen was sent to the state penitentiary for life. The prisoners felt sorry for the boy, and gained permission from the warden to allow the child to have a pet kitten in his cell part of the time. But the very first night he had the kitten with him in the cell, he killed it. When asked by the warden why he did so, he replied, 'I don't know; I just can't help it.' He was born a murderer, the disposition being formed before his birth."

\* \* \*

## 026 -- PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S ASSASSIN

"The mother of President Garfield's assassin, Guitteau, unsuccessfully attempted to produce an abortion by taking drugs. . . . The child was stamped with the disposition to murder before he ever saw the light of day."

\* \* \*

## 027 -- ROBERT INGERSOLL'S HEREDITY

"Some years since, a minister of the Gospel, who swayed audiences with his eloquence, preached love, purity and the Golden Rule, while his home life was almost unendurable to the rest of his household. He was tyrannical and overbearing to such a degree that his wife became exceedingly skeptical. At one time, during the gestation period, the husband seemed worse than ever; and the poor wife had about concluded that there was no reality to Christianity and almost doubted the existence of God. And as a result she gave to the world a child, although endowed with many excellent and superior qualities, possessed with unusual oratory and a great heart, yet one of the most pronounced skeptics of modern years, -- Robert G. Ingersoll. And who do you think was to blame for that spirit of skepticism? I answer without hesitation, that husband and father."

\* \* \*

## 028 -- FOUR STEPS TO THE GALLOWS

One sin will lead to another. The sinner is sure to go on from bad to worse. A man was once condemned to hang for murder. Some days before his execution he made a picture on the walls of his cell, of a gallows with five steps leading up to it. On the first step he wrote,

"Disobedience to parents." On the second step he wrote, "Sabbath-breaking." On the third step, "Gambling and Drunkenness." On the fourth step, "Murder." The fifth was the fatal platform itself from which he was to swing into eternity, leaving the evidence behind, that God was not mistaken when He declared that one's sin would surely find him out. This dreadful soul-destroyer started in with its deadly work on the first step -- Disobedience to parents. If there is a child that reads this book, let that child know that to disobey parents when those parents are trying to lead the child in right paths, such disobedience is sinning against God. This sin will surely lead to other sins, and how do you know but that it may take the same course as it did with the man on the gallows? When one starts out to do wrong, there is no telling where he may end in this life. We know where sin will land one in the hereafter, and it is of such a deceitful nature that the end in this world is sometimes appalling.

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#### 029 -- BOY WHO REJECTED SMALL WAGES

"Wanted -- A well-grown boy who can make himself generally useful. Salary moderate to

This was the advertisement that had called together twenty-five boys. The merchant had talked with one after another until only two remained in the outer office. "Come in, both of you," called the merchant. "I can tell you what I want and what I am willing to pay." Then followed an enumeration of the services expected with the promise of two and one-half dollars a week with an increase at the end of six months. One of the boys turned on his heel and said: "That settles it! I can't afford to work for any such wages as that." "I'll try it," said the other, "and if I suit you, six months will soon pass. The two-fifty will pay my actual expenses, for I live at home; then when I get to earning more I can help more."

Five years passed. The first boy idled away his time, and went from bad to worse. At last he stood in the prisoner's dock awaiting trial for forgery. What was his astonishment to behold his former friend ranged on the side of the prosecution as junior member of a firm of eminent lawyers. There was no need of argument on either side, for the poor fellow broke down at the sight of his former school mate, and rising said: "I'll tell the truth and take my punishment. If I'd begun as that young man did five years ago, I might have been somebody today; but I was above low wages, and didn't believe in small beginnings. Now I am a living example of what pride and indolence can do for a boy." Satan is always sure to find mischief for idle hands, and the only way to keep clear of his work is to be busy at something all the time, pay or no pay. -- S. G. Hopkins, in Watchword

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#### 030 -- A PRICE TO PAY FOR SIN'S FREIGHT

"A few years ago the railways of India had a curious problem come up for decision. It was whether a man who applied for passage from the far North to a Southern shrine should be accepted at passenger rates, or charged as freight. He has heavy iron bands upon his wrists, ankles and neck; heavy iron girdles about his chest and loins; heavy iron chains swung in festoons across his chest,

and back; heavy iron chains wound around each limb, and finally an iron cable fastened to his waistband, and terminating in a heavy iron ring, while he carried an immense iron pin and a hammer with which to drive it into the ground when he chose to stake himself out for the night. He carried two hundred pounds of iron upon his person, and the railroad made him pay both freight and passenger rates. He was trying to wash away his sins with penance. He presented a graphic picture of the sinner who is a slave of sin."

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### 031 -- THE TWO PAINTINGS

The story is told of an artist who wished paint Innocence on his canvas. After searching around, he finally found a beautiful child that came up to his ideal, and thus the picture was made. In after years this same artist concluded to paint the opposite -- Guilt. He searched long to find the proper person which he could paint and give his idea of guilt. After quite a search, he ran across a poor wretch which he concluded would fill the bill. The painting was done. Now he had the two, -- Innocence and Guilt. What was his surprise to learn that he had painted the same person for both. Poor innocent child, he started on the downward road of sin, and with ever-increasing rapidity he never stopped till he had reached the climax and could pose for the artist's best conception of Guilt.

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### 032 -- RESULT OF NOVEL READING

The following incident from "Striking Providences and Touching Incidents," by Rev. David Tatum, will illustrate how sin's tendency may result, if not at once checked:

"A certain community was thrown into great excitement over the depredations and arrest of some juvenile thieves. The settlers for many miles around were enterprising farmers, who were engaged in the dairy business, and carrying on an extensive cheese factory. For more than a year they had been very much annoyed with stealing from barns, shops and vehicles.

"One Sabbath night a farmer who lived nearest the factory, was awakened by an unusual noise in that direction. He got up and requested a neighbor near by to go down with him. On arriving they saw through a window three boys of their acquaintance, with sledge-hammer and chisel, endeavoring to break open the safe. They took them right in the act, and they were committed to jail, the eldest being only nineteen years of age.

"These boys had been reading exciting novels, one of which was entitled 'Red Hand the Robber,' which set forth the exploits and daring deeds, and hair-breadth escapes of one by that assumed name. These boys, excited by their reading, organized for stealing in imitation of 'Red Hand,' and had their captain and guard, and concealed their goods in a cave they had found in an unfrequented valley, in the woods, where they had quite a store of coats, blankets, whips, tools, etc., that they had stolen. But their sin had found them out, and shame and disgrace came upon them, and sorrow and anguish of heart had come into their homes.

"It was said that their first misstep that had started them on this broad road to ruin was the desecration of the Sabbath, spending the day hunting rabbits and squirrels, and ending at a little grocery where the man sold ale, cider and cigars, in which they indulged freely when they had money to buy. And yet these were the sons of respectable and well-to-do farmers who were indulgent, and failed properly to restrain and govern their families."

What a responsibility rests upon parents! How can one expect to be held guiltless, when he lets sin's stain rest upon his child and sees it corroding his nature and eating its way into his spiritual vitals and not do his utmost by prayer, and precept, and authority to head him off from destruction.

\* \* \*

### 033 -- TREASURE UP INCORRUPTIBLE PURITY

Surely, sin eats its way like a canker.

"An Arabian princess was once presented by her teacher with an ivory casket, not to be opened until a year had passed. The time, impatiently waited for, came at last, and with trembling haste she unlocked the treasure, and lo! on the satin linings lay a shroud of rust; the form of something beautiful, but the beauty gone. A slip of parchment contained these words: 'Dear pupil, learn a lesson in your life. This trinket, when enclosed, had upon it only a spot of rust; by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold, only a blot on its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character, will, by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time leave only a dark shadow of what might have been. Place herein a jewel of gold, and after many years you will find it still as sparkling as ever. So with yourself; treasure up only the pure, the good, and you will be an ornament to society, and a source of true pleasure to yourself and your friends.'"

\* \* \*

### 034 -- NEW YORK CASHIER AND HIGH LIVING

The following from the "Christian Herald" will illustrate the insane ridiculousness of Sin's course:

"It may seem a fine thing, particularly to younger minds, to have two automobiles, a well-furnished New York apartment and a suite of rooms in a fashionable suburban hotel, with all manner of spending money for odds and ends. But the most adventuresome youngster would scarcely consider pleasantly the circumstance of having a thousand circulars describing him posted in public places throughout the country, offering \$500 reward for his arrest as an embezzler.

"These two experiences came with rapid succession recently into the life of a young New York cashier. He received a salary of \$20 a week and engaged a chauffeur at about the same wage. He paid \$115 a week for a suite in an exclusive hotel, and made other expenditures to match. But

that part only lasted a couple of months. How long a time he will spend as a fugitive, how he will live while in flight, and what will happen to him when captured are all matters of conjecture."

Of course this young man's sin will soon find him out, and then he will see what a fool and what a tool the devil has made of him. Sin is not only progressive but fearfully retrogressive.

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### 035 -- A SPEND-THRIFT HEIR

"A young man twenty-three years old, heir to \$150,000, passed a forged check for \$100 on the proprietor of a leading New York City hotel the other day and was sentenced to the reformatory at Elmira by Judge Mulqueen in the Court of General Sessions.

The young man's father died a year or so ago, and left him by will \$10,000 in cash, with an additional income of \$1,000, and \$150,000 when he shall have reached the age of thirty. In a little over a year he had gotten rid of the \$10,000 and committed a crime to get more money to waste on his iniquities. He was a bad boy and a very bad young man. His father meant everything for the best, but the \$10,000 was a curse to him. It relieved him of the necessity of toil, so healthful to virtue, and led him easily into the jaws of sharks of every kind. He found that vice was very expensive, that it did not take the saloons, the disorderly houses, or the gambling hells long to get his \$10,000 away from him, and to lay the hand of the law upon him as a felon."

\* \* \*

### 036 -- A CURIOUS BILL

Mr. William W. Smith of Quaker City, Ohio, displayed a dollar bill which was regarded a great curiosity. On the back of it in ink was written, "The last dollar of an ill-spent fortune." If every last dollar of an ill-spent fortune had its history marked thus on the back, they would be seen all over this fair land of ours. There came into one of the banks of Storm Lake, Iowa, a five-dollar bill on the face of which was written words similar to the above. The language was about like this: "This is the last of three fortunes spent for gambling, wine and women." Sad the career of such a life of sin! It had its end and found him out a poor wreck on the shores of time.

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### 037 -- LORD BYRON'S ELEVEN HAPPY DAYS

It seemed that Lord Byron drank of every cup of pleasure, so-called, that this world affords. His intellectual and physical fortunes were enormous. Just before he died, while sitting among some gay company he seemed meditative and moody. They asked him what he was thinking about so seriously. He replied, "I was thinking of the happy days I have had in this world." He was asked how many, and he said, "I can count but eleven, and I was just wondering if I could ever make up the dozen in this world of pangs and tears and sorrows." One would think if ever a mortal could get satisfaction out of this world, Lord Byron would have done it, but his dying testimony



was that it was so full of pangs and tears and sorrows. Surely, "The way of the transgressor is hard." King Saul said before he died, "I have played the fool and erred exceedingly."

\* \* \*

#### 038 -- THE WORLD IS NOT GETTING BETTER

One sad thing about the sin question is, that so many think it is on the wane in the world. "The world is getting better" seems to be the slogan of certain short-sighted and misguided teachers. Many years ago the writer attended some Chautauqua lectures at Long Beach, Cal., and heard a lecture bearing on the theme that the world was growing better. At the close of the lecture given by this minister of the gospel, we ventured to approach him and asked him to read a little paper of statistics we happened to have in our pocket. The lecturer read them carefully and then remarked, "The good is getting better, and the bad is getting worse." Had he made this plain in his speech, we would not have shown him the statistics.

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#### 039 -- BISHOP COOKE'S FEARFUL ARRAIGNMENT OF SIN

Bishop Richard J. Cooke of the M. E. Church, writes:

"In spite of our supposed culture, our literature, our arts and sciences; in spite of all our colleges and universities, and the millions expended for education in the public schools, we lead the whole world in crime. Our annual cost of crime is about \$1,373,000,000. There are four and a half times as many murders as there were twenty years ago. It was said by high authority, a short while since, that 10,000 murders are committed in this civilized country of ours every year. Chicago is credited with 118 murders every year. Paris has only 15; London, four times the size of Chicago, has only 20. One state had recently more murders than the whole of the British Empire. We are a great people. We have more homicides every year than Italy, France, Austria, Belgium, Spain, Hungary, Holland, Germany, England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales put together."

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#### 040 -- THE GROWING PLAGUE OF SIN IN AMERICA

[PLEASE NOTE:-- Internal evidence seems to point to about 1914-1918 as the time when this book was published. Consider, therefore, how much worse things have grown since the time when the following facts were set forth. -- DVM]

In S. P. Jacob's book -- "Christ in Ethics," writing of the crime of infant murder, he says: "The enormity of this crime is indicated by the data given by Rudolph Wieser Holmes, M.D., Chairman, Committee on Criminal Abortion, Chicago Medical Society: 'A physician, eighty-one years old, convicted of abortion-murder, said, "I've done five thousand of them in my time."'

"A criminal operator of Boston with three others 'had done some three thousand illegal operations in five years.'

"Miss Crowell informs us that an official gives his opinion that over one hundred thousand criminal operations are performed in New York annually.'

"A detective in Chicago found not far from one hundred abortionists who do twenty-five thousand annually.'

"There are five hundred midwives in Chicago, of whom one hundred and seventy-five do seventeen thousand and five hundred annually. Adding the twenty-five thousand and the seventeen thousand and five hundred gives forty-two thousand five hundred. Then there are numerous bath-parlors, massage rooms, etc., where abortions are done.'

"The Dr. McLeod case in Boston revealed that one group of five doctors had performed more than seven thousand criminal operations during one year."

Surely we are living in perilous times! Who will cry out against these frightful sins? The "Spokesman-Review" of Spokane, Wash., has the following:--

Frank Fayant, in the October number of Munsey's magazine shows that the smoking and drinking bill of the American people now reaches the enormous figure of \$2,700,000,000 a year.

"Since the time when Columbus braved the unknown seas in search of the treasure of the Indies, man has dug out of the earth fifteen thousand million dollars of gold," he says. "Since the panic of 1907, the American people have spent for alcohol and tobacco fifteen thousand million dollars. Or, to put these two statements in the form of a mathematical equation: The product of 420 years of human toil equals six years of easy-going expenditure of the American people for the weed that soothes and the cup that cheers."

A quarter of the twenty-seven hundred million dollars is spent for tobacco, and three-quarters for alcohol; that is, the drinking bill is three times as large as the smoking bill. Of the two billions spent for drink \$1,170,000,000 goes for beer, \$700,000,000 for whisky, brandy, gin, rum and other "strong drink," and \$130,000,000 for wine. The \$700,000,000 tobacco bill is thus divided: \$446,000,000 for cigars and little cigars, \$73,000,000 for cigarettes, \$157,000,000 for smoking and chewing tobacco, and \$24,000,000 for snuff.

Mr. Fayant's figures show that beer is the drink of the American people, and that cigarettes are rapidly becoming the national smoke. The consumption of cigarettes has increased 500 per cent. in 10 years.

"The tobacco trade grows faster than the population," he says. "It has, besides, the great advantage over most other manufacturing businesses that the profits mount up season after season, in good times and bad. When times are bad the people buy fewer clothes and cheaper food; they suspend building operations; they lay aside plans for the opening of new factories. But men go right ahead using tobacco."

"Of one brand of 5-cents-a-bag tobacco, largely used by workingmen, the sales last year amounted to \$18,000,000."

Mr. Fayant shows that the smoke and drink bill averages \$28 a year for every man, woman and child, and \$126 for every family.

Out of the \$2,700,000,000 spent for alcohol and tobacco, the national government receives \$333,000,000 in taxes, enough to pay half the expenses of the government, while state and municipal taxes take \$120,000,000 more.

The distribution of the \$2,700,000,000 is thus estimated by the writer:

Domestic growers \$170,000,000

Foreign producers 50,000,000

Wages in manufacture 180,000,000

Wages in retailing 560,000,000

Rent 310,000,000

Taxes 450,000,000

Manufacturing profits \$220,000,000

Retailing profits 380,000,000

All other expenses in manufacture, distribution and retailing (materials, fuel, transportation, advertising, etc.) 380,000,000

Total \$2,700,000,000

This is certainly a dark picture of our beloved America. It is enough to make our country call for sackcloth and ashes indeed. When we couple this with that disintegrating and home-destroying curse of unscriptural divorce, which is so prevalent and so on the increase, we have something that ought to alarm the whole nation.

An article has recently appeared in one of our papers which states according to Dr. Francis Miner Moody, that there have been granted in the United States in the past fifty-three years, two million divorces. "There are only 18,000,000 married women in this country who could be divorced, yet 110,000 divorces have been granted this year, a greater number than ever before. More than 1,400,000 children have been needlessly deprived of one or both parents by the divorce court. The result has been an increase in the attendance of reform schools, orphanages, of similar institutions at the rate of 33 to 100 per cent."

When we add to this picture all the increasing evils of the liquor traffic, the tobacco curse, the white slave traffic, the mad rush for worldly pleasure, fashion and foolishness, it looks as if the world had actually stampeded for hell. May the Lord help all who read these lines to swing the red lantern of warning and head off as many as possible.

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,  
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.  
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Surely we are living in perilous times. But if people can only make money enough it seems to put a premium on sin. When a rich brewer, with \$75,000,000 of hoarded blood-money can have a golden wedding with the best wishes of national representatives wired him across the continent, and have an accredited minister of the gospel present a loving cup, and this same minister (?) have his articles accepted in one of the great religious papers of the land, it looks as if the people were winking at sin, and failing to see the awful inroads it is making on our nation and Christendom. Nor will \$75,000 worth of floral display at the funeral of this noted brewer, made into a crown at one end of his casket, and a beer bottle at the other, atone for the crime of wrecking the hundreds and thousands of precious souls in his life time. The time will come when sin in multi-millionaire brewers, and hypocritical preachers will be seen in its true light and will certainly find the sinner out.

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#### 041 -- A STRANGE DIARY

"Not long ago in Europe, a man died at the age of seventy-three years, who began to keep a diary at the age of eighteen years, and continued to keep it for fifty-two years. His life was not consecrated to a high ideal. In the book he left he states that in the fifty-two years he had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 43,692 as presents, while for the remaining 585,023 he had paid about \$10, 433.

"In fifty-two years according to his bookkeeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer and 20,085 glasses of spirits, for which he spent \$5,350. The diary closes with these words: 'I have tried all things. I have seen many, I have accomplished nothing.'"

Sinner you may not be keeping a faithful diary as this man did, but everything you do, there is an account kept somewhere, and sin's sad tale will be told sometime.

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#### 042 -- THE LIAR'S MOUND

We were struck with the unique method the inhabitants of Borneo have of perpetuating the fact of the sin of lying.

"Monuments are usually set up as a mark of honor for a person, or to commemorate some great and glorious event. In Borneo, however, the Dyaks, who have a great regard for truth, erect a curious mound as a warning of the disgrace of lying.

"The Dyaks are very truthful. So disgraceful, indeed, do they consider the deceiving of others by an untruth that such conduct is handed down to posterity by a curious custom. They heap up a pile of the branches of trees in memory of the man who has uttered a great lie, so that future generations may know of his wickedness and take warning from it. The persons deceived start the 'tugong bula' -- 'the liar's mound' by heaping up a large number of branches in some conspicuous spot by the side of the path from one village to another. Every passer-by contributes to it, and at the same time curses the man in memory of whom it is. The Dyaks consider the adding to any 'tugong bula' they may pass a sacred duty, the omission of which will meet with supernatural punishment, and so, however pressed for time a Dyak may be, he stops to throw on the pile some branches or twigs.

"A few branches, a few dry twigs and leaves -- that is what the 'tugong bula' is at first. But day by day it increases in size. Every passer-by adds something to it, and in a few years' time it becomes an imposing memorial of one who was a liar. Once started, there seems to be no means of destroying a 'tugong bula.' There used to be one by the side of the path between Seratok and Sebetan. As the branches and twigs that composed it often came over the path, on a hot day in the dry weather I have more than once applied a match to it and burned it down. In a very short time a new heap of branches and twigs was piled on the ashes.

"It has often been remarked by Dyaks that any other punishment would, if a man had his choice, he much preferred to having a 'tugong bula' put up in his memory. Other punishments are soon forgotten, but this remains as a testimony to a man's untruthfulness for succeeding generations to witness, and is a standing disgrace to his children's children. Believing, as the Dyaks do, in the efficacy of curses, it is easy to understand how a Dyak would dream of the accumulation of curses which would necessarily accompany the formation of a 'tugong bula.'"

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## 02 -- CHAPTER -- EXPOSED BY THE LAW OF GOD IN THE LAND

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to evil." (Rom. 13:1-3)

While we may not be living under a real theocracy, yet God recognizes our human laws and principally they are founded upon His own directly-given laws. And while the powers that be are ordained of God, we see men everywhere who are breakers of the law of the land and at the same time are breakers of the law of God. In this respect we see verified the proof of this marvelous text, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Man breaks God's law as we have it upon our statute books, and how many times we see the law breaker caught in the legal meshes somewhere!

Something has occurred that caused his sin to tell on him, and so the papers, or posters, or sheriff, or something has headed him off and closed in upon him, and lo, the man is behind the bars. Go into our courts everywhere and listen to the proceedings, hear the witnesses, and then the judges' sentences. and what does it prove? It proves that their sin has found them out. Look into the hundreds of jails and penitentiaries and watch the multiplied thousands behind the bars and walls. See the crowds working along the roads with their peculiarly arranged garments, and possibly with ball and chain attachments; see that felon as he swings from the gallows into Eternity, or sits in the electric chair to receive the voltage of death; what does it mean? It means that the Bible is true -- sin has told on him and found him out.

It has become nigh to impossible in these later days to escape the eagle eye of the detectives when once they set out to track down the criminal.

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#### 043 -- HOW THE LEGISLATORS WERE CAUGHT

Some legislators in one of our states are guilty of bribery. How can it be found out? What can be done to get their sin to expose them? The detectives pose as lobbyists. They want certain measures put through, relating to a nine-hour labor law, and telegraph and telephone bill. These detectives lured the legislators into a certain hotel room and made their propositions of bribery. The lawmakers took the bait. A dictograph was hidden underneath the lounge that caught the conversation and carried it to another room where the stenographer employed by the state's attorney, with a receiver on his head, took it all down. Thus, the trap was set, the sinners fell in when lo, and behold! their sin had found them out.

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#### 044 -- THE RAILWAY BOYS AND THE BIG CLOCK

As this book may fall into the hands of many young people let me add a story from "The Boy's World," David C. Cook Publishing Company. It may help them to keep tab on themselves and not suffer themselves to be led into sin.

"In a certain division of the general work of one of the largest railway systems in the world, there is a large room in which twenty odd boys are employed sorting out official papers and classifying them. The work is important, the hours of labor long, the pay comparatively small.

"The room is in a sense a 'breaking-in' place for boys who are anxious to become practical railway men in the business departments. A boy who keeps his eyes and ears open there, and attends to his duties, will find that he is gaining a liberal education.

"For years, the time in this room was marked by a small clock, a clock so little that most of the boys had to walk up to it if for any reason they wished to know what the hour was. Each boy was supposed to report on duty at eight o'clock in the morning, to have an hour off at noon, and to

quit work at five in the evening. Every Saturday afternoon and holiday is free from work. The manager of the room is a man with a very wise head upon his shoulders.

"One morning last year the boys entered upon their work to discover that the small clock had disappeared, and in its place upon the wall, hung a clock of immense size. On the top of the rim which held in the glass of its face ran the two words, 'Sherlock Holmes,' set in letters of gold.

"Boy after boy tried to guess what that name meant. Some said it was the title of the manufacturer; others claimed it stood for the name of the fictional detective created by Conan Doyle; still others thought it was only a nickname or advertising sign for that style of clock. When Mr. Tracy, the manager, was appealed to he only smiled. He never talks very much to his boys except when he has occasion to praise one; then he lets him see how thoroughly good work is appreciated by an overloaded superior.

"After a time, little was said about the clock, and for a month it was seemingly almost unnoticed. At the end of that time, Mr. Tracy asked the boys to remain one evening for a few moments after closing time. They grouped about his desk and he picked up a slip of paper which was lying in front of him and looked quizzically at Frank Blake.

"'Frank,' he asked, 'what time do you get here in the morning?'

"'Eight o'clock, sir.'

"'Right on the dot as the clock marks?'

"'Yes, Sir. I watch the clock every morning.'

"'I know you do -- this slip of paper I am holding shows that you look at Sherlock Holmes about forty times each day.'

"'Billy Mackey, what time do you leave each night?'

"'Five o'clock, sir.'

"'You watch Sherlock Holmes for five?'

"'Yes, sir. When it's five I quit.'

"'Whether your work is finished or not?'

"'Yes, sir -- you said we could go at five.'

"One of Mr. Tracy's not easily explained smiles flitted across his face and he began to read from his paper:

"I find the average number of boys daily in this room to be twenty-one. I find that all the boys with the exception of two, look at the clock from thirty to forty times a day. In twenty-six working days there are only two of you boys who have shown up here before eight o'clock and only two who have stayed here at all after five o'clock at night. In the case of each of these two boys who do not appear to know that there is a clock in the room, each stayed after five o'clock to clear up work he felt should be finished, and he came before eight o'clock to get a new grip on his work.'

"Whether these two boys were being reprimanded or not, no one could guess. Mr. Tracy continued:

"It is necessary for the company to fix certain hours of starting work and certain ones for ending it, but if every person in the employ of the company adhered to those hours, did just as the clock shows, much would never be accomplished. The clock-looker in all kinds of work is the one who usually clogs the wheels of progress. He who thinks of his duty first and the clock last is on the right track to getting things done as they should be.

"I had Sherlock Holmes set up in here for a little innocent detective work. I need two boys here at my desk for advanced work, but I can't afford to have boys close to me who are more interested in a clock than in their work. I've got to have hustlers by me, and a hustler doesn't care what a clock says if he has work ahead of him that should be done immediately.

"So Sherlock Holmes in the form of that clock has been discovering for me, unearthing, the two boys I want. George Appleton, you are made my first assistant and your pay is advanced two dollars a week. Bailey Swift, you are my second assistant and your pay is advanced one dollar a week. Sherlock Holmes says that during working hours you have practically noticed him only three times during twenty-six days. I believe with your assistance I will be able to keep my desk clear after this.

"If any of you lads feel a little disappointed, here's a bit of advice from Sherlock Holmes: Don't bother about clocks until your duty is performed. Good night, and thank you for staying.'

"To some of the boys as they filed out it seemed as if Sherlock Holmes was grinning, as if in his 'tick-tocks,' he was saying:

"When you really come to know how to keep time and what to do with time, a clock isn't of much need. Understand?"

It certainly must be very embarrassing when, all of a sudden, one's undesired past looms up, and it is discovered that somebody has been either keeping his eye on him, or by some other method has discovered his secret misdoing.

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"There is a little machine, called 'odometer,' made something like a clock, which can be fastened on a carriage, and some way connected with the motion of the wheels. It is so arranged, that it marks off correctly the number of miles that the carriage runs. A stable-keeper once had one upon a carriage that he kept for letting, and in this way he could tell just how many miles any one went who hired it from him. Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles away. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles farther; making the distance they passed over some thirty miles. When they returned, the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument, and discovered how many miles they had traveled. 'Where have you been?' he then asked them. 'Where we were going,' was the answer. 'Have you not been farther than that?' 'Oh, no!' they answered. 'How many miles have you been in all?' 'Twenty.' He touched the spring, the cover opened; and there on the face of the instrument the thirty miles were found recorded. The young men were astonished at this unerring testimony of an unseen witness that they had carried with them all the way. The steps of all are measured; and the witnesses are ready against all sin."

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#### 046 -- THE BONFIRE OF SHORT MEASURE

A fraud in the case of short measures had been carried on for some time in the great markets of Brooklyn, New York. For several weeks the inspectors of Weights and Measures Department waylaid the wagons, and nearly all were found to contain so-called bushel baskets that were from four to fourteen quarts short. These short-measure baskets were used by the farmers and truck gardeners, and were seized, and a great bonfire was the result: three thousand baskets went up in smoke on the market place as an object lesson, proving that their sin had found them out. Another raid took place in Chicago where four dray loads of weights and measures that fell below the standard were destroyed.

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#### 047 -- A WONDERFUL CALIFORNIA BONFIRE

A wonderful bonfire occurred as the spectacular end of a campaign by the California State Board of Pharmacy. It consisted of 900 pipes, 400 scales, 1,300 bowls, and 10,000 packages of opium, cocaine and other drugs valued at \$20,000. It is said that some of the pipes were worth \$300 apiece. 1,200 convictions were secured as a result of this campaign against broken law.

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#### 048 -- MARVELOUS FINGERPRINT SYSTEM

The high-handed vandalism, that has been going on over our country for years in the destruction of bridges, institutions and buildings of various kinds, in which humanity was so mercilessly sacrificed, was certainly not destined to continue. It might seem so well planned that it never would be divulged, but Sin is an awful tell-tale, and this organized gang of murderers soon

had the divulger on their tracks, and today they are behind the prison walls. Sin may lie quiet for a time, but sooner or later the secret gets restless, and it must out.

The modern finger-print system of detecting criminals has reached such a state of perfection among many of the nations of the world, that it has become more and more difficult for certain sinners to run the gauntlet with the hope of escaping justice. It is said that one of the criminals connected with the great "Times" disaster of Los Angeles, in which a number of people lost their lives, left his fingerprint on the paint of the boat that was used to convey them along the coast. This print was taken to the Los Angeles jail where the prisoners were incarcerated, and the identity of one of them was ascertained.

So widespread and marvelous has this method of identification become that we think some general information might be of both interest and profit to the reader of this message. For this purpose we have obtained the permission from "Collier's Weekly" to reprint an article from that journal written by Robert J. Kennedy, and entitled "Finger-Print Evidence." We give the article in full, as follows:

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#### 049 -- HOW THE MURDERER WAS FINALLY DISCOVERED

"Three years ago Mme. Jules Guion, the wealthy widow of a former governor of the Bank of Paris, started by train from Paris for her country home near Fontainebleau. She occupied a compartment alone. On the following morning her body was found lying beside the tracks. As there was no evidence of crime, the police dismissed the case on the theory that in a fit of despondency over the death of her husband, she had thrown herself from the cars.

"But a certain detective was not satisfied with this explanation. Weeks later he undertook an investigation on his own account. He carefully examined the compartment, hoping to find some clue to substantiate his own belief that the woman had been murdered. Nothing was revealed by his search until, as a last resort, he ripped up the carpet. Underneath he found a railway ticket bearing the bloody imprint of a finger. The ticket was such as is given to French soldiers on furlough. Now, in France, as in Great Britain and in the United States, the finger prints of every soldier and sailor are taken at the time of enlistment. Somewhere among the army records there was one fingerprint -- and only one -- that exactly corresponded with the smudge on the ticket. The records were searched and the corresponding impression was found. Within a week both the murderer and his accomplice were arrested, confessions were obtained, and both were sentenced to the guillotine.

"No other evidence left by the soldier could have proved with such certainty his participation in the crime. A letter or an article of clothing would have furnished no more positive means of identifying him. A hat bearing his very name, dropped in the haste of his escape, would not have fastened his guilt so surely until other corroborative evidence had been gathered -- for the hat might have been a stolen one, left by another as a blind. No such clue could have demonstrated so surely as did the bloody fingerprint the soldier's presence in the compartment at the time the crime was committed.

"But though the police records both in Europe and in the United States are filled with accounts similar to this, in which fingerprints alone have been the means of detecting and identifying criminals, it is only within recent years that the method has won the full recognition it merits.

"Though the police in every European city and in every city of the United States have learned to place implicit faith in this method of identification, the recognition of the system by banks and bonding houses is comparatively recent. Many of the life insurance companies have still to learn what service finger prints may be in suits over the identification of policy holders. Yet it has long been known that fingerprints are the only sure means of determining human identity. They are the only records of the individual that cannot be changed, imitated, or confused with those of another. Photographs may lie, for men change their appearance and even their expressions as age works its transformations. Bertillon measurements vary at times, for one operator may measure a man closely and another measure him loosely. But the markings of the fingers are unique and indestructible. Never in the world were there two sets that exactly corresponded. From the cradle to the grave these marks remain the same. So distinctive are the markings of a pair of thumbs, that to an expert no other pair of thumbs may resemble them closely enough to cause even temporary confusion.

"The great number of delicate lines and their peculiar irregular arrangement make possible the variety of combinations so infinite as to afford a different pattern for every finger fashioned by nature. The configuration of the pattern, the presence of deltas, breaks, bifurcations, forks, angles, and eccentric curves are the marks that distinguish every finger and every thumb from every other finger and every other thumb in the world.

"For all these myriads of patterns there are but four general divisions -- into one of which every impression may be classified. In the slang of the cult, a fingerprint is either a whorl,' a 'loop,' an 'arch,' or a 'composite,' the last being a broken or irregular combination of two of the other classes.

"So distinctive are the markings of these different classes, that an expert needs but a glance to distinguish between them. Two brothers -- members of a vaudeville team -- whose resemblance to each other is so pronounced that even their manager cannot identify them, were brought some time ago to the New York Police Headquarters. One was taken into the fingerprint room while the other waited outside. The captain in charge was asked to scrutinize carefully the man who stood before him. As he shook hands with the young man he took careful note of the other's right thumb. The young man then left the room and his exact counterpart stepped in.

"Is this the man you just saw?' asked the manager, who had planned the test.

"The expert caught up the young man's right hand and glanced swiftly at it.

"No' he said. 'The first man had a whorl; this man has a loop. They are not at all alike -- the thumbs, I mean.'

"It has taken a score of years to bring these facts concerning fingerprints into general acceptance. The whole idea appears to have been so startling that everyone suspected a 'catch' somewhere. Perhaps the most difficult thing to believe is that the markings of the fingers are ineradicable -- that they cannot be effaced even with a grindstone. But, in point of fact, this has been tried and just as often has failed, for the lines extend downward through all the layers of the cuticle to the flesh itself. Though the surface of the fingers were rubbed away until the nerves and the blood started, the record would be all the clearer, because in the process the person seeking to destroy the marks merely would have cleaned out the small secretions from between the minute ridges without destroying the marks themselves. The only way to remove the lines would be to bite out or cut out the ball of every digit; and if any living man had the stoicism to subject himself deliberately to such frightful torture, the mutilation would mark him as a criminal more unmistakably than before, and he would only defeat his own object.

"Some of the lingering feeling, that taking fingerprints is work for a stage detective may be because the first wide attention that the idea received in the United States was in fiction. Eighteen years ago Mark Twain, in 'Pudd'n-head Wilson,' told the story of how a village collector of fingerprints not only fixed a murder upon the murderer, but at the same time proved that two babies had been changed in the cradle. It was pure fiction, but entirely plausible. It is curious to note that a dozen years after this Missouri genius published his book, St. Louis became the pioneer in America in adopting the fingerprint method of identification. Within the past two months the St. Louis police have gone another step, and, placing their dependence upon fingerprint identification, have practically discarded the use of their collection of photographs of criminals -- the 'Rogues' Gallery.'

"This should not be taken to mean that Missourians deserve all the credit for discovering and furthering this method. In India it had been used to a certain extent in identification of criminals as long ago as 1850 Europe had talked the idea now and then during half a century, but Galton, whose treatise was printed in London in 1892, was the first to reduce the material to a proper classification and render the plan efficient. Tabor, a San Francisco photographer, is said to have proposed finger prints as a method of registering Chinese, and Sir William Herschel, as early as 1877, had been experimenting with fingerprints as a means of identifying the Indian coolies. The honors have been passed around. The French were the first to adopt the idea for police purposes in Europe; the English followed their lead. The adoption of the idea in New York City, of course, hastened its spread in America. Chicago claims the distinction of being the first city in the United States where a man was convicted of murder upon circumstantial evidence in which a thumb-print was the most important argument

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#### 050 -- CATCHING A HOTEL SNEAK

"But even the confidence which the finger print system has among the police did not come without misgivings and ridicule. When a bureau of fingerprint records was introduced in the New York Police Department it was generally regarded as an experiment, and it was some time before inspector Joseph Faurot, who had installed the system after having studied the workings of the plan in Paris, found the opportunity to silence the critics.

"His chance came when one day, in Greenwich Village, the police arrested a man suspected of having robbed a guest at the Waldorf. At headquarters the man presented a dignified defense, claiming to be an English gentleman in reduced circumstances. The evidence against him was slight, and the detectives were unable to identify him as a criminal.

"Back of his appearance of gentility, however, were the slight traces of the former prison inmate. The time had come to test the fingerprint system. Inspector Faurot made the test a thorough one. He sent to Scotland Yard the imprints of the Englishman's thumbs. No photograph nor description accompanied them, only a letter asking for comparisons with the London records and a report. By the next steamer came duplicates of the thumb impressions, with the photograph of the prisoner and his prison record. He was Jones, alias Johns, and half a dozen other names. He was a hotel sneak and had served time in half the prisons of Great Britain.

"When the New York police bring a suspect into Police Headquarters he may escape being photographed for the Rogues' Gallery, but he cannot dodge finger printing. He goes under escort to the fingerprint room. He is made to press each digit in turn upon a small pad coated with ordinary printers' ink, slightly thinned. Then he is required to press the thumb or finger with a slow rolling motion upon a numbered space on a blank chart. In two minutes his ten finger prints are there, perfect and indelible, ready to be classified and filed. From that moment the chances of his escape from punishment for any crime he may commit in the future are considerably lessened. It makes no difference in what part of the civilized world he may attempt to hide himself, with the present system of international exchange his past record is almost certain to be available whenever he is caught in a crime. Nowhere can he hide his identity so long as he takes his fingers and thumbs with him.

"In order that the records of all criminals may be quickly available, copies of the fingerprints, together with the other records taken by the police of the different cities, are kept on file in the National Bureau of Criminal Identification in Washington, a bureau that is maintained by subscriptions from the various chiefs of police throughout the United States and Canada. This clearing house for criminal records now has finger and Bertillon measurements of more than one hundred thousand persons.

"So valuable has this great reference library become that today detectives, sent out to investigate the scene of a crime, first look for any hand print the criminal may have left behind on furniture, door jamb, window pane, or on articles which he fingered and then discarded. Often no trace is visible to the naked eye, but the fingerprint expert makes a closer examination. The dark surfaces that might have been touched are dusted with powdered prepared chalk, the light surfaces with prepared lampblack. The powder is then shaken off, and if the print is there it will stand out clear and distinct.

"If there is only one hand print or one finger the complete record is made up by a process of mathematical deductions. A hypothesis is figured for the missing digits; a couple of sums in addition are tried, and then the expert walks to a certain cabinet, draws out a certain chart, consults the accompanying data, and tells the Central Office to look for such and such a man. It is all very simple and very wonderful.

"If the corresponding impressions are not to be found among the records, then, of course, the chain is broken. For the time being the criminal may be as safe as though he had left no trace behind him. But there are repeated instances in which a single fingerprint left by a criminal has been identified months after when the man has been arrested on an entirely different charge.

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## 051 -- CATCHING THE BROOKLYN BURGLAR

"Among the vast collection of fingerprint relics kept by the New York Police Department, the one most highly valued by Inspector Faurot is a photograph showing the impression of a single thumb on a cut-glass rose bowl.

"One night nearly three years ago, burglars broke into a house in Flatbush. They carried away nearly everything of value in the dining room, and before leaving released a canary bird which was kept there.

"They left but one clue -- the thumbprint on the inner surface of the rose bowl. The print was found by a detective, but a search through the records failed to disclose the corresponding impression.

"Three months later, in another part of Flatbush, a woman was killed by one of two burglars who broke into her home. In an attempt to save his mother, a son wounded one of the pair. Later both were captured. The wounded man, Frank Schliemann, protested that he was not a professional house-breaker. He claimed to be an artisan out of work, and that his companion had induced him to join in the robbery.

"The fingerprint expert went to the hospital where the injured man lay and took his finger prints. Comparison showed that Schliemann had no police record in Greater New York. The detective was forced to conclude that the whining prisoner had told the truth when he insisted that he had had no previous criminal experience.

"He was just filing the record away when he recognized one of the thumbprints. Five minutes later he was on his way to Brooklyn. He walked into the ward where Schliemann lay and, without warning, snapped a question at the man lying on the hospital cot.

"'Schliemann,' he said, 'when you broke into that other house in Flatbush three months ago, why didn't you take the cut-glass bowl with the gold filigree on it?'

"Taken by surprise, the frightened murderer blurted out the truth.

"'It was too heavy to carry,' he said.

"The expert hazarded another good guess:

"And why did you turn the canary bird loose?"

"Well," said Schliemann, "I had just done five years in prison, and I hated to see any living thing locked up in a cage."

"When the expert had first filed away the photograph taken from the rose bowl he had dismissed it from his mind. One would think that the impression with its labyrinth of interlacing lines would have been quickly forgotten, or at least confused with the great number of others to which his attention was constantly being called.

"But the memory of a fingerprint expert is like that of a trained detective who pays particular attention to the study of faces. Unconsciously he retains many of these impressions. And a print bearing unusual markings will remain in his mind for months or years.

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#### 052 -- THE SOUP LADLE WITH THE FINGERPRINT

"Some time ago a New York policeman brought to headquarters a soup ladle taken from the scene of a robbery in a house in Washington Square. In the polished bowl of the ladle, which the thief had examined and thrown aside, was the imprint of a thumb, clear and distinct. The impression was an unusual one. It had three deltas, whereas most thumbs have but one, and only a few have two. The expert in the Bureau of Criminal Identification studied it carefully and then began a search through the files, which continued for days, looking in vain for a duplicate of it. None was found, and it was concluded that the thief, in all probability, was a beginner.

"Some months later a suspect, who had been found loitering around an East Side pawnshop, was brought to headquarters. His fingerprints were taken, and the expert, following his usual custom, studied them a moment before turning them over to be classified. As he glanced at the thumbprint he caught the impression of three deltas. A moment later he had taken from the file the photograph of the soup ladle impression. The thief, Herman Kaplan, called the 'candle burglar' on account of his custom of always carrying with him a candle dip, pleaded guilty of the Washington Square robbery and was sent to Sing Sing. He had left the soup ladle, he said, because it was plated.

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#### 053 -- NEW WAY OF DISCOVERING SOME FORGERIES

"The recent adoption of fingerprints by banks as a means of identification is doing much to prevent wrongful payments. Forgers who have made banks their particular prey have been completely stripped of their power to profit through their criminal skill because of the adoption of the fingerprint method.

"Criminals, whose impressions are on record in the large cities, often fear to remain where the slightest suspicion against them may at once show them up as old offenders. This fear often

drives them to work in smaller cities and towns. 'For that reason,' says Eugene Van Buskirk, superintendent of the National Bureau of Identification at Washington, 'every city should install a fingerprint bureau. The police at least should be able to take impressions, to be sent for comparison to the national bureau.'"

Thus we learn by this article on fingerprint evidence that it is getting more and more difficult to escape sin's detection.

We are living in the days of marvelous inventions. One of the recent developments is invisible light used to detect forgeries. Forgers have been in the habit of using certain chemicals to erase written words or numbers on checks and documents in order to change their value. These erasures have been so perfectly accomplished, that it was impossible to detect them with the use of a microscope. A check originally written for \$24 was raised by one of these expert forgers to \$2,400 and passed the cashier of one of the largest banks of Baltimore without being detected. A photograph was made with the ultra-violet rays which showed clearly a smudge where a heavy line had been erased and the word "hundred" was written in after the "twenty-four," thus proving the check to be a forgery.

This was accomplished by the use of light. It took light to bring this criminal's sin to the surface. There is no telling when some peculiar ray of light from some law of God may cross the pathway of the sinner and be his police officer to run him down.

The broken laws of our land are in evidence everywhere. If there were no such thing as sin; if all had the Spirit of Jesus actuating their lives; if everybody loved his neighbor as himself, there would be no need of those great legal libraries in the attorneys' offices. There would be no further need of policemen, constables, sheriffs, detectives, lawyers and judges. The money spent for jails, penitentiaries, houses of correction and such like could be used in other directions. Watch dogs, high board fences, and even locks on the doors would be dispensed with. There would be a great change concerning poor houses, asylums, and such like. We fear that most of the doctors would have to seek other employment. The theaters, dance halls, saloons, gambling holes, brothels, race courses, and a hundred and one other kinds of amusement places would then be used for other purposes. The distilleries and breweries and the various tobacco industries together with many other kinds of heinous employment would forever cease. The soldiers would change their occupations, and the battleships would go out of use. In fact it would materially overhaul most of our departments and so remodel things generally, that if a real Rip Van Winkle would appear on the scene he would surely think he had struck another world. Thank God, when the bugle blast which precedes the Millennial day is sounded, we shall behold a period wherein is no devil nor devilishness. The thousand years of peace will reign, and righteousness will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

But that day has not yet arrived, and the devil is not yet chained, and it seems sometimes that sin is surely running rampant. In many places where sin is really found out, instead of justice being dispensed, it is dispensed with.

Is some one saying, that many criminals escape justice, and are never punished for their wickedness by the law of the land? But wait: we are not through with our message. Do not pass



judgment until we have called attention to the other laws that are set to catch the sinner. Somehow somewhere, sometime his sin will surely find him out.

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### 03 -- CHAPTER -- EXPOSED BY THE LAW OF GOD IN NATURE

God's law is recorded in the book of Nature as well as upon the statute books of our country. One cannot trifle with these laws with impunity any more than he can the laws of the land. These laws are absolutely no respecter of persons. They are just as relentlessly after the king on his throne as the outcast in the gutter if he takes it in hand to break them.

On every hand we discover evidences of outraged Nature. The law has caught its victim, convicted and sentenced him, and he is serving his time for the violation of Nature's laws. His sin against Nature has found him out, and is telling on him wherever he goes. He cannot cover it with broadcloth, nor hide it beneath sheep's clothing. He may be a high-up, so-called, respectable sinner, walking among the four hundred society, but the tell-tale is within and without, and pointing its index finger says to the passerby "Look at my bleary eyes and red nose. I am a victim of drink."

"Look at my stooped shoulders, bent head, pinched lips, shriveled mouth and face, and squinted eyes. I am a miser; I am suffering from money-hunger."

"See my wanton, wandering eyes. Look at the demon of lust in my very countenance. Listen to my conversation. Unchastity is written on my words and ways."

"Look at me, only a youth. While I ought to be upright, strong and steady, I am bent over, hollow-chested, trembling in my limbs, and shaking in my hands. My memory is failing, my ambition is dying and I am growing old before I am twenty. The cigarette has conquered me at last."

"Look at the marks of my vicious life. My eyes are sunken, I cannot look another squarely in the face. My face has lost its color and is now pale and sallow. See the dark rim around my expressionless eyes. See my sunken cheeks and my pimpled face. I once could think and remember, but that is in the past. I am troubled with the hobgoblins of the present and future. Melancholy has gripped me in its talons. I have no bright prospects ahead. This world is a dreary waste. I am a bond slave to vice and passion. I have no will to resist. I feel that those who look upon me are reading my life."

And thus we might go on. What is the trouble with these victims of sin? Simply this: their peculiar sin is telling on them, exposing them, is finding them out.

The face is surely an index to the man. Different sins create different expressions. The miser has not the facial characteristics as the drunkard. The slave of passion carries a different placard than the slave of fashion. The tell-tale that is exposing him is not spelling his crime out to the world with the same letters that it is the victim of pride.

He did not figure that his sin would culminate so quickly and take upon it the task of telling it out so plain. He broke over the bounds of nature and paid no heed to the faithful warning voice to desist. He followed the path of least resistance and gave way to his sinful desires still further, and Nature sent a dart into his flesh for him to call a halt, but he was losing his will power fast and so sped on. Now look at the horrid, putrefying mass of degenerate humanity, as he lies in the hospital, too foul and too dangerous to be touched. The flesh is falling from his very bones. He is rotting to death. His sin now is telling it to the world as well as to himself. "Be sure your sin will find you out." The doctor signs a death certificate, and calls it some long, Latin name, but everybody knows, who saw him, that it was the lust devil that killed him.

He was taunted into taking the first glass against his will. He ought never to have been with the crowd. After while he did not need to be taunted, he wanted it like the rest. His mother's prayers bothered him, his conscience lashed him, the Holy Spirit convicted him, Nature smote him, but he hastened on toward the maelstrom. His step grew unsteady, his brain reeled, he lost his job and his money and his virtue. The bright eye, the elastic step, the ruddy countenance, the steady hand, the intelligent mind are now exchanged for the blood-shot eye, the swaggering walk, the bloated face, the trembling hand, and the imbecile brain. Poor victim of Nature's outraged law! But the end is not yet. Hear those pitiful, heart-rending cries: "Take them away! They have come to take out my very vitals! Don't you see them? There they come, those awful serpents! O, don't let them kill me! Help! Help!"

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#### 054 -- VICTIM OF DELIRIUM TREMENS

We copy a brief description of a victim of delirium tremens:

"He was raving under the excitement of delirium. His sunken cheeks and blood-shot eyes and fiery lips, with distorted hair, gave him a frightful appearance. He would rave and retreat as he saw great monsters of frightful shape in the corner, or on the wall, at which he would point with screams of horror, as he would fly to the opposite side of the room and then rush forward to do them battle. When, all of a sudden he would be startled afresh with the imaginary appearance and presence of venomous reptiles or images that were springing from his intoxicated brain, and he would fight them over his head."

A few of these spells and the crepe is on the door, then the open grave, and another of the vast and increasing throng of slaves is numbered with the slain. Sin has told the tale.

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#### 055 -- THE DYING CIGARETTE FIEND

He saw the other boys do it, and thought it would make him a man. His father had set the example before him. In vain the mother pleaded. His school teacher warned. The Sunday School teacher swung the red lantern. He could quit when he liked, and so he thought he would enjoy it a little further. "Cigarettes are such little things, that it will be no trouble for me to quit."

But lo, and behold, when his nerves get unsteady and his memory unreliable and he thought it best to desist, his will had gone back on him, and while virtue had weakened, vice had doubled in strength, and now he is bound hand and foot, heart and head and all by the giant with whom he, for these short years, had trifled. He leaves school because he has lost the power and pleasure of study. He cannot retain what he has read. He fails continually in his examinations. He must get a job that has no thinking in it or he will not succeed. The number of packages of the poison of death are increased daily. He must have more and more to strengthen his nerves. He saves up a pile of coupons and mails them to the manufacturer of the packages of death, and asks what he will give him for them. The answer comes back, "Save up a few more and we will send you a coffin."

This vice likes company, and company is easily had, and now with other sins, with redoubled speed he strikes a gait that is hastening him with the rapidity of time to the shores of Eternity. The fluttering pulse, and intermittent beat, and smothered breath, indicate the need of the services of the physician. He has a tobacco heart. How sadly and how truly his sin is notifying to all that he has lost out in the battle of life. Decades of years too soon his emaciated body and worn out heart stop, and he sinks into a premature grave. It could be truthfully placed on the tombstone: Here lies the victim of the cigarette. He died a self-murderer.

Listen to the confession of the self-murderer: "He was a bright young man and had a promising future. He formed the habit of smoking cigarettes, and like all others, he inhaled the smoke. He continued this for several years. His lungs were not strong. After awhile a cough developed. A physician was called. His lung tissue was beginning to give way. His eyes were swollen from the arsenic in which the paper was bleached. The doctor told him to quit, but he could not, it had gone too far. Like a man chained to a post, he was chained fast to this mighty evil. Finally he gave up, and I shall never forget his confession on his deathbed. Said he: 'Doctor, I am a murderer. I have taken my own life, and am afraid I cannot get pardon.'"

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#### 056 -- THE CIGARETTE FIEND AND THE LEECHES

The following is taken from a religious paper:

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on an average."

"You don't blame them for your run-down condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette smoker bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then all of a sudden a kind of a shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor dead.

"That's what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech in the first place," said the cigarette smoker sullenly. "Wasn't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again."

And the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off -- or, at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man. "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette smokers have it."

"Doctor," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."

What a sad tale these poor leeches told on this young man! What a tale of woe the cigarettes are causing all over our land!

He got into bad company and learned their vicious ways. His parents were too modest kindly to inform him of the sacred functions of his own body. They left that for the vile boy of the street. They little thought that their beautiful boy was the victim of vice. It is true that they noticed that he was losing the affectionate kiss and loving hug for his mother. They noticed too that he was losing his desire for books. He was anxious to be with the boys too much. The glow was now leaving his cheek. A dark rim was under the eye. He could not look steadily in another's eye. They knew somewhat the signs, the finger boards of that path, but they could not make up their minds that their loving boy would go astray. And how could they ever get around to it, to have a plain talk with him? Time speeds on and so does the sin. It fastens more and more upon the victim. What must be their horror when their imbecile son is pronounced by the physician as insane and he must be taken to the asylum! The awful tell-tale had told the story and his sin had found him out.

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Nature's laws are broken not only by the victim of drink, tobacco, lust, and kindred but by the wrong treatment of the body in eating, dressing, and improper care. Everywhere are evidences of Nature's broken law. Much of this is direct sin against the body. No one has a right before God to eat and drink those things which he has reason to believe are hurtful to him. What is food for one may be poison for another. One may thrive on milk, while another would suffer agony in the use of it. There are people who are as much slaves to tea or coffee as others are to tobacco or liquor. If we adhere to the command of God: "Whether therefore ye, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," then we will be careful not to partake of those foods and drinks which we have reason to believe are injurious. In this enlightened age, there is scarcely any reason for intelligent people not knowing what is good for them and what is injurious. Someone asked Isaac Newton why he did not use tobacco, and the answer was, "I will make to myself no necessities." Why not apply this to all our eating and drinking. If I am drinking anything, that to go without causes a craving, showing that I am a slave, or it causes a headache or other distress, does it not show that I have made to myself a necessity? A normal body with a normal appetite is not a bond slave to anything in eating or drinking. He may enjoy certain things better than others, but suffers no inconvenience if deprived of them.

We see Nature's broken law in the slave of fashion. Pride is killing more people than most people are aware of. No person can fly in the face of Nature and squeeze the vital organs out of shape with impunity. Yet these victims are everywhere extant. And their sin is telling the sad tale on them. We look with disgust on the fashion of Chinese women in cramping their feet, but this scarcely compares with the cramping of lungs, heart, stomach, and liver.

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## 058 -- DIREFUL EFFECTS OF UNHOLY EMOTIONS

But direct actions are not the only way to break God's law in the realm of nature. There is such a thing as the power of mind over the body. There is not an action of the body whether it be voluntary or involuntary which is not the result of mind, either conscious or subconscious. Surely, that great headquarters wherein sits the dispatcher and sends out his thousands of messages over the millions of electric wires into the various ramifications of the body, has a marvelous influence.

All sinful emotions have their deleterious effects upon the physical. The degenerate, who revels in lascivious and other wicked thoughts is cutting directly across the laws of nature, and his very body as well as his mind is sure to suffer the penalty. Jesus declared that adultery could be committed by a wrong look and thought.

Anger has made many a person sick. No one can get angry without injuring his body as well as his soul. Anger forms a poisonous secretion which is taken up into the body with injurious effects.

Prof. T. W. Shannon in his "Perfect Manhood," says: "The saliva formed from the blood of a person in a normal condition is remedial when applied to a fresh wound and tends to alleviate pain. Nature teaches all the lower animals and man this lesson. When a person has been angry for hours, mentally and morally abnormal, the saliva applied to a fresh wound will give it the

appearance of having been poisoned, and it will be difficult to cure. A baby nursing the breast of an angry mother may be thrown into spasms. Hundreds of such cases have occurred. Anger is not only a mental act, but it involves the moral nature; it is a sin. Jealousy is often the cause of dyspepsia. Unusual grief, because of the loss of property or the death of some member of the family, often causes a temporary loss of health. A chemical test of the various secretions of the body, under the influence of these abnormal states of mind and morals, would reveal an abnormal condition in all of these secretions."

Emotions have a strong effect upon the body in various ways. Anger causes a tension of the muscles throughout the body, impeding the circulation of blood. It results in disordered breathing, which hinders the free transit of blood through the lungs, and thus the current is thrown back upon the heart. The heart then works with such redoubled force to propel it, that a blood vessel may give way in some part of the body, or the "golden bowl" itself may be broken. It is in this way that some noted people have suddenly died.

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#### 059 -- ANGER KILLED HIM

A certain person entertaining some friends got mad at his servant and stamped his foot. The excitement which followed brought on trouble which caused his death. Heart disease is sometimes caused by anger. Doctors have discovered that the odds are more against the impatient patients than those who are self-composed and cheerful.

Bad news weakens the action of the heart. Disgust oppresses the lungs. Shame brings a flush to the face. Fear blanches the cheek. Joy illuminates the countenance while sorrow beclouds it. Surprise quickens the pulse. Delirium infuses giant energy. Violent emotion sometimes has resulted in instant death. A moment of joyous thrill will electrify a million nerves. Thus we see that the power of the mind in various ways exerts a tremendous influence over the physical.

Plato doubtless was too strong when he said, "All diseases of the body proceed from the soul," yet herein lies a great truth. There are many causes of sickness and disease which cannot be ferreted out in the dissecting room. The scalpel does not get to the source of all physical ailments. Many a disease has a moral instead of physical beginning. Way back somewhere on the pages of the heart are recorded worry, fear, anger, strife, and other unhealthy emotions which sometimes result in real organic changes of the body.

Dr. C. Spencer Kinney says: "There is no faculty of the human mind that worry does not effect. There is no organ of the human body that it may not destroy."

Someone has said that "Anger is a highway robber, and worry is a sneak-thief." Again it is said, "Worry cannot co-exist with perfect health."

"A machine can sustain a strain equal to the strength of its weakest part." It is thus with a human being. "Worry is a strain that is always plus the legitimate effort necessary to accomplish

any given purpose, and whenever indulged in, the nervous energy of the patient is more quickly exhausted."

"Worry creates a slow, sluggish fever, in which the moisture of the entire body is generally drawn upon." "It is easy to begin, but hard to stop."

While hope, faith, love, cheerfulness, always looking on the bright side have a healthful influence over the body; so worry, fearful forebodings, moodiness, looking on the dark side, will surely have a deleterious effect upon the physical. The fact can be definitely proved from the standpoint of physicians' experiments that many a person has become a physical wreck, by giving way to wrong thoughts in the way of worry, and its kindred evils. Many inmates of the insane asylum are there through worry. The wrong thoughts send wrong currents to the various departments of the physical mechanism, and the result is, it gets out of gear. A healthy, holy, cheerful thought somehow oils up the running gear of the body, and materially aids in its healthfulness, while wrong thoughts are like sand, causing friction, hot boxes, and more or less general disorganization. By actual experimentation in the physician's laboratory and otherwise it is proved that these kindred evils of wrong thinking will effect in an unhealthy manner the heart's action, the circulation of the blood, causing tremendous blood pressure, the digestive organs, causing various difficulties, the nervous system, with a whole brood of fearful consequences and various other ailments too numerous to mention. These frightful results, then, with their reflex action, revert back upon the distorted mind action, and so hand in hand they augment each other's woes.

All this is not kept secret in the wall of the human body, but it is sure to tell on the individual. Nor need the individual think that all this is really void of any moral quality. Has not God informed us in the Word that we should cast our cares upon Him, that He is our burden-bearer, that He cares for us, and every hair is numbered? Where is there any room for worry, evil-forebodings, dark sides when one is living a life abandoned to the Holy Ghost, and living in Romans 8:28, where it says: "And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose"? Has He not commanded us to "Rejoice evermore" and "In everything give thanks"? Has He not instructed us to take no anxious thought for the morrow? Then how can we fly in the face of these clear precepts, and do the opposite, allowing worry, fear, and such like to dominate us, and as a result have our very physical being more or less wrecked as well as our spiritual, and not be held guilty before Him? Be sure it will tell the sad tale in more ways than one.

The following extract taken from "The Borderland of the Supernatural" is timely: "Dr. J. M. Buckley says: 'As long ago as the time of Dr. John Hunt, it was established by a variety of experiments and by his own experience, that the concentration of attention upon any part of the human system affects first, the sensation; next produces a change in the circulation, then a modification of the nutrition, and finally an alteration in the structure.'" No wonder that long-continued worry and evil forebodings and such like are making such ravages everywhere. Here is the scientific explanation of the results. Sin is telling some sad tales on human bodies all around. Worrying over one's sickness or supposed ailment only augments that trouble. Looking on the bright side tends to cure.

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## 060 -- HOW THE CAMERA DISCOVERED SMALLPOX

One's sin may not always show on the surface plain enough to be detected, but in time, in God's own way, it will come out.

"A lady went to the photographer's for the purpose of having a picture taken. After she had sat for it in the usual way, the photographer retired with the plate to examine it, but as the lines gradually developed in the chemical bath, a strange sight was revealed. In the portrait the lady's face appeared covered with a number of dark spots; but yet no one looking at her that day was able to detect the slightest trace of them in her face. But the next day the explanation came. The spots had then become distinctly visible. The lady was ill of smallpox, of which she died. The faint yellow of the spots, some time before human eyes could discern it, had been marked by the pure light of the sun, and traced in darkened spots on the photographic plate, revealing the disease that already, though as yet invisible to human eyes, was there."

Here was that sad work of disease going on in the body, but not yet showing externally. It took light to detect it first, then nature told the sad tale. Would it not be well for one to ask God to turn on the light now, while there is opportunity to escape, rather than wait till it breaks out and in the end destroys?

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## 04 -- CHAPTER -- EXPOSED BY THE LAW OF GOD IN THE BIBLE

The law of God as recorded in the Ten Commandments is not the whole of it as found in the Bible. Neither do the books of Moses hold the entire list of God's statutes in the Word. We find His law scattered from Genesis to Revelation. His commands permeate the whole inspired Book. "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not" are not confined to any given portion. To disobey any one of God's commands or requirements; to run counter to any part of His blessed will laid down in the Book; to fail to walk in the light of any truth pertaining to us, is certainly to break God's law in the Word.

No one can transgress this law with impunity. Most serious are the consequences to those who dare to take the bits in their teeth and have their own way, contrary to God's written plan.

Attached to the breaking of God's law is the plain, written statement: "The wages of sin is death," and "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." God does not mean, that the soul that sinneth, He will kill him, but sin will kill him. The inevitable consequence of sin is spiritual death. If I should say to my boy, "Do not take that poison, or you will die," I do not mean, that I will kill him if he takes the poison, but the poison itself will kill him. On this general, broad principle we find the truth of the statement, "Be sure your sin will find you out," everywhere extant. Death is reigning on every hand, because sin is on every hand. It cannot be hidden; it tells on the individual continually that he is a sinner, by the spiritual death and dearth obvious in his life. His lack of love, joy, peace,



life, spirituality, all go to show that sin is telling to all spiritually-minded people, that he is dead; his sin is telling on him.

Then, again, God has declared certain, specific results would follow certain specific lines of sin. The twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy is a wonderful array of blessings to His people if they would follow in the path that He marked out for them. He made it very plain to them what to do so that there was no misunderstanding it. On the other hand he made it positively plain, that if they did not adhere to His precepts, certain fearful results would surely follow. These results covered a wide range of calamities. They affected the body, the food, the land, in the city and in the field. It involved pestilence, plague and poverty. Blasting and mildew were to follow in their wake. Their enemies would prevail over them and they would be scattered over the earth. The record of these results is one of the most specific and terrible descriptions to be found in the Bible. As we follow the history of these people we find that God was true to His word. As they obeyed, the blessings followed as He had promised. As they disobeyed, the curses followed as He had said. How true those curses came according to prediction! And when they came, was it not their sin telling it out to their enemies and to the world, exposing them for their disobedience? "Be sure your sin will find you out," was certainly fulfilled to the letter.

At the fall of Jericho God forewarned the people not to partake of any of the accursed things of the city. This was made plain to them. Yet Achan's covetous heart desired that fine Babylonish garment, the wedge of gold and the shekels of silver. Could this sin be hidden under such circumstances? Was it not sure to find him out? Read the record, how it was traced from tribe to family, from I family to household, and from household to man, till Achan was taken. His confession was pitiful, and his death awful. His sin found him out.

"He, that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. 29:1) The judgments of God following in the wake of special sins the nature and heinousness of which being better understood with God than with us, are only another proof that sin finds the party out and tells it to the world around. When the antediluvian world was swept with the besom of destruction, it was a standing rebuke to the coming population of the world, that people must not trifle with sin; it would surely, some time find them out. When the sin of Sodom and Gomorrah reached its climax, and God could abide them no longer, the fire and brimstone fell upon them and obliterated the cities from the face of the earth. God could not be trifled with too long. Their sin became evident and found them out.

When Korah, Dathan and Abiram started their infamous rebellion in the camp of Israel, withstanding Moses, Aaron and even God Himself, the sin was so high-handed and horrible that the judgment of God quickly followed, and the earth opened her mouth and swallowed up the rebels, closing in upon them again in a moment. There was no funeral service, nor any human burial for those sinners. It was a sudden exposition. Their sin flared up, found them out, was punished and all was over. When the puny hand of man is lifted up against the Omnipotent, sin is going to tell some awful tale.

Nadab and Abihu were instructed well enough in the service of the Lord to attend to their own business and let strange fire alone. But they presumed upon His mercy, took things in their own hands and offered their strange fire. Their sin was not long in finding them, for the fire of

God's wrath struck them, and their dead bodies were soon carried out for burial. Is not this a standing warning for all not to trifle with strange fire?

Miriam spoke against Moses, but she did it at the risk of her life. It was soon telling all over her face. The judgment of leprosy was on her. Had it not been for the meekness and faithfulness of her brother, Moses, it evidently would have killed her, but God answered his prayer, and she was healed, although it blocked the wheels of progress of the whole camp of Israel for a given time. Many a time a church has had to call a halt because some one has spoken evil of God's servant. It is no trifling matter to murmur against the Lord's anointed.

When the congregation of Israel murmured against God and Moses because of the hardships of the way, it was not long till the fiery judgment of God was upon them, and the serpent's bite was showing them that their sin was telling on them.

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#### 061 -- REVIVAL DISTURBER SHOT SAME NIGHT

A saloon keeper in the city of Chicago stood at the door of a tent where a revival meeting was in progress. After he had amused himself for a season in disturbing the worship, he went to his saloon, where later on in the night he was shot. How quickly his sin told on him, by God's judgment!

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#### 062 -- PUNISHMENT OF A STREET MEETING DISTURBER

A street meeting was in progress in this same city. A man was guilty of making fun and disturbing this gathering. That night he fell from the third story of his rooming house. God's judgments sometimes quickly follow where they may not be expected.

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#### 063 -- HOW THE MOCKER DIED IN THIRTY DAYS

An evangelist was holding revival services in Whittier, Cal. A young man came forward and knelt at the altar seeking pardon. For some reason he failed to obtain the gift, and during the altar service he arose deliberately and without any given reason took his seat in the rear of the church. During the progress of the revival this young man came to the meetings a number of times, but instead of continuing his seeking, he became indifferent and finally went so far as to laugh and make sport during the service. One evening while this was going on, the evangelist spoke to him and said "Young man, I expect to hear of your death inside of thirty days." Just about the time the thirty days had expired, while the young man was intoxicated, an automobile ran over him and killed him. "He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy."

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#### 064 -- HELL JUST AROUND THE CORNER

The pastor of this same church where the incident above took place, told the writer, that one time a young man was scoffing at religion and in a sneering way asked, "Where is Hell?" The pastor, as if by inspiration, replied, "Just around the corner." The young man went off, and as he rounded the corner he met with his death. Is not sin telling an awful tale?

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#### 065 -- HOW FAR IS IT TO HELL?

"As a Christian was on his way to a meeting, a young man who came out of an inn and mounted his horse, said: "Can you tell me how far it is to Hell?" The Christian paused, reflected for a moment and then replied: "It is not far off; you may come to it sooner than you expect." The young man laughed, put spurs to his horse, and was soon out of sight. The Christian walked on and, as the road made a turn, he noticed a crowd of people before him. Coming up to the spot, he saw the young man to whom he had just before spoken the words of warning, lying a corpse upon the ground. His horse had become unmanageable and thrown his rider, who, falling on his head, was killed on the spot."

\* \* \*

#### 066 -- "I AM GOING TO HELL" AND STRUCK BY LIGHTNING

An example of sudden judgment is shown in the case of a young man in Rock County, Minnesota. On a farm near Blue Mound, in that county, two young men were busily engaged in hauling in grain before a coming shower. While passing from one shock of grain to another, the one on the ground, evidently thinking the one on the wagon was not driving properly, asked him where he was going. The reply was, "I am going to Hell." The next moment a sudden bolt of lightning struck him and killed him instantly. "Suddenly destroyed."

\* \* \*

#### 067 -- DEATH OF HOLINESS-FIGHTING PREACHER

Dr. Godbey relates the story in one of his books where he was called to a certain city to conduct a holiness meeting. A certain pastor of that city was opposed to the teaching of holiness, and, upon hearing of the revival meeting, he announced that he would preach on a given Sunday afternoon on sanctification, showing the fallacy of the teaching. Dr. Godbey arrived, and the time appointed for the pastor's discourse had come, but the hour in which the pastor was to deliver his anti-holiness address, another preacher was preaching the pastor's funeral sermon. Who can oppose God with impunity?

The three following incidents of the judgments of God were furnished the writer by Rev. W. B. Olmstead, of the Free Methodist church, as having occurred in connection with his ministry:

\* \* \*

#### 068 -- DISTURBED THE REVIVAL, KILLED BY A HORSE

"In 1892 I was located in Holland, Ohio, as the pastor of the Free Methodist church. During the winter we held a revival meeting which continued for several weeks. At different times there was great disturbance in the meeting by the young men, and it became necessary to bring out the deputy sheriff from Toledo to quiet them. One young man, especially, persisted in his determination to create disturbance. He seemed to be a leader, and many were praying for his soul's salvation. I remember approaching him at different times and pleading with him to give his heart to God. He scornfully spurned our invitation and the offers of mercy. A few months later this young man was kicked by a horse, and the physician said he could live only a few hours at most.

There was great excitement. To think that he was about to die unprepared caused many to feel that an immediate effort should be put forth to secure his salvation. Among others I was appealed to, and the question was asked, "Why don't you pray? Why are you so indifferent?" It was impossible for me to pray, and it seemed impossible for any one else to do so, and, more than that, the young man, with a wail, declared that he had sinned away his day of grace. All I could say, was, that my praying for him had been done some months before. He had spurned mercy when mercy was offered. He died in a few hours, while pleading with his friends to give their hearts to God, and not to live as he had lived."

\* \* \*

#### 069 -- ROWDY LEADER SUDDENLY KILLED

"It was in May, 1883. I was a mere boy and had been preaching only two months. A lumber boss had invited me into the wilds of the Muskoko country, in Ontario, Canada, to hold a few meetings, in hopes that his men would be reached.

"An upper room in a boarding house was secured and seated. On the first night the room was filled, largely with rough men. One man, who sat near the door, evidently decided to break up the meeting. He kept up a continual pounding on the floor with his feet and with a chair. He talked out loud, laughed and made a general disturbance. Others of the same element joined with him, and it seemed for a time as though the meeting would be broken up. In desperation, I fell on my knees and committed the whole matter to the Lord, asking Him to take charge of this man who seemed determined to interfere with the work. As soon as the meeting closed there was almost a stampede, as the men started for the street.

"The next day was spent in fasting and prayer. I knew, that unless God undertook the case no more meetings could be held. As I came toward the building that evening, I saw a company of men talking excitedly, and as I passed into the room little groups of people were whispering. My first thought was, that they were planning to mob me. Imagine my consternation when I was

informed that the man who had attempted to break up the meeting the night before had been suddenly killed at half-past five o'clock.

He had taken his ax and had gone to chop down a little sapling, and was found a few moments later at the root of the tree with his head broken. A limb had fallen and struck him in the forehead. Thus did God manifest His power. The people were awed to silence, and the work moved on."

\* \* \*

#### 070 -- INSTANTLY KILLED AFTER DISTURBING A MEETING

"In about the year 1890 I was district elder at Big Prairie, Ohio, and had gone there to assist the pastor in a short revival meeting. An incorrigible young man gave us no end of trouble. One night during the altar service, he deliberately arose, stood on top of the seat and puffed a cigar. I saw him and started toward him, but he escaped me and left the church. This sort of work had been going on so long, that it seemed necessary to put forth a strong effort to bring about a new order of things, if the meeting was to continue. But before we had the young man arrested, we decided to commit the case to the Lord. So, on this particular night, as soon as the young man left the church, I fell on my knees and agonized in a burden of prayer for the meeting, and asked God to handle the young man Himself.

"A few moments later the meeting closed, and while we were standing on the steps of the church, word was brought to us that this young man had taken his horse and buggy, and, while driving furiously down a steep hill which was near by, had driven over the embankment and had been instantly killed. The Lord had answered in His own way."

\* \* \*

#### 071 -- THE MOCKERS BLOWN TO PIECES

Near Sarahsville, Ohio, a revival meeting was in progress in a schoolhouse, in charge of two evangelists, S. K. Wheatlake, of the Free Methodist church, and a preacher of the Wesleyan Methodist church. There was great bitterness against the meeting and more or less persecution. At one time a skunk was thrown in at the window. At the close of the service each night for a week or so, three young men would station themselves on certain hilltops adjoining, and yell to each other, "The Wesleyan Methodists and the Free Methodists ought to be made into mince meat and fed to the dogs." The air was very clear and still, and their voices could be heard for a great distance over the country.

About three weeks after the revival meetings closed there was a terrific explosion of an engine near by, and these three men who yelled from the hilltops, together with another man, were standing close by, and they were literally blown to pieces, and before the parts of their bodies could be gathered together, the dogs were eating their flesh.

There was no one at hand to preach the funeral sermon, but at the time of the funeral Rev. S. K. Wheatlake and the Wesleyan preacher providentially met at this place again, and while talking together some one came out and asked why they could not conduct the funeral services. Evangelist Wheatlake preached the funeral sermon, and the other preacher concluded the service at the grave.

The sinner may think it of small import to trifle with God's law and think that His judgments are a farce, but if the truth were known concerning all the sudden endings of human life, it would doubtless be a great revelation to most of us to see how closely many of them are related to the judgments of God. Dangerous is that proposition when that sinner flaunts himself in the face of God's omnipotence and trifles with His laws. His sin may find him out, and that very soon.

\* \* \*

## 072 -- HOW THE SCOFFER JERKED HIMSELF TO DEATH

In the days of Peter Cartwright the manifestations in the campmeetings were sometimes accompanied with jerking. In speaking of a certain campmeeting Peter Cartwright says in his autobiography: "There was a great work of religion in the encampment. The jerks were very prevalent. There was a company of drunken rowdies who came to interrupt the meeting. These rowdies were headed by a very large drinking man. They came with their bottles of whisky in their pockets. This large man cursed the jerks and all religion. Shortly afterwards he took the jerks, and he started to run, but he jerked so powerfully he could not get away. He halted among some saplings, and, although he was violently agitated, he took out his bottle of whisky, and swore he would drink the jerks to death; but he jerked at such a rate he could not get the bottle to his mouth, though he tried hard. At length he fetched a sudden jerk, and the bottle struck a sapling and was broken to pieces, and spilled his whisky on the ground. There was a great crowd gathered around him, and when he lost his whisky he became very much enraged, and cursed and swore very profanely, his jerks still increasing. At length he fetched a very violent jerk, snapped his neck, fell, and soon expired, with his mouth full of cursing and bitterness."

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## 073 -- WRECK OF THE YACHT CALLED "SABBATH-DESECRATOR"

"On the banks of a beautiful lake lived a wealthy, ungodly man, who was having a handsome yacht built for Sunday pleasure trips. A neighboring minister, knowing the motive, said to him: 'I fear your yacht will become a great Sabbath desecrator.' The man, ungratefully resenting his well-meant remark said: 'Indeed it will. I had not yet named it, but you have suggested the name; we will call it Sabbath Desecrator.'

"When the yacht was finished, and launched on a Sunday morning, some thirty or forty drunken men hailed with demonstrations of wicked joy this new Sabbath Desecrator, while a few older and more sober-minded shook their heads at the proceedings. Quite a number of ungodly pleasure seekers went aboard to enjoy the first ride in the new yacht, bearing on its hoisted flag the name Sabbath Desecrator. Music, drunken revelry, and song were the pastime of the hour in which

all proposed to have a good time in their own way. But their feast and frolic were only of about four hours' duration, when suddenly a mighty storm capsized the yacht, drowning forty persons almost instantly. The yacht went down, while on its flag, floating on the surface of the water, stood written in bold letters the name Sabbath Desecrator."

\* \* \*

#### 074 -- CHALLENGED THE ALMIGHTY, KILLED BY A GNAT

"About a quarter of a century ago an infidel got up on one of the heights of the Catskill Mountains, and in the presence of some atheistic companions defied the God of heaven to show Himself in battle. He swung his sword to and fro, and challenged the Almighty to meet him in single combat. The Almighty paid no attention to him, of course, but He just commissioned a little gnat, so small that it could scarcely be seen, to lodge in his wind-pipe and choke him to death."

One may raise his hand in defiance of Almighty God, but he cannot do it with impunity. Soon or late his wickedness will revert back upon him.

\* \* \*

#### 075 -- ARROWS FELL BACK UPON THEM

Thomas Brooks tells the following story of Caesar: "I have read that Caesar, having prepared a great feast for his nobles and friends, it fell out that the day appointed was so extremely foul that nothing could be done to the honor of their meeting; whereupon he was so displeased and enraged that he commanded all of them that had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter, their chief god, as in defiance of him for that rainy weather; which, when they did, their arrows fell short of heaven, and fell upon their own heads, so that many of them were sorely wounded. So all our mutterings and murmuring, which are so many arrows shot at God Himself, will return upon our own pates, or hearts; they reach not him, but they will hit us; they hurt not him, but they will wound us; therefore, it is better to be mute than to murmur. It is dangerous to contend with one who is a consuming fire."

\* \* \*

#### 076 -- SABBATH DESECRATING FARMER AND HOW HE LOST HIS GRAIN

Near Mountain Lake, Minnesota, the story is told of a wicked man who made up his mind to get the best of God Almighty. He vowed that he would put in his crop of grain, and gather it on Sundays and yet prosper. He kept his vow. His grain came up, grew and ripened. He began to boast of his victory. He threshed the grain and found that he had a larger crop than those who rested one day in seven. But his boasting was short-lived. The Sunday he hauled the last load into his granary the lightning struck it and not only burned it but the barn and house. He lost his grain and his house and barn on that fatal day. When a sinner's arm is outstretched against the Almighty; he is sure to get the worst of it. One may think he is succeeding in cheating the Lord, but at the same time the Lord is certainly keeping tab on him, and the reckoning time will certainly come.

\* \* \*

#### 077 -- THE INFIDEL'S BOAST

"An infidel, boasting in a published letter that he had raised two acres of Sunday corn, which he had intended to devote to the purchase of infidel books, adds: 'All the work done on it was done on Sunday, and it will yield some seventy bushels to the acre, so I don't see but that nature or Providence has smiled upon my Sunday work, however the Bible may say that work done on Sunday never prospers. My corn tells another story.'

"To this the editor of an agricultural paper replies: 'If the author of this shallow nonsense had read the Bible half as much as he has the works of its opponents, he would have known that the Great Ruler of the universe does not always square up His accounts with mankind in the month of October.'"

\* \* \*

#### 078 -- THE WHEAT THAT GOD LET ALONE

The following from "The Borderland of the Supernatural" will further illustrate the folly of flying in the face of God: "A man by the name of Cross lived in North Carolina. He cleared a piece of ground and sowed it in wheat. As he left the field he said, 'There now, I will thank the Almighty to let that wheat alone. I have done my duty and I won't thank Him to be meddling with it.' When spring came the wheat bid fair for a splendid crop. At harvest time the prospects were as good apparently, if not better, for a good yield than any wheat in the country. When Mr. Cross went in to reap it, he found there was not a grain of wheat in the field. It was all straw and chaff. At the same time, his neighbors had a good yield. 'Now that is not so,' shouted Mrs. S. 'How do you know it is not so? You never heard of it before and were never within six hundred miles of where it occurred. I saw the land, knew the man's brother and sister and many people who told me they knew it to be the truth.'"

\* \* \*

#### 079 -- KEEPING TAB ON GREAT INFIDELS

The proud boaster against God little knows that the Almighty is keeping tab on it all and in His own proper time will expose his sin. Here is what J. L. Nye says:-- "Gibbon, Voltaire, Chesterfield, Hume and Paine were champions of infidelity. In Gibbon's hotel at Lake Lemane is now a room where Bibles are sold. The printing press from which Voltaire's infidel works were issued has been used to print the Word of God. Chesterfield's parlor, once an infidel club room, is now a vestry where Christians meet for prayer and praise. Hume predicted the death of Christianity in twenty years, but he has gone to his grave, and the first meeting of the Bible Society in Edinburgh was held in the room where the prince of skeptics died. Paine, on landing at New York, was foolish enough to prophesy that in five years not a Bible would be found in the United



States. But it is a fact that there are more Bible Societies today in America than in any other country in the world."

\* \* \*

#### 080 -- DEFIED GOD AND DIED ON THE SPOT

A Milwaukee paper printed the following incident which further illustrates the folly of flying in the face of the Almighty. The sinner should fear to run up against the judgments of God.

"Just as Amos Clarke, aged forty, farmer, living on the Lewiston Reservoir, twenty miles south of here (Ada, Ohio), openly defied the Lord, he was struck dead in his front yard tonight. Clarke had been known as an atheist for years, and tonight in the presence of his family and several neighbors he said there was no God and defied the Supreme Being to punish him. No sooner had the words left his lips than he was stricken and died a few minutes later. His family is composed of Christian boys and girls who have been secretly trained and instructed by the mother."

\* \* \*

#### 081 -- AFTER TWENTY YEARS THE JUDGMENT CAME

Judgment does not always come so soon upon the head of the offender, and it may not come at all in the way of sudden death, but who wants to run the risk?

"A hunter was shot dead in the forest by some unknown hand. Twenty years after, his son shot at a stag, but, missing it, hit an unseen man. As he lay dying, he said to the huntsman, 'I am the man who shot your father; just here, under this oak. The very ground where we now are was dyed with his blood, and it has evidently been destined that you, son of the murdered man, should on this precise spot, without any thought or intention of such a thing, avenge the act on me. God is just,' he exclaimed, and presently expired."

\* \* \*

#### 082 -- CHEATED GOD AND DIED

The following incidents of the judgments of God for blasphemy, are given by Dr. Talmage and recorded in "Wonders of Providence."

"A few summers ago, among the Adirondacks, I met the funeral procession of a man who, two days before, had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the same flash."

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#### 083 -- STRUCK DEAD WHILE SWEARING

"On the road from Margate to Ramsgate, England, you may find a rough monument with the inscription: 'A boy was struck dead here while in the act of swearing.'"

\* \* \*

#### 084 -- VILIFIED JESUS AND IMMEDIATELY DROPPED

"Years ago, in a Pittsburgh prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low, villainous epithet, and as he was uttering it, he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and palsied tongue, he passed out of this world."

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#### 085 -- THE BOASTING PHYSICIAN AND EIGHT DEAD CHILDREN

"In a cemetery in Sullivan County, in this state, are eight headstones in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged in the village, and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become, that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest child soon after took the disease and died, and one child after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged God, and God accepted the challenge."

\* \* \*

#### 086 -- CALLED GOD A LIAR AND BURNED ON THE SPOT

"But I come down later and give you a fact that is proved by scores of witnesses. This last August (1886) a man got provoked at the continued drought and the ruin of his crops, and in the presence of his neighbors he cursed God, saying that he would cut His heart out if He would come, calling Him a liar and a coward, and flashing a knife. And while he was speaking his lower jaw dropped, smoke issued from mouth and nostrils, and the heat of his body was so intense it drove back those who would come near. Scores of people visited the scene and saw the blasphemer in the awful process of expiring. It is a very, very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips."

\* \* \*

#### 087 -- WICKED ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE

The people of the Island of Martinique became so wicked, that no gospel missionary was allowed to remain. It is said that they crucified a hog in derision of the crucifixion of Christ. Their sins mounted to the heavens. The climax was reached. They sent representatives to the smoking volcano, Mount Pelee, to ascertain its condition. The report proved false and the city slumbered on

in all its wickedness. Native instinct was in closer touch with the coming doom than the sinners, for the very reptiles began their descent from the mountain sides, while birds forsook their nests, and the sheep and cattle took warning. Then old Pelee vomited forth its death and destruction and 40,000 people perished.

\* \* \*

#### 088 -- MESSINA'S CHALLENGE TO ALMIGHTY GOD

When one of the papers of the wicked city of Messina flaunted out to the world a challenge to Almighty God to send an earthquake if there be a God, He took up the challenge at once and the result was 80,000 destroyed and 60,000 injured in one of the worst earthquakes of modern times.

\* \* \*

#### 089 -- THE IROQUOIS THEATER HOLOCAUST

The writer was in Chicago when that holocaust occurred in the Iroquois theater, which resulted in the death of so many hundreds of people, including many church members and some preachers. What a stigma upon the religion of Jesus Christ when preachers and members of the church will so crucify Jesus Christ afresh by attending one of the lowest classes of theatrical performances such as Bluebeard, where indecent actresses appear on the stage in such immodest and scanty clothing as upon this occasion! And then to cap the very climax of sin in the ridicule of God's plain word, to incorporate into the wicked play the statement that hell had cooled off, or some similar statement, no wonder about that time God proved that it was as hot as ever. Lo, the draperies are on fire, the stage is ablaze, the congregation stampedes, pandemonium prevails. The people trample one another under foot in their mad rush for the doors, while smoke and flame do their deadly work. What is the result? Several hundred people are in eternity in a few minutes. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

\* \* \*

#### 090 -- THEY COVENANTED TOGETHER AND WERE BLOWN UP

During a revival meeting at a certain lumber camp, seven young men agreed together that they never would go to that altar. They shook hands and covenanted together that they never would go to the altar without being carried there. The following day they were at work in a mill at the lumber camp, when the boiler burst and these seven young men, and no others, were instantly killed. Their dead bodies were carried to that very altar, and the funeral held in that church. Sinner man, think not that God Almighty is not keeping account of all your words and actions. Beware how you trifle with His laws. "Though hand join hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." (Prov. 11:21)

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#### 091 -- THE MOB LEADER KILLED ON THE WAY

Rev. I. G. Martin has furnished the writer with the following incident: "Residing in Jackson, Miss., is a colored preacher by the name of C. P. Jones. He has the experience of holiness and the blessing of the Lord accompanies his work, and [he] is one of the leaders of the holiness work of the South, among the colored people.

"One time while he was conducting revival services in a Mississippi city, the opposition and the excitement grew intense. A regular mob was organized with a captain, to drive him out of town. He was accordingly notified that on a certain night he would be mobbed; that they would take him out of the church and kill him.

"Instead of leaving the city, he went to the woods and prayed all day. In the evening the Lord gave him the words of a song which has stirred many hearts since. The history of some of our great songs would be very interesting reading. The words which came to this precious, persecuted man at that lonely spot are as follows:

I'm Happy With Jesus Alone

There's nothing so precious as Jesus to me;  
Let earth with her treasure be gone;  
I'm rich as can be when my Savior I see;  
I'm happy with Jesus alone.

CHORUS:

I'm happy with Jesus alone,  
I'm happy with Jesus alone;  
Tho' friends all forsake me, thank God I can say,  
I'm happy with Jesus alone.

When sinful and doomed to a life of despair,  
No light on my pathway to shine;  
'Twas Jesus who found me and made me an heir,  
To mansions of glory divine.

'Twas Jesus who called me and showed me the way,  
To peace upon earth and in heaven;  
'Tis Jesus who teaches me daily to pray,  
And walk in the light He has given.

Should father and mother forsake me below,  
My bed upon earth be a stone,  
I'll cling to my Savior, He loves me I know,  
I'm happy with Jesus alone.

"On an envelope he wrote down the words and hummed off a tune, carrying the tune in his mind.

"At the appointed hour he went to the church as usual and sang his new song, and had the congregation help him.

"While they were singing, a colored man rushed in with a note in his hand. The preacher opened the note and read the contents. It stated that the captain of the mob while on the way to mob the preacher, had just been killed. He was carrying a revolver in his hand, when it dropped to the ground and went off, the bullet piercing his heart. The revival went on, and before it closed he received another note which said, 'By the time you receive this note, I will be in hell.' He went on to say that he was a member of the mob who threatened the preacher's life."

Thus we see how God can intervene between His child and cruel, would-be murderers, and cause His righteous judgment to fall upon their heads. It is a frightful thing to rush into eternity under the judgment of God, showing to the world that their sin had found them out.

Nor need we suppose that the judgments of God are confined to individual sinners. Are we not witnessing it upon a most gigantic scale in the great European struggle in which millions of men and billions of money are being sacrificed? Are not these nations being punished for their sins? Are their sins not finding them out? Look at the blight upon England's character in forcing the opium octopus upon China. Did God Almighty wink at that crime? Look at France with its dark record of infidelity and vice. There was a time when men in France were spending four and a half millions of dollars a year in the propagation of infidel literature and other corrupting books. What was the result? The blessed Word of God was suppressed, and the Author dishonored. Hell certainly was turned loose. Vice ran rampant. Half the children born in Paris were illegitimate. Ten thousand dead babies were taken out of the sewer outlets in Paris in a single year. The number of suicides in Paris exceeded any other city in proportion to its numbers. No wonder that France has rolled in blood with her multiplied revolutions. Think of a million people beheaded, drowned, shot, or outraged in a little over three years! And now comes the horrible aftermath in the present war. France, your sin is telling on you. Russia's sin climbed to high heaven in the persecution of the Jews. The watchful eye of Jehovah was ever upon the chosen people and little did that great nation think that her sin should find her out when those awful persecutions were being carried on. Russia, you are being punished today. The long line of rationalism that has taken the place of the inspired Word of God in Germany has not passed by unnoticed. Martin Luther and the Reformation were relegated to the rear. Reason has superseded Revelation. God has been dishonored. Germany's sin is telling a sad tale. Austria, and what shall we say? Paganized, Romanized, ruined Austria! What a blight upon her and upon every other country dominated by such darkness and death! Your sin is telling on you. And poor Belgium, if the whole truth were known, how do we know but the cry from the Congo has not ascended to the Lord of Sabaoth? Belgium has been devastated, and has there not been sin somewhere, sometime? And Turkey! Why should we attempt to portray Turkey? We will desist at once. Turkey has sinned, and her punishment is sure.

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From time immemorial God has given certain of His people a special gift of discernment. These specially endowed servants of God are silent sentries who stand with piercing eyes beholding the sins of many, as God shall choose to reveal. How often all down the ages have they caused the sin of some poor soul to tell the sad tale of broken law! The poor sinner thinks he is fortunate in escaping justice, and passing his bark around the mines of the harbor, when suddenly it strikes against the spiritual discernment of that keen-eyed sentry of God, when lo, and behold, his sin has come to the surface. The hidden mine has caught him. It is true he may be in polite society, and not a soul surmises his guilt. He is an apt deceiver. He walks among the Christians as a Christian, and is accepted as such on every hand. It is not mistrusted that underneath his winning manners there lies some hidden crime that would make him cringe if it should suddenly spring to the surface. And yet that man little knows when some gifted prophet of God may look clear through him and cause his sin to tell an awful tale. Surely, the sinner has a task before him to run the gauntlet without his sin telling on him. He may miss one and dodge another, but in some way his sin will surely find him out.

Poor Saul, when he disobeyed God's command in regard to the destruction of the Amalekites, reserving Agag and the finest of the flocks, he was comforting himself in his deception that all was well. But God had a Samuel on his way, in whose heart was the spirit of discernment, and he needed no outward evidence to prove the state of Saul's heart. He had his message for him from the standpoint of discernment. He had hardly passed the time of day until Saul's tell-tale sin was doing its work.

Elisha had just sent Naaman on his way rejoicing with a body cleansed from its leprosy. He had refused any present for his kindly aid. Gehazi, the servant, conceived the thought of taking advantage of his master's refusal, and ran after Naaman asking for certain gifts. Little did he know, that as he was transgressing God's law, that God had a law in operation in Elisha's breast that was following him like a sleuth hound. Discernment was on his track. On Gehazi's return Elisha asked him where he had been, and was told that he had been nowhere; whereupon Elisha informed the poor man of the whole transaction. His sin had quickly found him out through the law of spiritual discernment of the prophet, and ever afterwards was telling the sad story, by the plague of leprosy which he carried to his death.

David seemed to be unawakened after his double crime of adultery and murder. It would seem that he was sleeping on in carnal security, when suddenly, the discerning spirit of Nathan, by the operation of the Spirit of God upon him, saw through the whole affair, and with undaunted courage caused the sin to tell the tale. Little did David think when he cast his eyes in a wrong direction, resulting finally in adultery, and then in murder, that his sin would so surely and soon come to the surface and tell on him. Well may the sinner thank God that He has so many faithful sentinels on their beats, ever watching the opportunity to run down one's sin and cause it to tell on the sinner. Better by far to have this humiliating thing occur here, than to have it done when it will be too late to rectify.

The incorrigible king of Israel, Jeroboam, who set the pace in idolatrous worship for Israel, was permitted to delve deeper and deeper into his wickedness, yet God was keeping tab on him all the while. When his son was at the point of death, he thought to have his wife disguise

herself and ask the blind prophet, Ahijah, if the son would live. By the time her feet had reached the threshold of the prophet's house, the Spirit of God was working on Ahijah, and the result was that he discerned the whole deceptive plan and said, "Come in thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thyself to be another? for I am sent to thee with heavy tidings." Jeroboam's sin was telling on him fearfully through this law of spiritual discernment. His child must die, and he must know the reason. Go and tell the wicked king how the Lord put him in as king over Israel, and that he established the worship of those golden calves and turned Israel into a nation of idolaters. Tell him that his sin has found him out at last, and that God is going to wipe the earth clean of his whole posterity. How surely did God make true his statement of the tell-tale nature of sin in Jeroboam's case!

Ananias and Sapphira lied to the Holy Ghost, and were attempting to palm themselves off on an equality with the sanctified crowd, but God's law had crossed their track in the matter of Peter's discernment, when, like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, the sin was before them pointing with index finger and exposing them before the whole meeting. Not only did their sin find them out, but the law of God's judgment did its awful work at the same time, smiting them to the floor dead. Will it pay to trifle with sin?

The Word of God abounds in startling incidents like these mentioned. When we consider the power of discernment which many of the old prophets in the Old Testament had, and also that of the apostles of the New Testament, one would think the sinner would be afraid to trifle around these men. But sin blinds the eyes, benumbs the conscience and chloroforms its possessor, and hurries him on to his certain doom.

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## 092 -- THE PREACHER'S DISCERNING WIFE

Within the last few days in a meeting in the city of Seattle, Wash., which the writer was conducting, a lady was reclaimed who had been a backslider for twelve years. This lady had been a wonderful worker in the Lord's vineyard, being the wife of a preacher. Even in her backslidden condition she had so much discernment that she could read hypocrites through and through. At one time a preacher had palmed himself off on the meeting as a proper holiness representative and was edging his way into the favor of the people, and when this woman first set her eyes upon him she informed her husband that he was no good. Time went on and his sin found him out, not only through the discernment of this woman, but through other methods as well.

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## 093 -- WHAT HE SAW IN THE MIRROR

In a certain church in the city of Chicago a collection was taken up one evening and then left in a side room off the pulpit, which had a door leading to a back alley. The collection of this evening was stolen. It was so adroitly done that it seemed there was no trace whatever of the guilty party. After a few nights one of the leaders of the meeting took a boy, perhaps fifteen or sixteen years of age, and informed him of the stolen collection. The boy seemed surprised and wondered

at it. The leader then said to the boy, "If you will come with me I will show you the one that opened the door and let the thief in." The boy accordingly followed him into the side room from which the money was stolen. They stood before a mirror and the leader pointed where the boy could behold himself, and said, "There he is." His sin had suddenly told on him. The leader did not say when he told of the incident, by what power he knew of the boy's guilt, but it seemed unquestionably by the power of discernment. In a little while the boy confessed the sin.

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#### 094 -- SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT AND THE CORRUPT PREACHER

A camp meeting was in progress in the state of Illinois. A certain preacher was asked to preach, and before the service began, the Holy Ghost gave to another preacher a discerning spirit concerning the one who was appointed to preach. God was showing him that the preacher of the hour was a wicked corrupter of young men. He had no evidence whatever outside of spiritual discernment. He went to the leaders of the meeting and asked if such a one was going to preach, and was answered in the affirmative. He then said if that were the case he could not sit on the platform with him, for the Lord had showed him the preacher was not right and stated wherein he was wicked. Instead of the man preaching, he was taken to one side and asked some questions concerning the crimes, all of which he denied entirely. In the meantime the faithful man of God was on his knees praying that the Holy Ghost would ferret it out in some way.

The man did not preach. Soon a young man was at the altar trying to get through to God, but found himself stuck on a snag. He then confessed to one of the leaders that this preacher had been guilty in his actions toward him, the very sin which this man of God had discerned. The young man was brought face to face with the preacher and made his statement, and the preacher denied it entirely, even going so far as to state that he had tried to hinder the young man from the sin, and said so to the young man's face.

In the meantime the man of God with the discerning spirit was on his face crying before God to ferret the wickedness out in some way. Of course it put him in a strange predicament to accuse a preacher of such wickedness and have no proper proof to substantiate the same.

Finally, another young man was at the altar trying to pray through, when, lo and behold, he found himself confronting the same thing the other young man did. When he found he could not find peace, he told some one of the sin that had occurred between him and this wicked preacher. The evidence was now getting strong against him. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." The leaders of the meeting then took both the young men and faced the preacher with his wickedness with them, and when he saw that he was found out in truth, he confessed out and made a clean breast of his wickedness. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

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#### 095 -- HOW THE THIEF WAS TWICE RUN DOWN



Rev. David Tatum, minister in the Friends' Church, relates the following story of his personal experience in his booklet, "Striking Providences and Touching Incidents": "Once when engaged in pastoral service among strangers, in one of our Eastern States, I was taken to a family about whom there had been nothing said, and on entering the house I had a clear presentiment by the Holy Spirit that the husband was given to stealing. I was startled at this revelation and clear insight into his condition and danger, and I felt it to be a great trial to speak to him. But it was for this very end that my Heavenly Father had called me, and how could I be untrue to the manifestation of His will and that unerring guide that never misleads His children. It was a great struggle, for while 'the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak.' But the same blessed Holy Spirit that had shown me his guilt, helped me to speak to him plainly respecting the character and consequence of his sin, and that he could not escape the condemnation of men or the judgment of the Almighty. I urged him to repent and seek forgiveness, and be reconciled unto God and make amends with the church and those whom he might have injured. The occasion was most solemn and impressive as I spoke, and I prayed God to deliver him from the power of temptation and the snare of the devil.

"After leaving the house, as we went to another family a mile or more distant, the friend who accompanied me, stated that he was then under dealing of the church for that very thing.

"On arriving at the house to which we were going, after getting through, as I thought, with the thief, I had a similar presentiment at this last mentioned place, so clear and unexpected, that I trembled like a leaf with the thought of a repetition of that service on the sin of stealing. I was strongly tempted to believe that this was only the impression of my former exercise still on my mind. There was none present but the husband and his wife, and they well appearing friends, and for a little while I felt like the apostle, to be in a strait. But as I waited on God for a stronger confirmation that it was the leading of the Spirit, the presentiment grew clearer until I was compelled to speak. I addressed them plainly on the character and guilt of stealing, and it was almost a repetition of my service at the other house, and I stated that there was some one in their house or family guilty before God concerning this matter, and warned them of the consequence, and exhorted them to turn unto the Lord and repent and live.

"After leaving the house, the friend with me stepped to one side with the husband to inquire what this meant, thinking that I had been misled in speaking to them, as they were well esteemed in the church and had none such in their family. But he assured my friend that it was all right, and that I had been led by the Spirit to speak in a remarkable manner; that his brother-in-law, from whose house we had just come (the man whom I first addressed on stealing), had hurried across the field, and got in ahead of us and requested the privilege of sitting in an adjacent room with the door ajar and hear what I had to say, and that my message was for him and most appropriate to his condition, and that he must have heard every word that was said. And so the poor man was caught in his own snare and got a double portion."

Here we have a remarkable illustration of the law of spiritual discernment in a saint of God, getting on track of a sinner and running him down, and after that, the same law operating to catch him again in his own trap. This same minister gives a further illustration in his booklet bearing on the same line. We give it in his own words:

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#### 096 -- HOW THE BACKSLIDER WAS HELD UP

"In pastoral labor in another state, several hundred miles from home, I was taken to a family of entire strangers to me, and as we entered the house I had a clear presentiment by the Holy Spirit, that the father of the family was a minister of former bright experience, but now fallen into sin. I was shocked at the revelation, and trembled greatly under a sense of my responsibility, and the thought of speaking to him accordingly, lest I might be mistaken, for he was a fine appearing man of sixty years, and I asked God, in the secret of my soul, for the second evidence, if this was so. After taking my seat I arose and went to the door, and on returning, the impression was repeated as before, with such unmistakable clearness and revelation of his condition before God and the church, that I spoke with great assurance, and told him how he had fallen from love into a jealous and bitter spirit towards his friends and family, and warned him to repent and flee from the wrath to come, that his time was short, but God would have compassion upon him, for our Savior loved us and died for us, but that it was only through deep humiliation and faith in Christ, confessing his sins, that he could find forgiveness and peace with God, and be reconciled to his friends. I then turned to his wife and addressed her in the opposite manner, and assured her that God had accepted her, and heard her prayers and seen her tears, and supported her through these years of trial and suffering, and that He would not forsake her.

"I was afterwards informed by an elder in the church who accompanied me, that I had spoken in a very striking manner on the condition of both, and that he was very bitter and abusive to his family and others, and that he had not attended church for two years, and yet his friends had borne with him, and labored and prayed for his restoration. But he humbled himself before God and confessed his sins, and asked the forgiveness of his family and friends, and lived in the love of his Savior a few years and died in peace. I cannot describe the solemnity of this occasion. He and his family were bathed in tears, and at intervals sighs and sobs indicated an intense feeling, and it was only through divine assistance, with the greatest care on my part, that I was able to control my own feelings and keep under the guidance of the Holy Spirit in speaking and prayer. Now, how could I have spoken to that family, of whom I knew nothing, and set forth so exactly his character, condition and guilt, save through the revelation of the Holy Spirit? And the message was evidently accompanied by the Spirit to their hearts to accomplish its divine purpose."

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#### 097 -- WARNED JUST IN TIME

In the same book Rev. David Tatum records the experience of a friend of his as follows:

"Eleazer Bales, of Plainfield, Ind., a highly gifted minister of the Society of Friends, with whom I was personally acquainted, was engaged in gospel service in another state and preaching one day with great effect to an appreciative audience, when he suddenly stopped and stood in solemn meditation, and the meeting was in profound silence. He then lifted up his head, and looking over the congregation said that he was solemnly impressed with the belief that some one in the meeting was near his end, and had but little time to live. In a very tender manner he then

exhorted this person to set his house in order, for his time had come, and entreated him to cast himself wholly on the merits of the Lord Jesus, and that through repentance and faith, he would find forgiveness of sin and die in peace.

"He then resumed his discourse and finished the service. A distant relative of my wife (Hannah B. Tatum) remarked on returning home, that he believed that message was for him, and he was deeply impressed and exercised over the thought of his approaching end. In the afternoon he walked out into the garden, and after a long absence, his wife, feeling anxious, went to look after him and found him in prayer. He informed her that he had received forgiveness and peace in the pardon of sin, and was ready to die. In the evening when his wife went to milk, he walked with her, and stepped into the stable to turn out the horses, when one of them kicked him, and he died that night in great peace, through the triumph of faith in Christ Jesus."

How this shows the mercy and love of God to the sinner, in putting into the heart of some saint that discerning of spirit which will expose the sin! Then sin thus exposed should be confessed and forsaken along with all other sin, and the soul would immediately find pardon and peace. The sad part is, that too often through spiritual discernment the sin is exposed, but the sinner does not profit by the exposure. If it were not for this gift of discernment many of God's ministers would be too greatly annoyed by the intrigues of hypocrites.

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#### 098 -- GEORGE WHITEFIELD DISCERNING THE TAILOR

"Mr. Whitefield had often been deceived in his 'recruits.' Men would offer themselves as 'helpers' who had neither talents nor grace, so that he became exceedingly cautious in receiving them, and unless there was something very striking in their replies to his questions, or in their personal appearance, or they came with a strong recommendation, they were not easily received by him. His intimate friend, Cornelius Winter, tells of a tailor who came to Whitefield with a call to the ministry, asking to be employed. Mr. Whitefield who had begun to be quite a discerner of spirits, read him like a book, saw what manner of man he was and summarily dismissed him with the remark, 'Go to rag-fair, and buy old clothes.' The tailor, taking his advice, departed."

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#### 099 -- ON THE TRACK OF THE THIEF

We might carry this method of exposure a step farther and look at it from the standpoint of thought-transference, or telepathy. How often we hear the expression suddenly spoken to another: "I can tell you what you are thinking about." Some have this power to a most remarkable degree, termed mind-reading. This is not found in one because he is a Christian; it is one of the strange phenomena of nature. In that wonderful book "The Borderland of the Supernatural" is the following:

"Some years ago in Economy, Ind., a merchant by the name of C\_\_\_\_, received from a farmer a twenty-dollar bill, in exchange for goods. Mr. C\_\_\_\_ had occasion to go immediately into

the basement and left a young man in the store. In a short time, Mr. C\_\_\_\_ discovered that the twenty-dollar bill was gone from the cash drawer. Knowing that no one had been in the store but this young man, during that time, he was certain that he had the money. Diagonally across the street was a druggist by the name of H\_\_\_\_, who professed to be a mind reader. Mr. C\_\_\_\_ called on the druggist, told him the circumstance, and pointed out the young man under suspicion. Mr. H\_\_\_\_ went to the young man, put his hand on his shoulder, and looking him in the face, said, 'Had you heard that Mr. C\_\_\_\_ had lost a twenty-dollar bill?'

Not another word passed between them. Mr. H\_\_\_\_ went down the street about a block and a half, turned into an alley, and slipping through an open place in a board fence, went into a wood house, where he climbed up and reaching his hand to the top of a plate of the building, found the twenty-dollar bill, which he returned to Mr. C\_\_\_\_.

The process that communicated to Mr. H\_\_\_\_ the location of the money was this: When the young man was questioned in regard to it, his mind flew to where he had secreted the money. Mr. H\_\_\_\_ instantly became as conscious of the whereabouts of the money as the young man himself."

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## 100 -- REVELATION OF CAESAR'S ASSASSINATION

The same wonderful book also gives this story of the assassination of Caesar being known immediately at a distance: "Alexander, of Aphrodisias, was lecturing in Ephesus A. D. 200, when in the midst of his speech, he suddenly stopped and gazed out over his audience as if he saw something in the distance and then shouted at the top of his voice, 'Strike him down, strike him down! I see them assassinating the Emperor of Rome.' Rome was many miles away, but some force in nature bore the awful scene to Alexander's mind with such vividness that he actually saw the assassin strike the blow, and subsequently it was learned that the Emperor was assassinated at that very time.

When this Odylic force is developed in the minds of many in one locality to an intense degree, it acts upon other persons with powerful effect. . . . The spirit of man and its relation to God, however, is a subject beyond the reach of the Odylic manifestations. Man's spirit powers and devotional elements lie untouched after such mysteries have spent their force. Such phenomena, some suppose to be communications from the spirit world. This is the egregious blunder of both ancient and modern times. . . . The existence of a thing can be admitted without a necessity for its explanation. The action of one mind upon another, at a distance, above all, under circumstances so solemn as those of death, and of sudden death in particular, the transmission of thought, mental suggestion, communications at a distance, all these are not more extraordinary than the action of the magnetic iron. The influence of the moon on the sea, the transportation of the human voice by electricity, the revelation of the chemical constitution of a star by the analysis of its light, are indeed, all wonders of the temporary science. These psychic transportations are of a more elevated kind and may serve to put us on the track of a more thorough knowledge of human nature."

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## 101 -- HOW THE WIFE FOUND OUT ABOUT HER HUSBAND

When the writer was a young preacher he used to stop frequently at the home of a very devoted, sanctified lady. One time she told him of a very strange occurrence in her earlier married life. Her husband had gone to a certain town or city, and before he returned, she, by some process of mind traced him in his actions and steps, and on his return greatly astonished him with some questions. He was not a drinking man, although she told him that he had drank liquor, on this trip. He presented her a set of dishes which he had carried in a sack. On opening the sack and examining the contents, she looked up and said, "Where is the platter?" She did not know a thing about any platter, only what had been revealed to her. He asked her "What platter?" She then began and told him, that he had been drinking on the trip, had become intoxicated, and while trying to cross a certain stream on a log, with the sack of dishes on his shoulder, he had slipped, and broken the platter. All this had passed before her mind's eye. He had to confess that his sin had found him out. and that it was exactly as she had said. He had thrown the broken platter away. This strange process of distant seeing or knowing is more or less frequent.

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## 102 -- ANIMALS' DISCERNMENT OF BAD HABITS

We may think it marvelous that a human being should be endowed with such remarkable powers as to know the mental or moral condition of a person, but what will we think when we learn that even wild beasts naturally have this power to a great extent. F. C. Bostock, the celebrated trainer of wild animals, says, "In some curious, incomprehensible way, wild animals know instinctively whether men are addicted to bad habits. It is one of the many problems that are beyond human understanding.

For those who are in the least inclined to drink, or live a loose life, the wild animal has neither fear nor respect. He despises them with all the contempt of his nature and recognizes neither their authority nor their superiority. If a man has begun to take just a little, or has deviated somewhat from the straight road, the animals will discover it long before his fellow men. Absolute personal integrity seems to be the first requisite for the man who would get the confidence and control of animals. The quality in the trainer which dominates the animal nature within is precisely the quality which dominates the animal he trains. If he yields to the brute within him, no matter how little, his perfect poise and self-mastery are gone, and the keen instinct of the wild beast recognizes this instantly. Beasts seem to understand man's degradation to their level, and his life is in danger every moment he is in their cage."

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## 06 -- CHAPTER -- EXPOSED BY THE LAW OF GOD IN THE CONSCIENCE

God has placed within every [angelic, or human] being a conscience. That voice in the breast is faithfully saying to each one, "Do right, do right." It never whispers, "Do wrong." It may become so cruelly treated that it will cease to speak and become seared over, but if it has life enough to speak at all, it will always tell the owner to do right. [I doubt that a "defiled" conscience

will always tell the owner to do right: Titus 1:15 "Unto the pure all things are pure: but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled." Only a "good" and "undefiled" conscience will always prompt its owner to do right. -- DVM]

It is said the great lecturer, Joseph Cook; spent two weeks studying in the Boston library to frame a proper definition of conscience. He gave out to the world his definition: "Conscience is that somewhat or someone within us, that pronounces upon the rightness or wrongness of choice in the realm of motive." This definition is from one of the profoundest thinkers and students of his day. Yet we have often thought that the little Indian boy had a splendid conception of this marvelous faculty in the breast of man. His simple definition was, "Conscience is a three-cornered something that turns around inside and hurts when you do wrong. If you keep on doing wrong, it wears the corners off, so when it turns around it quits hurting."

How true it is that the conscience of many at one time was tender, and yet after trampling upon its kindly admonitions it ceased its reproof and left the sinner hardened in sin without the feeling of compunction!

The admonitions of conscience do not determine the rightness or wrongness of the act, but simply deal with the motive in connection with the act. The conscience of the heathen does not condemn when the baby is thrown to the alligator, for she is taught that such conduct is right. Were she taught that such an act was wicked, her conscience would trouble her. What we need, then, is to be trained in the channel of right, and then with that faithful monitor within which says "Do right," we will have always a check within our own breast, as well as the guiding Spirit and the immutable Word of God to help us to take the way of righteousness.

Mark the stirring words of Dr. Chever on the subject of conscience: "When it comes night, and the streets are empty, and the lights are out, the business and the driving and the gaiety are over, and the pall of sleep is drawn over the senses, and the reason and the will are no longer on the watch, then conscience comes out solemnly, and walks about in the silent chambers of the soul, and makes her survey and her comments; and sometimes sits down and sternly reads the records of a life that the waking man would never look into, and the catalogue of crimes that are gathering for the judgment. And as conscience reads and reads aloud, and soliloquizes, you may hear the still, small, deep echo of her voice reverberating through the soul's most secret unveiled recesses.

Imagination walks trembling behind her; and now, they two alone pass through the open gate of the Scriptures into the future and eternal world, for thither all things in man's being naturally and irresistibly tend; and then, as conscience is still dwelling upon sin, imagination draws the judgment, and the soul is presented at the bar of God, and the eye of the Judge is on it, and a hand of fire writes as on the walls of the universe, 'Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.' Then whatever sinful thoughts or passions, words or deeds, the conscience enumerates and dwells upon, the imagination with prophetic truth fills eternity with corresponding shapes of evil."

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Wrong education often leads one to do ridiculous things under the cloak of conscience. The story is told of a man who entered a room where another was eating a meal. He murdered the man at the table, robbed him and sat down and finished the meal himself. Afterwards, when he was convicted of the awful crime, he was asked why he did not eat the meat which was on the table. His reply was, "My conscience would not let me." But his conscience would let him murder the man. His religious training was so stamped upon him from childhood, relative to the non-essentials, and so sadly lacking in the essentials, that his perverted conscience could remain quiescent while he murdered the man, but held him in check concerning eating the meat, because it was Friday.

God has placed this law or voice within to safeguard the individual, and if he is properly trained as to a knowledge of what is right and what is wrong, he has a power always at hand, if heeded, that will save him from many a pitfall and snare.

It seems that conscience is one part of man that has survived the Fall, and its admonitions are heard and acted upon by many sinners everywhere. Were this monitor within dead in every sinner's heart, what a pandemonium would exist! What a hell on earth would be turned loose!

This law of God operating inside the sinner's breast has caused many a sin to come to the surface and tell the sad tale of the sinner to the world. Yes, sin is a tell-tale, and conscience is a goad to make the sin come out.

Thousands of dollars annually find their way into the treasury of the United States, and is termed "Conscience Money" because the parties sending it have been conscience smitten by their dishonest dealing with the government in some relation, and in order to have peace of mind in that direction they have made restitution and paid back the unlawful gain.

During revival meetings when the Holy Spirit is operating upon sinners, and stirring up their consciences concerning their wicked lives, it is then that hundreds of things come to the surface, and the tell-tale nature of sin reveals the fact of hidden dishonesty and covered sin that is sometimes appalling. In fact it is a part of the plan of salvation, that sin must be confessed and forsaken before the sinner can hope for pardon. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." Every penitent receiving pardon verifies the truth of the text, "Be sure your sin will find you out," for he confesses his sins to God, thus bringing them out into the light. They were hidden before, but under the searchlight of the Holy Spirit working upon the conscience of the sinner, his sins were exposed, they told the tale, the confession was made, and all was blotted out.

In the history of revival meetings many a hidden sin was found to lie beneath the rubbish of one's life. Were it not for the faithful dictates of conscience, when God was applying the truth of the messages, that sin might still lie there undisturbed. It might escape the law of the land. It might be of such a character that the law of nature has not brought its tell-tale story to the surface. God may not have deemed it best to pronounce His judgment upon the individual, and thus tell the fact of crime to the world. It may be that no one with spiritual discernment has apprehended him as he

mingled with the world. He may have run the gauntlet, and thus far escaped having any law to catch him up, but here under the faithful preaching and prayers of God's people, it has struck a law that begins its operation in the conscience, and the result is, his sin is confessed out and at last the thing is revealed.

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#### 104 -- SALVATION IN THE PENITENTIARY BETTER THAN GOING TO HELL

Only recently the writer was holding revival meetings in Seattle, Wash., when one of the attendants of the meeting refused to come forward for prayers on the ground that if he got saved he would have to go to the penitentiary. Of course it would have been far better to have confessed out, and gone to prison for a few years, than to hide the sin and then go to hell throughout all Eternity. There is many a sin come to the surface, of appalling nature, during revival meetings, which doubtless would never be uncovered by any law previously mentioned. One penitent confesses to murder, another to adultery, another to theft, while all have to tell God they are sinners and plead for His pardoning mercy.

We have known of many instances where the seeker could not get relief till he had taken some one aside in whom he had confidence, and there opened up his heart of sin and made confession of that which was weighing upon his heart like a millstone. In our own experience in revival meetings we have had the most abject and humble confessions made from sinners with the view of getting the help that was needed. It is not that the evangelist would become a priest or pope, but that God Himself sometimes leads the seeker to make such a confession directly to some one with the hope of finding the proper relief, and getting the instruction necessary under such conditions.

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#### 105 -- SHE MURDERED HER OWN OFFSPRING

One time the writer in company with another worker called upon a lady with the hope of getting her saved. We found her sick in bed and under conviction for salvation. We did our best to instruct her in the way of salvation, prayed with her and pointed her to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." The woman wept and seemed very penitent and desirous of Christ's saving grace. There seemed to be something in her way. We asked her about every question that might be helpful to a seeker, yet all was dark. We simply exhausted our resources in trying to get to the bottom of the difficulty and thus clear away the hindrance, but still the light did not break in. It looked as if we would have to take our departure and leave the woman in the dark.

Finally, the sin-burdened and conscience-smitten soul came right out and confessed that some time in the past she had taken the life of her unborn infant. It had hung like a nightmare over her ever since. Little did she think on that awful night when that cruel murder was perpetrated upon an innocent and unborn child, that sometime the sin would tell the tale and find her out. God had put a law within, which caught the guilty one in her conscience, the sin was out and confessed and God in His marvelous mercy brought peace in a moment to the troubled breast. How much better to



have one's sin find one out, and then have it all blotted out, than to have it lie hidden in the breast till too late to rectify!

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#### 106 -- THE INFANT BURIED UNDER THE FLOOR

In a western city, Evangelist Charles Stalker was preaching to the aristocracy of the place. He was amazed at the character of the messages God was laying upon his heart. In fact, at times he seemed almost afraid to preach the truths, because of the nature of them. One night two young married people came forward as seekers. They did not seem to get through and came the second and the third time. The last time coming, the young man began groaning, "I must tell it! I must tell it!" His wife begged him not to tell it, saying that it would disgrace them. But he said he must tell it or lose his soul. The confession was accordingly made, they repaired to their home, tore up some boards, unearthed the remains of their little babe, prepared it for burial and gave it a proper funeral.

It is not alone in revival meetings that the sinner's conscience lashes him into a state wherein his sin will find him out. Crimes that have been hidden for years and which have escaped detection from any source are being divulged all over the civilized world, so to speak, because the sinner had a conscience that gave him no rest day or night. How often we read in the papers of some criminal who had escaped justice, but who had at last been run down by conscience, cornered up and compelled to tell the sad tale of the mystery that so long had puzzled the people!

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#### 107 -- HOW THE MURDERER SUFFERED AND CONFESSED

A story just at this time has come out in a large daily, concerning the confession of a man in Philadelphia, who took the life of a young lady, years before in Rochester, N. Y. This man had been placed in jail for larceny. The guards noticed that he constantly paced his cell and seemed to have something on his mind. Finally, he called for a pencil and paper and wrote a note to the district attorney containing the confession that he had murdered a girl in Rochester, N. Y., some four years before. Upon being questioned by detectives he collapsed, but recovered sufficiently to state the story to them; how he grabbed her, choked and strangled her, and following this, how he had dragged the body to the woods in the cemetery. He found a grave digger's spade, dug a hole large enough to hold the poor girl's body and placed her in it. It is said, that despite all the extraordinary efforts of the authorities no clue was ever found to identify the murderer. Yet after these years, when other laws failed to catch the sinner he confesses to the authorities. "No one knows how I have suffered for doing this. I could keep it secret no longer," was his confession.

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#### 108 -- THE SUICIDE'S CONFESSION

Years ago an article came out in the paper concerning a man who committed suicide by hanging himself. Before he committed the awful deed, he pinned a note on his clothes, confessing to an awful murder that had been perpetrated before. A young lady had been killed and the supposed murderer had never been apprehended. Now, when the guilty one was about to take the leap into Eternity, it seems that he was too much troubled in mind to pass out of this world with the extra load of murder upon him, so he makes the sad confession. At last his sin was out, and the tale was told.

\* \* \*

#### 109 -- THE MURDERED FATHER, AND DAUGHTER'S CONFESSION

"A man and his wife were executed at Augsburg for a murder, the discovery of which, after a long lapse of time, strongly manifests the impossibility of eluding the all-seeing eye of Providence. The criminal, whose name was Wincze, was originally of Neuremberg, but removed to Augsburg in 1788, where he became a lawyer. In this city he became intimate in the family of M. Glegg, to whose daughter he paid his addresses; but the old gentleman not sanctioning his visits, he met the daughter privately, seduced her, and persuaded her, in order to remove the only obstacle to their union, to administer poison to her father. The horrid plan succeeded; no suspicions were entertained, and their union put him in possession of the old man's wealth. During a period of twenty-one years they lived externally happy, but, in secret, a prey to the greatest remorse. At length, unable to endure any longer the weight of guilt, the wife made confession of the particulars of the atrocious crime which she had been prevailed upon to commit. The husband was apprehended, and both of them received their deserts in an ignominious death."

\* \* \*

#### 110 -- TOLD HIS CRIME IN HIS DREAMS

A remarkable illustration of exposing sin through the guilty conscience is that of a stoker in a southern city a number of years ago. This fireman was attending the furnace in a certain factory, when a sort of a tramp, a suspicious looking character came along and hired out to the same factory. One day this tramp laborer came into the room where the stoker did his work, and began to joke him and poke fun at him. This was carried on to such an extent that it made the fireman very angry, and in the heated altercation he picked up the iron poker with which he stirred the fire and hit the man over the head and killed him. When he saw what he had done, he looked around and seeing that he had not been discovered, he concluded the best way out of the difficulty would be to throw the poor victim into the furnace and burn him up. He accordingly opened the furnace door and shoved him in feet foremost. As he did so the head fell back and the glassy eyes of the dead man seemed to stare at him. He never could get away from that awful sight. For a while he remained at his job, but every time he opened the door to shovel in coal, those ghastly eyes seemed to be staring at him. There was no suspicion attached to him, for the people supposed that the poor tramp had got tired of his work and gone on.

He finally asked for a vacation which was granted. He went up into the New England states, but he was haunted with the same trouble there; those same glassy eyes were following him.

He went to the Lakes, to Chicago, up into Minnesota, over into Montana, and over the Pacific coast, to Washington, Oregon and California, and on into New Mexico and Texas, but he found no relief. After four years he went back to the southern city where the awful deed was done, and was greeted with joy. They wanted him to take back his old job. Others had been hired, but they were unsatisfactory. So he hired out again, and began work at the same furnace.

He slept in the same room with others connected with the factory, and one night one of the men was awakened by this man repeating something in his sleep. He was saying, "I killed him with a poker and burned him in the furnace." "I killed him with a poker and burned him in the furnace." As this was being repeated, the listener woke up another man and they together heard the words. An officer was sent for, who, when he came said, "You are under arrest, sir." Without saying one word in defense, the guilty man threw up his hands saying, "My God, you can have me! I have had no rest for years. I want peace."

\* \* \*

#### 111 -- HIS CONSCIENCE HAUNTED HIM

On the shore of Lake Michigan a man committed murder and threw the body into the lake, several miles from his home. Several days afterwards he went to the shore close to his home, and there lay the body of the dead man with eyes open as if he were looking on the murderer. This so troubled his guilty conscience, that he said it was no use to try to get away, that the dead man was after him.

\* \* \*

#### 112 -- THE NEGRO'S HUMBLE CONFESSION

"A Negro on one occasion told his master of the stealing of a keg of lard, naming the thief and the hiding place. 'Say not a word about it,' replied the master. The next day he rode out into the field where the culprit was plowing, and getting down walked along beside him. 'What's the matter, William?' he asked after a while. 'You can't look me in the face as usual.' The Negro burst into tears and confessed everything. 'Come tonight and I will arrange so that you can put the lard back and nobody will ever know that you took it.' The thief never stole again."

The law of God in conscience is a powerful factor in one's being. How much better to be conscience smitten over sin, confess it all out, make restitution, and get it all forgiven, than to wait till sin closes in on the guilty soul in some other way, when no benefit to the soul will result!

\* \* \*

#### 113 -- THE CONSCIENCE SMITTEN SAILOR

"A sailor, home from a cruise, took a stroll through the city streets. Being a reckless rake he presently spoke some insulting words to a passing young girl. She looked quietly into his eyes and said, 'Do you know that you will one day have to meet me before the throne of God and give

account of these words?' The sailor was thunderstruck at the unexpected reply. He went straight back to the ship, and before his berth fell on his knees to ask God's forgiveness. He had been brought up by godly parents, but had strayed from their ways. This godly rebuke found his conscience."

\* \* \*

#### 114 -- THE CONVERSION OF WHITEFIELD'S MIMIC

"In the early part of 1756 an instance of conversion occurred by a singular process in connection with, though not an immediate consequence of, Whitefield's preaching. While at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, his endeavors to propagate divine knowledge were treated with contempt, and malicious falsehoods were circulated to counteract the good effects of his ministry. Among the most virulent of his opposers was a Mr. Thorpe, who, with three of his associates, agreed for a wager to mimic the preacher. It was concluded that each should open the Bible, and hold forth from the first text that should present itself to his eye. Accordingly three in their turn mounted the table, and thus profanely entertained their wicked companions. When they had exhausted their little stock of buffoonery, it devolved on Mr. Thorpe to close this very irreverent scene. Much elevated, and confident of success, he exclaimed as he ascended the table, 'I shall beat you all!' The judges were to be the members of the convivial assembly which had met on the occasion.

"Mr. Thorpe, when the Bible was handed to him, had not the slightest preconception what part of the Scripture he should make the subject of his banter. However, by the guidance of an unerring Providence, it opened at that remarkable passage, 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' (Luke 13:3) No sooner had he uttered the words than his mind was affected in a very extraordinary manner. The sharpest pangs of conviction now seized him, and conscience denounced tremendous vengeance upon his soul. In a moment, he was favored with a clear view of his subject, and divided his discourse more like a divine who had been accustomed to speak on portions of Scripture than like one who never so much as thought on religious topics, except for the purpose of ridicule. He found no deficiency of matter, no want of utterance; and he afterward frequently declared, 'If ever I preached in my life by the assistance of the Spirit of God, it was at that time.'

The impression that the subject made upon his mind had such an effect upon his manner that the most ignorant and profane could not but perceive that what he had spoken was with the greatest sincerity. The unexpected solemnity and pertinency of his address, instead of entertaining the company, first spread a visible depression, and afterward a deep gloom, upon every countenance. This sudden change in the complexion of his associates did not a little conduce to increase the convictions of his own bosom. No one appeared disposed to interrupt him; but, on the contrary, their attention was deeply engaged with the pointedness of his remarks; in fact, many of his sentences, as he has often related, made, to his apprehension, his own hair stand on end. On his getting down from the table not a syllable was uttered concerning the wager, a profound silence pervading the entire company.

"Mr. Thorpe immediately withdrew, without taking the least notice of any person present, and returned home with very painful reflections, and in the deepest distress imaginable. Happily for him, this was his last Bacchanalian revel. His impressions were genuine, and from that hour the connection between him and his former companions was entirely dissolved. The result was his conversion to God, and his entrance into the Christian ministry. Such was the result of his mimicking Mr. Whitefield. What a strange and unexpected result! He became pastor of the Church of Masborough, Yorkshire, was a laborious and successful minister, beloved in life, lamented in death. He died in 1776, after a ministry of thirteen years."

\* \* \*

## 115 -- HEATHEN RESTORING STOLEN ARTICLES

This conscience detective is seen even among the heathen in foreign fields as is shown in the following:

"A missionary on one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean preached to the people on 'Thou shalt not steal.' He told them that if they had stolen anything they must return it to the owners. The next morning he found his house surrounded by the people bringing back their stolen goods. 'We have not been able to sleep all night,' they said. 'All these things we have brought with us are stolen goods.' They returned all these things to their rightful owners. One man went several miles to another island to find the owner of a saw."

The matter of restitution is almost sure to come up before the sinner, as his conscience becomes awakened and conviction seizes hold of him. Restitution, as the case may demand, comes to the mind and the remembrance of stolen articles, lies, swindles, quarrels and in fact anything that has occurred in the past wherein the sinner has wronged his fellow man, comes trooping up, and the necessity of straightening out the past life as far as lies in the sinner's power, is presented to him. Oh, how sin will "out" at times like this! Sins that have lain covered for years, yea that had been practically forgotten, under the blazing light of the truth as applied by the faithful Spirit of God, comes to the surface. One young man thought of a toy he had stolen years back, and before he could get peace he had to confess it and make it right. Another man remembered a box of oranges he had taken. Another had to make right the money he had wrongfully charged on a given occasion. One convicted sinner had to confess to a certain tool he had taken, and restored it. If we only knew of all the cases of restitution that had taken place in connection with sinners seeking and finding salvation we would see that it involved many lines of wrong to their fellow men.

\* \* \*

## 116 -- LIGHT ON RESTITUTION IN BIBLE SCHOOL

One time the writer was connected with a Bible school, and was giving daily lessons to the class. One day the lesson was on that part of repentance which involves restitution, and without any thought of it reigning up any of the class in particular, thinking that they had passed that stage in their experience, we put on the blackboard a list of things which, more or less, were liable to come before a penitent, and which he would feel duty bound to make right. After the lesson was

over we were surprised to learn that some of the things mentioned went straight home to some of their hearts, and of their own accord a number acknowledged what it would take to make it right, and we well remember that if it had been put into money it would have taken hundreds of dollars, all told. It is true that a seeker does not necessarily always see all the things at once that he might be called upon to straighten out with others. The Lord may not turn all the light in at once. He may think of things years afterwards, and feel called upon to clear them up. It was probably thus with these Bible students. These items were flashed upon their minds in that lesson probably for the first time.

It might be of some interest to the reader to know what kind of a list we placed on the blackboard. We will give the same list here as follows:

Stolen articles -- stolen money, stolen postage stamps from employer, stolen time from employer, stolen railroad, steamboat, or street car fares, giving away things belonging to employer, old debts such as borrowed money, money owed to another, board bills, meat, bread, and grocery bills, etc., bankruptcy, where one has closed out and settled for so many cents on the dollar, unpaid subscriptions on papers, cheating in trades, short weights and measures, keeping an overplus of change in trading, or otherwise, deceiving regarding taxes, sending writing through the post office in second class matter, using stamps again that had not been canceled, injuring property, or in any way causing financial loss to another, keeping borrowed things, such as books, etc., keeping articles found, without trying to find the owner, burning property in order to get insurance, contractors' schemes in cheating and swindling.

Conscience is the sentinel or guard of the soul that tells on one when sin is indulged in. How thankful we ought to be for this faithful friend! We may strike it down and deaden it, as the burglar would the watchman on his beat, so that he would not tell on him, but we would certainly be the loser in the end. In our bodies, pain is nature's protection against further destruction. Pain comes to show one that something is wrong somewhere. To destroy the pain is to kill the faithful sentinel. Thus pain in the conscience is our protection against further harm, and a notification of the serious damage already done. Do not deaden this faithful friend.

\* \* \*

#### 117 -- CODFISH DEALER AT FAMILY PRAYER

"There was once in Boston an old codfish dealer, a very earnest and sincere man, who lived prayerfully every day. One of the great joys of his life was the family worship hour. One year two other merchants persuaded him to go into a deal with them by which they could control all the codfish in the market, and greatly increase the price. The plan was succeeding well, when this good man learned that many poor people in Boston were suffering because of the great advance in the price of codfish. It troubled him so that he broke down in trying to pray at the family altar. He went straight to the men who led him into the plot and told them that he could not go on with it.

"Said the old man: 'I can't afford to do anything which interferes with my family prayers. This morning when I got down on my knees and tried to pray, there was a mountain of codfish before me high enough to shut out the throne of God, and I could not pray. I tried my best to get

around it, or get over it, but every time I started to pray, that codfish loomed up between me and my God. I wouldn't have my family prayers spoiled for all the codfish in the Atlantic Ocean, and I shall have nothing more to do with it or with any money made out of it."

\* \* \*

#### 118 -- HOW THE EYES OF A PICTURE FOLLOWED A THIEF

Everywhere we see conscience faithfully dealing with the question of sin. If it does not deal directly, it will do its work through some circumstance in connection with the sin. In one way or another that faithful monitor within is telling the tale on the sinner.

"A girl went into her master's room to steal. There was a portrait in the room; and the eyes of the picture seemed to follow her wherever she went; and, in order that she might steal without this rebuke, she took down the portrait, and cut the eyes out. Had she been able to pluck out God's eye, she might have stolen without remorse."

\* \* \*

#### 119 -- LANDLORD HAUNTED BY PICTURE

The following from the "Biblical Museum" illustrates how conscience is doing its work:

"A rich landlord once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a little boy of eight years, saw it. He afterwards became a painter, and painted a life-likeness of the scene. Years afterwards he placed it where the man saw it; he turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered any sum that he might purchase it and put it out of his sight. Thus there is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life-likeness reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must meet our earth-life again.

\* \* \*

#### 120 -- IN THE GRAVEYARD AT MIDNIGHT

"I will give you ten shillings," said a man to a profane swearer, "if you will go into the village graveyard at twelve o'clock tonight and swear the same oaths when alone with God." The offer was accepted. Midnight came. It was a night of great darkness. As he entered the cemetery not a sound was heard; all was still as death. The gentleman's words came to his mind: "Alone with God," rang in his ears. He did not dare utter an oath, but fled from the place crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

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#### 07 -- CHAPTER -- EXPOSED BY THE LAW OF GOD IN PROVIDENCES

And what is God's law but His work, His hand wherever it may be manifest? Everywhere we go we are confronted with God's law of some sort. The sinner certainly has a problem on his hands to think that he can pass through the network before him and not get caught in some way and thus have his sin point the index finger at him and expose him.

Those occurrences or circumstances which seem especially brought about by the overruling hand of God in connection with His creatures, we speak of as providences. Sometimes they are specially calculated to assist or comfort the believer, or they may be specially calculated to help the sinner to see his need of salvation. Providences, then, may be used to expose one's sins and thus lead him to confess and forsake the same. Providences may play their part in the exposing, and yet the sinner may never repent. We are constantly confronted with some strange occurrence that has led to the point of sin and the sinner.

The Bible abounds in occurrences illustrating this method of detecting the sinner, or causing the sin to tell the tale against him. When Saul failed to carry out the command of God in connection with the destruction of Agag and the Amalekites, and kept Agag alive, and the best of the sheep and oxen for sacrifice, God not only had a method through Samuel's spiritual discernment, but through special providence to cause his sin to tell on him. When Samuel came along, Saul went out to meet him with the salutation that he had kept the commandment of the Lord. Just then the oxen and the sheep began to call him a liar. To be sure they did not pronounce it quite as plain as the ass in talking to Balaam, but it amounted to the same. Samuel understood the language very well, for he at once remarked, "What meaneth this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?" The sheep bleated and the oxen lowed in just the right time to cause his sin to come to the surface.

Peter had denied his Lord not once, but; thrice. Sin was getting in its fearful work on his heart and life. When the third denial came, one of those peculiar providences was thrown across his path which called Peter's attention to his sin. This time it was a rooster that did the talking. When it rolled out its clarion voice it seemed to say, "Peter, you have done just what the Lord said you would. You have denied Him three times." "And when he (Peter) thought thereon he wept."

Haman had the gallows high for Mordecai. The Satanic plot was well laid. It would seem that nothing would likely interfere with his carrying out the murderous intent. But God's word says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." What would likely cross the wicked man's path to cause his sin to expose him? Certainly no law of the land, for he had the sanction of the law maker in his ingenious and wicked designs. It seemed there was no way of bringing his wicked plan to the surface so that it might be escaped. Not only was Mordecai to hang, but the whole Jewish people must perish. But God had His peculiar providences at work. Esther was the queen and she was a Jewess, Mordecai was her cousin. It was very providential that Esther had "come to the kingdom for such a time as this." It was very providential that Mordecai was in such close touch with the queen at this time. The circumstances of Esther's banquets and the coming in of Haman just at the time he did, are marks of God's providences all conspiring to bring out Haman's sin and make it tell the wicked plot to the king. His sin had found him out, the gallows came in handy and the wicked Haman himself had the benefit of it.

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## 121 -- A FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR LIFE INSURANCE

Once while the writer was taking a walk with another evangelist in the South he was asked to look at a fine residence a mile or so away in a beautiful grove of trees. The evangelist then related this story: He said that the man who had lived there, had his life insured for fifty thousand dollars. He and his friend went out hunting one day and the friend accidentally shot the one who carried the heavy insurance. A little while after the death of the man, the one who shot him married the widow. The evangelist then said, "You may draw your own conclusions. He did not say that the man shot his friend on purpose, or that the object was to get the woman and through her the fifty thousand dollars of insurance, but he inferred that it looked that way. There he was seemingly living in his luxury and wealth. No law had apprehended him. If he had done the dastardly deed with wicked intent, he had escaped all law to date and his sin had not yet exposed him. But is there any one that would have the audacity to say that God has no method of apprehending him if he is guilty? Surely, sometime and somehow the meshes will catch him, if guilty, and he will be found out.

\* \* \*

## 122 -- WE ARE FOUND OUT AT LAST

The story is told of a young man, cashier of a bank, who was engaged to be married to the banker's daughter. The banker was wealthy. Before the marriage, the banker suddenly died. It being in a day when post mortem investigations were not as rigid as now, the funeral was held and in a little while the cashier was married to the daughter. The money had fallen to the daughter, the cashier came to be at the head of the bank, and all went on smoothly. Many years passed by. The body of the banker had passed into dust at the graveyard. Finally, the town's people concluded to remove the old cemetery, and accordingly the work of disinterring had begun. A stranger was passing through the city, and being delayed, he strolled into the outskirts until he came to the cemetery. As he watched the men at their work he finally stood before a coffin with its contents of human bones. Inadvertently, -- no, providentially he took his cane and touched the skull. Something within rattled. Upon investigation it was discovered a nail had been driven into the skull, and it was the nail that rattled. The investigation was now begun. The name on the headstone showed that it was the body of the banker that had died so suddenly and so mysteriously many years before. The detective took the skull and went to the home of the daughter. As he entered the house he kept the skull behind him. He introduced the subject as best he could, and finally he pulled out the ghastly object from behind him, whereupon the daughter shrieked, "O Charley, we are found out at last!" Persistently do God's sleuth-hounds follow the track of the sinner, and he might as well quit, give up and surrender now while there is hope of mercy, for his sin will surely tell on him sometime. It is only a question of time when it will all be out.

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## 123 -- DETECTED BY HIS WALKING TO AND FRO

Habit is a wonderful thing. How it fastens upon the individual! The subconscious mind takes up the actions, and without any thoughtful planning on the part of the actor, he unconsciously performs certain things as it were automatically. A detective at a railroad station fixed his eagle eyes upon a man who was pacing back and forth, as many do while waiting for time to pass. This detective noticed that the man's beat was very systematic and regular. He had evidently got into the habit somewhere and was doing it without forethought. He further noticed that the man on the beat was walking the length of a prison cell. Indications were that he had been a criminal, had paced his cell so many times in the past, that it had become automatic. Being on the lookout for a certain criminal, he made a venture, arrested the man, and found him to be a criminal escaping justice. Providence and Nature both combined to head the man off, and thus, his sin became manifest.

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#### 124 -- A FORGER SAVED BY A TRACT

A forger sitting in a public square in Philadelphia was handed a leaflet with these words on it: "Come now and let us reason together," etc. (Isa. 1:18) He had his razor in his hand contemplating suicide. He read the tract, put up his razor, went to the police station and gave himself up. What a beneficent Providence crossed that man's path just at the proper time to save his life, yes, and to cause his sin to tell on him, so that he could get rid of it before it was too late! Here we can see the importance of careful tract distribution, for many a tract has crossed the sinner's path and led the guilty soul to Christ. Why not all be up and doing and scatter this silent evangel everywhere? If one soul is saved it is worth more than millions.

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#### 125 -- A PROFANE YOUNG MAN PIERCED BY AN ARROW

A young man who had become profane, but had kept the sin from his father, was attending meeting where Rev. Lewis I. Hadley was preaching. Not knowing this young man, and consequently, in perfect ignorance of his profane habit, the preacher providentially struck the nail on the head that caused the young man's sin to tell on him. Following the service, the father found the young man walking the floor swearing, and cursing the preacher. Upon inquiring what was the matter with him, he replied that some one had told the preacher all about him, and in his preaching pointed his finger right at him. Certainly! God has His index fingers at work, and there is no telling when the sinner may turn a corner and find one of them pointing straight at him. One would better thank God for such providences and wake up to the fact that it is the mercy of God endeavoring to save a soul from death.

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#### 126 -- HOW GEORGE AND MARY WERE DISCOVERED

Another similar incident occurred in one of evangelist R. S. Marshal's revival meetings in California. The revival, it seems, had just started, and he had not yet become acquainted with the people. During the preaching he described how some husbands and wives fussed and quarreled. In

the description he used the familiar names of George and Mary and showed how they sometimes acted. And George and Mary were really present. The picture was theirs sure enough. They were so sure some one had posted the preacher about their domestic affairs, that in their anger they deliberately got up, walked down the aisle and went home. The evangelist providentially caused their sin to tell on them in a most public manner. How much better it would have been to have gone to the altar, confessed out, and had it all put under the blood forever.

\* \* \*

## 127 -- THE PREACHER POINTED TO THE VERY ONES

Rev. F. M. Messenger was once in a California city for the first time. He attended a mission and was preaching, not knowing a single person in the audience. In the midst of his message he pointed into the congregation and spoke as if some one was sitting by the side of some lady not his wife, showing up the awful double life that is being constantly practiced. That index finger pointed to the right spot, and those burning words cut to the quick, for right there where he pointed was the guilty man, beside him was the guilty woman, and the man's wife in another part of the hall, who turned and looked at her guilty husband. The poor fellow saw that sin had come out, all too publicly. He had an interview at the close of the service, and ascertained that the preacher had never known him, nor had been informed concerning him, but that it was God providentially exposing him. He went to the altar to seek pardon, but evidently had more sin hidden underneath which he was unwilling either to give up or divulge, so failed to get saved.

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## 128 -- HOW WHITEFIELD'S ARROW SHOT THE BEAUTY

We have taken the following from some extracts on the life of Whitefield:

"'Honorable women not a few' heard Mr. Whitefield at Lady Huntingdon's, not only with pleasure, but profit. His sermons to the 'brilliant circle' were as faithful as they were eloquent. The well-known Countess of Suffolk was distinguished for rare beauty. She admired herself, and was admired by others. She also heard Mr. Whitefield preach at Lady Huntingdon's. He knew nothing of her presence, but his sermon was so plain and pointed that while he drew the bow at a venture every arrow seemed aimed at her. Everything he said she regarded as personal, and her indignation was aroused. It was with difficulty she could sit till the sermon had ended. When Mr. Whitefield had retired she flew into a fury, abused Lady Huntingdon to her face, and denounced the sermon as a deliberate attack upon herself. There was no quelling the storm of indignation; there was no silencing the beautiful fury. Lady Betty Jermain tried to explain to her the mistake under which she was laboring. Lady Bertie and the Duchess Dowager of Ancaster commanded her to be silent. All, all in vain. Neither explanations, entreaties, nor commands appeased her. She contended that she had been insulted, and had a right to repel it with indignation. However, her relatives, who were present, compelled her to apologize to Lady Huntingdon, which she did reluctantly and with exceeding bad grace, and immediately left to return no more. 'Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.'"

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## 129 -- BUTTONS IN THE COLLECTION, A DISCOVERY

Little does one know that some slight thing may finally tell a sad tale that will put him in great embarrassment. If everybody knew that so small a thing as putting a button in a church collection would sometime tell on them, they would watch the corners much better. Only recently we ran across this article which illustrates how small things may come to the surface.

"The minister's wife was busily engaged one afternoon mending the family clothes when a neighbor called for a friendly chat. After a few minutes of news and gossip the caller remarked, as she began to inspect a basket of miscellaneous buttons, 'You seem to be unusually well supplied with buttons of all kinds. Why, there's one like my husband had on his last winter's coat.'

"'Indeed,' said the minister's wife with a slight smile. 'Well, all these buttons were found in the contribution-box, and I thought I might as well make use of them. What? -- must you go? Well, good-bye. Come again soon.'

"May it not be that what we have put into the collection, with the motives that actuated us, will meet us sometime in the future?"

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## 130 -- SETTING THE CAMERA AND CATCHING THE THIEF

The thief who got into the melon patch little thought that there was a unique scheme set for his capture, the like of which probably was never known before. Popular Mechanics tells the remarkable incident of detecting the thief by the use of a camera. There was knowledge of thieving, but how were they to detect the thief? A novel way was planned. A camera was arranged in a near-by tree with a cord running from it to a melon, which it was thought the thief might light upon. This was so arranged, that when it was disturbed by plucking the melon it would communicate with the camera, and produce a snap shot of the offender. Soon it was discovered that the melon had been disturbed, together with the string. Upon developing the plate inside the camera, it was discovered to contain the picture of the thief. No one accused him of stealing. All that was done was simply to show him the picture of the transaction. To deny the act was useless, for the record was made on the plate.

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## 131 -- HOW DANIEL WEBSTER WON THE SUIT

Daniel Webster was once about to lose a certain suit in which forgery was claimed. A peculiar providence occurred near the close of the trial that gained the suit and the man's sin found him out. The paper which Webster was attempting to prove as a fraud, but lacked sufficient evidence, was held in Webster's hand as he was making his closing appeal. Inadvertently, or rather providentially he got the paper between him and the sunlight and noticed the watermark, which, in

this case bore the date in which the paper was manufactured. The date of the paper was later than the date of the document, revealing that the document had to have been written later than its date indicated, and was therefore fraudulent. Thus he gained the suit.

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### 132 -- HE FAILED TO BLACKEN HIS SHOE-HEELS

Rev. Frank T. Bayley writes of a boy who failed in a small thing and later it told on him. He said: "A gentleman advertised for a boy to work in his store. It was a fine place and many boys answered the advertisement. Among them was one who seemed likely to win. He was tall and good looking, strong and willing to work. Another lad appeared equally promising, and the merchant hesitated between the two. But when they came to his office the second time, he noticed that one of them had, on both occasions, left the heels of his shoes unblackened. Everywhere else the shoes were shining, but the blacking had not touched the heels. And that decided it! The boy who lost the place lost it because he did not 'finish the job.' He had no idea when he left those heels untouched as he was blacking his shoes that it would make any difference. 'Nobody will see it,' he thought. But he had to learn that little things are great things. 'He that is faithful in that which is least,' Jesus said, 'is faithful also in that which is much.' And faithfulness is a great thing. The gentleman reckoned that a boy who left unfinished so small a thing as shining a shoe would be likely to neglect small things in his business."

It is a small thing, perhaps, to fail in blacking the heels of one's shoes, but sad were the results to this lad. Who can tell what eyes may discern the neglect or the crime when one goes wrong?

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### 133 -- HOW AN APE CONVICTED A MAN

A Boston paper told the story how a certain ape convicted a man and his wife of murder. During the circus season, the proprietor of a circus was murdered while his show was playing in a certain Louisiana town. A man and his wife who had a troupe of trained animals with the show were soon afterward arrested, but there was little evidence against them, and they would have been released had it not been for the actions of a pet Himalayan ape belonging to the proprietor.

The proprietor was feeding the ape when he was slain, and when the ape, which was the only living witness of the crime, saw the murderer, he flew into a terrible rage. This action was repeated whenever the man appeared, despite the fact that he had formerly been a friend of the ape. This action was also repeated when the man's wife was seen.

The ape's actions caused this man and his wife to be indicted, and when placed on trial, the ape was brought into court, and so impressed the jury, that although the evidence was not over-strong, they were found guilty and sentenced to state prison for life.

Little did they think, that in the providence of God even an ape's eye was upon them, and afterwards it would be used to find out their sin. If the eye of a dumb creature can thus bring about such conviction, what must be the result when the all-seeing eye of God scans the moral world and notes every sin. What escape has the sinner anyway? Surely sin will out!

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#### 134 -- THE DOG WATCHED THE THIEF

A porter once stole some money from the till of a grocery store and hid it behind some rubbish in a stable. The grocer owned a New Foundland dog who had his keen eye upon the thief when he hid the money. This dog followed an apprentice into the stable at the first opportunity, and scratching away the rubbish, exposed the money to view, thus leading to the thief's detection.

The story is told of a quiet, docile dog which would not allow a certain visitor to leave a stable. It was then discovered that the man had secreted a bridle in his pocket.

God has more than one way in His providences to catch the sinner. It may be His own eye alone who sees; it may be the eye of man, or monkey or a dog, but some way is liable to reveal the fact any time that his sin is out.

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#### 135 -- WONDERFUL TESTIMONY OF A SHEEP

Another story is told of the testimony of a sheep which proved the crime of stealing on a man. One day a man was arrested in Australia for stealing a sheep. The man claimed that the sheep belonged to him; that he had missed it from the flock, and as soon as he saw the sheep he knew him.

The other man also claimed the sheep, saying that he had owned him since he was a lamb, and that he had never been away from the rest of the flock.

This was a puzzler for the judge, and he did not know how to decide the case. At last the thought came to him to send for the sheep. He first took the man in whose possession the sheep was found, to the courtyard, and told him to call the sheep. He did so, but the animal made no response, only to raise his head and look frightened, as if he were in a strange place and among strangers.

The judge then told the officers to take the man back to the court room and to bring down the other man. He did not wait until he entered the yard, but at the gate, before the sheep could see him, he made a peculiar call. Immediately the sheep bounded toward the gate, and by his actions showed that the voice was very familiar to him. It was positively plain, who owned the sheep. This was a providential way by which the thief's sin was made to tell on him.

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## 136 -- DISCOVERED A THIEF BY SEARCHLIGHT

It matters not how well covered the sin may be, the guilty one does not know at what unexpected point the light may flash and his wickedness become manifest. It is said that one time while the great electric searchlight located at Echo Mountain back of Pasadena was turned onto Los Angeles one night, it fell upon a man's back yard and revealed a thief stealing clothes from the clothes line. Had he the least intimation that a powerful search light fifteen or twenty miles away would be turned upon him in the twinkling of an eye, he certainly would not have carried out his wrong intent. And yet, if the sinner only knew it, from on high there is a searchlight scanning the moral universe just as real and much more accurate, and no sin can possibly be hidden from its scope. If the guilty soul should not be exposed to the world in the very act, it is only a question of time when all will come out.

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## 137 -- WICKED MOVING PICTURE ACTORS DISCOVERED BY DEAF MUTES

Little did the profane and foul actors, as they played their parts on the stage, preparatory for the moving picture show, think that their unprintable language would ever be discovered. There was no one present to divulge the wickedness. The moving picture play was a silent drama. It was before the modern method of synchronous plays involving both sound and motion. What method would ever expose that foul language of the actors? "Be sure your sin will find you out" was just as true in their case as any other. Many deaf mutes are trained to read the movements of lips in conversation till they become adept, and can tell what one is saying the same as if it was heard. This class of unfortunates was present when the moving picture play came off, and they were shocked at the language, having discovered it from the motion of the lips of the actors in the play. It was so awful, that at least in two large cities public protest was made against the continued appearance of such films.

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## 138 -- STARTLING DISCLOSURE OF MORMON FRAUD

Who would have surmised, that in some very providential way Mormonism would be exposed, and exposed so plainly that a simpleton could see it. The Christian Herald has permitted the use of the following exposure from its columns:

"The leaders of the Mormon Church are now fighting for the existence of their religion. They have begun to realize that the flimsy religious structure is beginning to totter, and must soon fall upon their heads. It seems that the beginning of the end of Mormonism is at hand.

"To understand the present Mormon troubles, which threaten the very existence of the University of Utah, and even of the Mormon Church, it is necessary to review the discussion of two years ago. There are three 'sacred books' peculiar to the Mormons. They are all lying before me as I write. One, called the 'Book of Mormon,' claims to be a translation of inscriptions upon gold plates, which were said to have been revealed by an angel to Joseph Smith on September 22,

1827, in a western New York village. The 'Book of the Doctrine and Covenants' is a collection of lectures and of imaginary divine commands, claimed to have been delivered to various Mormon leaders. The third book is 'The Pearl of Great Price,' in which is 'The Book of Abraham,' the cause of the present Mormon difficulties.

"The Book of Abraham,' according to the words which preface it, claims to be a translation by Joseph Smith 'of some ancient records that have fallen into our hands from the catacombs of Egypt, the writings of Abraham while he was in Egypt, called the Book of Abraham, written by his own hand upon papyrus.' It is said that Smith was inspired by an Egyptian mummy to make the translation, for at that time scholars were unable to read the Egyptian hieroglyphs. Accompanying 'The Book of Abraham' are several illustrations of the Egyptian documents which Smith pretended to have translated and which he claims were written by Abraham. They are genuine ancient Egyptian documents, as any scholar familiar with the Egyptian characters may see at a glance. Smith seems to have obtained the documents from a sea captain. The hieroglyphic inscription is very short, but Smith's translation of it covers thirty pages of printed matter. At the time Smith's translation was made no man could prove that it was not correct, for the hieroglyphs could not then be read; but now they are as easily read by scholars as the page of an English book.

"Some two years ago Bishop Spalding of Utah persuaded the Mormon leaders that it would be well if the Egyptian scholars might be permitted to see the inscriptions, the supposed translation of which is the 'Book of Abraham.' The leaders of the Mormons, convinced beyond a doubt that Smith's inspired translation was correct, willingly supplied Bishop Spalding with copies of them, and these copies were submitted to several Egyptian scholars for translation. It seemed to the Mormons that the scholars must verify Smith's translation, and thus the world would be convinced of the truth of the book, and all mankind would turn to Mormonism.

"But the Mormon elders made a fatal mistake. A glance at the inscriptions convinced the scholars that Smith's translation was purely imaginary. The inscriptions are not upon papyrus, but upon small clay objects, which the ancient Egyptians placed as cushions beneath the heads of the mummies. They made no mention of Abraham in Egypt; they were merely short prayers to the Egyptian sun-god. These little clay cushions are among the most common of Egyptian antiquities; they may be seen in nearly every museum, or purchased in Cairo by any traveler for a trifling sum. So, instead of verifying Smith's translation, the scholars presented to the world scientific and absolute proof that Joseph Smith was not inspired to translate the inscriptions, that his alleged translation was purely imaginary, and that the 'Book of Abraham' was not a translation of the inscriptions at all.

"In January, 1913, just as this exposure of the 'Book of Abraham' took place, an article on that subject by the present writer, appeared in the Christian Herald. It, with other similar articles, caused consternation in the Mormon world. The article was answered by the Deseret News, the leading Mormon daily paper of Salt Lake City, and a full-page editorial, containing little except personalities, was launched against the present writer. There the matter rested, and the controversy seemed to have been forgotten. But it was not forgotten by the Mormons. The fire which had been kindled flared up for a moment, and then appeared to die out; but it was smoldering away, burning into the very heart of Mormonism, and now it has burst into a conflagration.



"A large percentage of the students in the University of Utah are children of Mormon parents. They are as intelligent and studious as are the students in any other institution. Many of them come from wealthy and refined homes. Some of them have learned to think. They read that the scholars had translated the Egyptian inscriptions of which the 'Book of Abraham' was supposed to be a translation, and that those inscriptions were only the lines of a hymn to the sun-god. They thought about it, and then they asked their Gentile professors, in whom their confidence was unbounded, if it were really true. Twenty years ago a Gentile in Salt Lake City would hardly have dared to speak openly his opinion on such a subject. But now, when the student is told that his sacred books are not inspired, he examines the proofs and is convinced. He is then a Mormon only in name. That is true, not of one, but of thousands of the brightest of the young Mormon men today.

"At the last commencement of the University of Utah, a Mormon student, Milton H. Sevey, was chosen to represent the graduating class upon the commencement platform. The leaders of the church and the Mormon regents of the University were there in force. Young Sevey took for the subject of his address 'Needed Reform.' He attacked the conservatism of the state and the Mormon attitude toward things in general. The regents gasped. They realized that the old order of things had passed away, and that at last freedom of thought had entered the Mormon world. The church of Joseph Smith and of Brigham Young was threatened, and steps must be taken to save it.

"Last October Bishop Spalding was accidentally run down by an automobile while crossing the street in Salt Lake City and instantly killed. His death was a great loss to religious progress in Utah; but the work he had already done could not be undone. The regents of the University of Utah are now making desperate efforts to check the growth of progress. One of the honorary regents is the governor of the state, a Mormon. W. W. Ritter, the chairman of the Board of Regents, is a Mormon of the old school. Of the fourteen regents whose names appear in the catalogue of the University of Utah, seven of them, Ritter, Lund, Young, Williams, Middleton, Mattson and Porter, are Mormons, and four, Gemmell, Armstrong, Whitmore and Bamberger, Gentiles. Two of them, Van Cott and Kingsbury, may be classified as ex-Mormons, but with strong Mormon sympathies, and the religion of the one remaining member, Rolapp, I have been unable to learn. The Board of Regents, therefore, is so predominantly Mormon that the influence of its four Gentile members is entirely overshadowed. The chairmen of nearly all of the committees of the Board of Regents are Mormons. Young is the chairman of the executive and legislative committees, Ritter of the finance, Lund of the School of Arts and Sciences, Williams of the School of Education, and Middleton of the School of Medicine. Armstrong is the only Gentile who is a chairman of any of the committees of the Board of Regents. Thus it is seen that the influence of the Board is overwhelmingly Mormon, and that the University is entirely under Mormon control.

"Alarmed at the progressive spirit which was creeping into the university, the first step taken by the Board of Regents to combat it was to expel four of the Gentile professors, and to demote two others who seemed to be most responsible for this new freedom of thought. Those who have been expelled are Dr. A. A. Knowlton, the associate professor of physics; Professor George C. Wise of the department of modern languages, and the secretary of the faculty; Phil C. Bing, instructor in English, and Charles W. Snow, also of the English department. They are men whose names would be a credit to the list of the faculty of any university, and their colleagues were amazed at their expulsion. The faculty of a university is the best judge of the value of its members, and has the interest of the institution at heart far more than a Board of Regents, composed chiefly of

politicians and capitalists, and the faculty requested the Board of Regents to explain why the professors had been expelled. The board flatly refused to give an explanation. A committee, consisting chiefly of the alumni of the University, was then appointed by the faculty to investigate the matter. The board refused to recognize the committee or to permit an investigation, asserting that they had not lost confidence in their own judgment and integrity, and that the board must establish its supremacy at whatever cost.

"Then fourteen of the professors of the faculty resigned. Among them were some of the oldest and most valuable men. The sympathy of the students was entirely with the faculty. They rebelled, and they, too, demanded an explanation as to why their instructors had been dismissed. At first their demands were ignored; but they were so persistent that the Board of Regents was compelled to issue a public statement to quiet the students. In it a cause for the dismissal of the professors is given, but it is not the real cause. It is as weak a statement as anyone would care to see, and the students openly ridiculed it. The statement lies before me as I write. President Kingsbury, speaking for the regents, makes the following excuses for dismissing the professors:

"I am convinced that Dr. Knowlton has worked against the administration of the university. Dr. Knowlton has also spoken very disrespectfully of the Board of Regents.'

"I am convinced that Professor Wise has spoken in a deprecatory way about the university before his classes, and that he has also spoken in a very uncomplimentary way about the administration.'

"The reason given for the expulsion of the other two professors was that changes in the English department were contemplated, and that their services would no longer be required; but Professor Widsoe, a Mormon, and a graduate of the Agricultural College of Utah, has been appointed to the head of the English department.

"It seems now that the Board of Regents is attempting to replace the fourteen professors who have resigned with Mormons of the old type, and thus to check the growth of freedom of thought. The expelled and resigned professors are still fighting, and if it becomes necessary they are determined to take the matter into the highest courts of the United States.

"The regents, however, maintain that neither politics nor religion has ever influenced them in any way in making appointments to the faculty. The claim is absurd, and in making it the regents deceive none but themselves. The one open fact, which anyone may clearly see, is that the University of Utah has outgrown Mormonism, and the regents are making a great final effort, regardless of principle or cost, to retain it for their church.

"Lately I have been delivering a series of lectures under the auspices of one of the departments of the University of Utah. None of the conservative Mormons attended the lectures, but the more liberal men were present. At the close of one of the lectures a bright Mormon student accompanied me to the club where I was stopping. He asked about Joseph Smith's translation of the Egyptian inscriptions, for he remembered the discussion of two years ago. He is now a Mormon only in name. A Mormon gentleman, as cultured a man as I have ever met, and whose father and mother were among the followers of Brigham Young, showed me about the temple

grounds. He was ashamed of his religion. He blushed whenever reference was made to it. When I asked him about the sources of the sacred Mormon books, he answered, 'I do not know,' and turned away his head. And he represents the younger generation of Mormons. The truth is that Mormonism is dying. The objectionable practices such as polygamy have been discarded, and to keep the religion alive it has been modified to meet the present demands.

"Those most familiar with the present Mormon Church describe it as a great financial institution, as soul-less as any other corporation. It is a business which, under the name of religion, collects a tithe or tenth of the income of all its members, and that revenue is enormous. The progressive Mormons have long demanded that a financial statement of the annual tithes be made public, and recently, for the first time, the statement appeared. The tithes for the last year, according to the statement, amounted to more than \$1,500,000, and probably the real figures were much greater. In addition to the tithes were enormous revenues from various investments and interests, for the Mormon Church is one of the largest business concerns in the world, controlling railroads, manufactories, stores, hotels and vast tracts of land in many states and even in foreign countries. These properties, however, are not held in the name of the church, but in the name of prominent members of the church. The men who control the vast funds of the church are loath to relinquish them. Moreover, they send missionaries to all parts of the world to seek converts among the most ignorant, and thus the tithes from these sources swell the funds at their disposal. It is only the enlightenment of the rising generation that they fear. For this reason also the regents of the University of Utah are removing the best men from the faculty, or compelling them to resign. Only thus do they think that they can save their great financial institution from loss.

"I might mention numerous instances of the efforts of the regents of the University of Utah to stifle education. Some time ago, the state of Utah appropriated a sum of money to promote the study of American archaeology. A museum was established at the university, and at the head of it was placed one of the foremost scholars in the field of American archaeology, a man of rare culture and attainments, one of the gentlest and greatest men I have ever met. At first the regents were enthusiastic in their support of the museum, for they believed that the research work among the caves and mounds and cliff dwellings of the early Indians would yield proof that the 'Book of Mormon' was a real history of the American Indians, and that the Indians are one of the lost tribes of Israel, as the 'Book of Mormon' represents them to be. But when it was shown that the 'Book of Abraham' was merely an imaginary translation of Egyptian hieroglyphs, they realized that investigation in the field of American archaeology would surely prove that the 'Book of Mormon' had an equally questionable origin. Then they lost interest in the museum, and now they even regret that there is a museum.

"Here is another instance: The University of Utah is in great need of dormitories for girl students. An appropriation of \$50,000 was requested from the state for that purpose. The request was rejected on the ground of economy; but at once that same amount of money was appropriated for building a coliseum at the agricultural fair grounds, where cattle might be exhibited for a single week.

"Too long have the regents of the University of Utah been blind to modern progress. Now they are powerless to check the spread of enlightenment. For a time their missionaries may bring converts from among the ignorant; but that too will cease. For a time the cultured Mormons may

retain the name 'Mormon;' they do not know what else to call themselves; but Mormonism is dying; the beginning of the end is here.

"In the 'Book of Mormon,' page 57, chapter 23, is an imaginary prophecy directed against the Christian Church. It may be quoted here, as the prophecy though false, yet is true in a sense; for it is a boomerang returning to smite the church from which it came. It reads:

'For the time speedily shall come, that all churches which are built up to get gain, and all those which are built up to get power over the flesh, and those which are built up to become popular in the eyes of the world, and those who seek the lusts of the flesh and the things of the world, and to do all manner of iniquity; yea, in fine, all those who belong to the kingdom of the devil, are they who need fear and tremble and quake; they are those who must be brought low in the dust; they are those who must be consumed as stubble; and this is according to the words of the prophet.'"

Thank God for such a crumbling of foundation from under such a stupendous fraud. How the devil loves to deceive poor souls! But this deception is no worse for a soul than the deception palmed off on a gullible world through the "higher critics" who are tearing to pieces the inspired Word of God.

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#### 139 -- BIBLE PROOF FROM INSIDE THE CROCODILE

God will vindicate His truth in time. The sin of the destructive critics is more and more finding them out in these marvelous days of exposure. The "Herald of Holiness" has given us the following:

"This is rather strange company for these distinguished gentry usually denominated higher critics, but it is a proper association, now, in view of some recent facts of archaeology. There is no telling what may come forth next. God has been long insulted by the destructive critics, and now He is vindicating Himself, and His revelation, by the archaeological discoveries. and in this instance in so doing, throws the higher critics into some very unenviable company for their humiliation."

The "Presbyterian Standard" says:

"A crocodile is not a thing of beauty, and whether lying in the water or in a glass case, he is not an attractive reptile, and no one would ever associate him with Biblical criticism, or turn to him for help in establishing Scripture facts.

"Everything is said to have its use, and we find that the lowly crocodile is no exception to this rule. According to recent reports the reverent student of the Bible has found in him an ally not to be despised, and for that reason our respect for him has increased considerably.

"Those of our readers who took New Testament Exegesis under Dr. Henry Alexander, will recall the endless discussion about Cyrenius being governor of Syria at the time the census was taken. The Bible states that he was governor of Syria at the time of the birth of Christ, while Roman history says that he was governor of Syria many years after this event.

"The critics have ruled out Luke's statement about Cyrenius upon these grounds: First, it was not a Roman custom to require the inhabitants of a province to return to their native place to be taxed; second, there was no census for the purpose of taxation at the time mentioned in Luke; and lastly, Cyrenius was not governor at that time.

"Professor J. Hope Moulton, an eminent archaeologist of England, has been lecturing this summer in Northfield on what the world has learned from 'Egyptian Rubbish Heaps.'

"Within the past year some workmen have opened a tomb in Egypt in which they found some mummies, which were found to be crocodiles stuffed with tightly wrapped papyri. These stuffings proved to be valuable, and from them four volumes have been written which throw a flood of light upon the Bible, and throw into confusion some of our Biblical critics. For example, they make it probable that about the time mentioned in Luke, there was a census ordered both in Syria and Egypt; that each man was required to go to his own native town to be enrolled; and that Cyrenius was sent to Syria first and then to Egypt for the same purpose.

"The defenders of the accuracy of the Bible owe thanks, first to the crocodiles for so carefully preserving their valuable stuffing. Of course these stuffings knock the stuffings out of other anti-Biblical theories, and show that the sacred writers were wide awake, and wrote as they were inspired by the Holy Ghost, and therefore could not have erred."

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## 140 -- ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES EXPOSING HIGHER CRITICS

Thus we see how marvelous these repudiations of God's inspired Word are having their sin of infidelity find them out in these latter days of research and archaeological discovery. Time, spades and shoveling are uncovering not only hidden witnesses to the veracity of God's truth, but they are at the same time uncovering these poor skeptics' sin which they have been palming off on a sinful world. These skeptics have laughed at the thought of a city as described in the Bible called Nineveh. It had been so long lost sight of, that it was time now to repudiate the statements of the Bible concerning it. Xerxes, Alexander the Great and the Romans tramped their armies across this buried city, little knowing that this great Assyrian metropolis and capital was beneath their feet. But today it lies exposed to view and on ancient slabs and architecture are engraved positive proofs of statements made in the Word of God.

The flood was for many years one of the principle points of ridicule by those who were wise about that which is written. But when these buried cities for centuries, like Nineveh, Babylon and Nippur, are yielding up their store of Bible proof, skepticism has to stand aghast at the disclosures found therein concerning the ancient flood.

The Tower of Babel was so long ago and so early in the book of Genesis and history of mankind, that it was easy to criticize all that the Bible states in connection with it. But all the reader has to do to satisfy himself as to the veracity of the statement is to take a trip to that country and stand face to face before those old ruins, and have some one interpret Nebuchadnezzar's tablets, explaining how he found these ruins of the tower of Babel and built his great temple thereon without changing the foundation. In those recent archives discovered at Babylon, these facts came out.

Daniel tells us of Belshazzar and his untimely death at the fall of Babylon, but history failed to record anything concerning this king, so, therefore the Bible account must be a myth, and no such a personage as Belshazzar existed. When the skeptics had completely committed themselves in their statements, the providential shovel got to work and unearthed a small barrel-shaped cylinder in Abraham's birthplace -- Ur of the Chaldees -- when lo, a prayer of Nabonidus, the King of Babylon to his god, concerning his son, Belshazzar. This, the person of Belshazzar was proved from a buried city thousands of years lost sight off.

But history tells that Nabonidus was King of Babylon and that when Babylon fell, Nabonidus fled and was afterward captured and lived some time, while Daniel says that Belshazzar was King of Babylon and died the night that Babylon fell. The skeptic's sin has further found him out in denying the statements of inspiration, by more recent discoveries on cuneiform inscribed tablets, showing that Nabonidus had associated with him in the kingship his son Belshazzar, and also a discovery was made of a statement concerning the king who captured Babylon that that night the king died. Now, everything is plain and in harmony with the inspired Daniel. Babylon's king at the time of its capture was indeed the young Belshazzar ruling conjointly with his father, Nabonidus, which explains the statement of Belshazzar to Daniel on interpreting the handwriting on the wall. He promised Daniel that he would make him the third ruler in the kingdom. Why not make him the second ruler? Because Belshazzar was the second ruler, conjointly with his father, and the next in order would be third, promised to Daniel.

Great libraries written in these wedge-shaped characters on tablets have been found in these ancient, buried cities. Thousands upon thousands of these tablets are now upon exhibition. They have discovered the Royal Library of the old Assyrian kings, some writing dating back very near the flood. On these ancient tiles as well as on gates of brass and marble slabs, was found written a goodly portion of the history of the world from the creation down to a thousand years after the flood, confirming in a wonderful manner the Bible story. "These ancient legends, some of them dating back four thousand years, must have originated in facts, and these facts are the facts of the Bible."

On these tablets were discovered the account of the creation, origin of evil, expulsion of Lucifer from Heaven, making a striking agreement between these legends and the Bible.

These ancient inscriptions tell us that the world was without form and void, that darkness was over the deep, that man was formed of the dust, that man fell through temptation, was expelled from the garden, and that a deluge was sent as a divine punishment for sin. Of course it was written in their legendary way, but how strikingly it corresponds with the "Old Book"!

These tablets tell us of the mammoth and other huge extinct animals that have been studied with such great curiosity by scientists.

A seal was found representing Noah's Ark floating on a shoreless sea.

Cylinders and tablets were found with Bible names written thereon, such as Abraham, Ishmael, Noah, Enoch and others. Thus skepticism and higher criticism are being confounded. Their sin has come to the surface and found them out. The "Old Book" still stands and will stand. The psalmist said, "Forever, O Lord, thy Word is settled in heaven." That is the reason that infidels have such a hard job to bombard it and blow it up; it is settled in heaven, and so far away from their base of operations.

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#### 141 -- NOT RABBIT, BUT HUMAN BLOOD

It is said that, "Dead men tell no tales," but we have seen that even a dead crocodile tells the tale, and such infidelity has found the critics out. The Scientific American has published a remarkable article by David Waterson entitled, "Dead Men Do Tell Tales," and has given permission for its use. It illustrates how the providential law of God may do its unerring work. Following is the article:

"Once upon a time many a murderer was acquitted and many an innocent man hanged, because, to all appearances, they had or had not, been guilty of the crime.

"But today an assassin has to reckon with the physicist, the chemist and the Rontgenologist, who start off on his track and force him to face damning, dispassionate scientific facts, but, with equal zeal bring these facts to clear a miserable man protesting his innocence, yet condemned beforehand by circumstantial evidence. Now, if a man is found walking quickly away from the place where a body has been found, and if a man has blood stains on him and on his pocket knife, naturally he is the murderer, so why spend a fee on an expert to prove the contrary?

"Just such a case occurred in France. It was no use the man saying he had poached a rabbit, made a stew and burnt the skin and bones to avoid possible detection. He was condemned because the bloodstains and a known hatred for the victim shouted guilty! Then came along the physicist and showed the blood to be that of a rabbit, for, by the unique methods of two professors, E. T. Reichert and A. P. Brown, it can be determined to what species of animal, bird or reptile the blood belongs, since every species has distinct crystallization. Experts claim to distinguish differences of nationality and it is no illogical optimism to state that their claim to prove consanguinity may prove to be correct. If Jacob had been able to set a scientist to work on Joseph's coat the brethren would have been confounded and Reuben, the conniver at deliverance, extra triumph. Ever since those days the malignant have tried to fix guilt on innocence by spattering the blood of animals on clothes or weapons, but it never can happen again in civilized countries.

"A little while ago a mother murdered her little girl in a lonely spot and 'murder by person or persons unknown' was the verdict. A suspicious neighbor, who disliked the woman, took up the

search privately and one day found a bloodstained knife near the house. 'Why, that's the knife I used to kill a rabbit last week. I put it there in the wall meaning to clean it,' cried the mother.

"Submitted to an expert, the knife told of human blood, blood shed a year ago, and the terrified mother confessed her guilt. It is now over seven years since an Italian physicist, A. Lechanarzo, perfected the method of determining the age of a blood-spot. Would Rizzio's blood, said to be renewed every year on the floor of Holyrood Palace, stand an investigation? I think the tourist, enjoying the induced thrill of horror, would rather the scientist kept out of the way!

"Mutilation of a body is not always effectual, and has occasionally, by its very dexterity, convicted the real offender. A murderous butcher will, naturally, cut up his victim with precision, and a medical student or surgeon would do it in a skillful fashion. The mutilations by Jack the Ripper showed him to have considerable anatomical knowledge.

"A physical defect, engendered by disease or habit, often guides an expert in detection, but when a man cuts his father into 130 pieces and buries these separately in garden and field he naturally expects to lull suspicion, especially when he daily expresses surprise that the aged parent does not return from Paris.

\* \* \*

## 142 -- THE BURIED CALLUSED HAND TOLD THE TALE

"Six months after the deed a farm hand dug up a hand, no clue apparently, except that a friend, a medico-legal expert, took note of certain callosities in the palm, rather peculiar ones, and soon after begged of the son his father's stick as a memento. The curiously carved knob exactly fitted the skeleton hand and the son was convicted of the murder. In the same way the body of a mutilated nun was identified by the callosities on the knees produced by constant kneeling; and Sir William Fergusson proved the identity of Livingstone (though it was hardly doubted) by showing an old ununited fracture in the left humerus. The structural deformations induced by occupation, often lead to the identification of a murdered man when he has been, say, a tailor, a barber or a shoemaker, while the condition of the teeth may show the victim to have been a printer or a potter, owing to the plumbism engendered.

"Now, if a man is found shot through the head and with a pistol in his hand, what more rational than a verdict of suicide? But in real suicide the weapon is held so firmly that force is required to dislodge it. It seems as if the muscular spasm persists until rigor mortis occurs and sets it. Several experts have tried to make the hand of a corpse grip a weapon, but have never succeeded and their knowledge of this fact has often opened the avenue to detection of murder. Again, if you found your grandfather on the floor with a rope round his neck and the other end dangling from a nail in the wall, certainly you would say that he had hanged himself and his weight had broken the rope.

"But the medico-legalist is as well up in knots as a sailor, and knows a suicide will tie them one way, a murderer another. There was a case in Paris of a grandfather who had, apparently, hung himself in the manner described. But he had not tied the rope, declared the expert, and, in face



of such uncanny knowledge, two neighbors confessed they had from their window seen the son-in-law strangle his father and arrange the other piece of rope.

\* \* \*

#### 143 -- THE LARVAE IN CORPSE TOLD THE TRUTH

"The advice of Moquin-Tandon, sometime professor of Natural History in Paris University, was often asked by legal doctors because he had made a special study of the physiological action of certain substances on the human body.

The body of a little girl was found tightly packed up in a soap box, and the mother, when found in another city, tried to fix the crime on a friend and as happening two months ago. It was then the end of July. By a careful study of the flies and larvae found in the remains, the expert proved the body to have been in the box since the preceding February and the mother confessed to having killed the child on February 27th.

In the same way the examination of the larvae on the body of a child hidden up a chimney proved death to have taken place fully two years previously, and this verdict led to the acquittal of a suspected person. There are certain fauna which begin their work soon after death, then disappear to give place to others, but the succession is invariable and marks time for the scientist.

\* \* \*

#### 144 -- BLISTERS ON A BURNED WIFE TOLD ON HIM

"The different physiologic action of fire on a dead body and a living one was not known by the man who rushed frantically to his neighbors, saying he had found his wife lying across a chair by the fire badly burned from waist to knees and also on the neck. Unfortunately for him the doctor pointed out that burns made before death contained serum and there was no vesication (thin serous fluid under the skin), moreover, the fire could not have passed from waist to throat. The man then confessed to strangling his wife and afterwards setting fire to her.

\* \* \*

#### 145 -- WEIGHTS DID NOT HOLD THE BODY DOWN

"The student who murdered his aged uncle by drowning had clearly not taken chemistry in his studies or he would not have been so confounded when brought to justice. He had wound nine yards of thick lead tubing around the body to sink it. Surely enough? But a little knowledge of chemistry would have made him make a few incisions for the escape of natural gases, as these brought up the corpse in spite of the heavy weight.

"Lynx-eyed Science is rendering it ever more difficult to dispose of a body or hide the crime of murder. Human blood and hair and bones have characteristics distinctly their own. The 'gory knife' of melodrama is no longer sufficient to fix a crime, and even if, as seems possible, the

penny novelettist should kill his hero with radium, why, the physicist would come along with the electroscope and with it absolutely refute or confirm the accusation."

These foregoing facts show that sin in some of its worst forms may revert back right soon upon the sinner's soul and catch him in a terrible trap.

\* \* \*

#### 146 -- A CIRCUITOUS ROUTE AND DISCOVERY

"There was a man who committed a murder in a Scottish castle upon a young bridegroom, at whose marriage festivities he had hypocritically assisted. The assassin took horse in the dead of night and fled for his life through wood and winding path. When the sun dawned he slackened his pace and behold! he was emerging from a thicket in front of the very castle whence he had fled, and to which, by tortuous paths, he had returned. Horror seized him; he was discovered, and condemned to death."

Thus we see that God has a law in His very providences by which He is causing men's sins to come to the surface. We have in the fingerprint system a combination of two laws -- Nature and Providence -- conspiring to head off the sinner. How carefully Nature has provided each person with a peculiar fingerprint, unlike any other, so that when the transgressor engages in his crime, he may inadvertently leave a trace of it behind him, which later providentially fastens his guilt and causes his sin to be known to the world! How hard it is for the sinner to escape the hidden mines and come off clear! The meshes somewhere, somehow will catch him.

\* \* \*

#### 147 -- THE SETTING SUN TELLING THE TALE

The following remarkable incident is furnished by evangelist W. F. Dallas of Peniel, Texas, and illustrates how carefully the sleuth hounds of Providence follow the trail of the sinner to expose his guilt sometime:

"In the north of Arkansas, some years ago, there lived a man on a nice, little farm, with everything around him to make life happy. His wife was a neat, kind, industrious and affectionate little woman, who did all that a woman could do to make him and the children happy. From all outward appearances, life to them was one of sunshine and blessing.

"Late one evening, just after a nice, gentle rain had fallen, this man and his wife were sitting at a west window, and just as the sun was setting behind the western hills, and he looking out upon the sunset, there came a strange and sad look over his face. His wife seeing it asked him what he was thinking about, but he told her it was nothing of importance. She insisted on his telling her, but he refused, telling her it was nothing worthy of notice. She knew something awful was behind that look, and urged him to tell her his thoughts, but he refused to do so.

"They retired for the night, but his conscience would not let him sleep, and such was his agony, that he walked the floor, while his wife insisted on him telling his thoughts and thus relieve her at least of her burden; but he would not.

"Thus it went on day and night, until his strength failed and they called in their family physician, who informed them that he could do nothing for him, adding that possibly a preacher could help him.

"Finally, with his strength almost gone, and with a broken heart, he called his wife to his bedside and told her the end was near, that he must die, and before he went he would confess all to her.

"He confessed that when he had previously told her he was a widower when he came to the state, he had failed to state how he had become a widower. He had told her that his former wife had died a year previous in Kentucky, but did not say how she had died. He confessed that he had choked her to death. She had been an invalid for more than two years. He had just broken his garden after a nice shower, and the sun was just about to set, when he went into the room where she sat in her invalid chair, and told her that he had come to end her life. She told him she was ready to go, but regretted to go that way, at the same time adding, that if he should kill her, he might hide his crime for awhile, but just as sure as he did, yonder sun (pointing to the setting sun) would tell on him some day.

"He accordingly choked her to death, and dug a grave in the new-made garden. They lived on the bank of a river, and he took her clothing and dragged it along the path that night, and raised the alarm early the next morning.

"The neighbors came in and he made out that his wife had crawled to the river and drowned herself. The river was dragged, but of course to no avail. He remained there till all room for suspicion was past, then came West, married his present wife and did his best to make her happy, but his life had been one of trouble and anguish. Said the dying man, 'That was what I was thinking of when I looked out of that window. And now, I am dying, and must meet my wife at the judgment.' He then threw up his hands and died in awful agony, thus fulfilling the Scriptures to the letter: 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'"

In this sad incident we have the illustration of God's law both in Providence and conscience, conspiring to bring the sin to the surface. Somehow God will win out in the end. Sin is a most dangerous element to trifle with.

\* \* \*

148 -- DISCOVERED THROUGH DICE

"During the reign of Frederick William, Miss Rose, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. Walther, the smith of the Armory at Berlin, was shot dead at a public well. Two soldiers, Ralph and Alfred, both rivals of the affections of the young lady, were suspected and brought to trial. Witnesses had seen both of these young men at the well on the evening the crime

was committed, and both declared innocence. Alfred, the more respected of the two, was regarded as an exemplary young man. He admitted that he had met Miss Rose at the well that evening, but affirmed positively that he left her there peaceably and unmolested. Ralph, the more suspected, was pressed hard for a confession, but continued his positive denials of guilt.

"Finally, since it was clear that one of these two young men must have committed the crime, it was determined to seek to decide the question of guilt or innocence by the novel method of throwing dice, and this was to be done in the presence of the bereaved Mr. Walther, and of the officers of the court. Two dice were placed upon the drum. Ralph, smiling in self-reliance, grabbed the dice and threw first and turned up two sixes, the highest possible number. This was a shock to those looking on. Alfred, apparently doomed to a lost cause, dropped upon his knees, turned his face heavenward, and offered a short, earnest prayer to God. As he arose to throw the dice, he said, 'Help me, God Almighty, for Thou knowest that I am innocent.' Then with joyful reliance on the God of destiny, he threw his dice on the drum; and behold, by a remarkable coincidence his dice split and showed up 1 plus 6 plus 6, in all, thirteen. Thus Alfred was one ahead of Ralph and it was done by turning up the two highest numbers, six and six and the one on the split. All spectators were surprised and Ralph was so overwhelmed with guilty consciousness and plain manifestation of guilt that the sweaters now had little difficulty in obtaining his frank and full confession to the crime. The split dice, put to gether, was named the 'death-dice' and is preserved in the Hohenzollern-Museum as a relic."

\* \* \*

#### 149 -- HE HEARD THE MAN PRAY

Rev. David Tatum gives the following in his book:

"Dr. Jefferies, of Toronto, Can., a noted minister of the Methodist Church, relates a very remarkable instance of Divine leading in his experience, when stationed at the town of Whitty.

"While alone in his study on Saturday, many years ago, a voice spoke to him distinctly, saying: 'You must go at once to the house of \_\_\_\_\_ and pray.' He states that he had never received a command in a more clear and definite form. It was a cold and unpleasant day of wind and mingled rain and snow, and the place was several miles away, and he was very busy preparing for his Sabbath-day work, and thought that he could not go; that he might be mistaken in the voice. Shortly the command was repeated. He was thoroughly startled and went and informed his wife of this striking incident and asked her advice. She requested him to defer it on account of the storm, and he returned to his study. In a few minutes the command was repeated in even more imperative tones: 'You must go to the house of \_\_\_\_\_ and pray.' He now felt that he must go, and he drove through mud and storm, and when he arrived at the house and knocked, there was no answer. He then went in and called, but no one replied. The family were away.

"It all appeared strange and bewildering to him, and he could not understand it and wondered what the voice meant. But as the command was to go there and pray, he knelt down and told the Lord the circumstance of his coming, and as He knew the needs of the family, that He might protect them from danger, and commended them to His care and blessing.

"His visit to that house for many years was a perplexing mystery to him. But that mystery was solved by a person addressing him when in another part of Canada, saying: 'You are Dr. Jefferies. I am a stranger to you, Doctor, but I want to thank you for saving me not only from the crime of murder, but for causing me to turn unto God,' at which the Doctor was astonished and asked how that could be. 'Do you remember,' said he, 'when you were stationed at Whitty many years ago, going one stormy Saturday to the house of \_\_\_\_ and praying? I was secreted in the woodshed with my gun, resolved on shooting the man of the house with whom I had quarreled, and his family being away, and he alone, I had taken that opportunity to commit the deed, and was waiting for him. But when I heard you pray for the family and the man whom I had come to murder, my heart and conscience smote me, and great fear took hold on me and shook me, and I thought what a wretch I am, that I should come to kill a man for whom you had come to pray, and that God must know all about my wicked purpose, and sent you to arrest me in my course and save me from an untimely death. And instead of being a murderer I am a saved man. While I live I shall not cease to thank and praise God for sending you that stormy day to pray for that man and his family.'"

\* \* \*

#### 150 -- AN ARROW SHOT AROUND THE WORLD

An English minister told the following:

"I was asked to go to a public house in Nottingham to see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Savior. I asked her how she found the Lord. 'Reading that,' she replied, handing me a torn piece of paper. I looked at it and found it was a part of an American newspaper, containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion. 'Where did you find this paper?' I asked. 'It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from' Australia.' A sermon preached in London, cabled or sent to America, and there printed in a newspaper, which was sent to Australia, part of it being torn off there for the parcel sent to England, which reached the heart of a woman, that probably could not easily have been reached in any other way, not many miles from where the words were originally spoken."

As every conversion means that sin has found the person out, for if the sins of the life did not press in on one, there would be no probability of confessing and forsaking them, so we see by this strange providence, how God wanted to help this woman to Christ. The path circumnavigated the earth to reach her, but that message from Spurgeon never lost its power in the trip. How we ought to thank God for His providences!

\* \* \*

#### 151 -- CAUGHT BY A MECHANICAL PARROT

The "Christian Herald" has the following incident:

"Louis Lenhardt, a salesman of Brooklyn, was awakened the other morning by a voice saying, 'Polly wants a cracker.' The man recognized it as the voice of a stuffed parrot belonging to his young son. When the parrot's head is pushed forward the mechanism inside the bird forms the words. Thinking that the boy was playing with his toy, the father got up and went to the child's bedroom to tell him to go to sleep. There to his surprise he found it was a burglar, who was packing up all the valuables he could lay his hands on. In moving about the room the burglar accidentally touched the toy and set it to talking. Lenhardt grappled with the intruder, who threw him to one side and darted out of the house and up the street, followed by Lenhardt crying for the police who arrested the thief and took him to prison. We have in the incident an illustration of the truth of Scripture, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'"

\* \* \*

#### 152 -- HOW THE FISH TOLD ON THE MOONSHINER

The story is told of a moonshine distillery in Ohio which continued to run its law-breaking business in spite of all the efforts put forth for its discovery. In vain the officers hunted for this whisky-making establishment. Finally some officers were reconnoitering through the hills with the hope of locating the place, but it seemed they would have to give it up. As they were walking along they came to a stream of water where they noticed the strange antics of some fish. These fish were cutting up in a manner entirely out of the ordinary for fish. As they watched them, one of the men declared they had a dose of whisky. This furnished a key to the problem before them, the location of the distillery. Whisky had been turned into that stream somewhere and as it flowed down, the fish imbibed it and now they were drunk as a result. They followed up the creek path and finally came to the object of their search. The law-breakers had heard of the approach of the officers, and fearing capture, they dumped the whisky into the stream little thinking that the fish would be the means through which their sin would find them out.

\* \* \*

#### 153 -- HOW THE BOYS' TONGUES TOLD ON THEM

"A schoolmaster one day missed several boys from school. He had a shrewd suspicion that they were playing truant. The morning passed and they did not arrive. In the afternoon the boys were at school. He asked one of the boys where he had been. 'Please, sir,' said the boy, 'mother kept me at home to mind the baby.' 'Let me look at your tongue,' said the master. He did so, and it was black. 'Ah,' said the master, 'it is just as I thought; you have been rambling in the woods picking blackberries.' He examined the tongues of the other absentees, and found them all black."

The sin of these boys found them out through their tongues. It told the tale.

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#### 154 -- HOW AN OYSTER HELPED SAVE A SOUL

The providential manner in which some people have been led to see their sins and then yield to God is simply marvelous. The "Sunday School Times" gives the account of a man being cornered in the depths of the sea.

"A professional diver has in his home two oyster shells with a piece of printed paper between them. While diving one day he observed at the bottom of the sea an oyster on a rock with this paper in its mouth. He detached the oyster and held the paper close to the goggles of his head-dress, and in reading found it to be a little gospel tract earnestly calling upon whosoever should read it to repent at once and give his heart to God. It came upon him so unexpectedly, and so impressed his heart that he said, 'I cannot hold out against God's mercy in Christ any longer, since it pursues me thus.' And down there at the bottom of the sea he repented and breathed out his heart to God in prayer."

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#### 155 -- A TRACT IN THE SHOE SOLE

A certain village shoemaker was an infidel and very argumentative. A friend of his had many a talk with him about the Bible, but gained nothing. "As for tracts," said the infidel shoemaker, "you see what comes of them." He held up a shoe he was making, and showed where he had put a tract between the inner and outer sole. "Much good it will do to any one now," he continued.

His friend replied, "My book says, 'My word shall not return unto Me void.' I believe it. Yon tract will do its work yet." He then left the shop.

Further down the street was a rival shoemaker as unbelieving as the first one. Some time later this same shoe came into the second shoemaker's shop for repair. It needed another sole. This shoemaker sat down on Sunday morning to repair it. As the church bells were calling the worshipers to the house of God, this unbelieving Sabbath-breaker ripped off the sole of the shoe, and came to the tract. The title of the tract at this given time arrested him. It said, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He laid his work down and read on. At first he was scornful, but soon the argument of the tract seized hold of him. God Himself began to speak to his conscience. He laid the shoe aside, washed himself, changed his garments and started for church. Outside the shop he met the Christian worker from whom the tract first came.

"I'm right glad to see you," said the Christian.

As they walked down the road together, the shoemaker said, "You'll hardly guess what brought me."

"What?"

"A tract I found today in the sole of a shoe." He then told the whole story.

The Christian brother then told him that he knew the first part of the story, and so he related his talk with the first infidel shoemaker. He then said, "God will not let His Word fall to the ground."

The result of this providential placing of the tract in the shoe by one infidel was the conversion of another infidel.

\* \* \*

## 156 -- THE CUT-IN-PIECES TRACT

A Christian once distributed some tracts on a steamboat. One man on receiving a tract, folded it up, took out his pen-knife and cut it into pieces. He then held it up in derision and threw it away. But when a piece of it stuck to his coat, he picked it off and saw on it the word "God." He turned it over and saw on the other side the word "Eternity." These two great words, "God -- Eternity," stared him in the face. He tried to drive them away by going to the bar and drinking, then to the gambling table, then to social conversation, but those awful words, "God -- Eternity," haunted him until he surrendered to Jesus Christ and was saved. Oh, the marvel of the mercy of God, in providentially heading off the sinner and causing his sins to find him out before they sink him into Hell forever! God is doing His best to save every one, and has laid under contribution the powers of three worlds, and has practically exhausted their resources to head the sinner off and save him. But inasmuch as the sinner is a free agent and not a machine, but has the power of choice, he is never forced into submission and saved against his will. But God is doing His best, consistent with his righteous will and government.

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## 08 -- CHAPTER -- EXPOSED BY THE LAW OF GOD IN THE FEAR OF DEATH

This seems to be a universal law -- the fear of death. Even the beasts are fearful at the approach of this monster. Man, especially, has a dread of death. When the grace of God comes into the heart, and the individual comes into harmony with God and Heaven the sting is plucked from this enemy. "The sting of death is sin," and if sin is lurking within the premises, it is very natural to suffer fear in consequence. Why is it that the fear of death is so prevalent? In addition to that which is perfectly natural to the animal world, doubtless in the accountable beings on earth, fear is augmented by the fact that sin renders the person unfit to be ushered into the presence of a holy God, and it carries its inevitable consequences with it. Death crystallizes character. Death seals destiny. When once the spirit of man has winged its flight beyond the line of worlds, there is no retracing the path for repentance; there is no opportunity for expiation. This seems to be indelibly stamped upon the mind of man, and when the hour and article of death have arrived, the sinner naturally feels, that whatever state he is in then it will follow him into Eternity. He feels that sin is a frightful weight to carry into the next world. This accounts for the many confessions of sinners on their deathbed. How many there are whose sin has not been brought to the surface before, but at death the truth is out! Their sin or sins may have been unrecognized by the law of the land. They have either been of a nature not found upon the statute books, or else the individual has escaped all the methods of capture and conviction. The sin may not have been of that nature that God's law in



the Bible was brought into requisition in the way of special judgment. It may have been of that type in which the law of Nature did not write it upon .his brow and thus tell it out to the passerby. It might have passed by the law of spiritual discernment in his fellow man. The law of God in his conscience may have been so trampled underneath, that it became seared over and over and practically killed. Nothing in the way of God's law in providences may have caught him up and exposed him to view. Yes, he may have escaped all these laws thus far, and now at the last, having dodged the hidden mines, he faces another which is working in his sinful mind, and calling from the dark past the covered sin. Will his sin find him out at last?

The many confessions of murderers on their deathbeds are proofs of the text, that sin will find one out. Why did they confess? It was too late for the law of the land to apprehend them. Why should they say anything about it? Why not hold it a secret to the end? The law of fear is doing its work, and sin is coming to the surface to give its testimony against the offender. It may be that a thousand sins have obtained, yes multiplied thousands, during the lifetime but some one or more being more heinous to the individual, stands out in prominence and calls for special confession. Such is frequently the case.

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#### 157 -- THE CHICAGO MURDERER DYING IN KLONDIKE

A burglar entered a home on Washington Boulevard, Chicago. The owner heard the noise and discovered the thief, and the result was, the thief shot him and made his escape. All the available means of detecting the criminal proved abortive, and he was never apprehended. Time passed on, and many thousands of miles away, up in the Northwestern Territory of Alaska, a man lay dying. A friend was sitting up with him. Before he passed into Eternity he confessed to the watcher that he had killed the man on Washington Boulevard. At last his sin had found him out. At the world's jumping off place, before he took the awful leap in the dark, with the weight of a millstone around his heart, he felt he could not make the plunge without confessing his sin. How unerringly do God's laws intercept the paths of unrighteousness to call a halt on sin and bring it out!

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#### 158 -- CONFESSION OF A DYING BOY IN TENNESSEE

The writer was once conducting revival services in Knoxville, Tenn. We were taking a walk in the outskirts of the city with a brother minister. Away to the south stretched a blue range of mountains. The minister pointed to them and told this sad story: A certain man had crossed those mountains into the adjoining state, sold a farm and was returning with the money. In the mountains, he stepped into a trap that had been set for bear or large game. The trap held him in its clutches so that he was unable to extricate himself. The man who set the trap, in company with his fifteen year old boy set out to see if they had any game, and found the poor man in the trap. On ascertaining that he had the money for his farm in his possession, they accordingly murdered him, placed his body in a pit, covered it with rubbish and returned home. They were not apprehended. No law had caught them in its meshes. Shortly afterwards the boy lay upon his deathbed, and felt the weight of this

awful sin upon him. He called his mother to his side and told her he could not die till he had made a confession. He then told the sad story and fulfilled the Word of God: "Be sure your sin will find you out."

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#### 159 -- THE DYING CONFESSION OF A NURSE

The following story is taken from the "Christian Herald:"

"One of the most cruel pieces of deception ever practiced upon a mother was that just revealed in the deathbed confession of a nurse in a hospital at Mauch Chunk, Pa. Mrs. Beatrice Gaddis, of Bridgeton, N. J., lost her husband by an explosion. Soon after she was taken to the hospital where a babe was born. About the same time a wealthy woman from Philadelphia also gave birth to a babe, which died in the same hospital. The nurse for both women told Mrs. Gaddis the fearful falsehood that it was her baby who had died, and then took her live child and gave it to the woman whose child had died. So, in addition to the awful sorrow at the death of her husband, she had that of the death of her baby. She was allowed in the diabolical deceit to bury the other woman's baby as her own. That was four years ago, and Mrs. Gaddis did not know of the fraud till the other day when the fact was confessed on the deathbed. The excuse given by the nurse was that Mrs. Gaddis had four other children and the Philadelphia woman had none. But she did well to confess and ask for forgiveness before going out into eternity with such a cruel sin upon her soul. The Philadelphia woman pleaded so hard with Mrs. Gaddis that she was permitted to keep the child."

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#### 160 -- THE TRAVELING PREACHER AND DYING DECEIVER

Peter Cartwright, in his autobiography, tells the story of Simon Carlisle, a circuit rider: "At or near one of his appointments was a wealthy family. The old gentleman and lady were members of the church, but they had a very profligate son, who behaved disorderly at one of Carlisle's appointments, and Carlisle sharply reproved him for his disorderly conduct, at which the young man took great umbrage, and swore he would have satisfaction out of Carlisle.

"The house of the father of this young man was the preacher's home. When Carlisle came around next time, he was as usual invited by this old brother home with him. Brother Carlisle said, as he had offended his son, perhaps he had better not go; but the old brother and sister insisted he should go; for they knew their son was to blame altogether, and that Carlisle had done nothing but his duty in reproofing him. So he went.

"This young man was at home, but he slunk about, and would not be social with Carlisle, and next morning while Carlisle was fixing his horse to ride on to his next appointment, he took a brace of pistols and slipped into the room where Carlisle's saddle-bags were lying and put those pistols in the bottom of his saddle-bags, unperceived and unsuspected by Carlisle or anybody else.

"Shortly after Carlisle started, the young man pretended to miss his pistols, and declared he knew that Carlisle had stolen them. The old people remonstrated against any such imputation; but he persisted in affirming he knew that the preacher had stolen his pistols, and off he started, got a writ and an officer, and pursued Carlisle, and before he reached his next appointment they overtook him. The officer informed him of the allegation, and that he had a writ for him, and that he was his prisoner. Carlisle, conscious of his innocence, told the officer that he was welcome to search him, and handed over his saddle-bags, when, lo and behold! there were the pistols at the bottom of them. What could he say? He protested his innocence, but submitted to the law, was found guilty, and only escaped being incarcerated in prison by the father of this young man going his bail till further trial.

"We will not narrate the trouble and cost Carlisle was put to before he got clear of this malicious prosecution. The annual conference came on, and Carlisle had to answer to this criminal charge. But what could he say? He had no evidence of his innocence, and by no possibility could have any. The conference did not believe him guilty, but his guilt was sworn to by this young man. In this dilemma into which the conference was thrown, Carlisle rose and requested the conference for the honor of the cause of God that they would expel him till God should, in some way, vindicate his innocence. He affirmed he was innocent, and that he believed God would shortly make his innocence manifest to all.

"The conference very reluctantly, and by a bare majority, expelled him. Able counsel, believing in his innocence, volunteered in his defense. He was cleared.

"But the circumstance that triumphantly vindicated his innocence remains yet to be told. The young man who pursued him so maliciously, in about nine months after Carlisle was arrested, was taken down with a fever common to that region of country. The best medical aid was called in. He was faithfully attended and administered unto. His parents were much alarmed for his safety and his salvation. He was talked to and prayed with, but to no purpose. His physicians told him he must die. He then said he could not die till he disclosed one important matter. His parents were called in, and he frankly told them and others, that he put his pistols in Carlisle's saddle-bags himself, and shortly after the disclosure he expired, without hope of mercy."

In view of the awful certainty of death, why will people hang on to sin till death fastens its cruel clutches upon the heartstrings? How sad that so many when it is too late to rectify, confess that death has overtaken them in their sins and they die with no hope!

\* \* \*

## 161 -- INFIDEL DYING IN FLAMES

"An infidel residing in the state of New York, was bitter against the cause of God. He once held up his hand and said: 'Show me a hair on the palm of my hand, and I will show you a Christian.' At the age of seventy-four, he came to face death. About fifteen minutes before his departure he cried out: 'I am in the flames, pull me out, pull me out!' This he kept repeating until the breath left his body."

\* \* \*

#### 162 -- DEATH-BED OF SPIRA, THE APOSTATE

"Spira, the apostate, on his deathbed, declared: 'Take heed of relying on that faith which works not a holy and blameless life. It will fail. I tried it. I presumed. I preached it to others. I had all places in Scripture in memory that might support it. I thought myself sure, and, in the meantime, lived impiously. Now the judgment of God hath overtaken me to damnation.'"

\* \* \*

#### 163 -- THE DYING STAGE DRIVER HUNTING FOR THE BRAKES

"Gordon, once a celebrated stage driver on the Pacific Coast, was a fearfully profane man, and his end was dreadful. In the delirium of death, he thrust out his feet and clutched at the bedclothes. When asked the cause of his anguish, he exclaimed: 'Oh, I am going down a fearful grade, and can't find the brake.'"

\* \* \*

#### 164 -- SAD END OF HYPOCRITICAL LADY

"A lady who had passed for a devoted Christian came to the portals of death. But what a sequel! Now, upon her deathbed she confessed that her life had been hypocritical, and declared that Satan stood by her bed. When requesting a drink of water, she asked that it might be brought from a distance, as that at home tasted of brimstone."

Reader you may think your day of departure is far distant, but Father Time's sickle may be already swinging to cut you down. The door into Eternity may be already swinging on its hinges to let you in. In vain you will try to close it, but you will have to go. Will you take your sins with you?

\* \* \*

#### 165 -- THE UNWALLED DOOR

"The proud owner of a magnificent castle invited his neighbors to a sumptuous feast. Speeches were made extolling the host, lauding him to the skies and flattering him as the most fortunate of men. One of the guests, however, was silent for a time. At the last he spoke and said that their host required only one thing to complete his felicity. 'What is it?' demanded the host with eager interest. 'One of your doors must be walled up,' replied the guest. What he meant none could imagine. 'Which door?' asked the owner of the castle. 'I mean the door through which one day you will be carried to the grave.' The proud man was struck, and, remembering the vanity of earthly things, set his heart thenceforward on things imperishable. The door of death is one that cannot be closed up for anyone. And for the man who is unprepared for heaven, this door opens into the darkness of eternal death."

\* \* \*

## 166 -- DYING WOMAN AND THE BLOOD OF JESUS

We would not want to be understood that approaching death absolutely cuts off all hope for the sinner. We think of Christ's mercy on the cross to the dying thief. Real faith in the atoning blood is bound to succeed at any time it is exercised, but the odds are certainly against deathbed repentance. Sinners usually die as they have lived. The following story will illustrate the mercy of God toward one who had not the chance that many others have had:

"A Christian visiting among the poor, one day engaged a man in conversation about his soul, and while referring to the Bible he held in his hands, was startled by a feeble voice near by saying: 'Does your book tell of the Blood that cleanseth from all sin?' The visitor entered the room from which the plea had issued, and upon a bundle of straw in a corner he found the wasted form of a suffering woman. Raising herself up on one arm as he entered, she fixed her large eyes upon him and repeated her question. 'My poor friend,' he said, 'what do you want to know of the Blood that cleanseth from all sin?' Her voice and manner now became startling as she cried out, 'What do I want to know of it? Man! I'm dying; I'm going to stand before God! I have been a wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done! Once,' she continued, 'as I was passing a door, I heard something about the Blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, if I could hear of it now! Tell me if there is anything about that Blood in your book.' The 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th chapters of First John were read before she would consent to a pause. Almost from the very first she seemed to find peace and joy in believing in Jesus, in Him who gave His life for the remission of sins. In a few days she passed away -- a ransomed soul."

Why will people postpone their calling upon God till death or calamity stares them in the face? If only calamity will wake up a slumbering, sinful world, then we say, Lord, send the calamity!

\* \* \*

## 167 -- RESULTS OF WHISTON'S COMET

"When Whiston's comet appeared, as foretold, in London, in 1810, all hearts were struck with terror. A man who had neglected to pray in his family for five years began that evening. Some ladies burned their novels and plays, and sent for a Bible."

\* \* \*

## 168 -- KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEERS AND THE BURSTING GAS PIPE

There is an immense gas pipe eighteen inches in diameter laid from West Virginia to Cincinnati, Ohio, a distance of several hundred miles. The pressure in this pipe is enormous, and one time it burst near Carter City, Kentucky, fifteen miles from Grayson the county seat. The point where it burst was in a certain creek bed underneath the water. The roar caused by the gas

escaping through the water was heard for fifteen miles throughout the thinly settled mountainous country. Many of the inhabitants thought the end of the world had surely come, and accordingly began to face their sinful lives. One man, whose wife was a good Christian, grabbed his baby and started for a big cliff near his house. He got as far as his yard when he could go no farther. His legs refused to work. His knees gave way and he dropped down and began to pray. Three young men were on their way to prayer meeting. Sin had been doing some business with them and one of them made for a fence corner and began to pray. Another confessed to his friend that he had cheated him in a horse trade and asked him to forgive him, promising to make it right, as if one could rectify his past dishonesty if the world was coming to an end. A certain preacher who had been fighting the work of holiness, ran out into the yard, threw up his hands and began screaming and praying. He then and there promised God he never would fight holiness again. For fifteen miles around others were wonderfully awakened. All this came about because of some escaping gas from a gas pipe. If people have their sins thus tell on them under such circumstances, what will it be when the final earthquake shocks, and swaying mountains, and tumbling rocks, and blackened sun, and reddened moon, and falling stars are actually taking place?

\* \* \*

## 169 -- LORENZO DOW AND THE FRIGHTENED CONGREGATION

When that unique and eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow, made an appointment to preach at a given place in the woods one year from the announcement, he arrived on the scene a day in advance. He met a colored boy with a tin horn and asked him his name, and learned that it was Gabriel. He at once entered into a compact with Gabriel to help him in preaching on the following day. He was to give the colored boy a certain amount of money if he would perch himself in the thick boughs of a tree under which the preacher was to preach the following day, and at a given "psychological moment" when the preacher would say, "suppose at this moment the angel Gabriel would blow his trumpet what would you do?" the boy was to blow his tin horn. Thus the arrangements were made. The darkey boy was in the tree and the vast multitude was underneath and around. The preacher discoursed on the judgment and finally spoke of the angel Gabriel blowing the trumpet, when lo, and behold! the trumpet sounded. It frightened the congregation nearly into convulsions. The screaming, crying, and frantic contortions would beggar description. How they did pray and call on God to have mercy on them! But what chance would people have who have put off salvation to such a late hour? Finally, one of the crowd happened to spy the colored boy up the tree, and discovered the true cause of the panic. Some of the crowd were now ready to mob the poor fellow. The preacher was ready to meet them at this crisis, and told them if a colored boy blowing his tin horn could scare them to such an extent, what would it be when the real thing burst in upon them. There is enough in the incidents of life to show what men will do when sudden danger and death confront them. People comfort themselves in that they have no fear, but these same people drop on their knees and beg for mercy in the storm at sea, or during a tornado, or earthquake shock. It would certainly be interesting to know the number of people who were crying to God to have mercy on them during the San Francisco earthquake, who doubtless before at times had boasted of their fearlessness of death.

It is not the criminals alone who fear to rush into the presence of God with sin-blackened souls. All kinds of sinners are apt to feel the need of an open confession at this time, and many a

one calls for prayers at the dying day, with the hope that relief and pardon may come. We would not dare to say that pardon is necessarily too late at this time, but we would unhesitatingly say that it is a very dangerous proposition to wait till this time. Many are postponing their salvation for a deathbed repentance. What folly to trifle with sin, and run such risks, and practice such presumption, and augment the guilt by delay, when God says in His Word, "Behold, now is the day of salvation!" Who knows that he will ever have a deathbed at all? He may be taken very suddenly from this world by accident. If he should lie upon a bed of death, how does he know that he will have the clearness of mind to grasp the truth and exercise saving faith? He may be tossed in delirium, or filled with stupefying opiates. If none of these obtain, and he have his right mind, he may be so tortured with pain and distress that he will find it practically impossible to pray. And if all things were favorable for prayer as far as the physical is concerned, it may dawn upon the benighted mind that Mercy's door had closed and he had missed it forever by not coming to God when He said, "Now, is the accepted time."

Oh, sinner, will you fly in the face of all that God has done to save your soul, and ultimately be damned? Will you spurn His love, reject His Spirit, trample the precious Blood of Christ beneath your unhallowed feet, treat with contempt the blessed Word, wade through a thousand prayers and scalding tears, stifle your conscience, harden your heart and stiffen your neck against it all? Beware! There is a coffin box stretched across your path further on. "There is but a step between me and death."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 09 -- CHAPTER -- EXPOSED BY THE LAW OF GOD IN THE JUDGMENT

Here we find law again. The very word in a legal term. The word "judge" means literally, one who pronounces law. The judgment day is the time set apart for "the final trial of the human race, when God will decide the fate of every individual, and award sentence according to justice."

"For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." (Eccl. 12:14)

"As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God. So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." (Rom. 14:11-12)

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." (2 Cor. 5:10)

"But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." (Matt. 12:36)

Could anything be plainer than that in the hereafter, sometime, every sinner will meet his sins at the judgment bar of God? Then think not to console yourself, if you are guilty of any sin of any description, covered up or otherwise, that it will never come out and witness against you,

Well might some so dread the awful judgment day, that they would wish to be forgotten by the resurrection angel. No wonder the guilty soul would try to thwart the appearance at the tribunal of Eternity.

\* \* \*

#### 170 -- POLISH JEWS' BURYING PLACE

"In a Polish Jews' burying place, there are a number of stones having no names nor other inscriptions upon them. The idea is, that at the last day the angel of eternal life will call the sleepers, reading the names upon the stones, the good to inherit bliss, the wicked to suffer. If the stone is however, without a name, the sleeper may be passed over."

\* \* \*

#### 171 -- BURIED IN SOME LONESOME WOODS

While the writer was once preaching in Massachusetts he was told that a certain man in looking over his sinful condition on his deathbed, made a dying request that his body be buried way out in a lonesome woods, having a forlorn hope that possibly the resurrection angel, when he came to wake up the dead, would fail to discover his burying place.

Let us not think that the Omniscent God is not keeping His eye on the sinner every moment of his life, and does not know his lonesome grave. "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, 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." (John 5:28, 29)

How different in the case of the following:

\* \* \*

#### 172 -- GOD KNOWS WHERE MONICA IS BURIED

"When friends of Monica, mother of Augustine, in her closing moments, expressed their wonder that she did not fear to leave her body so far from her country, she said: 'Nothing is far from God, and I do not fear that He will not know where to find me at the resurrection.'"

When the sea gives up its dead and the graves on land shall burst open under the bugle blast of the angel, think not that a single one will be overlooked.

\* \* \*

#### 173 -- CONCRETE GRAVE OPENED BY AN ACORN



When a certain notable personage was about to die, fearing the power of Almighty God in bringing forth the sinner unto judgment, special orders were left for the construction of the grave. The casket was to be placed inside of solid concrete and covered over with the same, and made so secure that God Himself could not burst it open. Death came, the funeral was over, the grave received its dead, the orders were carried out, making the grave secure in solid concrete. Time passed on. The resurrection has not yet come, and the direct power of the Omnipotent arm has not as yet been tested in bursting open the concrete cell. But it has not been necessary. Years ago a tiny acorn fell on top of the spot and found a lodgment in some crevice. The roots took hold and crept down into some small openings and finally burst open the grave which defied the power of God Himself. O foolish man, to think of getting ahead of God! Sin and the sinner cannot hide away from Him Some day all will come forth.

\* \* \*

#### 174 -- AFRICAN CHIEF'S DREAD OF RESURRECTION

"Moffat, the missionary, preached before an African chief, who listened with delight until he spoke of the resurrection. The chief then turned and said to the missionary, laying his hand on his breast, 'Father, I love you much. The words of your mouth are sweet like honey; but the words of a resurrection are too great for me. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again; the dead cannot rise; the dead shall not rise.' 'Tell me, my friend,' said the missionary, 'why must I not speak of the resurrection?' Lifting his arm, which had been so strong in battle, and quivering his hand as if grasping a spear, the chief said, 'I have slain my thousands, and shall they rise?' Oh, it is a great and terrible thought, that we shall have to meet again all whom we have injured, neglected or destroyed."

The sinner forgets that he is making history daily that will come out in bold relief and stare him in the face, when too late to have it blotted out. The recording angel is noting all.

\* \* \*

#### 175 -- PETER THE GREAT FACING HISTORY

"Peter the Great, emperor of Russia, was one day in a sailing-boat, when he became so angry with one of his companions that he seized him with the intention of throwing him overboard.

"'You may drown me,' said the man, 'but your history will tell of it.'"

"The emperor not wishing such a blot on his history, pardoned the offender." So will it be at the final reckoning. No one wants to meet a single sin of his life. Thank God he does not have to. There is a remedy.

Have you felt yourself fortunate, that your life has been such, that you have evaded all these former laws, except what might occur at the dying hour, and even then you are not figuring on making a clean breast of your guilt to God? Remember that God is not through with you yet. That other law you are bound to confront. If in this world we feel the need of days of judgment when the

law breakers shall confront their crimes, and receive their proper sentences, how much more shall the All-wise and Omnipotent God have a day in which he will weigh every sinner in the balances of divine justice, and accord to each the penalty of the broken law!

It is true many die and never confess their sins, but just as sure as men die, so sure will they meet the judgment. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." (Heb. 9:27) One may fail to meet his appointments with his fellow man, but here are two appointments the sinner is as sure to meet as that he sins: death and judgment.

And death makes no change in the soul. Death causes a separation between the spiritual and the physical. Just as death leaves a person, thus will the judgment find him. We watched the old year out and the new year in. There was a moment when we were still in the old year. The next moment found us in the new. In the same condition of heart as we left the old year, in that same condition the new found us. There was no change took place in the transition. If one dies in sin, Eternity catches him up in the same condition. There is no change in this transition.

\* \* \*

#### 176 -- THIRTY YEARS AFTER DEATH IN GLACIER

"Captain Arkwright, in ascending a mountain in Switzerland fell, and was buried in the snow of a glacier. Search was made for the body at the time, but it was not discovered. Thirty years after, the glacier gave up the dead body. His money and watch were found in the Captain's pockets, and everything seemed to be the same as when he fell." So will it be at the judgment. There will be no change in transit.

\* \* \*

#### 177 -- LOOKING UPON ICE-TOMB OF HER FATHER

The "Christian Herald" prints the following story about glaciers:

"Within the past fifty years five hundred tourists and guides have perished on Mont Blanc, and the body of every one has been brought down on its slow journey of forty years' duration with the glacier on its movement to the sea. Forty years ago the 7th of next September, John C. Randall of Quincy, Mass., Dr. James B. Bean of Jonesboro, Tenn., and the Rev. George McCorkindale of Scotland, with a number of guides, were lost in a snow storm on Mont Blanc. On the 16th of the month a rescuing party found Mr. McCorkindale and two of the guides about 750 feet from the summit. About 300 feet higher they came upon Mr. Bean and another guide seated, the former with his head supported by one hand and his elbow on a knapsack. They hunted in vain for Mr. Randall and the rest of the guides. For four decades Mr. Randall's body has lain in a slow-moving coffin of ice, progressing inch by inch a few hundred feet each year. About him, entombed in ice, are five guides faithful to the last, escorting him back to Chamonix, the place from which they started forty years ago. The Bossons glacier will give up its dead this year within a few days, or weeks at most, of the anniversary day, September 7. Four children await the return of the body of their father. Mr.

Randall's widow died in 1891, but Miss Edith Randall, the second child, twice has been abroad to look with awe on the slow-moving ice tomb of her father."

\* \* \*

#### 178 -- FOUND AFTER FORTY YEARS IN GLACIER

In Hopkin's Physical Geography is the following: "In 1821 two men were lost in a crevasse on the Bossons glacier on Mt. Blanc. Professor Forbes, who had been studying that glacier, made the statement that the remains of these men would appear at the lower end of the glacier in forty years, the length of time it would take the glacier to move from the crevasse to its lowest point, a distance of about one mile. In 1861, when the mangled remains of these men, and some of the instruments carried by them appeared at the end of the glacier, the forecast of Forbes was recalled and people marveled at its accuracy."

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#### 179 -- A FUNERAL AFTER MANY YEARS

A newspaper in a Massachusetts town gave the story of a prominent doctor from that place who had been lost in a glacier in Switzerland. While traveling on this glacier, he fell into a crevasse and was lost. The people there seemed to know about what rate per year the glacier was moving, and sent word to the family about when they might expect the remains to appear. At the time predicted, the family made a trip to Switzerland, and sure enough the slow moving ice tomb gave up its dead, the body was found, the funeral was held and the remains buried in a church yard there. The picture of the long lost man, the church where the services were held and of the cemetery where he was buried were in the paper.

Sins long forgotten, covered by decades in life will all come forth as if but yesterday when the sinner appears at the judgment bar of God.

\* \* \*

#### 180 -- THE BULLET IN THE OLD ELM TREE

"In the heart of the old elm of Boston Common, which had been the city's pride for a century, but which, like all earthly things, came to an end, was found a flattened bullet which had been concealed there for two hundred years, as was shown by the number of rings enclosing it. The wood had closed over it, but could not throw off the wound or conceal it." Just so will that covered sin open up before one's astonished gaze later on.

Would it be of any interest to know of the plan and program of that great day? God has not left us in the dark concerning it. The bulletin has been before the world for centuries. Let him that runs read.

It has never been my misfortune to attend theaters. I am not regretting what I have lost in this respect. But should I go to see some play, and that play was bulletined beforehand, I should expect to see it as advertised, if the parties were honest. We may certainly expect to behold the great judgment day scene as bulletined in the book of Revelation.

"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. And the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. 20:11-15) .

From the foregoing scripture it is evident that there will be opened at least three books on the people at that day. It says, "and the books were opened." The word is in the plural number signifying more than one. Again it says, "and another book was opened which is the book of life." What are these books? Doubtless one of them is the Bible. Jesus said that the words which He spoke would judge them at the last day, and Paul said the sinner would be judged by the law. Seeing much that Jesus spoke is in the Bible, it stands to reason that the "light to our path" will be turned on the record at that day. The sinner will be judged in the light of the Word of God. Another book is the book of record of each individual. Think not guilty soul that you have escaped the watchful eye of . Him who has noted down in the book every word, thought and deed of your life; yea, and every omission of duty, which is sin. Omission of right is as sinful as commission of wrong. "Therefore, to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." (James 4:17) While the sinner thought that no one was watching, he committed the wrong; but he forgot that the eye above was on him all the time.

\* \* \*

## 181 -- HE MISSED LOOKING IN ONE DIRECTION

The story is told of a man and his boy who went out to steal corn from the field. The boy was to watch according to the instructions of his father. The father told him the directions from which to watch, and when all was done and the stealing completed, the boy informed the father that there was one direction he had missed, and when the father inquired which it was, the son told him it was the direction above. And sure enough, it was from that direction an eye was on him all the time. And in the final windup, when this event may be forgotten it will come out at the judgment and be found in the book against him.

What sinner is willing to meet every detail of his sinful life at the judgment? If he were compelled to wear a placard up and down the streets of the city here, with the record of one week's sin in word, thought and deed, he would want to veil his face in shame. Then what will it be at the judgment?

\* \* \*

## 182 -- IT WOULD NOT STAND THE BOOK

We read many years ago of a lady in Scotland who entered a book store to purchase a hymn book. She secured the book, and handed the clerk a certain bill. The clerk took it behind the counter and examined it according to a book kept for that purpose, and refused to accept it. The old lady took the bill to another store, and after purchasing her book, handed the same bill to the clerk who likewise stepped to a book like the former one, and refused to accept it. Possibly through ignorance of the nature of the bill, she tried it again in the third store, and when the clerk went to the same kind of a book and began to examine the money according to it, the old lady threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Carter, it will na' stand the book, it will na' stand the book."

What will be the chagrin, the despair, and the guilt of every sinner, when the books are opened against him in the great day?

The other book at the judgment is called "the book of life." This is the Great Register. "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." Reader are you positive your name at this very moment is recorded on high?

Do we think it strange, or impossible for an Omniscient and Omnipotent God and Judge so to keep track of the sinful life of an individual, that it cannot be revealed in detail at the great tribunal of the skies? Look at the marvelous accomplishments of man in the last few decades. See the photographer with his camera as he catches the thousand motions of his actors, and at the same time the phonograph has caught the sounds and words. At any given time hereafter these are synchronized and so reproduced that the spectator sees and hears as if it were the real life. Now, if weak humanity can produce such wonders, what can an Almighty God do? Be it known to all men that He has every sinner under focus every moment of life, and it will be no difficult undertaking for Him to synchronize words and actions and so reproduce the life with the biography of the skies, that the assembled universe can read their own life story, their biography.

What revelations on that day! What surprises await the guilty! What a tale of hidden crime sin will tell when it is too late to rectify! Here are sins committed daily by the thousands that the sinners would not have divulged for the world. That pure and devoted wife does not know the unfaithfulness of her husband now, but wait till the reckoning day and all will be out. That preacher who has posed for years as pious, but is secretly breaking the seventh commandment, must inevitably meet it at the judgment. That innocent and betrayed girl who has been ostracized from society, while the betrayer has escaped justice here to continue his havoc of destruction, will, at that great day see the guilty wretch brought up with a short turn to face all his covered and slimy life. Oh, what that day will bring forth! Look at the thousands of murders that are being constantly committed under cover of the darkness and some wicked doctor's advice, in which multitudes of innocent and unborn children are destroyed. Surely their blood will rise up in judgment to condemn the murderers.

\* \* \*

## 183 -- THE CONSCIENTIOUS DOCTOR

A certain woman went to a doctor and asked him to take the life of her unborn child. He asked her if she had any children, and she told him she had a son. He told her to go home and bring the boy to him. She did as the doctor said. It proved that the doctor was a man. When the boy was brought, the doctor came in with a razor, and told her to cut the boy's throat. When she had properly recovered he said, "Don't ask me to do a thing you would not do yourself."

Actors may have their ungodly part in the drama of life, pass off the stage and be forgotten; but at the final assize the settlement comes. There has no sin escaped the scrutiny of the Judge on earth, and no sin will slip through the meshes at the time of retribution. The world's actions have passed into history, some very remote, but they will appear again upon the canvas.

Pilate may wash his hands in supposed innocence, but the shed blood of the Lamb of God will be a witness against him. The cry of the martyrs will once more be heard by the perpetrators of death. The blood of the notorious Inquisition is yet to be brought upon the witness stand against the "mother of harlots." The holiness fighting preachers, the disseminators of heresy, the destructive, higher critics, the repudiators of the blood-atonement will surely meet the wreck and ruin of their wicked course.

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#### 184 -- SAW HIMSELF IN PICTURE AFTER FIFTY YEARS

Did you forget that unkind word? Did that stolen article pass into oblivion? Does your memory fail to recall the many wrongs and misdoings of the long ago? Think not that all is forgotten. If the drowning man undergoes such a change that his whole sinful life passes before him like a panorama, how much more will the judgment day reach into the dark recesses of the guilty past, and bring to the surface the whole lifetime!

An old man in Tampa, Florida, while scanning the pages of a certain magazine, saw the reproduction of a photograph. As his eyes fell upon the young man in the picture sitting on the ground with a bottle in his hands, he was amazed to discover that it was himself. In a moment the decades vanished. Again he was on the battleground outside of Petersburg in '64. The roar and shriek of the fire of two armies were in progress, and he and other members of the company whiled away a few moments in having their pictures taken.

These war pictures taken by Mr. Brady were lost to the world for about half a century. The scene was forgotten. Today the veteran is old, hastening on to Eternity. The pictures will ever be young. Thirty-five hundred of these lost and buried photographs recently discovered bring up the past as though it were yesterday. Reader, the photographs of your life are laid up for the judgment. Where memory has lost track of sin, it is still on the picture. It will all come out in the end. There is one law, the one in the judgment that will catch up every sin of the life, and there will positively be no escape. If all other laws should fail, this one will succeed. This sentinel never fails to apprehend. There is no running the gauntlet here with the hope of escape. "For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

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## 185 -- THE MARVELOUS COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR

There is a woman by the name of Mrs. Willa A. Leonard, seventy-one years of age, who has recently resigned the important position of Chief of Counterfeit Detectors in the United States Treasury Department at Washington. She held this position for forty-seven years, and during that time it is said, that she never had an official mistake recorded against her. The money first passed through the hands of other examiners, but came at last for judgment to Mrs. Leonard whose decision was final. In her long years of faithful service, she never made one mistake in judging between the counterfeit and the good. Multiplied millions of dollars passed through her hands, and her marvelous adeptness was manifested up to her resignation recently. As in the case of this counterfeit detector, who never made one mistake, and whose word was final in all decisions, so there will be in that great day of days One who has never made a mistake in detecting sin. and who will then and there render a final decision beyond which there will be no appeal. Read Hebrews 6:2 -- "Eternal judgment."

In this message we have dwelt largely on crime and extreme wickedness, and have endeavored to show that it will all come out some time, if not in this world, it will surely be exposed in the next. But let not the reader suppose that such sins are the only ones that are laid up against one.

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## 186 -- GOD'S JUDGMENT SCALES ARE ACCURATE

"The scales used for weighing gold in the assay office at New York are so delicate that when brought to a balance with two pieces of paper of equal size in the pans, the mere writing of a name with a lead pencil on one of the pieces of paper will add enough weight to the paper to turn the scales in its favor." The judgment scales of God are just as accurate.

"Here is a man who grows rich by overreaching his neighbors, grows rich by robbing the widow and the orphan. He does it by legal means. Oh, yes, he is too cunning to come within reach of the law. But he grows rich by making other people poor. He increases in wealth, and is honored and respected. When he goes down the street in his magnificent equipage the gentleman on the street turns and says to his son: 'There goes Mr. So-and-So; a man of rare business ability; a man who is now one of our leading men of capital. I hope, my boy, when you grow up you will be as successful as he.' He lives in honor, dies in honor, dies respected by everybody -- almost. And the victims of his rapacity, the victims of his oppression, the victims of his dishonesty lie yonder, bleaching in the potter's field, where they have gone prematurely because of his robbery. Do you mean to tell me that there will not be a day when these men who have lived on wealth wrung from the poor widow and orphan will not have to go before a righteous God whose eyes are not blinded by a few thousands or by millions given in philanthropy to the church, and answer for the infamy of their conduct, and receive what they never received in this world, the meet reward of their dishonesty? Of course there is a judgment day, of course there is a hell. Look here! Here is a man who goes through life, never giving God one thought from one year's end to another. He leaves

God out of his business, leaves God out of his social life, leaves God out of his study, leaves God out of his pleasures. God's holy day, the Sabbath, he makes a day of selfish pleasure, God's holy Book, the Bible, he never opens, even scorns. God's holy Son, Jesus, he tramples under foot. And thus the man lives, and thus he dies, going through the world ignoring the God that made him and gave His Son to die upon the cross to save him. Do you mean to tell me that there will not be a day when that man will have to go before a righteous God and answer these questions: 'What did you do with my holy day, the Sabbath? What did you do with my holy Word, the Bible? What did you do with my holy Son, Jesus?' Of course there is a hell."

No one can reject the Savior of men and be held innocent. Unbelief is the damning sin of the world. If the only way in which one can be saved is by the faith in Jesus Christ, then to have unbelief is certainly of no small consequence. Sin at the judgment will not be measured by the amount of money the thief has stolen, or the number of people one has murdered, or the profanity, or Sabbath breaking, or adultery one has engaged in, but it will be measured according to one's light and opportunity which he has had and rejected. Hence, the moral man who is considered exemplary in the community, pays his debts, engages in philanthropy, and well-beloved by his neighbors, may be guilty of rejecting more light and opportunity than the horse thief and murderer. "Be sure your sin will find you out." Remember there is a day coming when sin will be shown up in its true light. The Christ-rejecters, the world-serving, the hypocrites, the policy politicians, yea, everybody who has never had the new birth and known the Savior's power to save from sin will meet every sinful action, every sinful word, every sinful thought. All neglected duty will stare him in the face at the judgment. He will then see the heinousness of a life spent for self-ease and worldly comfort. He will see the enormity of turning his back upon a Savior's love, and the precious blood shed for him. "Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after." (1 Tim. 5:24) Some people's sins are so palpably manifest that everybody takes notice of the fact here; but there are others so cultured and so outwardly nice, and have sin so well covered that it will take the judgment light to expose it. How much better to walk in the light of the blessed Word, follow the conviction of the unerring Spirit, confess out to God, forsake all sin, and have the whole thing blotted out forever, and remembered no more! No man whose sins have been put under the atoning blood of Jesus will ever have them appear before him at the judgment. No man's sins will ever rise up to condemn him after they have once been blotted out. The devil sometimes has the audacity to tempt one on the old score of sin still being against a person, but God says, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." Surely, that is far enough. How far is the east from the west? Go in one direction to the remotest star and then go in the other direction to the remotest star and you may have an idea of the distance. Light travels at the rate of one hundred eighty-six thousand miles per second. The light from yonder remotest star would take several thousand years to reach this earth. Now, if my sins are so far away in space remote, that it would take light thousands of years to pass from there to this place, traveling in all its velocity, suppose the devil would attempt to go after them to put them once more upon me. Praise God I would be in heaven a million years before he would get back with them. Hallelujah!

We will now call attention to another law which has to do with sin.

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## 10 -- CHAPTER -- EXPOSED BY THE LAW OF GOD'S LOVE

If the Word of God is true when it says, "Be sure your sin will find you out," and there is absolutely no escape from detection, does it not stand to reason, that one is better off to own up, confess and forsake his sins, and obtain pardoning mercy at the hands of the Christ who died to save the sinner? If God has some law that will surely cross the sinner's path somewhere and cause his sin to tell on him, and one of those laws could prove mercy and salvation from sin, would it not be a thousand times better to run against this law and have a stop put to the whole question of sin? Surely, the law of love is the harbor of refuge to the sin-burdened soul. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16) God will put that law of love in our own hearts, writing it upon the very tablets of our being. It is through God's love and mercy that the sinner is brought to see his sins.

It might be asked how a just God could remain just and yet be the justifier of the ungodly. How can He be just and at the same time be merciful?

\* \* \*

## 187 -- THE JUDGE PAYING THE FINE

"Two men who had been friends and companions in their youth, met in the police court, the one on the magistrate's bench, the other in the prisoner's dock. The case was tried and the prisoner found guilty. Would the judge, in consideration of the friendship years before, forbear to pass judgment? No, he must fulfill his duty, justice must be done, the law of the land obeyed. He gave out the sentence -- fourteen days' hard labor or a fine of ten pounds. The condemned man had nothing to pay, so the prison cell was before him. But as soon as he had pronounced the sentence, the judge rose from the bench, threw aside his magistrate's robes, and, stepping down to the dock, stood beside the prisoner, paid his fine for him, and then said, 'Now, John, you are coming home with me for supper.' It is just so with the sinner. God cannot overlook sin. Justice must be done, sentence pronounced, but Christ Himself pays the debt and the sinner is free." He becomes free by faith in the atoning blood and mercy of Christ, the Savior. No man is unconditionally set free by Christ, but he is made free on the condition of faith in Christ.

Here was a case of real justice and mercy blended. Jesus loved "the world of sinners lost," and sin must be dealt with according to justice. Hence, He bore our sins in His own body on the tree, thus opening up the way for every lost soul to find a way of escape. He paid the penalty of the broken law, and now it remains with the sinner whether he will avail himself of this redemption. While Christ died for all, yet He has placed salvation on the basis of faith, and all who will plead the merits of Christ's atoning blood, and believe in Him for saving grace, may be pardoned of all sin. Christ is just, and yet He is the justifier of the ungodly, if the ungodly will take the way marked out for their salvation.

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## 188 -- FIRST THE LAWYER, THEN HIS JUDGE

Remember that now we are living on the side of mercy, but later it will be on the side of justice. It would be well for the sinner to avail himself of mercy now, rather than meet the Judge of all, wherein will be mixed no mercy. Then it will be judgment without mercy.

We have heard of a man who was brought into court for some wrong, and he employed a friend who was a skillful lawyer to plead his case. The attorney was successful, and the man was much pleased with the result. In the course of time this same man was guilty of some other misdemeanor, and he felt sure of his safety on account of this same friend being a judge on the bench. Evidence was against him, and the judge pronounced the penalty. In the man's surprise he asked the judge why he helped him out before, but now took a stand against him. The answer was, before, he was his lawyer, now he was the judge. Thus it will be with the sinner. Now, we have an "Advocate with the Father" which is Jesus Christ. He will plead the sinner's cause, if that sinner will come to Him in the proper way, and thus secure His pardon; but if he neglect to avail himself of the heavenly Advocate, later on this Advocate will become the Judge on the throne, and then justice will be meted out without mercy.

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#### 189 -- FRENCH GIRL AND NAPOLEON

No one receives pardon from God except through Jesus Christ. "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4:12)

"A French girl, casting herself at Napoleon's feet, cried: 'Pardon, pardon, for my father!' 'And who is your father?' asked Napoleon, 'and who are you?' 'My name is Lopolia,' she said, and with flowing tears added, my father is doomed to die.' 'Ah, young lady,' replied Napoleon, 'I can do nothing for you. It is the second time your father has been found guilty of treason.' 'Alas!' exclaimed the poor girl, 'I know it, but I do not ask for justice; I implore pardon.' After a momentary struggle of feeling, Napoleon gently took the hand of the young woman and said: 'Well, my child, for your sake, I will pardon your father.'"

So God for Christ's sake, pardons the penitent sinner.

\* \* \*

#### 190 -- KILLED AS A SUBSTITUTE

"In the time of Napoleon a man offered to serve in the army as a substitute for another who had been drafted. A battle took place and the substitute was killed. Later on, another draft was made, and they wanted a second time to take the man whose former substitute had been killed. 'No,' said he, 'you can't take me; I am dead. I was shot at such a battle.' They would not recognize his claim, and the matter was carried to Napoleon, who cleared the man on the ground that he was exempt from service because the substitute had taken his place." So Christ is the substitute for all who will confess and forsake their sins and trust in Him for salvation.

If one has the assurance of pardon there is no power of the enemy that can condemn him. Who can, or what can destroy a soul that is carrying the pardon of the great God in his breast?

\* \* \*

#### 191 -- THE UNMOVED PRISONER AND HIS PARDON

"A man was being tried for a crime, the punishment of which was death. The witnesses came in one by one and testified to his guilt. But there he stood, calm and unmoved. The judge and jury were surprised at his indifference, and did not understand how he could take such a serious matter so calmly. When the jury returned the verdict was 'guilty,' and when the judge passed sentence upon him, he told the criminal how surprised he was that he could be so unmoved in the prospect of death. When the judge had finished, the man drew a document from his bosom and walked out of the dock a free man. The document was a pardon from the king and the prisoner was a free man."

Thank God for redemption! Bought by the precious blood of Jesus and set free from the power of sin! Bought and freed! How beautiful and how wonderful is the plan of redemption!

\* \* \*

#### 192 -- REDEEMING THE PET LAMB

"Some children had a beautiful white pet lamb, which was stolen from them, and sold to the butcher. The children discovered the lamb first as it was being led to the slaughter. They tried to get possession of it, but the butcher would not give it to them. A gentleman seeing the grief of the children, said, 'Give them the lamb: I'll pay for him.' The price was paid, the lamb was saved. This is redemption. The lamb was helpless, the children could not redeem it, but a generous man did. This is what Christ has done for us."

\* \* \*

#### 193 -- NICHOLAS PAYING THE SOLDIER'S DEBTS

"A soldier in Russia owed a great deal of money, and he knew not where to get it. On a piece of paper he made out a list of all his debts, and underneath wrote: 'Who shall pay these debts?' He then fell asleep, and while in that condition the Emperor of Russia passed by, and taking the paper, read the question. Having read it, he took a pen and at the bottom signed his name 'Nicholas.' When the soldier awoke, he thought it was all too good to be true, but in the morning the money came, and the debt was paid."

"Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe.  
Sin had left a crimson stain,  
He washed it white as snow."

The sad thing is, that death is on one's track, and there is no telling when it may close in on the sinner and leave him with no more opportunity for salvation. It is said that nearly one hundred thousand people die daily. Pardon must come before death or the soul will be sealed in eternal damnation. God's time is now.

\* \* \*

#### 194 -- PARDONED, YET DIED IN PRISON

The "Christian Herald" has the following incident:

"Cardenio F. King, a stockbroker and newspaper publisher of Boston, was sent to prison for a term of from ten to fourteen years upon the conviction of the larceny of \$25,338 from his customers. He was confined in the prison at Charlestown for some time when his health became so poor he was removed to the hospital in Bridgewater at the state farm, at which place he died. His wife enlisted the aid of influential men to secure a pardon for him before he died. As he was hanging between life and death, a telephone call from Boston informed him that all but two of Governor Foss' council had agreed to his pardon, but that the attorney-general had ruled that such a pardon over the phone was illegal, and the council would meet the next morning and sign the pardon and have it transmitted to him immediately. King was greatly elated at the idea of dying a free man and not a convict, and tried hard to live till next morning, but he could not. He sank down in the afternoon and passed away inside the prison walls under a convict's shadow."

This man did not want to die a convict. He did not want to die under the curse of his crime. But even had the earthly pardon reached him before death it would not have blotted out the record that will appear against him at the judgment, unless he had a pardon from the great Judge which will sit upon the Great White Throne. How much better to have all the dark record blotted out forever! There are no such hindrances in securing pardon from God. He is never delayed by the tardiness of council. There is no "next morning" with the Lord when a poor, confessing sinner comes to Him for mercy. "Behold, now is the accepted time."

\* \* \*

#### 195 -- THE FATHER SHARING SON'S PUNISHMENT

There is something about Christ's vicarious sufferings that certainly appeals to any thoughtful soul. How He must have loved us to come here and take His place by our side and then suffer all the shame and sorrow that He did for us! Perhaps we might get a little idea of it by the following incident taken from a sermon contained in "The Sinner and His Friends," written by Dr. Louis Albert Banks. Sometimes when we miss the mark, the enemy would have us believe that God is hiding His face from us, but if an earthly father can have the pity and compassion for a child as the one cited in this incident, surely God lingers about the child who has grieved Him.

As we read this beautiful story, at first thought it came to us that it was true that God was ever ready to forgive the erring one but He could not weep with the erring one; but we recalled the

time when God, in the person of His Son, looked down upon the city of Jerusalem, and wept over it. Then the story had a deeper meaning to us. It is as follows:

"S. D. Gordon tells the story of a minister who lived in a New England town. He has a son, nearly fourteen years of age, who was going to school. One afternoon the boy's teacher called at the parsonage, asked for the father, and inquired:

"Is your boy sick?"

"No; why?"

"He was not at school today."

"Is that so?"

"Nor the day before."

"Well!"

"I supposed he was sick."

"No, he is not sick."

"Well, I thought I would tell you."

"The father said, 'Thank you,' and the teacher left.

"The father sat thinking. By and by he heard a click at the gate, and he knew the boy was coming; so he went to open the door. And the boy, when he looked up, saw that his father knew about those three days.

"The father said, 'Come into the library, Phil.'

"Phil went, and the door was closed.

"The father said, 'Phil, your teacher tells me you were not in school today, nor yesterday, nor the day before. And I supposed you were. You let us think you were. And you do not know how badly I feel. I have always trusted you. I have always said, I can trust my boy Phil. And here you have been a living lie for three whole days, and I can't tell you how badly I feel.'

"Well, that was hard on Phil, to be talked to quietly like that. If his father had asked him out into the woodshed for a confidential interview, or had spoken roughly, it would not have been nearly so hard.

"Then the father said, 'Phil, we'll get down and pray.'

"It was getting harder for Phil all the time. He did not want to pray just then. But the father prayed, and the boy knew as he listened how badly his father felt over his conduct. When they got up the father's eyes were wet -- and Phil's eyes were not dry.

"Then the father said, 'Phil, there's a law of life that where there is sin there is suffering. You cannot detach these two things. Now you have done wrong. And I am in this home as God is in the world. So we will do this. You go up to the attic. I'll make a pallet for you there. We'll take your meals up to you at the regular times. And you stay up there as long as you have been a living lie, three days and nights.'

"Phil did not say anything. They went upstairs, the pallet was made, and the father left the boy.

"All that evening it was like a funeral around the house. Neither father nor mother could eat at supper time, nor read nor work afterward. They sat up very late before they could get courage to go to bed, and then neither could sleep. Each one made a pretense to be asleep, and each knew the other was not asleep.

"At last the wife said, 'Why don't you sleep?'

'Well, I just can't for thinking of my boy.'

"So it went on until two o'clock in the morning. Then the father said, 'Mother, I can't stand it any longer; I am going upstairs with Phil.' And he took his pillow and went softly out of the room and up to the attic stair, and pressed the latch very softly, so as not to awaken the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across the attic floor to the corner by the window, and there Phil lay, wide awake, with something glistening in his eyes and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got down between the sheets with the boy, and their tears got mixed upon each other's cheeks, and then they slept.

"The next night when sleeping time came the father said, 'Good night, mother. I am going upstairs with Phil.' And the second night he slept in the attic with his boy.

"The third night again he said, 'Good night, mother, I am going up with the boy again.' And the third night he slept in the place of punishment with his boy.

"We do not wonder that such a father healed the boy of sin, and that the boy has grown to be a great and good man, who is preaching the Gospel with burning heart and flaming lips in China. How could he help it? The boy saw God in his father. He saw how God, longing to save a sinning world, came down on earth in the person of His Son, and lay down alongside of man, and bore his burdens on the cross and in the grave to atone for him and save him. If we would win men to Christ we must be careful that they see Christ in us."

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But salvation does not mean simply that ones sins may be put away through the atoning merits of our Savior, but it means a transformed life, a life of usefulness and in harmony with God and His Word. No matter what the beastly condition of a poor lost sinner, Christ can change him and cause him to adorn His doctrine. We print the following from a newspaper clipping:

"G. Campbell Morgan has right views of dealing with the problem of environment. He believes in beginning at the middle, in touching the man who makes the beastly environment and re-making him, and that then he will very soon move out of the tenement house and out of the slum and find his way to better levels. He believes the work is to be done on the individual and not attempted on the vague community or society of which he is a part. He is right. Christ dealt with the individual and not with the people in the mass. The following incident by Mr. Morgan illustrates his position:

"I remember some years ago conducting a mission, and one of the office-bearers of the church where I was, said to me:

"Mr. Morgan I want you to come and see some people. A girl was married out of our Sunday School a few years ago to a man who is a slave to drink and impurity and gambling. I would like you to come along and see her.'

"I went. It was in 1885, on a cold February day. Oh, I can not picture that home to you! It was one of those awful houses in the midlands of England, reached by passing through an entry between other houses into a back court. When I got to the entry with my friend some children who were hovering and shivering here, hearing our steps approaching, rushed away into the house. I see that room now. There was a broken table standing there, a chair with the back broken off standing by it, no fire in the grate; upon the mantel shelf a cup and saucer, broken; and not another article of furniture that my eye rested on in that room. And there stood a woman in unwomanly rags, with the mark of a brutal fist upon her face and three ill-clad bairns clinging to her gown. She said:

"Excuse the children running from you, but they thought that it was father."

"Oh, the tragedy of it!

"When I got on to the rostrum that night to preach my friend came to me and said:

"He is here."

"I said, 'Who is here?'"

"That woman's husband; he is sitting right down in front of you."

"Now, I don't often preach at one man, but I did that night. I put aside what I was going to talk about and read the story of the prodigal, and I asked God to help me talk about it, and for about a solid hour I preached at that man. Do you think I hammered at him and scolded him? Not I. I told him God loved him, there and then; and when we got to our after meeting I asked, 'What man is

coming home tonight?" And he was the very first to rise. He came forward, and as I went down from the rostrum and gave that meeting into someone else's hands, and got my arm around him and prayed and wept with him, he entered into the kingdom of God.

"My friend said to me one day about twelve months later, "I want you to go and see some people."

"I said, "Who?"

"He said, "Do you remember going to see a woman last year whose husband was converted?"

"I went. We hadn't gone far -- it was February of the next year -- before I said to him, "Friend, where are you taking me?"

"Oh, we are going to see those people."

"But," I said, "we are not going the same way."

"No," he said, "they have moved."

"Moved! Why did they move? Why, the man was converted and he soon changed his dwelling place. The man was re-made, and he re-made his environment; and he had gone, not into a palace, but into a cottage in the main street.

"If I could paint pictures I would paint those two. I can see that home now. It was a Sunday, after the afternoon service, and he sat by the fire with his three bairns, who had run away from him a year ago. One was on his knee, another on his shoulder, and another stood by him; and I never heard a sweeter solo in my life than the solo the kettle sang on the hob that day. The woman that last year was dressed in unwomanly rags was clothed and the sunlight of love was on her face."

Salvation produces tremendous changes in one. To call oneself a Christian and yet continue in sin is contradictory. Too many are counting themselves Christians but haven't yet ceased from sin.

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## 197 -- THE SCOTCHMAN'S FENCE

The Scotchman had it about right as illustrated in the following:

"A pointed story is told by the 'Epworth Herald' of a man who prided himself on his morality and expecting to be saved by it was constantly saying, 'I am doing pretty well, on the whole; I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am pretty honest; work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and never got drunk in my life.'



"This man hired a Scotchman to build a fence around his pasture lot. He gave him very particular directions. In the evening when the Scotchman came in from work the man said:

"Well, Jack, is the fence built, and is it good and strong?"

"I canna say it is all tight and strong,' Jack replied, 'but it's a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I do not know but I have left a little gap here and there a yard or so wide, but I made up for it by doubling the rails on each side of the gap. I dare say the cattle will find it a good fence, on the whole, and will like it, though I canna say it is perfect in every part.'

"What!" cried the man, not seeing the point; 'do you tell me that you built a fence around my lot with weak places and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will be sure to go through. Don't you know, man, that a fence must be perfect, or it is worthless?"

"I used to think so,' said the man, 'but I hear you talking so much about averaging matters with the Lord, it seems to me we might try it with the cattle."

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## 11 -- CHAPTER -- SIN'S SAD RETRIBUTION

The awful thing about sin is, that it not only is sure to expose one, but it inevitably carries with it a terrible retribution. Sin is sure to meet its penalty. If the sinner yields to the command of God, confesses and forsakes his sins, he of course finds pardoning mercy, and will escape the future retribution of eternal punishment. But even then, there is many a one who has been saved, that carries about the effect of sin, as the case may be, in his body, or in various ways.

One of the great deceptions of the devil is, that the sinner can go on in sin and not meet with the inevitable law of retribution. One would think, with the multitudes all around who are constantly witnessing to the fact of meted out penalty even in this life, that others would take warning and escape its meshes.

The blinding effects of sin are on every hand. The Bible tells us that "The way of the transgressor is hard." Also it says, that "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper." There are four special periods of one's existence, and in each one there is no prosperity, in the Bible sense of prosperity. The way of transgressors is hard in all of these periods. First, in this present life the odds are against him. If he be a criminal it is likely that he will run foul of the law of the land and suffer the consequences of his guilt behind the bars. If he misses that, he has the nagging conscience and the fear of arrest. If his sins are of that peculiar nature that the judgment of God is called forth, he has to suffer that penalty, whether it is sudden destruction, or some other peculiar method which God may inflict. Nature's inexorable law may have gripped him, and he may be carrying about in his body the direful effects of his transgression. There is not a person on earth that sins, but is

having in this present life more or less of suffering as a result. Sin makes it hard on one. The life of the sinner is incomparable with that of the saint.

"Suppose I were going along a street, and were to dash my hand through a large pane of glass, what harm would I receive? I would be punished for breaking the glass. Would that be all the punishment I should receive? My hand would be cut by the glass. Yes; and so it is with sin. If you break God's laws, you shall be punished for breaking them; and your soul is hurt by the very act of breaking them."

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## 198 -- THE DRUNKARD'S ACCOUNT WITH ALCOHOL

Look at the ravages of drink. God says that the drunkard shall not inherit eternal life, and see the consequences in this world. Strong drink is a deceiver. Said an ugly-looking fellow in the park to an officer who accosted him as he was busily engaged in writing on a scrap of paper: "I've been figuring my account with Old Alcohol, to see how we stand, and he has lied like sixty. You see, he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he has made me go staggering round, and threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social; then he made me quarrel with my best friends and be the laughing-stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health; he ruined the little I had, and left me 'sick as a dog.' He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves, but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength; and he made me helpless. He promised me courage. Then he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits; but instead he made me act like a fool and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me; but he has made me a tramp."

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## 199 -- DYING TESTIMONIES OF THE UNSAVED

The next period of existence wherein the sinner has it hard, and where retribution gets in its awful work is in the hour and article of death. Whoever heard of a dying sinner rejoicing over his sins? Think of the many sad deathbed experiences where the poor souls came to their senses when it was too late, and then left the testimony behind that "The way of the transgressor is hard." If ever one is honest he is likely to be so at the dying hour, if in the right use of his mind. Infidels may scoff at the Bible and ridicule sin and think it will not find them out, but there are too many who have witnessed on their dying bed that the Word of God is true when it informs us that no one can sin with impunity. Let us call up some witnesses to prove our statement:

Tallyrand: "I am suffering the pangs of the damned."

Voltaire: "I am abandoned by God and man. I shall go to hell!"

Hobbes: "I am taking an awful leap in the dark."

Gibbons: "All is now lost, irrevocably lost: all is dark and doubtful."

Queen Elizabeth: "All my possessions for a moment of time."

Goethe: "Open the shutters, and let in more light."

Mirabeau: "Give me laudanum, that I may not think of eternity."

Altamont: "My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife. And is there another hell? Oh, Thou blasphemed and most indulgent Lord God, hell would be a refuge if it would hide me from Thy frown!"

A poor girl in Danville, Va., screamed out that she was burning in hell before her breath left the body.

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## 200 -- DYING WITH BROKEN BLOOD VESSEL

A man broke a blood vessel in his head, and was informed by the physician that nothing could be done to save him; whereupon it suddenly dawned upon him that he was damned. He screamed out, "Then I shall be damned to all Eternity! I shall be damned to all Eternity!" This was kept up till the spirit departed the body.

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## 201 -- "I'M GOING, I DON'T KNOW WHERE"

"Some time ago there lived a man in a large town in one of the midland counties of England, a watchmaker by trade, a steady, skillful, sober man, doing well in his business, and respected because of his moral, orderly behavior; but he was an infidel. He considered the Book to be a book only fit for women and children. He was too wise to be frightened with stories about hell. He was too upright a man, in his own estimation, to need a Savior. Thus his life passed away, till he reached the period of middle age, when suddenly he was smitten with a stroke of paralysis, which deprived him of power to walk, or to discern persons or things around him, and he was laid upon his bed, uttering one mournful cry: 'I'm going -- I'm going, I don't know where!' For forty-eight hours, incessantly, this one dreadful sentence proceeded from his lips, at first with frightful rapidity so as to scare his friends away from his bedside, but gradually, as his strength declined, the same sad words were uttered in lower tones. Hour after hour for two nights and days, nothing else was heard in his chamber, till at length the words, 'I'M GOING -- GOING -- I -- DON'T -- KNOW W-H-E-R-E' were slowly, and with difficulty, ejaculated; and with them he breathed his last."

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## 202 -- "I SEE HELL RIGHT BEFORE ME"

A young lady on her deathbed was fearful of going to hell. She called her mother and expressed her fears. Her mother tried to console her in unbelief. Finally, the poor girl raised up with her eyeballs glaring and said, "I see hell right before me," and then fell back dead. It is said that her mother's hair instantly turned white.

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## 203 -- SIR FRANCIS NEWPORT'S AWFUL DEATH

One of the saddest confessions on the deathbed is that of Sir Francis Newport who was trained in his early life to understand the truths of the Gospel. He fell into that company which corrupted his principles and the result was, he became an infidel. A dissipated life brought on a disease which proved to be incurable. When he saw that he must die, he threw himself upon his bed, and after a little while exclaimed: "Whence this war in my heart? What argument is there now to assist me against matters of fact? Do I assert there is no hell, while I feel one in my own bosom? Am I certain there is no after retribution, when I feel a present judgment? Do I affirm my soul to be as mortal as my body when this languishes, and that is as vigorous as ever? Oh, that any one would restore me that ancient gourd of piety and innocence! Wretch that I am, whither shall I flee from this breast? What will become of me?"

When an infidel companion tried to dispel his thoughts, he replied: "That there is a God, I know, because I continually feel the effects of His wrath. That there is a hell, I am equally certain, having an earnest of my inheritance there, already in my breast. That there is a natural conscience, I now feel with amazement and horror, being continually upbraided by it with my impieties and all my iniquities, and all my sins brought to my remembrance. Why God has marked me out as an example of His vengeance rather than you, or any other one of my acquaintances, I presume is because I have been more religiously educated, and have done greater despite to the Spirit of grace. Oh, that I was to lie upon the fire that never is quenched a thousand years to purchase the favor of God, and be united to Him again! But it is a fruitless wish. Millions of millions of years will bring me no nearer the end of my torments than one poor hour. Oh, Eternity, Eternity! Who can discover the abyss of Eternity? Who can paraphrase upon these words: FOR EVER, AND EVER?"

For fear his friends might think him insane, he said, "You imagine me melancholy or distracted. I wish it were either; but it is part of my judgment that I am not. No; my apprehensions of persons and things is more quick and vigorous than when I was in perfect health. And it is my curse because I am hereby more sensible of the condition I am fallen into. Would you be informed why I became a skeleton in three or four days? I have despised my Maker and denied my Redeemer. I have joined myself to the atheist and profane, and continued this course under many convictions, till my iniquity was ripe for vengeance, and the just judgment of God overtook me when my security was the greatest, and the checks of my conscience the least."

As the distress of his mind and physical disease were hurrying him to Eternity, he was asked if He desired to have prayer offered in his behalf. He turned his face and said, "Tigers and

monsters! are ye also become devils to torment me? Would ye give me a prospect of heaven to make my hell more intolerable?"

Soon after this, when his voice was failing he uttered a groan of inexpressible horror: "OH, THE INSUFFERABLE PANGS OF HELL!" and died immediately.

In the face of these dying testimonies will any one say there is no retribution of sin?

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## 204 -- WATTS' PICTURE OF THE DYING SINNER

What a picture Dr. Watts presents of the dying sinner!

My thoughts oil awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead;  
What sorrows seize the guilty soul  
Upon a dying bed!

Lingering about these mortal shores  
She makes a long delay,  
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,  
Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then swift and dreadful she descends  
Down to the fiery coast,  
Amongst abominable fiends,  
Herself a frightful ghost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,  
And darkness makes their chains;  
Tortured with keen despair they cry,  
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish and their blood  
For their past guilt atones,  
Nor the compassion of a God,  
Shall hearken to their groans.

Amazing grace that kept my breath,  
Nor bid my soul remove,  
Till I had learned my Savior's death,  
And well insured His love.

Sinner friend, what about all your fond dreams of bright prospects? What about your worldly pleasures, your glittering gold, your earthly honors? Death is coming, oh, too soon!

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## 205 -- THE END OF FOUR GREAT RULERS

"Look to the end of worldly ambition and what is it? Take the four greatest rulers, perhaps, that ever sat upon a throne. Alexander, when he had so completely subdued the nations that he wept because there were no more to conquer, at last died in a scene of debauch. Hannibal, who filled three bushels with gold rings taken from the slaughtered knights, died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unwept and unknown in a foreign land. Caesar, having conquered 800 cities, and dyed his garments with the blood of one million of his foes, was stabbed by his best friends, in the very place which had been the scene of his greatest triumph. Napoleon, after being the scourge of Europe, and the desolater of his country, died in banishment, conquered and a captive. So truly 'the expectation of the wicked shall be cut off.'"

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8:36)

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## 206 -- DIED CLINGING TO HIS MONEY

"An aged man in his final sickness was received into a city hospital. To all appearances he had neither relatives, friends nor any means of support, but on being assisted into a bed, a sack of money containing \$870 was noticed fastened around his body.

"He absolutely refused to trust it to those in charge of the institution, and wore it upon his person day and night.

"Death marked him. Soon the hour for his departure into the spirit world arrived, and at one time, when the nurse supposed that the soul had taken its flight, the string was unfastened and the bag removed. Instantly the old man opened his eyes, and feeling for his treasure that was no longer there, uttered the word 'Gone!' and expired -- to the last clinging to his money."

The third period of man's existence is the judgment day, which we have before endeavored to picture according to the Word. Surely the way of the transgressor will be hard at this time. Final retribution will here stare him in the face. That death ended all, he might well wish, but no, he must stand face to face with his record. Sins of the grosser kind, and that which he did not regard as sin, now loom up before him and stand ready to witness against him, and frown him down to hell. Here he will see the justice of God, and understand why he must lose his soul forever. When the final death sentence is pronounced upon him, and he starts down the steep of night, and takes up the dark, doleful, death dirge, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved" -- he will feel that he has simply received his deserts. He will not say, "Unjust, unjust!" but there will be a sense that the just God on the throne had done all possible to save him on earth, and proper evidence was shown why he should be deprived of heaven and suffer the torments of hell.

The fourth period of existence is Eternity. To the unrepentant sinner it is eternity of suffering in hell. Notice the Bible expression as it pertains to the final retribution of the sinner.

Everlasting punishment. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." (Matt. 25:46) Everlasting and eternal are from the same word in translating. Everlasting life for the saint, and everlasting punishment for the sinner. One is as long as the other. This cannot be annihilation, for punishment means suffering, and "that which ceases to be, ceases to suffer."

Everlasting destruction. "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power." (2 Thess. 1:9) Destruction means "Ruin, death." Everlasting death does not mean annihilation. A dead tree still exists. The very fact that a thing is living or dead shows that it must exist, for life or death does not apply to nonentity. Nor does it prove, that because the Bible does not use the expression, "immortal soul," one does not forever exist apart from Christ. We have seen the reward of ten dollars offered to anybody who could show in the Bible where man has an immortal soul. The same reward do we offer to any one who can show in the Bible that a man has brains. But do we claim that because the word is not found in the Bible, a man has no brains? I trow not. And even if the words immortal soul," were not applicable at all to a person out of Christ, that only through Him comes immortality (which is true as pertains to eternal life), yet that does not disprove man's everlasting existence.

Everlasting contempt. "And many of them which sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." (Dan. 12:2) Contempt means disgrace. The retribution of sin is an eternity of disgrace. There can be no disgrace apart from the individual.

Everlasting Fire. "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." (Matt. 25:41) Just as heaven is not all one line of enjoyment, so hell is not one line of suffering. Hell has variety of suffering as well as heaven affords variety of pleasure. A study of all the expressions in the Bible indicating the sufferings of the damned will show the many features of sin's retribution. "And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments." Notice the word is in the plural. Not one torment only, but torments.

There are certain classes of teachers who claim the annihilation of the sinners on the ground that hell-fire will consume them in a moment of time, and then they will be "ashes under the soles of your feet." Surely, with all the varied sufferings of the lost in hell, not any one will so operate on the texture of the resurrected body as to cause it not to exist, when God in so many places reveals the fact of its continuance. Think not that the Creator has failed so to construct one's being that some simple element will place it into nonentity. Man has discovered a substance that can be placed in the fire here, and burn and burn and yet not be consumed. That substance is called asbestos. When the Holy Ghost in the inspired word wanted an expression to signify the unquenchableness of hell fire as pertaining to the sinner he used the Greek word "asbestos." So, in modern times when man made the discovery of a material that would not burn up though placed in the fire, he went to the Greek word which pertains to the sinner in hell, for the proper name -- asbestos.

Whatever the Word means by using this expression of describing one part of the sinner's torment, be it assured that it is only one of the multitudinous sufferings of the damned.

Everlasting torment. "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." (Rev. 14:11) "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever." (Heb. 1:8) Here is the same expression pertaining to the duration of the sinner in hell, as to God on the throne. How long, then, will hell last? Just as long as God is on the throne. Everlasting retribution!

Everlasting damnation. "But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation." (Mark 3:29)

Can there be any doubt regarding the everlasting duration of sin's retribution? What wonderful expressions -- everlasting punishment, everlasting destruction, everlasting contempt, everlasting fire, everlasting torment, everlasting damnation!

Again one may ask, how long will hell last? Let us look at it from another view point. If sin's final retribution is hell, that means the sinner goes to hell because he is a sinner. Hell is the inevitable consequence of sin. Then; do we ask, how long will the sinner remain there? Just as long as he remains a sinner. If by being a sinner hell is the consequence, then by remaining a sinner the consequence remains. But how long will he remain a sinner? He will remain a sinner as long as he sins. It is that way in this world, and certainly would obtain in the world to come. But how long will he continue to sin? He will continue to sin until he repents, which involves a confession and forsaking of sins, prompted by a godly sorrow for the same. It is thus in this world. All sinners continue in sin till repentance. But when will the sinner repent in hell? He never will repent in hell until the Holy Spirit awakens him, convicts him, draws him to repentance. He will never repent in this world till conviction seizes him by the operation of the Holy Spirit. And even then the great majority of them fight it off and will not repent. If, then, the sinner in this world never can come to Christ for salvation unless the Spirit draw him, it stands to reason that in any other world he could never come to Christ without the operation of the Spirit on his heart. Then the final question is, -- When will the Holy Spirit operate on the sinner in hell to bring him to Christ? The answer is, never. The Holy Spirit does not operate thus in hell. Then to reverse the logic, if the Spirit never operates in hell, no sinner there will ever be drawn to Christ. If the sinner never feels the drawing of the Spirit, he will never repent. If he never repents, he will never cease to sin. If he never ceases to sin, he will remain always a sinner. If he remains always a sinner, he will continue to suffer the consequences of sin. Hell is the ultimate consequence of sin. Therefore the sinner will suffer eternal retribution in hell.

One reason why there is not more belief in the Bible hell, is because there is not more preaching on it from the pulpits. Some one has truly said, "If the pulpit remains silent on any doctrine for a generation, the next generation will cease to believe that doctrine." We certainly have it demonstrated in these days relative to hell and holiness. "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God." When in earlier days the doctrine of future punishment was thundered from campmeeting pulpits and churches everywhere, sinners trembled and wept their way to God in penitential sorrow. May God revive those days.



Hell is the sinner's prison. We feel the need of prisons in our land. Why? For three reasons: penalty, prevention and protection. It is a place of punishment for the criminal, warning to others not to trifle with crime, and protection to the law-abiding from the ravages of the lawless. Is not God as wise as man? Does He not see the need of the great prison of the future for the same reasons?

We estimate misdemeanors and crimes by the punishment of the same. We judge of the enormity of the act by the penalty attached. One man gets a fine of five dollars in court and we think little of it. Another gets ten years in the state prison and we wonder what awful crime he has committed. But when the judge arraigns the sinner before the bar and declares that he must be hanged by the neck until he is dead, we shudder and wonder more what could be the nature of his crime that demands such an awful penalty. But listen to the judge on the Great White Throne speaking the eternal death sentence to multitudes: "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Do we shudder and wonder what these souls have done that demands such awful measures of punishment? The answer is, they have sinned against God. Thus we get a glimpse of the true estimate and enormity of sin.

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## 207 -- THE CHARGE AGAINST HELL'S PRISONERS

We once went to visit an inmate of the jail. We asked the man at the desk what he was charged with. He looked it up in the book and answered, "Felony." Do we ask what the inmates of hell are charged with? The answer is, "Sin."

Heaven has its positive and its negative side. With the descriptions of heaven in the Word, together with the multiplied pleasures of the same we could scarcely imagine a desire from a purified soul that would not be fulfilled. "At thy right hand are pleasures forever more." Again, we would naturally believe that there would not be one single element in that blessed world that would mar one's happiness; not one thing a purified soul would not want. As heaven has its positive and negative side, so it is with hell. It will have its positive element, which would include the things a lost soul would not want, and the negative element, including the absence of those things he would want. While the things that make for the positive torments are numerous, the absence of those things which might be desired still augment his sufferings.

There is no hope in hell. The confines of despair are reached and never a ray of hope will pierce that place of gloom.

There is no rest in hell. That turbulent sea of woe will forever roll on with its restless waves casting up its sinful mire and dirt.

There is no peace in hell. Mountains of guilt and condemnation will press in upon every benighted soul. Oh, for one moment of rest and peace. But that moment will never come.

There is no joy in hell. The pleasures of the world supplanted the joys of the Lord on earth, and now these and all others are denied.

There is no love in hell. The soul's capacity for love will be turned to hate. The milk of human kindness will be turned to the gall of bitterness forever. The demon spirit will prevail.

There is no fellowship in hell. Weeping and gnashing of teeth, blasphemy and cursing the day one was born, will admit of no seasons of fellowship. Where love fails, no fellowship can reign. Loneliness will be the sorrow that fills the heart in the regions of woe.

There are no songs in hell. About what could they sing? What incentive to singing where all is grief and sadness and suffering?

There are no Christians in hell. No one will be there of whom to request prayer. No one to point the sinner to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

There are no babies in hell. No ungodly parent will ever clasp the darling babe again to the breast in loving embrace. There will be no meeting of the little darling again. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There are no revivals in hell. No more the warning voice is heard. No more the hope of mercy extended. No more the altar call for penitents. The sinner's Friend has been turned away for the last time, and the Gospel's sweet message is never heard again.

There is no Christ in hell. He did His best on earth, by His death on the cross, shedding His precious blood to redeem, drawing by the Holy Spirit to save the sinner; but he stifled his convictions, hardened his heart, stiffened his neck and did despite unto the Spirit of grace, and now all is lost, forever lost.

"In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Savior call you to the skies."

Among the untold pleasures of the redeemed in the glory world will be the cause of their getting there. They will recount their struggles in obtaining salvation, their trials and victories, their blessings on the way. All glory will be given to Him who redeemed and saved them from sin, and finally brought them "sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." On the other hand, the inmates of that awful prison of hell will become acquainted with the wickedness of others, and their sin not only will find them out, but it doubtless will become known to the other inmates and known forever. What comfort to a lost soul to know that the others are acquainted with the sins that brought him to hell?

The writer visited a man in jail who told him of others' crimes with which they were charged. How did he know with what they were charged? There must have been some of them finding it out. The prisoner called attention to one man, and said he did not know what he had done, that he had come in only the night before, inferring it seemed, that time brings out the record.

Oh, to think of all the lost souls in hell as Eternity speeds on, becoming acquainted with others' sins! thus fulfilling the Scripture in a double sense, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Reader, are you living in sin? As you value your soul, forsake it at once and seek the Lord with all your heart till He come and save you. Maybe you have rejected Him in the past, but give Him a chance and He will blot out the guilty past and prepare you for His heavenly home. Are not others praying for you? Has not mother shed tears in your behalf? Did you not promise God in time of trouble, or sickness that you would serve Him if He would help you out that once? Did you not promise your dying mother, or sister, or someone that you would meet that one in heaven? Those vows went down in the record on high, and you will have to meet them. Are you willing to slip out of that home where a loved one is trusting in the Savior, and will ultimately live with Him forever, and you go down into eternal darkness and gloom and despair? How sad the separations will be in that great day? Good-bye loved one forever.

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## 208 -- TINY LAKE IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

Way up in the mountains of Yellowstone Park is a tiny lake, so gently poised that it overflows in two places very close to each other. The water from one outlet runs down the mountain side, joins in with other water and finally reaches the great Columbia river, and then out into the Pacific Ocean. The water from the other outlet only a few feet away, trickles down the sides of the mountain in another direction, and finally reaches the Mississippi river, and then out into the great gulf of Mexico. So will it be with many souls. Side by side in this world, living in the same family, yes, husband and wife, sometime will cross the great divide after being so close here, but one will wing her flight to the ocean of God's redeeming love and glory, while the other, because of sin, will sink into the great gulf of eternal despair, and there realize when it is forever too late, the value of his opportunity on earth, and the value of his never-dying soul.

"Before him, robed in all terrors, stands Death, now come to summon him away. To whom is he summoned? To that Judge, from whose sentence there is no appeal, from whose eye there is no concealment, from whose hand there is no escape.

"Through the last agonies lies his gloomy, dreadful passage into the unseen world; his path to the bar of God. What a passage! What an interview! He, a hardened, rebellious, impious, ungrateful wretch; who has wasted all the means of salvation, prostituted his talents, squandered his time, despised his Maker, 'Crucified afresh the Lord of Glory, and done despite unto the spirit of Grace;' now comes before that glorious and offended God, who knows all the sins which he has committed.

"He is here, without an excuse to plead, without a cloak to cover his guilt. What would he now give for an interest in that atonement which he slighted, rejected and ridiculed in the present world; in that intercession, on which, while here, he never employed a thought: and in that salvation, for which perhaps he never uttered a prayer! The smiles of redeeming, forgiving, and sanctifying love are now changed into the frowns of an angry and irreconcilable Judge. The voice of mercy sounds no more, and the hope of pardon has vanished from this side of the grave.

"To the judgment succeeds the boundless vast of eternity. Live, he must; die, he cannot. But where, how, with whom is he to live? The world of darkness, sorrow, and despair is his final habitation. Sin, endless and increasing sin, is his dreadful character: and sinners like himself are his miserable and eternal companions. Alone in the midst of millions, surrounded by enemies only, without a hope; he lifts up his eyes and in deep despair takes a melancholy survey of the immense regions around him, but finds nothing to alleviate his woe, nothing to lessen the pangs of a broken heart.

"In the far distant region, he sees the faint glimmering of that "Sun of Righteousness," which shall never more shine upon him. A feeble, dying sound of praise, the everlasting songs of "the general assembly and church of the first-born" trembles on his ear, and in agonizing manner reminds him of the blessings in which he might have shared, and which he voluntarily cast away.

"In dim and distant vision those heavens are seen, where multitudes of his former friends and companions who in this world loved God, and believed in the Redeemer. Among them perhaps, his own fond parents, who with a thousand sighs and prayers and tears, commended him, while they tabernacled here below, to the mercy of God and to the love of their own divine Redeemer. His children also, and the wife of his bosom gone before him, have perhaps fondly waited at the gates of glory in expectation, the cheering hope, of seeing him, once so beloved, reunited to their everlasting joy. But they have waited in vain.

"The curtain is now drawn and the amazing vast is unbosomed to the view; nature, long decayed, sinks under the united pressure of sickness, sorrow, and despair. His eyes grow dim; his ears deaf; his heart forgets to beat; and his spirit lingering, terrified, amazed, clings to life, and struggles to keep possession of its earthly tenement. But, hurried by an unseen hand, it is irresistibly launched into the unseen abyss. Alone and friendless, it ascends to God; to see all its sins set in order before its eyes. With a gloomy and dreadful account of a life spent only in sin, with no sorrow for iniquity; with no faith in Christ and without a single act of piety; it is cast out as wholly wicked and unprofitable, into the land of darkness and the shadow of death; there to wend its melancholy journey through regions of sorrow and despair, ages without end; and to take up forever the gloomy and distressing lamentation, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended; and we are not saved.'"

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## 209 -- SUSPENSE ABOUT THE TIME OF EXECUTION

In the earlier days of France they used to remand a criminal to prison, there to await his day of execution without notifying him of the day. What awful suspense the poor souls must have endured! They could not tell when the old iron door swung on its hinges and their meals were brought, but that it meant their time of death. Is it not thus with the sinner? He knows not what day or hour, he may be called upon to test the untried realities of eternity. Sinner can you not realize your awful suspense?

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## 210 -- HANGING OVER AN ABYSS ON A GUN BARREL

The following thrilling story may illustrate the sinner's danger:

"J. J. Officer owes his life to the strength of his rifle barrel. For many minutes yesterday he hung suspended in mid-air from his trusty weapon, 300 feet above an abyss. A fall meant instant death on the rocks below.

"Officer had been hunting in Lytle Creek Canyon, above Glenn ranch, and was walking along the top of a high bluff when, in some manner, his footing gave way. He instantly began to slide down the steep incline that finally dropped off precipitously to the bottom of the canyon, 300 feet below. Just as he was going over the brink he espied a huge crack in the rocks and thrust his gun barrel into it so firmly that it stopped his downward rush and left him hanging in mid-air.

"After trying vainly to gain a footing he began to call for help. His voice was heard by Thomas Carson, a Pacific Electric employee of this city, and Glenn Morris and Norman G. Brittle, of Los Angeles, who happened to be in the hills only a short distance away. They responded quickly, and seeing Officer's peril, one of the trio departed to secure a rope, while the others reconnoitered for a suitable place from which to operate.

"When the rope was secured a loop was lowered to the almost exhausted man. By almost superhuman effort Officer succeeded in getting it around his body. He was slowly hauled to a place of safety. So exhausted was he from the long strain of holding his weight suspended from the gun barrel the man swooned immediately after reaching firm ground. It was some time before he was able to be taken back to his camp."

If the sinner only realized his frightful danger and his awful doom, he certainly would call for help. They bolster themselves up in the thought that they are not afraid. The most alarming thing about it is their absence of alarm.

Before closing these pages we wish to add the following on future punishment by Rev. George Gordon Macleod of Cornwath, Scotland:

"The popular god is not the God of this Bible. The popular god is a dead trunk. He has no eyes, he cannot see; no ears, he cannot hear; no feet, he cannot pursue; no arms, he cannot punish. Our modern god is not at all the same as the ancient God. The God of Abraham used to thunder in His ire. He ruled with rod of iron, and dashed to pieces sinning nations like a potter's vessel. But our modern god has no iron in his constitution. He has sheathed the sword, and doffed the cap of doom, and sat down helpless in heaven, an indulgent weakling. Sinai's thunders are hushed for ever; and the arm which used to visit vengeance swift and dire upon impenitent sinners, now hangs nerveless and paralyzed. That is the popular god, and I, for one, refuse to worship him; for I have nothing to do with the creation of men's wishes, but with the God of the Bible.

"I am here today to put half a dozen strokes into the face of modern thought and popular infidelity, so help me God. I stand here today in the face of everything, to say that God is

unchanged and unchangeable. 'I am Jehovah, I change not,' is a word that smites modern thought and popular infidelity right on the cheekbone and teeth, and will one day put an end to all unbelief in His power to punish in hell.

"The reign of iron lasts still. The same God who hurled oceans over Alps and Andes, drowning a world, and scorched Sodom to cinders in a hurricane of fire, and choked the streets of Jericho with corpses, and threw the Roman dogs on Jerusalem, to tear it limb from limb until in wild struggle of darkness and fire, a nation found its grave -- reigns still. The same God who cursed Cain, and sent remorse upon Esau, and dug a grave for Korah, flung Jezebel to the dogs, and slew Belshazzar at his own banquet-table, and hurried Judas to a suicide's eternity -- reigns still, unchanged for ever; and what He has done before He can do again.

"God has two sides -- mercy and justice. At Calvary He is just and merciful. At Sinai He is not merciful, but just. Don't look at God with one eye, or you make a fatal mistake. God has two sides to His nature now, iron and wool, even as He has two sides, left and right, to His judgment throne.

"If you find me a god who is all mercy and no justice, I will not scruple to call him an idiot of your imagination. I totally refuse to have anything to do with your India-rubber god, whom you can spit at and live, for he is not the God of this Bible. Justice and mercy are the twin pillars of His throne; and the day God ceases to be just and punish sin, He will cease to be, and heaven will grow dark.

"I say, the popular god, who is all mercy, is not the God of this Bible, is not the God of His people, is not the God of Calvary, is not the God of heaven.

"There is a hell. The Hebrews took their idea of that awful place from Hinnom's Vale, a deep gorge on one side of Jerusalem. Here red-handed Manasseh passed His children through the fire to Moloch -- horrid king, while the thunder of drums drowned their dying screams.

"It was the sewer of the city, the abominable receptacle of every conceivable filth and impurity, to consume which, fires were kept constantly burning. The cries of bloated vultures, the constant fires, now smoldering, now blazing out anew, as the winds rose and fell and the deep banks of stenchful smoke always lying over that horrid vale, made it, in the eye of every Jew, a picture of hell.

"There is a hell. We are treated to some fine new theories of the future of wicked men now a days.

"Universalism (or the devil's theory of hell), with the blandest of smiles comes to tell us that all alike, saint and sinner, will turn up in heaven at last. The murderer and the murdered, the seducer and the seduced, the hater and the hated, the robber and the robbed, to their surprise will all find heaven at last. Nero and Paul, Jesus and Herod, Judas and Peter, Cain and Abel, Elisha and Jezebel, Tom Payne and Murray McCheyne, will all come out at the same side of the judgment throne. A pretty heaven indeed, with all the hypocrites, and whoremongers, and drunkards, and backbiters, and blasphemers, standing on the glassy sea!

"I say, in the name of reason, the thought is blasphemous. There must be two places in eternity for two kinds of character. Character is permanent. Sin is being burnt into your soul as with a red-hot iron. You cannot throw it off as you do your clothes. It is a part of your being. Look out, men, sin is no trifle. It will live when the sun is buried. You are forging a chain or fashioning a crown, digging a hell or building a heaven for yourself, and you are busy at it now.

"Universalism is a damnable heresy, built on rotten props. Here is one of them: On a public platform, I asked, 'Can a man go to heaven without repentance?' 'Certainly not,' was the answer. 'Then,' said I, 'would you be so good as to tell me when the suicide who throws himself from the parapet of London Bridge, and is dashed dead on the rocks beneath, repents?' Let the reply stultify Universalism for ever. 'He repents between the parapet of the bridge and the rock on which his brains are dashed out.'

"The more popular theory of this age is Annihilationism; that is, 'I die like my dog,' I die a sinner, and I am nowhere ever after. The coffin that holds my body is the grave of my soul, and, of course, punishment of any kind in eternity is an impossibility, as there is nobody anywhere to suffer it.

"When my body dies, my soul dies. What? Then there is not a saint in heaven, though John saw armies of these following Jesus on white horses. Moses and Elias are not, though they came from heaven to talk with Jesus -- phantoms on Transfiguration Mount. David and Solomon, and Daniel, and Mary of Magdala are dead -- dead, body and soul. The thief on the cross, who was to be in Paradise with Jesus that day, is not in Paradise yet; and Paul, who had a desire to depart and be with Christ, which was far better, is not with Christ -- he is nowhere -- has been nowhere these eighteen centuries. Why, even the heathen shame your unbelief. Tartarus was the Roman hell -- a gulf of gloom.

"You will not believe the Romans. To the law and to the testimony then. To your Bibles, men, and let us have the truth, whatever it be. I will not cite Paul, or Matthew, or John, lest you should doubt them. I will cite the eternal God Himself, and hear what He says: 'The wicked shall be turned into hell.' (Psalm 9:17) You may scatter the everlasting mountains, or split the sun in twain, until, with shorn locks and dimmed eye, it stumbles on the pathway of light; but you won't alter God's word. I cite the tenderhearted Jesus; and several times in one chapter, Mark 9. He speaks of a 'worm that never dies, and a fire that never shall be quenched.' Now he mercilessly clear, for your soul is at stake. Answer me this question: Did Jesus lie when He spoke of the undying worm and the unquenchable fire? Did the Son of God picture a lie when He shows us the rich man lifting up his eyes in torments and begging a drop of water to cool his tongue? Did He mean to harrow up our souls with lying pictures of what never existed? Nay; but answer me. Of course not, you say, 'It is impossible for God to lie.' Well, then, it is impossible there can be no hell, and let that settle the question for ever.

"Why, men, if there is no hell, there is no heaven. They have the same foundation -- God's truth -- and if hell be a fable, heaven is a fable, too. There is as much proof in this Bible for a hell as for a heaven. The threatenings are as numerous as the promises. God woos, and as distinctly

thunders. Drown the fires of hell, and you drown the music of heaven, and, like our dogs, let us die. The plan of redemption is one. Take hell out of it, and the whole scheme is a dead failure.

"There is a hell, then. Let no doubts rest in your mind here, as you love your soul. Because, if not, Calvary was a huge mistake. The death of Jesus was the biggest blunder of the ages. The eternity of punishment and the divinity of Jesus stand or fall together. Jesus was not God, if there is no hell. The Book which tell of one, tells of the other.

"By the permanency of simple character, the demands of a broken law, the truth of God's Word, and the death of yonder Son of God, there is a hell.

"Understand, second, that the wicked shall be turned into it. I have no delight in preaching hell. It costs me more than one heavy thought ere I could face this text. I would refrain from harrowing your feelings, but that necessity is laid on me. 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel,' the half of which is 'He that believeth not shall be damned.' I dare not, on peril of my soul, preach a one-sided Gospel, lest I should be found smoothing your road to perdition. I was told by a clergyman last year that he had given up preaching hell to his people altogether.

"If there is no hell, certainly we ought to stop preaching the lie. But if there is, I ask you, as you love your soul, is it a thing to be hid from you until you are in it? On your soul, say now, is he your friend who hides it from you till you are in it, and passed redemption? If you were walking hard by the edge of a precipice, and about to put your foot on thin air unawares, would I not be branded as a murderer did I not with loud cries warn you? With endless torment on the track you tread, and only a few steps to it, how dare I stand silently by while you move forward? At the peril of your soul, I dare not and will not do it. You shall not descend into hell unwarned, to curse me forever.

"Now for one warning ere you sink, sinner. 'The wicked shall be turned into hell.' Many have had foretastes of it ere they died. Esau finds no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears. Saul's troubled spirit foreshadows the restlessness of hell, with no harp of David to soothe it. Judas feels the undying worm twisting in his soul, and takes to the halter to escape it. The dying cries of Voltaire were echoes of the shrieks of the damned. Mirabeau prays for laudanum that he may forget the eternity to come -- a wail from the sea of woe.

"These last moments of wicked men ought to burn in your soul the stern fact, that 'the wicked shall be turned into hell.'

"Colonel Charteris, while dying, offered thirty thousand pounds to have it proved conclusively there was no hell, but it was no use.

"Unsaved sinner, you shall be turned in there. God says it. You may wish it otherwise; you shall wish in vain. Your companions fiends, and murderers, and adulterers, and hypocrites, and blasphemers. Your torment in body and soul insupportable, and that forever. There is no death in hell; mark that, unbeliever. Death, which is a monster on earth, would be an angel in hell. If Death went there, all the damned would fall down and worship him, and a shout of triumph rend the fiery vault till all was still. But there is no death in hell and long as heaven lasts hell will last. Farewell,



offers of mercy and wooings of love. Farewell, voices of mirth and songs of gladness. No more for ever shall mercy woo thee. No more for ever shalt thou rest in thy sin. It was sweet; now it will haunt you, and scare you, and damn you; and as you rise to your feet, it will hurl you down again -- your sin. Never shall you rest again. Black clouds thunder it from above, 'No rest;' and tongues of flame around say, 'No rest;' and the tortured everywhere shriek, 'No rest.' I remember when a boy reading a book entitled 'The Horrors of the Damned,' in which a harrowing description of the torments of the lost was given; but words fail to paint hell.

"You, sinner, must go there. You shall be turned into hell. It will be by force. No entreaties shall save you. No power can rescue you. The arm of God Almighty will turn you into hell. Drunkard, you shall be hurried from your cup, smitten of everlasting thirst. Swearer, God will rivet the last oath on your tongue, and drag you to judgment. The last laugh you have at Jesus, scoffer, will remain in your lungs, and echo there for ever. Ye drunkard-makers, who put the bottle to your neighbor's mouth and make money by the murder of souls, ye shall be turned into hell, damned for ever.

"I warn you, decent and respectable sinners, you shall be turned into hell. All ye that forget -- not despise, nor reject, nor hate, nor deny, nor blaspheme -- merely forget God, ye shall die the second death. Cowardly and unbelieving, you shall have your portion with the hypocrites, where is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Your decency is damning you while it keeps you from Jesus. The harlots and the publicans shall go into heaven before you who make a Christ of your morality. Decent unbelievers, you are going from the communion-table to an endless hell. 'He that believeth not shall be damned.' (Mark 16:16)

"When the harvest is past and the summer is gone,  
And the sermons and prayers shall be o'er,  
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn,  
And Jesus invites thee no more;  
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,  
The Gospel no message declare,  
Sinner, how can'st thou bear the deep wailings of woe,  
How suffer the night of despair?

"When the holy have gone to the regions of peace  
To dwell in the mansions above,  
When their harmony wakes in the fulness of bliss  
Their songs to the Savior they love,  
Say, sinner that livest at rest and secure,  
And fearest no trouble to come,  
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,  
Or bear the impenitent's doom?"

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Hear the soliloquy of a lost soul:

"Death and the judgment are passed. Mercy's door is forever shut. I would not heed the warning voice of God, though it thundered in my ear night and day, from my cradle to my grave. I hardened my heart and said, 'I will not yield.' At last death came. I tried to repent, but my heart would not melt, and my eyes refused to shed a tear. I passed into eternity a damned soul. The worm that never dies has coiled its slimy folds around my naked heart, and in it fastened its venomous fangs. Merciful God, pity me! But the white-winged angel has forever flown. The fiends, with their bony hands are grasping for my defenseless soul. Away, ye devils; ye shall not touch me! Ah! they have me at last; it is useless for me to resist. Is there none to deliver? None, great God, none! I turned my back on Thee; now Thou dost refuse to hear my cry of anguish.

"The flames of damnation are wrapping my soul in shrouds of eternal misery. Oh, that I had a drop of water to quench this raging thirst that consumes me! But there is no water here. Devils laugh at my agony and exultantly shout, 'Enjoy the wages of sin forever!' FOREVER! Oh, God, I have been here but one short hour, and I have suffered more than a thousand tongues can tell, and must I suffer thus? Through the ceaseless ages yet to come must I still suffer on? None to heed my bitter prayer; none to say it will soon be over? It is forever! FOREVER!

"The darkness is intense; broken only by the lurid flashes of Divine wrath that are thrown like thunderbolts from the hand of a just God. I grope in the darkness to find Him, but plunge over the precipice of destruction on the rocks beneath. Bruised and mangled, I rise and stagger on in search of a friend, but none are found. All are my enemies. I scream for help, but the only answer is the echo of my own sad cry, and the yells of delight from the throats of demons.

"Alone! Yet multitudes are here. They gnash on me with their teeth; they trample me under their feet. I struggle to rise, and they dash me into the lake of everlasting fire. Alone! Yes, alone, without heaven!

"Oh, that I had a moment in which to repent; but it will never be given. I have sealed my own doom. God's mercy was extended; I refused till too late. Now eternal justice is being satisfied. 'Tis just. God is love, is just and holy. He is clear, but I am guilty -- damned, and that righteously."

Reader, while you have the opportunity, now, this side of death, judgment and hell, will you not repent, if you have sin on your soul, and give God a chance through Jesus Christ to save you from all sin? If you are determined to hold on to sin, then sin will have its inevitable results, both now and forever. Do not presume any longer on His mercy. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." (Eccl. 8:11) Think not because God in His mercy postpones the execution, that He is not cognizant of your sins. Yea, the sentence is already past. The execution of the sentence only, is postponed; but yet there is mercy. The sentence is hanging over you, sinner. The storm-cloud has already gathered; it may burst at any moment. The flood-tides are already damned up and are ready to break loose on your benighted soul. The sword is already unsheathed and hanging over your guilty and defenseless head ready to drop. The arrow has left the quiver, and is in the bow. The bowstring is stretched and the arrow is now aiming at your sinful heart. What if He would let it

fly? You are on the trap-door between time and Eternity. What if the bolt should be pulled? Oh thoughtless, reckless, persistent, presuming, sinful soul repent now or remember, "BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

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THE END