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2700-PLUS SERMON ILLUSTRATIONS (C-TOPICS)
Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

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CALL -- DIVINE, TO DECISION

0259 -- ASLEEP TO CHRIST'S CALL AND KNOCK

There was an old turnpike man in a quiet country road whose habit was to shut his gate at night and take a nap. One dark, wet night, I knocked at his door crying, "Gate! Gate!" "Coming," said the voice of the old man. Then I knocked again, and once more the voice replied, "Coming." This went on for some time, till at length I opened the door and demanded to know why he cried, "Coming" for so long and never came.

"Who's there?" said the old man in a sleepy voice. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then, awakening, "Bless yer, sir, and yer pardon; I was asleep. I get so used to hearing them knock that I answer 'Coming' in my sleep, and take no more notice about it."

So it is with too many hearers of the Gospel, who hear by habit, and answer God by habit, and at length die with their souls asleep. -- Sunday School Chronicle

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CALL -- DIVINE, TO DECISION

0260 -- THE GREAT DIVIDE

Of Jesus Christ it is written, "There was a division because of Him." He divides man's destiny. All deserved Hell, but He has "brought life and immortality to light" and is "leading many sons to glory," Heaven instead of Hell. He has divided Time in the reckoning of many countries into B. C. and A. D. He divides the human race into two classes -- those "in Christ" and those "in Adam." When He was on earth there was a division among the Jews as to His person, His works and His words. On a mountain in the Rockies of Canada where there is a watershed, an arch has been erected, with the words plainly wrought on the rustic structure -- "The Great Divide." Drops of rain falling in the same shower separate there, some joining a stream that becomes a mighty river and flows to the Atlantic Ocean, others falling in the other direction into another stream that flows to join the Pacific Ocean. Though they fall in the same shower of rain, their destinies are hundreds of miles apart. So it is in families, classes in school, neighborhoods, and places of business. Christ is the Great Divide, and the destiny of men for glory or despair is determined by the attitude of the individual to Him.

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CALL -- DIVINE, TO REPENTANCE

0261 -- JOHN HARTMAN, THY FATHER CALLETH THEE!

Major Whittle used to tell the story of the aged Quaker named Hartman, whose son had enlisted in the army. There came the news of a dreadful battle, and this old father, in fear and trembling, started to the scene of conflict that he might learn something concerning his boy. The officer of the day told him that he had not answered to his name, and that there was every reason to believe that he was dead. This did not satisfy the father, so, leaving headquarters, he started across the battlefield, looking for the one who was dearer to him than life. He would stoop down and turn over the face of this one and then the face of another, but without success.

The night came on, and then He continued his search with a lantern. Suddenly the wind, which was blowing a gale, extinguished his lantern, and he stood there in the darkness hardly knowing what to do until his father's ingenuity, strength and affection prompted him to call out his son's name, and so he stood and shouted, "John Hartman, thy father calleth thee." All about him he would hear the groans of the dying and some one saying: "Oh, if that were only my father."

He continued his cry with more pathos and power until at last in the distance he heard his boy's voice crying tremblingly, "Here, father." The old man made his way across the field shouting out, "Thank God! Thank God!" Taking him in his arms, he bore him to headquarters, nursed him back to health and strength, and he lives today. -- 1000 Illustrations

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CALL -- UNTO HOLINESS

0262 -- A PREACHER'S CALL TO HOLINESS

J. B. McBride relates how he was called unto holiness. He was genuinely saved and was preaching the gospel before he was sanctified wholly. He and his wife had been attending a holiness meeting. He writes: On the second Sunday of the revival, I had to leave the meeting and go to fill an appointment for my pastor, six miles away. It was just about three miles from my home, as I was riding through a skirt of woodland, that the Lord met me. As truly as He ever met Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus, He met me that day. He said to me, "Where are you going?" My reply was, "To preach the Gospel." Then He said to me, "Have you ever read, 'If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work?'"

My reply was, "Lord, that is all that I have heard for ten days; that is Second Timothy 2:21." He said to me, "Are you going to persist in the ministry without the Divine preparation for service?" Oh, what a question! I said, "Lord, I will not make another attempt, nor go another step, unless Thou dost sanctify me." And there and then, on horseback, I said one eternal "Yes" to all the will of God, never to take it back.

Suddenly, something like a bucket of hot water struck me on the head, and went all through me until billows of fire and waves of glory swept over my soul, and burned to my being's extremity; and the Holy Ghost came in and was a "witness also" that the work was done. Thank God, I got in under the Old Constitution! Strange as it may seem, all of this transpired in a few moments, and I reached my appointment on time, and took for the text: "For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." -- J. B. McBride

* * *

CALVARY

0263 -- ON SIGNAL ONLY

Dr. Brummitt has given a remarkable illustration from personal experience: The town in which I live has an elevated railway. One of the stations is near a great Roman Catholic burying ground, Calvary Cemetery. For many years, because in that part of the town were many more dead than living folk. The trains did not stop at the cemetery station except on request. Just after leaving the nearest station the guard would open the door and say: "Next station is Calvary. Train stops on signal only. Anybody for Calvary?" -- Sunday School Times

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CARE -- GOD'S

0264 -- A REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER

A Remarkable Answer To Prayer -- Mr. Jay Gould once left his eastern home for a trip across the continent. In the western part of Texas the train he was traveling on was halted for a few

hours at a little town to make needed repairs on the engine. Mr. Gould, to pass the time, walked up the village street, and found a sale going on, and the auctioneer calling out, "Fourteen hundred and seventy-five dollars." He inquired of a man what was being sold, and was told that it was a new church that the contracting builder had a claim on for the work. Mr. Gould, to help the sale, offered fifteen hundred dollars, which the auctioneer called a few times without a raise, and the church was sold to Mr. Gould at his bid.

Three gray-haired old men standing near watched the proceedings of the transfer and, going up to Mr. Gould, not knowing who he was asked him what he intended to do with the church he had just bought. "What is it to you what I do with it? It is mine now, to keep or to give away," said the millionaire. One of the men said: "This is what it is to us: We three men are trustees of that church house and were sent here to see and then report what disposal was made of it; and in the church, at this present moment, the entire congregation, with the presiding elders and preachers, are down on their knees before the God of Heaven, asking Him to Divinely interfere in some way to save our church, so that it may not be lost to us. That is what it is to our people."

Jay Gould gave the people their church. -- Selected

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CARE -- GOD'S

0265 -- BECAUSE OF THE FIFTH SPARROW

The direct appeal of the Gospel to a young, fresh heart is the subject of a delightful story. A little Spanish boy in Vigo who became a devout Christian was asked by an Englishman what had been the influence under which he acted. "It was all because of the odd sparrow," the boy replied. "I do not understand," said the Englishman in surprise. "What odd sparrow?" "Well, Senor, it is this way," the boy said, "A gentleman gave me a Testament, and I read in one Gospel that two sparrows were sold for a farthing. And again in Luke, I saw, 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?' And I said to myself that Nuestro Senor (our Lord) Jesus Christ knew well our custom of selling birds. As you know, Sir, we trap birds, and get one chico for two but for two chicos we throw in an extra sparrow. That extra sparrow is only a make-weight, and of no account at all. Now, I think to myself that I am so insignificant, so poor, and so small that no one would think of counting me. I'm like the fifth sparrow. And yet, oh, marvelous, Nuestro Senor says, 'Not one of them is forgotten before God.' I have never heard anything like it, Sir. No one but He could ever have thought of not forgetting me." -- King's Business

* * *

CARE -- GOD'S

0266 -- CHRIST, THE DOOR

For a good many years we have wondered why Christ mixed His figures in His parable of the Good Shepherd. At one place He calls Himself the Shepherd and at another the Door. A recent

book explains it beautifully. It says: "A traveler in Palestine once had a conversation with a shepherd at work near a sheepfold, who showed him the various features of the fold. Thereupon the traveler remarked: 'You say, here is the sheepfold, there are the sheep, and this is the doorway; but where is the door?' 'The door?' asked the shepherd. 'I am the door. I lie across the entrance at night. No sheep can pass out, no wolf can come in, except over my body.'" Beautiful, is it not? Christ did not mix His figures after all. He is both the Shepherd and the Door. -- Council Fires

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CARE -- GOD'S

0267 -- GOD CARES FOR HIS OWN

One afternoon we were walking on Jaffa Road, the main street of modern Jerusalem, just returning from visiting the homes of some of our Arab believers. We were passing through the busiest section of the city and the street was packed with people, all Jews, when suddenly I remembered that we intended to do a bit of shopping but had already passed the particular locality. Mrs. Fried suggested that we turn back and attend to it, but I thought that the matter was of very little importance and could be taken care of next day, and so I suggested that we continue homeward, since it was close to supper time.

We walked only a few steps when I was strangely pressed to return, after all, and attend to the shopping. We turned back and had walked in the opposite direction only about a hundred feet when back of us we heard the most terrific explosion that seemed to be right beside us, but actually was about two hundred feet away. A bomb had been thrown, probably from a passing car, into the midst of the crowd. Next day we went to the scene, and, as far as we were able to calculate, had we failed to turn back at the time we did, we would have been at the very spot where the explosion took place! -- Sunday School Times

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CARE -- GOD'S

0268 -- GOD IS JUST THE SAME IN JAPAN

In the village of Abashiri, Japan, lived an earnest Christian man. He had an orchard of one thousand trees, and upon these depended the livelihood of himself, and his family. One morning, great was his dismay to find that his apples, which were then half grown, were being destroyed by a peculiar worm. As he walked through the orchard he observed that every tree was affected. What was he to do? He called his family together there in the orchard and they called upon God. Works were added to faith, and all through the day and until late at night, they worked, picking off the worms and destroying them; but with the pests multiplying by the thousands, it became evident that all their efforts were in vain. In desperation they turned to God for help. Weary with the long strain they lay down on their straw mats for a little sleep. Returning the next morning to their orchards to begin another strenuous day, they were startled to see hundreds of strange birds alighting in the trees. All day long the birds stayed, eating up the worms, but never injuring the trees or the leaves.

This kept up for three days in succession. In the evening of the third day, as the family walked through the orchard, they found that it was entirely free of the pest. God had vindicated the faith of his children. -- The Revivalist

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CARE -- GOD'S

0269 -- HE FORGETS NOT HIS OWN

Does God grant special protection to His children in battle dangers? Listen to this. A group of soldiers on the Anzio bridgehead in Italy were cut off from their company by German machine gunners. When the farmhouse they were defending was directly hit, all but three of the fifteen were wounded. The officer lay in the rubble but was able to reach for his Daily Light. The text he saw proved to be, "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." (Isa. 59:19) Happily the officer read it aloud, declaring his assurance that all of them would be rescued. True enough, in a few minutes an Allied hospital truck drove up and the entire group was helped in and carried to safety. But the strange thing about it was that German machine gunners watched the operation from their trenches only fifty yards away and never fired a shot, while a German sentry at the crossroads appeared equally indifferent. All agreed that it was nothing less than a direct intervention of God. -- Wesleyan Missionary

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CARE -- GOD'S

0270 -- HE WATCHES OVER SPARROWS

A sparrow had built its nest in a freight car while in the shops for repair. When the car was in order and started again into service, a nest full of young sparrows seemed about to be robbed of a mother's care. But though the car traveled several hundred miles, the mother bird would not desert her young. The sympathy of the trainmen was touched and they notified the division superintendent, who ordered the car out of commission until the little birds were able to care for themselves. If a great railroad system can be ordered so as to protect helpless sparrows, is it hard to believe that the great Superintendent of the universe orders all things for the good of His children? -- Otterbein Teacher

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CARE -- GOD'S

0271 -- HOW CHRIST'S ROD AND STAFF COMFORT

Dr. H. W. McLaughlin, of Richmond, Va., tells a lovely story of an experience while in Palestine. In talking to an old shepherd he inquired in what sense it could be said that his staff was for the comfort of the sheep. The old shepherd proceeded to explain that in daylight he always

carried the staff across his shoulder, and when the sheep saw it, it spoke of the presence of the shepherd, and thus was a means of comfort. On the other hand, if night overtook him with the sheep on the mountainside, or if they were caught in a heavy mountain mist so that the sheep could no longer see the staff, then he would lower it, and as he walked he would tap with it on the ground, so that by hearing if not by sight the staff comforted the sheep by speaking of the presence of the shepherd. David remembered these things and said in effect to himself, "It would' be unreasonable to suppose that God has less care of me than I had of the sheep!" "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." -- F. Crossley Morgan

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CARE -- GOD'S

0272 -- THE PRIEST WAS CONVINCED

Mr. He Li was very old and very poor, but a Christian. His cousin, a priest, would bring bread or meal, and Mr. Li would say, "My Heavenly Father's grace." This angered the priest, who said, "If I didn't bring you the food, you would starve, for all He would care." "But He puts it into your heart to help me." "Very well, I'll stay away and then we'll see what happens." After many days Mr. Li had not a single crumb, but while he was praying there was a strange cawing and flapping in the yard. Some crows were fighting and dropped a piece of pork and a loaf of bread. While the meat was boiling, the priest walked in, saying, "Has the Heavenly Father you talk so much about sent you food?" When he saw the meat he exclaimed, "Where in the world did you get that?" "My Heavenly Father sent it." Then the priest wanted to know more about Him, was converted, became a preacher, and died a martyr in the Boxer war. -- Sunday School Times

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CARE -- GOD'S

0273 -- THEN TO THE DOGS

The Turks, having tortured and slain the parents of a little Armenian girl before her eyes, turned to the child and said: "Will you renounce your faith in Jesus, and live?" She replied, "I will not." "Then to the dogs!" she was thrown into a kennel of savage and famished dogs and left there. The next morning they came and looked in, to see the little girl on her knees praying, and beside her the largest and most savage of all the dogs, snapping at every dog that ventured near, thus protecting the child. The men ran away terrified, crying out, "There is a God here; there is a God here!" -- Sunday School Times

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CARE -- GOD'S

0274 -- THERE OUGHT TO BE SUCH A GOD

A Japanese woman whose heart was yearning for someone on whom to lean said, "I went to the temple and drew lots to see if I could not get some comfort. I opened the little package which fell to me and inside it said, "There is no help for you. Lean on your own shadow and go on." "I was more desperate than ever. I looked at the great sun by day and the moon by night and felt there should be someone somewhere who would care for one so needy as I." As the missionary told her of our Heavenly Father she burst out with a joyful shout, while tears of relief rolled down her face. "I thought there ought to be such a God," she cried. "Oh, I have found Him at last!" -- Mabel Francis

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CARE -- GOD'S

0275 -- TRYING TO AVOID A NAMELESS GRAVE

Man craves the knowledge and the sympathy of the Eternal. During a lull between the charges at the second Battle of Cold Harbor, in June, 1864, the only battle that Grant said he regretted fighting, officers going through the Union ranks saw the men sitting on the grass under the trees or in the thickets sewing their names on the sleeves their coats. Why were they doing that? It was because they expected to die in the ensuing charge, and shrank from the oblivion of a nameless grave. They wanted someone in the hills of western Pennsylvania, Vermont, New York, or Wisconsin, to know who they were after their death in that battle. Yes, the human heart wants to know that there is an ear to hear or an eye to witness its sorrows, its conflicts, and its struggles

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CARE -- GOD'S

0276 -- WHEN BURDENS BECOME BRIDGES

The Rev. Charles Piggott tells how when he was on a holiday he came to the top of one of the high hills of Devonshire. His attention was attracted by an ant, which he watched carrying a long straw until it came to a crack in the rock which was like a precipice to the tiny creature. After attempting to take its burden across in several ways, the ant got to one end of the straw and pushed it in front of him over the crack till it reached the other side, crossed over on the straw, and then pulled it after him. There is no burden you and I carry faithfully but some day is going to become a bridge to carry us over. -- British Weekly

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CARE -- GOD'S

0277 -- WHEN THE ENEMY STOOD AT ATTENTION

Three Scotch privates and a corporal had been cut off during a fierce engagement in a Belgian town one day just preceding Dunkirk. Taking refuge in the loft of an empty house they waited for what seemed to be certain death. Outside they heard the Germans setting fire to buildings, looting, killing. Suddenly the corporal said, "Lads, it's time for church parade. Let's have a wee bit of service here; it may be our last. The soldiers looked a bit astonished, but placing their rifles in a corner, they stood at attention. The corporal took a small Testament from his breast pocket and turned the pages. As he read loud shouts came from below. Doors banged, and glass was shattered. He ended, and his grave face took on a wry smile. "I'm not a good hand at this job, but we must finish it off. Let us pray." The corporal stood with the Testament in his hand. The others kneeled and bowed their heads. A little haltingly and very simply he committed their way to God and asked for strength to meet their coming fate like men.

Suddenly, a heavy hand crashed open the door. An exultant exclamation in German was heard, and then a gasp of surprise. Not a man moved and the corporal went calmly on. After a pause he began, with great reverence, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. Hearing a click of his heels, they knew the enemy was standing at attention. A moment of suspense, the door closed, and footsteps died away. At dusk the four men ventured out, worked around the enemy's flank, and reached the British outposts in safety that night. -- The Record

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CARE -- GOD'S

0278 -- WHEN THE STORM CLOUD CAME

In February, 1931, our district was reduced to a state of famine, and there was yet another month to wheat harvest. We had helped many, but one day when the Christians came for help we had to tell them we had nothing left. I told them that God was a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. They proposed to come and join in my prayer each afternoon. On the fourth day of the intercession I was called out of the meeting to see what was happening. In the north was a dark cloud approaching, and as we watched, it crossed our district and rained heavily. It was not an ordinary rain, but a deluge of little black seeds in such abundance they could be shoveled up. they asked, "What is it?" The seeds proved edible and the supply so great it sustained the people until harvest. We learned later that the storm had risen in Mongolia and wrecked the places where this grain (called KaoLiang) was stored. The seed was carried fifteen hundred miles to drop on the district where prayer was being answered. -- The Sunday School Times

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CARE -- GOD'S

0279 -- WHEN WE FORGET

Many years ago a poor German immigrant woman sat with her children in the waiting room of an Eastern station. A lady passenger to a train, struck by her look of misery, stopped a moment to speak to her. She confided that her husband had been buried at sea; she was going to Iowa, and

it was hard to enter a strange land alone with her babies. The stranger had but one moment. She pressed a little money into the poor creature's hand, and said: "Alone! Why, Jesus is with you! He never will leave you alone!" Ten years afterward the woman said: "That word gave me courage for all my life. When I was a child I knew Christ and loved Him. I had forgotten Him. That chance word brought me back to Him. It kept me strong and happy through all troubles." -- All Aboard.

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CARE -- GOD'S

0280 -- WHILE THE ROBBER LISTENED

The evangelist Charles Inglis records the following story told by a lady in a prayer meeting: "Some years ago my husband was traveling in Europe, and I was left alone with my maids in a large, lonely house in a Western State. One evening, after our usual reading and prayer, we retired to our several rooms. As I entered my room, I happened to look into a mirror at the opposite side of the room, and was horrified to see the reflection of a man crouching behind my wardrobe. I was tempted to cry aloud for help, but knew it would be useless, and determined to put the faith in God about which we had been reading to the test.

I walked as courageously as possible, though trembling in every limb, across the floor, took my Bible from the table, and sank into a chair. I began reading aloud the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. I then kneeled and prayed aloud, telling God how we were unprotected women, and imploring Him to protect us from thieves and robbers and all evil persons. I had barely risen and sunk once more into the seat, when a hand was laid on my shoulder and a voice said: 'Do not cry out or be frightened, for you are perfectly safe. I came here to rob this house, but that chapter is one I used to hear my mother read, and your prayer reminded me of the prayers she offered. I am going now. You need fear nothing.'" -- The Dawn

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CARE -- GOD'S

0281 -- YOU MATTER TO JESUS

"I am the good shepherd; and I know My sheep, and am known by My own." John 10:14 In this computer age, it's easy to begin feeling like a number instead of a person. We are identified by our social security number rather than by our name. We often get junk mail that is addressed to "Resident" or "Occupant." Such impersonal methods may cause some people to feel a lack of significance. They may even conclude, "No one cares for me." But that's not true. Jesus cares. In fact, He knows everyone by name. We never need to feel disappointed like the young British student who thought the king had slighted her. When Edward VII, the King of England from 1901 to 1910, was visiting a city to lay the cornerstone for a new hospital, thousands of school children were present to greet him and to sing for him.

Following the ceremony, the King walked past the excited youngsters. After he was gone, a teacher saw one of her students crying. She asked her, "Why are you crying? Did you not see the King?" "Yes," the young girl sobbed, "but the King did not see me." King Edward couldn't have taken notice of each child in that throng. But we are never overlooked by Jesus, for He gives individual attention to every one of us. He is the good shepherd who "calls his own sheep by name" (John 10:3). Think of it Jesus knows who you are! You matter to Him. As you worship Him and pray to Him, tell Him that you love Him. Then, as you fellowship with other believers, help them realize that they matter to Jesus. You may be a number computers can trace, but Christ knows your need, your name, and your face. -- P. R. V.

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CARNALITY

0282 -- CARNALITY NEVER AIMS AT SELF

French novelist and playwright Alexandre Dumas once had a heated quarrel with a rising young politician. The argument became so intense that a duel was inevitable. Since both men were superb shots they decided to draw lots, the loser agreeing to shoot himself. Dumas lost. Pistol in hand, he withdrew in silent dignity to another room, closing the door behind him. The rest of the company waited in gloomy suspense for the shot that would end his career. It rang out at last. His friends ran to the door, opened it, and found Dumas, smoking revolver in hand. "Gentlemen, a most regrettable thing has happened," he announced. "I missed."

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CARNALITY

0283 -- DELIVERANCE FROM THE OLD MAN

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote that famous book, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and yet Stevenson, and all the others who had been writing about that subject, only borrowed it from the Old Testament and the seventh chapter of Romans. It was the problem of two factors in human life, the evil and the good; one fighting the other. The Apostle Paul wrote of it thus: "When I would do good, evil is present with me. Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Stevenson's man found a trick by which he could change himself into the person of another man, make an actual transformation of himself. He could change, not only his internal thoughts and feelings, but also his external looks and actions. Whenever he wanted to turn himself into Mr. Hyde, he took a drug and the miracle was accomplished. He changed his handwriting. He had a separate bank account for Mr. Hyde -- everything in life was separate. When Mr. Hyde, (who went down into sin and constantly wallowed in those depths of iniquity) wanted to get away from being Mr. Hyde, he took the drug and went back to being Dr. Jekyll. When the officers were after him, he had simply to go into the laboratory and swallow a pill, and when they arrived the man they were looking for was not there.

That process went on through the years, but this was the peculiar fact about it: Not only by his will could he change himself into another man, and so on back and forth, but he discovered at last, when it was too late that, every time he transformed himself from the good Dr. Jekyll into the evil Mr. Hyde, then Mr. Hyde became increasingly the stronger, until at last the climax was reached. It became harder and harder to make the transfer, and then, it could not be made at all. Dr. Jekyll was dead, and Mr. Hyde still lived, but he was damned to eternal darkness and death, helpless and hopeless.

Here is the man who finished the sentence that the book, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," never finished -- that Robert Louis Stevenson, and no other author ever finished. Here is the man who had the inspiration Divine. He said: "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord." -- Cortland Myers

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CARNALITY

0284 -- HONORED, NOT EXECUTED

A rather humorous story, which may be true, goes something like this: During the depths of the depression, president Hoover visited Charleston, West Virginia, where he was not popular. At a ceremony, they gave him a twenty-one gun salute which boomed from cannons close by. Then, following the firing of the last cannon, a heckler remarked: "They missed him!" Even thus it is concerning the old man. Sometimes, 21 long and loud nights of public seeking are nothing more than a 21 gun salute in the old man's honor -- never aimed to execute him! -- Duane V. Maxey

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CARNALITY

0285 -- MURDEROUS ANGER CONTROLLED HIM

In St. Petersburg, I saw in the square in front of St. Isaac's Cathedral, the magnificent equestrian statue of Peter the Great with his hand lifted pointing his nation onward and eastward toward the sea. Peter was the maker of modern Russia. In many respects, he well deserved the name "great," but he was subject to maniacal outbursts of fury and anger. In one of such outbursts, he killed his own son. Toward the end of his reign, Peter the Great once remarked, "I have conquered an empire but I was not able to conquer myself."

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CARNALITY

0286 -- STRIKING THE SOURCE

A number of years ago, I read a story, which may contain more humorous fiction than fact. It told of two worldly friends who went to Coney Island, and the last "attraction" they visited was a shooting gallery where they had celluloid balls propelled by jets of water. The balls rose and fell and when they fell, they fell out of sight. The idea was to hit them as you saw them. The first of the two friends shot all the cartridges in his rifle, but didn't hit one of the balls. Then, the second man picked up a gun took careful aim, shot once, and all of the balls fell. His incredulous friend said, "Bill, that's the most wonderful shooting I ever saw in my life! How on earth did you do it?" Bill replied, "I shot the fellow working the pump!" (adapted from "Knew What To Do") Whether this seems humorous to you or not, when our aim is real, vital, and spiritual, it is no joking matter. We must know what to do, and allow the Holy Ghost to "zero-in-on" and strike a death blow at the source of the problem. -- Duane V. Maxey

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CARNALITY

0287 -- THE TREE HAS ROOTS

A minister, having preached on the doctrine of original sin, was afterwards waited on by some persons who stated their objections to what he had advanced. After hearing them, he said, "I hope you do not deny actual sin, too?" "No," they replied. The good man expressed his satisfaction at their acknowledgment but, to show the absurdity of their opinions in denying a doctrine so plainly taught in Scripture, he asked them, "Did you ever see a tree growing without a root?" -- J. Caird

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CARNALITY

0288 -- UNWORTHY TO BE THE BRIDE

There is a tradition that Jonathan Edwards, third president of Princeton and America's greatest thinker, had a daughter with an ungovernable temper. But, as is often the case, this condition was not known to the outside world. A worthy young man fell in love with this daughter and sought her hand in marriage. "You can't have her," was the abrupt answer of Jonathan Edwards. "But, I love her," the young man replied. "You can't have her," said Edwards. "But, she loves me," replied the young man. Again Edwards said, "You can't have her." "Why?" asked the young man. "Because she is not worthy of you." "But," he asked, "she is a Christian, is she not?" "Yes, she is a Christian, but the grace of God can live with some people with whom no one else could ever live." -- McCartney

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CARNALITY

0289 -- WHO CAN KNOW IT? -- CORAL SNAKE STORY

He knew he had it in his bosom, but apparently he did not know the deadly potential it carried within itself to suddenly strike and slay him. Consequently, tragically, the Florida school boy quickly died that day! Perhaps it was because of its beauty or its deceitfully docile, friendly behavior when he touched it. Whatever it was that enticed him to do so, when he saw the Coral snake lying there in the sun, he gently and carefully picked it up and put it in his shirt pocket, close to his heart. While he rode the bus to school, ran into his classroom, and studied arithmetic and reading, the snake nestled there in his pocket quietly.

Then came recess time, but even during a ball game, when the boy "batted and ran the bases," still "the snake slept peacefully," there in his pocket. However, after the bell rang ending recess, as the children were "lined up at the door of the school building, one classmate gave the boy a shove, pushing him against the child in front of him. When their bodies collided the snake struck, emptying its gland of poisonous venom. The boy screamed and fell to the ground struggling for breath. In a short time, the boy was dead in spite of all efforts to revive him." (quoted portions and story from an article by E. Cunningham, Herald of Holiness 8/15/86)

In such a manner, carnality can reside in one's heart, latent and deadly, until it is riled, and then it brings sudden, spiritual death -- sometimes also eternal death! -- Duane V. Maxey

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CEREMONIALISM

0290 -- CEREMONIAL WASHINGS

Edersheim in "The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah" outlines the most elaborate of Jewish washings. Water jars were kept ready to be used before a meal. The minimum amount of water to be used was a quarter of a log, which is defined as enough to fill one and a half eggshells. The water was first poured on both hands, held with the fingers pointed upwards, and must run up the arm as far as the wrist. It must drop off from the wrist, for the water was now itself unclean, having touched the unclean hands, and, if it ran down the fingers again, it would again render them unclean. The process was repeated with the hands held in the opposite direction, with the fingers pointing down; and then finally each hand was cleansed by being rubbed with the fist of the other. A really strict Jew would do all this, not only before a meal, but also between each of the courses.

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CEREMONIALISM

0291 -- FORMAL RELIGION, A CHEAP IMITATION

At an art auction, Van Gogh's painting Portrait of Dr. Gachet sold for the high bid of \$82.5 million. And Renoir's beautiful Au Moulin de la Galette was auctioned for \$78.1 million. Now, admittedly, these are wonderful paintings. But only a few people in the world can afford to hang one of these on their living room wall.

Both of these paintings are available as reproductions, and you can buy a Renoir or Van Gogh for your home. Nobody invests in them, however, because they are only copies. They have very little value.

I see a parallel in the spiritual realm. Our world is filled with religion, and much of it appears to be Christian. Many people talk about Jesus, insist on clean living, carry Bibles, and go to church. But they aren't the real thing. They are only pretenders.

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CHAMPIONS

0292 -- CHAMPIONS OF THE NIGHT

"Joshua therefore came unto them suddenly, and went up from Gilgal all night." Josh. 10:9
"It was midnight on the St. Lawrence River. In the darkness, barge after barge loaded with British soldiers floated silently down the broad river. As they were nearing their destination, the commander of the army, Wolfe, recited to the officers of his staff these lines of Thomas Gray:

The curfew tolls the bell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way;
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

When he had finished the stanzas, he told his officers he would rather be the author of that poem than win the battle with the French on the morrow. By a mountain path the army made its ascent in the darkness from the river to the Plains of Abraham. When the sun began to shine the morning of September 13, 1759, its rays were reflected upon the bayonets and cannon of the English army. The French army fought well and courageously all that day; but their courage and heroism, and that of their gallant commander, Montcalm, were all in vain. The battle had been irrevocably lost by night. An empire, a kingdom, the dominion of North America, had been lost by night." -- McCartney

General Wolfe became a "champion of the night" and changed the course of history on the North American continent by seeing and seizing the opportunity which the hours of darkness gave him. There have been other, secular, "champions of the night," as well as some spiritual "champions of the night." Joshua and King Saul both gained victories after marching their troops through the night. But the Greatest "Champion Of The Night" is Jesus. He wrestled during the night in the Garden of Gethsemane, stole a march on the devil, and gained eternal victory for us all on the Cross the next day. Every "champion of the night" has taken advantage of the hours of darkness so as to gained the crucial victory the next day. -- Duane V. Maxey

The heights, that some men gained and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,

Were toiling upward through the night.

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CHARACTER

0293 -- HIS CHARACTER KNOWN BY WHO DIDN'T KNOW HIM

An Irishman was being tried in a Kansas town. His was a petty offense. The judge asked if there was anyone present who would vouch for his character. "To be sure, your Honor," he declared, "there's the sheriff." The sheriff looked amazed. "Your Honor," he said, "I do not even know the man." "Your Honor," came back the Irishman as quick as a flash, "I've lived in this county for more than twelve years, and the sheriff does not know me yet. Isn't that a character for you?" -- Toronto Globe

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CHARACTER

0294 -- INSIGHT INTO HIS CHARACTER

Among the reminiscences of a political leader, published by a Boston journal, is one of a national convention of the party to which he belonged. He says that the first day's proceedings developed the fact that the balance of power in the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency would rest with the delegation from a certain State.

The delegates met in caucus at night with closed doors. In the discussion that ensued, the name of a prominent man was urged and was received with favor. Only one of the delegates, a judge of some eminence in the State, knew him personally, and he not intimately. He was asked for his opinion. In reply, he said that he was at college with the prospective candidate, and he would relate one incident of college life. He did so, and it showed that the young man was, in those days, destitute of moral principle. The delegates were satisfied that, although brilliant, he was a man they could not trust and they unanimously resolved to cast the votes of the State for his rival. The next day the vote was given as decided, and the man to whom it was given was nominated and elected.

Little did the young college man think when he committed that escapade, that a score of years later it would be the sole cause of his missing one of the greatest prizes of earth -- that of being the President of the United States. But sin is always loss, and unless it is blotted out by the blood of Christ, it will cause the sinner to lose the greatest prize attainable to a human being in the world beyond the grave -- eternal life. -- Rev. W. W. Landrum

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CHARACTER

0295 -- WHAT, NOT WHO, ONE IS MATTERS MOST

In the old cemetery at Winchester, Virginia, that starlit abbey of the Confederacy, there is a monument to the unknown Confederate dead. On it are cut these two lines:

Who they were, none knows,
What they were, all know.

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CHARITABLENESS

0296 -- CHARITY HIDETH A MULTITUDE OF SINS

F. B. Meyer tells the story of a young girl who lived centuries ago in a convent in France. She was sweet and pure and admired of all who saw her. Her work was to care for an altar and answer the portal. Wars swept over France bringing soldiers to the convent, and one that was wounded was given into her care. When he recovered, he persuaded her to leave the convent. She went with him to Paris where she lost her good name and everything that made life worth living. Years passed, and she came back to die within the sound of the convent bell. She fell fainting upon the steps, and there came to find her, one who had lovingly kept from others the knowledge of her fall into sin. She picked her up and carried her into the convent and placed her on her bed. All the years that she had been gone, she had faithfully done her work and none knew of her disgrace; so she glided back into her old place, and until the day of her death no one ever knew her sin. All this, Christ has done for me. I like to think that He had me in mind when He suffered and died, that He has made up before God for all that I have failed to do, and when I stand before Him it will be as if I never had sinned in all my life. -- J. Wilbur Chapman

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CHARITABLENESS

0297 -- LOVE HIDES MANY FLAWS IN OTHERS

When an eminent painter was requested to paint Alexander the Great, so as to give a perfect likeness of the Macedonian conqueror, he felt a difficulty. Alexander in his wars had been struck by a sword, and across his forehead was an immense scar. The painter said, if I retain the scar it will be an offense to the admirers of that monarch, and if I omit it, it will fail to be a perfect likeness. What shall I do? He hit upon a happy expedient. He represented the emperor leaning on his elbow, with his forefinger upon his brow, accidentally, as it seemed, covering the scar upon his forehead.

Might not we represent each other with the finger of charity upon the scar, instead of representing the scar deeper, darker, and blacker than it actually is? H. L. Hastings

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CHARITABLENESS -- JUDGMENT FORBIDDEN

0298 -- TOO MANY UMBRELLAS

The story is told of Mr. Jones who picked up the wrong umbrella in a hotel lobby and was about to walk out when the rightful owner called attention to his mistake. Embarrassed, he offered his apologies. Finding his own, he went on his way. The incident, however, reminded him that he had promised to buy both his wife and daughter an umbrella. To his delight he found that a local store nearby had them on sale, so he bought two. Just as he was getting into his car with his unwrapped purchases, he saw the man he had encountered earlier. He was eyeing him suspiciously. Seeing the three umbrellas hooked over his arm, the stranger exclaimed sarcastically, "I see you had a good day after all!" Although Mr. Jones blushed, he was not guilty of any wrongdoing. Things are not always what they appear to be on the surface. Beware of the sin of misjudging others!

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CHILDLIKENESS

0299 -- THEIR SIZE IS THEIR TICKET

The Chicago Daily News captions a picture of small children entering a "tiny-tot play lot" through a low gateway shaped like a keyhole. Admittance to the lot, given to the youngsters of Oak and Sedgwick Streets by Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Dewey, depends on the ability of the child to walk upright through the low gate. Size too, determines whether or not a person enters Heaven. When His disciples asked the Lord Jesus who was the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven, he "called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 18:13) -- Selected

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CHILDREN

0300 -- A JEWISH GIRL RESTORED TO LIFE -- FAMILY CONVERTED

Some years ago, a little Jewish girl in Russia learned large portions of the New Testament from a boy who had committed them to memory. One day, upon the arrival of her father, after an absence, she ran to meet him, and said, "I do love Jesus; He loved little children." This angered the father, and he forbade her to speak on the subject again. Soon the child was stricken with scarlet fever, and the medical attendant gave no hope for her recovery. A gentile woman was called to nurse the child, as the Jews feared the fever. The woman quoted the verse of a hymn; and the father of little Deborah offered the deathbed prayer of the Jews. Then the child opened her eyes and repeated accurately the story of Jairus' daughter. When she finished her head fell back, and to all appearance she was gone. In an agony of mind the father fell down at the feet of Jesus and besought

him, saying, "O Jesus, thou who didst raise up the daughter of Jairus, raise up little Deborah, and I will believe in thee as Israel's Messiah." That cry of agony was heard, and the child rose from her couch of death, and the Jewish family was converted to Christianity. -- The Illustrator

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CHILDREN

0301 -- A LITTLE GIRL'S TIMELY QUESTION

June was a curly headed little girl of five years. She lived in a small Illinois town where her father was a pastor. Her mother frequently sent her to the Post Office for the mail. She was a bright, cheerful child, and a general favorite with the people. One day as she was on one of her trips to the Post office, an old man stopped her and asked, "Little girl, where did you get those pretty curls?" "God gave them to me," she sweetly replied. After a few more words of conversation she looked up earnestly into the old man's face and asked, "Mister are you saved?" He was greatly surprised and deeply impressed by this question and sorrowfully answered "No, little girl, I'm not." "Well," answered June, "You ought to be, for you're getting to be a pretty old man." Then she ran on to fulfill her errand.

Several weeks after this the old man attended an old-fashioned revival meeting and was saved. He testified in the meeting that it was the question that the little girl had asked him, that he could not get out of his mind, and had at last brought him to Jesus. On the way home that night from the revival, the car in which the old man was riding was struck by a train, and he was hurled into eternity. This was very sad, but how blessed it was that he had been saved just in time, and sudden death was to him sudden glory. -- Selected

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CHILDREN

0302 -- A SERVANT AND A TYRANT

Professor Jerome Lejeune, discoverer of the chromosomal pattern of Down's Syndrome once related to us a story he had heard from a geneticist colleague.

"Many years ago, my father was a Jewish physician in Braunau, Austria. On one particular day, two babies had been delivered by one of his colleagues. One was a fine, healthy boy with a strong cry. His parents were extremely proud and happy. The other was a little girl, but her parents were extremely sad, for she was a Mongoloid baby. I followed them both for almost fifty years. The girl grew up, living at home, and was finally destined to be the one who nursed her mother through a very long and lingering illness after a stroke. I do not remember her name. I do, however, remember the boy's name. He died in a bunker in Berlin. His name was Adolph Hitler." -- Dr. & Mrs. J.C. Willke

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CHILDREN

0303 -- A WISE ANSWER

The King of Prussia, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then taking an orange from a plate, he asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?" "The vegetable kingdom, sir," replied a little girl. The king took a gold coin from his pocket and asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom," said the little girl. "And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the king. The little girl colored up deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his Majesty should be offended. Just then it flashed into her mind that "God made man in His own image," and looking up with a brightening eye she said: "To God's Kingdom, sir." The king was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said, most devoutly: "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that Kingdom." -- Gospel Herald

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CHILDREN

0304 -- EASIER TO CARRY ME

During the early years of missionary activity in China, four members of one family accepted Christ as Savior, but the youngest, a little boy, did not. Later, he came to his father and said he wanted to receive the Savior and live for Him. The father felt he was not old enough to understand what he was doing, so he explained what it meant to make a commitment to Jesus. He told him that following Christ would not always be easy. The boy gave this touching reply: "God has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. I am only a little boy. It will be easier for Jesus to carry me."

The simplicity and genuineness of that boy's faith made a profound impression on the father, who quickly sensed that his son knew what he was doing. Soon the youngster publicly declared his faith in Christ. -- Daily Bread

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CHILDREN

0305 -- HINDERED BY THE PRESS?

A little boy, whose father was a newspaper printer, was preparing his Sunday school lesson, and came across these words, "He sought to see Jesus -- and could not for the press." "Oh, Dad," said the little lad, "is that why you can't love Jesus, -- because you are in the Press?" The child's words impressed the father, and, like Zacchaeus, he ran on and followed Jesus; and better still, he found the presence of Christ a reality, even in the pressroom. -- Christian Herald .

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CHILDREN

0306 -- HOW ARE YOUR CHILDREN DOING?

The Fordham Institute just released its most recent "Index for Social Health for Children and Youth." This index combines infant mortality, child abuse, teenage pregnancy, suicide, drug abuse, high school dropout rates and a host of the factors into a scale of social health that ranges from 0-100.

In 1970, the index stood at 68. Today? It's plummeted to 37, "the worst year for children in two decades."

What the Fordham Institute didn't index, however, what we as Christians should desire first for our children: Spiritual Health. How are your children doing?

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CHILDREN

0307 -- HOW MOODY WON THEM

"What will you have?" asked a saloon keeper of Moody. "These children for my Sunday school," Moody replied. Said the saloon keeper, "If you come down here next Thursday night, and meet the boys in the infidel club, which meets here, you may have the children." Said Moody, "Agreed! I'll be here!" Moody was there. He opened the meeting by saying, "Gentlemen, it is our custom to open our meeting with prayer. Tommy, jump on that barrel and pray." Tommy perched himself on the barrel, turned his little face up toward Heaven, and how he did pray! As the tears stole down his cheeks the more tenderhearted beat a retreat, and finally those more rocklike, subdued by the pathos and spiritual power of the occasion slowly retired, until there was none left except the barkeeper, Moody and the praying boy.

"That will do, Tommy," exclaimed the evangelist. "I claim the children," said he, turning to the father. "They are yours according to contract," replied the father, "but it is a queer way to fight." "It is the way I win my battle," said Moody. He had instructed the boy not to cease praying until he had prayed them all out. It was a piece of strategy full of tactfulness. The reality, the venturesomeness, the tact of such a man is worth emulating. -- Gospel Herald

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CHILDREN

0308 -- I AM THE TEACHER

A Twelve-year Old Missionary: Years ago when Robert Moffat was in Africa, he traveled far into the interior. One day he came to a tree upon which a board was fixed, saying that a Christian school was to be found in a village not far away. He was amazed, for he believed himself to be the first white man in that part. Making his way toward the village, he met a little native girl about twelve years of age, to whom he said, "I saw a board fastened to a tree saying that there was a Christian school held in the village. Would you be so good as to lead me to the teacher?" The little girl hung her head shyly and made no reply. "Do you know the teacher?" he asked. She replied this time with a nod. "Well, who is the teacher?" he persisted. Looking up into his face now, but still shyly, she answered, "I am the teacher." Mr. Moffat discovered that the little girl had once been taken to a distant tribe, where she heard a missionary tell the people of the love of Jesus; and she had now become the first missionary to her own people. -- Gospel Herald

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CHILDREN

0309 -- I TAKE CARE OF MY LAMBS

A farmer was walking over his farm with a friend, exhibiting his crops, herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep. His friend was greatly impressed and highly pleased, especially with the splendid sheep. He had seen the same breed frequently before, but never had seen such fine specimens. With great earnestness he asked how he had succeeded in rearing such flocks. His simple answer was: "I take care of my lambs." -- Scottish Magazine

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CHILDREN

0310 -- THE DEATH OF A CHILD

In all the literature of sacred experience that has grown around that child's prayer of the Christian world, "Now I lay me down to sleep," we have seen few narratives more affecting than this:

It was told by the pastor of St. John's Church, New York. Part of the wall of a burnt house, he said, had fallen on a six or seven year old boy, and terribly mangled him. Living in the neighborhood, I was called in to see the stricken household. The little sufferer was in intense agony. Most of his ribs were broken, his breastbone crushed, and one of his limbs fractured in two places. His breathing was short and difficult. He was evidently dying. I spoke a few words to him of Christ, the ever-present and precious Friend of children, and then, with his mother and an older sister, knelt before his bed. Short and simple was our prayer. Holding the lad's hand in mine, I repeated the children's gospel: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He disengaged his hand from mine, and folded his. We rose from our knees. His mind began to wander. He called his mother. "I'm sleepy," mamma, "and want to say my prayers." "Do so, my darling," replied the sobbing mother. "Now I lay me down to sleep;

I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep If I should die..." and then he was beyond the river of death.

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CHILDREN

0311 -- WOLVES PREFER LAMBS

Dr. W. B. Riley told of spending a brief vacation years ago on the premises of a Scottish sheep herder. His host had met him courteously at the station, but in the long drive to the ranch had seemed strangely disinclined to talk. There had seemed to be a heavy burden on his heart. Pressed for the reason for his silence, the old shepherd had wept as though his own children had been snatched from him. "I lost sixty-five of my best lambs last night," he said. "Wolves got in." The sympathetic pastor expressed his own grief over this great loss of his friend's. "And how many sheep did they kill besides?" he asked. The shepherd looked surprised. "Don't you know," he answered, "that a wolf will never take an old sheep so long as he can get a lamb?" The "lambs" are being cruelly ruined by the enemy of souls today. Who is there with the shepherd heart to weep over this loss, to set about to bring to the lambs and the sheep the protection that is to be found only in Christ? -- King's Business

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CHILDREN -- AMUSING STATEMENTS OF

0312 -- A COMMANDMENT FOR BROTHERS AND SISTERS

A Sunday School teacher was in the process of teaching the 10 commandments to her third grade class. She noted: "We have learned the commandments, 'Honor thy father and mother.' Is there one that refers to brothers and sisters?" A little girl responded, "Thou shalt not kill!" --
Homemade

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CHILDREN -- AMUSING STATEMENTS OF

0313 -- A WRONG QUOTE, A GOOD STATEMENT

In his beautiful book, *I Shall Not Want*, Robert Ketchum tells of a Sunday school teacher who asked her group of children if any of them could quote the entire twenty-third psalm. A golden-haired, 4 1/2 year old girl was among those who raised their hands. A bit skeptical, the teacher asked if she could really quote the entire psalm. The little girl came to the rostrum, faced the class, made a perky little bow, and said: "The Lord is my shepherd, that's all I want." She then bowed again and sat down. She may have overlooked a few verses, but that little girl captured David's heart in Psalm 23.

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CHILDREN -- AMUSING STATEMENTS OF

0314 -- ONE WHO MISUNDERSTOOD ARMS FOR ALMS

"Asked to receive an alms" (Acts 3:3) The minister was being entertained at the home of one of the elders. While they were at dinner the little daughter of the house said to the minister, "I heard you preach today." "You did?" said he. "Can you tell me, then, what I preached about?" "Yes," answered the little girl. "You preached about a man who asked for arms, and got legs." -- Selected

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CHILDREN -- AMUSING STATEMENTS OF

0315 -- ONE WHO MISUNDERSTOOD ARREST FOR REST

My 4 year old niece, Bethany, attends a midweek club at church, where she recently learned about creation and what God did on each day. But one of her classmates, Kirk, raised the leader's eyebrows when he said, "On the seventh day God went to jail." When asked to explain, Kirk replied, "You said that on the seventh day God got arrested." -- Charlotte Cooper

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CHILDREN -- AMUSING STATEMENTS OF

0316 -- ONE WHO MISUNDERSTOOD EDITH FOR EATETH

One day in London, a group of children were feeling the cold and slipped inside a church to get warm. To their surprise, a service soon began, and the vicar arose to read the lesson. "This man (Christ Jesus) receiveth sinners and eateth with them." After the service, a little girl about 8 years old went up to the vicar. "Please, sir," she said, "I didn't know my name was in the Bible." "And what is your name, little girl?" he asked. "Edith, sir." "No," he said, "Edith doesn't come in the Bible." "Oh, yes sir," she replied, "you read this afternoon that this man Christ Jesus receiveth sinners and EDITH with them."

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CHILDREN -- AMUSING STATEMENTS OF

0317 -- TAKE CARE

Little Suzie finished her prayer and said: Dear God, Before I finish, I want you to take care of mommy, take care of daddy, take care of my sister and my brother and please, God, take care of yourself, because if you don't we're all sunk. Amen!

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CHILDREN -- ESTEEMED HIGHLY

0318 -- FRANCIS XAVIER'S MISTAKE

An interesting incident is recorded of Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary. Once, on some field of labor where hundreds came with their needs, their questions, and their heart-hungers, he was worn almost to utter exhaustion by days and nights of serving. At last he said to his attendant: "I must sleep. I must sleep. If I do not, I shall die. If anyone comes, whoever comes, waken me not. I must sleep." He then retired into his tent, and his faithful servant began his watch. It was not long, however, till a pallid face appeared at the door. Xavier beckoned eagerly to the watcher, and said in a solemn tone: "I made a mistake; I made a mistake. If a little child comes waken me." -- Topical Illustrations

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CHILDREN -- ESTEEMED HIGHLY

0319 -- MAKING COFFEE

A mother and her 3 year old daughter were riding in a car when suddenly the little girl put her head on her mother's chest and began to listen. "What are you doing?" mom asked. "I'm listening for Jesus in your heart," was the reply. "Well what do you hear?" The innocent child looked up with the satisfied look of discovery in her eyes and said, "Sounds like he's making coffee to me!"

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CHILDREN -- ESTEEMED HIGHLY

0320 -- THE MYSTERY

One of the greatest mysteries of life is how the boy who was not good enough to marry the daughter can be the father of the smartest grandchild in the world!

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CHILDREN -- EXAMPLES OF GOOD

0321 -- LITTLE TUGS WHO PULLED BIG SHIPS

At the close of his sermon, a pastor directed some special words to the children. He said, "If you visit New York City, you will see great ships coming in from the ocean. They wait outside the harbor until tugs go out to meet them. A cable stretched between the large vessel and the tug

enables the small boat to tow the big ship safely to the mooring dock. Boys and girls," concluded the preacher, "you can be 'little tugs' for Jesus. You can throw the cords of love to some bigger person -- an aunt, an uncle, or even your parents -- and bring them to Christ." Two young girls began attending Sunday school and were converted to Christ. They invited their parents to come, and in time both of them had received Jesus as their Savior. The "little tugs" had brought the "big ships" into God's harbor of grace.

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CHILDREN -- EXAMPLES OF GOOD

0322 -- THE SERMON OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRL

Some time ago I was at my home in New York. Walking up Sixth Avenue a man came along, walked by me, and looking around: "Oh how do you do? how do you do?" said he. "Who are you?" said I. "I know you; I saw you down at the Fulton Street meeting, and I saw you here in Lyric Hall today, leading the meeting." "Well," said I, "Who are you?" Said he: "I live in Albany -- I shall never forget the fourth day of August." "What happened then?" said I.

He replied: "I was a drunkard, and I was home on the floor drunk, and my dear little girl, six years of age, came home from Sunday school, knelt down by my side, put her arm around my body, and I there, drunk, but not so drunk that I did not know what I was about; and she drew her little hand over my face, and said, 'I love you papa;' and then she drew the other hand over my cheek, and said, 'yes, papa, and Jesus loves you too.' That made me angry, and I pushed her off, and got up, and went out angrily."

"The very name of Jesus touched my sinful heart. I went down to the saloon, but every pat of my foot upon the pavement seemed to say, 'Yes, papa, Jesus loves you too,' and when I went into that saloon, and got a glass, and took it up in my hand, something was saying all the time, 'yes, papa, Jesus loves you too.' I could not drink it, and thank God, I did not. I dashed it down and came home, and called for my little girl. Her mother led her out, and I got her up in my arms, and kissed her again and again. I never loved that daughter as I did then. That little sermon, 'Yes, papa, Jesus loves you too,' led me to give up my cup, and led me to Jesus. I have not drank a drop since; and last Sunday I joined the church with my wife." -- Albert P. Graves

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CHILDREN -- PRESENT AT WORSHIP

0323 -- MOODY'S COATTAILS

The story is told by a minister of a church Moody visited years before. The fame of Moody was far and wide and when it was announced that the well-known evangelist was coming, thousands came to hear. One evening a little boy came alone to the door of the large church. The usher at the door stopped the small dirty ragged boy and told him that he should go home and be in bed. When the boy explained that he wanted to see Mr. Moody the usher refused to let him come

in. The little boy, downcast and disappointed, walked to the side of the building and began to weep. Just then a carriage came to the church entrance and Moody moved toward the door. He heard the crying and saw the little boy leaning against the wall. Moody walked over to him and asked his trouble. The boy looked up and explained how he wanted to hear Mr. Moody but wasn't allowed inside. Moody smiled and said, "Do you really want to hear Mr. Moody?" "Yes, Sir!" was the reply. "Well, I know how to get you in, but you have to do exactly what I tell you to." The little boy said, "I will."

So, putting his coattails in the hands of the boy, Moody told him to hold on to them and not let loose until he told him to. Moody entered the building and walked to the platform. Reaching the pulpit, he said, "Well done. I told you that if you would only hold on you would get in. Now, my boy, you sit there." Moody put him on the chair reserved for himself and for the evening the boy listened to the great preacher. The minister who told the story said, "I know the story is true for it happened in my church. Yes, I know it's true because I was that little boy. I heard the great D. L. Moody preach, but little did I know when I clung to his coattails that someday I would become the minister of that same church."

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CHOICE -- EVIL

0324 -- FEATHERS OR FUR

A long time ago, when the world was young, the birds and the beasts were engaged in a bitter war. The bat, not wanting to be, on the losing side; whichever that might be; tried to be on both sides. Whenever the birds won a battle, he would fly with them, telling everyone he was a bird. When the beasts won, he would walk around, assuring everyone that he was a beast. It didn't take long for the bat's hypocrisy to be discovered. He was rejected by both the birds and the beasts. From that day on, the bat has had to go into hiding. To this day, he lives in dark caves, only daring to come out at night. -- Aesop's Fables

We must choose what we shall be -- a Christ server, or a Christ rejecter. We drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils.

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CHOICE -- EVIL

0325 -- GOODBYE TO GOD

At Princeton there is a tradition about Aaron Burr, how one night when the college was shaken by a revival he shut himself in his room saying that before the night was over he would decide the matter of his relationship to God. Late at night, the students living near him heard his shutters thrown open, and a loud exclamation, "Goodby God!"

The echo of this cry is heard in many quarters today and with more or less enthusiasm. Those of us who are of the household of faith are reluctant to admit the sweep and range of the present anti-Christian movement. It proceeds under two forms: first open and avowed atheistic propaganda or the worship of no God; second, and much more dangerous and subtle, the cowardly compromise with unbelief on the part of religious leaders of our day. -- McCartney

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CHOICE -- EVIL

0326 -- SIGNING AWAY ONE'S INTEREST IN CHRIST

It was in a country store one evening. A number of young men were sitting together about the stove, telling what they didn't believe and what they were not afraid to do. Finally the leader of the group remarked that, so far as he was concerned, he would be willing any time to sign away his interest in Christ for a five-dollar bill. "What did I understand you to say?" asked an old farmer, who happened to be in the store, and who had overheard the remark. "I said that for five dollars I would sign away all my interest in Christ, and so I will."

The old farmer, who had learned to know the human heart pretty well, drew out his leather wallet, took therefrom a five-dollar bill, and put it in the storekeeper's hand. Then calling for ink and paper, he said: "My young friend, if you will just step to the desk now and write as I direct you, the money is yours." The young man took the pen and began: "In the presence of these witnesses, I, _____, for the sum of five dollars, received, do now, once for all and forever, sign away all my interest.." Then he dropped the pen and with a forced smile said: "I take it back. I was only fooling."

That young man did not dare to sign that paper. Why? He had an accusing conscience. He knew that there was a God. He believed in religion. He meant to be a Christian some time. And so do others. Notwithstanding their apparent indifference, their trifling conduct, their boasting speech, they would not today for ten thousand dollars sign away, if such a thing were possible, their interest in Jesus Christ. -- Congregationalist

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CHOICE -- WISE

0327 -- I'D RATHER HAVE JESUS

It was in the thirties. Business curves were still heading downward and there was rumor of a salary cut at the New York insurance office where 22-year-old Beverly Shea was employed as a clerk. Possessor of a deep melodious voice, the young man was offered a radio contract and immediately saw opportunities for fame and possible riches in his regular appearance on a secular program.

Shea had been pondering the matter for several days when he sat down to the piano early one Sunday morning to rehearse a hymn he was to sing in church that morning. As he played and sang his eyes fell on a piece of paper, on which was written:

I'd rather have Jesus than silver or gold,
I'd rather be His than have riches untold!

The poem, by Mrs. Rhea Miller, had been placed where Beverly would see it by his mother, a minister's wife, who knew of the offer her son was pondering. Above all, she wanted her son, a Christian, to become wholly consecrated in His service. His eyes raced over the words:

I'd rather have Jesus than men's applause
I'd rather have Jesus than worldwide fame

The sentences struck his very heart. His fingers unconsciously left the tune he was rehearsing and began to find the melody which is today known to millions.

Several days after, the director who spoke to Shea in behalf of the radio network was amazed to receive a firm "no" in response to the offer. "No" was a strange word to the director's ear as thousands of singers would have leaped at such an opportunity as was proposed to the young bass-baritone. From that time forward, the words of the poem "I'd rather Have Jesus" set to music became his testimony. -- Power

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CHOICE -- WISE

0328 -- OVER THE LINE

Drawing his sword, Pizarro traced a line with it on the sand from east to west, Then, turning towards the south: "Friends and comrades," he said, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part I go to the south." So saying, he stepped across the line. -- C. H. Spurgeon

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CHOICE -- WISE

0329 -- SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN FAIR WEATHER!

On board a vessel that sailed from an Eastern port, was a sailor who made himself notorious for his blasphemy. He took delight in inventing new and fearful oaths. In a terrible storm that arose soon after leaving port, the captain going down into the fore-castle found him on his knees praying. He took him by the collar and jerked him up, exclaiming, "Say your prayers in fair weather!" Soon after, the sailor left the vessel. Four years later, this captain came into the harbor

of New York one Sabbath morning, and was invited by a friend to go and hear a famous sailor minister. Upon entering the door, it being late, the minister stopped in the midst of his sermon, and exclaimed, "Say your prayers in fair weather." Then he told the above story, concluding with, "I was that blaspheming sailor." That sentence had clung to him, and he began immediately to serve the Lord. Every reason impels us to give our hearts to God on the covenant of His love; and these reasons are stronger in the fair weather of youth and health. Then, not in the storm, in sickness, in danger, is the time to choose who we will serve. -- Peloubet

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CHOICE -- WISE

0330 -- WHY HE SURRENDERED

The Rev. T. E. Ruth of Sydney, Australia, relates that when just in his teens he went to a church where the curate preached on the text, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." The sermon made him thoroughly disgusted with himself, and, annoyed with the curate. He went to another church. To his surprise, the same curate ascended the pulpit and preached the same sermon. At night he went to a third place of worship, where the preacher proved to be the same curate, and his text was, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." "It was too much for me," said Mr. Ruth. "That night I surrendered to the love that had sought me in three places." -- The Christian Herald

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CHRIST

0331 -- WHY CHRIST IS PREACHED REPEATEDLY

After renowned missionary Jonathan Goforth (1859-1936) had spoken in a chapel in southern China, a man asked to talk to him. He said "I have heard you speak three times, and you always have the same theme. You always speak of Jesus Christ. Why?"

The missionary replied, "Sir, before answering your question, let me ask, 'What did you have for dinner today?'" "Rice," replied the man. "What did you have yesterday?" "The same thing."

"And what do you expect to eat tomorrow?" "Rice, of course. It gives me strength. I could not do without it. Sir, it is -- " the man hesitated as if looking for a strong word. Then he added, "Sir, it is my very life!" The missionary responded quickly, "What you have said of rice, Jesus is to our soul! He is the 'rice' or 'bread of life.'"

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CHRIST -- ABIDING IN

0332 -- CHRISTIAN ROSE

Dr. Howard A. Kelly had a unique and effective way of "witnessing". He was never seen in public without a beautiful pink rose in his lapel. This practice gave him many opportunities to witness about his relationship with the Lord Jesus. Someone meeting him on the street might remark, "That's a lovely rose, Dr. Kelly." "Yes, it is," he would reply. "Actually, it's a 'Christian rose!'" "Why do you call it that?" he would be asked. The well -- known physician would then turn back his lapel and display a tiny water bottle which held the stem of the flower and kept it fresh and sweet. "It's a 'Christian rose,'" he would explain, "because it has a hidden source of life and beauty. When our Savior pardons our sins, He also unites us with Himself and thereby nourishes and strengthens us. He becomes the secret reservoir of our joy, and any fragrance of testimony we exhibit to the world comes from Him."

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CHRIST -- ABIDING IN

0333 -- LOOKING UNTO JESUS

Many people have heard of the outstanding exploits of Blondin, the tightrope walker. Blondin amused and amazed thousands of people as he made his way over Niagara Falls on a slender rope stretched from shore to shore. He never faltered or failed. But Blondin had a secret. As he made his way over the rope, he would keep his eyes fixed on a large silver star which he had erected at the far end. The star was the center of his attention and guided him to the other side.

In running the heavenly race the believer must look to his Star -- the bright and morning Star, the Lord Jesus. He has run the race and now bids his followers to run the race, keeping their eyes fixed on himself as the goal.

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CHRIST -- ABIDING IN

0334 -- THE STRAIGHTEST FOOTSTEPS

The snow covered the ground where three lads were playing. A man came along and said to them, "Would you like to try a race and the winner receive a prize?" The boys agreed and the man told them that his race was to be different. "I will go to the other side of the field," he said, "and when I give you the signal, you will start to run. The one whose footsteps are the straightest in the snow will be the winner." The race commenced and the first boy kept looking at his feet to see if his steps were straight. The second lad kept looking at his companions to see what they were doing; but the third boy just ran on with his eyes steadfastly fixed on the man on the other side of the field. The third lad was the winner, for his footsteps were straight in the snow. He had kept his eyes on the goal ahead of him.

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CHRIST -- AS SHEPHERD

0335 -- THE SHEPHERD'S ROD AND STAFF

In 1849, Dr. Duff was traveling near Simla, under the shadow of the Himalaya mountains. One day his way led to a narrow bridle path cut out on the face of a steep ridge. Along this narrow path, that ran so near a great precipice, he saw a shepherd leading his flock. Now and then, the shepherd stopped and looked back. If he saw a sheep creeping up too far on the one hand, or going too near the edge of the dangerous precipice on the other, he would at once turn back, and go to it, gently pulling it back.

He had a long rod, as tall as himself, around the lower half of which was twisted a band of iron. There was a crook at one end of the rod, and it was with this the shepherd took hold of one of the hind legs of the wandering sheep to pull it back. The thick band of iron at the other end of the rod was really a staff, and was ready for use whenever he saw a hyena, or wolf, or some other troublesome animal, come near the sheep; for, especially at night, these creatures prowled about the flock. With the iron part of the rod he could give a good blow when any attack was threatened.

In Psalm 23:4 we have mention made of "Thy rod and Thy staff." There is meaning in both, and distinct meaning. God's "rod" draws us back, kindly and lovingly, if we go aside from His path. God's "staff" protects us against the onset of our enemies, whether they be men or devils. -- Life Of Dr. Duff

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CHRIST -- AS SHEPHERD

0336 -- THE SHEPHERD'S WISE METHOD OF SALVATION

Dr. Andrew Bonar told me how, in the Highlands of Scotland, sheep would often wander off into the rocks and get into places that they couldn't get out of. The grass on these mountains is very sweet and the sheep like it, and they will jump down ten or twelve feet, and then they can't jump back again, and the shepherd hears them bleating in distress. They may be there for days, until they have eaten all the grass. The shepherd will wait until the sheep is so faint it cannot stand, and then he will put a rope around him, and he will go over and pull that sheep up out of the jaws of death.

"Why don't they go down there when the sheep first gets there?" I asked. "Ah," he said, "they are so very foolish they would dash right over the precipice and be killed if they did!" -- McCartney

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CHRIST -- AUTHORITY OF

0337 -- CHRIST HAS BOTH POWER AND AUTHORITY

Over lunch, British writer G. K. Chesterton once expounded to fellow writer Alexander Woollcott on the relationship between power and authority. "If a rhinoceros were to enter this restaurant now, there is no denying he would have great power here. But I should be the first to rise and assure him that he had no authority whatever."

Chesterton's vivid example is right. There is a profound difference between power and authority -- and Jesus possessed both.

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CHRIST -- BECAME MAN'S SUBSTITUTE

0338 -- HE DIED FOR ME (ILLUSTRATION A)

During the Civil War in the United States, a farmer named Blake was drafted as a soldier. He was deeply concerned about leaving his family, because his wife had died and there would be no one to support and take care of his children in his absence. The day before he was to leave for the army, his neighbor Charlie Durham came to visit him. "Blake," he said, "I've been thinking. You're needed here at home, so I've decided to go in your place." The farmer was so overwhelmed that a few moments he was speechless. The offer seemed too good to be true. He grasped the hand of the young man and praised God for this one who was willing to go as his substitute.

Charlie went to the front-lines and performed his duties nobly. But sad to say, he was shot and killed in the first battle. When the farmer heard the news, he immediately saddled his horse and rode out to the battlefield. After searching for some time, he found the body of his friend. He arranged to have it buried in the churchyard near the spot where they had often stopped to talk after the services. On a piece of marble he carved an inscription with his own hands. It was roughly done, but with every blow of the hammer on the chisel tears fell from his eyes. He placed the marker on the grave of his devoted substitute. Many villagers wept as they read the brief but touching inscription: HE DIED FOR ME.

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CHRIST -- BECAME MAN'S SUBSTITUTE

0339 -- HE DIED FOR ME (ILLUSTRATION B)

Testified Ned Wright, a converted drunkard and thief: "Previous to the Boer War I was sitting in a saloon in London drinking and gambling when a recruiting serjeant of the Army came in and asked me to join the army. I was so drunk I did not know what I was saying or doing. I told him I would, so he took me to the barracks, where I was rigged out in a full soldier's uniform.

It was not until the next morning that I realized what I had done. "Soon after this the Boer war broke out and I was to be drafted out to South Africa. I did not want to go, but a friend was

wanting to go badly, who had been refused by the doctors. So we agreed that he should take my name and uniform, as we were about the same in height and build, and I should take his name and clothes. "It was not long after, that it was reported Ned Wright had been killed."

At this juncture of his address I well remember he paused for a moment, looked all over the church, and then said, "He died for me." Had I not exchanged with him I would have stood in the same place that he stood. I would have received the same bullet that he received. He died for me."

"Jesus the Son of God came down upon earth, took upon Himself our human flesh that we might be clothed with His righteousness, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin, conquered death and hell, and has risen victorious for our justification, "He died for me."

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CHRIST -- BECAME MAN'S SUBSTITUTE

0340 -- HE TOOK THE PLACE OF ANOTHER

A soldier worn out in his country's service took to a violin for earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna playing his violin, but after awhile his hand became feeble and tremulous and he could make no more music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along and said: "My friend you are too old and too feeble; give me your violin," and began to play most exquisite music and the coin poured in and in until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pocket." The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again and the violinist played more sweetly than ever and played until some of the people wept and some of them shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and left, and the whisper went around, "Who is it? Who is it?," and someone just entering the crowd said: "Why, that is Bucher the great violinist, known all through the realm; yes that is the great violinist."

The fact was the artist had just taken that man's place, and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden, and played his music, and earned his livelihood, and made a sacrifice for the poor old man. Even so, the Lord Jesus Christ comes down and he finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the broken strings of His own broken heart he strikes a strain of infinite music which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty; He plays our music; He weeps our sorrows; He dies our death; A sacrifice for you, a sacrifice for me. -- Talmage

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CHRIST -- BECAME MAN'S SUBSTITUTE

0341 -- I'M DEAD

Dwight L. Moody told of the young man who did not want to serve in Napoleon Bonaparte's army. When he was drafted, a friend volunteered to go in his place. The substitution

was made, and some time later the surrogate was killed in battle. The same young man was, through a clerical error, drafted again. "You can't take me" he told the startled officers. "I'm dead. I died on the battlefield."

They argued that they could see him standing right in front of them, but he insisted they look on the roll to find the record of his death. Sure enough, there on the roll was the man's name, with another name written beside it.

The case finally went to the emperor himself. After examining the evidence, Napoleon said, "Through a surrogate, this man has not only fought, but has died in his country's service. No man can die more than once, therefore the law has no claim on him."

Two thousand years ago, Jesus went to a cross to bear the penalty that rightly belonged to us. He died in our place. And through Him, our names are written in the book, with His name written beside ours.

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CHRIST -- BECAME MAN'S SUBSTITUTE

0342 -- WE WEREN'T WORTHY OF CHRIST'S DEATH

A Christian mother and authoress told me that her son, whom she had advised to unite with the Church, had a difficulty. "I don't see, mother, the great merit in Christ's dying for us. If I could save a dozen men by dying for them, I think I would. Much more, if there were millions of them."

"But, my son, would you die for a dozen grasshoppers?" That set him thinking. After a few days he came to her with his doubts all cleared. "I don't know about the grasshoppers; they are a pretty clever kind of insect. But if it were a million of mosquitoes, I think I should let them die."

There are older heads than his that need the same hint. -- Ray Palmer

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0343 -- CALVARY COVERS IT ALL

The Scotch patriot, Robert Bruce, was once hiding in the mountains from the forces of King Edward of England, when he heard the baying of bloodhounds. Bruce suddenly recognized the baying as that of his own dogs. His English enemies had put them on his track, sure that they would lead straight to their owner. Although worn out from hardships and lack of food, the Scotch patriot rose up at once and fled as rapidly as possible. But in vain; only one end seemed possible. The baying dogs came closer and closer. The fugitive was at the point of despair when suddenly he came upon a brook. Quickly he entered the water and walked downstream. Shortly afterward the dogs were at the bank. The tone of the barking changed as they worked upstream and down without

finding the continuation of the trail. Bruce was able thus to elude his enemies because the dogs were unable to find the trail under the water.

Surely this is a picture of the sinner. Robert Bruce's own hounds were his pursuers. The sinner is pursued by his sins. Every man's own sins are sure to track him down and destroy him. What to do? There is only one way; but thank God, there is one in which the guilty sinner can be saved from the judgment of God. He must hide himself in the current that flows from 'Calvary. There Jesus Christ paid with His own blood in order to freely offer pardon to every sinner. The bloodhounds of sin are at your heels but here is hope for you. God loves you still. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7) -- The Sword Of The Lord

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0344 -- INVULNERABLE COVERING

The great English preacher Charles Haddon Spurgeon told of a man who had been sentenced to death by a Spanish court. Because he was an American citizen but also of English birth, the consuls of both countries decided to intervene. They declared that the authorities of Spain had no right to take his life, but their protests went unheeded. Finally, they deliberately wrapped the prisoner in their flags -- the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. Defying the executioner, they issued this warning: "Fire if you dare! But if you do, you will bring the powers of two great nations upon you!" There stood the condemned. But the rifleman would not shoot. Protected by those flags and the governments they represented, the man was invulnerable.

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0345 -- LUTHER'S VISION

It is said that Luther, during a serious illness, seemed to see Satan coming to him with a great scroll on which were written all the sins and errors of his life. Looking at him with a triumphant smile, he unrolled it before the saint: "These are your sins. There is no hope of your going to heaven." Luther read the long list with growing consternation, when suddenly it flashed upon his mind that there was one thing not written there. He said aloud, "One thing you have forgotten. The rest is all true, but one thing you have forgotten: The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins." -- H. F. Sayles

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0346 -- MUCH MORE NEEDED

I have a friend in the City of Glasgow, who, many years ago, found himself in Barlinnie prison because of his sin. He was given to drunkenness, became a sot, and grieved the heart of his godly mother. After serving his term of imprisonment, he found his way back again to the old home, and the mother who loved him pleaded with him to sign the pledge. But, like the honest man he was, he said, "No, Mother, I have signed enough pledges to paper the wall; I need something more than a pledge." But she said to him, "Sinclair, perhaps if you sign it this time it may help you," and having a pledge near at hand, she urged her wayward boy to sign the paper. But again he said, "No, Mother, I am not going to sign another pledge. I need a power that can make me a sober man, and change my life."

Growing desperate, his mother took a knife and opened one of her veins, and dipping a pen into her flowing blood, she said, "Sinclair, sign it with your mother's blood, and that may help you." I heard him say one night before a crowded audience, "What the blood of my mother could not do, the blood of Jesus Christ accomplished," and that man tonight is preaching the Gospel of the Redeemer. -- Christian Herald

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0347 -- NO CLEANSING FOR THE IMPENITENT DEAD

A coachman in a family at the West End of London was taken seriously ill, and a few days afterwards saw him pass into the presence of God. I knew and had visited him before in order to bring to his mind and heart the Saviour of sinners. Again I called at the house, found the door open, and quietly ascended the staircase which led to the room where the sick man lay. There, bent over the prostrate form of the man, was his eldest son deeply affected and weeping bitterly. His face was close to that of the father's, and I heard him in an agony of earnest words say: "Father, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' Oh, my father, do trust Jesus! His precious blood cleanses from all sin. Only believe, my father! my father! Oh, God, save my father!"

The hot tears and the intense anxiety of that young man I shall never forget. Poor fellow! He literally shouted into the ear that lay close to his lips. I had watched the scene for some minutes, almost transfixed at the door. At length, approaching the bed, I observed that the father was dead. Tenderly, I raised the young man, and quietly said, "His spirit has passed away; he cannot hear you; you cannot reach him now!" Poor fellow! He had been speaking into the ear of a corpse. The father had been dead some minutes. -- Henry Varley

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0348 -- NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS

It is recorded of a certain Hindu on the Malabar coast in India, that he had inquired of various devotees and priests how he might make atonement for his sins, and find peace for his soul. At last he was directed to drive iron spikes, sufficiently blunt, through his sandals; and on these spikes he was to walk on pilgrimage to a celebrated heathen shrine, a distance of 480 miles.

He undertook the journey, and proceeded for some distance, in much pain and distress of both body and mind. While halting under a shady tree where the gospel was sometimes preached, a missionary came and delivered an impressive sermon, in the native language of the people, from that important text, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin."

The Word came with power to the man's heart; he believed the good news; and before the missionary had finished his discourse, he rose up, threw off his torturing sandals, and cried aloud, "That is what I want!" He became a living witness that the blood of Christ does indeed cleanse from all sin. -- Missionary Anecdotes

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0349 -- PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN

A man dreamed that he stood beside the guarded gate of heaven. The spirit of a rich man came and sought admittance on the ground of his wealth and local fame. He was reminded that those things belong to time only, and turned away in despair. Another sought entrance on the ground of his integrity, but was repulsed by the angel saying: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified." A third pleaded his denominational zeal, fervent prayers, and deep feeling, but was refused with the remark: "There is no name given under heaven or among men whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus."

At length, a spirit was seen winging its way through the air, all the while crying, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." To it, the gates of heaven flew wide open and the angel said: "An abundant entrance is ministered to you into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." -- New Cyclopaedia Of Illustrations

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0350 -- THE CLEANSING BLOOD!

Some years ago, in Western New York, I stood in a crowded assembly preaching. I remember that I was struck upon this point of doctrine, and I cried out to my congregation, in great earnestness, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth, cleanseth, **CLEANSETH**, **CLEANSETH** us from all sin." Just then a gentleman who sat four or five seats from the front looked right up at me. His eyes sparkled, he seemed to grasp the idea with great force. By and by he grasped the seat in front of him. He acted as he leaned a little forward, as if he was going to

jump right up over the heads of the people to the pulpit. I could hardly understand the meaning of his actions.

I drove home the idea with force, feeling, as I remember, that I could not let one of that congregation leave without believing that the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin, and just now. I passed from the thought. The man settled back, but his countenance shone with perfect radiance.

The next morning, as I sat in my room, there came a hasty knock at the door. I opened it, and there stood that man. "Good morning, sir," said I. "Good morning; you don't know me?" " Yes, I do know you," said I. "I don't know your name, or where you live, but you are the man who sat so and so in my congregation yesterday?" "Yes," said he," and I have come in to tell you about it."

"Seven years I have been a member of the church, and I have been to sacraments, and supposed I was all right, but , sir, I never had an idea that I was to be saved by the blood of Christ, and that alone, until yesterday, in your sermon, when you struck into the thought 'the blood of Christ cleanseth.' Somehow, in an instant, my heart grasped that thought and I said, 'That is what I want,' and at once I realized that the blood took away my sins and saved my soul, and I thank you for those words" -- Albert P. Graves

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0351 -- THE CURE IS THE BLOOD

The International News Service has published account of Mrs. Rose L. McMullin, who has traveled from coast to coast, donating her blood for more than 400 transfusions in forty states. She just arrived in New York to aid in a transfusion for a twenty-five-year-old mother, having hurried east from Salt Lake City on an urgent wire from doctors in New York. The donor is a phenomenon in the medical world.

She is one of the very few persons whose blood can resist staphylococcus aureus, a disease of the blood stream. She is said also to be the only person who has been able to offer blood simultaneously for two transfusions; this was done in Portland, Oregon. While over 400 persons thank generous Mrs. McMullin for her blood, unnumbered hosts sing the praises of the Lord Jesus Christ for the shedding of his precious blood which cleanses from all sin. Sin is the real disease in the blood stream of humanity. -- Now

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0352 -- THE PRECIOUSNESS OF CHRIST'S BLOOD

During the American war, a doctor heard a wounded man saying: "Blood, blood, blood!" The doctor thought this was because he had seen so much blood, and sought to divert his mind. The man smiled, and said: "I wasn't thinking of the blood upon the battlefield, but I was thinking how precious the blood of Christ is to me as I am dying."

As he died, his lips quivered: "Blood, blood, blood!" and he was gone. That blood will be precious when we come to our dying bed -- it will be worth more than all the world then. --
Moody

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0353 -- THE SECRET OF OUR STRENGTH

A traveler tells us that he once witnessed a battle between a poisonous spider and another insect. Every time the insect was bitten, and before the poison could work, it settled on the leaves of a plant close by and sucked them, returning to the battle as strong as ever. The traveler, however, removed the plant, and although the insect when bitten went to look for it as before, it could not find it and presently laid down and died on the spot.

Likewise, if we fail to find out the secret and the source of our strength and healing amid the conflicts of life, we shall as certainly be overcome and perish in them. -- Dictionary Of Illustrations

That secret strength and antidote is the blood of Jesus. In whatever way satan may have wounded us in the good fight of faith, there is power in the blood of Jesus to overcome him! --
Duane V. Maxey

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CHRIST -- BLOOD OF

0354 -- THE YELLOW GOSPEL

Blood is mentioned over 300 times in the Bible and is essential to the doctrine of Christ's atonement. It lies at the very heart of the Gospel, for it is through "the blood of his cross" that Jesus reconciled us to God (see Colossians 1:20-23).

Some years ago a terrible railroad accident occurred, killing many people. A commuter train had stalled on the tracks just a few minutes before a fast freight was due to arrive. A conductor was quickly sent to flag down the approaching "flier."

Being assured that all was well, the passengers relaxed. Suddenly, however, the speeding freight came bearing down upon them. The crash left a ghastly scene of horror. The engineer of the second train, who escaped death by jumping from the cab, was called into court to explain why he

hadn't stopped. "I saw a man waving a warning flag," he said, "but it was yellow, so I thought he just wanted me to slow down."

When the flag was examined, the mystery was explained. It had been red, but because of long exposure to the sun and weather it had become a dirty yellow. Dr. Harry Ironside commented on this incident: "O the lives eternally wrecked by the 'yellow gospels' we are hearing today -- the bloodless theories of unregenerate men that send their hearers to their doom instead of stopping them on their downward road!"

Dear friend, only Christ and His sacrifice on the cross can redeem your soul (see Romans 5:8,9). Don't be deceived by an anemic "yellow gospel" of works that is powerless to save you from everlasting destruction.

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CHRIST -- BORE THE SINS OF MANY

0355 -- HE CHOSE THE ONE WITH SCARRED HANDS

Leslie B. Flynn told a story that illustrates a great truth. An orphaned boy was living with his grandmother when their house caught fire. The grandmother, trying to get upstairs to rescue the boy, perished in the flames. The boy's cries for help were finally answered by a man who climbed an iron drain pipe and came back down with the boy hanging tightly to his neck. Several weeks later, a public hearing was held to determine who would receive custody of the child. A farmer, a teacher, and the town's wealthiest citizen all gave the reasons they felt they should be chosen to give the boy a home. But as they talked, the lad's eyes remained focused on the floor.

Then a stranger walked to the front and slowly took his hand from his pockets, revealing severe scars on them. As the crowd gasped, the boy cried out in recognition. This was the man who had saved his life. His hands had been burned when he climbed the hot pipe. With a leap the boy threw his arms around the man's neck and held on for dear life. The other men silently walked away, leaving the boy and his rescuer alone. Those marred hands had settled the issue. And so it is with Jesus. His nail-pierced hands remind us that he has rescued us from sin and its deadly consequences.

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CHRIST -- BORE THE SINS OF MANY

0356 -- OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO CHRIST

Winston Churchill paid a great tribute to the young men of the Royal Air Force, who mounted up with wings as eagles, and with their sheltering wings guarded the land they love. He said: "Never in the history of mankind, have so many owed so much to so few." But when we think of the cross of Christ, and Him Who died on it, what we say is this: "Never in the history of the universe, has mankind owed so much to One." -- McCartney

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CHRIST -- BORE THE SINS OF MANY

0357 -- PAID IN FULL

"...and the Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Isaiah 53:6 The story is told of a man who was brought into court for trial and found guilty. The judge happened to be a close boyhood friend of the accused, although they had not seen each other for many years. Remaining impartial, the judge sentenced the man and levied a penalty appropriate to his case. It was a fine so large that the accused could not pay it. A jail sentence, therefore, seemed to be the only alternative. The judge then did a very unusual thing. Leaving the bench he approached the convicted man, shook his hand, and announced, "I'm paying the fine for you."

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CHRIST -- BURDEN BEARER

0358 -- JESUS PAID IT ALL

A poor soldier in Russia was sitting one day in his barracks in deep despair, for he owed a great deal of money, and he knew not where to get it. He got a piece of paper, and made on it a list of all his debts, and underneath wrote: "Who shall pay these debts?"

He then fell asleep, and while he slept the Emperor of Russia passed by, and taking up the paper read the question. Having read it, he took up a pen and signed his name, "Nicholas," at the bottom. When the soldier woke up, he could not believe it. He thought it was too good to be true, but in the morning money came round. The debts were paid, and the soldier was free, both from the debts and from his weight of concern over them. Christ has paid the debt of our sins, and He will free all who come to Him from the awful burden of sin. "Jesus paid it all. All to Him I owe. Sin had left a crimson stain. He washed it white as snow." -- adapted from Moody

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CHRIST -- BURDEN BEARER

0359 -- SOME CARRY THE POTATOES

A poor man plodded along toward home in an Irish town carrying a huge bag of potatoes. A horse and wagon carrying a stranger came along, and the stranger stopped the wagon and invited the man on foot to climb inside. This the poor man did, but when he sat down in the wagon he held the bag of potatoes in his arms. And when it was suggested that he should set it down, he said very warmly: "Sire, I don't like to trouble you too much. You're giving me a ride. I'll carry the potatoes!"

Sometimes we think we are doing the Lord a favor when we carry the burden. But the work is His, and the burden is His, and He asks us only to be faithful. -- Isaac Page

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CHRIST -- BURDEN BEARER

0360 -- WHEN THE BURDEN WAS TOO GREAT

A father, sitting in his study, sent his little boy upstairs to fetch a book that had been forgotten. The boy was long gone, and after a time the father thought he heard the sound of sobbing on the stairs. He went out, and at the top of the staircase he saw his son crying bitterly, with the great book he had tried to lift and carried so far lying at his feet. "Oh father!" the lad cried "I cannot carry it; it is too heavy for me!" In a moment, the father ran up the stairs, and stooping down took up both the little lad and the book in his strong arms and carried them down to the room below. Before he reached it, his child's tears were all dried up and he was leaning on his fathers arm, the burden and the trouble gone. -- R. S. Barrett

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CHRIST -- CREATOR

0361 -- HE CAN MAKE US WHAT WE SHOULD BE

When Jesus decided to change Peter's name in John 1:42, it demonstrated how Jesus looks at men. He does not only see what a man is; he also sees what a man can become. He sees not only the actualities in a man; he also sees the possibilities. Jesus looked at Peter and saw in him not only a Galilaean fisherman but one who had it in him to become the rock on which his church would be built. Jesus sees us not only as we are, but as we can be; and he says: "Give your life to me, and I will make you what you have it in you to be." Once someone came on Michelangelo chipping away with his chisel at a huge shapeless piece of rock. He asked the sculptor what he was doing. "I am releasing the angel imprisoned in this marble," he answered. Jesus is the one who sees and can release the hidden hero in every man. -- William Barclay

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CHRIST -- DIVINITY OF

0362 -- CHRIST'S DEITY NOT RECOGNIZED

Many people recognize Jesus' humanity but fail to accept His deity. They remind me of the young woman who was engaged to Mozart before he rose to fame. Impressed by more handsome men, she became disenchanted with him because he was so short. So she gave him up for someone tall and attractive. When the world began to praise Mozart for his outstanding musical accomplishments, she regretted her decision. "I knew nothing of the greatness of his genius," she said. "I only saw him as a little man."

We wonder why the Jews, who knew the Scriptures, failed to see Jesus' true greatness. Perhaps they were looking for the beautiful King described in Isaiah 33:17. They did not understand that before Messiah came in all His glorious beauty, He must first come as the Man of sorrows described in Isaiah 53.

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CHRIST -- DIVINITY OF

0363 -- NO GOD APART FROM CHRIST

Martin Luther once said, "Anything that one imagines of God apart from Christ is only useless thinking and vain idolatry."

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CHRIST -- DIVINITY OF

0364 -- THE DEITY OF CHRIST STRIKINGLY ILLUSTRATED

Emperor Theodosius denied the deity of Christ. When his son, Arcadius, was about sixteen, he decided to make him a partner with himself in the government of the empire. Among the great men who assembled themselves to congratulate the new wearer of the imperial purple, was a Bishop named Amphilocus. He made a handsome address to the Emperor, and was about to leave, when Theodosius exclaimed: "What! do you take no notice of my son?" Then the Bishop went up to Arcadius, and putting his hands upon his head said: "The Lord bless thee, my son!" The Emperor, roused to fury by this slight, exclaimed: "What? Is this all the respect you pay to a prince that I have made of equal dignity with myself?!"

Amphilocus replied, "Sire, you do so highly resent my apparent neglect of your son, because I do not give him equal honors with yourself. Then, what must the eternal God think of you, when you degrade his co-equal, and co-eternal Son, to the level of one of his creatures?" The Emperor judged the reproof to be just. -- The Wonderful Word

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CHRIST -- DIVINITY OF

0365 -- THE ETERNAL FATHER PROVES IT

A preacher once met a member of a cult who challenged his views about the deity of Christ. "You say that Jesus Christ is coequal with the eternal Father, but He cannot be, for no son is ever as old as the one who has begotten him." The minister thought for a moment and then replied, "You yourself have just called God the eternal Father. Have you ever thought that statement through? Don't you realize that God can only be the eternal Father if He has an eternal

Son? If you would rethink your position in the light of the Scriptures, you would see that eternal Fatherhood demands eternal Sonship!"

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CHRIST -- DIVINITY OF

0366 -- THE STRUCTURE OF SALVATION RESTS ON CHRIST'S DEITY

Rev. W. Kingstone Greenland visited a vacant house with a friend who desired to purchase it. The friend was particularly struck by the beauty of one of the rooms which he wished to turn into his study; but he objected to a cupboard in the corner. "I will have to remove it," he said to the architect. "No, you won't," was the reply. "But I can do what I like if I buy the house," said the man. "

You cannot do what you like with that cupboard," answered the architect. "Why not?" he asked. "Is it protected by a clause in the deed?" "No," said the architect, "it is not on the deed; it is on the plan. You cannot take away the cupboard without taking down the house, it is part of the main structure."

So if we take away the deity of Christ, we destroy the whole structure of Christianity. That doctrine is built in. It is central. It is structural of the structure.

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CHRIST -- DOMINION OF

0367 -- THE MASTERING CHRIST

There was a man in New York who had been so fortunate as to get a copy of Hoffmann's "Jesus in the Temple," soon after it was painted, and he kept it on his desk in his office. A judge of one of the superior courts of Massachusetts went to this lawyer's office on a matter of business. As the two men talked, the judge's eyes rested on this picture until it seemed hard for him to attend to business; but at last the business was settled and the judge left the office. Several hours later he returned to the office and asked "to look at that Boy again." For an hour he sat and looked at that picture. The next day he came again into the man's office and said, "I want to see that Boy again." He was given the picture, and retired into a private room adjoining the office. Having occasion later to go into the room, the man found the judge sitting with the picture on his knees, his eyes being filled with tears. When the judge came back into the office, he handed back the picture and said, "That Boy has mastered me."

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CHRIST -- GLORY OF

0368 -- CHRIST'S VALUE NOT RECOGNIZED

A number of years ago a story appeared which told of a man who picked up a beautiful rock from a North Carolina stream bed and used it as his cabin doorstep. Years later a geologist who was hiking in the area stopped at the cabin and noticed the doorstep, which he immediately recognized as a huge lump of gold. In fact, it proved to be one of the largest gold nuggets ever found east of the Rockies.

Like the man who failed to recognize gold when he held it in his hands, the disciples failed to recognize the true nature of the Lord - even after more than three years with him. What about you? Do you know who He is?

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CHRIST -- GREATNESS OF

0369 -- FAILING TO SEE CHRIST'S GREATNESS

Karl Barth, the famous theologian, was on a streetcar one day in Basel, Switzerland, where he lectured. A tourist to the city climbed on and sat down next to Barth. The two men started chatting with each other. "Are you new to the city?" Barth inquired. "Yes," said the tourist. "Is there anything you would particularly like to see in this city?" asked Barth. "Yes; he said, "I'd love to meet the famous theologian Karl Barth. Do you know him?" Barth replied, "Well, as a matter of fact, I do. I give him a shave every morning." The tourist got off the streetcar quite delighted. He went back to his hotel saying to himself, "I met Karl Barth's barber today." We often don't recognize greatness, even when we encounter it directly. -- John Ross

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CHRIST -- GREATNESS OF

0370 -- HE SURPASSES ALL MEN

An anonymous author made this striking comparison: "Socrates taught for 40 years, Plato for 50, Aristotle for 40, and Jesus for only 3. Yet the influence of Christ's 3 year ministry infinitely transcends the impact left by the combined 130 years of teaching from these men who were among the greatest philosophers of all antiquity. Jesus painted no pictures; yet some of the finest paintings of Raphael, Michelangelo, and Leonardo da Vinci received their inspiration from Him. Jesus wrote no poetry; but Dante, Milton, and scores of the world's greatest poets were inspired by Him. Jesus composed no music, still Haydn, Handel, Beethoven, Bach, and Mendelssohn reached their highest perfection of melody in the hymns, symphonies, and oratorios they composed in His praise. Every sphere of human greatness has been enriched by this humble Carpenter of Nazareth.

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CHRIST -- HUMANITY OF

0371 -- HE KNOWS ABOUT OUR STORMS

Joseph Mallord Turner, English painter, invited Charles Kingsley to his studio to see a picture of a storm at sea. In rapt admiration, Kingsley exclaimed, "It's wonderful! It's so realistic! How did you do it?" The artist replied, "I went to the coast of Holland and engaged a fisherman to take me out to sea in the next storm. Entering his boat as a storm was brewing, I asked him to bind me to the mast. Then he steered his boat into the teeth of the storm. "The storm raged with such fury that at times I longed to be in the bottom of the boat where the waves would blow over me. I could not, however. I was bound to the mast. Not only did I see the storm in its raging fury, I felt it! It blew into me, as it were, until I became a part of it. After this terrible ordeal, I returned to my studio and painted the picture." It is written of the Savior, "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." Heb. 2:18 -- Slattery

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CHRIST -- INCARNATION OF

0372 -- CHRIST HIMSELF IS THE GREATEST GIFT

The land of Persia was once ruled by a wise and beloved Shah who cared greatly for his people and desired only what was best for them. One day he disguised himself as a poor man and went to visit the public baths. The water for the baths was heated by a furnace in the cellar, so the Shah made his way to the dark place to sit with the man who tended the fire. The two men shared the coarse food, and the Shah befriended him in his loneliness. Day after day the ruler went to visit the man. The worker became attached to this stranger because he "came where he was".

One day the Shah revealed his true identity, and he expected the man to ask him for a gift. Instead, he looked long into his leader's face and with love and wonder in his voice said, "You left your palace and your glory to sit with me in this dark place, to eat my coarse food, and to care about what happens to me. On others you may bestow rich gifts, but to me you have given yourself!"

As we think of what our Lord has done for us, we can echo that fire tender's sentiments. Oh, what a step our Lord took -- from heaven to earth, from the worship of angels to the mocking of cruel men, from glory to humiliation!

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CHRIST -- INCARNATION OF

0373 -- MISSING THE BIG NEWS

In December 1903, after many attempts, the Wright brothers were successful in getting their "flying machine" off the ground. Thrilled, they telegraphed this message to their sister Katherine: "We have actually flown 120 feet. Will be home for Christmas."

Katherine hurried to the editor of the local newspaper and showed him the message. He glanced at it and said, "How nice. The boys will be home for Christmas." He totally missed the big news -- man had flown!

Many people today make a similar mistake when they hear the word Christmas. They don't think of Jesus and His miraculous birth. Instead, they think of family gatherings, festive meals, decorations, and gifts. To them, Christmas brings nostalgia and memories of childhood. Now, all this celebration isn't wrong. But if that's all that Christmas means to us, we are missing its true significance. -- Decision Magazine

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CHRIST -- INCARNATION OF

0374 -- STEP OUT OF THE PICTURE

During the long war years a boy looked frequently at a picture of his daddy on the table. He had left when the boy was a young infant. After several years the boy had forgotten him as a person but he would often look at the picture and say, "If only my father could step out of that picture and be real..." Christmas means that in a sad day of sin when man had almost forgotten God, He stepped into the world in the form of His Son. -- Pulpit Helps

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CHRIST -- INDWELLING

0375 -- HE LIVES HERE

Many years ago near the royal English residence on the Isle of Wight stood several homes for the poor and aged. A missionary, visiting some of the elderly people one day, asked a lady, "Does Queen Victoria ever call on you here?" "Oh, yes," was the answer, "Her Majesty frequently comes to see us." Then, wondering if the woman was a Christian, the missionary inquired, "Does the King of kings ever visit here?" The lady immediately gave him a happy, knowing smile and replied, "No, sir, He doesn't visit here -- praise God, He lives here. That's why we're so richly blessed!"

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CHRIST -- KNOCKING

0376 -- HOW CHRIST IS RUDELY TOLD TO WAIT

A few years ago the Prime Minister of England stepped across Downing Street with a friend, who wanted some information from one of the government officials. They entered the particular office, and on inquiring for the head of the department, they were curtly told to "wait" by an insolent young clerk, who did not even look up from his newspaper, and presently added an

order to "wait outside." When the principal official returned, he was thunderstruck to find the head of the government sitting with his friend on the steps of the stone staircase. Equally surprised was the clerk, when, to his dismay, he learned by his dismissal the result of his careless insolence. -- 1000 Illustrations

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CHRIST -- KNOCKING

0377 -- I'D LET HIM IN, WOULDN'T YOU DADDY?

A district visitor left a sheet almanac at a house. The central picture was a reproduction of Holman Hunt's picture "The Light of the World." Mother and son looked at it with wonder as it was placed in a prominent position on the wall of the home. The father came home for dinner and his attention was called to it by the boy. "Look, Daddy! Who is it?" The father looked at the picture, but gave no answer, though he knew. But the little fellow was not to be denied, and again came the question, "Who is it, Daddy? Tell me, Daddy!"

At last he blurted out, "A man, of course." "What man, Daddy? What is his name?" Compelled by the earnestness of the child, he said, "Christ." "But what is He doing, Daddy?" he asked. "Why, don't you see? He is knocking at the door," replied the father. "How long will He knock, Daddy?" came the further question. "I don't know," came the reply. Still the boy asked, "What is He knocking for?" "Because He wants to go inside." "Why don't they open the door?" This question the boy repeatedly asked during the dinner, remarking, "I'd open the door. Wouldn't you, Daddy?"

The father began to feel very uncomfortable, and left as soon as he could to get away from the questioning, which had aroused a tumult of thoughts in his mind and heart. Returning from work after the boy had gone to bed, he learned that even during tea the same questioning had occurred. Both husband and wife confessed that the boy's questions had aroused feelings long crushed and silenced, but at last both knelt, confessed their sin of keeping the Lord outside of their hearts and lives, and received Him as their Savior. -- Knight's 3000 Illustrations

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CHRIST -- LIBERATOR

0378 -- AS JESUS PASSES BY

Dr. Matthews, in his book about Madagascar, where he was for thirty years a missionary, describes this native custom: The prisoners were kept in chains, but they had to earn their own living, and were confined to prison only during the night. On the days, however, on which the Sovereign appeared they were not allowed to leave the prison; or if allowed out on these days, at noon, before the Sovereign as to appear, they all had to return to prison, were counted, and locked up.

Why? Because if one of those criminals managed to secrete himself, and then emerge from his hiding place to gaze at and salute the Sovereign, as she passed, wearing her diadem and beautiful in the glory of her royal apparel, he was a free man. Whatever his crime had been, his chains were at once struck off, for he had looked on the Sovereign in her beauty and saluted her, and no one could do that and still remain a prisoner. -- Rev. W. W. Landrum

The application here is that by looking unto Jesus, our Sovereign, as He spiritually passes by, one who is condemned and bound by sin can gain instant freedom from the bondage of sin! -- Duane V. Maxey

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CHRIST -- LORDSHIP OF

0379 -- CHRIST'S LORDSHIP MUST BE REAL

I am afraid that most of Christian people do with that Divine reason for work, "The love of Christ constraineth me," as the old Franks used to do with their long-haired kings -- they keep them in the palace at all ordinary times, give them no power over the government of the kingdom, only now and then bring them out to grace a procession, and then take them back again into their reverential impotence. -- Maclaren

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CHRIST -- LORDSHIP OF

0380 -- NO TANTRUMS ALLOWED!

When Henry VIII had determined to make himself head of the English Church, he insisted upon it that Convocation should accept his headship with out limiting and modifying clauses. He refused to entertain any compromises and vowed that he would have "no tantrums," as he called them. Thus, when a sinner parleys with his Saviour, he would fain have a little of the honour of his salvation. He would save alive some favorite sin. He would fain amend the humbling terms of grace. But there is no help for it. Jesus will be all in all, and the sinner must be nothing at all. The surrender must be complete. There must be "no tantrums," but the heart must, without reserve, submit to the sovereignty of the Redeemer. -- Spurgeon

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CHRIST -- LORDSHIP OF

0381 -- SHE HONORED THE LORD OF ALL

When Queen Victoria had just ascended her throne she went, as is the custom of Royalty, to hear "The Messiah" rendered. She had been instructed as to her conduct by those who knew, and was told that she must not rise when the others stood at the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus. When

that magnificent chorus was being sung and the singers were shouting "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," she sat with great difficulty. It seemed as if she would rise in spite of the custom of kings and queens, but finally when they came to that part of the chorus where with a shout they proclaim Him King of kings suddenly the young queen rose and stood with bowed head, as if she would take her own crown from off her head and cast it at His feet. Let us make Him King and every day be loyal to Him. This is the secret of peace. -- J. Wilbur Chapman

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CHRIST -- MASTER

0382 -- WHEN CHRIST LIVES THROUGH US

John Henry Jowett told about a small village where an elderly woman died. She died penniless, uneducated, unsophisticated, but during her lifetime her selfless service had made a tremendous impact for Christ. On her tombstone they chiseled the words, "She did what she couldn't." That can be the epitaph for every Christian who will allow Christ to live through us: HE can do through us what we can never do ourselves.

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CHRIST -- MEDIATOR BETWEEN GOD AND MAN

0383 -- GOD'S SON, OUR INTERCESSOR

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman recently told this story of one of his friends who was a boyhood companion of Robert Lincoln. He entered the Civil War and went to the front. When Robert Lincoln found that he was a private soldier, he said to a friend: "Write, and tell him to write to me, and I will intercede with father, and get him something better." The young soldier said: "I never took advantage of the offer, but you do not know what a comfort it was to me. Often after a weary march I would throw myself on the ground and say: "If it becomes beyond human endurance, I can, write to Bob Lincoln, and get relief; and I would rather have his intercession than that of the cabinet, because he is a son." Every true Christian knows that he has the best friend possible at the court of Heaven in the Son of God, who ever liveth to make intercession for us." -- L. A. Bauks

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CHRIST -- MISSION OF

0384 -- BRIDGING THE GAP

In 1936 radio broadcast was transmitted to America from England. Just before the voice of King Edward VIII was to be heard, someone stumbled over a wire in the control room of WJZ (now WABC, New York) and snapped the only line of communication between the two great countries. The engineers were frantic. Then, with only a few moments remaining before air time a

quick thinking apprentice grasped the two broken ends of the wire and bridged the gap. Seconds later the King addressed the nation. In a real sense, his words were being transmitted through the body of that man!

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CHRIST -- OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS

0385 -- I INTEND TO REMAIN IN IT

Abraham Lincoln was walking into town one day when he was overtaken by a man in a wagon going in the same direction. Lincoln hailed him and asked, "Will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?"

"With pleasure," responded the stranger, "but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very easily; I intend to remain in it!"

Mr. Lincoln's humor aside, his idea for a ride roughly parallels what happens when we trust Christ as Savior. We put on Christ and are clothed in His righteousness. As long as we remain in Him, we are assured of reaching our destination: salvation and eternal life. But apart from Christ we are left, as it were, standing by the side of the road -- and no amount of good works or ritual-keeping can save us.

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CHRIST -- PREEMINENCE OF

0386 -- SAINT NICHOLAS

The most popular non-Biblical saint in Christendom, he is the patron of children, sailors, merchants, bankers, thieves, scholars, Greece, Sicily, Russia, and New York City. Traditionally, he is identified as a fourth-century bishop of Myra in Asia Minor. His relics were stolen from Myra in the Middle Ages and removed to Bari, Italy. In southern Italy in the early eighteenth century, wives wishing to get rid of their husbands used vials of poison inscribed "Manna of Saint Nicholas of Bari." Saint Nicholas legends have been said to represent sexual dream symbolism. The English in colonial New York adopted from the Dutch the now unrecognizable saint, calling him Santa Claus, a contradiction of the Dutch Saint Nicholas, and moved St. Nicholas's feast day, December 6, to the English gift holiday, Christmas. Fat and jolly are recently acquired characteristics. The secular symbol of Christmas has changed often and drastically over the years. What a joy it is to know the real symbol of Christmas reigns preeminently and unchanging for all eternity!

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CHRIST -- REJECTED

0387 -- HE IS STILL REJECTED

The print medium often intentionally distorts what we write. Over the years since I became a Christian, I have always deliberately explained that I have "accepted Jesus Christ." These words are invariably translated into "Colson's professed religious experience." I discovered that one major U. S. daily, as a matter of policy, will not print the two words Jesus Christ together; when combined, the editor says, it represents an editorial judgment. -- Charles Colson

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CHRIST -- REJECTED

0388 -- REBUFFED BY CALLUSED INGRATITUDE

An illiterate fisherman and pilot gave to Mark Guy Pearse a touching chapter from his personal experience, and the application he made of it. Mr. Pearse says he passed it along to D. L. Moody, and the latter was so affected by it that he buried his face in his hands and wept. The fisherman told how he was lying aboard his boat in Plymouth Sound when he heard a splash in the water not far off. He jumped out of his berth, for he thought he knew what it was; there was another fishing boat not far off, and the man with it was a drinking man. He rowed there in his small boat with all speed, leaning over the side and praying God for help.

Presently he got hold of the other man's arm and pulled him up, and he was drunk, sure enough. He lifted him back onto his boat and put him in his berth and worked over him and rubbed him an hour or more, till he began to come to himself. Doing everything possible to make the man comfortable, he came away.

The next morning he pulled over to see how the man was. He was standing leaning over the side of his craft. To a "good morning," he returned no answer. "How are you this morning?" his rescuer said. "What's that to you?" was the surly response. "Why," said the first man, "I can't help taking an interest in you. I saved your life last night." "Get out," responded the other, and roundly cursed him for a liar.

"I turned round my little boat and pulled away to my craft," he said in telling Mr. Pearse. "My heart was like a thing broke. The tears ran down my cheeks. I looked up to Heaven and could hardly get out the words that choked me. 'O Lord Jesus,' I said, 'my blessed Lord Jesus, I am sorry for Thee! I know now how Thou dost feel. That is how the world is always treating Thee. I am terribly sorry for Thee, my dear Lord.'" -- The King's Business

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CHRIST -- SUFFERED AND DIED

0389 -- AFTER THE INJUSTICE

Pilate and Herod five times had declared Christ innocent of the charges brought against Him and seemed determined to release Jesus. Justice so demanded, for the accusations against Christ had no support that would justify His condemnation. But the multitude was not seeking justice but demanding Christ's death. Inflamed passions were ready to break forth into a riot (Matt. 27:23). Afraid of being accused before Caesar (John 19:12) and fearful of inciting the Jews to riot, Pilate sought to absolve himself of all responsibility for his decision. "He took water and washed his hands in front of the crowd. 'I am innocent of this man's blood,' he said. 'It is your responsibility'" (Matt. 27:24).

But Pilate could not escape the sense of his responsibility. There was a custom among the Greeks, Jews, and Romans of that time that when a man shed blood, he would wash his hands, thus symbolically cleansing away the stain. Pilate felt that he was a murderer. The rulers, the priests, and the people united in accepting responsibility for the death of Christ, saying, "Let his blood be on us and on our children." (Matt. 27:25). While Pilate could not be absolved from responsibility for this miscarriage of justice, the nation did accept responsibility for Christ's death.

The tragic reply came back like an echo of a groan from future generations: "His blood be on us and on our children." Thirty years later, on this very spot, judgment was pronounced against some of the best citizens of Jerusalem. Of the 3,600 victims of the governor's fury, not a few were scourged and crucified!

Judas died in a loathsome suicide, the house of Annas was destroyed some years later, Caiaphas was deposed a year after the crucifixion, and Pilate was soon after banished to Gaul and there died in suicide. When Jerusalem fell, her wretched citizens were crucified around her walls until, in the historian's grim language, "space was wanting for the crosses, and crosses for the bodies." The horrors of the siege of Jerusalem are unparalleled in history.

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CHRIST -- SUFFERED AND DIED

0390 -- CHRIST, OUR BRIDGE TO HEAVEN

A former missionary told the story of two rugged, powerful mountain goats who met on a narrow pathway joining two mountain ridges. On one side was a chasm 1,000 feet deep; on the other, a steep cliff rising straight up. So narrow was the trail that there was no room to turn around, and the goats could not back up without falling. What would they do? Finally, instead of fighting for the right to pass, one of the goats knelt down and made himself as flat as possible. The other goat then walked over him, and they both proceeded safely.

In a sense, this is what Jesus did for us when He left heaven's glory and came to this earth to die for our sins. He let us "walk over Him" so that we could receive forgiveness and eternal life.

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CHRIST -- SUFFERED AND DIED

0391 -- HE WHO RESCUED US FROM THE FLAMES

A few years ago a friend said to me in the city of Brooklyn, "Wouldn't you like to take a ride in Greenwood?" I said I would. The carriage was drawn up, and we started on our way. We entered the cemetery. Some of you have doubtless been there to that vast city of the dead which covers more than eight hundred acres. There are the beautiful monuments, fine vaults which cost, some of them, over \$100,000, very fine walks and drives, splendid foliage, fountains throwing their water up into the air, and everything that is attractive that the hand of art could provide to beautify the place. We rode on.

By and by we came to the firemen's monument. Said I to the driver, "Stop." He stopped. I looked up at that monument. I had seen it before; but it seemed to me that I looked at it as I never did before. I said, "That is what Jesus did for me." There stands a fine monument, peering up into the air, a fine iron inclosure around it, a gilt inscription upon it. You read it with interest, and look along up, and on the top there is a fireman sculpted out in full fireman's dress: the very buttons upon his coat are lifelike; his cap is on his head; his horn in his hand; and, folded in his arms is a little babe, as lifelike as the hand of art could make it. I said again, as the tears leaped from my eyes, "That is what Jesus did for me." I knew the history of that scene.

In the great fire in Duane Street, in 1814, it is said that great numbers had gathered from Westchester County, Newark, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and all the adjacent points; the firemen had come, and gathered around block after block, as they were falling victims to the flames. and as they were working hard at the buildings, a scream was heard. It proved to be a female voice, and soon a woman was seen pushing her way through the crowd, pushing strong men aside as, by Herculean strength, she pushed forward, put up her hands, and cried, "Oh, My child! My child! It will perish! It will perish!" (continued next illustration item)

Up stepped a brave fireman "What is it, madam? What is it?" Up there," she said, "I have a darling child. It will perish! It will perish!" Quick as thought he grasped the ladder, and others with him put it up to the windows. He rushed up with all his might, got into the window, went into the little room, as he had been directed, and there found an innocent babe. He grasped it up in his arms and went back to the window to go out. Just as he reached the window, he saw that the floor was sinking, and he must go down. He tossed the babe out of the window. It was fortunately saved, but he sunk to rise no more.

As I looked upon that monument, knowing that history, I said, "That is what Jesus did for my soul. While all the fires of the pit were kindling around, and all its fiends were waiting to swallow up my soul, Jesus came rushing down from the realms of glory, and gave His life on Calvary. There, in agony, He died for me and died for you. Oh! my friend, are you going to lose your soul, when all this has been done for you? Are you? Don't do it. I beseech you tonight, take care of your soul.

Hearts of stone relent, relent;
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;

See His body mangled rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the Eternal Son.

Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed Him there,
Crowned with thorns His sacred Head,
Plunged into His side the spear,
Made His soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man He dies.

Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all His wounds again?
And the shameful cross renew?
No! with all my sins I'll part
Saviour take my broken heart.

-- Albert P. Graves

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CHRIST -- SUFFERED AND DIED

0392 -- MAN'S WORK IN HEAVEN

A minister, going through a mental institution, was stopped by a woman, who asked: "Mr. Minister, what work of man will there be in Heaven?" "None, my dear lady," he said, thinking to answer as quickly as possible and get away. "Oh, yes, there will! Can't you tell me?" "No, I cannot; but will you tell me?" said the minister. "Oh, sir," she replied, "it will be the prints of the nails of the hands and feet of the Master, the Lord Jesus Christ. That is the only work of man that there will be in Heaven."

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CHRIST -- SUFFERED AND DIED

0393 -- OUR OFFENSES

A preacher I was visiting told me how he punished his children when they were small. His son and daughter who are in their teens sat in the room with me. He said, "I kept a stick handy. When one of them would misbehave, I would get the stick. I would tell him or her how much it hurt me for them to do wrong. Then I would tell them that what they had done deserved to be punished. I would say I couldn't stand to punish them and that they would therefore have to give me their

punishment. I would give the stick to the misbehaving child and turn my back and tell them how many times he should strike me."

As I listened, I was a little afraid that the psychology of what he had done might not be good. I glanced at his daughter. She smiled and her voice quivered slightly as she said, "I couldn't stand it when Daddy would make me hit him with the stick. Then he would turn to me with tears in his eyes and reach out his arms to hug me and let me know I was forgiven. I know he loves me. And I'll never do anything to hurt him if I can help it." Romans 4:25 -- Illustrating Paul's Letter to the Romans

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CHRIST -- SUFFERED AND DIED

0394 -- THE FOG LIFTED

It was June 18, 1815, the Battle of Waterloo. The French under the command of Napoleon were fighting the Allies (British, Dutch, and Germans) under the command of Wellington. The people of England depended on a system of signals to find out how the battle was going. One of these signal stations was on the tower of Winchester Cathedral. Late in the day it flashed the signal: "W-E-L-L-I-N-G-T-O-N- -- D-E-F-E-A-T-E-D- -."

Just at that moment one of those sudden English fog-clouds made it impossible to read the message. The news of defeat quickly spread throughout the city. The whole countryside was sad and gloomy when they heard the news that their country had lost the war.

Suddenly the fog lifted, and the remainder of the message could be read. The message had four words, not two. The complete message was: "W-E-L-L-I-N-G-T-O-N -- -D-E-F-E-A-T-E-D- - T-H-E- - -E-N-E-M-Y!" It took only a few minutes for the good news to spread. Sorrow was turned into joy, defeat was turned into victory!

So it was when Jesus was laid in the tomb on the first Good Friday afternoon. Hope had died even in the hearts of Jesus' most loyal friends. After the frightful crucifixion the fog of disappointment and misunderstanding had steeled in on the friends of Jesus. They had "read" only part of the Divine message: "Christ defeated." But when the entire message came through, they realized and rejoiced that "Christ defeated satan at Calvary, and rose again from the dead, eternally triumphant!"

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CHRIST -- SUFFERED AND DIED

0395 -- THE PAIN OF CRUCIFIXION

How painful was crucifixion? One man describes it like this: The unnatural position made every movement painful; the lacerated veins and crushed tendons throbbed with incessant anguish;

the wounds, inflamed by exposure, gradually gangrened; the arteries -- especially at the head and stomach -- became swollen and oppressed with surcharged blood; and while each variety of misery went on gradually increasing, there was added to them the intolerable pang of a burning and raging thirst; and all these physical complications caused an internal excitement and anxiety, which made the prospect of death itself -- of death, the unknown enemy, at whose approach man usually shudders most -- bear the aspect of a delicious and exquisite release.

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CHRIST -- THE SINNER'S FRIEND

0396 -- JERRY MCAULEY'S BOUQUET

All those who love the Lord Jesus should desire to walk as He walked and should be eager to reach the lost with the Gospel. Jerry McAuley is an example of such an individual. Early in life he was a thief and counterfeiter. As a result, he spent 7 years in Sing Sing Prison. Although he was converted there, it was a long time before he experienced the complete victory that's available in Christ. When he did, however, he began witnessing to other men who had sunk deep in sin. Later he started America's first rescue mission in New York City where he befriended the worst criminals and skid-row characters.

Just before his death in 1884, he said to his wife, "I know that soon tuberculosis will take my life, but I want to die on my knees, still praying for the lost. I'd rather have some poor soul that I led to the Lord put one small rose on my grave than to have the wealth of a millionaire."

His wish was granted, for at his funeral an aged, shabbily dressed man appeared. Handing one of the ushers a few flowers, he asked him in a voice trembling with emotion to place them on the coffin. Then he said apologetically, "I hope Jerry who was my friend will know that they came from old Joe Chappy."

Mrs. McAuley preserved that little bouquet for a long time in remembrance of the fact that her husband had been a true friend of sinners.

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CHRIST -- THE WORD

0397 -- ARCHIMEDES LEVER

In the first century B. C., there was a famous inventor and mathematician named Archimedes. Students of physics are familiar with his statement, "Give me a lever long enough, a fulcrum strong enough and I, single-handed, will move the world." In our time, the famous author, Joseph Conrad, commented on the truth contained in that statement, saying, "Don't speak to me of Archimedes' lever just give me the right word, and I will move the world." We can give the right word. The Word is "Christ!"

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CHRIST'S NAME -- MIGHTY IN PRAYER

0398 -- THAT'S WHAT LETS YOU IN

A London waif, cold and hungry, was invited one night, by a city missionary to one of the houses of refuge for little wanderers. He was told to ring the bell, and when they asked him who he was, to say the three words, "In His name." He ventured up the steps and, true to the promise of the worker, received a royal welcome, and with a good supper and a warm bed dreamed that he was in Heaven. A few days after, he was hurt in a London thoroughfare by a passing wagon. The card of the rescue home was found in his pocket, and he was taken to the hospital, and word was sent to the mission. He was tenderly nursed during the few lingering days of his life, and gently taught of that other portal which was also entered "in His name." Often in his last hours he would repeat over and over again, "In His name, that's what lets you in." -- Rev. A. B. Simpson

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CHRISTIAN CALLING

0399 -- A CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY

As newsman Clarence W. Hall followed American troops through Okinawa in 1945, he and his jeep driver came upon a small town that stood out as a beautiful example of a Christian community. He wrote, "We had seen other Okinawan villages... down at the heels and despairing; by contrast, this one shone like a diamond in a dung heap. Everywhere we were greeted by smiles and dignified bows. Proudly the old men showed us their spotless homes, their terraced fields... their storehouses and granaries, their prized sugar mill."

Hall said that he saw no jails and no drunkenness, and that divorce was unknown in this village. He was told that an American missionary had come there some 30 years earlier. While he was in the village, he had led two elderly townspeople to Christ and left them with a Japanese Bible. These new believers studied the Scriptures and started leading their fellow villagers to Jesus. Hall's jeep driver said he was amazed at the difference between this village and the others around it. He remarked, "So this is what comes out of only a Bible and a couple of old guys who wanted to live like Jesus."

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CHRISTIAN CALLING

0400 -- A PROFESSOR WHO ACTS LIKE A PAGAN

According to United Press International, a 9-year-old girl was raised by barnyard pigs in the Chinese province of Liaoning. The girl had been suckled and raised from infancy by a peasant family's pigs because her disabled parents could not care for her.

Like a Chinese version of "Believe It or Not," the report indicated that the severely deprived child is now being taught to abandon pig- like behavior in favor of acting human. Her counselors said that the child had learned to crawl like a pig and imitate other piggish actions. She displayed fluctuating emotions and tended to want to live in solitude.

There is something worse than a 9-year-old child who behaves like a pig. It is a professed Christian who thinks and acts like a pagan.

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CHRISTIAN CALLING

0401 -- I WANT TO BE LIKE CHRIST

When the wife of missionary Adoniram Judson told him that a newspaper article likened him to some of the apostles, Judson replied, "I do not want to be like a Paul... or any mere man. I want to be like Christ... I want to follow Him only, copy His teachings, drink in His Spirit, [and] place my feet in His footprints... Oh, to be more like Christ!"

In view of all He has done for us, this should be the testimony of everyone who knows Him as Savior. May He be the object of our love, the joy of our lives, and the One we aspire to be like. May He be our whole purpose for living.

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CHRISTIAN CALLING

0402 -- I JUST COOK THE FOOD BETTER

When a Hindu woman became a follower of Christ, her unsaved relatives tried to make her life miserable. One day a missionary asked her, "When your husband is angry and persecutes you, what do you do?" She replied, "I just cook the food better and sweep the floor a little cleaner. When he speaks unkindly, I answer him mildly, trying to show him in every way that when I became a Christian I also became a better wife." That husband resisted all the sermons of the missionary, but he could not withstand the practical preaching of his wife. The Holy Spirit used that woman's gracious testimony, and eventually the man received Christ.

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CHRISTIAN CALLING

0403 -- NOT WHAT THEY SHOULD BE

I love a quotation from Oz Guinness, an astute observer of the American scene. He puts his finger on it when he says, "The main problem with American Christians is not that they aren't

where they should be, but they are not what they should be right where they are. Doctors, businessmen, teachers, etc." -- Howard Hendricks

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CHRISTIAN CALLING

0404 -- SPURGEON MADE THE WATER BOIL

The ministry of British preacher Charles Spurgeon was often marked by controversy, as journalists and other groups carped at his work. One day a friend of Spurgeon's remarked, "I hear you are in hot water again."

"I'm not the one in hot water," Spurgeon answered. "The other fellows are. I'm the man who makes the water boil."

How's your spiritual temperature lately? Is it causing anybody to boil?

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CHRISTIAN CALLING

0405 -- 20TH CENTURY CHRISTIANS

Peter Marshall in his characteristically trenchant manner describes 20th century Christians in these words: "They are like deep-sea divers encased in suits designed for many fathoms deep, marching bravely forth to pull plugs out of bathtubs."

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CHRISTIANITY

0406 -- NOT WANTING, JUST NOT TRIED

"Christianity has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult and not tried." -- G. K. Chesterton

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CHRISTIANITY

0407 -- WATER MUST BE USED

"How is it," asked a man of a minister, "that your religion has been going for nearly two thousand years, and has not influenced more people than it has done? Consider this question as a

reply: "How is it that water has been flowing since the beginning of time and many people are still, dirty?" It is not the fault of Christianity that people go without the remedy for human ills, but the loss is theirs all the same.

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CHRISTIANITY -- CHARACTERISTICS OF

0408 -- THAT IS CHRISTIANITY

A Chinese Christian thus described the relative merits of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity: "A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius walked by, approached the edge of the pit, and said, "Poor fellow, I am sorry for you! Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: If you ever get out, don't get in again." "I can't get out," groaned the man. That is Confucianism. A Buddhist priest next came by, and said, "Poor fellow, I am very much pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest." But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise. That is Buddhism. Next, the Saviour came by, and, hearing his cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said, "Go sin no more." That is Christianity. -- Dictionary Of Illustrations

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CHRISTIANS

0409 -- A CHRISTIAN? OR A SINNER?

Many Christians should carry ID cards saying, "I Am a CHRISTIAN." This is because their manner of living is so much like the world's that without some kind of identification you would never recognize them as being citizens of heaven.

C. H. Spurgeon apparently saw this inconsistency in some of the believers in this day, for he wrote, "When I went to school, we drew such things as houses, horses, and trees, and used to write the word house under the picture of the house, and the word horse under the picture of the horse. Otherwise, some persons might have mistaken the house for a horse. So," Spurgeon continued, "there are some people who need to wear a label around their necks to show they are Christians, or else we might mistake them for sinners."

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CHRISTIANS

0410 -- A QUIET AND GOOD PEOPLE

In the third century, Cyprian, the Bishop of Carthage, wrote to his friend Donatus: "It is a bad world, Donatus, an incredibly bad world. But I have discovered in the midst of it a quiet and good people who have learned the great secret of life. They have found a joy and wisdom which is a thousand times better than any of the pleasures of our sinful life. They are despised and persecuted, but they care not. They are masters of their souls. They have overcome the world. These people, Donatus, are Christians... and I am one of them."

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CHRISTMAS

0411 -- CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep.
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

-- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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CHRISTMAS

0412 -- THE STAR IN GOD'S WINDOW

One night, a man and his small son were walking slowly down the streets of a large American city. The child was delighted to see the many service stars hanging in the windows of homes, each star proudly proclaiming the fact that a son was in the service of his country. He clapped his hands excitedly as he approached each new star, and was duly impressed by those homes with more than one star in the window. Finally they came to a wide gap between houses,

through which the black velvet of the sky was clearly discernible, with the evening star shining brightly. "Oh look, Daddy, cried the little boy, "God must have given His Son, for He has a star in His window!" -- Harry Lauder

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CHRISTMAS -- ITEMS ABOUT

0413 -- CHRIST DID NOT REMAIN A BABE

A girl of ten years went with a group of family and friends to see the Christmas light displays at various locations throughout the city. At one church, they stopped and got out to look more closely at a beautifully done nativity scene. "Isn't that beautiful?" said the little girl's grandmother. "Look at all the animals, Mary, Joseph and the baby Jesus." "Yes, Grandma," replied the granddaughter. "It is really nice. But there is only one thing that bothers me. Isn't baby Jesus ever going to grow up... he's the same size he was last year."

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CHRISTMAS -- ITEMS ABOUT

0414 -- THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS

What did December 25 originally celebrate? For some time before the coming of Christianity, December 25 was a time of pagan celebration. The pagans knew that at this point in their calendar the shortest day and longest night had passed, that little by little the sun would rise higher and remain longer in the sky, bringing with it the promise of spring.

Prior to this day occurred the week-long Roman feast called Saturnalia (December 17-24), held in honor of the deity Saturn. This festival brought hopes for peace, happiness, and goodness that supposedly occurred during Saturn's reign.

Emperor Aurelian (A. D. 270-275) quickly capitalized upon the heathen worship of the sun and, in the year A. D. 274, officially declared December 25 as the birthday of the Unconquered Sun (dies natalis solis invicti). -- These Times

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CHURCH -- ANALOGIES OF

0415 -- THE CHURCH IS NOT A SIGN SHOP

A visitor in a strange city was returning from supper when a sign in a store front window caught his eye. It read "Chinese Laundry." He made a mental note of the location because he had been gone long enough to have need of a good laundry. The next morning he arrived at the store with a bag full of soiled clothes.

He piled the clothes on the counter before a shocked attendant. "What's that?" the attendant asked. "My laundry," came the reply. "I've always heard that Chinese laundries do excellent work." The startled clerk quickly informed the visitor that the establishment was not a Chinese laundry. "But what about the sign in the window?" "Oh, this is not a laundry, it is a sign shop."

The church sometimes sends out false signals about its purpose. Needy people bring in their dirty laundry only to discover that the cross of forgiveness is only a sign and that the attendants are not equipped to handle soiled lives.

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CHURCH -- ATTENDANCE

0416 -- EVERY TIME SOMETHING FRESH

Old John was a man of God and loved his village chapel. One day he was stopped by an acquaintance, who, by the way, was an ardent angler. "I say, John," said the angler, "I have often wondered what attraction there is up at the village chapel. You go week after week to the same old chapel, see the same folks, sing the same old hymns." "Wait a minute," interrupted John. "You fish very often at the same spot, and in the same water, do you not?" "Yes, that's true," agreed the other. John smiled, and then exclaimed: "Well, you do not, for the water you fished in yesterday has passed on to the sea; and every time I go up to the chapel the Lord has something fresh for me." -- Sunday School Times

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CHURCH -- ATTENDANCE

0417 -- SAFER TO GO TO CHURCH

Did you know that going to church could prolong your life? A recent article I saw said: "Do not ride in an automobile. They cause twenty percent of all fatal accidents. Do not stay at home. Seventeen percent of all accidents happen there. Do not walk in the street. Fifteen percent of all accidents happen to pedestrians. Do not travel by air, rail or water. Sixteen percent of all accidents result from these activities. If you want to stay safe, go to church. Only one-thousandth percent of all accidents happen in church." -- Dr. John Maxwell

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CHURCH -- ATTENDANCE

0418 -- THE MISSING LAMPS

In a certain mountain village in Europe several centuries ago, a nobleman wondered what legacy he should leave to his townspeople. At last he decided to build them a church. No one saw

the complete plans for the church until it was finished. When the people gathered, they marveled at its beauty and completeness. Then someone asked, "But where are the lamps? How will it be lighted?" The nobleman pointed to some brackets in the walls. Then he gave to each family a lamp which they were to bring with them each time they came to worship. "Each time you are here the area where you are seated will be lighted," the nobleman said. "Each time you are not here, that area will be dark. This is to remind you that whenever you fail to come to church, some part of God's house will be dark." -- Church Bulletin Bits

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CHURCH -- ATTENDANCE

0419 -- THE NUMBER IN ATTENDANCE

During one service I was complaining to the Lord about the lack of attendance: "Lord, attendance is just not what I'd like it to be." This was the Lord's response: "My son, attendance is not what I'd like it to be in heaven. That was the last time I complained to the Lord about lack of attendance. -- Harvey Koelner

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CHURCH -- COMPARED TO A FLOCK

0420 -- HE SAW HIS MISTAKE

Don't do as one father did. His little boy was converted, and said, "Papa, can not I join the church?" "Well, my child, I think you have met with a change of heart; but you are very young, and hadn't you better wait a little while, and see if you can hold out?" The boy thought it was very hard, but he consented. It was the best he could do. A few days after, the father saw, in a flock of sheep in the pasture, a little lamb running alongside of its mother. He said, "Run up and get the sheep and lamb, and put them in the fold, so as to shelter them from the storm and the cold." The boy got them, and put the mother in the fold, but left the lamb out in the yard. The father discovered it by and by. "Why, my child, didn't I tell you to put the sheep and the lamb in the fold?" "Well, I did put the sheep in; but I thought the lamb was pretty young, and I would leave it out and see whether it could stand it or not." The father took the hint. "My child, you can go and join the church." -- Albert P. Graves

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CHURCH -- COMPARED TO A FLOCK

0421 -- IF THE SHEEP ARE LOST

'Twas a sheep, not a lamb, that strayed away,
In the parable Jesus told;
A grown-up sheep that had gone astray

From the ninety and nine in the fold.

Out on the hillside, out in the cold,
'Twas a sheep the Good Shepherd sought;
And back to the flock, safe into the fold,
'Twas a sheep the Good Shepherd brought.

And why for the sheep should we earnestly long,
And as fervently hope and pray?
Because there is danger, if they go wrong,
They will lead the lambs astray.

And so with the sheep we tenderly plead,
For the sake of the lambs today;
If the sheep are lost, what terrible cost
Some lambs will have to pay!

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CHURCH -- COMPARED TO A FLOCK

0422 -- NEEDS, NOT JUST NUMBERS

An item by Sally Cunnech in Leadership magazine illustrates the importance of giving attention to needs, not just to numbers. She wrote, "During World War II, economist E. F. Schumacher, then a young statistician, worked on a farm. Each day he would count the 32 head of cattle, then turn his attention elsewhere. One day an old farmer told him that if all he did was count the cattle, they wouldn't flourish. Sure enough, one day he counted 31; one was dead in the bushes. Now Schumacher understood the farmer: you must watch the quality of each animal. 'Look him in the eye; study the sheen of his coat. You may not know how many cattle you have, but you might save the life of one that is sick.'" Great advice whether it's for the Sunday school teacher or the pastor. A full class or a crowded church isn't necessarily a healthy class or a spiritual church. To find out people's spiritual condition, you must "look them in the eye." Then you can minister to their needs.

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CHURCH -- COMPARED TO A FLOCK

0423 -- SHEEP AND GOATS

In Palestine flocks of sheep and herds of goats are plentiful. They dot the countryside, clutter up highways, crowd the streets of towns and villages. Sheep have shepherds and goats have goat-herds. The shepherd with his long staff walks in front of his flock and his sheep follow him. In fact, they crowd around so closely they hamper the shepherd's movement. On the other hand, the goat-herd carries a short stick and walks behind his herd to keep his goats together and moving in

the right direction. He has his hands full. Goats are individualists, impulsive and self-willed. They dart off in all directions on personal missions of their own.

Sheep-calling contests are common in Palestine. Several flocks are placed in an enclosure and mixed together. Then shepherds whistle a distinctive tune; some call or shout in a peculiar manner. Some shepherds use a pipe with a particular pitch. Each shepherd's signal is understood by his own sheep and they respond immediately. They make their way through the crowded enclosure to where their shepherd is waiting. The shepherd who collects a given number of sheep in the shortest time is the winner of the contest.

When Jesus mentioned sheep and goats in contrast he knew whereof he spoke. There is a difference, not only in appearance but in nature and behavior. Goats are not responsive to leadership. They have to be driven. Sheep know their shepherd's voice and follow him.

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CHURCH -- COMPARED TO SALT

0424 -- LOVED LIKE SALT

A famous king, depressed by circumstances in his realm and feeling rejected by many of his subjects, called for his three daughters to comfort and reassure him. After they had talked awhile, he asked how much they loved him. Two of them answered that they cared for him more than all the gold and silver in the world; but Mary, the youngest, said she loved him like salt. The king wasn't pleased with her answer, for he considered salt to be of very little value. The cook, who overheard the conversation, knew that the child's reply had more significance than the father imagined. She dared not speak to the monarch about the matter, but devised a subtle way to emphasize the true meaning of the young girl's words. The next morning at breakfast she withheld the salt from everything she served, and the meal was so insipid that the king didn't enjoy it at all. Then he realized the full force of his daughter's remark. She loved him so much that nothing was good without him! With a smile he said, "I understand now, Mary. Your love is the greatest of all!"

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CHURCH -- COMPARED TO SALT

0425 -- TOO MUCH LIKE HELL WITHOUT A CHURCH

Like spiritual salt, the Church of Christ preserves society from the advance of moral decay. Where this salt is lacking, the social environment becomes more and more like the population of hell.

A young lawyer, an infidel, boasted that he was going West to locate some place where there were no churches, no Sunday schools, no Bibles. Before the year was over, he wrote to a classmate, a young minister, begging him to come out where he was and start a Sunday school and preach, and "be sure to bring plenty of Bibles," closing his letter with these words, "I have become

convinced that a place without Christians and Sundays and churches and Bibles is too much like hell for any living man to stay in." -- Echoes

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CHURCH -- COMPARED TO SALT

0426 -- WHERE IS THE EFFECT?

By modest estimate, more than a quarter of the entire population of the United States have professed an evangelical conversion experience. William Iverson wryly observes that "A pound of meat would surely be affected by a quarter pound of salt. If this is real Christianity, the 'salt of the earth,' where is the effect of which Jesus spoke?" -- Christianity Today

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CHURCH -- FREEDOM OF

0427 -- NO RESTING PLACE OUTSIDE OF THE CHURCH

A ship sailing from the Orient brought a large number of caged birds. At about mid-ocean one restless bird escaped from his cage, and in an ecstasy of delight swept through the air, away and away from his prison. But after many hour's he appeared again, struggling toward the ship with heavy wings, and panting and breathless, settled upon the deck. He had sought from over the boundless deep the ship again, now no longer a prison, but his dear home. So with the restless human heart that breaks away from the restraints of Christianity. If not lost on the remorseless deep he comes back again with panting heart to church, home, and God. The church is not a prison. It gives the most perfect freedom in all that is good and all that is safe. -- Sunday School Times

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CHURCH -- GROWTH OF

0428 -- THINK GLOBALLY, BUT ACT LOCALLY

Coca-Cola seems to be everywhere. But how does it get there? This motto, posted in the company's headquarters, explains it: THINK GLOBALLY, BUT ACT LOCALLY.

What this slogan is to Coke, the Great Commission is to the church. A church that wants to obey the Lord's command to make disciples of all nations must first be faithful in its worship of God.

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CHURCH -- IDENTIFY

0429 -- LABELS SOMETIMES NECESSARY

The word "Fundamentalist" is a new word in the religious world. It is a recent name. Names are necessary. They are symbols of ideas. It is not the best thing in the world to be nameless. There are some people who object to being branded. They say they will not carry labels. But labels are also necessary, and the absence of them may be embarrassing, as when a goat was being shipped by express with a tag of destination about his neck. Later the man in charge of the car was thrown into consternation because he found as he declared with wide-eyed astonishment and perplexity, "Dat goat done eat up whar he's gwine." Probably the goat was a Modernist, or a Conservative who refused to wear a label. But it bothered the man who had to read his label, and it bothers us today not to know definitely where people are going and with whom they are going. -- The King's Business

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CHURCH -- MISCELLANEOUS

0430 -- HOW TO KEEP WARM IN CHURCH

As winter approaches we read all kinds of suggestions of utilizing fuel and making our dwelling places warm. Here are a few pointers for keeping warm in church: Rush to the front of the church to avoid the draft in the rear. Invite your neighbors and friends and sit 10 persons to the pew. Seat yourself near the pulpit; much hot air is emitted from that area. Fuss and fume when you don't like what the preacher says. Wear thermal underwear (in the appropriate liturgical colors). Wait for an unfamiliar hymn, then watch the sparks fly! Let the Holy Spirit fill you, it will warm your heart and body.

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CHURCH -- MISCELLANEOUS

0431 -- NO NEUTRAL GROUND

Brother, let me say this to you: you are on one side or the other. I recollect once at a county campmeeting, a gentleman approached me and said: "I'm mighty glad to see this grand work going on here. I hope this whole community will be saved." "Well," I said, "thank you, brother. What church do you belong to?" He said. "I don't belong to the church, but I'm a Christian." I said: "You a Christian, and not belong to any church? Why, you are the man I've been looking for, too, these many years I've offered a reward, a large reward, for one of your sort. Christians are sort of scarce in the church, and the Lord knows I didn't know there was one out of the church. I've found an anomaly in the moral universe of God. a Christian out of the Church!"

And I said to him: "I am mighty glad to meet you, sir. Now this afternoon, when I call up the penitents, I want to call on you to pray for them." "Oh, no," he says, "I can't pray in public." "Why?" Because I am not a member of the church." "Well," said I, "when the service is over this afternoon, take one of the boys, one of the penitents, out from the altar and go out into the woods

and pray with him." "Oh, no, I can't do that." "Why?" "Because I'm not a member of the church, Mr. Jones."

"Well," said I, "can't you just take one of the boys by the arm and carry him off in the woods and talk with him about Christ?" "No," he said, "My trouble is, I'm not a member of the church." "No sir," said I, "that ain't your trouble. Your trouble is, you belong to the devil from your head to your heels! That's your trouble." He that is not with Me, is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth abroad." -- Sam Jones

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CHURCH -- MISCELLANEOUS

0432 -- THE EMPTY PEW

The empty pew, your vacant place at the church, is a vote with the world and against the Christ. The world that is opposed to Christ asks nothing more from you in its enmity to Christ than that you do what Thomas did -- stay away.

"I am an Empty Pew. I vote for the world as against God. I deny the Bible. I mock at the preached Word of God. I rail at Christian brotherhood. I laugh at prayer. I break the Fourth Commandment. I am a witness to solemn vows broken. I advise men to eat drink and be merry, for tomorrow they die. I join my voice with every atheist and rebel against human and divine law. I am an Empty Pew. I am a grave in the midst of the congregation. Read my epitaph and be wise." -- McCartney

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CHURCH -- MISSION OF

0433 -- A MISSION, NOT A MUSEUM

The city of Long Beach, California, looks upon the Queen Mary, docked at a quay on the ocean front, as a floating white elephant. Since 1967, when the city bought the ship from Cunard, \$63 million has been spent on its conversion into a tourist spot with a museum, shops, restaurants, and hotel. Voices are calling for the doughty old Cunarder to be scrapped. It seems that with no possibility of sailing the seas the Queen Mary serves no real purpose. It is just so with the Church. If the Church is not fulfilling the purpose for which she was designed, then she is of no use to God or man. That is why the Church must be the Church in today's world.

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CHURCH -- MISSION OF

0434 -- MISSING OUR MISSION

More than a hundred years ago D. L. Moody lashed out as a loving critic to certain parts of the church of his time for its misappropriation of energies. The church reminded him, he said, of firemen straightening pictures on the wall of a burning house. In a single sentence he drew a vivid picture of what any of us can become in any generation when we forget the basic activities given to us by the Lord of the church.

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CHURCH -- MISSION OF

0435 -- WHAT IS THE CHURCH FOR?

A little girl watching a regiment of soldiers marching down the street, turned to her mother as the last section of the band went past and asked, with a note of impatience in her voice, "What are soldiers for if the can't play?" The child had lost sight of, or really never understood the fact, that the real business of the soldier is not to be part of an attractive parade. In the desire to make the church attractive, sometimes a similar mistake is made. The real business of the church is to save souls, and not to furnish an attraction that will draw "the best people in town" into its charmed circle. -- Topical Illustrations

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CHURCH -- PASTORS

0436 -- HOW TO GET RID OF A PASTOR

Perhaps this article found in a church bulletin will interest you. It's entitled, "How to Get Rid of a Pastor." Not long ago a well-meaning group of laymen came from a neighboring church to see me. They wanted me to advise them on some convenient and painless method of getting rid of their pastor. I'm afraid, however, that I wasn't much help to them. At the time I had not had the occasion to give the matter serious thought. But since then I have pondered the matter a great deal, and the next time anyone comes for advice on how to get rid of a pastor, here's what I'll tell him:

Look the pastor straight in the eye while he's preaching and say "Amen" once in a while and he'll preach himself to death. Pat him on the back and brag on his good points and he'll probably work himself to death. Rededicate your life to Christ and ask the preacher for some job to do, preferably some lost person you could win to Christ, and he'll die of heart failure. Get the church to unite in prayer for the preacher and he'll soon become so effective that a larger church will take him off your hands.

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CHURCH -- PREVAILING OF

0437 -- THE UNCONQUERABLE CHURCH

The emperor Diocletian set up a stone pillar on which was inscribed these words: For Having Exterminated The Name Christian From the Earth. If he could see that monument today, how embarrassed he would be! Another Roman leader made a coffin, symbolizing his intention "to bury the Galilean" by killing His followers. He soon learned that he could not "put the Master in it". He finally surrendered his heart to the Savior, realizing that the corporate body of Christ and its living Head, the Lord Jesus, cannot be destroyed by the onslaught of mortal men.

The history of the church has been represented by the Waldensians in a picture of an anvil with many worn-out hammers lying all around it. Beneath this scene are the words: One Anvil -- Many Hammers. Organized religion may fail; but the living organism composed of all born-again believers will stand forever. God is calling out of this world a people for His name who will dwell with Him throughout eternity.

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CHURCH -- SPIRITUAL LIFE OF

0438 -- DEAD CHURCH MEMBERS

A minister a short time ago made a very infelicitous mistake at a funeral occasion. The remains of the departed one were lying in the casket before the pulpit, and in the course of his funeral sermon the minister, leaning over the pulpit with solemn countenance said: "This corpse has been a member of my church for ten years."

He made something of a mistake about that man, but I know he could have said it of a good many members of a good many churches I know and not have made any mistake at all. "I know thy works that thou hast a name to live but art dead." -- W. W. Landrum

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CHURCH -- SPIRITUAL LIFE OF

0439 -- LIVE CHURCHES VERSES DEAD CHURCHES

Live churches are constantly changing. Dead churches don't have to. Live churches have lots of noisy kids. Dead churches are fairly quiet. Live churches' expenses always exceed their income. Dead churches take in more than they ever dreamed of spending. Live churches are constantly improving for the future. Dead churches worship their past. Live churches move out in faith. Dead churches operate totally by human sight. Live churches focus on people. Dead churches focus on programs. Live churches are filled with tithers. Dead churches are filled with tippers. Live churches dream great dreams of God. Dead churches relive nightmares. Live churches don't have "can't" in their dictionary. Dead churches have nothing but. Live churches evangelize. Dead churches fossilize.

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CHURCH -- STRIFE IN

0440 -- SCORPIONS DEVOUR ONE ANOTHER

Scorpions live on insects, but they kill and devour their own species as well. One experimenter placed a hundred of these arachnids in a large glass vessel, and after a few days only fourteen remained. The rest had been killed and eaten by the others. He put a pregnant female in a glass vessel and observed her as she devoured her young as fast as they were born. One escaped, taking refuge on the mother's back, and found revenge by killing the mother scorpion in turn. If cornered with no possible escape, a scorpion will sting itself to death with that flexible stinger on the back end of its body.

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CHURCH -- STRIFE IN

0441 -- THOSE WHO KICK EACH OTHER

Stephen Brown explains that when a group of thoroughbred horses face attack, they stand in a circle facing each other and, with their back legs, kick out at the enemy. Donkeys do just the opposite; they face the enemy and kick each other! How often the church does just that -- ignoring the real enemy while we attack fellow believers.

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CLEANSING

0442 -- DAILY RENEWAL

On the bathtub of a Chinese king was engraven this motto: "Renew thyself completely each day; do it again and again, and forever again." Beyond the initial experiences of regeneration and entire sanctification, in order to remain pure, one must daily, through the Spirit, slough off those worldly things which could become sin if they were allowed to attach themselves to the life and heart of the sanctified. -- adapted from Sunday At Home

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CLEANSING

0443 -- INWARD CLEANSING REQUIRED

"James," said the American planter, "suppose I take an ink-bottle and cork it tight and put a string around the neck and drag it through the river, how long will it take to clean out the inside?" James' face lighted up in a moment, and he replied "Massa you'll never get it clean that way in the

world." The master seized upon this confession and showed James that baptism by water availed nothing apart from the inward cleansing by the Holy Spirit. -- Sunday School Chronicle

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CLEANSING -- SPIRITUAL COMMANDED

0444 -- ILLEGAL BATHING

Did you know -- In 1842 the first bathtub was denounced as a "luxurious and democratic vanity". Boston made it unlawful to bathe, except on doctor's prescription. In 1843 Philadelphia made bathing illegal between November 1 and March 15.

How tragic most Christians have adopted a similar schedule of spiritual cleansing. We would rather put up with the stench of our unconfessed sins than come clean before God!

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CLEANSING -- SPIRITUAL COMMANDED

0445 -- THE DIRTY HEART OF SNOW

Scientists have discovered that every snowflake has a tiny piece of dust at its core. Yes, every snowflake has a "dirty heart". In the spiritual realm, when the blood of Christ is applied to the heart of an unbeliever, it cleanses him from all sin. Not a speck of defilement remains, for God removes every stain and washes him even whiter than snow. (Psalm 51:7)

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CLIMATIZING

0446 -- A CLIMATIZED CATASTROPHE

During the severe cold of a subzero winter season a king is walking through his greenhouse beholding with delight the beautiful plants and blooming flowers. When he approaches some bins where various types of seed are stored, he notices that some of the packages have been gnawed open and that apparently a colony of mice or rats has moved into the greenhouse and the rodents are feeding on the seed. Angry with the infestation of these pests, the king finds one of his greenhouse workers and instructs him to do whatever is necessary to eradicate them. The man is a novice, newly hired, and quite flattered that the king has authorized him to eradicate those rodents. He assures the king to just leave it to him and he will get rid of every one of them, and soon!

Then, that night, after all of the older, experienced gardeners have departed leaving him to himself in the greenhouse, the man turns the heat entirely off, intending to freeze those rats out of the king's greenhouse for good! He will create a climate that will drive them out, and that right quickly.

The next morning, however, when the king returns to his greenhouse he beholds with utter dismay the destructive results of this climatizing by the one who thought he was doing him service. Every plant is either killed or hideously blasted by the subzero temperature, while the rats remain very much alive, snugly ensconced in their insulated nests. Is it any wonder that the king quickly fired that novice!?

Thus also, spiritual novices can blight the beautiful flowers of Christ's Church when they create an adverse spiritual climate to eradicate those whom they deem to be pests. We should take heed lest the spiritual climate which we create actually does the opposite of what we intend. And, we should leave it up to the Lord alone to get rid of the pests. -- Duane V. Maxey

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CLOCK WATCHING

0447 -- WATCHING THE CLOCK AT WORK -- STOPPED

Shortly after he opened his first plant, Thomas Edison noticed that his employees were in the habit of watching the lone factory clock. To the inventor who was an indefatigable worker, this was incomprehensible. He did not indicate his disapproval verbally. Instead he had dozens of clocks placed around the plant, no two keeping the same time. From then on clock watching led to so much confusion that nobody cared what time it was.

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CLOCK WATCHING

0448 -- WATCHING THE CLOCK IN CHURCH -- A BAD CHANGE

While the Rev. R. Watson was preaching, one Sabbath morning, at Wakefeld, in Yorkshire, he observed: man rise from his seat to look at the clock in the front of the gallery, as though he wished to give the preacher a hint to approach to a conclusion. Mr. Watson observed, in a very significant manner, "A remarkable change has taken place among the people of this country in regard to the public services of religion. Our forefathers put their clocks on the outside of their places of worship that they might not be too late in their attendance. We have transferred them to the inside of the house of God, lest we should stay too long in His service. A bad and ominous change!" And then, addressing the man whose rude behavior had called forth the remark, he said, "You need be under no alarm this morning: I shall not keep you beyond the usual time."

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CLUTTER

0449 -- KILLED BY CLUTTER

Last December Eleanor Barry, a 70-year-old ex-actress, was killed by a pile of paper. A giant pile of books, newspapers, and the press clippings dating back 25 years collapsed on Miss Barry while she lay in bed. Police had to use an axe to smash the door of her bedroom because the collapsed pile blocked their entry. They stated the weight of the papers muffled her cries for help.

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COMFORT

0450 -- IF YOUR WIFE HAD JUST DIED

One night while conducting an evangelistic meeting in the Salvation Army Citadel in Chicago, Booth Tucker preached on the sympathy of Jesus. After his message a man approached him and said, "If your wife had just died, like mine has, and your babies were crying for their mother, who would never come back, you wouldn't be saying what you're saying. Tragically, a few days later, Tucker's wife was killed in a train wreck. Her body was brought to Chicago and carried to the same Citadel for the funeral. After the service the bereaved preacher looked down into the silent face of his wife and then turned to those attending. "The other day a man told me I wouldn't speak of the sympathy of Jesus if my wife had just died. If that man is here, I want to tell him that Christ is sufficient. My heart is broken, but it has a song put there by Jesus. I want that man to know that Jesus Christ speaks comfort to me today."

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COMFORT

0451 -- THE COMFORT OF MUTUAL SUPPORT

The Sequoia trees of California tower as much as 300 feet above the ground. Strangely, these giants have unusually shallow root systems that reach out in all directions to capture the greatest amount of surface moisture. Seldom will you see a redwood standing alone, because high winds would quickly uproot it. That's why they grow in clusters. Their intertwining roots provide support for one another against the storms. Suffering comes to all of us, and no one can suffer for us. Even so, just like those giant Sequoia trees, we can be supported in those difficult times by the prayers and understanding of loved ones and friends. It's when we are too proud to admit our needs to others that we are in the greatest danger.

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COMFORT -- ADMINISTERING

0452 -- THE COMFORT OF CHRIST

In 1858 Scottish missionary John G. Paton and his wife sailed for the New Hebrides (now called Vanuatu). Three months after arriving on the island of Tanna, his wife died. One week later his infant son also died. Paton was plunged into sorrow. Feeling terribly alone, and surrounded by

savage people who showed him no sympathy, he wrote, "Let those who have ever passed through any similar darkness as of midnight feel for me. As for all others, it would be more than vain to try to paint my sorrows. But for Jesus, and [His] fellowship -- I [would] have gone mad and died." When death takes a precious loved one, the Lord comforts His own in a special way with the fellowship of His presence. It's a comfort in sorrow that the world knows nothing about. And this consolation reinforces in our heart the hope of the coming again of Christ described in I Thessalonians 4.

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COMING -- OF CHRIST, FIRST

0453 -- SYMBOLISM IN CHRIST'S FIRST COMING

In Western culture, the ass is the brunt of jokes. But in Eastern culture, specifically in the time of Christ, the ass was considered a noble animal. When a king came riding upon an ass, it was a sign that he came in peace. The horse was the mount of war, the ass was the mount of peace. Jesus was showing to all that He came, not to destroy but to love; not to condemn but to help; not in the might of arms but in the strength of love.

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COMING -- UNTO GOD

0454 -- THE RIGHT TO COME -- GOD'S WRITTEN INVITATION

The foreman of a certain factory in the north, had often heard the Gospel, but he was troubled with the fear that he was not one of the elect, and therefore could not come to Christ. His good boss one day sent a card to the factory which said: "Come to my house immediately after work." The foreman appeared at his superior's door, and the boss came out and said somewhat roughly: "What do you want, John, troubling me at this time? Work is done; what right have you here?" "Sir," said he, "I had a card from you, saying that I was to come after work." "Do you mean to say that merely because you had a card from me, you are to come up to my house and call me out after business hours?"

"Well, sir," replied the foreman, "I do not understand you but, it seems to me that as you sent for me, I had a right to come." "Come in, John," said his boss, "I have another message that I want to read to you," and he sat down and read these words: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Do you think, that after such a message from Christ, you can be wrong in going to Him?" The poor man saw it all at once, and believed because he saw that he had good warrant and authority for believing. -- C. H. Spurgeon (*Wording made contemporary by D.V.M.)

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COMING -- UNTO GOD

0455 -- WE CAN COME TO GOD THROUGH HIS SON

"Them that come unto God by Him." Years ago on the stone coping that ran around the White House sat an old man, Threadbare clothes covered with dust made him a marked figure, and tears were on his face. A little boy rolling a hoop stopped and asked what was the matter. The bent form lifted, and the sad tale was poured out to the child. His son in the Army of the Potomac had been arrested for desertion and condemned. The guards had not permitted the man to pass to President Lincoln. "I can take you to the President," said the boy. "You?" "Yes, he is my father, He lets me come in any time." Thus it was the old man found the way to Lincoln, and thus gained pardon for his son. This is how, through Jesus Christ, the Son, we have access to God the Father.
-- Selected

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COMMUNICATION

0456 -- I WISH I'D SAID THAT

On the morning of the first atomic bomb test near White Sands, New Mexico, two Indian brothers sat looking across the Mesa. Observing the great blast and the resultant mushroom shaped cloud, the one said to the other: "Man, I wish I'd said that!"

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COMPANIONSHIP

0457 -- THE SHORTEST WAY

"Which is the shortest way to London?" was the question for the best answer to which a London newspaper offered a substantial cash prize. The answer which won the prize was, "The shortest way to London is good company." All travelers know how true that answer is. Good company shortens any journey, however long. In such company time flies, miles slip rapidly past, and the end is reached almost before one is aware of it. The journey to heaven is very much shortened, the road made easier, when Jesus Christ is our traveling companion.

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COMPASSION -- EXAMPLES OF HUMAN

0458 -- FEELING THE PAIN OF OTHERS

I am sorry for the man who can't feel the whip when it is laid on the other man's back. --
Abraham Lincoln

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COMPASSION -- EXAMPLES OF HUMAN

0459 -- LINCOLN'S COMPASSION

An old man whose son had been convicted of gross crimes in the army and sentenced to be shot came to plead with Lincoln. As the boy was an only son, the case appealed to Lincoln; but he had just received a telegram from Butler which read: "Mr. President, I beg you not to interfere with the court martials of this army. You will destroy all discipline in the army." Lincoln handed the old man the telegram, and he watched the shadow of disappointment and sorrow come over the man's face as he read the message. He suddenly seized his hand and exclaimed "...Butler or no Butler here goes!" He wrote out an order and handed it to the father. The man read the order which was as follows: "Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me, Abraham Lincoln." "Why," said the father, "I thought it was going to be a pardon. You may order him to be shot next week." "My old friend," said Lincoln, "evidently you do not understand my character. If your son is never shot until an order comes from me, he will live to be as old as Methuselah."

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COMPASSION -- OF CHRIST

0460 -- CHRIST'S COMPASSION SEEN IN LOUGH HOOK

Some years ago, Lough Hook, a Chinese Christian, moved with compassion for the coolies in South American mines, sold himself for a term of five years as a coolie slave that he might carry the gospel to his countrymen. Working there, He toiled in the mines with them and preached Jesus while he toiled till he had scores of whom he could speak as Paul of Onesimus, "Whom I have begotten in my bonds." This is a noble example of the possible spiritual power of the despised Chinaman. Before Lough Hook died he had won to the Saviour about two hundred followers whom he left behind in membership of a church.

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COMPASSION -- OF CHRIST

0461 -- CHRIST'S COMPASSION SHOWN BY TWO MORAVIANS

It is said that when the story of West India slavery was told to the Moravians, and it was stated that it was impossible to reach the slave population because they were so separated from the ruling classes, two Moravian missionaries offered themselves and said: "We will go and be slaves on the plantations and work and toil under the lash to get right beside the poor slaves and instruct them." They left their homes and went to the West Indies as slaves and lived in the company of slaves to get close to the hearts of slaves, and the slaves heard them because they had humbled themselves to their condition.

That was grand; it was glorious; and yet Christ's example was more glorious for he stepped from heaven to earth to get by our side; He laid himself down beside us that we might feel the throbbings of his bosom and be drawn so close as to hear him whisper, "God is love." -- Bishop Simpson

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CONCEIT

0462 -- THE PRESUMPTION OF CONCEIT

Yul Brynner was noted for his conceit. Once, as he was lunching at a posh New York restaurant, a camera flashed near his table. Enraged, Mr. Brynner charged over to the people with the camera and demanded that they give him the film. After all, they had not asked his permission to take his picture. The couple explained that their camera was a Polaroid, and asked Brynner to wait until the photo developed so as not to ruin the rest of the pack. Brynner was incensed but grudgingly agreed to wait. When the photo was developed, Brynner snatched it from the photographer's hand. Looking at it, the crimson crept up his face. There in his hand, he held a snapshot of the dessert tray between the photographer's and Brynner's tables. -- Dwayne Johnson

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CONCERN

0463 -- THAT WHICH RIGHTLY DEMANDS EXCITEMENT

A somewhat unlettered, but celebrated, evangelist years ago, face to face with the culture of Harvard, was accused of leading audiences into excitement. "I have heard," said he in reply, "of a traveler who saw at the side of the way, a woman weeping and beating upon herself. He ran to her and asked, "What can I do for you? What is the cause of your anguish?" "My child is in the well! My child is in the well! she cried. With swiftest dispatch, assistance was given, and the child was rescued. Farther on, this same traveler met another woman wailing also and beating upon herself. He came swiftly to her, and with great earnestness asked, "What is your trouble?" "My pitcher is in the well! My Pitcher is in the well!" she lamented. Our great social and political excitements are all about pitchers in wells, and our religious excitements are about children in wells." -- Joseph Cook

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CONCESSION

0464 -- THE POLITE PACHYDERM

Sir Emerson Tennent tells of an adventure he had in Ceylon while riding on a narrow road through the forest. He heard a rumbling sound approaching, and directly there came to meet him an elephant, bearing on his tusks a large log of wood which he had been directed to carry to the place

where it was more needed. Tennent's horse, unused to these monsters, was frightened, and refused to go forward. The elephant, seeing this, evidently decided that he should himself get out of the way. But to do this he was obliged to take the log from his tusks with his trunk and lay it on the ground, which he did, and then backed out of the road between the trees till only his head was visible. But the horse was still too timid to go by. Then the thoughtful elephant pushed himself farther back, till all of his body except the end of his trunk had disappeared. Then Sir Emerson succeeded in getting his horse by, but stopped to witness the result. The elephant came out, took the log up again, laid it across his tusks and went on his way. -- Dictionary of Illustrations

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CONDUCT -- CHRISTIAN

0465 -- A KING'S SON

In the early days of slavery in North America, a plantation visitor in the deep south was watching a group of slaves while they were loading heavy bales on a wagon. One of them stood out above his fellows head erect, shoulders back and unbowed under the whip-lashes of the overseer, and walking, with a strong gait. The visitor inquired about this man, and his host replied: "He is the son of an African king, and he never forgets it." The Christian is the son and heir of God almighty, Let us never forget it, and live accordingly. -- The Pilgrim

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CONDUCT -- CHRISTIAN

0466 -- RULE FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING

John Wesley's Rule for Christian Living: Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, in all the places you can, at all the times you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can! -- Christian History

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CONFESSION -- OF CHRIST

0467 -- ASHAMED TO CONFESS CHRIST

A girl in a fashionable home was brought to Christ, and for several years witnessed faithfully to Him. Then she was invited to stay with relatives whom she scarcely knew, and whom she had never seen; and she resolved she would not speak of her Lord, nor obtrude her religion. On the day she was to leave for home, an attractive and accomplished lady, a leader in society, while walking alone with her, suddenly said, "Where is your sister, and why didn't she come? I mean your religious sister: it was because I heard she was coming that I came; I am sick of my empty life, and longed to talk to a real Christian." With shame she had to confess that she had no sister. -- King's Herald

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CONFESSION -- OF CHRIST

0468 -- I ALSO AM A CHRISTIAN!

A great many years ago, a Roman emperor said to a Greek architect: "Build me a coliseum, and when it is done, I will crown you, and I will make your name famous through all the world, if you will only build me a grand coliseum." The work was done. The emperor said: "Now we will crown the architect. We will have a grand celebration." The Coliseum was crowded with a great host. The emperor was there and the Greek architect, who was to be crowned for putting up this building. The moment for honoring the architect arrived.

They brought out some Christians, who were ready to die for the truth, and from the doors underneath hungry lions were let out into the arena. The emperor arose amid the shouting assembly, and said: "The Coliseum is done, and we have come to celebrate it today by the putting to death of Christians at the mouth of these lions, and we have come here to honor the architect who has constructed this wonderful building. The time has come for me to honor him, and we further celebrate his triumph by the slaying of these Christians."

Whereupon, the Greek architect sprang to his feet and shouted: "I ALSO AM A CHRISTIAN!" Then, instead of honoring him, they flung him to the wild beasts, and his body, bleeding and dead, was tumbled into the dust of the amphitheater." -- adapted from Dictionary of Illustrations -- Duane V. Maxey

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CONFESSION -- OF CHRIST

0469 -- I LEFT'EM KNOW WHAT SIDE I WAS ON!

When General Lee was coming up the Chambersburg Road to Gettysburg, "Gettysburg Hannah" (as she was called) grabbed her poker and started down the road to meet the enemy. Nothing happened. Lee came right on, and the decisive battle was fought. After the war was over, they were having a quilting party in one of the Gettysburg homes and Hannah was there. The other women were having some fun with Hannah. Said Mrs. Bomberger, "Hannah, what in the world did you expect to do with that old poker against that great Southern army?" "Vell," said Hannah in her rich Pennsylvania Dutch (if I can spell it right), "I no expect to do nodings yet a ready, but I left'em know what side I vas on, ain't it!" -- Sunday School Times

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CONFESSION -- OF CHRIST

0470 -- MARTYRDOM CHOSEN RATHER THAN WORLDLY HONOR

A great many years ago, a Roman emperor said to a Greek architect, "Build me a Coliseum, and when it is done I will make your name famous through all the world." The work was done, and a great host was gathered in the Coliseum to celebrate it. And then they brought out some Christians, who were ready to die for the truth, and the emperor said, "The Coliseum is done, and we have come to celebrate it today by the putting to death of Christians, and we have come here to honor the architect." Whereupon, the Greek architect sprang to his feet, and shouted, "I also am a Christian!" And they flung him to the wild beasts. Could you have confessed Christ in that way? -- Treasurer

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CONFESSION -- OF SIN

0471 -- BLANKET CONFESSION

An illustration used by a Chinese evangelist: A woman with a bundle of dirty washing had taken it to the riverside with the purpose of washing it. But she was ashamed to open it for fear someone would see how dirty it was; so she just plunged the whole bundle into the water, jogged it up and down several times, and then went home with it. A lot of people are like that foolish woman. They have many sins that need to be cleansed, but they are not willing to bring them out and confess them one by one. They just say, "Lord, I am a sinner, forgive me." So, they cover up all their sins, their thefts, and their lies, and their jealousies, and their hatred. But they have to be brought out and confessed, and only then can they be cleansed.

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CONFESSION -- OF SIN

0472 -- HONEST CONFESSION BRINGS FREEDOM

The story is told of an Italian duke who went on board a galley ship. As he passed the crew of slaves he asked several of them what their offenses were. Every one laid the blame to someone else, saying his brother was to blame or the judge was bribed. One sturdy young fellow said: "My lord, I am justly in here. I wanted money and I stole it. No one is to blame but myself." The duke on hearing this seized him by the shoulder, saying, "You rogue! What are you doing here among so many honest men? Get you out of their company!" The young fellow was then set at liberty, while the rest were left to tug at the oars. -- Spurgeon

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CONFESSION -- OF SIN COMMANDED

0473 -- ONE MAN WAS HONEST

In his book Great Themes of the Bible, Louis Albert Banks told of the time D. L. Moody visited a prison called "The Tombs" to preach to the inmates. After he had finished speaking, Moody talked with a number of men in their cells. He asked each prisoner this question, "What brought you here?" Again and again he received replies like this: "I don't deserve to be here." "I was framed." "I was falsely accused." "I was given an unfair trial." Not one inmate would admit he was guilty. Finally, Moody found a man with his face buried in his hands, weeping. "And what's wrong, my friend?" he inquired. The prisoner responded, "My sins are more than I can bear." Relieved to find at least one man who would recognize his guilt and his need of forgiveness, the evangelist exclaimed, "Thank God for that!" Moody then had the joy of pointing him to a saving knowledge of Christ -- a knowledge that released him from his shackles of sin.

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CONFLICT -- SPIRITUAL

0474 -- HE WAS A BRICK

You may have heard the expression: "He was a brick!" Few of us, however, know the origin and significance of that expression. The term implies all that is brave and loyal. Plutarch, in writing about the king of Sparta, tells how the phrase was coined. An ambassador on a diplomatic mission visited the famous city. Knowing that its strength was acclaimed throughout all of Greece, he had expected to see massive fortresses surrounding the town, but he found nothing of the kind. Surprised, he exclaimed to the ruler, "Sir, you have no fortifications for defense. Why is this?" "Ah, but we are well protected," he replied. "Come with me tomorrow and I will show you the walls of Sparta." The next day he led his guest to the plain where the army was drawn up in full battle array. Pointing proudly to his soldiers who stood fearlessly in place, he said, "Behold the walls of Sparta -- 10,000 men and every man 'a brick'!"

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CONFUSION -- SPIRITUAL

0475 -- GENERAL SHAFTER'S HORSES AND MULES

The following story can illustrate how the Holy Spirit is able to deliver those who are lost in the peril of confusion: During the Spanish-American War, some transports with supplies for General Shafter's army found it impossible to secure anchorage off the coast of Cuba, and were compelled to steam slowly back and forth along the coast. This made it difficult to land the horses and mules, and it was finally decided upon to push them overboard and allow them to swim ashore.

So, they were pushed into the water and soon the sea was black with animals. Some instinctively swam toward the shore; others completed circles in the water; but others, more frightened than the rest, started out to sea. It was a distressing situation, and the ship's officers showed much concern.

Finally, the men who were aboard the transports espied a soldier on shore hastily making his way toward a rocky promontory. The stripes upon his uniform denoted the bugler. The jutting rocks reached, he raised the bugle to his lips and emitted one after another of the bugle-calls which the army horses and mules had learned to know so well. The sound traveled far out to sea, and was heard by every bewildered, struggling creature. Instinctively, they turned and swam toward the call.

The bugler stood there and sounded those calls until his lips were blue, but when he finally did cease, every confused and trembling animal was safe! (from 1000 Illustrations)

If those who are spiritually confused will tune in to the faithful trumpet call of God's Spirit through His Word, He will guide them out of their perilous panic and bewilderment. As they turn toward the sound of His voice, the Lord will keep sounding forth His call until they have landed safely on Heaven's shore. Hallelujah! -- Duane V. Maxey

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CONSCIENCE

0476 -- CONSCIENCE HARDENING

It is a very terrible thing to let conscience begin to grow hard, for it soon chills into northern iron and steel. It is like the freezing of a pond. The first film of ice is scarcely perceptible; keep the water stirring and you will prevent the frost from hardening it, but once let it film over and remain quiet, the glaze thickens over the surface, and it thickens still, and at last it is so firm that a wagon might be drawn over the solid ice. So with conscience, it films over gradually until at last it becomes hard and unfeeling, and it is not crushed even with ponderous loads of iniquity. -- C. H. Spurgeon

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CONSCIENCE

0477 -- FOLLOWING CONSCIENCE LIKE A WHEELBARROW

Today's quote worth re quoting is by Billy Graham. He says, "Most of us follow our conscience as we follow a wheelbarrow. We push it in front of us in the direction we want it to go." -- Paul Harvey

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CONSCIENCE

0478 -- LIKE THE INCOMING TIDE

A man murdered another on the shores of Lake Michigan. He threw the body into the water and ran away. Three days later the body was washed up in front of the murderer's cabin. The guilty man, troubled by conscience, confessed his crime and surrendered himself to the authorities, exclaiming: "Ah, yes, I know the tides did it! The tides did it!" When the tides of memory, conscience, and reason begin to roll in on the judgment day every secret thing will be made manifest. -- Howard W. Ferrin

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CONSCIENCE

0479 -- THE CONSCIENCE QUIETED

As the old historian says about the Roman armies that marched through a country burning and destroying every living thing, "They make a solitude and they call it peace." And so men do with their consciences. They stifle them, forcibly silence them, somehow or other, and then when there is a dead stillness in the heart broken by no voice of either approbation or blame, but doleful like the unnatural quiet of a deserted city, then they say it is peace. -- Maclaren

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CONSCIENCE -- GOOD

0480 -- CLEAR CONSCIENCE

A little boy was seen one day lounging around a circus tent. If there is anything in the world tempting to a boy, it is a circus, and knowing this a gentleman said: "Come, Johnny, let us go into time circus." "No," said the boy, "father would not like it." "But your father need not know it," said the man. "But I will know it," said the boy, "and when father comes home tonight I could not look up into his face." Ah, how important! Able to look into our Father's face. He has been very good to us. No good thing has He withheld from us, and yet so many times we find our selves unable to look into His face. God help us to live so close to Himself, so pure and so holy, that all the time we can be able to look into His face. -- L. G. Broughton

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CONSCIENCE -- GOOD

0481 -- NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF

Poor Joseph. He was trying to be the right kind of Jewish husband- to-be when he discovered that Mary, his bride-to-be, was going to have a baby. What could he do but call off the marriage! Surely this was the only way to avoid the ridicule they both might receive.

Then came a new twist in the story. As Joseph was contemplating his next move, an angel appeared and told him not to be afraid to take Mary as his wife. Things weren't the way they

seemed. Neither he nor Mary had anything to be ashamed of because they had done nothing wrong. The baby she was carrying had been conceived by the Holy Spirit. She would bear the Messiah, and there was nothing to hide.

What a lesson we can learn from those two young people! If we are steadfast in our desire to please the Lord and remain true to Him, we will have a clear conscience. We won't have to spend our time trying to cover our tracks.

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CONSCIENCE -- GOOD

0482 -- THE VICTORY OF CONSCIENCE

An Indian, being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco, and one of them having some loose in his pocket gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back and inquired for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that as it had been given to him he might as well keep it he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man say it is not mine I must return it to the owner. The bad man say, 'Why? He gave it to you and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'That's not right; the tobacco is yours, not the money.' The bad man say, 'Never mind; you got it; go buy some dram.' The good man say, 'No, no, you must not do so.' So I don't know what to do and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night and trouble me; and now I bring the money back. I feel glad." -- Christian Age

Too bad "the good man" didn't know enough to tell him to give the tobacco back along with the quarter. -- D. V. M.

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CONSCIENCE -- GUILTY

0483 -- AT WHOSE SUIT?

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

One that owed much money and had many creditors was walking the streets of London one evening. A hook happened to catch his coat behind him, and thinking that some bailiff had thus caught his coat and was about to arrest him, he asked: "At whose suit?" (By whose law suit are you arresting me? -- DVM)

Thus, guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them. -- Thomas Fuller

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CONSCIENCE -- GUILTY

0484 -- A PAINFUL REMINDER

The tale is told of a certain king had a magic ring. The ring sat on his finger as any other ring, yet it had mystic qualities. Whenever an evil thought came into the mind of the prince, or he was tempted to do an evil deed, or had done a wrong thing, the ring pressed painfully upon his finger. Such a belonging, for painfully reminding us when we do, think, or say the wrong thing, is the possession of each of us at birth. It is called conscience. Even though it is not a material thing, it too can become dulled, tarnished, lost, or cast away.

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CONSCIENCE -- GUILTY

0485 -- A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE

As the stag which the huntsman has hit flies through bush and brake, over stock and stone, thereby exhausting his strength, but not expelling the deadly bullet from his body, so does experience show that they who have troubled consciences run from place to place, but carry with them wherever they go their dangerous wounds. -- Gotthold

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CONSCIENCE -- GUILTY

0486 -- CHRIST POINTS TO THE TROUBLE

Jesus said to the woman at the well, "Go call thy husband." To another He may say, "Go call thy wife whom thou hast wronged." To another, "Go call thy child whom thou hast neglected." To another, "Go call thy father and mother." To another He says, "Go bring thy bank book." To another, "Go call the record of that business transaction." To another, "Go call that slander which you uttered against another's name." To another, "Go call that hatred or enmity which you treasure up in your heart." To another, "Go call that secret habit which stains and defiles thy soul." Can you meet these tests? -- McCartney

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CONSCIENCE -- GUILTY

0487 -- FORGETTING TO LOOK UP

A man went to steal corn from his neighbor's field. He took his little boy with him to keep a lookout, so as to give warning in case anyone should come along. Before commencing he looked all around, first one way and then the other. Not seeing any person, he was just about to fill his bag, when his son cried out, "Father, there is one way you haven't looked yet!" The father supposed

that someone was coming, and asked his son which way he meant. He answered, "You forgot to look up!" The father, conscience-stricken, took his boy by the hand, and hurried home without the corn which he had designed to take. -- Prairie Overcomer

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CONSCIENCE -- GUILTY

0488 -- GOD SEES AND KNOWS

Some years ago two brothers, running a general store in a country town, were perplexed by the discovery that many small items on their shelves were gone, though an inventory showed that they had not been sold. The brothers drew their conclusions, and for some time sought a solution to the problem, and finally one of them hit upon a plan. They climbed up into the attic above the store and bored a hole in the ceiling. And then each of them took turns watching through the hole, while the other waited on the trade. What they discovered about some of the townspeople was amazing! However, no open accusations were made; instead, they simply dropped the gentle hint around that there was a hole in the ceiling. Almost immediately the pilfering ceased! But occasionally the brothers noticed with amusement some casual shopper strolling about the store suddenly shifting his eyes toward the ceiling, and this somewhat guiltily. -- Sunday School Times

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CONSCIENCE -- GUILTY

0489 -- POE'S GUILTY CONSCIENCE

The raven that came in the darkness into the chamber of Poe and perched upon a bust of Pallas just above his chamber door whose, only word was "Nevermore," seems to be a metaphor, a symbol of remorse. Poe beseeches the raven to take his beak from out his heart and his form from off his door, but all the raven answers is "Nevermore."

And the lamplight o'er him streaming,
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul, from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted nevermore!

Yes, the shadow that conscience casts upon the soul because of evil done, because of sin, is a shadow which man is not able to lift. Only God in Christ can lift that shadow.

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CONSCIENCE -- GUILTY

0490 -- THE BIRDS TWITTED HIS GUILT

Bessus, a native of Pelonia in Greece, being one day seen by his neighbors pulling down some bird's nests and passionately destroying their young, was severely reproved by them for his ill-nature and cruelty to those creatures that seemed to court his protection. He replied that their notes were to him insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him of the murder of his father. -- Arvine

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CONSCIENCE -- GUILTY

0491 -- THEY ALL DUCKED!

Father Andre, preaching one day at Paris against the vices of immorality and infidelity, threatened to name a lady present as being one of the guilty. He, however, corrected himself, saying in Christian charity he would only throw his skullcap in the direction where the lady sat. As soon as he took his cap in his hand, every woman present ducked her head for fear it would come to her. -- Dictionary Of Illustrations

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CONSECRATION

0492 -- CHRYSOSTOM'S RESPONSE TO PERSECUTION

Seeking to know God better, John Chrysostom became a hermit in the mountains near Antioch in A. D. 373. Although his time of isolation was cut short by illness, he learned that with God at his side, he could stand alone against anyone or anything. That lesson served Chrysostom well. In A. D. 398 he was appointed patriarch of Constantinople, where his zeal for reform antagonized the Empress Eudoxia, who had him exiled. Allowed to return after a short time, Chrysostom again infuriated Eudoxia, who sent him away again. How did Chrysostom respond to such persecution? With these words: "What can I fear? Will it be death? But you know that Christ is my life, and that I shall gain by death. Will it be exile? But the earth and all its fullness are the Lord's. Poverty I do not fear; riches I do not sigh for; and from death I do not shrink."

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CONSECRATION

0493 -- COMPLETE CONSECRATION

A Connecticut farmer came to a well-known clergyman, saying that the people in his neighborhood had built a new meetinghouse, and that they wanted this clergyman to come and dedicate it. The clergyman, accustomed to participate in dedicatory services where different clergymen took different parts of the service, inquired: "What part do you want me to take in the dedication?" The farmer, thinking that this question applied to the part of the building to be

included in the dedication, replied: "Why, the whole thing! Take it all in, from underpinning to steeple." That man wanted the building to be wholly sanctified as a temple of God, and that all at once. "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" -- H. C. Trumbull

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CONSECRATION

0494 -- DEDICATION OF SELF

At a Christian celebration on the west coast of Africa a few years ago, when converted natives brought of their meager possessions to show their devotion to Christ, a young girl only recently saved from paganism brought a silver coin worth about eighty-five cents, and handed this to the missionary as her gift to the Saviour. The good man was astounded at the size of the offering, and hesitated to accept it, supposing it must have been obtained dishonestly; but when he delicately asked for an explanation of this lavish gift, the convert told him that she had gone to a neighboring planter and bound herself out to him as a slave for the rest of her life for this coin.

Thus, she brought the whole monetary equivalent of her life and placed it as a single gift at the feet of her Lord. That is the kind of consecration which Jesus expects of those who have sworn eternal fealty to Him. It is not our duty to enslave ourselves to any human master. It is our rare privilege to dedicate ourselves and our substance entirely to our Lord. -- Rev. G. P. Eckman

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CONSECRATION

0495 -- DON'T TRIFLE! DON'T TRIFLE!

Pastor Charles Simeon once said that whenever he looked at the portrait of Henry Martyn, four words rang in his head: "Don't trifle! Don't trifle!" It's easy to understand why Simeon felt that way. Martyn graduated from Cambridge University with honors in both mathematics and classics, and had the prospect of a brilliant academic career. Instead, he chose to serve the Lord in India. He was almost 25 when he arrived there, and at the age of 31 he died. Yet in those six years, Martyn translated the New Testament into three languages: Hindustani, Arabic, and Persian. Only eternity will reveal how much his work meant to other missionaries and how many people were saved because of it. Henry Martyn had a profound sense of the sacredness of time and the greatness of his obligation toward God.

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CONSECRATION

0496 -- ENTIRE CONSECRATION NECESSARY

Suppose you were to buy a house and lot, and an elegant residence, pay the money and get the deeds, and the day you were to go in the gentleman said: Here's the key to eight rooms; I have reserved two rooms." "Didn't I buy the house?" "Yes." "Well, what do you mean?" "I want to keep four tigers in one room and the other I want to fill with reptiles. I want them to stay here." You say: "Well, my friend, if you mean what you say, I would not have your house as a gracious gift. You want me to move my family into a house where one room is full of tigers and the other full of snakes."

Many a time, we turn over our whole hearts to God, and when He comes in, we have reserved some rooms for the wild beasts of pride and the hissing serpents of iniquity. Let me tell you, brethren, I won't ask God to come and live in a house that I won't let my family live in. Empty every room in the house, and then the heart is the center of gravity to Jesus Christ, and He will come in and live with you. -- Sam Jones

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CONSECRATION

0497 -- FOR CHRIST? OR FOR WAGES?

Several years ago on an extremely hot day, a crew of men were working on the road bed of the railroad when they were interrupted by a slow moving train. The train ground to a stop and a window in the last car was raised. A booming, friendly voice called out, "Dave, is that you?" Dave Anderson, the crew chief called back, "Sure is, Jim, and it's really good to see you." With that pleasant exchange, Dave Anderson was invited to join Jim Murphy, the president of the railroad, for a visit. For over an hour the men exchanged pleasantries and then shook hands warmly as the train pulled out.

Dave Anderson's crew immediately surrounded him and to a man expressed astonishment that he knew Jim Murphy, the president of the railroad as a personal friend. Dave then explained that over 20 years earlier he and Jim Murphy had started to work for the railroad on the same day. One of the men, half jokingly and half seriously asked Dave why he was still working out in the hot sun and Jim Murphy had gotten to be president. Rather wistfully Dave explained, "twenty-three years ago I went to work for \$1.75 an hour and Jim Murphy went to work for the railroad." -- See You at the Top

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CONSECRATION

0498 -- FOR THIS I PRAY

The Master's will, for this I pray, Whatever it may be! I do not want to miss Your best; Reveal it, Lord, to me. My own desires may lead me wrong, I must consult my God; His counsel will be justified, When all the way I've trod. O soul of mine, delight in Him! His Word discern, obey! The plan you seek to know will then unfold from day to day. We do not live our lives alone:

If I am in God's will, The lives of others will be helped, His purpose to fulfill! My all, O Lord, I give to You, My body, mind and soul; May all the days that lie ahead, be under Your control. --
Frances L. Hess

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CONSECRATION

0499 -- HE HAD TO CLIMB HIGHER

A pilot was flying his small plane one day, when he heard a noise which he recognized as the gnawing of a rat. Wondering what its sharp teeth were cutting through, he suddenly realized with horror that it might be an electric wire. Then he remembered that rodents can't survive at high altitudes. Immediately he began climbing until finally he had to put on his oxygen mask. Soon the gnawing sound ceased, and when he landed he found the rat -- dead.

Do you want to destroy the power of evil in your life? Then read the Bible regularly, meditate upon its truths, and actively do God's will. Sinful appetites can't survive in such spiritual heights. Listen to the Heavenly Father as He calls, "Children, come up higher!"

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CONSECRATION

0500 -- HE NEVER REGRETTED HIS CHOICE

When John Henry Jowett was a young man, he was so intent on pursuing a law career that he didn't ask the Lord what He wanted him to do with his life. One day he met his old Sunday school teacher, who asked him what he was going to do with his many talents. Jowett replied that he was studying to be a lawyer. Disappointed, his friend said, "I've prayed for years that you would go into the ministry."

This startled the brilliant young student and set him to thinking seriously about entering the ministry. Later Jowett wrote, "I then sought God's will and reverently obeyed His call. Now, after 35 years in His service, I can say I've never regretted my choice."

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CONSECRATION

0501 -- HE PUT PRINCIPLE BEFORE PROPERTY

John Hancock, first signer of the Declaration of Independence, was an earnest worker for the cause of freedom. During the siege of Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town. His letter was read to Congress, of which Mr. Hancock was president. At first, there was silence. Then, a member made a motion that the house should resolve

itself into a committee of the whole, in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion, since all of his property was located in Boston.

Leaving his chair, John Hancock addressed the chairman of the committee as follows: "It is true, sir, nearly all of the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but if the liberties of our country require their being burnt to ashes, issue the order for that purpose immediately!" -- Mabel Ruth Jackson

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CONSECRATION

0502 -- HE WASN'T ANXIOUS TO BE THE WHISTLE

True consecration consists in being willing even to be sacrificed for the cause to which we have consecrated ourselves. Some one tells of a leader who threw some variety into the prayer-meeting one night by suggesting that they consider the church for the time being a locomotive engine, and asking each one what part he would prefer to be. One thought he would like to be the whistle and wake up the sleepy; another would choose to be the bell to clang out "all aboard." Of course there was a taker for the drivewheels, and the headlight, the cowcatcher also came in, and even the safety-valve and the lever. But the man who did the most for the church, an humble member who gave away about \$1200 out of a salary of \$2000, was not saying anything. "What would you rather be?" at last the pastor inquired, looking directly at him. "Oh, anything," he said. "If the fireman wanted a shovel full of coal, he could throw me in to help make things go." -- Topical Illustrations

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CONSECRATION

0503 -- HIS ART BECAME A CONSECRATED THING

At one time Dannecker, the German sculptor of the colossal figure of the Savior, attracted the eye of Napoleon. "Come to Paris," said the Emperor, "and make me a statue of Venus for the Louvre."

"No," he replied, "A man who has seen Christ would commit sacrilege if he should employ his art in the carving of a pagan goddess. My art is henceforth a consecrated thing.

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CONSECRATION

0504 -- HIS HANDS COULD NOT CARVE AN IDOL

In his early life, the great German sculptor Johann von Dannecker gained a reputation for his statues of Ariadne and the Greek goddesses. Approaching his prime, Dannecker felt he ought to devote all his strength and time to the creation of a masterpiece, so he set about to carve a figure of Christ. Twice he failed before he finally carved a statue so perfect that when people gazed upon it, they were moved to adore the Savior it portrayed. Years later, Napoleon sent for Dannecker and asked him to "make for me a statue of Venus for the Louvre." Dannecker refused, sending the French emperor this message: "Sir, the hands that carved the Christ can never again carve a heathen goddess."

Dannecker's sentiment is admirable, and serves to illustrate the importance of our singular devotion to Christ.

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CONSECRATION

0505 -- I CAN DO SOMETHING

I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. What I can do, I ought to do. And what I ought to do, By the grace of God I shall do! -- Edward Hale

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CONSECRATION

0506 -- I'M SERIOUS ABOUT FISHING

Are you serious about the great commission? I'm amused by the story of the boy who was fishing on a stream when a group of teenagers arrived on the scene with their rods and reels and fancy flies. They thrashed the water as they joked and laughed, casting and reeling in repeatedly but catching nothing.

The boy sat intently watching the tip of his tree-branch pole. Every so often he pulled up a fish. Finally one of the fellows shouted, "How do you do it? We've got special flies but we're not catching anything!" The boy looked up long enough to reply, "I'm fishing for fish. You're fishing for fun." Maybe we need to become a little more focused in our attempts to reach people with the gospel.

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CONSECRATION

0507 -- IF THINE HAND OFFEND THEE

When the soldiers of Napoleon's army were invading Russia, they came to a village from which all the inhabitants had fled except one man. He was a Russian peasant, a woodsman, and

still carried his ax in his leather belt. When the French captain saw him he ordered him to be shot immediately. The soldiers fell in and leveled their guns, but the man did not seem afraid, looking fearlessly down the gun barrels. The French captain noticed this, and before the soldiers could pull their triggers, ordered them to lower their guns. He then ordered that the peasants life should be spared. "But," said he, "we will put a mark on him. We will brand him." So the branding iron was brought out and placed in the fire. Then it was placed upon the Russian's hand. The man saw his own flesh burn and quiver, but he did not flinch or cry out. After the iron was removed the peasant saw the letter "N" branded on his palm.

"What is that?" he asked. "This is the letter "N" and it stands for Napoleon; you belong to Napoleon now," replied the captain. For a moment the poor man did not know what to do or say. His pain was intense. Then an idea occurred to him. He had always been a loyal and patriotic Russian. Now was the time to show it, even in the presence of his enemies.

At once he placed his burned hand on something solid. The French soldiers looked on, laughing, and jeering at him. The brave man took the ax out of his belt, and swinging it high, brought it down with such might that he severed his own hand. "There," he said to the soldier, "the hand may belong to Napoleon, but I am a Russian. If I must die, I will die a Russian." -- Joseph D. Ryan

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CONSECRATION

0508 -- INGENUITY AND HARD WORK

"I washed babies with a back brush," related the original Fuller Brush man, "swept stairs, cleaned radiators and milk bottles, dusted floors -- anything that would prove the worth of what I had to sell."

Born in January 1885 on a Nova Scotia farm, Alfred G. Fuller left home at 18 to find work in the Boston area. The shy youth eventually began selling brushes. On the eve of his 21st birthday, in response to his customers' complaints and suggestions, Fuller invested \$65 in equipment and began modifying stock items. He also began making a few brushes of his own design. Within a few years Fuller had sales representatives all over the country as Fuller Brush became a household name to millions of people.

Alfred Fuller reminds us that ingenuity and hard work can turn a little into a lot.

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CONSECRATION

0509 -- MOUNTAINS OF ICE TO MELT

William Lloyd Garrison, who wrote the anti-slavery paper called the Abolitionist and was probably the leader in that cause, was so hot to get rid of the slavery cancer upon our society that he angered many many people. One of his friends, Samuel May, said one day to him, and I quote, "Oh, my friend, do try to moderate your indignation and keep more cool, why you're all on fire." To which Garrison replied, "My friend, I have need to be all on fire for I have mountains of ice around me to melt." -- John Maxwell

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CONSECRATION

0510 -- MUST BE TOTAL -- UNGROUNDED TO SIN, THE WORLD

Just out of reach from my window stretches a wire which carries a heavy current of electricity for light and power. It is carefully insulated at every pole that supports it, and it is carried well out of common reach. If I could lean far enough out to touch it, death would be swifter than the tiger's leap or the serpent's sting, as swift as the lightning stroke. Yet the doves light on it and take no harm. They fly from my window sill, where I sometimes feed them, to preen and rest upon it in safe content, and then fly off again to their search for food or nesting.

The secret is that when they touch the full-powered wire they touch nothing else. They give themselves wholly to it. My danger would be that while I touched the wire I should also be touching the earth through the walls of my house, and the current would turn my body into a channel for escape. But they rest wholly on the wire and experience neither dread nor danger. They are one with it, and they are safe.

So would God have us seek our safety in complete self-surrender to His power and love. It is when we reach one hand to Him, while yet we keep fast hold on some forbidden thing with the other, that we are in danger. -- Isaac Rankin

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CONSECRATION

0511 -- NO COMPETITION

A group of clergymen were discussing whether or not they ought to invite Dwight L. Moody to their city. The success of the famed evangelist was brought to the attention of the men. One unimpressed minister commented, "Does Mr. Moody have a monopoly on the Holy Ghost?" Another man quietly replied, "No, but the Holy Ghost seems to have a monopoly on Mr. Moody." -- The Chaplain

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CONSECRATION

0512 -- NO WAY TO GO BACK

When Cortez landed at Vera Cruz in 1519 to begin his conquest of Mexico with small force of 700 men, he purposely set fire to his fleet of 11 ships. His men on the shore watched their only means of retreat sinking to the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico. With no means of retreat, there was only one direction to move, forward into the Mexican interior to meet whatever might come their way. In paying the price for being Christ's disciple, you too must purposefully destroy all avenues of retreat. Resolve that whatever the price for being His follower, you will have to pay it. --
Walter Henricksen

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CONSECRATION

0513 -- READY FOR EITHER

A Roman coin was once found with the picture of an ox on it; the ox was facing two things -- an altar and a plough; and the inscription read: "Ready for either". The ox had to be ready either for the supreme moment of sacrifice on the altar or the long labor of the plough on the farm. There is no one cup for the Christian living. To drink the cup simply means to follow Christ wherever he may lead, and to be like him in any situation life may bring.

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CONSECRATION

0514 -- SOME WHO WERE CONSECRATED

George Whitefield, famous English evangelist, said, "O Lord, give me souls, or take my soul." Henry Martyn, missionary, cried as he knelt on India's coral strands, "Here let me burn out for God." David Brainerd, missionary to North American Indians, declared, "Lord, to Thee I dedicate myself. Oh, accept of me be Thine forever. Lord, I desire nothing else; I desire nothing more." Dwight L. Moody implored, "Use me, then, my Saviour, for whatever purpose and in whatever way Thou mayest require. Here is my poor heart, an empty vessel; fill it with Thy Grace." Martin Luther prayed on the night preceding his appearance before the Diet of Worms: "Do Thou, my God, stand by me against all the world's wisdom and reason. Oh, do it! Thou must do it. Stand by me, Thou true, eternal God!" "Praying Hyde," a missionary in India, pleaded, "Father, give me these souls, or I die."

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CONSECRATION

0515 -- THE SECRET OF BOOTH'S SUCCESS

General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, was once asked the secret of his success. General Booth hesitated a moment, then with tears streaming down his cheeks he replied, "I'll tell you the secret; God had all of me there was to have. From the day I got the poor on my heart and a vision of what Christ could do, I made up my mind that God would have all there was of William Booth -- God had all the adoration of my heart, all the power of my will and all the influence of my life."

The birth of the Salvation Army came about through a man who offered his life as a sacrifice to God.

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CONSECRATION

0516 -- THE UNEXPECTED REWARD OF CONSECRATION

During the Korean War, a group of believers were in a little chapel when communist soldiers barged in with machine guns. One of the soldiers said, "All right everybody, get up!" So they got off their knees. He said, "Line up against the wall!" They did what the soldier said to do. Then that soldier ripped the picture of Christ off the wall and threw it down on the floor. He said, "All right, one by one, I want you to come by here, spit on this picture, and curse His name."

The first three in line were men of the church, they did what the soldier said to do. They spit on the picture and they cursed the name of Christ. The fourth one in line was a high school girl. She came up before the picture and she dropped to her knees. She wiped the spittle off with her skirt, and she said, "Go ahead and kill me. I cannot curse His name."

The soldier said, "Get up!" They blindfolded that girl and the three men, and marched them out behind the chapel. The people inside heard three shots. The soldiers came back in with the girl -- alive. The soldier said, "Anyone who gives up what they believe that easily is not fit to be a communist." And they marched out. -- Ron Blue

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CONSECRATION

0517 -- UNTIL THEN, I WAS AN IMPOSTOR

A man who was well known for his work among the homeless was called on one day to help a homeless family living in a crude shelter. Two children in the family had already died and a third was seriously ill. The man recalled the experience when he wrote, "It was then that I realized some terrible things. I realized that as long as (I) was incapable of saying to that poor woman, 'Come on, get your things, pick up your child and come along with me and your husband and sleep in my room. I'll take your place in the tent and tomorrow we'll find some way of solving this.' Until then, well, fundamentally I was simply an impostor."

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CONSECRATION

0518 -- USELESS CONSECRATION

On the windy Brittany coast of France the Abbe Adolph Juellenne Foure spent nearly ten hours a day every single day for 25 years carving more than 300 figures out of a huge section of rock above the sea. The statues tell the fantastic history of the Rotheneuf Family, a 16th century tribe of smugglers, pirates, and outlaw fishermen. Why the French priest devoted the last third of his life to chiseling in stone these craggy creations no one knows.

We know something far more profitable for one devoted to the service of God. There are human lives to be formed and fashioned as stones in God's living temple, the church. That task demands our total time and energy. It cannot be looked upon as a hobby. It requires "full-time" service.

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CONSECRATION

0519 -- WATER-LOGGED CHRISTIANS

What hinders you from giving Christ your all? Throw it off. Reduce the things that weigh you down. F. B. Meyer says, "Thousands of Christians are like water-logged vessels, they cannot sink; yet, they are saturated with so many inconsistencies, worldlinesses and little permitted evils that they can only be towed with difficulty into the celestial port.

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CONSECRATION

0520 -- WHOM DO YOU ACKNOWLEDGE AS OWNER

The Rev. J. Alexander Clark, a Scotch missionary from Africa, told in this country a very striking story of an African who had been mauled by a lioness and was well-nigh dead. Mr. Clark cared for his wounds, and when he got well he left. After three months he came back to Mr. Clark, and said, "You know the law of the African forest, that the redeemed belongs to the redeemer. I was dead, but I am now alive. I am yours. Here are my six wives and my children and my cattle; do with me as you will." Are we willing to surrender all to Christ like that? The secret of our lack of power and service is just this we do not acknowledge that we, the redeemed, belong to the Redeemer. -- Christ Life

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CONSECRATION

0521 -- WHY CHRIST SHOULD HAVE OUR ALL

The story is told of a wealthy Englishman who had added to his valuable collection a rare violin which was coveted by Fritz Kreisler, the celebrated virtuoso. When the owner persisted in refusing to part with the instrument, Kreisler begged permission to play it just once. The opportunity was granted and he played as only a genius can play. He forgot himself. He poured his soul into his music. The Englishman stood as one enchanted until the playing had ceased. He did not speak until Kreisler had tenderly returned the instrument to the antique box, with the gentleness of a mother putting her baby to bed. "Take the violin," the Englishman burst out; "it is yours. I have no right to keep it. It ought to belong to the man who can play it as you did." -- A. B. Rhinow

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CONSECRATION

0522 -- WHY HARKNESS WOULDN'T PLAY

One of the State societies at Los Angeles was holding its annual reunion. Three thousand people had gathered in a beautiful grove and had partaken of a hearty lunch. The president of the society announced that a musical program would be given. Robert Harkness, the well-known Christian pianist, then rendered a few numbers of old sacred melodies with variations, which were received with enthusiasm. Then the president announced that three young ladies would perform a special dance, and asked Mr. Harkness to play for them, Much to his surprise and chagrin he received a polite negative reply. The president appeared before the throng and announced that Mr. Harkness had refused to play. Mr. Harkness arose and said, "My reason for not playing for the dance is simply that my talent is not my own. It is devoted wholly to the service of Christ." -- Grace and Truth

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CONSECRATION

0523 -- WILLIAM BORDEN'S CONSECRATION

In 1904 William Borden, heir to the Borden Dairy Estate, graduated from a Chicago high school a millionaire. His parents gave him a trip around the world. Traveling through Asia, the middle East, and Europe gave Borden a burden for the world's hurting people. Writing home, he said, "I'm going to give my life to prepare for the mission field."

When he made this decision, he wrote in the back of his Bible two words: "No Reserves." Turning down high-paying job offers after graduating from Yale University, he entered two more words in his Bible: "No Retreats."

Completing studies at Princeton Seminary, Borden sailed for China to work with Muslims, stopping first at Egypt for some preparation. While there he was stricken with cerebral meningitis

and died within a month. A waste, you say! Not in God's plan. In his Bible underneath the words "No Reserves" and "No Retreats," he had written the words "No Regrets."

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CONTENTION

0524 -- RELIGIOUS CONTENTION TO BE AVOIDED

John Wesley, a man whose bitterest enemy could not fairly accuse him of indifference to the doctrines and faith "once delivered to the saints," wrote thus liberally, and large heartedly to a correspondent: "Men may die without any opinions and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom; but if we be without love, what will knowledge avail? I will not quarrel with you about opinions. Only see that your heart be right toward God, and that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, and love your neighbors, and walk as your Master walked, and I ask no more. I am sick of opinions. Give me a good and substantial religion, a humble gentle love of God and man." -- Dictionary Of Illustrations

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CONTENTMENT

0525 -- ACRES OF DIAMONDS

Many people are not content with the work they are doing because the grass always looks greener on the other side of the fence. They are dissatisfied even when their circumstances are favorable. Instead of doing their duty cheerfully and conscientiously as unto the Lord, they yield to a spirit of covetousness. As a result, they miss God's best for their lives and fail to see the blessings they already have.

An ancient Persian legend tells of a wealthy man by the name of Al Haffed who owned a large farm. One evening a visitor related to him tales of fabulous amounts of diamonds that could be found in other parts of the world, and of the great riches they could bring him. The vision of all this wealth made him feel poor by comparison.

So instead of caring for his own prosperous farm, he sold it and set out to find these treasures. But the search proved to be fruitless. Finally, penniless and in despair, he committed suicide by jumping into the sea. Meanwhile, the man who had purchased his farm noticed one day the glint of an unusual stone in a shallow stream on the property. He reached into the water, and to his amazement he pulled out a huge diamond. Later when working in his garden, he uncovered many more valuable gems. Poor Al Haffed had spent his life traveling to distant lands seeking jewels when the farm he had left behind were all the precious stones his heart could have ever desired.

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CONTENTMENT

0526 -- THE RARENESS OF CONTENTMENT

A gentleman had a board put up on a part of his land on which was written: "I will give this field to one who is really contented. When an applicant came, he asked, "Are you contented?" The general answer was, "I am," and his reply invariably was: "Then what do you want with my field." -- Dictionary Of Illustrations

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CONTINGENCY -- OF SALVATION

0527 -- OUR CHOICE -- SATAN HAS NO TITLE DEED TO HOLD HIS SLAVES

A great contingency will determine which master gets you and keeps you forever! One master may not determine that. The other Master will not determine that. The matter of which master you will serve and with whom you will spend eternity is contingent upon one thing alone: Your choice! "Should it be according to thy mind?" Job 34:33 Yes, satan may not decide for you, and Jesus will not. It is your individual privilege, and eternal responsibility, to make that choice for yourself. You may! You must! "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Joshua 24:15

During the days of slavery in this country, a certain slave escaped north to Vermont. His master pursued him there and captured him. In the effort to obtain legal permission to return south with his recaptured slave, the master asked the court at Middlebury for possession of his slave property.

Judge Harrington listened carefully to the proofs of ownership that the man presented to the court, but replied that he was not convinced that the title was perfect. Then the counsel asked what more was required. Judge Harrington answered: "Until you bring me a bill of sale from God Almighty...you cannot have this man!" -- Duane V. Maxey

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CONTRITION

0528 -- CONTRITION FOR SIN

A short time since, a young man named Tuahine came loitering about my house in an unusual way. Knowing him to be one of the baser sort, I said, "Friend, have you any business with me?" Tears gushed into his eyes; he could at first hardly speak. At length, he replied: "You know I am a wicked man. Shame covers my face and holds me back. Today, I have broken through all fear. I want to know is there room for me? Can I expect mercy?" I said, "How came you to have such a thought as that?"

His countenance blushed; tears started from his eyes and he said, "I was at work putting up my garden fence. It was a long, hard work and only myself to do it. All covered with dirt, and greatly wearied, I sat down on a little bank to rest, and said within my self, 'I cannot tell why all this great garden and death for my soul; all this great property and death for ever! Oh, what shall I do?' I went immediately and bathed; then went to my wife and told her my thoughts and wishes. She agreed to my desire, and we on that evening left our work and came to this place where the Word of God lives and I have been wishing to speak to you ever since."

I was quite affected to hear this tale, and gave him all the instruction and encouragement which I conceived the Scriptures warranted. I am happy to say that the man continues to live happily and worthy of the Gospel. -- Rev. Orsmond (South Seas)

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CONTRITION

0529 -- SHORT-LIVED CONTRITION

A prison chaplain told the following story:

A short time since I thought I had brought to a better state of mind a man who had attempted to murder a woman and had been condemned to death. He showed great signs of contrition after the sentence was passed upon him, and I thought I could observe the dawnings of grace upon the soul. I gave him a Bible and he was most assiduous in the study of it, frequently quoting passages from it which he said convinced him of the heinousness of his offence. The man gave altogether such a promise of reformation and of a change of heart and life that I exerted myself to the utmost and obtained for him such a commutation of his sentence as would enable him soon to begin the world again.

I called to inform him of my success. His gratitude knew no bounds. He said I was his preserver -- his deliverer. "And here," he added as he grasped my hand in parting, "here is your Bible; I may as well return it to you for I hope I shall never want it again." -- W. Davenport Adams

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CONTRITION

0530 -- THE EFFECTS OF CONTRITION

When King Henry II, in the ages gone by, was provoked to take up arms against his ungrateful and rebellious son, he besieged him in one of the French towns, and the son, being near to death, desired to see his father and confess his wrongdoing; but the stern old sire refused to look the rebel in the face. The young man, being sorely troubled in his conscience, said to those about him: "I am dying. Take me from my bed and let me lie in sackcloth and ashes in token of my sorrow for my ingratitude to my father." Thus he died; and when the tidings came to the old man outside the walls that his boy had died in ashes, repentant for his rebellion, he threw himself upon

the earth like another David and said: "I would God I had died for him!" The thought of his boy's broken heart touched the heart of the father. -- Spurgeon

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CONTROVERSY

0531 -- THE WATER OF LIFE LOST THROUGH CONTROVERSY

I don't believe any of us can afford to have a victory over our Christian brethren. I saw once, a little incident in Scottish history. It was at the time when conflicts were being waged between two factions in Scotland. One of them was represented by the garrison in the old castle at Edinburgh, and the townspeople were on the other side. They fell into a very serious fight about surrendering the town. It was the easiest thing in the world for the castle to subdue whatever force was brought against it. Those of you who have been there know how commanding a position it occupied. In a very little while, they opened a terrific cannonade on the town. They were soon subdued. It was an easy victory. But they found that the explosions of their cannon had shaken the rock beneath them and opened the fissures so widely that the waters in the wells that the garrison lived upon had run away into nothing.

I don't believe we can afford to be victorious over each other, and that Christian denomination that holds its own by the destruction of any other one will find that its fissures beneath will carry away the water of piety and grace on which it lives. -- Dr. Robinson

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CONVERSATION -- SPIRITUAL

0532 -- HE LEFT THE MIDST OF UNHOLY CONVERSATION

Something more than fifty years ago, there was a dinner party at the other end of Jordan. The ladies had withdrawn, and under the guidance of one member of the company, the conversation took a turn, of which it will be enough here and now to say, that it was utterly dishonorable to Jesus Christ our Lord. One of the guests said nothing, but presently asked the host permission to ring the bell. When the servant appeared, he ordered his carriage. He then, with the courtesy of perfect self-command, expressed his regret at being obliged to retire, but explained that he was still a Christian. Mark the phrase, for it made a deep impression at the time -- "Still a Christian."

Perhaps it occurs to you that the guest who was capable of this act of simple courage must have been a bishop, or at least a clergyman. The party was made up entirely of laymen, and the guest in question became the great prime minister of the early days of the reign of Queen Victoria. He was the late Sir Robert Peel. -- Canon H. P. Liddon

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CONVERSION

0533 -- ASK THE SKIPPER

Dr. Grenfell, of Labrador, tells about his calling to see a dying man on a fishing vessel off this coast. As he left the cabin another invalid called out, "You've forgotten me, Doctor. I'm the man who was converted two years ago." "Well," said Grenfell, "what difference has it made in your life?" "Ask the skipper," he replied. Ah, friends, that's the test. Can others testify as to the difference conversion has made in your life? -- Leonard Trap

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CONVERSION

0534 -- HE KNEW HE WASN'T REALLY CONVERTED

In one of my missions a young fellow came to me, a fine character who had been put in a most prominent place in that mission. He it was who was delegated to take the hand of every inquirer and say the last word of advice and counsel. He stood it from Monday to Saturday, and on Saturday evening he said to me: "Mr. Smith, I want to see you. You don't go out on Sunday morning do you?" I said, "No, I rest unless I go to church; but I usually stay in to get a little quiet. What do you want to see me about?" I thought he wanted to see me about some special case. He said, "About my own soul." "Why," I said, "what is the trouble?" He said "I am not converted; I have never been born again." "My brother," I said, "what does it mean?" He said, "My parents supposed I was a Christian and urged me to join the church, and I did so. My pastor supposed I was a Christian and I was made a Sunday School teacher and an officer in the church. Because they supposed and kept on supposing, nobody has ever looked me in the eye and said: "Harry, are you right with God?" -- Gypsy Smith

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CONVERSION

0535 -- IS IT VISIBLE?

A youngster, who gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ in a Child Evangelism meeting, hurried home afterward and said to his little sister: "I have a new heart." "Have you?" she asked him, and then, quite naively, added: "Let me see it."

A tree is known by its fruits. If we are Christians, if we possess the new life that we profess to have, the fact should be visible to others. Conversion to Christ issues in conduct that shows for the new life in Christ. -- The Pilgrim

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CONVERSION

0536 -- NOT A DREAM

At an open-air meeting in England, the leader appealed for testimonies. While this part of the meeting was in progress, there passed by a skeptic. He would have gone right on but at that moment the testimony of a saved drunkard reached him. He paused and listened. The converted man was telling how Jesus had wrought the miracle. The skeptic, disgusted with what he had heard, approached. He was unable to withhold a few open remarks which were audible to all those standing around. "Spasmodic flights of imagination," he called it. He found much to his disgust that his remarks were not at all appreciated by the meeting or the lookers-on. No one had interfered with the man until now. God had his own special way of dealing with him. Among the listeners was a little girl about ten or eleven years old. She approached the man timidly. "If you please," she said, "if it is only a dream don't wake him. that is my father!" -- S. S. Illustrator

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CONVERSION

0537 -- ONLY THROUGH JESUS' NAME

"One night when my wife was at prayer meeting I began to grow very miserable. I did not know what was the matter with me, but finally retired before my wife came home. In the morning I could eat no breakfast, and went to the office. I told my clerks they could take a holiday, and I shut myself in the office. I kept growing more and more miserable, and finally got down and asked God to forgive my sins. I did not say "for Jesus' sake," for I was a Unitarian, and I did not believe in the Atonement. I kept praying, "God, forgive my sins," but no answer came. At last in desperation I cried, "O God, for Christ's sake, forgive my sins," and I found peace at once. This man had no access to God until he came in the name of Christ, but when he came thus he was answered at once. -- Sunday School Times

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CONVERSION

0538 -- THE BISHOP AND THE BOWL

During the war of 1914-18, the Chaplain General to the Forces, Bishop Taylor Smith, had been visiting a military hospital. On his way out he passed a party of convalescents who were seated around a table on which his quick eyes spied a bowl turned upside down. He said to the men, "Do you know the two things inside that bowl? No? Darkness and uselessness." Then he turned it the right way up. "Now," he said, "it is full of light, and ready to hold porridge, or soup, or anything you like to use it for. It is a converted bowl. Which are you men like? The inverted, dark, useless bowl? or the converted, lighted, useful bowl, because you have turned from darkness to light, from Satan to God?"

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CONVERSION

0539 -- THOUGHTS ON CONVERSION

In our Civil War, when the Union forces captured rebel guns, they never spiked them simply because they were rebel guns, but they charged them with rebel powder, loaded them with rebel shot, turned them on the swivel, and fired them the other way. Conversion is reversion, turning about on the swivel. So we are told that at the advent of the reign of universal peace men will do what with their swords? Hang them up, throw them away, let the rust gnaw them? No; save them, economize their raw material and beat them over into plowshares. The same iron that makes spears makes pruninghooks. The same fertility that goes to make weeds is just as competent to make wheat. A good man is a bad man turned and going the other way.

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CONVERSION

0540 -- WHAT SHOWED THAT HIS CONVERSION WAS REAL

There was in a certain village, a very mean man who sold wood to his neighbors, and who always took advantage of them by cutting his logs a few inches under the required four feet. One day the report was circulated that the woodchopper had been converted. Nobody believed the report, for they all declared that he was beyond being reached. One man, however, slipped quietly out of the grocery store where the "conversion" was being discussed and soon came running back in excitement and shouted: "It's so! He has been!" They all asked: "How do you know?" "Why, I have been over and measured the wood that he cut yesterday. It is a good four feet long!" -- Rufus M. Jones

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0541 -- A STEWARDESS IS SAVED, JUST IN TIME!

"How's everything?" I asked, as she was passing out the Chiclets. The plane stewardess did not answer. Instead of receiving an answer, I noticed a tear in her eye. Sensing that something was wrong, I told my traveling companion to pray while I would talk with her at our next landing at Wichita.

Half the passengers got out to stretch their legs for the brief stop-over. I found the stewardess at her station in the rear of the plane. There, after some introductory remarks between us, she told me her story.

Her fiancee was to have been returned to the States from England. At her request the airline officials had changed her from the West Coast to Chicago, where he was to have been stationed, so

that she could be with him between flights. Instead of the anticipated reunion in Chicago, however, she got word that he had been killed while returning from his fiftieth and last bombing mission. Her plans were "shot," her disappointment bitter, and life no longer seemed worth living.

Secretly I prayed for the right words. "It is hard for one to put one's self into your place," I said. "I wonder what I would do were I to receive word right now that my wife had met with sudden death." "What a blow it would be!" I reflected. "How lonely the days that would stretch ahead!" "Yet," I ventured, "I have a very dear Friend who I believe would help me face the sorrow and the empty days. I have known this friend for many years, and He has never let me down. It is the Lord Jesus Christ. Do you know Him?"

"I can't say I do," she replied." Her attitude bespoke her readiness to hear more about the Lord, and with open Bible I pointed out to her how to accept this Friend as her personal Savior. And there in the back of the plane we bowed our heads and the stewardess uttered the penitential prayer, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner." God heard that prayer and definitely witnessed to her heart that she had become a child of God through faith in the One who died for her.

When the plane resumed its flight, it carried a lighter cargo, for the burden of sin and sorrow had been lifted from the heart of its stewardess. And when we finally left her plane at Tulsa, with tears in her eyes she looked up into the blue sky and said, "If I were to die right now, I know I would go straight to heaven."

A few hours later that stewardess did "go straight to heaven," for when we picked up the newspaper next morning we read that our plane had crashed and that the stewardess was instantly killed. -- Torrey Johnson

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0542 -- AN ITALIAN FAMILY'S CONVERSION

No apology need be given for the length of the following story; to begin reading it is to finish it. The faithful witnessing of "Uncle Ben" resulted in the marvelous conversion of "Mother" Palermo, then "Dad" and the eight sons and one daughter. Two of the sons, Louis and Phil, have held services in many states as an evangelistic team, telling the Blessed Story in music, song, and testimony. The Italian accordion and the guitar are part of them, as a wide radio audience will testify. They sing, play, and testify on streets, in parks, taverns, dance halls, and churches all over the country. A more detailed story of the Palermo Family is available in the 48 page booklet entitled, "A Modern Miracle of Conversion".

Living conditions in Italy at the beginning of the century were anything but favorable and promising. There was very little chance for the average man to get ahead. It is therefore no wonder that so many Italian families, hearing of the golden opportunities in America, left their native land and ventured forth in the long journey through the Mediterranean and across the ocean to the "land

of equality and opportunity." All the way to Chicago our parents came, in the year 1906, hopeful that life in the new land would be happy and bright.

Uncle Ben was the youngest of the six children in Dad's family. He was the first to have any contact with the "new religion." Like most immigrants, he was doing outside work as a common laborer. Things were not going so well one day and he started to curse and swear. He was discouraged and disgusted and gave vent to his feelings in this way. It happened in the providence of God that a Christian laborer, Joseph Marchese, with whom he was working, overheard the vulgar profanity. Tactfully and kindly he asked Uncle Ben why he took God's name in vain this way. "Because I'm lost," Uncle Ben admitted.

The Christian friend then took time to tell Uncle Ben about One who could take away the desire to curse and give him a peace of mind and heart that he had never known. Uncle Ben listened attentively and accepted the New Testament offered him by Mr. Marchese. "Read this book," he told Uncle Ben, "and call upon the name of the Lord for deliverance from sin, and He will save you and you will not want to take His name in vain again."

Through the remainder of the day and after returning to his home for the night, the Holy Spirit kept dealing with our uncle. He couldn't dismiss the matter from his mind, but kept thinking of what the Christian laborer had said. The precious seed of God's Word had been planted in the heart and gave the Spirit something to work on. That same night, after supper, Uncle Ben told his family what had taken place at work. Then he took his newly acquired Testament from his pocket and for the first time in his life proceeded to read the Bible. He gathered his wife and three children around the table for this purpose. His wife wanted to know where he had obtained the Testament and had other questions to ask about the new experience, but Uncle Ben was persistent and said, "Let's get down on our knees and call upon the name of the Lord and ask Him to save us."

This was the beginning of new life in Uncle Ben's home. The light of God broke through their sin-darkened minds and the love of God filled their hearts. Our Uncle Ben and his family were transformed by the power of Christ. The next Sunday Uncle Ben and his family attended, for the first time in their lives, an Italian Protestant church on the near west side of Chicago. He was indeed a "new man" after his conversion. Those with whom he worked never heard him swear any more. The "old things" had passed away, and "all things had become new." A bond of fellowship united the two Christians who continued to work together -- the young convert and the faithful Christian worker who had planted the Word in the young Italian's heart. They spent their noon hours singing praises to God and discussing the things of the Spirit.

Having found Christ to be a wonderful Savior and Friend, Uncle Ben and his family naturally wanted to share their new-found joy with others, and they began a life of faithful witnessing for the Lord Jesus, uncle on his job, and our aunt in the neighborhood where they lived. Uncle Ben had a heavy burden on his heart for his relatives. The message of the Gospel was real to him. He believed that anyone outside of Christ was lost and he was deeply concerned for the spiritual welfare of our family, who knew nothing of the glorious message of redeeming grace.

Grandfather and grandmother were both living at the time, so Uncle Ben had the excuse of coming out to see them; but he took advantage of every opportunity to testify to us of what the Lord

had done for him. He and his family would sing Gospel hymns and offer prayer whenever there was a chance. Mother and father, however, were very much aggravated by such witnessing, and treated him shamefully, putting him out of our home again and again because of his zeal in proclaiming the message we did not want to hear.

Dad and mother were devoted to their religion and dad was very self-righteous because he had a prominent position in the church we attended. He was vice president of the congregation and had the important position of lighting the candles at the altar. He was sure that he and his whole family would somehow get to heaven because of his position and influence in the church of which he was a member.

But, thank God, our uncle was faithful and persistent in witnessing to us. He did not come for one or two Sundays merely, or for a few months, and then get discouraged and quit, as so many of us would have done under similar circumstances, but he came with his family for almost six years, patiently and tactfully sowing the good seed of the Word, in season and out of season, and watering the seed with much prayer and intercession. There was no hiding of the Gospel so far as Uncle Ben was concerned. There was no putting of his light under a bushel; he let it shine in the home of his relatives even though they did not appreciate it and glorify the heavenly Father because of His good works. He evidently had confidence in the power of God's Word to eventually do its work in our hearts, never losing patience or giving up, as so many would have done.

We were glad that Uncle Ben kept right on coming, planting the Word of God in our hearts. We were forbidden to have a Bible in our home in these days, but we could not help getting the message of the Bible through the faithful witnessing of Uncle Ben. Being under conviction of sin -- as we saw the transformed life of our uncle -- dad became more and more angry with Uncle Ben and pushed him out of our house again and again. Such treatment drove our uncle to God in prayer more earnestly. Seeing no visible results from his witnessing, he took less time for visiting and talking and more time for intercession in our behalf. Five years of faithful witnessing had not brought the hoped-for results, but he held on to God in prayer and took his burden of prayer to the group of believers with whom he worshipped. He had the whole church centering its prayers especially for our family. He prayed that something would happen in our family that would turn our hearts to God. We did not realize that when he sometimes failed to visit us on a Sunday, it was not because of any lack of interest in our spiritual welfare, but because he was spending more time in prayer for our salvation. We wondered why he did not come. We children missed him and his family because we had learned to like the lovely Gospel songs and hymns that they sang to us. But Uncle Ben did not stay away long. He faced the antagonism that he knew would meet him. Surely enough, when he did come, he got the same kind of reception. Some of us children really felt sorry for Uncle Ben as he was put out of our house.

Maybe the devil did his best to discourage him, suggesting that it was no use to make that long, expensive trip week after week way out to Melrose Park. But God had put a real burden on his heart for our salvation and he kept praying and kept on coming. One of the last times dad kicked him out, he told Uncle Ben, "If you want to come here to visit us, it is all right, but if you are going to try to make us change our religion, then don't let me see you here any more!" He also tried to cover up the spirit of conviction that was settling over him by suggesting to Uncle Ben that he ought

to be ashamed of himself for leaving "the only true religion." But Unde Ben kept on praying for us with the assurance that "If you ask anything in My name, I will do it."

Mother was usually quite healthy, having raised a family of eight boys and one girl. But now she became ill and complained that there was pain in her side. We noticed how she held her hand on her side and pressed hard. Finally she suffered such pain that we took her to the West Suburban Hospital in Oak Park. The doctors there could not help her, so we took her to Mother Cabrini Hospital on Racine and Polk Streets in Chicago, where she was examined by four specialists and had X-rays taken. The last specialist who diagnosed the case discovered that mother had cancer of the stomach. He took Dad into the next room and said, "Mr. Palermo, I hate to tell you this, but your wife has a very bad cancer and has but a few days to live. You might as well go home and order a casket. We doctors can do no more for your wife. Only God can undertake in this case."

We hadn't told mother the seriousness of her condition, but when she saw dad in tears she urged him to tell her what the doctor had told him. "Well," he said, "if you want to know, the doctor said you have cancer of the stomach and can not live very long. He said the doctors can do nothing for you, but that only God can undertake in this case." She answered, "That's all right! If the doctor said that only God can undertake for me, then I'll try God and pray as Ben told me to do."

When dad came home and told us the sad news we all began to weep because we children did not want to see our mother die. Neither she nor any of us was prepared for such an experience. We had plenty of religion but no peace in our hearts. But God started to work after dad left the hospital. At six o'clock that evening mother's pains became almost too much to bear. There was a little crucifix on the wall above her bed and she began to pray, but not in the customary way. She prayed, "Dear Lord, I don't want to pray to You as You are there -- a god made of wood or stone, but I want to pray to You in spirit and in truth. Mother had never prayed like that before but had only "said prayers" that she had learned in her childhood prayers to this or that saint. But this time she wasn't taking any chances. She was in earnest so she prayed directly to the Lord.

She continued, "Lord, if you take this cancer away from me, I'll go to that Protestant church that my brother-in-law has been telling me about and get saved, even if it's the worst religion in the world." Something happened when mother prayed like that. She didn't have very much faith but what little faith she did have, she put into action, and God healed her and saved her in that instant. Praise the Lord! She felt such a joy and peace come into her heart. She said it felt just as if a hand were pulling a knife from her stomach and that the pain was gone.

That was at six o'clock in the evening. Shortly thereafter she fell asleep. She hadn't slept for many nights but now she rested peacefully until midnight, when a commotion in the room awakened her. An elderly woman in the next bed in the same ward was ringing for a nurse, but no nurse came to wait on the poor woman, so mother got up from her bed and helped her. Mind you, mother was supposed to be dying of cancer. Can you picture her taking the place of the nurse? Why, that was a miracle in itself!

When mother got back to her bed she noticed that she wasn't holding her fist in her side any more, where the pain had been. "Why," she exclaimed, "praise the Lord, and thank You, Jesus!"

Mother was a new creature in Christ Jesus. God saved her and healed her that night. She could hardly wait until morning to express her joy. She was saying to herself, "Just wait until I get back home to my family and friends and neighbors: I'm going to tell them what God has done for me and how He came into my heart and saved me from sin and healed my body." That very night -- in the middle of the night -- mother gave her testimony to the others in the ward, and they marveled at the miracle, knowing how she had suffered.

Mother did not sleep any more that night. At seven o'clock in the morning she got up from her bed and was sitting up when the nurses came to her ward. They said to one another, "Poor Mrs. Palermo! She is out of her head." They knew that the doctors had given her up but did not know that God hadn't given her up. Mother asked the nurses for her clothes, saying she wanted to go home. She told the nurses that Jesus had come into her heart and saved her and healed her from the cancer. Then the nurses were sure that she had gone crazy, but mother answered back; with a "broken handwriting" and said, "Me no craze -- Jesus saved me and heala me. Me no got cancer no more! "

But the nurses wouldn't give her her clothes, so she waited for something else to happen. She began to pray for God to send someone from our family to visit her. She had just finished praying when our brother Carl, who worked for a taxi company at the time, got off the elevator and came down the hall. When mother saw him, she thanked God for answering her prayer. She told Carl how Jesus had saved and healed her. Carl could hardly believe her because he knew that the doctors had given her up to die. Mother told Carl, "We must all join Uncle Ben's religion." Carl promised, "If the Lord healed you like this, we'll go beyond Uncle Ben's religion."

Soon after that Uncle Ben walked into the hospital to visit mother and when mother saw him she shouted, "Praise the Lord, Ben, Jesus healed me and saved me!" Ben shouted, "Hallelujah!" It is no wonder that Uncle Ben had joy and victory in his soul. Now he was beginning to see the result of his faithful witnessing in our home. Now, after six long years, his prayers were beginning to be answered. I don't blame him for shouting, do you?

Soon mother said, "I don't want to stay here in the hospital any longer. I am not sick. I feel fine. This place is for sick people. Take me home!" Uncle Ben said, "You might as well go with me to my home. I don't live so far from here. You can stay at my home for a day or two until you get a little strength before returning to Melrose Park." So Carl took mother in a taxi to Uncle Ben's home.

Those of us who were at home didn't know what was going on at the hospital. All we knew was what dad had told us -- that the doctor had told him he might as well go home and order a casket for Mother because she was not able to live more than a few days. Mother stayed at Uncle Ben's place for a day or so, receiving both spiritual and physical strength. She made a vow to the Lord at this time that she would preach the Gospel to everybody she had an opportunity to contact. Thank God, she has kept that vow and God has given her many souls through her faithful witnessing.

Carl is a witty fellow and thought he would have a little fun at our expense, so he called us up from Chicago and said, "Hello, this is Carl. Seeing that mother isn't feeling so good and the

doctor has given her up to die, it seems that she might as well die at home rather than in a hospital. I'll have her taken home!" Then he quickly hung up so we wouldn't have a chance to ask any questions about it. We didn't know what it was all about. We never dreamed that suddenly a miracle had taken place and patiently watched from our window for someone to bring mother home, really expecting to see an ambulance or hearse. In a little while we heard somebody's brakes squeak in front of our house. We recognized Carl's cab, but we didn't dream that mother would be coming home in a cab, because when we took her out of the house, to the hospital; we had to carry her out. But now she was coming home in a cab, if you please! We could hardly believe our own eyes when mother got out of the cab and started to walk on her own two feet. When mother came up on the porch, she had a big smile on her face and the first thing she said was, "Praise the Lord! Jesus has taken the cancer away from me and has also saved me!"

We were surprised to hear mother praising the Lord. She had never talked about the Lord before. It was something new for us to hear from her lips. Thank God, He had changed her speech. She was indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus. It was hard for us to believe that Mother wasn't sick any more. We said, "Honest, mother, did you really get healed?" She said, "Yes, praise God, the Lord has healed me!" We were very glad, of course, that mother was well, and God was beginning to speak to our hearts, too. We children got together and said, "What do you say we all go to that church where Uncle Ben goes! If they could take cancers away from anybody like that, why, we will all get saved."

Our whole family agreed to go to Uncle Ben's church in Chicago. I'll never forget that Sunday morning early in January of 1925 when we made our first visit to the Italian Protestant church where Uncle Ben attended. I don't know how my brothers got dressed for the journey, but I was all dressed up and ready to go. We couldn't afford shoe polish, so I shined the shoes with a strip of bacon rind.

Then we all piled into the borrowed automobile -- a big touring car. It was supposed to be a seven-passenger car, but we made it a twelve-passenger bus. We were packed like sardines. Then we started off. Talk about knee action -- that car had all kinds of action! Soon we were lumbering along through the streets of the big city. I was "all eyes" taking in the sights as we drove along. I had never seen so many automobiles and street cars and trucks.

Arriving at the church, we looked around. We hardly noticed the church at first. To us it was indeed a strange-looking church; it didn't even have a steeple or a cross or a belfry. We got out of the car and walked upstairs and into the church, saying to ourselves, "What kind of an outfit is this anyway?" In the hall there were two ushers who handed out song books. By the time they got through giving each member of our gang one, they ran out of books. We helped to fill the church in a hurry, occupying two or three rows of seats. It all seemed so strange to us.

We looked around and could see no statues or saints (We didn't know at that time that the saints were sitting in the pews!). And there was a piano in the church! We had never seen a piano in a church before. Then the song leader called out a number out of the little Italian books. We were not used to singing in church. In the church we had attended only the choir sang, in Latin. But we now began to sing with the rest of the people.

After the song service, we all knelt to pray. In our former church we had a little board in front of each pew to kneel on so we wouldn't take the crease out of our trousers, but now we knelt all the way down. Then two or three people led in spontaneous prayer. After that we sat down again and sang another song. Then the pastor said, "We will now have a testimony meeting." The only thing I knew about a "testimony" was what they have in a courthouse; but now I found out what a "testimony meeting" was. Several got up, one at a time, and told what Christ had done for them. And do you know, all those people had a big smile on their faces. They had something in their hearts that we did not have and it showed on their faces. It is a good thing it was that kind of church or I might not have been saved at that time. If I had seen a lot of long faces instead of smiles -- as I see in many churches nowadays -- I am sure I would never have been saved in that church.

Soon after the testimonies, the pastor got up to preach. And the pastor didn't stay right behind the pulpit, as our pastor always did, but paced back and forth on the platform. He seemed to be dead in earnest and preached with conviction and power. And when the Word of God was expounded, conviction took hold of our hearts. When he gave the invitation to come forward for prayer for salvation or consecration, there was quite a number that went forward, including part of our family. They thought it was a part of the regular program, so up mother, father, sister, and a few of my brothers followed the people up to the altar, and were led to the Lord.

They came back to their seats with smiles on their faces. We all continued to attend the meeting in this little church until we all had accepted Christ as our Savior. As I have told some folks, "This salvation is just like chicken pox -- if you hang around you'll surely catch it!" That's what we did! We stayed under the preaching of the Gospel and really got saved -- delivered from the power of sin in our lives.

We were the first family in our neighborhood in Melrose Park to become Protestants, and we received so much persecution from friends and loved ones that we moved into Chicago. Mother was perplexed because all our neighbors were so disturbed about "changing her religion." They almost made her feel like a sinner, so mother decided to go and see our priest and ask him if she had done wrong. She talked with him for about an hour and a half and testified to him of what the Lord had done for her. Then she asked him pointblank if she had done the right thing. "Right here in the presence of God I want you to tell me the truth: did I do the right thing?" He stood up and took his little cap off and said, "Mrs. Palermo, it is possible to be saved, but please don't say a word to anybody about it around here." Mother shouted, "Praise the Lord! I promised the Lord that I would tell what He has done for me to everybody I came in touch with."

From that time on mother has been a faithful witness for Christ, and God has used her to win many souls. She visits the poor people and helps them out by making clothes for the children. She buys groceries for them. In these ways she wins the hearts of the people and has a chance to witness for Christ. She could not read the Bible, but my brother George used to go with her at times and read the Bible for her. But she was able to do the witnessing, telling what the Lord has done for her and urging people to give their hearts to Christ. (from a book entitled: "I Was Born Again," by Norman A. Wingert)

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0543 -- BORN 1825 -- BORN AGAIN 1925

An old lady now in her hundred and fourth year lives in a one-room cottage at Croydon. When she was a hundred years old she was visited by a city missionary who explained John 3:16 to her. "How wonderful," she said, "and how good the Lord has been in sparing me these hundred years that I might learn the way of life!" This conversion is described in a London City Mission Magazine and ends with these words: "Born 1825; born again 1925." Surely "the longsuffering of our Lord is salvation." -- Sunday School Times

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0544 -- CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT'S CONVERSION

The story of Charlotte Elliott's conversion was related by Ira Sankey as follows:

At a gathering in the West End of London, the Rev. Caesar Malan found himself seated by a young lady. In the course of conversation, he asked her if she were a Christian. She turned upon him, and somewhat sharply replied, That's a subject I don't care to have discussed here this evening. "Well," answered Mr. Malan, with inimitable sweetness of manner, "I will not persist in speaking of it, but I shall pray that you may give your heart to Christ and become a useful worker for Him."

A fortnight afterwards, they met again and this time the young lady approached the minister with marked courtesy and said: "The question you asked me the other evening has abided with me ever since and caused me very great trouble. I have been trying in vain in all directions to find the Saviour, and I come now to ask you to help me to find Him. I am sorry for the way in which I previously spoke to you, and now come for help." Mr. Malan answered her, "Come to Him just as you are." "But, will He receive me just as I am, and now?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Malan, "gladly will He do so."

They then knelt together and prayed, and she soon experienced the holy joy of a full forgiveness through the blood of Christ. The young lady's name was Charlotte Elliott. To her, the whole Church is indebted for the moving hymn commencing --

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God I come!

-- Dictionary Of Illustrations

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0545 -- CHRIST DID WHAT COUNSELING COULDN'T

Oscar Cervantes is a dramatic example of Christ's power to transform lives. As a child, Oscar began to get into trouble. Then as he got older, he was jailed 17 times for brutal crimes. Prison psychiatrists said he was beyond help. But they were wrong! During a brief interval of freedom, Oscar met an elderly man who told him about Jesus. He placed his trust in the Lord and was changed into a kind, caring man. Shortly afterward he started a prison ministry. Chaplain H. C. Warwick describes it this way: "The third Saturday night of each month is 'Oscar Night' at Soledad. Inmates come to hear Oscar and they sing gospel songs with fervor; they sit intently for over 2 hours; they come freely to the chapel altar.... What professionals had failed to do for Oscar in years of counseling, Christ did in a moment of conversion."

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0546 -- CHRIST NOT HIDDEN IN THE KITCHEN

An Ohio lawyer once came home and said: "Wife, I have been converted; let us put up the family altar." "Husband," said she, trying to keep him from talking so loud, "there are three lawyers in the parlor, perhaps we had better go into the kitchen to have prayer." "Wife," said he, "I never invited the Lord Jesus, into my house before, and I shall not take him into the kitchen." He went into the parlor, and astonished the three lawyers by confessing that he had given his heart to Christ and had found salvation, and asked them to join in prayer with him. God takes care of a man when he thus honors him. For many years that new convert who took Christ into his parlor was the chief justice of the United States Supreme Court, John McLean. -- Louis Banks

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0547 -- CONVERSION IN OLD AGE

In an address delivered at the centennial celebration of the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, in 1884, Dr. William Speer told of a man, Luke Short, who died in New England at the age of 116. When over a century old, this man was converted by remembering a sermon which he had heard a century before in England on the text, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema." 1 Cor. 16:22 -- McCartney

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0548 -- DELIVERED FROM THE CHAINS OF HABIT

In his book "I Was Born Again," published in 1946, Norman Wingert introduced this story as follows:

"Charles C. Waterman lives in Pasadena, California. In his jail work, his tract distribution, and his personal witnessing for Christ, he has made such an impression on his fellow townsmen that from the mayor down they unite in thanking him for the "unique service" which he is rendering his community. He is official chaplain for the Pasadena city prison and for several hospitals. Here is one man that puts God first."

Since I have been saved, it seems strange that more people do not come to themselves. I was born in Eugene, Indiana, in 1870, but when only eighteen years of age I left home to work for steam railroads. It was because I was not born again before leaving home although I was regarded as a moral young man who did not think of even using tobacco -- I soon fell into the ways of wicked men; profanity, gambling, drinking, tobacco. These habits began to fasten themselves upon me, but I argued with myself that I could quit them if I wanted to.

At the age of twenty-five I married, and lived pretty decently when my wife was around. But then whenever she would go for a little visit with her relatives or her mother, I was in for a time. I kept getting worse and worse, Both my mother and my sister never wrote me without speaking about my soul, but I went on with my crowd and with my habits.

After the Lord had given us two boys in our home, I began to talk about quitting tobacco and would say to my wife, "I am going to quit now, and the boys will never even know or remember that I used tobacco." I would stop for a few days and then use it on the sly. As soon as my wife would catch me at it, I would start in worse than ever, Satan had a chain around my neck and I could not get away. For twenty-five years he was my master. Every man who knew me knew I would go the limit in sin. At times I would get ashamed, especially when I thought of my fine family, and then would say, "Surely I will do better now!"

We moved to the state of Washington in 1902, and there my wife got a case of old-time religion. She laid aside her jewelry, worldly attire, secular music and every weight that would hinder her from running a victorious Christian race. I snorted, fumed, and acted worse than ever.

When he was eight years of age, my oldest boy took double pneumonia and was given up by both nurse and physician. I told my wife if she wanted to do anything she could have her way, for the boy was dying; his nails had already turned blue. And Mrs. Waterman said, "He can't die until the Lord lets him," So she went out and got two others who believed in prayer. I promised them that if God would heal the boy I would serve Him. God worked a miracle and raised up that child. But I went on in my sins.

A little later, a second son, a rosy-cheeked boy of two years, was stricken, and died. My heart was like a stone. I felt desolate and alone. I often wondered that Mrs. Waterman bore it so bravely, but I did not realize the difference between Grace and despair. I really had no hope of ever seeing this darling babe again. I told Mrs. Waterman I believed that if I could get away from

the gang I was running with and move to a new place I could live differently. So we moved to California. But before we had been here a week I found my company -- the gang in Pasadena. I knew just where to buy whiskey, where the poker games were played, and where the haunts of vice were. When I was home with my wife and children I was planning how I could get down town to play pool or cards.

Often when she gathered the children for family prayer, I would sit upright and smoke and ridicule her prayers when she was through. But she would merely look at me and say, "You'll talk differently when you become a preacher."

The 31st of March, 1913, found me as sinful as a man could be. I had been gone from home for four days, drinking and doing almost everything a decent man should not do. About four o'clock in the afternoon of this day I was lying in a bed in a rooming house in Los Angeles, suffering a foretaste of the damned. I wanted to go home, but I was bound by the devil and could not. My heart, diseased from the use of whiskey and tobacco, was running away with me. (A few years before a specialist had told me I would drop dead of heart disease if I did not quit the use of tobacco.)

I thought my time had really come. I thought, "Here you are going straight to hell! A drunkard, a gambler, a liar, a fool-going to hell! A good Christian wife, a nice home and children, your wife's prayers, your mother's prayers, and with all the light you've got going to hell!" Then I saw a vision. I saw my baby boy who had died in Washington standing up in Heaven and looking right down at me, his eyes full of pity. And I saw my earthly home and little Faith coming out the door to meet me; it was a habit of hers to watch for her daddy's return.

But tonight, daddy was not coming home; he was dying. Every nerve in me was craving for more whiskey. I got out of bed, walked into another room, poured out a glass of whiskey, swallowed it at a gulp. As I did this, God opened up the hell of the Bible beneath my feet. I saw the dark smoke of their torment "that ascendeth forever," "where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

So terrible was the scene that I raised my hand toward heaven as high as I could possibly raise it and said, "I positively refuse to go to hell. I will not go." I had come to myself. I was sobered forever. God gave me power to take my hat and start home at once.

I phoned my wife to meet me down town as I had some news that wouldn't keep. She had decided that day that she would go to Los Angeles and walk about the streets to see if she could find me. But before starting she had gone into the closet to pray, and the Lord showed her to stay at home and leave me in His hands. "Then, Father, send the Holy Spirit to find him and bring him home," she prayed, and felt such assurance that she was heard that she went in and told the children, "Daddy will be home today."

When she heard the phone ring that morning, she said, "That's Daddy now," and started downtown to meet me as I requested. When we met, I told her the devil had overstepped himself and that I was through. I wanted her to get the most godly person she knew to come and unite with her for my salvation. I had heard her read the Bible often and knew it said, "If two of you shall

agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask in my name, it shall be done." I wanted it done if it took two people, or two thousand. Yes, I had come to myself!

First, I went down before my wife and confessed to the very bottom and asked her forgiveness. She forgave me. Then we decided to send for an old lady, Mrs. Headly, who had been in our home a great deal and knew of my long absence at this time. Unless someone came in and missed me, they never knew that I was gone. My wife told her troubles to no one except the Lord. Her mother lived within a block from us but did not know I was away.

We phoned the people with whom Mrs. Headly was stopping. They told us that she had gone elsewhere and that there was no phone where she had gone. So Mrs. Waterman and I got down to pray alone. It was not long afterward that the phone rang, and a woman wanted to know if everything was all right at our house. Mrs. Headly had made her walk four blocks to call us. Wife told her we wanted Mrs. Headly to come right down. Although she was old and half blind, this saint of God was there in a matter of minutes.

"Sister Headly," I said, "I'm trying to find the Lord." "I believe it, Brother Waterman, I believe it!" (She had always called me Brother Waterman, wicked as I was.) I got down and prayed, "Lord, I'll do anything you want me to do, and say anything you want me to say, and I'm going to serve You the rest of my life whether I ever get a blessing or not."

I got off my knees, told my wife I had not received any witness except that I had a great peace. She asked what other witness I wanted. Well, the peace and joy kept increasing until we had a regular jubilee until about two o'clock.

I was up, the first one, in the morning and took the Bible to my wife and said, "Show me the place in here about counting the cost." She turned to Luke 14:28: "For which of you intending to build a tower sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he hath sufficient to finish it."

I was determined to build a tower that would reach to heaven and I knew I must start the foundation right. So I sat down by the stove and counted the cost. I looked back over my life as you would look through a long telescope. God brought before me a lodge that I had belonged to for twenty-one years, I could not remember anything that I had seen or heard in it that would lead a soul to Christ or keep one out of hell, So I put all my papers in the stove.

I had a \$3000.00 life insurance with another lodge which I belonged to for eighteen years. The devil said, "Go slow now, your family will starve, for you will die some of these times," but I would not give him a further hearing and put all those papers in the stove too. A third lodge went in just for extra good measure, I stripped for this race just as carefully as any one could who was running for his life. Every weight was laid aside, every bridge was fully burned behind me, I have never gone back to look in the ashes of the old stove for one of the old things. They are gone forever.

I started down to the car barns to see about my job, whether I had one or not, I said, "Mommie, I guess I'll have to live it and say nothing about it to the car men. They know me so very well." I had worked for the Pacific Electric for seven years and had been the "limit" with the boys.

My wife only smiled, and said nothing; she gave me no advice. She says she knew God had hold of me and did not want to spoil a good job.

So, I started in weakness down the street. Remembering my prayer of the previous night, I looked up toward heaven and said, "Father, tell me what to say, and I'll say it." I met a neighbor of mine who was a church member and told her how God saved me. I went on down to the office and testified to all the boys, "God has saved me from sin." I did not say I had turned over a new leaf or made a new resolution, but, "I was converted last night." They looked at me, some with tears in their eyes, and said, "We believe it." I told the boss that I deserved to lose my job, but that I had salvation. He said, "Waterman, come to work in the morning; I have nothing against you."

I testified to every person I met the rest of that day, and I have kept it up ever since. I haven't had a conversation of any length with any person but that I told them I was a Christian. Some of the boys made fun of me. One even cursed me, but he apologized the next day and said he thought I was joking. Those I had gambled with gave me three weeks to last. They put a teddy bear in my chair till I would come back. The teddy bear still has the chair, as far as I know, and may keep it forever.

I have no more wanted to chew or smoke since God saved me than I have wanted to eat dirt or cut my own throat. For thirty three years and eight months, I have been a new creature in Christ. While I used to swear and talk vulgar language, I've never sworn once or said a word my daughter could not say. I've lived every day in the second verse of the first Psalm, "His delight is in the Lord." The Lord helped me to memorize fifty chapters while doing my ordinary work on the car. I am certain that I spoke to at least ten people a day for the first thirty days after my conversion. But in all that time I saw no one else saved. I got down on my knees the first day of the second month saying, "Lord, I am going to keep on fishing whether I land anything or not." Seven days later the Lord landed a whale for me.

Frank Strong, a great big motorman, got on my car. "I'm glad you have been converted," he said. "Frank," I replied, "if you are really glad, you would want it too." "Charlie, if I could get what you have I'd like to have it," he said. My answer to that was, "If you pay the price you can get it, and if you don't want it bad enough to pay the price, you can't get it, and might just as well leave it alone and go back home."

Tears came to his eyes, and a lump in his throat, and he said, "Charlie, I want it, tell me how." We agreed to meet as soon as I was through work. He was on the spot. In his mouth he had what seemed to me one of the biggest cigars I had ever seen. I said nothing to him about it. He just looked at me, took it out of his mouth, and threw it away. That was his last cigar.

I took him to our little tent where we were staying at a camp meeting. My wife and I and Sister Schell, now in Glory, prayed together, and Frank found God, stamped the rest of his cigars in the dirt, and praised God for salvation. After being a slave to tobacco since a child, and a very profane man, God delivered him so completely that he has been a flame of fire for God ever since.

In a short time he brought his wife, his children, and his aged parents to the Lord, and is still winning souls right along on his car. His godly life and testimony have been such an inspiration to me. God bless him!

Christ is my Healer, my Sanctifier, my Coming King, and Wonderful Savior! -- Charles C. Waterman

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0549 -- DUNCAN CAMBELL'S PERSONAL TESTIMONY

My conversion happened under very strange circumstances. God didn't speak to me in a church or in a mission hall, though I went to church every Sabbath. God spoke to me at a dance. I happened to be a player and a step-dancer. I was very fond of bagpipe playing and just as fond of step-dancing. I was asked to play and dance at a concert and also to give several demonstrations of step-dancing. The concert had begun. I had already played several pieces when a minister came over to me and said, "There's a special request that you play "The Green Hills of Tyrone;" one of our favorite Scottish tunes.

As I came to the second part of that great tune, I found my mind altogether wandering from the tune. My thoughts centered on another green hill. At family worship on the farm, we frequently sang: "There Is A Green Hill Far Away." That was the green hill before my mind as I continued to play "The Green Hills of Tyrone." When finished, I was so gripped by the Spirit of God and so distressed in my mind that I turned to the other players and said, "Boys, you carry on. I'm leaving the concert. One piper turned to me and said, "Are you not well? I said, "I'm very well in body, but I'm terribly disturbed in my mind."

As I walked along the country road toward the farm, I saw a light in a church. I had been away in business and had just come home to play this dance. No one had told me that two workers of the Faith Mission were conducting a mission in the parish. And on that particular night they were having an all-night affair in the church along with the minister of that parish. I was curious to know what was happening. So I went up to the door and listened through the keyhole. Someone was praying. I listened and who did I discover praying but my own father. I am sure he was praying for his wayward son at the concert and dance. Horses could not have dragged me past that church. I was in my piper's regalia with its buckles and plates and whatnots, two swords in one hand with which I had been demonstrating sword dancing. and a set of bagpipes in the other. I laid them down in the back seat and walked up the aisle and sat beside my father.

The minister looked at me and then he looked at the two girls on the platform with him. I'm sure they thought I was either drunk or mad. Whoever heard of a piper in full regalia walking into a prayer meeting? I sat down beside my father, who turned to me and said, "I'm glad to see you here." That was all. After that, a young woman from the island of Skye, Mary Graham, a worker in the mission, stood up and spoke for about ten minutes in Gaelic. She spoke from the text: "God speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not." The arrow of conviction struck home, and

now I became fearfully distressed in my spirit, so much so that I was afraid I would create a scene in the church.

I walked out, left the others there praying, and I made my way along the road outside of town, arriving home about three o'clock in the morning. If I prayed one time along that country road, I'm sure I prayed ten times, crying to God to have mercy on me. I saw myself so vile and sinful. Upon arriving at the farm, I found my mother on her knees by the kitchen fire. Oh, thank God for a Christian home! Thank God for Christian parents! Mother couldn't attend the prayer meeting because we had visitors on the farm that night. But she could pray at home. And there she was on her knees by the fireside. I'm sure she too was praying for her wayward son. I went over and told her my story, told her how distressed I was, and asked her to pray for me.

Like a wise woman, she said, "There are visitors with us this evening. Your cousins have come, and there's one occupying the bed in your room. I would suggest that you go out to the barn and tell God what you told me." I went out to the barn and knelt in the straw prepared for the horses in the morning. I still remember the prayer I uttered. It was in Gaelic. I'm thankful that God understands Gaelic! If He didn't, I wouldn't be saved today; for I had not a word of English then. I prayed, "Oh, God, I know not how to come and I know not, what to do; but, if you'll take me as I am, I'm coming now." And God, in less time than I take to tell it, swept into my life. It was miraculous! It was supernatural! Never for one minute, since that hour, have I had any occasion to doubt the work that God did that night.

I knew nothing about the doctrine of simply believing, or about this matter of making a decision. My cry was, "God, come into my life!" I was, that night, supernaturally altered, and so supernaturally altered that godliness characterized every part of my being, body, soul, and spirit. On the following Wednesday, I walked seven miles over the hill to attend a prayer meeting. I had aspirations and longings of the soul that found expression in being at prayer meeting. Shortly after my conversion, I found myself along with many others, on the battlefields of Flanders, a soldier in the king's army. (For the conclusion of Duncan Cambell's testimony, see: Holy Spirit, Baptism With)

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0550 -- HOW I MET THE LORD

One morning when I was a boy the preacher preached a sermon which I think now must have been on the subject, "The Gates of Heaven." In the sermon he asked: "If the gates of heaven were opened, would you enter?" The question startled me. I knew that if the gates of heaven were opened that day I could not enter, because I could not claim to be a Christian boy. That night, the preacher's text was, "What then shall I do with Jesus who is called the Christ?" He said very simply and earnestly that to accept Christ as Savior meant heaven, that to reject Him as Savior meant hell.

I went home that night with the most wretched feeling. I could not sleep. I got up during the night, slipped out of the window that opened on the back porch, and went down to the moonlit watermelon patch. It was a beautiful clear night, and I thought of the heaven beyond the stars and of the hell somewhere in some vast region below.

At the breakfast table next morning, my mother said, "Son you look like you didn't sleep much last night." "No, ma'am," I said, "I didn't." "What is the matter?" "I feel awfully sinful," I admitted.

I had to plow all that day. My misery grew until finally I drove out to the end of a long row and dropped the plow down by the side of Barney, my old white mule. I got down in the fence corner, the corner of an old rail fence, and told God I felt awfully bad, awfully sinful, and that I wanted to be saved. "If one must accept Jesus to be saved," I prayed, "then I accept Him." There in a fence corner the Lord saved me.

That night -- the text of the preacher's sermon I do not now remember -- I walked down the church aisle and let it be known that the Lord had saved me. I do remember the hymn they sang:

Out of my bondage, sorrow, and night;
Jesus, I come! Jesus, I come!
Into Thy freedom, gladness, and light;
Jesus, I come to Thee.

-- Rev. Robert G. Lee

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0551 -- HOW TWO SKEPTICS WERE CONVERTED

Some time ago, two of the world's most prominent skeptics were West and Littleton, and they were two of the most brilliant intellects of their own or any age. They made fun of Christianity whenever they met. By and by they said: "There are two things we must explode and then we will have the Christian religion all tumbled into the ditch and nothing will be left." These were the two things: They said they would have to explain away the doctrine that Jesus Christ rose from the dead on the third day as the Scriptures teach, and they would have to explain that wonderful man, the Apostle Paul whose influence was so powerful in the world eighteen centuries even after he died. West said: "I will explode the resurrection of Christ and blow it up," and Littleton said, "I will explain Paul."

They went their ways, and after weeks and weeks, by appointment they came together again, and Littleton said: "West, what have you to say?" West replied: "Oh, Littleton, I have something wonderful to tell you. When I came to explode the doctrine that Jesus of Nazareth rose from the dead on the third day, I had to be candid; I had to be sincere; I had to be honest; I had to search for my evidence. You may laugh at me Littleton, if you will, but when I looked into it

honestly my mind and my deepest soul were convinced that Jesus did rise from the dead, and I prayed to Him and He saved me, and I am His friend."

Then Littleton answered: "Thank God, West! I have some thing just as wonderful to tell you. When I came to explain that man Paul and get rid of him, I too had to be thorough and candid; I had to search; I had to be true. You will rejoice with me, West, when I tell you that after I had searched and studied about Paul, by and by I found myself down on my knees just as Paul got down on his knees on that Damascus road, and my cry was his: 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' And I am a Christian also West."

These two outstanding skeptics became two of the world's most noted Christians, and have written two of the noblest apologies of the Christian religion that have ever been penned. --
George W. Truett

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0552 -- I KNOW IT WORKS!

[The most interesting story I ever heard was told me years ago by a man over eighty years of age. We were sitting together on a projecting rock of a mountainside in Arkansas. Here's the story]:

I was down in this country during the Civil War. Across on the other side yonder there were hundreds of tents where our soldiers were encamped. Measles broke out and many of our brave lads died. The epidemic got so bad we stretched some tents farther down the valley and moved all the measles patients into these tents. This, of course, was done to protect as far as possible the health of the well soldiers. I was wardmaster in charge of the tents where the measles were located.

One night while I was on the ward I passed a bunk where there was a very sick soldier lad not more than seventeen years of age. The boy looked at me with a pathetic expression and said, "Wardmaster, I believe I am going to die. I am not a Christian. My mother isn't a Christian. My father isn't a Christian. I never had any Christian training. I never did attend church. I did go with a boy friend to Sunday School just once. A woman taught the Sunday School class. She seemed to be such a good woman. She read us something out of the Bible about a man -- I think his name was Nicodemus. Anyway, it was about a man who went to see Jesus one night. Jesus told this man he must be born again in order to go to heaven when he dies. I have never been born again, and I don't want to die like this. Won't you please get the chaplain so he can tell me how to be born again?"

In those days I was an agnostic -- at least, that is what I called myself. As a matter of fact, I wasn't anything but an old sinner. So I told the boy, "You don't need a chaplain. Just be quiet now. Don't worry, you'll be all right." I went on around the ward, and in about an hour I came back to the boy's bed. He looked at me out of such sad staring eyes as he said, "Wardmaster, if you won't get me the chaplain, please get me the doctor, I am choking to death."

"All right, my son, I'll get you the doctor," I said. So I went off and found the doctor and he came, mopped out the throat of the lad so he could breathe just a little easier. I knew the boy was going to die. I had seen many other cases just like his. The boy was so sweet he literally climbed into my heart. He thanked me for my kindness. He thanked the doctor for being so good to him. The doctor and I went away from the bed.

In about an hour I came back expecting to find the boy dead, but he was still struggling. He looked up out of his eyes of death and said, "There is no use, Wardmaster. I have got to die, and I haven't been born again. Whether you believe in it or not, won't you find the chaplain and let him tell me how to be born again?" I looked at him for a moment and thought about how helpless he was in the grip of death. So I said, "All right, my son, I will get you the chaplain." I walked away a few paces and then turned and went back to the boy's bedside.

I said, "My boy, I am not going to get you the chaplain. I am going to tell you what to do myself. Now, understand, I am an agnostic. I don't know whether there is any God. I don't know whether there is any heaven. I do not know whether there is any hell. I don't know anything. Yes, I do. I know one thing. I know my mother was a good woman. I know, if there is a God, my mother knew Him. If there is a heaven I know she is there. So, I will tell you what my mother told me. You can try it and see if it works. Now I am going to teach you a verse of Scripture. The verse is John 3:16, '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.' My mother said that I can not save myself, but if I will believe in Jesus He will save me."

I asked the boy to say the verse with me. I started and he followed with a weak and trembling voice. I referred the lad to another verse my mother taught me, but he closed his eyes, stretched his hands across his breast and in a whisper he quoted slowly, repeating some of the words of John 3:16 several times: "For God so loved the world... He gave His only begotten Son... that whosoever, whosoever... whosoever believeth, believeth in Him, believeth in Him."

Then, he stopped and said with a dear voice, "Praise God, Wardmaster, it works! I believe in Him! I shall not perish! I have everlasting life! I have been born again! Wardmaster, your mother was right. Why don't you try it? Do what your mother said. It works, Wardmaster! This thing works! Wardmaster, before I go, I want to ask you to do something for me. Take a kiss to my mother and tell her what you told me, and tell her that her dying son said, 'It works.'"

I leaned over and kissed him and, then as he drew his last breath he said, "It works."

[The old man, wiping tears out of his eyes and tears out of the wrinkles of his face, said, "The lad was right. It does work. Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but has now everlasting life. It works! I know it works!"] -- Bob Jones

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0553 -- I MET THE MASTER FACE TO FACE

I had walked life's way with an easy tread,
I had traveled where pleasures and comfort lead
Until one day in a quite place,
I met the Master face to face.

With station and rank and wealth for my goal,
Much thought for my body but none for my soul,
I'd entered to win this life's mad race,
When I met the Master face to face.

I built my towers and reared them high,
'Til they had pierced the blue of the sky.
I'd sworn to rule with an iron mace,
When I met my Master face to face.

I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see,
That His eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed upon me.
I faltered and fell at his feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away.

Melted and vanished and in their place,
Nothing else could I see but the Master's face.
My thoughts are now for the souls of men,
I had lost my life to find it again.

Since that day in a quite place,
When I met the Master face to face.

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0554 -- IT IS NO LONGER I

Soon after Augustine's conversion, he was walking down the street in Milan, Italy. There he accosted a prostitute whom he had known most intimately. She called but he would not answer. He kept right on walking. "Augustine," she called again. "It is I!" Without slowing down, but with assurance of Christ in his heart, he testified, "Yes, but it is no longer I." Although young in the faith, he knew something of a solicitation to do evil and the way of victory over temptation. His reply, "It is no longer I," expresses a realization that he had a new power available to combat the forces of sin and evil which would seek to dominate his life. He was a changed man. This is the essence of verses 13-20. In the words of the Master, "Keep watching and praying, that you may not enter into temptation; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." (Matt. 26:41)

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0555 -- IT'S BEEN SO DIFFERENT

G. Campbell Morgan told about a Christian woman who was struggling with an important issue. She was hesitant to give her life fully to Jesus. The woman said to Morgan, "I know I will have to do all the things I most dislike, but I am determined to be a real Christian."

A year later, Morgan was visiting in her town and spoke with her again. "Do you recall," she inquired, "what I said to you when I dedicated my life to Christ?" He told her he did. As she looked at him, the light of God appeared to be on her face. She exclaimed, "But it's been so different, Dr. Morgan! I began to follow Christ, feeling that I would have to do all the things that were contrary to my desires, but now I do what I want every day because God has made me pleased with the things that please Him!"

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0556 -- JUDSON'S CONVERSION

Adoniram Judson, the illustrious American missionary, was a minister's son. He was very able and very ambitious. He was early sent to college. In the class above was a young man of the name of E., brilliant witty and popular, but a determined deist. Between him and the minister's son, there sprung up a close intimacy which ended in the latter's gradually renouncing all his early beliefs and becoming as great a skeptic as his friend. He was only twenty years of age, and you may be sure it was a terrible distress and consternation that filled the home circle when, during the recess, he announced that he was no longer a believer in Christianity. More than a match for his father's arguments, he steeled himself against all softer influences, and with his mind made up to see and enjoy the world he first, joined a company of players at New York and then set out on a solitary tour.

One night he stopped at a country inn. Lighting him to his room, the landlord mentioned that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, and in all probability dying, but he hoped that it would occasion him no uneasiness. Judson assured him that beyond pity for the poor sick man he should have no feeling whatever. Still, the night proved a restless one. Sounds came from the sick chamber, sometimes the movements of the watchers; sometimes the groans of the sufferer; and the young traveler could not sleep. "So close at hand with but a thin partition between us," he thought "there is an immortal spirit about to pass into eternity; and is he prepared?"

Then he thought: "For shame of my shallow philosophy!" What would E., so clear headed and intellectual, think of this boyish weakness?" Then he tried to sleep, but still the picture of the dying man rose in his imagination. He was a young man, and the young student felt compelled to

place himself on his neighbor's dying bed, and he could not help fancying what would be his thoughts in such circumstances.

Finally, the morning dawned, and in the welcome daylight his "superstitious illusions fled away." When he came downstairs, he inquired of the landlord how his fellow lodger had passed the night. "He is dead," was the answer. "Dead!" "Yes; he is gone, poor fellow; the doctor said he would not probably survive the night." "Do you know who he was?" "O yes; he was a young man from Providence college, a very fine fellow; his name was E."

Judson was completely stunned. Hours passed before he could quit the house; but when he did resume his journey, the words "Dead! Lost! Lost!" were continually ringing in his ears. There was no need for argument. God had spoken, and from the presence of the living God, the chimeras of unbelief and the pleasures of sin alike, fled away. The religion of the Bible he knew to be true; and turning his horse's head toward Plymouth, he rode slowly homeward, his plans of enjoyment all shattered, and ready to commence that rough and uninviting path which, through the death-prison at Ava and its rehearsal of martyrdom, conducted to the grave at Maulmain. -- James Hamilton

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0557 -- MAN'S CONVERSION AFFECTS HIS OXEN!

When I was first engaged in the ministry, I knew a man by the name of K___, a very wicked one, whose wife was a member of my church. He was profane, very crude and rough, and sinful, but God met him; the Holy Spirit touched his heart, and then it seemed as if, more than ever, he went into desperate conflict with his convictions. One day he was out in the field plowing, and there came to him the mighty power of the Gospel, and wrought upon his heart. When he came to tell his experience and unite with the church, he told us this:

"I was driving my oxen around the furrow, and it seemed as if they acted like so many demons. I could not keep them in the furrow, nor manage them. But by and by my heart was so wrought upon that I could not bear my convictions any longer, and I stopped my oxen, and knelt right down here in the field and said, 'Lord Jesus, I surrender to Thee. I give myself to Thee;' and I was converted; and I was so blessed in my heart that I unhitched my oxen, and went right up to the house, and told my wife. After dinner I went out plowing, and how well the oxen behaved themselves; why, they went right along in the furrow so well that I did not know but that they too had been converted."

When he was so wicked and rough, pounding his cattle, it is no wonder they behaved so, but when he was toned down in his own heart it had an effect on everything about him. Oh, how the very beasts of the field do feel the sweet blessings that come into men's hearts, and flow out in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. -- Albert P. Graves

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0558 -- MARY LOST BECAME MARY FOUND

A little girl found on the street in a basket was taken to a hospital where she lived for a few years. The people named her "Mary Lost." When she was still quite young she became a Christian, trusting in Jesus as her Saviour, and He gave her a new heart and made her a new creature. Then she wanted a new name also. She went to the superintendent of the home and said, "Please, don't call me Mary Lost any more. I used to be Mary Lost, but I am no longer. Jesus has found me and now I want to be called Mary Found." -- Selected

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0559 -- NEWTON'S GRADUAL ENLIGHTENMENT

It's well-known that John Newton, author of the hymn "Amazing Grace," was before his conversion to Christ the captain of a ship that brought slaves from West Africa to Britain and America. What's not as well known is that Newton continued in the slave trade for some time after becoming a believer -- the main difference being that he treated his human cargo more compassionately. Only later did God open his eyes to the horrors of his trade, and Newton became a pastor and zealous spokesman for the outlawing of slavery in the British empire.

God deals with each of us differently. John Newton evidently went through a gradual maturing process before becoming all that God wanted him to be.

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0560 -- ORVILLE "AWFUL" GARDNER'S CONVERSION

One of the most notoriously bad characters that ever lived in New York was Orville Gardner. He was the trainer of prize fighters and companion of all sorts of hard characters. His reputation was so thoroughly bad that he was called "Awful Gardner." He had a little boy, whom he dearly loved, and this boy died. A short time after his boy's death, he was standing in the bar of a New York saloon, surrounded by a number of his boon companions. The night was sweltering, and he stepped outside the saloon to get a little fresh air. As he stood out there and looked up between the high buildings at the sky above his head, a star was shining down upon him, and as he was looking at it, he said to himself, "I wonder where my little boy is tonight?" Then the thought came to him quick as a flash, "Wherever he is, you will never see him again unless you change your life."

Touched by the Spirit of God, he hurried from the saloon to the room where his godly mother was. He went in and asked his mother to pray for him. They spent the whole night in prayer and toward morning "Awful Gardner" had found peace and gained the victory. He was the victim of an overwhelming appetite for drink, and had in his house a jug of whiskey at the time. He did not dare to keep it and did not know what to do with it. Finally, he took it down to the river, got into a boat and rowed over to an island.

He set the liquor on a rock and knelt down, and as he afterward said, "Fought that jug of whiskey for a long time," and God gave him perfect deliverance. He did not dare to break it, lest the fumes set him wild. He did not dare to leave it, lest some one else get it. Finally he dug a hole and buried it.

He left the island a free man. "Awful Gardner" became a mighty preacher of the Gospel. He visited Sing Sing prison, and it was through listening to him preach that the young Irish convict, Jerry McAuley was set to thinking and praying, and resulted in his conversion, and eventually the founding of the Jerry McAuley Mission. -- Illustrator

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0561 -- R. G. LETOURNEAU'S CONVERSION

Norman Wingert wrote in 1946: "R. G. LeTourneau has no doubt witnessed personally to more people than any one individual living today. God runs his twenty million dollar business, and LeTourneau, in turn, flies to the four-quarters of the Nation to speak to great audiences about the Good News of Salvation. Here is one man that God can trust with big things, and LeTourneau has proved himself a good steward, handing over ninety per cent of the profit from his huge business to the work of the Lord." The following account of his conversion was taken from LeTourneau's biography, "God Runs My Business."

I was raised in a Christian home by a father and mother who loved Jesus and served Him with all their hearts. We had a family altar where we all worshipped God. Father prayed and asked God to make his children useful in His kingdom. In spite of that, at the age of sixteen I found myself on the wrong road going the wrong way. I knew the right way but I'd forget about it.

About the time I was sixteen, I began to realize that something was wrong in my life. I tried to turn over a new leaf many times, but each time I failed and each time I got worse, It wasn't that I didn't know the Bible or the way of salvation. The trouble was I knew it all too well. In our home we had had to memorize Scripture. But I recited it in a parrot-like way. I knew the words but they had no meaning for me. Revival meetings would come to town and I would go and get all worked up; but after revival I'd go back to my old kind of life.

Then a special revival came and everybody said, "Are you going tonight?" and I said, "Oh, yes, I guess so." I went for four nights and then decided I wasn't getting anywhere. I was looking for something but I didn't know exactly what, I thought that I was seeking after God but I was really

seeking after the things which He had, The next night I stayed home and thought the whole thing over, I saw myself ever going down into sin and I realized that I was a lost sinner, The next night I went to the meeting and when the altar call was made, I went forward.

The workers asked me, "Do you believe that Christ died for sinners?" But I knew all the Scripture answers, There was something between my soul and my salvation, I couldn't seem to get it; it wasn't real to me, I went home from that meeting that night and went to bed and as I lay there, this thought came to me: "If I should die tonight, I would go out into a lost eternity, Hell would be worse for me than for anyone else, because I had heard the Gospel and rejected it."

Then I cried out in desperation to God, "Lord, save me or I perish," Right there something happened. The glory of the Lord broke over me suddenly, and the full reality of salvation came into my soul, My first thought was of my mother, who had been praying for my salvation for a long time. I thought she might be praying for me at that moment. I got out of bed and ran to the bedroom. "Mother," I said, "it's all settled now. You don't need to pray for me any more, I am saved and on my way to heaven."

How glad I am that we have a know-so salvation, and that we don't have to wish we are saved or wonder if we are saved, But we can say with Paul: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Before I was saved I was churched and Bibleized, but I had never experienced salvation. Since that night I have never doubted that my sins were washed away.

When temptation gets hold of you, young folks, you just feel that it is impossible to resist. That's the power of sin. But the power of God is bigger than the power of sin. When you feel yourself slipping, say, "Lord help me! God help me!" And something will happen. There will be a victory right then and there. He can change our hearts, He can change our lives; He can change our dispositions; He can change our desires. That's the power of the Gospel. That's what we mean when we say, "Ye must be born again."

I had an experience that shows how simple it is. We were building a dam in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It was up in a very remote region which was hard to get to. We had three tractors, which had to be driven up under their own power from the railroad siding up a steep and tortuous mountain road to the dam site. Two of these tractors started out and almost made it, scraping and tearing and pulling. But the third didn't seem to have the power.

We started the motor and listened. I heard something in that motor. I stopped it. I pulled a pair of pliers out of my pocket and set the magneto ahead one turn of the nut. We started the motor again, got into gear, and up the road we went. When we got up to where the other two tractors were, we found they couldn't get any further, while our tractor made it.

What I want you to understand from this story is that all it takes to put power in our lives is one touch of God. It isn't a matter of education. The moment you and I say, "Lord, here am I; put that power in my life," that moment God will do that very thing for us. -- R. G. Letourneau

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0562 -- SAVING GRACE, LIVING GRACE, DYING GRACE

Velma Barfield was a woman from rural North Carolina who was charged with first degree murder; no one could have surmised the effect her life and death would have upon so many people. In 1978 she was arrested for murdering four people, including her mother and fiance. She never denied her guilt, but told the chilling story of her drug-dazed life, beginning with the tranquilizers which were prescribed following a painful injury.

She was taken to prison and confined in a cell by herself. One night the guard tuned into a twenty-four-hour gospel station. Down the gray hall, desperate and alone in her cell, Velma heard the words of an evangelist and allowed Jesus Christ to enter her life. Her conversion was genuine. For six years on death row she ministered to many of her cellmates. The outside world began to hear about Velma Barfield and her remarkable regeneration.

Velma wrote to Ruth and there developed a real friendship between them. In one letter Ruth wrote to Velma, "God has turned your cell on Death Row into a most unusual pulpit. There are people who will listen to what you have to say because of where you are. When I compare the dreariness, isolation, and difficulty of your cell to the glory that lies ahead of you, I could wish for your sake that God would say, 'Come on Home.'"

Before her final sentence, Velma wrote to Ruth: "If I am executed on August 31, I know the Lord will give me dying grace, just as He gave me saving grace, and has given me living grace." On the night she was executed, Ruth and I knelt and prayed together for her till we knew she was safe in Glory.

Velma Barfield was the first woman in twenty-two years to be executed in the United States. She walked through the valley of the shadow for many years and at her memorial service Rev. Hugh Hoyle said, "She died with dignity and she died with purpose. Velma is a living demonstration of "by the grace of God you shall be saved."

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0563 -- SPURGEON'S CONVERSION (FIRST ACCOUNT)

On a stormy, January day in 1850, an English lad, fifteen years of age, started down the street to go to his regular place of worship. A storm came up, and he turned into the Primitive Methodist Chapel on Artillery Street. The regular preacher did not appear, and a man, to this day unknown, stepped into the pulpit and took his place. What happened is best told by the lad himself: "Six years ago today, as near as possible at this very hour of the day, I was in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity, but had yet by divine grace been led to feel the bitterness of that bondage and to cry out by reason of the soreness of its slavery.

Seeking rest and finding none, I stepped within the house of God, and sat there afraid to look upward lest I should be utterly cut off, and lest his fierce wrath should consume me. The minister rose in his pulpit, and, as I have done this morning, read this text, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else.' I looked that moment."

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0564 -- SPURGEON'S CONVERSION (SECOND ACCOUNT)

It snowed so much I could not go to the place I had determined to go to, and I was obliged to stop on the road, and it was a blessed stop to me. I found rather an obscure street, and turned down a court, and there was a little chapel. I wanted to go somewhere, but I did not know this place. It was the Primitive Methodist Chapel.

I had heard of these people from many, and how they sang so loudly that they made people's heads ache; but that did not matter. I wanted to know how I might be saved, and if they made my head ache ever so much I did not care.

Sitting down, the service went on, but no minister came. At last a very thin looking man came into the pulpit, and opened his Bible and read these words: "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Just setting his eyes upon me, as if he knew me all by heart, he said, "Young man, you are in trouble." Well, I was, sure enough. Says he, "You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ."

And then, lifting up his hands, he cried out, as only I think a Primitive Methodist could do, "Look, look, look! It is only look!" I saw at once the way of salvation. Oh, how I did leap for joy at that moment. I know not what else he said; I did not take much notice of it -- I was so possessed with that one thought, like as when the brazen serpent was lifted up, they only looked and were healed.

I had been waiting to do fifty things, but when I heard this word, "Look," what a charming word it seemed to me." -- Charles H. Spurgeon

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0565 -- SUNSHINE HARRIS

Here is one of the many stories from the Pacific Garden Mission of the marvels of God's saving grace:

"Sunshine Harris," was steeped in sin for seventy-one years and most of that time an infidel. Leaving home because he was such a disgrace to his family, he wandered around in the country. He never went to church except for a funeral, unless to ridicule what took place. For fifty long years he smoked and drank, then became such a slave of tobacco that he picked up stubs in the street to satisfy the craving. Filthy with sin, he wandered often into the Pacific Garden Mission, usually drunk, each time resisting the pleadings of Colonel and Mrs. Clarke with scorn and mockery, and determining never to return.

On August 4, 1899, he bought a New Testament, hardly knowing why. When his eyes fell upon the frank words, "Thou fool, this night thy soul is required of thee," he became furious and closed the book. Later he wanted to reread the passage but he was not able to find the verse. That made him more furious.

In vexation, he began with Matthew's genealogy and kept reading until the words were located. A few nights later he said, "God, tonight I am going to the mission. If you help me, I'll raise my hand for prayer." It was a "never to be forgotten" night for "Sunshine Harris."

"When the invitation was given, I looked at one hand and it was so black and sinful, and then at the other and that was just as bad, so I raised both hands and was assisted by a Christian lady to the altar," he wrote, "and when I called upon the Lord He heard my cry, and the load of sin, mountain high, rolled off, and I rose to my feet and exclaimed: 'Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift and for Pacific Garden Mission.'"

Harris sponsored an unscheduled housecleaning in his own filthy little room that night. Whiskey and beer bottles, old pipes and tobacco, disgusting pictures, cards and other habiliments of sin went into the furnace, and on the table by his favorite chair he placed instead the New Testament with a slip of paper marking the verse, "Thou fool, this night thy soul is required of thee." Somebody named him "the miracle of the mission."

He served God with such spiritual fervor and delight that the mission workers called him "Sunshine Harris." He loved everybody and everybody loved him, with just one note of exception: During the first weeks of his Christian experience he kept waking during the night and shouting "Glory!" until some of the nearby roomers complained. He moved to other quarters.

Night after night he continued to testify at the mission, eager to tell how the Lord had cleaned his life. When he died, June 10, 1907, he said in his cheerful optimism, "Tell them at the mission I am going home to glory in the good, old-fashioned way."

So clearly had his testimony rung out on Van Buren Street among the drink and tobacco addicts that once were his companions, that when Harris' body was buried at Elburn, Illinois, all the hoboos on the levee knew his soul had gone to God.

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0566 -- THE AGES OF 253 CONVERTS

The old saying "the sooner the better" is certainly true when applied to reaching people for Christ. The earlier in life they hear the gospel, the more likely they are to trust Jesus as their Savior.

Nineteenth-century Scottish preacher Horatius Bonar asked 253 Christian friends at what ages they were converted. Here's what he discovered.

Under 20 years of age	138
Between 20 and 30	85
Between 30 and 40	22
Between 40 and 50	4
Between 50 and 60	3
Between 60 and 70	1
Over 70	0

How important, therefore, that we present Christ to our young people -- and the sooner the better!

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0567 -- THE CONVERSION OF MOODY

This is a story, which commenced on a bright May day in a shoe store on Court Street in Boston, not far from Boston Common, in the year 1856. Had you and I been standing outside Samuel Holton's shoe store on that morning, we would have seen a young man, Edward Kimball, teacher of a Sunday school class in the Mount Vernon Congregational Church, walking up and down before the store as if hesitating to enter. In the back of the store was a young lad nineteen years old, a country boy from Northfield, Massachusetts, who had been given employment in his uncle's shoe store on condition that he do what he was told -- never go anywhere his mother would not like to find him, and attend the services and the Sunday school of Mount Vernon Church every Sunday.

At length, we would have seen the hesitating young man outside pluck up his courage and enter the store. If we had followed him in we would have seen him go up to Dwight L. Moody, in the rear of the building wrapping up shoes, put his hand on his shoulder, and tell him of Christ's love and the love Christ wanted in return. It was the word spoken in season, and there in the back of the shoe store Moody gave himself to Christ.

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0568 -- THEN WHAT?

Charles G. Finney, a young lawyer, was sitting in a village law office in the state of New York. Finney had just come into the old squire's office. It was very early in the day, and he was all alone when the Lord began to deal with him. "Finney, what are you going to do when you finish your course?" "Put out a shingle and practice law." "Then what?" "Get rich," "Then what?" "Retire." "Then what?" "Die." "Then what?" And the words came tremblingly, "The judgment." He ran for the woods a half mile away. All day he prayed, and vowed that he would never leave until he had made his peace with God. He saw himself at the judgment bar of God. For four years he had studied law, and now the vanity of a selfish life, lived for the enjoyment of the things of this world, was made clear to him. Finney came out of the woods that evening, after a long struggle, with the high purpose of living henceforth to the glory of God and of enjoying Him forever. From that moment blessings untold filled his life, and God used him in a mighty way, not as a lawyer but as a preacher, to bring thousands to conversion over a useful period of fifty years. -- The Church Herald

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0569 -- TORREY'S CONVERSION

Sometimes, oftentimes, God's messenger is home influence. Did you ever hear Mr. Torrey, the evangelist, tell what an awful unbeliever he was when he was a young man -- how he went to the deepest depths of infidelity and scorned everything, the Bible, Christ, God, heaven, hell, immortality, everything like that? And his dear mother yearned after him and loved him, and pleaded with him and prayed for him, and after a while he said to his mother: "I am tired of it all and I am going to leave and not bother you any more, and you will not see me any more; I am tired of it all."

She followed him to the door, and followed him to the gate, pleading and praying and loving and weeping, and then at last she said as her final word: "Son when you come to the darkest hour of all and everything seems lost and gone, if you will honestly call on your mother's God you will get help." He went his way in his darksome and terrible infidelity.

Deeper down he went, day in and out, month in and out. The months went by, and he was four hundred and twenty-seven miles from his mother's home in a hotel in a certain town, unable to sleep, wearied with his sins and wearied with life, and he at last rose up in the early morning and said: "I will get out of this bed and I will take the gun there from my valise and I will put it to my temple and I will end this farce called human life." As he got out of bed to do that dreadful thing, the last words that his mother had said came back to him: "Son when your darkest hour of all comes and everything seems lost, call in sincerity on your mother's God and you will get help."

Torrey said he fell beside his bed and said: "Oh, God of my mother, if there is such a Being, I want light, and if Thou wilt give it, no matter how, I will follow it." He had light within a few moments, and hastened back home. To follow the story just a moment more, he said that when

he got back home, thinking he would surprise his mother and come upon her unexpectedly she came down the walk to the gate laughing and crying with uncontrollable joy and said: "Oh my boy I know why you are coming back, and I know what you have to tell. You have found the Lord. God has told me so."

Oh, the power of a mother's prayer! Oh, the power of a father's prayer, the power of a brother's prayer, a sister's prayer! Oh, the power of a wife's prayer, when she links herself with God! Many a time, God's good angel to bring one back from the darksome and downward way, is somebody's prayer who says: "Lord, spare this soul a little longer. Give this soul a little more respite, a little more time." Prayer, how mighty it is before God when it is sincerely offered. -- George W. Truett

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CONVERSION -- EXAMPLES OF

0570 -- WESLEY'S CONVERSION

He went to Oxford Seminary for five years in England and then became a minister of the Church of England where he served for about ten years. Toward the end of this time he became a missionary from England to Georgia, in approximately 1735. All of his life he had been quite a failure in his ministry though he was, as we would count men, very pious. He got up at 4 o'clock in the morning and prayed for two hours. He would then read the Bible for an hour before going to the jails, prison, and hospitals to minister to all manner of people. He would teach, and pray for, and help others until late at night. He did this for years. In fact, the Methodist Church gets its name from the methodical life of piety that Wesley and his friends lived.

On the way back from America there was a great storm at sea. The little ship upon which they were sailing was about to sink. Huge waves broke over the ship and the wind roared in the sails. Wesley feared he was going to die that night and he was terrified. He had no assurance of what would happen to him when he died. Despite all of his efforts to be good, death now for him was just a big black question mark. On one side of the ship was a group of men who were singing hymns. He asked them, "How can you sing when this very night you are going to die?" They replied, "If this ship goes down we will go up to be with the Lord forever." Wesley went away shaking his head, thinking to himself, "How can they know that? What have they done that I have not done?" Then he added, "I came to convert the heathen, but who shall convert me?"

In the providence of God, the ship made it back to England. Wesley went to London and found his way to Aldersgate Street and a small chapel. There he heard a man reading a sermon which had been written two centuries before by Martin Luther, entitled "Luther's Preface to the Book of Romans." This sermon described what real faith was. It is trusting Jesus Christ only for salvation -- and not in our own good works. Wesley suddenly realized that he had been on the wrong road all his life. That night he wrote these words in his journal: "About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an

assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

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CONVICTION

0571 -- JESUS DIED FOR AULD MAN KLINE

The night was dark, the road a lonely one. A man named Kline, lying in wait for one whom he believed to be his enemy, and whom he decided to kill, was startled to hear the voices of several children raised in singing? The guilty conscience heard, "Jesus died for Auld Man Kline, and Jesus died for me."

Terror-stricken, he fled to his home. The next time there was a Gospel meeting held he was present, and before long was able to sing with the children, "Jesus died for all mankind, and Jesus died for me." -- Sunday School Times

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CONVICTION -- OF GUILT

0572 -- THE REAL REBEL WAS CAUGHT

During what was known as the killing times in Scotland, John Welsh was chased unrelentingly. He hardly knew where to flee; but relying on Scottish hospitality he knocked one night at the door of a landlord bitterly opposed to the field preachers, and to himself in particular, although he had never actually set eyes on him. The stranger, being unrecognized, was received with kindness. In the evening's talk reference was made to Welsh, and the host complained of the difficulty of capturing him. "I am sent," the visitor said; "to apprehend rebels. I know where he is to preach tomorrow. I will put his hand into yours."

Overjoyed, the gentleman agreed to accompany his informant next morning. When they arrived at the appointed spot, the congregation had assembled. The people made way for the minister, whom they trusted, and for his comrade. Welsh desired his entertainer to sit down on the solitary chair which had been provided for himself, and, to his companion's utter bewilderment, took his own stand beside it, and rang out the story of sin and salvation.

The Spirit of God was there, and the landlord was heartbroken. When at the close, Welsh, fulfilling his promise, gave him his hand, that he might do with him whatever he wished, the landlord said: "You told me that you were sent to apprehend rebels; and I, a rebellious sinner, have been apprehended this day." -- Men of the Covenant

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COOPERATION

0573 -- TOO LATE!

One evening, years ago, in the Province of Alberta, Canada, a happy father and mother went out for a stroll through a nearby wheat-field with their little boy. As they wandered through the field, each thought the other held the hand of their child. All at once they realized that the boy was not with them. They called, but there was no answer. They became more and more disturbed, then terrified, and hunted everywhere with no results. Finally, the father went back to the village and got a searching party to assist them. Many willing helpers searched all night without avail. After many hours, someone finally suggested that they join hands and cover the entire grain-field, and not leave a single square foot uncovered in this last effort. They joined hands and soon came across the body of the child, and a hush spread over them all, because they had found the child too late. As the group stood there in silence, with bowed heads, someone was heard to whisper: "If we only had joined hands before it was too late!" -- Selected

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COURAGE

0574 -- CARTWRIGHT WAS UNCOMPROMISING

Peter Cartwright, a nineteenth-century circuit-riding Methodist preacher, was an uncompromising man. One Sunday morning when he was to preach, he was told that President Andrew Jackson was in the congregation, and warned not to say anything out of line.

When Cartwright stood to preach, he said, "I understand that Andrew Jackson is here. I have been requested to be guarded in my remarks. Andrew Jackson will go to hell if he doesn't repent."

The congregation was shocked and wondered how the President would respond. After the service, President Jackson shook hands with Peter Cartwright and said, "Sir, if I had a regiment of men like you, I could whip the world." -- Leadership

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COURAGE

0575 -- FACING DOWN A THREAT

A colonel of the Seventh Rhode Island Regiment, in the War Between the States, had become very unpopular with his men. The report reached him that in the next engagement his own regiment would take occasion to shoot him. When he heard that, he gave orders for the men to march out for the cleaning of their muskets; and taking position on top of a bank of clay and facing the regiment, he gave the order "Ready! Aim! Fire!" Any man could have killed him without the slightest risk of discovery; but every soldier admired his superb courage, and whoever was disposed to kill him refrained. -- McCartney

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COURAGE

0576 -- THE POWER TO CHOOSE HIS ATTITUDE

Victor Frankl, the eminent German Jewish doctor, was arrested by the Gestapo during World War II. As he was being interrogated by the Nazi secret police, Frankl was stripped of all his possessions -- his clothes, his jewelry, his wedding band. His head was shaved. He was repeatedly taken from his prison cell, placed under bright lights, and questioned for hours. He underwent many savage, senseless tortures. But Frankl realized he had one thing left: "I still had the power to choose my own attitude. Bitterness or forgiveness, to give up or go on."

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COURAGE

0577 -- THE SHIP THAT SAILS

I'd rather be the ship that sails,
And rides the billows wild and free,
Than to be the ship that always fails
To leave its port and go to sea.

I'd rather feel the sting of strife
Where gales are born and tempests roar
Than to settle down to useless life,
And rot in dry-dock on the shore.

I'd rather fight some mighty wave
With honor in supreme command,
And fill at last a well-earned grave
Than die in ease upon the sand.

I'd rather drive where sea storms blow,
And be the ship that always failed
To make the port where it would go
Than be the ship that never sailed.

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COURAGE

0578 -- THEY ALL VOTED TO DIE

In the days of war the Japanese policeman who had absolute power said that within three days everyone in a certain Formosan mountain village must come to the police station and swear that he would not be a Christian, or he would be tied hand and foot, and stones tied to him, and he would be thrown from the high bridge into the rushing river below. The Christians met at midnight to decide what to do. Some said, "We'll have to give it up. We cannot be Christians now. He will surely kill us."

Then a young boy arose. "But don't you remember that Jesus said not to be afraid of those who can only kill the body, but to be afraid of those who kill body and soul? If he kills us, it will only be our bodies. Our souls will go to be with Jesus." They all said, "That's true." When the vote was taken, every hand was raised -- all voted to die. Next day the policeman laughed cruelly, and said, "Tomorrow you die."

Now the policeman liked to fish, and waded out into the river. A rock or tree in the current struck his leg and broke it. While the mountain people were praying, a messenger rushed in, and said, "The man who was to kill you tomorrow has been drowned in the river." -- Child Evangelism

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COURAGE -- EXAMPLES OF

0579 -- A LAD'S COURAGE TO SAY NO

A young Italian lad, who had gone far in the ways of sin, was converted. He turned right-about-face. A Chautauqua came to town. He purchased a ticket. A magician furnished the entertainment one evening. He needed a helper, and the lad volunteered. Presently the magician produced a deck of cards and asked the lad to cut the deck. He said, "No, I will not touch them; never again." "Oh," said the magician, "they will not hurt you. I am not asking you to play cards, bet, or anything like that. Use your head. Don't be a fool. I cannot do this trick if you do not cooperate." There they stood before a large audience. The elite of the town was there. What would you have done under the circumstances? The lad said: No, I will not touch those cards. They almost ruined my life." The magician threw up his hands, and the audience burst out in prolonged applause. Do you have the courage to say no? -- Christian Union Herald

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COURAGE -- EXAMPLES OF

0580 -- HOW MUCH DO YOU SUFFER FOR HIM?

He came walking up the aisle on little fat, brown legs, with serious determination in his eyes. I stopped speaking and the congregation was quiet as death. "You asked me what I would have done if I had been in the crowd when Jesus fell under the weight of His cross." He looked earnestly up at me. "Please, sir, I would have helped carry it." He was a Mexican lad eight years of age. His father was a miner and his mother was an outcast from decent society. I had been

preaching on Simon of Cyrene; and when I asked the audience to determine in their own hearts their reaction to that scene, little Pedro moved toward me.

I lifted my arm and cried: "Yes, and if you had helped Him to carry His cross, the cruel Roman soldiers would have beaten down across your back with their whips until the blood ran down to your heels!" He never flinched. Meeting my look with one of cool courage, he gritted through clenched teeth: "I don't care. I would have helped Him carry it just the same."

Two weeks later, at the close of the service in the same building, I stood at the door, greeting people as they left. When Pedro came by, I patted him affectionately on the back. He shrank from me with a little cry. "Don't do that. My back is sore." I stood in astonishment. I had barely touched his shoulders. I took him into the cloak room and stripped his shirt from his body. Crisscrossed from his neck to his waist were ugly, bloody welts. "Who did that?" I cried in anger. "Mother did it. She whipped me because I came to church." -- Harold Dye

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COURAGE -- EXAMPLES OF

0581 -- RICHARD WURMBRAND'S DECISION

In 1945, when the Communists seized Romania, Pastor Richard Wurmbrand had to make a decision. He could bow to the intruders or resist. Wurmbrand immediately began an effective, vigorous "underground" ministry to his enslaved people and the invading Russian soldiers. He was arrested in 1948 and spent three years in solitary confinement, seeing no one but his torturers. Following this, he was transferred to a mass cell for five years where the torture continued. Then he was set free and resumed his underground work, only to be arrested again two years later. Finally, in 1964 Christians in Norway negotiated with the Communist authorities for Wurmbrand's release and exit from Romania. It takes real courage to stand toe-to-toe with an evil government and proclaim the truth of God.

What opposition are you facing today?

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COURAGE -- EXAMPLES OF

0582 -- THE PILGRIMS

Dramatic and significant is the story of the Pilgrims. On December 21, 1620, the voyaging Mayflower dropped anchor in Plymouth Bay, with Captain Christopher Jones at her helm. It had been a grueling voyage, taking the one hundred twenty ton capacity ship sixty-six days to make the perilous crossing. There had been disease, anxiety, and childbirth among the 102 courageous passengers. Furthermore, they arrived on the black New England shore during a hard winter which ultimately claimed half of their number. However, when spring came and the captain of the Mayflower offered free passage to anyone desiring to return, not a single person accepted.

The fidelity of the forty-one men, who while still aboard the Mayflower had signed the famous Compact beginning with the words, "In ye name of God Amen," was taking on visible meaning, these chivalrous souls had dedicated themselves to the total causes of freedom. They had come to a wilderness to carve out a better way of life. Faith prompted the voyage; faith sustained the Pilgrims and their religious convictions constrained them to raise their voices in praise. Their hardship, sacrifice, devotion, concept of government, and vigorous religion all remind us of those who sought a country. -- 1000 Illustrations

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COURAGE -- EXAMPLES OF

0583 -- WHAT IF HE HAD KEPT SILENT

James Haldane, when a young man, commanded the man of war, the Melville Castle. In a fierce battle with an enemy ship, he ordered new men on deck to take the place of those who had been killed or wounded. The men, seeing the mangled, bloody bodies of their comrades, fell back in horror. Captain Haldane began to swear frightfully and wished them all in hell.

At the close of the fight a Christian soldier stepped up and said respectfully to the young captain, "Sir, if God had answered your prayer just now where should we have been?" This faithful word of rebuke went home to the conscience of Haldane. It led to his sound conversion. He abandoned his career in the Navy and became a preacher of the Gospel and labored for fifty-four years.

But this was not all: James led his brother Robert to Christ, who also became a preacher and an able commentator of the Bible. Nor was this all. Robert Haldane was the means of the conversion of Felix Neff, a philanthropic Swiss preacher and leader of Protestantism. What if that Christian soldier had remained silent instead of rebuking Captain Haldane? -- Triumphs of Faith

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COURTESY

0584 -- COURTEOUS, NOT LEGALISTIC

In the course of one of his evangelistic tours, Wesley, after the service, was invited, along with one of his preachers, to luncheon at the house of a neighboring gentleman, whose daughter, a girl remarkable for her beauty, had been greatly impressed with his discourse.

The fair, young Methodist sat beside Wesley's colleague at the table, who noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal, the preacher took hold of the lady's hand, and, raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. "What do you, think of this, sir" he said, "for a Methodist's hand,?"

For Wesley, with his well-known aversion to finery, the question was an awkward one; but with inimitable tact and a benevolent smile, he simply remarked, "the hand is very beautiful." The fair, young girl said not a word; but a little later, when she again appeared in Wesley's presence (so runs the story), the hand was unadorned except by the beauty stamped on it by nature. -- Dictionary Of Illustrations

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COVETOUSNESS

0585 -- AN HONEST COVETING

Once when Frederick the Great was about to declare war, he instructed his secretary to write the proclamation. The secretary began: "Whereas in the providence of God," etc., etc. "Stop that lying!" Frederick thundered. "Simply say, "Frederick wants more land." -- The Earnest Worker

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COVETOUSNESS

0586 -- COVETOUSNESS CAN BE FATAL!

A few years ago, a man in Detroit stepped out into his back yard, and looking up saw a speck in the sky. It grew larger and larger. Then he discovered it was something alive, a struggling, living mass of something slowly descending to earth. What he had first seen as a speck, had now revealed itself to be two large bald eagles in deadly combat. The huge birds were fighting in the sky over a fish. The fish had already dropped to the ground, but the birds had continued their struggle until they were bloody and exhausted. With a last wild scream, each made a fatal plunge at the other, and both birds came tumbling down to earth dead, falling side by side, within a few feet of the man who had been witnessing the fierce battle of the sky. Greed had destroyed them.

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COVETOUSNESS

0587 -- EACH WANTED THE OTHER'S PASTURE

A couple of donkeys were in two fields separated by a barbed wire fence. The grass was equally lush and green in both pastures. Yet each donkey could be seen poking its head through the fence as far as possible to graze on the grass in the adjoining field. As the old saying goes, "The grass always looks greener on the other side of the fence."

We Christians often display that same tendency. Something that belongs to someone else, or some talent or ability that is beyond our reach, can seem so much more appealing than what we already possess. Yet the Lord wants us to be satisfied with what He has given to us.

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COVETOUSNESS

0588 -- THEY THAT WILL BE RICH FALL INTO A SNARE

A few years ago, a friend of ours visited with hotel entrepreneur Conrad Hilton. As they separated, an exchange of calling cards took place. Our friend shares Mr. Hilton's quote, "Food for Thought," which appears on the card: "In 1923, a very important meeting was held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. Attending this meeting were nine of the world's most successful financiers. Those present were: The president of the largest independent steel company; the president of the largest utility company; the president of the largest gas company; the greatest wheat speculator; the president of the New York Stock Exchange; a member of the president's cabinet; the greatest "bear" in Wall Street; head of the world's greatest monopoly; president of the Bank of International Settlements. Certainly we must admit that here were gathered a group of the world's most successful men. At least, men who had found the secret of "making money." Twenty-five years later let's see where these men are: The president of the largest independent steel company -- Charles Schwab -- died bankrupt and lived on borrowed money for five years before his death; the president of the largest utility company -- Samuel Insull -- died a fugitive from justice and penniless in a foreign land; the president of the largest gas company -- Howard Hospson -- is now insane; the greatest wheat speculator -- Arthur Cutten -- died abroad -insolvent; the president of the New York Stock Exchange -Richard Whitney -- was recently released from Sing Sing Penitentiary; the member of the president's cabinet -- Albert Fall -- suicide; the president of the Bank of International Settlements -- Leon Fraser -- died a suicide." "All of these men learned well the art of making money but not one of them learned how to live." -- S K. Evans

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COVETOUSNESS

0589 -- WHY ALL THE FUSS?

One day Abraham Lincoln was walking down the street with two small boys who were both crying loudly. A neighbor passing by inquired, "What's the matter, Abe? Why all the fuss?" Lincoln responded, "The trouble with these lads is what's wrong with the world; one has a nut and the other wants it!" Covetousness is one of mankind's greatest sins. When giving the law, God specifically spoke against this wicked tendency. In fact, inordinate desire was one of man's first offenses. Remember Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden?

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CRAFTINESS

0590 -- THE BEST BUY

Young Anderson and old Patterson had grocery stores in the same block. Eggs were the subject of their frequent price wars, with Anderson one time lowering the price of eggs by one-half. The next day Patterson had met the price. So on the third day Anderson lowered the price another third. This pattern continued until finally Anderson went to the older man in despair and said, "I surrender. We've both been selling eggs at a loss for a long time." "Not me," laughed Patterson. "You see, I've been buying my eggs from you."

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CREATOR

0591 -- CREATED BY THE MASTER DESIGNER

What animal is longer than 3 dump trucks, heavier than 110 Honda Civics, and has a heart the size of a Volkswagon Beetle? The answer is a blue whale. How much food does it take to sustain such an animal? Try 4 tons of krill a day -- that's 3 million calories! Even a baby blue whale can put away 100 gallons of milk every 24 hours. When a blue whale surfaces, it takes in the largest breath of air of any living thing on the planet. Its spray shoots higher into the air than the height of a telephone pole.

Did the blue whale come into existence by chance? By some evolutionary quirk? No way! The Master Designer put that giant creature in the sea. And anyone who ponders the mystery of its size will hear it speak with great eloquence of the wonderful power of God.

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CREATOR

0592 -- CREATION, THE ONLY EXPLANATION FOR ORDER

At a 1981 symposium, Sir Fred Hoyle said: "The chance that higher life forms might have emerged in this way (through evolutionary processes) is comparable with the chance that a tornado sweeping through a junkyard might assemble a Boeing 747 from the materials therein." Hoyle further said that "he was at a loss to understand" the compulsion of evolutionary biologists "to deny what seems to me to be obvious (i.e., that evolution is not tenable)."

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CREATOR

0593 -- NOBODY MADE IT? (ILLUSTRATION A)

Many years ago Sir Isaac Newton had an exact replica of our solar system made in miniature. At its center was a large golden ball representing the sun, and revolving around it were small spheres attached at the ends of rods of varying lengths. They represented Mercury, Venus,

Earth, Mars, and the other planets. These were all geared together by cogs and belts to make them move around the "sun" in perfect harmony.

One day as Newton was studying the model, a friend who did not believe in the biblical account of creation stopped by for a visit. Marveling at the device and watching as the scientist made the heavenly bodies move on their orbits, the man exclaimed, "My, Newton, what an exquisite thing! Who made it for you?" Without looking up, Sir Isaac replied, "Nobody." "Nobody?" his friend asked. "That's right! I said nobody! All of these balls and cogs and belts and gears just happened to come together, and wonder of wonders, by chance they began revolving in their set orbits and with perfect timing."

The unbeliever got the message! It was foolish to suppose that the model merely happened. But it was even more senseless to accept the theory that the earth and the vast universe came into being by chance. How much more logical to believe what the Bible says, "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth." The Word also declares, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God". (Ps. 14:1)

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CREATOR

0594 -- NOBODY MADE IT (ILLUSTRATION B)

The 19th-century minister, Henry Ward Beecher owned a magnificent globe depicting the various constellations and stars. The well-known skeptic Robert Ingersoll, visiting Beecher one day, admired the globe and asked who made it. "Who made it?" Beecher replied, seizing an opportunity to challenge Ingersoll's unbelief. "Why, nobody made it; it just happened." A point well made! The universe did not just happen; it bears the fingerprints of its Creator on every star, cloud, mountain, and river.

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CREATOR

0595 -- WHO CAN FIX US?

In the early days of the automobile a man's Model-T Ford stalled in the middle of the road. He couldn't get it started no matter how hard he cranked nor how much he tried to advance the spark or adjust things under the hood. Just then a chauffeured limousine pulled up behind him, and a wiry, energetic man stepped out from the back seat and offered his assistance. After tinkering for a few moments the stranger said, "Now try it!" Immediately the engine leaped to life. The well-dressed individual then identified himself as Henry Ford. "I designed and built these cars," he said, "so I know what to do when something goes wrong." God, as our creator knows how to "fix" us when our lives are broken by sin.

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CRITICISM

0596 -- ALL THE NOISE FROM ONE OLD BULLFROG

As an old minister, five years in my first pastorate and forty-one in the second, I would pass on an encouraging hint to younger brethren. I left my first pastorate scared away by criticism, afterwards to learn the noise had all been made by one man. One man in a church, community, or organization, may by loud and persistent effort create the impression that matters are all wrong and that everybody is demanding a remedy; which puts me in mind of the old story about the "frog farm."

A farmer advertised a "frog farm" for sale, claiming that he had a pond that was thoroughly stocked with fine bullfrogs. A prospective buyer appeared and was taken late one warm evening to the pond that he might hear the frogs. The "music" made so favorable impression on the buyer that the sale was made. Soon afterward the purchaser proceeded to drain the pond in order to catch and market the frogs. To his surprise, when the water was drained out of the pond, he found that all the noise had been made by one old bullfrog. -- G. B. F. Hallock

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CRITICISM

0597 -- AN UNDESIRED TALENT

There are men who pride themselves on their candor, and it degenerates into brutality. One such man said to John Wesley once, "Mr. Wesley, I pride myself in speaking my mind; that is my talent." "Well," said John Wesley, "the Lord wouldn't mind if you buried that!" -- Griffith Thomas

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CRITICISM

0598 -- BOTH A CRITIC AND A LIAR

Bacon, the sculptor, walking one day in Westminster Abbey, observed a person standing before his principal work who seemed to pride himself on his taste and skill in the arts and was extremely exuberant in his remarks. "This monument of Chatham," he said to Bacon, whom he evidently mistook for an ignorant stranger, "is admirable as a whole but it has great defects." "I should be greatly obliged to you," said Bacon, "if you would be so kind as to point them out to me." "Why, here," said the critic, "and there; do you not see? -- bad, very bad!" At the same time, the proud critic employed his stick upon the lower figures with a violence likely to injure the work. "But," said Bacon, "I should be glad to be acquainted why the parts you touch are bad."

He found, however, nothing determinate in the reply, but the same, vague assertions repeated, and accompanied with the same violence. "I told Bacon," said the would-be critic "of

this while the monument was forming. I pointed out other defects, but I could not convince him." "What? You are personally acquainted with Bacon?" said the sculptor. "Oh, yes," replied the stranger; "I have been intimate with him for many years." "It is well for you then," said the artist, taking leave of him, "that your friend Bacon is not now at your elbow; for he would not have been pleased at seeing his work so roughly handled." -- Paxton Hood

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CRITICISM

0599 -- MIND THAT TONGUE

John Wesley was preaching. He was wearing a new bow tie with two streamers hanging down from it. There was a sister in the meeting who didn't hear a word about Jesus, but sat with a long face and saw nothing but those two streamers. When the service was over she went up and said, "Pardon me, Mr. Wesley, will you suffer a little criticism?" "Yes," replied Mr. Wesley. "Well," she said, "Mr. Wesley, your bow tie is too long and it is an offense to me." He said, "Have you a pair of shears?" After receiving the shears he handed them to her saying that she would know how they would look best. She reached over and clipped off the streamers. Then he said, "Is that all right now?" "Yes, that is much better." He said, "Do you mind letting me have those shears? Would you mind a little criticism? Your tongue is a great offense to me it is a little too long. Please stick it out while I take some off."

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CROOKEDNESS

0600 -- ADAM CLARKE'S LINEN-STRETCHING EMPLOYER

When Adam Clarke was a young man, a linen merchant in Coleraine offered him a position as clerk and overseer in his warehouse. With consent of his parents, Clarke accepted the job. The merchant knew that he was a religious man, but he was not sensible of the depth of the principle which actuated him. Some differences arose at times about the way of conducting the business, which were settled very amicably. But the time of the great Dublin market approached, and the merchant was busy preparing for it.

Clarke and his employer were together in the folding room, when one of the pieces was found short of the required number of yards. "Come," said the merchant to Adam Clarke, "it is but a trifle. We shall soon stretch it and make out the yard. Come, Adam, take the end and pull against me." Adam had neither ears nor heart for the proposal, and absolutely refused to touch what he thought an unclean thing. The usages of the trade were strongly, and variously enforced, but in vain. The young man resolved rather to suffer than to sin. The linen merchant was therefore obliged to call one of his men less scrupulous, and Adam retired quietly to his desk. Soon after, his employer, in the kindest manner, stated to him that it was very clear he was not fit for worldly business, and wished him to look out for some employment more congenial to his own mind; adding that he might

depend on his friendship in any line of life into which he should enter. -- Dictionary Of Illustrations

Actually, Adam Clarke was more fit to do worldly business than was his unscrupulous employer, and the offer of his continued friendship to Clarke notwithstanding, he had done better to amend his dishonest practices than to send an honest employee out of his business. -- Duane V. Maxey

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0601 -- A GRUESOME MEANS OF EXECUTION

The cross consisted of a perpendicular stake with a crossbeam either at the top of the stake or shortly below the top. The height of the stake was usually little more than the height of a man. A block or a pin was sometimes driven into the stake to serve as a seat for the condemned person, giving partial support to his body. Sometimes also a step for the feet was fixed to the stake.

Victims of crucifixion did not usually die for 2 or 3 days. But this was determined by the presence or absence of the seat and the foot rest, for a person suspended by his hands lost blood pressure quickly, and the pulse rate was increased. Usually the victim had been severely scourged before crucifixion took place. Total collapse through insufficient blood circulation to the brain and the heart would follow shortly. If the victim could ease his body by supporting himself with the seat and footrest, the blood could be returned to some degree of circulation in the upper part of his body.

To fix the hands to the cross beam either cords or nails and cords were used; sometimes the feet were nailed also. When it was desired to bring the torture to an end, the victim's legs were broken below the knees with a club. It was then no longer possible for him to ease his weight, and the loss of blood circulation was accentuated.

Coronary insufficiency followed shortly. The victim's offense was usually published by a crier who preceded him to the place of execution. Sometimes it was written on a tablet which was carried by the condemned man himself.

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0602 -- A PLEDGE OF FORGIVENESS

I read the story recently of how Louis XII of France treated his enemies after he ascended to the throne. Before coming to power, he had been cast into prison and kept in chains. Later when he did become king, he was urged to seek revenge but he refused. Instead, he prepared a scroll on which he listed all who had perpetrated crimes against him. Behind every man's name he placed a

cross in red ink. When the guilty heard about this, they feared for their lives and fled. Then the king explained, "The cross which I drew beside each name was not a sign of punishment, but a pledge of forgiveness extended for the sake of the crucified Savior, who upon His cross forgave His enemies and prayed for them."

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0603 -- BOTH CRIMINALS AND MORALISTS NEED CHRIST

The ground is level at the foot of the cross. This is an old saying, but still, when it comes mankind's universal need for salvation, it is true: At an evangelistic service conducted in London by Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, a hardened criminal came forward to the altar seeking salvation. Dr. Morgan knelt beside him and pointed him to Jesus the Lamb of God who could cleanse him from all his sins, and he who had been a great sinner believed and was converted.

Then Dr. Morgan saw the Mayor of the city, a man of high morals and greatly respected, kneeling at the same altar, and to him, as to the criminal, he pointed out the Lamb of God who alone could take away sins. In humble self-surrender, the Mayor, too, accepted Jesus as his Saviour. A short time before this, the Mayor had sentenced the criminal to imprisonment; and there at the altar the two shook hands while tears of joy ran down their cheeks. For the worst of sinners and the best of moralists there is the same Saviour. In none other is there salvation, for "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0604 -- GOD'S PLUS SIGN

A crowd of university students were coming home from an evening of so-called pleasure. Their drunken leader noticed on the steeple of a church a cross, illuminated by the moonlight. Suddenly he shouted, "Ye mathematicians, look at God's plus sign!" One of those students could not sleep that night. Toward morning he stepped into the leader's room, and said that the vision of the cross as God's plus sign -- the symbol of His abundant love for mankind -- had made him decide to uphold that Cross. Seven others of those university men followed in his steps. --
Watchman-Examiner

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0605 -- GOD'S SAFETY ZONE

An old preacher was once heard preaching on a village green in England. He had lived on the American prairies, and his illustrations had a powerful fascination for my boyish ears. He told of a prairie fire and he described the way the Indians saved their wigwams from the blaze by setting fire to the dry grass immediately adjoining the settlement. "The fire cannot come," he cried, "where the fire has already been. That is why I call you to the Cross. Judgment has already fallen there and can never come again. He who takes his stand at the cross is safe evermore. He can never come into condemnation; he is passed from death unto life. He is at perfect peace in God's safety zone. -- Boreham

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0606 -- MORE THAN A GREAT EXAMPLE

Dr. Joseph Parker, on one occasion, referred to the Unitarian concept of Jesus Christ as a great example only, and then went on to say: "We have been to hear Paderewski play. It was wonderful, superb, magnificent. Then we went home and looked at the piano. We would have sold it to the first man who would have been fool enough to buy it. That is the effect of your great examples upon us. I want not only a great example, but a great Saviour, one who can deliver me from my weakness and my sins." To follow a good example in the future will not blot out the black record of the past; we need the blood of Christ's atoning sacrifice to accomplish that. To hear a Paderewski play will not make us like a Paderewski. Could a Paderewski incarnate himself within one, he could play like himself. So the Christian life is not Christ and I, but Christ in me. We need the Christ from within to live the Christ without. -- Moody Monthly

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0607 -- NOT CHEAP

"Let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." Matthew 16:24 Speaking to a group of college students, a missionary told of his experiences on a foreign field. He said that a day never went by that he wasn't jeered as he preached the gospel on street corners. During religious holidays and festivals, vendors would be out selling religious artifacts and crosses. Hawking their wares, they would cry out, "Crosses! Cheap crosses for sale! "The missionary then challenged the students: "What about your cross? Is the cross you bear for the sake of our Lord only a cheap cross?"

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0608 -- OUR BRIDGE OF RECONCILIATION

In October of 1978, on the 33rd anniversary of the completion of the Bridge of the River Kwai, Dennis Roland of New York and his former guard, Ryuji, walked together arm in arm, over the black, steel-girded span. Said Roland: "I bear no bitterness (toward the Japanese), but I have many memories." Although it was not part of his plan, at Calvary rebellious man constructed a bridge. In crucifying the Son of God, man had a part in building the "new and living way" to God. Now all of us, whether we are Greek or Jew, circumcision or uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, can walk together across that bridge. "For He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." (Ephesians 2:14)

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0609 -- OUR ONLY MEANS OF SALVATION -- THE NURSE WAS WRONG

The British military hospital was full of badly wounded soldiers. A nurse was overheard to say to one of them, "You have no need to worry over your sins; anyone who gives his life for his country, as you have been willing to do, is all right." The soldier smiled faintly, but shook his head and replied: "That is a mistake! When I lay out there in the open, I knew I had done my bit. I hadn't failed my king and country; but that didn't help me to face God. I wasn't fit to die, and I knew it, and it has been an awful trouble to me every day since. But when I heard a Christian lady who visited us here pray, I saw that the Lord Jesus had been punished for all my sins, that I might go free, and peace has come into my heart. How wonderful of Him to die for one like me!" No works of righteousness we have done can save us, for our righteousnesses are but as filthy rags in the sight of the all-holy God. Let the name of Christ be all our trust. -- Soldier's Evangel

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0610 -- THE CROSS IS OUR KEY TO FREEDOM

While taking a prisoner from a Guelph, Ontario, correctional center to be arraigned on charges of attempted armed robbery, police constable John Bolton noticed a cross around the neck of the convict. Knowing the man was not religious, he took a closer look. The prisoner attempted to conceal something protruding from the top of the cross. When questioned, he said it was a good luck charm designed to look like a spoon for sniffing cocaine. But Constable Bolton was sure it looked like a handcuff key. By experimentation he found that the protuberance would open most handcuffs. The discovery led to the exposure of an attempt by prisoners in the correctional center to make a number of these cross-keys.

There is a cross that sets men free, free from the bondage of the law, and that cross is the cross of Calvary. Unfortunately many are more concerned about freedom for the body than they are about freedom for the soul. Whether inside or outside prison, all men need the cross that sets us free.

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0611 -- THE CROSS, A REFUGE

In ancient Israel, six cities were founded as cities of refuge. Thither for refuge, could flee men who, without malice or premeditation, had taken the life of a fellow man. Once within the gates of the city of refuge, they could not be touched by any hand of vengeance or judgment. The rabbis have an interesting tradition that, once every year, the roads leading to these cities of refuge were carefully repaired and cleared of obstacles and stones, so that the man fleeing for his life would have no hindrance in his way.

The Cross is God's great, and eternal, city of refuge from the penalty upon sin. --
McCartney

It follows then, that we should remove all hindrances from the way of those who need access to the refuge of the cross. -- Duane V. Maxey

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0612 -- THE GROUND OF OUR JUSTIFICATION

There is an affecting passage in Roman history which records the death of Manlius. At night, and on the Capitol, fighting hand to hand, he had repelled the Gauls and saved the city when all seemed lost. Afterward, he was accused, but the Capitol towered in sight of the Forum where he was tried, and as he was about to be condemned, he stretched out his hands and pointed, weeping, to that arena of his triumph. At this, the people burst into tears, and the judges could not pronounce sentence. Again the trial proceeded, but was again defeated; nor could he be convicted till they had removed him to a low spot, from which the Capitol was invisible. What the Capitol was to Manlius, the cross of Christ is to the Christian. -- Preacher's Lantern

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0613 -- THE ONE SPOT THAT DEFEATED SATAN

Napoleon once took a map and, pointing to the British Isles, remarked: "Were it not for that red spot, I would have conquered the world." The Devil pointed at the cross of Christ and said: "Were it not for that red spot, I would have conquered the world." -- Sunday School Times

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0614 -- THE ONLY LADDER THAT REACHES HEAVEN

The cross is the only ladder high enough to touch Heaven's threshold. -- George D. Boardman

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0615 -- THE SHADOW OF HIS CROSS

Artist William Holman Hunt spent 1870-73 in the Holy Land, where he painted "Shadow of Death." The work depicts a carpenter's shop in Nazareth. Jesus stands by a wooden trestle on which He has put His saw. Lifting His eyes toward heaven, Jesus stretches and raises both arms above His head. The evening sunlight streaming through the open door casts a dark shadow in the form of a cross on the wall behind Him, making His tool rack appear as a horizontal bar on which His hands have been fastened. The tools themselves look like the fateful hammer and nails.

Though the idea came from an artist's imagination, it is accurate. From Jesus' youth, the Cross cast its shadow over Him.

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0616 -- THE SWASTIKA COULD NOT REPLACE THE CROSS

In its column, "You Asked Us," the Canadian Magazine recently dealt with Hitler's use of the swastika. Included in their article was the following statement. In the end, if his National Reich Church had been established, the swastika would have replaced the cross. Point 30 of the proposed National Reich Church's 30 point program, drawn up during the war, read: "On the day of its foundation, the Christian cross must be removed from all churches, cathedrals, and chapels. It must be superseded by the only unconquerable symbol, the swastika." History is the commentary on the folly of Hitler's dreams and on the futility of all who would seek to destroy the Church of Christ.

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0617 -- THE THREE CROSSES

As you travel down Interstate 77 through West Virginia, Virginia, and North Carolina, you cannot help but notice the message of the three silent crosses. Those crosses call to mind a sermon

I read some year ago by Myron J. Taylor titled "A Hill With Three Crosses." He said that one cross portrays a thief dying IN sin, and the other a thief dying TO sin. But the center cross speaks of the redeemer dying FOR sin. It divides all humanity into one of two categories -- those who reject Christ and die in sin, and those who receive Christ and can die to sin.

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0618 -- THE WAY OF THE CROSS LEADS HOME

Officer Peter O'Hanlon was patrolling on night duty in northern England some years ago when he heard a quivering sob. Turning in the direction that it came from, he saw in the shadows a little boy sitting on a doorstep. With tears rolling down his cheeks, the child whimpered, "I'm lost. Take me home." The policeman began naming street after street, trying to help him remember where he lived. When that failed, he repeated the names of the shops and hotels in the area, but all without success. Then he remembered that in the center of the city was a well-known church with a large white cross towering high above the surrounding landscape. He pointed to it and said, "Do you live anywhere near that?" The boy's face immediately brightened. "Yes, take me to the cross. I can find my way home from there!"

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0619 -- THOSE SILENT CROSSES

"...there they crucified Him, and the criminals, one on the right hand, and the other on the left." Luke 23:33 Journeying through West Virginia, Virginia, and North Carolina, my wife and I were captivated by the gentle rolling foothills, sweeping mountain ranges, and breathtaking valleys. God's voice in nature could be clearly heard through the ever changing countryside. But the most vivid memory of our drive down Interstate 77 was the repeated whisper of three crosses appearing on a knoll here, a sloping hillside there. At first they merely caught my eye, but then their silent testimony became audible to my soul. I recalled a sermon by Myron J. Taylor titled "A Hill With Three Crosses." He said that one cross portrays a thief dying IN sin, and the other a thief dying TO sin. But the center cross speaks of the Redeemer dying FOR sin. It divides all humanity into one of two categories: those who reject Christ and die in sin, and those who receive Christ and die to sin.

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0620 -- WHERE GOD WAS

When a father received word that his son, a brilliant lad, had been killed in a railroad accident, he turned to his pastor and cried in desperation, "Tell me, sir, where was God when my son was killed?" And in that tense and terrible moment guidance was given to the counseling pastor. "My friend," he said, "God was just where He was when His own Son was killed!" -- Selected

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CROSS OF CHRIST

0621 -- WHERE THE WORST AND THE BEST MEET

Some of the people in Central Africa speak of the death of Christ as "the victory of Golgotha." When Dan Crawford asked one of them why they did so, he improvised a cross with two sticks and said, "Just here at the cross when Satan did his very worst, just here, just then, God did his very, very best. At the cross the very worst and the very best meet."

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CROSS-BEARING

0622 -- BUYING A CROSS

Clarence Jordan, author of the "Cotton Patch" New Testament translation and founder of the interracial Koinonia farm in Americus, Georgia, was getting a red-carpet tour of another minister's church. With pride the minister pointed to the rich, imported pews and luxurious decorations. As they stepped outside, darkness was falling, and a spotlight shone on a huge cross atop the steeple. "That cross alone cost us ten thousand dollars," the minister said with a satisfied smile. "You got cheated," said Jordan. "Times were when Christians could get them for free."

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CROSS-BEARING

0623 -- CHEAP CROSSES

"...let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. Matthew 16:24 Speaking to a group of college students, a missionary told of his experiences on a foreign field. He said that a day never went by that he wasn't jeered as he preached the gospel on street corners. During religious holidays and festivals, vendors would be out selling religious artifacts and crosses. Hawking their wares, they would cry out, "Crosses! Cheap crosses for sale!" The missionary then challenged the students: "What about your cross? Is the cross you bear for the sake of our Lord only a cheap Cross?"

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CROSS-BEARING

0624 -- WHAT INSPIRED THE ASSEMBLY

At a large assembly, a Sunday School anniversary, it was found that the speakers expected had failed, and none were ready to take their places. After some singing, the meeting became dull, and the interest seemed to be dying out. The superintendent, who had set his heart on success, was anxious, and at a loss to know what to do, but finally, gave a general invitation to the scholars to repeat any texts or hymns they had learned. He was pleasantly answered, but only for a short time. A stranger on the platform had noticed on the front seat a boy of Jewish caste, with piercing eyes, and wondered why he was there. In the midst of deep silence he rose and repeated:

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

He spoke in a voice so thrilling as to move the whole audience. Many eyes were moist, for the story of the young Jew was known. His father had told him he must either leave the Sunday School or quit home for ever, and the hymn showed what he had given up to follow Christ. The meeting was inspired with new life. Friends gathered round him at the close and businessmen united in securing him a situation by which he could earn his own living. -- Christian At Work

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CROWD -- BOWING TO

0625 -- THERE ARE MANY LIKE PILATE

Someone wrote, "Pilate, you were the judge who handled the trial of Jesus; the last legal link between Christ and crucifixion. We picture you as a cold, cynical agnostic who only cared to save his own skin and reputation in Rome. You know what really bothers us, Pilate? It's that you showed Christ respect that day. You declared Jesus innocent, and in the same breath you gave Him up to die.

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CROWNS

0626 -- ONE MORE WORTHY OF THE CROWN THAN QUEEN VICTORIA

When Queen Victoria had just ascended her throne she went, as is the custom of Royalty, to hear "The Messiah" rendered. She had been instructed as to her conduct by those who knew, and was told that she must not rise when the others stood at the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus. When that magnificent chorus was being sung and the singers were shouting "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," she sat with great difficulty. It seemed as if she

would rise in spite of the custom of kings and queens, but finally when they came to that part of the chorus where with a shout they proclaim Him King of kings suddenly the young queen rose and stood with bowed head, as if she would take her own crown from off her head and cast it at His feet. Let us make Him King and every day be loyal to Him. This is the secret of peace. -- J. Wilbur Chapman.

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CROWNS

0627 -- QUEEN VICTORIA'S HEART

Queen Victoria, after hearing one of her chaplains preach at Windsor on the second coming of Christ, said: "Oh, how I wish that the Lord would come during my lifetime." "Why does your majesty feel this very earnest desire?" asked the preacher. With her countenance illuminated by deep emotion, the Queen replied, "Because I should so love to lay my crown at His feet." -- Rev. G. P. Eckman

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CRUELTY

0628 -- NO REGARD FOR HIS BEAST'S LIFE

In South Hills, West Virginia, for beating a dog, Carlton Gooding has been sentenced to jail. For the vicious beating of a golden retriever, Carlton Gooding has been fined \$500 and sentenced to jail for five days. The dog, subsequent to the merciless beating, required surgery. Gooding was said to have beaten the dog because he complained it was "a lousy watchdog. It was too loving." Gooding is a navy chaplain, and he is also, or has been, counselor for the local mental health center. Isn't it interesting that Proverbs 12:10 notes that a righteous man has regard for the life of his beast. I guess the way we treat animals is important. -- Associated Press

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CURIOSITY

0629 -- SEEKING ONLY BECAUSE OF CURIOSITY

The stoic philosopher Epictetus complained that the curious flocked from all over the world to stare at him as a famous person, even though they had no intention of adopting his ethical precepts. Herod entertained the same position with Jesus. He thought Him a phenomenon to be observed. There was no earnestness about his approach. Herod came in a trifling, superficial, jesting fashion.

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THE END