

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication  
Copyright 2001 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and  
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with  
the restrictions stated in the B4UCopy.txt file on this CD.

## **SNAKE-STORY ILLUSTRATIONS**

**By Duane V. Maxey**

\* \* \* \* \*

Digital Edition 02/02/2001  
By Holiness Data Ministry

\* \* \* \* \*

## **CONTENTS**

### **Introduction**

- 01 -- Saved From A Deadly Snake In Answer To A Boy's Prayer
- 02 -- Why The Snake Got The Birdlings
- 03 -- Snake Stories By Louise Robinson Chapman
- 04 -- Fear A Critical Spirit As You Would The Bite Of A Deadly Snake
- 05 -- Enormous False-Works -- More Deadly, Like Enormous Snakes
- 06 -- Jesus As A Serpent
- 07 -- Why The Hen Hatched Snakes Instead Of Chicks
- 08 -- Perfect Love Out Of Rattlesnake Springs
- 09 -- Transformations On Snake Island
- 10 -- He Crawled Like A Snake Before His Deliverance
- 11 -- Your Eyes Won't Lie To Your Feet At The Sight Of A Coiled Rattler
- 12 -- W. L. Boone -- Unafraid Of Rattlers, But Fearful In The City
- 13 -- The Talking Snake Is Still In Business
- 14 -- He Was Drowned With Snakes Wrapped Around His Neck
- 15 -- The Sin Of Offering Snake-Bitten Sacrifices To God
- 16 -- It Was Not The Snake Itself, But Its Poison That Killed
- 17 -- The Apostle Paul Was Not A Snake-Handler
- 18 -- Passing Through An Inquiry Room Won't Change A Snake
- 19 -- The Hidden Nature Of A Boa-Constrictor
- 20 -- The World Can Charm Like A Snake
- 21 -- Worrying Over Snakes That Aren't There
- 22 -- Killed By The Snakes Of Delirium Tremens
- 23 -- Transformations Faster Than A Snake Sheds His Skin
- 24 -- The Rattlesnake Poison Of Gambling Not Removed Gently
- 25 -- Sweep Out Doubts Like Snakes -- As Fast As They Crawl In

- 26 -- The Filling Of The Spirit Will Shed The World Like A Snake-Skin
- 27 -- Christ's Blood -- Like The Ichneumon's Antidote Against Snake-Bite
- 28 -- A Revival In Spite Of Many Snakes
- 29 -- Like A Snake That Casts Its Coat But Keeps Its Poison
- 30 -- Invertebrate Leadership -- Like Spineless Snakes
- 31 -- The Spirit Of The Age -- More Dangerous Than The Snakes
- 32 -- United Christian Fellowship Can Defeat The Old Serpent
- 33 -- Backsliding -- Harmful To Snakes And To Christians
- 34 -- He Knew The Antidote For Rattlesnake Poison
- 35 -- Revival After Deliverance From A Rattlesnake
- 36 -- Delivered From A Coral Snake Through Desperate Prayer
- 37 -- He Shouted After Snakes Stopped Crawling Out Of His Shirt-Collar
- 38 -- She Risked Being Snake-Bitten Rather Than Lose Her Soul
- 39 -- It Was A Snake -- Not A Toy
- 40 -- A Surprise Encounter With A 12-Foot Boa
- 41 -- On The Mission-Field -- A Snake At The Altar!
- 42 -- He Would Have Given The Snake The Whole Bed!
- 43 -- Rather Face A Rattlesnake Than Have A Deck Of Cards
- 44 -- Maxwell Pierson Gaddis -- Delivered From A Deadly Rattler
- 45 -- A Prophetic Dream About A Snake
- 46 -- The Wrong Testing Of Mark's Comments On Taking Up Serpents
- 47 -- Carnality -- The Old Serpent's Nest-Egg
- 48 -- The Coral Snake Compared To Carnality
- 49 -- He Planned To Keep On Collecting Snakes!
- 50 -- He Played With The Boa Too Long!
- 51 -- How A Garter Snake Revealed His Sin
- 52 -- He Sowed Infidelity And Reaped Snakes
- 53 -- He Thought The Rope Was A Snake
- 54 -- Why Harmon Schmelzenbach Ducked From A Snake
- 55 -- The Man With Snakes In His Boots And Monkeys On His Bedpost
- 56 -- A Hair-Raising Encounter With A Red Oak Snake
- 57 -- Snakes In Africa
- 58 -- Prey To The Hypnotic Spell Of A Black Snake
- 59 -- A Remarkable Deliverance Following A Killing Snake-Bite
- 60 -- Nathan Bangs' Dream About A Green Snake
- 61 -- Delivered From The Hypnotic Spell Of A Snake
- 62 -- Rescued From A Den Of Snakes
- 63 -- Sin -- Repulsive As A Black Snake!
- 64 -- The Snake-Bite Was No Accident!
- 65 -- Saved From A Deadly Snake By Instant Obedience

\* \* \* \* \*

## INTRODUCTION

This is a compilation of illustrative stories that either directly involve a snake, or that make reference to a snake. In most cases, beyond the title I have given the story, I have left it up to my readers to make the application. Every experienced preacher knows that often the same story can be used in different ways to illustrate different truths. So, if it is a Biblical truth, feel free to make whatever application you will of these stories. -- DVM

\* \* \* \* \*

## 01 -- SAVED FROM A DEADLY SNAKE IN ANSWER TO A BOY'S PRAYER

From hdm1042, 2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (Pai-Run) by Duane V. Maxey

One November day, in England, a clergyman was telling his two boys, one five and the other eight years of age, about a lady, formerly their governess, who had gone as a missionary from their home to far-off Ceylon. He told of some of the hardships which she had to undergo; of the roof which let the rain through during the long wet season, of the spiders and creeping insects which infested the house, and of the poisonous snakes and reptiles which made it unsafe even to venture out of doors. To the older boy the adventurous nature of the calling appealed most, but to little Fred the thought of poisonous snakes brought fear and sadness, and that night as he knelt before his bed for his evening prayers, the father heard him say, "God bless my dear father and mother, and make me good, for Jesus' sake." Then in a voice which quivered with earnestness, he added, "And, oh, dear God, take care of my Miss Price, and please do keep her safe from the snakes."

Far away in Ceylon, the missionary was wending her way to a house that she called home. Near her house, she saw one of the small but very venomous snakes of that district -- its neck and head raised and arched, its eyes gleaming with a malignant fire, ready with lightning stroke to spring upon her with its awful fangs. To escape seemed impossible, and for one terrible moment she was riveted to the spot in mortal dread. Then, to her inexpressible relief and utter astonishment, the snake seemed suddenly to change its mind, and turning around in the opposite direction, it deliberately resumed its way among the long, thick grass.

With a cry of thankfulness, the tired worker reached her home as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her, and going on her knees, she poured out her heart to God who had saved her from such a terrible death. Mail day came, and among her little pile of letters was one from her English pastor. As she read it, she felt cheered to know that she had become their missionary, greater interest had been stirred up in the parish, and more zeal manifested in the work which was so dear to her heart. But the postscript at the end of the letter thrilled her as she read it: "Little Fred never forgets to pray for you. Two Sundays ago I was telling the children of your life of danger and hardships, and the dear little fellow was so upset to think that his dear Miss Price was in danger of anything, that he prayed so earnestly, of his own accord, that 'God would take care of you, and keep you from the snakes!'

The missionary read this over and over again, and her eyes were dim as she laid the letter down. Yes, it was that Sunday! Now she understood; and with new meaning she read the text

hanging over her couch, "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Isa. 65:24 -- Prairie Pastor

\* \* \* \* \*

## 02 -- WHY THE SNAKE GOT THE BIRDLINGS

From hdm0072, Present Day Parables, By John Wilbur Chapman

A lady sat at her window a bright, balmy spring morning. The sun was out without a cloud, the blooming flowers were sending forth their fragrance to perfume and bless the earth, and the birds sang their songs of gladness as they went forth to their daily toil. Soon the lady saw that a little worker had chosen a rosebush for its home and was very busy bringing in sticks and hair and feathers and other material to make its house.

"Ah, you pretty little creature," said the lady, "you are building too low. Soon the destroyer will come and break up your sweet home."

And so it was. The days passed by; the nest was finished, and then there were eggs in the nest, and then four great big mouths were open whenever the low chirp of the mother announced that she had something for them to eat.

One day the lady sat by the window sewing. Suddenly she heard the cry of the birds, in the deepest distress, and she looked out to see what was the matter. There was a great snake that had crawled up and was devouring the helpless little ones, while just above them the poor heartbroken mother fluttered about in the wildest distraction. But it was too late; her children were gone, and her home was left desolate, a sad reminder of her folly in building so near the ground.

So I think it is with people who have no higher ambition than earthly pleasures, wealth or honors. They build too low. Their heart's home is in easy reach of death and the devil, and depend upon it the destroyer will come, soon or late. -- H. M. Wharton.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 03 -- SNAKE STORIES BY LOUISE ROBINSON CHAPMAN

From hdm0804, Africa, O Africa, by Louise Robinson Chapman

I had been in Africa only a few days. The boys were playing in the Sabie River. I stepped into the tall grass to call them. Right in front of me a long black snake lifted his head above my head, looked at me with his beady eyes, and ran out his little forked tongue at me. I had never seen such a long snake in my life, and it is difficult to say which was the more startled -- the snake or I. I stood transfixed -- doing without intention the best thing possible. Had I screamed or run that black mamba, whose bite is almost always fatal, would have become excited and have struck.

One night I sat down to drink a cup of tea. Hearing a movement under the table, I looked and found the table leg, only a few inches from me, wound about with snake from top to bottom.

I stepped into the door behind Alice, our kitchen girl, who stood washing dishes. I saw what appeared to be a rope hanging from the grass roof in front of Alice. I saw it move, and screamed for Alice to run. It was the type of snake that spits into people's eyes and blinds them.

I saw one of our girls slipping up behind me with a club, as I sat at my office desk. I turned to see what she could be after. Not five feet behind me sat a snake ready for battle. The girl threw the club to me, and I killed the intruder.

I was ready to lie down for the night in a native hut. The preacher's wife brought me some matches and told me to be careful, for the hut was full of snakes. They had killed two puff adders and a mamba that very day. I thought about it awhile, then said my prayers and went to sleep.

One night I heard something moving outside the hut where I slept. In the morning the tracks indicated that a huge python had completely circled the hut.

I was preaching in an outstation. There was a small window behind the pulpit. In the midst of the service, the people pointed and screamed, "Snake! Snake!" A long mamba was entering the church by the window. Through windows and doors we were out of the building in no time. The snake took refuge in a nearby hut, and we spent the rest of the afternoon in killing him.

Philemon slept on the floor at his grandma's. A snake came out of his hole and crawled about the floor. Grandma heard the sound, and arose to make a light. The startled snake, in his haste, ran right into the sleeping child's mouth, and bit him inside the cheek. He must have thought the child's mouth was the hole through which he entered. Grandma ran with the child to the mission station, where God, in answer to prayer, healed the child.

Snakes curl up in the clay pots and take a nap. They lie stretched along the end of the wall, like walking canes. They hide in your mats. They curl up beside the path and wait for someone to step on them. One learns to look before he steps or before he touches anything, anywhere.

A Swazi gardener has always to cope with pests. The stock borers, birds, earwigs and weevils feed upon his corn from sprout to bin. The cut-worms bite down his bean stocks or the beetles eat up his blossoms. His peanuts may be killed by drought, mildew or blight, or they may be dug out by donkeys or deer or stolen by monkeys. Flocks of birds reap his kaflir corn. One year a fuzzy worm got into our sweet potato patch. We had either to go hungry or dig out those worms. We gathered about ten gallons of worms daily for several days and saved our crop. One day I saw a small plowed plot covered with thousands of snake eggs. That same year, in one week, the girls killed 67 snakes in one patch of beans.

\* \* \* \* \*

From hdm0229, Tips to Christians, by Fairy Chism

1. Earth's most poisonous serpent can only kill the body; criticism kills the soul. A critical spirit and God's Spirit cannot live for long in the same heart. Heb. 12:15.
2. Watch yourself. Leave others to God. Read "Others May -- You Cannot".
3. Be hard on yourself; be easy on others.
4. Don't impose your convictions on others Pray; be charitable; let God talk. God would do much more if we kept sweeter and trusted Him more instead of feeling that it is up to us to set things right.
5. Take the blame--it won't hurt you! It will help you to see yourself in a truer light. Make criticism a servant by letting it lead you to see as others see, and in making you more Christ-like.
6. Remember there is no such person as a Christian with a grudge against another. Such an one is not saved Matt. 6:14, 15.
7. Watch for your faults and humbly own them to others.
8. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Matt. 7:1.

"But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at naught thy brother? For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ . . . So then every one of us shall give an account of Himself to God. Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather that no more put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way . . . Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace and things wherewith one may edify another". Rom. 14:10-19.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 05 -- ENORMOUS FALSE-WORKS -- MORE DEADLY, LIKE ENORMOUS SNAKES

From hdm1498, A Farmer Looks At The Parables, by John F. Dorsey

In the pit vipers such as copperheads, rattlesnakes, and water moccasins, the deadliness of the snake is directly proportional to its size. \*The Florida Diamond-back Rattler is declared by herpetologists to be the deadliest, not because its venom is any more concentrated but because it grows to such enormous size. Two of them dispatched by this scribe in North Walton County were just medium size, but were five feet in length and as large as my wrist. Their huge fangs made me shudder to look at. I didn't sleep well after killing the first one for I had picked both blackberries and blue berries on both sides of where he came out of the swamp.

\*Herpetologists tell us that another thing which makes the Florida Diamond-back Rattler so deadly is that he combines both kinds of venom. While a western Diamond-back might inject 1 to 6

milligrams of venom, and never more than 300 the Florida Diamond-back usually injects 500 to 1,000 mgs.

But false prophets are also proportionately dangerous according to their size and influence. The one who has a world-wide radio program, with millions of dollars coming in and millions of people in his listening audience and highly educated will dispense a larger dose of poison at one time than the local false prophet with none of the other's assets.

The advice of authorities on snake bite is first of all, don't let them bite you. Stay away from them. It is good advice for the Christian. If we do not know for sure what a person's doctrines, standards and background are we would do well not to listen nor to support them with our finances.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 06 -- JESUS AS A SERPENT

From hdm1498, A Farmer Looks At The Parables, by John F. Dorsey

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness even so must the Son of Man be lifted up.

The story of the brazen serpent is an amazing story. The Israelites had murmured and God had punished them by sending fiery serpents among them biting them until many died. Then God told Moses to make a brazen or brass serpent upon a pole. Newly cast it would be the appearance of fire. Whatever Israelites looked there in faith would be healed of their snakebites.

Jehovah of the Old Testament who told them to do this was looking ahead to Calvary when in the flesh, He Himself would be hanging on a pole, the cross. Why is this? Why not a lamb on an altar? Why a serpent? Is that not a symbol of the devil? Is that not a symbol of sin? That is just the point exactly. Paul says, "God hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Jesus had no sin of His Own, but in Gethsemane the load of the whole world's sin fell on Him as was prophesied, "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. . . . He bore their iniquity. . . . He bore the sin of many. . . ." (Is. 53) And I Peter 2:24, He bore our sins in His Own body to the tree, that we being dead to sin might live unto righteousness by whose stripes we were healed.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 07 -- WHY THE HEN HATCHED SNAKES INSTEAD OF CHICKS

From hdm0399, The Carnal Mind and the Cure For It, by Henry Albert Erdmann

Some have erred by supposing and teaching that the carnal mind is the result of a sinful life. They would have us believe that man acquires the evil nature within by committing sin. The more sins one commits, and the longer he lives in sin, the more of the carnal mind does he acquire. The

trouble here is that they have the program reversed. A sinful life is the result of an evil principle within, but never the opposite. The story is told of a boy who found some snake eggs. He took them to his home and set them under a hen, thinking that by having a hen hover those eggs they would hatch chickens. But they hatched snakes. They did not hatch snakes because of any environments thrown about them, but because the snake nature was within the eggs.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 08 -- PERFECT LOVE OUT OF RATTLESNAKE SPRINGS

From hdm0010, A History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Vol. III, By Nathan Bangs

[In 1826] In Anne Arundel county, Maryland, there were mighty displays of the power of God. The work commenced at a camp meeting held at a place called Rattlesnake Springs. It was believed that not less than two hundred and fifty persons were brought from darkness to light, and several professed to be filled with "perfect love," while many departed from the place under deep conviction for sin, and groaning for redemption in the blood of the Lamb.

John 1:46 "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see." Great good can come out of places with bad names and despicable reputations. "Rattlesnake Springs" does not seem to be a fitting name for the place where "not less than two hundred and fifty persons" were saved and others filled with Perfect Love. But, He Who came out of the despised Nazareth has often performed the miraculous in places with hated names and with bad reputations.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 09 -- TRANSFORMATIONS ON SNAKE ISLAND

From hdm0010, A History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Vol. III, By Nathan Bangs

Here again, Nathan Bangs records great good coming out of a place whose name would not suggest such a result.

A new mission was begun this year among another branch of the Mississaugas, who resided on Snake and Yellow Head Islands, in Lake Simcoe, Upper Canada. The whole body of Indians who resided here consisted of six hundred, the largest body of any who spoke the Chippeway language this side of Lake Huron. Some of these, hearing a discourse from one of our preachers, became deeply impressed with the leading truths of Christianity, and expressed an earnest desire to have a missionary sent to instruct them. Accordingly some benevolent members of our Church went and established a sabbath school among them. By this simple means more than forty were reclaimed from their pagan superstitions. Such was the success of this mission, after being supplied with a regular missionary, that in 1829 there were four hundred and twenty-nine under religious instruction, three hundred and fifty of whom were orderly members of the Church; one hundred of their children were taught in two separate schools, by a male and female teacher. A



schoolhouse and parsonage were built on Snake Island, and a mission-house on Yellow Head Island, and the converts were gradually brought to attend to agricultural and domestic duties.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 10 -- HE CRAWLED LIKE A SNAKE BEFORE HIS DELIVERANCE

From hdm0015, Remarkable Incidents and Modern Miracles Through Prayer and Faith  
By Guy C. Bevington

On the fourth night was the meeting for the other church. Well, as I was preaching in came a drunkard; and, as had been their custom, he was signaled out. But he did not seem inclined to go out. So the head man of the church said to the leader, "Put him out!" He started, but I said, "Hold on there, don't put that man out." But the boss motioned him to obey orders. So I jumped over the rail, and said, "Please don't put that man out; Jesus came to save just such poor creatures as he." "Well", he said, "you don't know that man; he is the lowest down creature in town. He must go out!" I said, "Oh, no; please don't." But he said, "Put him out!" I sprang between the leader and the drunkard, and insisted on his remaining. But oh, what a terrible odor came from him! Well the boss and all his crowd left -- taking out about fifty.

Then the leader said, "Brother Bevington, I know what Jesus came for. But we have been dealing with this man for ten years, and actually there is no hope for him." I said, "My dear brother, you will never make me believe that. Jesus can and will if we give him a chance." "Well," he said, "you and him for it. I will put out all the lights but one up by the pulpit, and you and him for it. I can't stand the odor." And he left. He went up the stairs but could not sleep.

I took the man up to the front of the platform and got hold of God for him. He did right well till about 2:00 a. m., and then got boisterous. He said that he was burning up, must have some whisky. He said, "You get me a pint, and I will get all right. I would like to be a Christian, but am in hell now." Well, I plead with him, but about three o'clock he was getting the best of me. He was much stronger than I, and was backing me toward the door in spite of all that I could do. By four we were within eight feet of the door, and I was getting exhausted and saw that something must be done.

I was impressed to call the man upstairs, but the Spirit rebuked me, and I held my peace and began to intercede at the throne more intensely. I soon just let go of him, and threw up both hands, and cried out, "O God, what did you send this man in here for? What did you send me here for? O God, come, come, come!" And at the third "come," the man fell prostrate on the floor. He actually crawled around under the chairs just like a snake and 'twas then that we plead to have the demon cast out. I said, "O God, cast him out, cast him out!" And in thirty minutes the man was as quiet as a lamb.

He got up and rubbed himself, and said, "Well is this Tom? I have got religion." I said, "You may have religion, but you have no salvation as yet." "Oh, I know better, why I have religion." I said, "Come on up to the altar and get saved." "Oh, I am saved right now." "No, you are not saved; you just had that whisky demon cast out. Now you are a candidate for forgiveness."

Well he would have it that he was already saved. But finally at five-thirty we got him at the altar and he got down and prayed earnestly. Soon he saw that he needed salvation and at seven a. m. he prayed through, struck bottom, and of all the capering you ever saw, he did it there.

The woman came down and she was delighted. She called her husband, and down he came, and both seemed satisfied that Tom was really a saved man. Well I was somewhat worn after wrestling all night with that ferocious man, and wanted some rest. But I said to the leader, "Now you have some clothes to give out; so you get me a tub and a broom and a bar of soap, and a scrubbing brush. And you bring down some good clothing, and I will take him out there in the back yard and scrub him up. His wife sanctioned the suggestion, and brought me down some asafetida as a preventive; so I tied some on and went for him. I used up three tubs of water and a bar of soap, and succeeded in getting him fairly clean. They furnished some good clothing and soon we had him looking entirely different.

He was a well educated man, but whiskey had floored him. But God gathered up the fragments and got them in their places and polished them up so that he was in pretty good shape by the time we were through with him. "Now," he said, "I want you to go with me down to my cousin's. I used to be his foreman in his lumber-yard, but he hasn't allowed me around for years." So we went down about 11:30, and the cousin was there waiting for dinner. Tom had me stand in front; so I knocked at the door and we were invited in. The cousin looked at me and then at Tom and saw that we were strangers. He seemed confused as we did not make our business known. After some suspense I said, "Mister, did you ever see that man?" At that Tom smiled. The cousin said, "This can't be Tom, can it?" And Tom sprang up, and said, "Yes it is; I am a new man, Bill. Jesus has saved me and this preacher has cleaned me up, and the mission man gave me this nice suit. Bill, I want to go to work again. I will join the M. E. Church with you, if they will take me in." We were then invited in to dinner at 12:30, and I tell you I enjoyed it.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 11 -- YOUR EYES WON'T LIE TO YOUR FEET AT THE SIGHT OF A COILED RATTLER

From hdm0356, Three Sunday-School Lessons on Lying, by L. S. Boardman

None of us like to be lied to -- then we must not lie to someone else. We don't even want our eyes and ears to lie to us. J. Eadie brought this up in his own words:-- "If you should see a deadly rattlesnake, at close range, coiled and about to strike, do you think your eyes would lie to your feet?" (Biblical Illustrator: Eph. 4:25; p. 435.)

\* \* \* \* \*

## 12 -- W. L. BOONE -- UNAFRAID OF RATTLERS, BUT FEARFUL IN THE CITY

From hdm1558, He Walks With Me in Overalls, by William Lester Boone

Gerald drove right downtown through all of that noisy, roaring traffic and pulled in at this huge building. I was nearly numb with fear and apprehension, but certainly didn't let them know

how I felt. Here was this kid who wasn't afraid of the dark, or roaring rivers or towering forests and their wild animals; this kid who kicked bulls around and handled rattlesnakes just to show it wasn't dangerous; this kid who operated trucks and tractors and worked like a man in the grain and hay fields, but was fearful of the sights and sounds of a large city. Most of our fears don't make much sense, but they are usually about our ignorance and lack of control,

\* \* \* \* \*

### 13 -- THE TALKING SNAKE IS STILL IN BUSINESS

From hdm0899, Mark the Perfect Man, by Louis A. Bouck

I never met a talking snake. But one spoke to Eve. And what it said led her to take of the forbidden fruit. Something, someone, was behind that subtle serpent, enabling it to speak beguiling words of temptation. Who or what?

It was a very slippery character -- one who starts wars which produce bloodshed, suffering and carnage. Then this character suggests to men, "How can a good God permit such things?"

One of Satan's major triumphs has been to convince intellectuals that he does not really exist, except in the minds of ignorant, superstitious people. The old verse says:

And so the devil has had to go.  
We've voted him out and he's done,  
But simple people would like to know  
Who carries his business on.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 14 -- HE WAS DROWNED WITH SNAKES WRAPPED AROUND HIS NECK

From hdm0715, Lessons on Apostasy From Church History, By David Budensiek

Under Decius Trajan, a man by the name of Julian, from the province of Cilicia, was taken and placed in a leather bag. Then there were also placed in it several snakes and a lot of creeping things. Julian could have gotten out by denying Jesus. After he lay in this bag with these creeping things and snakes for some time and still refused to deny Jesus, his persecutors added stones to the sack and took him to sea and he drowned with the snakes wrapped around his neck.

Maybe you think it is a small thing to profess Jesus today. Thank God that you are not in a country where persecution is on. But you had better be ready for it. You had better make sure you have something that is worth dying for; you had better make certain that the Holy Spirit dwells in your heart in all His sanctifying power.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 15 -- THE SIN OF OFFERING SNAKE-BITTEN SACRIFICES TO GOD

From hdm0411, Beyond The Moral Divide, by Foy C. Bullock

The prophet described these worthless sacrifices, and in so doing revealed the heart condition of Israel. There were the blind that were offered. These represented the spiritual darkness that had dimmed their understanding and left them without discernment. The lame depicted those whose infractions had crippled them and made them unfit for acceptance -- but they offered them anyway. They could have fallen from a ledge and broken a leg. A poisonous snake could have bitten them. Many things could have happened to them. Malachi included the sick which were diseased. Some malady had fastened itself upon them and they were nigh unto death. Their appetite was gone and the loss of weight was evidenced by the outline of their ribs. Nevertheless, they were offered as sacrifice to God. Then lastly, he mentioned the torn. This group had been attacked by wolves or some enemy and had escaped, but were disqualified as sacrifices worthy to be offered to the Lord -- but they were offered anyway.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 16 -- IT WAS NOT THE SNAKE ITSELF, BUT ITS POISON THAT KILLED

From hdm0205, Witnesses to the Doctrine of Holiness, By L. M. Campbell

In a town where we visited, a child died in convulsions from the bite of a rattlesnake. That which was in the child was not the rattlesnake itself, but the poison of the snake which had been injected into the blood of the child from the bite. So the moral disease of man is the poison that Satan injected into the race through the fall. But Christ comes to "destroy the works of the devil."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 17 -- THE APOSTLE PAUL WAS NOT A SNAKE-HANDLER

From hdm0028, A Box of Treasure, by Beverly Carradine

But the objector quotes the mishap which befell Paul when a serpent came out of the burning fagots and stung him, and that Paul felt no harm. This is true, and yet quite different from the truth the Saviour brought out in His answer to the devil. Paul was not hunting for serpents, he was not walking around, so to speak, with a chip on his shoulder daring a snake to sting him. He was not throwing himself from the pinnacle. He was not defying the laws of Nature. If he had we would beyond all question have had a different narrative from the pen of Luke, and it would have been Paul who died, while the snake got away.

Nevertheless our God is greater than any of His laws, and when the need comes he can keep fire from burning, lions from killing, snakes from poisoning, then His children are set upon by their enemies of hell and earth. But the same God teaches us both in grace and nature not to thrust ourselves unsent of him among tigers, not to stick our fingers in rattlesnake dens, and in a word not

to cast ourselves from pinnacles, trusting that because we have his love in our hearts that we will not fall and be dashed to pieces on the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 18 -- PASSING THROUGH AN INQUIRY ROOM WON'T CHANGE A SNAKE

From hdm0028, A Box of Treasure, by Beverly Carradine

The rule of salvation according to the Bible and according to an analogy laid down by the Lord Himself is that Zion must travail before sons and daughters can be born unto God.

In view of this double truth and statement it is easy to read through the lines of a report where we are informed that several hundred were at the altar, but nothing is said about several hundred being saved. In some newspapers, we are informed, the figures having been given by the evangelist that five, six or seven thousand people passed through the inquiry room. But passing through an inquiry room is not salvation. Five thousand goats and snakes can move through an inquiry room and pass out as they came in, still snakes and goats.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 19 -- THE HIDDEN NATURE OF A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR

From hdm0028, A Box of Treasure, by Beverly Carradine

Think of an arm that once protected becoming a boa-constructor to crush. Of a tongue that formerly cooed like a dove, darting out like the poison prongs from the red throat of a rattlesnake, to injure and destroy. Of a face that an hour or day before beamed with kindness, suddenly taking on the frightful features and expressions of an infuriated hyena or tiger. These instances are but the faintest hints of what is going on in, and coming out of, the Jungle of the human heart.

The panther has a cry like a little baby; the serpent has a soft sibilant sound like a quick sigh; the anaconda covers its victim with a froth from its own mouth before swallowing it alive; the boa-constructor enfolds quietly with fleshy coils and then gradually strangles and kills; the vampire sucks away the lifeblood, after first having fanned its prey to sleep. So even in the Jungle denizens there is an attractive, bewildering or false outside which covers an opposite nature underneath.

Truly we do not have to live long or go far before we hear the serpent's sibilant whisper in the social circle, note the vampire wing, mark the mouth froth and feel the enveloping coils of a human Python who would crush heart, body and soul alike.

Holmes, the murderer of over thirty people, had a most ingratiating manner. Nearly all who met him were charmed with his conversation and deportment. The young man who killed two young women in a church in San Francisco, was so outwardly well bred and altogether pleasing in his ways, that he was not only a great social favorite but had been elected assistant superintendent

of the Sunday school. What vampire wings, serpent whispers and panther baby cries these men had!

\* \* \* \* \*

## 20 -- THE WORLD CAN CHARM LIKE A SNAKE

From hdm0041, Beulah Land, by Beverly Carradine

Once, when riding along a country road, I saw a bird charmed by a snake. The reptile lay full length on the limb of a tree, and had its eyes fixed on its spellbound victim, not a foot away. The bird, with extended, tremulous wings, and low, distressed cry, had its head bent forward, and was gazing into the red, open mouth and glistening eyes of its ensnarer and would-be destroyer. I got down from my horse, and with a large stick killed the serpent and rescued the almost exhausted songster of the woods; but the scene actually produced a kind of heart nausea, and I never forgot the impression.

The lesson is not to let the eye get on the world, lest the eyes of the world get fixed on you, with its basilisk, destructive gaze, and there would be no deliverance.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 21 -- WORRYING OVER SNAKES THAT AREN'T THERE

From hdm0043, Living Illustrations, by Beverly Carradine

A lady relative of the writer found a servant weeping on the back porch one morning. Asking her the cause of her grief, she said she had seen a snake in the garden, and got to thinking what if that snake had been in the back yard instead of the garden, and suppose the little boy of the family had been there, and suppose the snake had seen him, and suppose the snake had bitten him--and off she went into another gush of tears. And yet neither the boy nor the snake were in the back yard!

The cause of the servant's grief, silly and needless as it was, was better grounded than that of some heart burdens and mental harassment we have observed in life; because the woman did see a snake that morning, while others have created their serpents and vipers with their own lively fancies.

A popular book published several years back, mentions a character who had the following sentence written in big letters above his mantel: "The greatest troubles I ever had; never took place."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 22 -- KILLED BY THE SNAKES OF DELIRIUM TREMENS

From hdm0047, Remarkable Occurrences, by Beverly Carradine

The last attack of mania potu came after he had been drinking heavily for weeks. It required the strength of several men to keep him from leaping out of the window and otherwise killing himself. He thought his tongue was a dog, and tried to cut it out with a knife. He cried out that "Snakes were in the room, and crawling toward him!" And with eyes dilated with horror and screaming "Help! Help! Help!" he would leap and dash himself here and there in the effort to escape from their imaginary presence until the perspiration streamed down his face and body, and he looked as if he would die from fright.

It was vain to speak to or lay the hand upon him. The slightest touch caused him to spring up in terror, while he did not seem to comprehend anything that was said to him. He was too far out in the bog! He only saw the sights and heard the sounds of the dreadful slough of Sin by which he had been entrapped and fastened, and into whose depths he was slowly disappearing from human view.

With snatches of ribald songs, scraps of jokes, partly uttered oaths, and a horrible laugh that as quickly died away into moans and whines, he passed through the last three hours of his life; when suddenly starting up from his bed he shrieked at the top of his voice so as to be heard all over the house and even on the street:

"Take them off me! Don't you see they are killing me! Murder! Murder! Murder!" and fell back upon his pillow in convulsions. In ten minutes more he was dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 23 -- TRANSFORMATIONS FASTER THAN A SNAKE SHEDS HIS SKIN

From hdm0049, Revival Sermons, by Beverly Carradine

The individual family and church feuds will end as suddenly as they began. Faster than the deer casts his antlers, the snake his skin, or the warm roof slips off the snow, will all these bickerings and animosities disappear. They will feel as did a certain man when suddenly filled with all the fullness of God -- "O for an enemy in order to forgive him and love him."

If you have quarrels in your churches, aim at once for a revival. Nothing else will destroy them. I once saw five different family feuds settled in as many minutes when the Holy Ghost had fallen in power on a morning service.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 24 -- THE RATTLESNAKE POISON OF GAMBLING NOT REMOVED GENTLY

From hdm0056, The Louisiana State Lottery Company Examined and Exposed, By Beverly Carradine

You might as well hope, with finger and thumb, quietly to press out the poison from the fangs and tongue of a hissing rattlesnake, or with gentle stroke or smile so alter the nature of a Numidian lion, maddened with wounds and hunger, that he would allow you to extract his teeth, as to expect with peaceful dealings to change the character and stop the destructive career of the Louisiana State Lottery.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 25 -- SWEEP OUT DOUBTS LIKE SNAKES -- AS FAST AS THEY CRAWL IN

From hdm0058, The Sanctified Life, By Beverly Carradine

Do not stop to ask how one is to keep doubts out. To sanctified people it should be the easiest of things.

How do people keep snakes out of the hall or gallery? They sweep them out into the yard with the broom as fast as they would crawl in. So when doubts wriggle and squirm towards you, take the broom of a resolute will and sweep them out. Say, I will not let them in. And if you say that, they can not come in. This is exercising faith. Refusing to doubt is believing. How simple and blessed!

\* \* \* \* \*

## 26 -- THE FILLING OF THE SPIRIT WILL SHED THE WORLD LIKE A SNAKE-SKIN

From hdm0058, The Sanctified Life, By Beverly Carradine

It is not so much pulpit thrashing and pew abuse that causes people to give up personal adornments, as the rich life of Christ stealing into every part of the soul, body and life; and lo! as the antlers drop from the head of the deer, and the skin is cast from the snake, everything that is worldly and carnal will be flung off from the individual who is filled with the Holy Ghost.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 27 -- CHRIST'S BLOOD -- LIKE THE ICHNEUMON'S ANTIDOTE AGAINST SNAKE-BITE

From hdm0058, The Sanctified Life, By Beverly Carradine

Naturalists tell of a small animal called the ichneumon which is not over two or three inches in size, but can defeat and destroy a venomous snake that is over a yard in length, and many times larger than itself. But it is noticeable that the ichneumon never fights over two or three feet away from a plant whose leaves contain the antidote for the snake bite. When the reptile plants its poisonous fangs in the little creature, the ichneumon at once drags itself to the bush, chews a leaf, is instantly restored, and returns refreshed and renewed to the conflict. After a little the ichneumon is bitten again, and feeling death creeping along the veins, flies at once to the shrub, takes another mouthful of the restoring leaf and returns with a new lease of strength and life to the battle. It is just



a question of time. The snake grows weaker and weaker, while the ichneumon is continually renewed. So after awhile the larger animal goes down in the remarkable contest, and turning bottom side up, gives up the ghost, while the ichneumon, flushed, triumphant and jubilant, waves its right forepaw in the air (figuratively speaking), and almost shouts hallelujah.

So in the soul's great contest with Satan and sin, the disparity is great. Hopeless indeed would be the soul if left alone in the warfare against the great fallen Archangel who has led whole nations astray, and for six thousand years has become infernally wise in the ways of drawing men into transgression and perdition. But happily for us the tree of life with healing in the leaves grows close by each heart. The Blood of Christ, which purges the poison of hell from the soul, and makes the spirit clean white and beautiful, is flowing always in touch of the wounded heart. When smitten by Satan, and hurt through the imagination, desire, speech or action, we should instantly touch the blessed Christ who is always near, and that touch will instantly renew and restore. As many, says the Scripture, as touched Him were made perfectly whole. And so back to the fight we go; and if wounded again instantly look to Jesus and touch Him by another act of faith, and so keep on touching until perfect victory is won, the enemy driven from the field, and we are triumphant in the possession of the knowledge and ability how to resist Satan and conquer sin, and thrilled with the experience of constant cleansing, constant peace, and constant victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 28 -- A REVIVAL IN SPITE OF MANY SNAKES

From hdm1546, Forty-Seven Years With The Gospel Plow, By John H. Carroll

The first morning after we had started batching Bro. McVey and his son awakened. They were sleeping in a room with two holes in the floor and when they looked around there lay two snakes on the floor. The boy was afraid they might get in the bed but his father told him he hardly thought they could. When we investigated we found the place was infested with snakes. They were not so large but there was an abundance of them. We could find them everywhere we went. Once while in Sunday School I saw one crawling through the fold of the tent curtain. Another time I saw one trying to get up on the platform. Sister Clifford made war on them. Once she lifted a door up off the ground and there were at least five under it. I don't know how many she killed but it was a large number.

The meeting started off slow. The Indians came to listen but they wouldn't move to the altar. The meeting went on for some time. One night I had preached hard and was giving the altar call but no one came forward. Suddenly Frank Pierce jumped from his seat and asked them what they meant to let a man preach like that. He began calling them out by name, telling them to come to the altar. Soon the altar was filled and we had to put chairs out until it reached clear across the front of the tent. That night the meeting broke through and we had a good revival. The last night the tent was full, the Spirit came on, the people were blessed and there was shouting.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 29 -- LIKE A SNAKE THAT CASTS ITS COAT BUT KEEPS ITS POISON

From hdm0258, Portions of Earnest Christianity Illustrated, by James Caughey

Saturday morning, Feb. 1. -- Purity my theme last night. A snake may cast its coat, but keep its venom. A sinner may cast off much of the "old man" in outward, and even inward character but, if not cleansed from all sin, there is a snaky inclination in his nature that may wound others, or the cause of God, or himself, eternally.

That was a shrewd saying of one, that "a profession of religion, with out purity, is like a fair glove drawn over a foul hand."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 30 -- INVERTEBRATE LEADERSHIP -- LIKE SPINELESS SNAKES

From hdm0893, Son Be True, by Morris Chalfant

Invertebrates [invertebratitus]

"Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light, and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter." -- Isaiah 5:20

A massive volume published in 1954, "The Animal Kingdom," edited by Frederick Drimmer records the fact that there are nearly 1,000,000 kinds of invertebrates, from amoebas to worms, snakes, and countless others. Almost unbelievable, all animals with no backbones or spines.

pious device of questioning the negative approach. This device is very useful for it silences the critic as either irreligious or unwise. The Biblical approach includes both the positive and the negative as the time and circumstances demand. Moral indignation and moral denunciation appear constantly in Scriptures; their disappearance in our day and disapproval of the manly virtues of Christianity by anemic saints is a sign of the moral flabbiness of our times and not a sign of Christian piety as some suppose.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 31 -- THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE -- MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE SNAKES

From hdm0893, Son Be True, by Morris Chalfant

While serving as a missionary in South Africa, I spent the first few months in language study near the Jungle. My first impression of the Jungle was that it was very alluring and very mysterious. One at first has a creeping feeling come over him. Living and being in the habitat of elephants, crocodiles, snapping turtles, snakes, chiggers, termites, monkeys, baboons, and others

really gives one the creeps. It demands eternal vigilance to live in and overcome the creeping element of the Jungle.

We in the homeland are facing each day a more dangerous foe than those who inhabit the Jungle of Africa. We are living in a time of deep moral confusion with the foundation of morality undermined by secularism, liberalism, and materialism. As the creeping feeling of the Jungle overwhelms one in Africa, the Spirit of this Age has settled down upon the Holiness Church and affecting us in all areas of our Christian living. I asked Rev. W. S. Purintan, one of the Church of the Nazarene's outstanding leaders, if the Holiness movement had lowered its standards and no longer had reason for existence. He said, "No, the Holiness movement still preached Holiness with standards, but the Spirit of this Age had affected the world in every area and the church had not been immune from the influence of the Spirit of this Age."

As a missionary living in the Jungle, it is imperative to eternally fight to overcome the creeping element of the Jungle in order to exist. As Holiness people, it is imperative that we eternally fight to overcome the Spirit of this Age, if we are to continue as a distinct Holiness movement. Many times I have likened the element of the creeping Jungle in Africa to the Spirit of this Age. The Spirit of this Age is more dangerous to our spiritual lives than the creeping Jungle in Africa is dangerous to ones physical well being.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 32 -- UNITED CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP CAN DEFEAT THE OLD SERPENT

From hdm0934, Messages From Romans (Series XVI) by Quinton J. Everest

As in the early chapters of Acts and also in Rome, so today the unity of real, genuine Christian fellowship makes its impact upon the community and the nation. Greater things can be accomplished and the devil be defeated. I have read that when the natives of India want to capture a large snake, they will start a fire in a jungle which will drive the snakes by the hundreds toward a widespread netting. After they have them enclosed, they pick out the one they desire to capture. It is lassoed with a wire loop at the end of a heavy stick and then dragged out and seized by a large number of natives. They take a large bamboo and many smaller splints and bind the snake securely at every inch of his entire length. The operation is finally finished by forcing the upper jaw upon the lower, tying the two together to the bamboo in such a way that the snake can't even hiss. Certainly if the church is possessed with real unity of Christian fellowship the devil can never hold out against a unitedness and aggressiveness that is centered in Christ.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 33 -- BACKSLIDING -- HARMFUL TO SNAKES AND TO CHRISTIANS

From hdm1553, The Backslider in Heart, by Albert M. Ewing

We hurt ourselves by backsliding. The snake never moves backward unless there is no other way of avoiding it. Their covering is so delicate and thin that if they are compelled to move

backward they injure their epidermis, which they must lose by the process of fasting and shrinking until they can crawl out of the old hide and come out with a clean bright raiment and look like a new creature. How much like the backslider, who has crawled backward and hurt himself and now with humiliation, with godly sorrow and repentance he is able to shed the soiled garments of the backslider, and appear once again in the garments of salvation, pure and white, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 34 -- HE KNEW THE ANTIDOTE FOR RATTLESNAKE POISON

From hdm0268, Life Among The Indians, by James Bradley Finley

When we first entered the council-house, I saw sitting among the chiefs a man with whom I had been acquainted twenty-five years before, at the first settling of the Scioto Valley, in 1797. My father and others had lost their horses, and he was employed to go with another man and myself to hunt them. We had not proceeded more than four miles till he was bit by a rattlesnake between the heel and ankle, his leggin not being tied down to his moccasin. He immediately killed the snake, and then went a few steps and pulled up a weed resembling a flax stalk, only not so tall. He took the root, and chewed and swallowed some of it. The rest he applied to the wound. In a few minutes he became very sick, and began to vomit, and throw up something green and stringy, like poison. He then made the second application, and the third; and in an hour went on his journey without any difficulty. The bite did not swell more than if he had been stung by a wasp or bee. This herb has a yellow root, about the thickness of a darning needle. The stalk is single, about nine inches long, and its leaves resemble those of the flax stalk.

\* \* \*

### ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE SAME STORY

From hdm0603, The Autobiography of James Bradley Finley

This year our horses ran away, and my father sent me in company with an Indian, whom he had employed for that purpose, to go and hunt them. We had not gone four miles from the settlement, before the Indian was bitten by a rattlesnake on the ankle, between his leggin and moccasin. It was one of the large, yellow kind, full of poison. As soon as the Indian killed his enemy, he took his knife, went a few paces, and dug up a root, the stalk of which resembled very much the stalk of flax, about nine inches long. The root was yellow and very slender, being no thicker than a knitting needle. This root he chewed and swallowed. He then put more in his mouth, and after chewing it, put it upon the wound. Soon after he became deathly sick, and vomited. He repeated the dose three times, with the same result, and then putting some fresh root on the bite, we traveled on. The place where he was bitten after awhile became swollen, but it did not extend far, and soon subsided. This root is undoubtedly the most effectual cure for poison in the world -- a specific antidote.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 35 -- REVIVAL AFTER DELIVERANCE FROM A RATTLESNAKE

From hdm0603, The Autobiography of James Bradley Finley

From this campmeeting I passed to the Chatauque circuit, and commenced a campmeeting on Broken Straw, a branch of the Allegheny, June the 18th. At the commencement of this meeting I was much discouraged, but the Lord was greater to me than all my fears; and never did I have a more clear and satisfactory demonstration of the fact that man's extremity is God's opportunity. Sabbath morning arrived and as the sun was gilding the eastern sky, the trumpet called us to the concert of prayer. While we were looking up to heaven for a blessing, God graciously poured out his Spirit, and we realized the opening of the gates of life. Preparatory to preaching, I walked out into the wilderness, or, rather, desert, for the ground was covered with rocks, for the purpose of meditation. While reclining among the rocks and fern, which grew in great abundance, I heard a sound which, to the practiced ear, carries more terror perhaps than any other. It was the rattle of death [a rattlesnake]. The weather being exceedingly warm, I had taken off my shoes and stockings, and my feet being somewhat elevated, exposed my legs. Looking in the direction of the alarm, I saw the glaring eyes and forked tongue of the Americana horribilis, within a foot or two of me. It was coiled, and ready for a strike. The great Creator has so formed this dreadful creature that it cannot strike without warning, and this doubtless saved my life, as it has the life of thousands. Seeing my danger, I instantly sprang, and, with one bound, was far beyond the reach of its deadly fangs. After dispatching the rattlesnake, I returned to the camp, thankful to God for deliverance.

During the day the work of the Lord went on with power, and many were saved by the regenerating grace of God. Monday morning we held a solemn communion, and I think it was the most glorious season I ever beheld. The most hardened sinners trembled and wept, and looked on while the followers of Him who, in Gethsemane and on Calvary, drank the bitter cup, were commemorating his dying love.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 36 -- DELIVERED FROM A CORAL SNAKE THROUGH DESPERATE PRAYER

From hdm0606, Holiness and Missions by Susan N. Fitkin

Let us pray in holy desperation, and in faith, as the old man in the British West Indies did, when he discovered a vicious coral snake close to his bare feet, and knew it meant death in thirty minutes. He could not think of words to say but he cried out, "Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Amen," and God interpreted the prayer and delivered him.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 37 -- HE SHOUTED AFTER SNAKES STOPPED CRAWLING OUT OF HIS SHIRT-COLLAR

From hdm0088, Truth on Fire, by John and Bona Fleming

I said to my father, "Let's go to church."

That night it seemed as though snakes crawled out of my shirt collar and they came out around my mouth and crawled over my head, and everywhere I went the snakes were after me -- in the bed and in the barn, everywhere I went I was contending with snakes and creeping things. I saw them as plainly as I see that Book lying there. No wonder I shout, the reason I do not make more of a fuss is that my fusser is not big enough.

I told Bona that I was not going to drink any more. I said, "Let's go to church."

\* \* \* \* \*

### 38 -- SHE RISKED BEING SNAKE-BITTEN RATHER THAN LOSE HER SOUL

From hdm0482, Illustrations and Experiences In Sixty-four Years of Holiness Ministry  
by Richard G. Flexon

After supper the villagers met in the little hut, and I preached to them. Two people kneeled at stools and found God. One was a woman who was living with a man she was not married to. I had not preached on adultery, or anything like it, but God had spoken to her, and she went to her hut and told the man she could no longer stay in the hut with him. He asked her where she was going to stay, and she told him she was going to sleep in the jungle. That was very dangerous because of the tigers and large poisonous snakes.

The next morning I found her curled up at the base of a large tree. Three weeks later she died shouting the victory. She never returned to that man. I was glad I got there just in time for her to hear.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 39 -- IT WAS A SNAKE -- NOT A TOY

From hdm0482, Illustrations and Experiences In Sixty-four Years of Holiness Ministry  
by Richard G. Flexon

Soon after I left them, Sister Blann, with her husband, had been out visiting in villages. Upon arriving home near dark, she went into the mud house and seeing something on the ground floor looking like a child's toy, she picked it up. It was a poisonous snake and it bit her on the finger. They were seventy miles from a doctor and no way to travel but in the ton-and-a-half truck and no roads to travel on. It was raining by the time they were ready to leave for Jembo Station for help but they put their children in the truck and drove all night. They arrived at Jembo and they were rushed on to the hospital. The doctor operated, taking off her finger down into the hand, but saved her life.

After she recuperated, they went back to Jembo where another missionary said, "Sister Blann, you would not go back to that valley and take your children in that place of danger, would you?"

Her reply was, "Where else will we go? That is where God has called us, and that is where we must go."

That is dedication.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 40 -- A SURPRISE ENCOUNTER WITH A 12-FOOT BOA

From hdm0482, Illustrations and Experiences In Sixty-four Years of Holiness Ministry  
by Richard G. Flexon

We had hunted for snakes while in the jungle but had found none. I was not disappointed for I have no love for them. A few weeks after we had been hunting for snakes with Brother Purcell in the interior, he opened the back door of his home in Paramaribo one morning, and there was a twelve foot Boa. In front of the mission home there was a ditch, such as is found in many of the streets of that city, and it is supposed that the Boa had gotten into that ditch, where it emptied into the river, and finally left the ditch for his back yard. My flesh creeps even as I write about it.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 41 -- ON THE MISSION-FIELD -- A SNAKE AT THE ALTAR!

From hdm0482, Illustrations and Experiences In Sixty-four Years of Holiness Ministry  
by Richard G. Flexon

When he gave the altar call fourteen people came forward. He had them to stand in a row rather than kneel for fear of snakes. Good that he did, for while they were praying I happened to open my eyes and there was a snake going in and out between the feet of the seekers. A man sitting there saw it, and taking a long pole pulled it out and killed it, and the seekers did not know of it until after the service.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 42 -- HE WOULD HAVE GIVEN THE SNAKE THE WHOLE BED!

From hdm0482, Illustrations and Experiences In Sixty-four Years of Holiness Ministry  
by Richard G. Flexon

I was visiting our missionary work in the interior of British Guyana, South America. The nights were chilly so I had to sleep under two, or at times, three quilts. The day I left by plane for the coast, I left my bed unmade. When the missionary's wife was making my bed that morning, she

found a four foot poisonous snake in my bed. He had evidently been there all night. Had I known it, he could have had the whole bed. Another time I praised Him for His protection.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 43 -- RATHER FACE A RATTLESNAKE THAN HAVE A DECK OF CARDS

From hdm0259, What It Takes To Make An Ideal Home, by H. Robb French

I'm just hitting a few high places here. But friend, I walked into a home here some time back. What do you suppose I saw? A deck of cards, on the center table, in a little retainer. I'd as soon have a rattlesnake turn on me as to have a deck of cards.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 44 -- MAXWELL PIERSON GADDIS -- DELIVERED FROM A DEADLY RATTLER

From hdm0730, Foot-Prints of an Itinerant by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis

When about nine years of age, I made a very remarkable escape. In company with my brother William, I was walking leisurely through a new corn-field, looking at the beautiful pumpkins which were now nearly grown to full size. On approaching the fence near a deep hollow, where the soil was rich and the vines of luxuriant growth, I espied under the edge of a large leaf what I supposed to be a pumpkin of a peculiar form, with most singular spots, that looked very beautiful in the rays of the sun. I sprang forward and seized it with both hands, and was about to lift it from the ground, when, to my surprise, it proved a living reptile, and instantly uncoiling itself it shook its tail, which made a sharp rattling sound that almost frightened me out of my senses. Letting go it with a scream, I sprang down the hill, and ran as fast as I could for some distance. My brother followed me, and we returned together to the house and told all that had happened.

At first the family were incredulous, but on my saying that I could point out the very spot, my brother Samuel resolved to go and make war with the strange reptile. He then went out into the woods and cut a hickory pole about eight feet long, sufficiently flexible. We then started through the field, carefully watching our footsteps, till at length we came to the place, and my brother stealthily approached, and struck it more than twenty times before it ceased to jump and rattle its tail. He brought it to the house. No one of the family knew what to call it.

We sent over for one of our near neighbors, who, when he came, informed us that it was a rattlesnake, whose bite was almost instant death. It had eight or nine "rattles," and measured about seven feet in length. I shudder even now when I think of the danger to which I was then exposed; and ever and anon, as the scene comes up before me, my heart swells with gratitude to my gracious Deliverer. At one time my face was within about twelve inches of the fangs of this deadly serpent. Another moment, had I remained within reach of those fangs, my life would have been cut off suddenly in the morning of my days. When God protects, we walk unharmed "on snares and death."



\* \* \* \* \*

#### 45 -- A PROPHETIC DREAM ABOUT A SNAKE

From hdm0091, Phineas F. Bresee -- A Prince in Israel, by E. A. Girvin

Doctor Bresee narrated a rather amusing incident which occurred at one of the protracted meetings at Brooklyn. To put it in his words: "Brother Barnhard went ahead to begin the services, and I was to fill the appointment and come later. A few days after he opened the meeting, I came and stopped at the hotel. They were Methodist people. I saw these same people many years afterward, and we had quite a laugh over what occurred.

"As I sat in the hotel parlor, I remarked, 'Well, Brother Barnhard, how does the meeting go?' He said, 'Pretty well.' I said, 'I had such a strange dream about you.' He said, 'What was it?' 'Well,' I said, 'I dreamed that you and I went fishing, and were fishing along down the brook, with our hands, catching some fishes, quite nice fish, and all at once you stirred up a snake, and it stood right up before you, and ran out its tongue at you, and you had a tremendous fight with that snake.' 'Well,' he said, 'That is a true vision. I have caught some fish, and I have seen the snake.' He referred to a certain woman that was in the meeting, and gave me a little description of the occurrence. Who heard us talking we never knew, but our conversation was overheard, and that woman was told about it. As a result, she got up in the meeting and abused Barnhard, just as the snake had attacked him in my dream."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 46 -- THE WRONG TESTING OF MARK'S COMMENTS ON TAKING UP SERPENTS

From hdm0457, God's Triple Leadership, by William Baxter Godbey

The last twelve verses in Mark's Gospel, setting forth handling snakes, drinking poison, and speaking with other tongues as the variable signs of bona fide saving faith and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, has opened a flood-gate for illimitable fanaticism, terribly detrimental to the cause of God. I have been with snake-preachers who demanded handling the rattlers as a test of your experience. A dear brother in Oklahoma, in obedience to their ministry, took up a snake, which bit him and killed him. When I was in India Brother Norton told me that when preaching on the streets of Bombay, thirty-three years ago, a Brahman priest came into the crowd carrying a New Testament and challenged him to prove his book, proposing to join him and do his best to bring others with him, as he actually represented two hundred and seven millions belonging to the Hindu churches. Opening his book and reading from the last chapter of Mark, he said to him: "Now I'll furnish the poison and you have nothing to do but drink it with impunity in verification of this Scripture, and we will all join you." Of course he had to back out, awfully to the detriment of the cause, the people seeing their priest had downed him, and he had failed to prove his Book, which they regarded as demonstrative proof that his religion was not true. The same thing occurred with me, when I was twenty-four years old, and undertook to refute an infidel who was preaching to a crowd in the public room of a hotel, when he drew on me a New Testament, challenging me to prove it, and proposing in that case to turn Christian and do his best to take his crowd with him.

Reading that Scripture; he observed: "As we would not find a snake in this mid-winter so as to test the matter in that way, we will all cross the street to that drug store (in full view) and I will buy the arsenic for twenty-five cents and you will have nothing to do but drink it, which you can well afford to do, in order to save my soul and my congregation who are ready to fall down penitents at your feet." Of course I blued down and slipped away, amid a tremendous roar of laughter at my expense, those rough, wicked men exceedingly amused to see the young preacher downed by the old infidel. Of course the cause of God suffered serious damage in that case. Doubtless many of that audience, and, of course, the preacher, who was about fifty years old, are now in hell.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 47 -- CARNALITY -- THE OLD SERPENT'S NEST-EGG

From hdm0643, Godbey's New Testament Commentaries, Vol. II, Hebrews-Jude by William Baxter Godbey

15. "Then lust conceiving hatcheth out sin, and sin being perfected bringeth forth death." The lust here mentioned is the very nature of Satan, the virus of hell, transmitted to every human being, through Adam the first. We all ought to be converted before we are old enough to commit sin, and then sanctified before we backslide. In that case the devil nature would never develop into a wicked life. A boy finding some eggs out in the forest, bringing them home with him, put them under a hen; within a dozen days a great commotion is heard in the poultry yard; they go out and find a lot of black-snakes running round among the chickens, which they kill outright. When I was a little boy going around hunting up the eggs, my mother would say, "Willie, be sure you leave a nest egg, or the hen will leave the nest." Good Lord, help us all to take every nest egg out of our hearts, so the devil will quit the nest. So long as you leave a nest egg the devil will lay more and hatch them out, and you will have an everlasting brood of snakes in your heart. O, the importance of sanctification as the only possible way to break up the devil's nest in the heart. You do not have to do anything to make the lust hatch out sin. It will hatch spontaneously. Sin, when perfected, i.e., when you yield to the lust and commit known and willing sin, bringeth forth death, i.e., condemnation, which, if not removed by pardon, will send you to hell. Be sure you get under the blood and have the devil's nest egg washed out of your heart, and the fining fire utterly consume all of the pollution of inbred sin.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 48 -- THE CORAL SNAKE COMPARED TO CARNALITY

From hdm0123, Articles of Faith, by Duane V. Maxey

##### HE DIDN'T KNOW IT

Jeremiah 17:9 "Who can know it?"  
John 2:24, 25 "Jesus...knew.."

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)

This was indeed tragic, and the writer quoted from in the above story, likened this sleeping snake in the boy's pocket to the deadly potential of carnality lying dormant within the human heart, truly an apt comparison. The little boy knew that he had that snake in his bosom, but apparently he was unaware of the sudden death that could strike him if he left it there!

Carnality, like the Coral snake, often garbs itself in outward beauty and can behave in deceitfully docile ways for long periods of time, until it is riled. Many individuals know that they have it on board. They know it is in their heart, but do they know the sudden potential it has for bringing about, ever so quickly, their spiritual and eternal death?! "Who can know it?"

\* \* \*

## WHO CAN KNOW THE DECEITFULNESS OF CARNALITY?

"Jesus knew what was in man." John 2:25 He knew that, when man fell, satan had implanted within the heart of humanity the very nature of the Serpent himself! Jesus knew how that a deadly spiritual poison, shot forth from the sinful nature in fallen man, was more lethal than that of any Coral snake, and could suddenly paralyze and suffocate every good thing within him, and turn him into a deadly devil demanding the crucifixion of the Son of God! "Jesus did not commit Himself" to Carnality, for He knew its deceitfulness. It can look so pretty, and then suddenly act so nasty! It can sing Hosanna one moment, and shout "crucify Him" the next! It can be docile and sweet, then deadly and sullen, more quickly than a cloud can cover the sun! "My brethren, these things ought not so to be," but they are, when one has the deceitfulness of carnality still on board! James 3:10 Jesus not only knew carnality then, He still knows it. He, and He alone, can remove the deceitful "make-up" that it wears and reveal to a soul its eternal repulsiveness to God, and its poisonous potential in the heart: "I am He which searcheth the reins and hearts." Rev 2:23

If that little, Florida school boy had known what it really was he had on board, and what it was going to do to him if he left it in his pocket, no doubt he would have cautiously and quickly done his best to get rid of it! How urgently some professors of holiness need to discover what they really have on board beneath their pretty profession! With what increased clarity, some saved individuals need to see the danger of delaying the Divine removal of carnality from their heart. How quickly Jesus would reveal these things, if many individuals would just get earnest and honest enough to listen to Him!

\* \* \*

#### WHO CAN KNOW THE DEATH THAT CARNALITY BRINGS?

Every sinner can suddenly know the tragic consequences of carnality when it is riled!: "How oft is the candle of the wicked put out! and how oft cometh their destruction upon them" when carnality snuffs out their life and sends them into eternal death! Job 21:17 Every saved individual, who has not truly been sanctified wholly, can know, by sad experience, the sudden paralysis and suffocation of spiritual life when carnality is riled! Also, "as the serpent beguiled Eve," even sanctified individuals can fail to "touch not the unclean thing," reach out and take of the forbidden, and in so doing receive the nature of the Serpent back into the secret pocket of their heart! Such people are sure to be riled when their backslidden, carnal heart is crossed, or when the preaching gets too hot!

\* \* \*

#### WHO CAN KNOW THE DELIVERANCE FROM CARNALITY?

Honest individuals, who will not deny the revelation of the Holy Ghost to them, that it is on board in all its deadly potential, can find deliverance from the carnal mind. Earnest individuals, who are genuinely "born of the Spirit," and who do not delay until carnality has paralyzed and suffocated their spiritual life, can quickly be delivered from carnality through the purging "sanctification of the Spirit."! 1 Peter 1:2 Sanctified individuals can know continued deliverance from the carnal mind, as long as they carefully "touch not the unclean thing."

Careless individuals, who disobediently touch the unclean thing, also take the unclean thing back into the secret pocket of their heart. You can't have the one without the other! As with Adam and Eve, disobedience brings depravity into the heart. However, cleansed and carefully kept, individuals know sweet deliverance from the carnal mind now, in their hearts, and shall know it forever in heaven!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 49 -- HE PLANNED TO KEEP ON COLLECTING SNAKES!

From the Internet, rewritten and edited by Duane V. Maxey

A 15-year-old boy scooped up a 2-foot long snake from his front yard that he thought was an harmless Kingsnake. It was, instead, a coral snake, with cobra-like, deadly venom. He took the snake with him to a friend's house, and while showing the snake to friends he seems to have gotten down on the floor or ground to mimic the snake's flitting out of its tongue. When he stuck his tongue out toward the coral snake, it suddenly bit him!

After being bitten, the teenager raced a quarter mile home on his bike and his family called 911. When the paramedics arrived, they found him with bite-marks on his tongue, vomiting, drooling, sweating profusely, and sinking fast. About a quarter of an hour later, he arrived at a Medical Center where he was given anti-venin to neutralize the poison. They also intubated him so that he could continue breathing because his tongue was quickly swelling. And, his face swelled greatly.

For several days he was critical and on a respirator because his swollen throat hindered his breathing. The doctors told his mother that he would have died had he not received prompt care. The youth apparently survived, but it is dubious that he "learned his lesson," for he said that he plans to keep on collecting snakes!

According to the FDA, about 8,000 people in the U.S. each year are bitten by poisonous snakes. I wonder what percentage of these poisonous snake-bites are the result of folly and carelessness?

\* \* \* \* \*

## 50 -- HE PLAYED WITH THE BOA TOO LONG!

From hdm0857, Leprosy, by William Baxter Godbey

A man was traveling in Africa and found a little snake running along, and concluded that he would take it home with him and pet it and teach it all sorts of tricks and legerdemain, and then use it for public exhibition. When he picked it up, it was so small that it was perfectly manageable at his bidding; but a man happened to see him who was acquainted in that country, and observed to him, "Sir, that is one of the largest species of serpents in all this country. I am satisfied it is a boa-constrictor."

He took it home with him and kept it, at the same time entertaining himself by teaching it to perform evolutions and display activities and somersaults, to the edification of the people. As the snake grew, he manipulated it, and taught it curious and astounding performances, among which was that it would coil around him and pile up till it had formed a circular pile, and then reach up its head and make many maneuvers, to the astonishment and edification of the people. Therefore he was going round and gathering the people to see the wonderful activities and evolutions of the monster, as it had become by this time for magnitude.

One time, amid a spellbound multitude, he had it coil around him till it completely enclosed him, and hid him till nobody could see the man, but all saw the huge and frightful tower of the snake, piled away up in the air, a huge and frightful column, and above all extending his

longitudinous black neck, and swinging round his magnitudinous, terrific head; his great and voracious mouth, like a huge crocodile, wide open, to the infinite curiosity of the rabble. Suddenly they heard a shriek, impressing them as that of dying agonies. When the snake uncoils and they see the man, behold he is dead! He had thus fooled with the boa-constrictor too long.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 51 -- HOW A GARTER SNAKE REVEALED HIS SIN

From hdm1532, Railroad Sermons From Railroad Stories, by Jerry Miles Humphrey

Not a great while ago a business man, on boarding a sleeping car for California, left his grip in charge of the porter for safe-keeping. When he reached California and opened his grip at the hotel, he discovered that it had been opened and plundered. After spending several weeks on the coast, the time came when he must return home. Providentially, on boarding the train, he discovered the fact that the same porter was in charge of the sleeper in which he was to return. He handed the porter his grip for safe-keeping as before and took his seat. His grip, however, did not contain anything of special value this time; only a few trinkets and a small California garter snake which he was taking home for curiosity. As the shades of night came on, the porter began making up the berths so the passengers could retire. After every one had retired and the night was growing old, he took the man's grip into the little provision closet, locked himself in, turned on the light, and with his skeleton keys opened the grip and proceeded to plunder it as before. But to his surprise and consternation, as he pushed aside some of its contents, lo and behold, the little snake lifted its head and slid out of the grip. The terror-stricken porter could not have made more noise or a greater effort to get out of the closet if he had been shut in with an African lion. The owner of the grip, however, on hearing the noise and commotion, was not at all alarmed, but immediately took in the situation.

This porter was a dishonest man and for a long time had kept up this form of stealing on the sly. But, alas, the time came when his sins found him out. So it is with every dishonest man and woman in the world.

It is true they may evade being detected for many years, but some day, somewhere, the covering will be pulled off and their wickedness brought to light. We frankly admit that there are many secret sins and hidden crimes that may never come to light in this world, but there is coming a day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed before an assembled universe. Every act, and word, and thought-all that comes under the head of moral right or wrong-all that constitutes character, morally good or bad-will be brought into view and taken into account.

What an astonishing revelation of hidden things will then take place! What an exposure of midnight crime! What a mirror of lives! What an unfolding of hearts!

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

\* \* \* \* \*

## 52 -- HE SOWED INFIDELITY AND REAPED SNAKES

From hdm0553, A Snake-Infested Grave, by Charles Brougner Jernigan

Ever and anon for some years we have heard of an infidel who lived years ago, to a ripe old age, and when he died, his grave was infested with a den of snakes. Some time ago I was holding a meeting, and this story was repeated to me, by a Nazarene preacher who had seen the grave and had killed snakes crawling over the grave. I, at once requested that I be carried out to see this notable grave. I spent half a day driving out to see the cemetery, and taking a Kodak along made the picture of the monument as you see it on the cover of this booklet.

We were told that this man especially delighted in ridiculing the Bible, calling it superstition, and ghost stories. He took special delight in deriding the story of Eve in the Garden of Eden, and the snake talking to her. He was often known to say that "any half-wit could write a more credible fairy tale than that given in the Bible. The idea of a dirty slimy snake crawling into the garden on its belly, and entering into a controversy with Eve. The most bungling blunder, of ancient Hebrew superstition, that an ugly snake could outwit a shrewd woman, and deceive her by his logic. Preposterous! Take a snake story like this to prove the authenticity of your Bible. The very first story in the book is ridiculous. I had rather have snakes crawl all over my dead body than to believe such rot." Such are the current stories about this man and his grave in the neighborhood where he lived.

Note the picture [see both hdm0553a.jpg, a drawing on the booklet cover, and hdm0553b.jpg, the picture to which C. B. Jernigan here refers] standing on a granite base fourteen feet high, with a life-size statue of the man, holding in his right hand, above his head a scroll, on which is inscribed: "UNIVERSAL MENTAL LIBERTY," lifted up. He has his left foot on the Bible, and the finger of his left hand pointed to it, on which is inscribed "SUPERSTITION." (Up with universal mental liberty, and down with the Bible.)

This monument with its statue was made by him, and erected before his death, overlooking the grave of some very devoted Christian people we are told. The picture with the snakes in it was taken by a minister, who had killed these snakes off the grave lot at the foot of this monument.

The grave lot is full of snake holes that undermine the monument, and other places on the grave lot. We saw a dead snake on the grave the cold winter day that we visited the place. The cemetery is more than one hundred years old, as we found tombs there where people were buried in 1817, and many before 1830. It is one of the most beautiful cemeteries that we have ever visited, covered with blue grass, which is kept closely mowed, and we did not find a single snake hole any where else in the whole graveyard except those on this grave.

It is currently reported that any summer day one may find snakes crawling over this grave. The snakes in the picture were all killed on the grave, on a sunny November day, and hanged on the stick leaning against the monument where the picture was made, by this minister.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 53 -- HE THOUGHT THE ROPE WAS A SNAKE

From hdm0123, Articles of Faith, by Duane V. Maxey

Rev. R. E. Lacy tells of a little boy who fell into a well shaft and eventually sank down into the water. His parents, hearing his cry for help, got a rope and dangled it down to him. However, in his darkness and anxiety, when the rope began to brush around his head and shoulders, the boy feared that it was a snake and "fought it off" instead of laying hold upon it. And, his screams of fear were so loud that they drowned out the voices of his parents in their attempt to explain to him that it was not a snake, but a rope whereby he might be saved.

After hearing Bro. Lacy tell this story, I asked him what happened to the boy. He told me that he was a corpse when they raised him from the well. How sad! "If we lay hold" on the lifting power of Christ's salvation, we are saved to the uttermost, but If we fight it off, as a thing to be feared and shunned, we shall eventually, if not soon, sink into eternal death.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 54 -- WHY HARMON SCHMELZENBACH DUCKED FROM A SNAKE

From hdm0691, Answered Prayer in Missionary Service, by Basil William Miller

One particular day Harmon had a trip to make through the veld. Kneeling down, he consecrated his life anew to God and asked the arms of divine protection to be thrown round about him. Getting on his horse, he started through the veld. At a certain spot he felt a peculiar sense of imminent danger. A voice whispered, "Duck." Harmon ducked his head. When he had ridden by the danger point, he looked back and saw a great snake lying on a limb just above his head. He recognized that, as he rode by, the snake had reached out to grasp him, and the warning Voice that said, "Duck," had saved his life.

Harmon kept a diary, and in this diary he made a note of the occurrence, giving the exact hour of the day.

Some time after that a friend in America wrote Harmon, saying that on a certain day, at a specific time, he had felt led to pray at that very instant for the missionary in far-off Africa.

Then Harmon went back to his notes in his diary and found that the very moment the snake had lashed out at him and he had been warned to duck, the friend in America was on his knees praying for his protection.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 55 -- THE MAN WITH SNAKES IN HIS BOOTS AND MONKEYS ON HIS BEDPOST

From hdm0387, Remarkable Conversions, Interesting Incidents and Striking Illustrations by



Henry Clay Morrison

I had been called to assist in a revival in a beautiful little city up in Virginia. The pastor of the Methodist Church was a most delightful Christian gentleman. If I should mention his name, it would be like ointment poured forth and known throughout the borders of Southern Methodism, and, in many places, around the world. Since then, he has been a very successful and much beloved missionary.

Soon after the beginning of the meeting, my attention was called to a young man in the town, the son of an excellent family who had been successful in business, but had taken to drink. He had gone from bad to worse, his business had failed, a good property had been swept away. At the present time, he was having delirium tremens. Some young men were laboring with him very faithfully. They would take him into the woods, on a creek bank, during the day and keep him there, a fine thing by the way; the deep, silent woods, on the bank of a clear, gurgling creek, is a place for calm thought and earnest prayer, -- a good place for a struggling soul to seek after God. These young friends would bring their fighting victim into church at night and sit with him on the back seat. As the days went forward, he improved a bit. He became less violent. He gradually sobered. On the last night of the meeting, they brought him to the altar and he was happily converted. It was a wonderful transformation.

Before his conversion, I had gone up to his cottage to talk and pray with him. His yard gate was off the hinges and his yard rooted up by the pigs. Weather-boarding had been torn off his cottage and it was in great need of repairs and paint. In the house, there were broken chairs and a little dilapidated furniture. His wife, lean and gaunt, in faded dress, sat on a piece of chair with her head down. A little baby sat on the floor with a hard crust in its hand and a swarm of flies about its face. It was a wretched place. The whiskey demon, it seemed, had done his worst.

Some three months afterward, I spent a few days in the same town. I met the pastor in front of his church and after a cordial greeting, he insisted that I should preach in the church on Wednesday evening, which I promised to do. He then said, "Step across the street to that grocery; there is a man there who would like to see you." I went over. A big, handsome, well dressed man rushed from behind the counter, grabbed my hand and squeezed it until the bones ached. He expressed his great joy at seeing me. I confessed that I did not know him. I said he, "I am the fellow that had the snakes in my boots and the monkeys on my bedposts when you were here in your revival meeting. Don't you remember I was converted the last night of the meeting." I did remember at once and we rejoiced together. He said, "I have not had the slightest appetite or desire for whiskey from that night to this time." He said, "You must take supper with me Thursday evening. My wife will be delighted to see you." I was glad to accept his invitation. After preaching in the church on Wednesday evening, many friends came up to greet me, among them a beautiful woman, tastefully dressed, with roses in her cheeks, laughter in her mouth, and tears in her eyes. She said, "I want you to take supper with us Thursday evening." I thanked her, but said to her, "I promised to take supper with my friend, Frank," naming this remarkable convert. She answered in laughter, "I am Frank's wife." I was greatly surprised and a bit displeased. I hardly thought it the proper thing for this new convert to bury the poor wretched looking creature of a wife he had just three months ago and marry this beautiful young woman in so short a time. But on inquiry, I found it was the same woman. The difference was when I saw her the first time, she was the wife of a

miserable lost drunkard, jabbering about with delirium tremens. When I saw her three months later, she was the wife of a wonderfully saved man, filled with the joy of the Lord, prosperous and happy in his business.

You may be sure I went up to their house for supper the next evening. The gate was on its hinges, the fence had been repaired, the yard was in good order, the cottage had been mended and painted white as snow. When I entered the house, there was a carpet on the floor, well-arranged furniture, books on the shelves and pictures on the wall. When supper came, there was T-bone steak in plenty and a fat rosy-cheek baby sitting in a high chair without a fly on him. I was profoundly impressed. I renewed my faith and purpose to preach a Christ who is so mighty and so gracious to save.

Back yonder three months ago, at a late hour in the evening, at the altar of the Methodist Church, there had been a new birth. It was the beginning of a new life. Old things had passed away; all things had become new. This new birth and new life is a powerful and irrefutable evidence of the Godhead and saving power of the Lord Jesus. This is an argument that cannot be answered.

Shortly after this visit to old Virginia, I met with one of the distinguished lawyers of old Kentucky, a friend of mine, who was an infidel. We got into a discussion about the inspiration of the Scriptures, the deity of Christ and His power to save sinners. When I got opportunity I related to him the above incident and he became deeply interested. At the close, I said, "Colonel, all skepticism in all the world has never taken the snakes out of a man's boots, the monkeys off his bedposts, put into him the power of a new life, planted roses in the cheeks of his wife and frightened the flies off of his baby." I said, "Colonel, if I have a lie and you have the truth, my falsehood is worth a million times more to the human race in its sorrow and sin than your truth, for this Gospel that I preach is winning multitudes of lost sinners to Christ, to pardon and peace, to salvation and victory, to happy hearts and joyful homes, while your infidelity is only destroying faith, blighting hope and sending sinners adrift into darkness." I said, "Colonel, I have the truth and you have the falsehood."

He said, "Brother Morrison, if I believed the Bible as you believe it and could preach what you claim to be the Gospel with the faith and joy that you have, I would rather preach the Gospel than to be President of the United States." We took a long walk together. He was one of the handsomest and most eloquent men I ever saw or heard. I said, "Colonel, I love you. You have a great soul, but you are in error and you are in darkness. I am going to pray for you and I hope, through the mercy of God, that sometime in the future, somewhere in the grand galleries of God's universe, I may meet you graciously saved and rejoicing in Jesus."

The great lawyer wept, he pressed my hand and said, "I want you to pray for me." Soon afterward, he died, and in his dying hour, he cried aloud and most earnestly to God for mercy. Who knows but the Christ, whose mighty arms of mercy caught the thief away from the cross to Paradise, may have reached out in answer to prayer and caught this poor man away from the verge of the pit to eternal blessedness?

\* \* \* \* \*

## 56 -- A HAIR-RAISING ENCOUNTER WITH A RED OAK SNAKE

From hdm0829, An Earnest Contender, by Ed Rose

[I would advise the reader never to do as did this writer, unless you are absolutely positive that it is God impressing you to do it, and not a foolish impressing from below. -- DVM]

With the old enemy still fighting me about what might happen, I went back over to the island. I was working on a little piece of road on the western end of the island. It was close to noon, and I was getting ready for lunch. I stepped over into the side of the woods, maybe twenty or thirty minutes before twelve, and climbed into a little circle, probably about eight to ten feet across, where there was no underbrush. Leaves had gathered and piled up to about ankle deep. After I had stood there in the middle of that circle maybe twenty or thirty minutes, I stepped over to one side and looked over to the place where I had been standing. There was a red oak snake, one of the worse snakes we have on the island! That old fella was lying there stretched out to full length, and I'd been standing practically in the middle of him with both his head and tail free. He could have hit me maybe half a dozen times before I could have gotten away. I backed off a little bit, the hair standing up on my head and cold chills running up and down my spine from the thought of what could have happened, and wondering why it hadn't. As that old snake lay there not moving, his eyes a-sparkling, he looked as though he had committed a crime and would have given anything in the world to be under cover where he couldn't be seen. So I just stood there and looked at him with my heart pounding and cold chills running up and down my spine, trying to find a way to get something to kill the old fella. Finally he began to move just a little bit. Then the devil tempted me, "There's something wrong with that snake; he's sick or he would have bitten you quite a few times." It did look as though something unusual was wrong with this snake, for it is not the nature of these fellers to let you stand right in the middle of them, both ends loose, without doing something about it. Nevertheless, that's the way it was. Eventually he tried to get himself together and get away. He began to just move slowly; and as he tried to make his way toward cover, he began to pick up a little more speed. As he went toward the edge of the woods, the old devil would cry over and over, "Now, you see the way he's doing, sure there's something wrong with that snake!"

Just before he got into the enclosure of the thicket, the Lord spoke to me and said, "Take that fella by the tail and throw him out into the clearing." Conscious of what I was doing in obedience to God, I had the fella by the tail and threw him out into the middle of the opening. When he hit the leaves, brother, I'm telling you, I was somewhat convinced there was nothing wrong with that snake. The leaves just flew right and left while he was heading back toward the woods. Then the Lord said, "Take him again." I took him again. I threw him back into the opening, not playing with him, but I just put him out there and let him go. When I did that, the old fella turned about face with about six or eight inches of his head up in the air, that old forked tongue going, like lightning, and headed for me. Brother, I was ready to take off! All of this was done to defeat the old enemy and for God to show me there was nothing wrong with that snake. No doubt, some will say, "Well, there's one of those old 'snake handlers';" but, neighbor, I want you to know that my way of handling snakes is with a club! I don't believe in playing with snakes, but under the providential hand of God this took place that I might be encouraged in the faithfulness of God.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 57 -- SNAKES IN AFRICA

From hdm0802, The Missionary Prospector, by Lula Schmelzenbach

Many were the hair-raising snake stories we heard about dark Africa before we went to the field, until we began to believe that the entire country must be carpeted with snakes. Consequently, when on that first evening in Africa we had to wend our way to the mission house through a very narrow path cut through a jungle of thick thorn bush, the writer walked almost the entire mile from the train on her tiptoes trying to escape stepping on snakes. We soon learned, however, that while there are a very great many snakes, of all descriptions, and sizes in Africa, from the deadly poisonous snake, whose bite is certain death, to that of the harmless water snake, and from the size of the clumsy python to the tiny garter snake, they do not carpet the open country. Snakes, like all other wild life, have the instinct to keep in hiding, especially where a human being is concerned.

Naturally the snakes are more plentiful in Africa than in America because there is no time of the year when the weather is cold enough to freeze them out or send them into a place to hibernate and wait for the warm weather, for the weather is always warm enough for the snake to be found any time of the year. Then the dense tropical foliage makes a good hiding place for them and the traveler must constantly be on the lookout.

But the missionaries often have some very harassing experiences with the dangerous reptiles in their own homes. One of our earliest experiences along this line was with the deadly "puff adder." These snakes do not grow to be more than four or five feet in length, but they become quite thick through the body and their bite is very poisonous. They are the more dangerous because of their sleepy stupidity. It was while we lived in the hut in Pondoland. I was going out of the door when I spied a snake coiled up just across the door sill. Had I let my foot down it would have been right in the middle of that coil, instead I screamed and stepped over it. Brother Schmelzenbach came running to me carrying a club and succeeded in killing him before he was aroused from his peaceful slumbers. Later when a fellow missionary returned to the homeland he was given the skin, fangs and poison bag of that old fellow. It became a common occurrence for Brother Schmelzenbach to jump from the wagon or from his horse to kill a snake hanging in a tree or lying in the road, until I told him one day, if he could be paid for the hides of the many snakes he killed he could raise a nice sum of money for missions right on the field.

Another snake experience that we could not forget was the time a snake found its way into our bedroom at Bethany Mission Station. We saw it go in but could not locate its hiding place and we knew it could get out only through the door, the way it had gone in. Brother Schmelzenbach spent a long time trying to find it, finally he gave up saying, "We'll get him, day after tomorrow he will have to come out for food and water and we will be on the lookout for him." For two nights we slept with that snake in the bedroom and sure enough "day after tomorrow" he did come out and was killed. He was about three feet long and did his best to spit his poisonous fluid into Brother Schmelzenbach's eyes, for he was a spitting snake and would have blinded him for weeks and

caused him untold suffering had he succeeded. Brother Schmelzenbach said he felt the fluid all over his face but none went into his eyes. Surely the Lord intervened again.

When we first located at our station in Swaziland we found that the place was literally alive with the night adders. This is a short, thick, black snake, and can be seen mostly at night. They also are deadly poisonous. It seemed for months we were killing these snakes, not one, but a number every day. One day Brother Schmelzenbach counted eight of them near the house. One day while we were sitting around the table busy planning for the work, a small native child came to the door saying, "The baby is playing with a snake." Of course we all made for the door at once, and some distance from the door under the large Avocado pear tree we found our baby boy kicking the head of a night adder. He had been playing with a frog, touching it with his toes, making it hop, finally it jumped into the leaves under this tree and the snake grabbed it, and the baby was trying to free it. When we came to him he said, "Mama, Inyoka I lambile li funa ukudla isiqoqo sami" meaning, "Mama, the snake is hungry; it wants to eat my frog." This time baby was protected by the frog.

A number of our missionaries have had narrow escapes from the deadly "mamba." This snake crawls with its head about one foot in the air and when it comes in contact with anything it fears it rises and stands on its tail about four or five feet in the air and throws its body backwards or sidewise, and the natives tell you they never miss. A man's life is only worth twenty minutes when he has been bitten by the mamba. We have been told that one would live if he would allow the snake to bite him the second time, but we never found anyone who had tried this. Brother Schmelzenbach met several very close calls with these snakes but in every case somebody's prayers were answered and the snake missed its aim.

I might write an entire book on this subject but already this chapter is too long and we have tried to give you enough of the sidelights in Brother Schmelzenbach's life to help those who sacrificed and prayed to know that God honored their faith and answered their prayers and some day they will share the great harvest given through this channel when his trophies are laid at the Master's feet up there.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 58 -- PREY TO THE HYPNOTIC SPELL OF A BLACK SNAKE

From hdm0304, Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer, by S. B. Shaw

While thus engaged, his attention was attracted by the peculiar chirping of a ground sparrow near by. He turned, and but a few feet from him he saw a large black snake, with its head raised about a foot above its body, which lay coiled upon the ground. Its jaws were distended, its forked tongue played around its open mouth, flashing in the sunlight like a small lambent flame, while its eyes were intently fixed upon the bird. There was a clear, sparkling light about those eyes that was fearful to behold -- they fairly flashed with their peculiar bending fascination. The poor sparrow was fluttering around a circle of some few feet in diameter, the circle becoming smaller at each gyration of the infatuated bird. She appeared conscious of her danger, yet unable to break the spell that bound her. Nearer and still nearer she fluttered her little wings to those open jaws;

smaller and smaller grew the circle, till at last, with a quick convulsive cry; she fell into the mouth of the snake.

As Mr. Lowe watched the bird he became deeply interested in her fate. He started a number of times to destroy the reptile and thus liberate the sparrow from her danger, but an unconquerable curiosity to see the end restrained him. All day long the scene just described was before him. He could not forget it nor dismiss it from his mind. The last cry of that poor little bird sinking into the jaws of death was constantly ringing in his ears, and the sadness of the morning increased.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 59 -- A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE FOLLOWING A KILLING SNAKE-BITE

From hdm0157, Mrs. Amanda Smith, An Autobiography

While we were there the old king's head wife, who was the queen wife, was tried and condemned as a witch. That meant that she was to die by drinking sassy wood.

One of the other wives of the king accused the head wife of bewitching her child. The child was a girl about fourteen years old, and while in the casava farm digging casavas she was bitten by what is called the casava snake, which is as poisonous as the cobra of India. When this child died they said it was because the head wife had bewitched her; and when any one is accused of being a witch she must die.

This poor woman ran away and was gone three months, to her people. And being the king's head wife it was what they called a great "shame palaver;" anything to happen to the king's wife that was very bad indeed.

As the king's wife was of a very high family, they all came together, and it took them three months before they could settle it. But it was settled and she had decided to drink the sassy wood.

She had two sons, splendid young men; they were tall and graceful, just like their father, the king; they were very bright young men, and one of them could. speak good English. So they told us on Friday that the mother was to drink sassy wood on Saturday again; she had to drink it twice. So we asked them to come and tell us when the time came, and they said they would.

The mother stopped at another little native town about a half mile away from this big town. So on Saturday morning about eight o'clock the young man came and told us. Aunt Julia had gone out to look for some wood; so Betty and I went with the young man. Betty Tubman could understand the native language and talk it very well.

Just as we got to this little town we found the men and the woman going to the place of execution. The town was enclosed by a stick fence. The old woman walked through the gate into the open space just outside.

She was a woman not very tall, but very black, beautiful limbs, beautifully built, small feet, as a lady would have, and beautiful hands and arms; her head was shaved and something black rubbed over it; and she had a little grass hip cloth like a little skirt just around her loins.

As we passed through the gate I thought of the Lord Jesus, who had told us to go forth bearing his reproach. Outside the gate there was a kind of a grove, and an open space just beyond this grove. When they got to the place they stopped. There were four or five old men, and two young men.

The old men stood as witnesses. They set down a mortar. One had a calabash, and another carried the sassy wood, which is a liquid decoction. I don't know as any one has ever found what the composition of this sassy wood really is; but I am told it is a mixture of certain barks. There is a tree there which grows very tall, called the sassy wood tree; but there is something mixed with this which is very difficult to find out, and the natives do not tell what it is. They say that it is one of their medicines that they use to carry out their law for punishing witches; so you cannot find out what it is.

Though it was so warm, I felt myself get cold as I looked at the scene. My heart seemed to stop beating. Oh, how I prayed to God to save that woman. We couldn't do anything to help her; her husband couldn't help her; her sons couldn't help her; her people couldn't help her. No, she was accused of being a witch, and she must pay the penalty; and the penalty was to drink the sassy wood. If she throws it up she has gained the case.

Sometimes they do throw it up, and then they stand very high; they are raised to a higher state of dignity than ever they held before. So I prayed for the poor, dear woman, that God would make her throw it up.

I thought once I could not bear to see it; but then I held on I remember how I clutched the limb of a tree near by when she was about to take it; and I held on and prayed. Her son stood with us and looked at his mother drink the first dose; and then ran away. The two young men dipped this decoction out of the mortar into the calabash, and set it on the ground, and then she had to pick it up and drink it.

When they had filled the basin she stood and looked at it; and then picked up three pebbles, and said something like a little prayer; then she struck on the side of the basin. I could understand when she said "Niswa, Oh, Niswa," which was to say "Oh, God." I didn't know what else she said. But she struck one of the stones on the side of the dish, threw the other in it, and the other one she threw away. Then she drank the sassy wood. She had two gallons to drink.

I turned to Betty and said: "What does she say, Betty?" And she told me the part that I could not understand. The whole prayer was this: "Oh, Niswa, if I have made witch, and this child has died, when I drink this sassy wood I must not throw it up. But if I have not made witch so that this child has died, then I must throw up the sassy wood."

So that was what she said all the time she was drinking the sassy wood. After she had swallowed the first dose they dipped out another basinful. Oh, I trembled. I said, "Lord, do make

her throw it up." And just as she was going to stoop down to lift up the second basinful, I saw her give her shoulders a little twitch, and open her mouth, and if you ever saw a water plug in the street throw out water -- she threw up that sassy wood, in a perfect stream!

Well, I could have shouted. I said, "Thank God." But I didn't say it very loud, for those fellows looked vengeance, and I was afraid they would drive us away.

Then she drank the second basinful, and then the third, and threw it up, and she was victor. My! didn't I come home out of that place jumping? I cannot describe how I felt.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 60 -- NATHAN BANGS' DREAM ABOUT A GREEN SNAKE

From hdm0189, Life and Times of Nathan Bangs by Abel Stevens

"About this time I had a very singular dream. In my sleep I thought a friend came to see me, to whom I showed my garden, which I had taken great pains to put in order. The weeds were all plucked up, and everything was thriving. As we were admiring its beauty and promise my friend said to me, 'Do you see that snake?' I looked, and saw that a green snake, exactly resembling the vegetation in color, had stretched himself around the entire garden. I replied that I saw him and would kill him. My friend rejoined, 'If you attempt to kill him he will kill you, for you can see neither his head nor tail, he is so completely wound round the garden like a hoop.' I then found in my hand one of the most curious whips I ever saw. 'Now,' said I, 'with this will I kill him.' Although I could not see his head I touched him very softly, when I found he squirmed a little. I struck him harder and harder, till at length he started up his head with great fury. When I saw his crest, with one blow of my whip I severed his head. 'There,' said I to my friend, who was looking on with amazement, 'he is dead.' On this I awoke, and behold it was a dream, but 'the interpretation thereof' seemed plain. The garden was the Church, of which I had the oversight, the snake was an enemy with whom I had to contend in the discharge of my duties, and the instrument in my hand was the Discipline. I had to contend with a man who might justly be supposed to have been represented by the snake, but whose power I was determined to break; he soon, showed himself in his opposition to the exercise of the Discipline; but he could do nothing, as his personal influence was quickly broken."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 61 -- DELIVERED FROM THE HYPNOTIC SPELL OF A SNAKE

From hdm0231, Pointed Illustrations, by W. M. Tidwell

When a small boy, we were out on the hillside one warm spring day. We heard a strange, excited chirp of a bird. We looked down the hillside a little way and saw a large snake coiled up, with its head lifted up probably a foot and a half above the ground. We then saw the chirping bird as it nervously circled around the snake. We will not soon forget the eyes of that snake. As the bird flitted around the snake, the head of the snake moved round and round, and the fearful eyes of the



snake seemed to pierce and hold the bird. The bird was nervous and excited and seemed to be charmed and held.

As we watched the bird, it seemed to be getting closer and closer to the widely opened mouth of the serpent. Just a few more revolutions and it would be close enough to be caught and swallowed by this monstrous reptile. We could stand it no longer, and with a large stick we struck the snake a fatal blow. The little bird was liberated and flew away. This is a graphic picture of Satan and sin. But, thank God, Jesus can set us free.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 62 -- RESCUED FROM A DEN OF SNAKES

From hdm0231, Pointed Illustrations, by W. M. Tidwell

A man was out hunting and came across a large hole in the ground. Seizing a pole he thrust it into the hole. But, to his dismay, the ground under him suddenly caved in and, before he realized what had happened, he found himself in a den of hissing, squirming, biting snakes. He was unable to extricate himself from these fearful creatures or to combat them. He cried piteously, and his cries brought his companions. They threw him a rope and he clung to it while they pulled him out, but he was badly bitten.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 63 -- SIN -- REPULSIVE AS A BLACK SNAKE!

From hdm1039, 2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (Bac-Cur) by Duane V. Maxey

I once walked into a garden with a lady to gather some flowers. There was one large bush whose branches were bending under the weight of the most beautiful roses. We both gazed upon it with admiration. There was one flower on it which seemed to shine above all the rest in beauty. This lady pressed forward into the thick bush and reached far over to pluck it. As she did this a black snake which was hidden in the bush wrapped itself around her arm. She was alarmed beyond all description and ran from the garden screaming and almost in convulsions. During all that day, she suffered very much with fear; her whole body trembled and it was a long time before she could be quieted. That lady is still alive. Such is her hatred now of the whole serpent race that she has never since been able to look at a snake even though it were dead. No one could ever persuade her to venture again into a cluster of bushes even to pluck a beautiful rose.

that once coiled itself round them. They hate it. They dread it. They fly from it. They fear the places it inhabits. They do not willingly go into its haunts. They will no more play with sin than this lady would afterwards have fondled snakes. -- Bishop Meade

\* \* \* \* \*

## 64 -- THE SNAKE-BITE WAS NO ACCIDENT!

From hdm1041, 2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (Ign-Ove) by Duane V. Maxey

When a cowpuncher applied for an insurance policy, the agent began quizzing him, "Have you ever had any accidents?" After a moment's reflection, the applicant responded, "Nope, but a bronco did kick in two of my ribs last summer, and a couple of years ago a rattlesnake bit me on the ankle." "Wouldn't you call those accidents?" asked the agent. "Naw," replied the ranch hand, "They did it on purpose!" In a sense the cowboy had a point; it all depends on how you look at it.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 65 -- SAVED FROM DEADLY SNAKE BY INSTANT OBEDIENCE

From hdm1039, 2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (Ign-Ove) by Duane V. Maxey

Bible teacher Donald Grey Barnhouse (1895-1960) told the following story: A young son of a missionary couple in Zaire was playing in the yard. Suddenly the voice of the boy's father rang out from the porch, "Philip, obey me instantly! Drop to your stomach!" Immediately the youngster did as his father commanded. "Now crawl toward me as fast as you can!" The boy obeyed. "Stand up and run to me!" Philip responded unquestioningly and ran to his father's arms.

As the youngster turned to look at the tree by which he had been playing, he saw a large deadly snake hanging from one of the branches! At the first command of his father, Philip could have hesitated and asked, "Why do you want me to do that?" Or he could have casually replied, "In a minute." But his instant obedience without questioning saved his life!

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END