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

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#### PAIN

#### 1655 -- THE BEAUTY REMAINS

This little story Charles Getts tells in "Guideposts" emphasizes the attitude of "enjoying" the price. In old age, Pierre Auguste, the great French painter, suffered from arthritis, which twisted and cramped his hand. Henri Matise, his artist friend, watched sadly while Renoir, grasping a brush with only his fingertips, continued to paint, even though each movement caused

stabbing pain. One day, Matisse asked Renoir why he persisted in painting at the expense of such torture. Renoir replied, "The pain passes, but the beauty remains."

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## PARADOXES

### 1656 -- THE MYSTERY OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

A real Christian is an odd number, anyway. He feels supreme love for One who he has never seen; talks familiarly every day to Someone he cannot see; expects to go to heaven on the virtue of Another; empties himself in order to be full; admits he is wrong so he can be declared right; goes down in order to get up; is strongest when he is weakest; richest when he is poorest and happiest when he feels the worst. He dies so he can live; forsakes in order to have; gives away so he can keep; sees the invisible, hears the inaudible, and knows that which passeth knowledge. -- A. W. Tozer

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## PARDON -- BY GOD THE FATHER

### 1657 -- PAID FOR BY THE FATHER

A young man, the only son of a New England farmer fell into ways of dissipation at college and contracted gambling debts which he could not meet. He was arrested for forging the name of a friend of his father. After he was tried, convicted, and sentenced, he escaped from the deputy on the way to prison and hid in the far west.

The father toiled on; secured money to cover the forgery, got a pardon from the governor for his son, and spent several thousand dollars to hire a private detective to find him. It so happened that the detective was the former deputy, from whom his son had escaped. The young man's father gave this former deputy a note for his son and sent him west to find him. He did find him, in a San Francisco gambling hell. The room in which he was found had but one entrance, so that escape could only be made by the door through which the detective entered.

No sooner had he come into the room than the young man recognized the detective as the deputy from whom he had escaped, and supposed that he had been hunted down at last and would be arrested and taken back to prison with increased punishment. He determined, if possible, to escape. He rushed for the door and as he passed the old former deputy, he struck him, felling him to the floor; but the former deputy succeeded in keeping his grip on him until he could speak. "Stop, John! I've not come to arrest you, but to put into your hands the governor's pardon, and to take you home to your father, who sent me to find you!"

The young man rejected the governor's pardon, thinking that if he did return it would still be to face his father's just anger and to live as an outcast in the community where he was born. "But, John," said the ex-deputy, "that is not all; I have a letter from your father which he bade me

put into your own hands; here it is." The young man took it and looked long upon the superscription, and then broke the seal. Out of it fell the canceled note, with the bank cashier's receipt for payment in full, and the letter read as follows:

"My Dear Boy: The miserable debt is paid; the governor has pardoned you. Your father has never ceased to love and long for you, and freely forgives you. Come home to me." For a moment the young man gazed upon the letter he held in his hands; and then, for the first time in years, his heart was touched. His lips trembled, tears came into his eyes, and falling upon a chair, he sobbed out his sorrow and repentance. Then, looking up, he reached out his hand to the ex-deputy and said: "I will go back with you. Take me to my father." (adapted from 1000 Illustrations)

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## PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

### 1658 -- ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE SPY

When I was preaching in the Southern States of America, the minister called my attention to one of the elders. He said: "When the Civil War broke out, that man was in one of the far Southern States, and he enlisted in the Southern Army. He was selected by the General and sent to spy the Northern Army. As you know, armies have no mercy on spies if they are caught. This man was caught, tried by court-martial, and ordered to be shot. While he was in the guardroom awaiting the day of execution, he would call Abraham Lincoln by every name that he could think of.

"One day while he was in prison, a Northern officer came into his cell. The prisoner, full of rage, thought his time was come to be shot. The officer, when he opened the door, handed him a free pardon, signed by Abraham Lincoln. He told him he was at liberty; he could go to his wife and children. The man who had before been full of hatred asked, 'Abraham Lincoln pardoned me? I have never said a good word about him.' The officer replied: 'If you got what you deserved, you would be shot. But some one interceded for you at Washington, and obtained your pardon. You are now at liberty.'" -- Christian Endeavor World

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## PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

### 1659 -- CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE

In the Isle of Man, as I was one day walking on the seashore, I remember contemplating, with thrilling interest, an old grey ruined tower covered with ivy. There was a remarkable history connected with the spot. In that tower, was formerly hanged, one of the best governors the island ever possessed. He had been accused of treachery to the king during the time of the Civil Wars, and received sentence of death. Intercession was made on his behalf, and a pardon was sent, but that pardon fell into the hands of his bitter enemy, who kept it locked up, and the governor was hanged.

His name is still honored by the Manx; and you may often hear a pathetic ballad sung to his memory, to the music of the spinning wheel. We must all feel horror-struck at the fearful turpitude of that man who, having the pardon of his fellow creature in his possession, could keep it back and let him die the death of a traitor.

But let us restrain our indignation till we ask ourselves whether God might not point His finger to most of us and say: "Thou art the man! Thou hast a pardon in thine hands to save thy fellow creatures, not from temporal, but from eternal death. Thou hast a pardon suited to all, sent to all, designed for all. Thou hast enjoyed it thyself, but hast thou not kept it back from thy brother, instead of sending it to the ends of the earth?" -- Hugh Stowell

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#### PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

##### 1660 -- FREE PARDON

When I was preaching in Yorkshire at some mission services, a coal miner came to me at the close of one of the services and said to me, "I would like to be a Christian, but I cannot receive what you have said tonight. I said, "My brother, why not?" He said, I would give anything to believe that God would forgive my sin; but I cannot believe He will just forgive it if I turn to Him. It is too cheap." I looked at him, and I said, "My dear friend, have you been at work today?" "Yes," "Where have you been working?" He looked at me slightly astonished, and said, "I was down in the pit as usual." "How did you get home?" "Oh, I walked home along the road." "But how did you get out of the pit?" "The way I always do. I got into the cage and I was pulled up to the top." "How much did you pay to come out of the pit?" He looked at me astonished, and said, "Pay? Of course, I don't pay anything." I said to him, "Were you not afraid to trust yourself in that cage? Was it not too cheap?" "Oh, no," he said, "It was cheap for me, but it cost the company a lot of money to sink that shaft."

Without another word, the truth of that admission broke upon him; the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and he saw that, while he could have salvation without money and without price, it had cost the Infinite God a great price to sink that shaft and rescue lost men. -- G. Campbell Morgan

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#### PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

##### 1661 -- HIS LOVING MISSION OF PARDON WAS MISJUDGED

During the American Revolutionary War there was, living in Pennsylvania, Peter Miller, the pastor of a little Baptist church. Near the church, lived a man who secured an unenviable notoriety by his abuse of Miller and the Baptists. He also became guilty of treason and was sentenced to death. No sooner was the sentence pronounced, than Peter Miller set out on foot to

visit George Washington at Philadelphia to intercede for the man's life. Washington told Miller that his plea for his friend could not be granted. "My friend!" exclaimed Miller, "I have not a worse enemy living than that man!" "What?" rejoined Washington, "you have walked sixty miles to save the life of your enemy? That, in my judgment, puts the matter in different light. I will grant you his pardon."

The pardon was made out and Miller at once proceeded on foot to a place fifteen miles distant where the execution was to take place on the afternoon of the same day. He arrived just as the man was being carried to the scaffold, who, seeing Miller in the crowd, remarked: "There is old Peter Miller. He has walked all the way from Ephrata to have his revenge gratified today by seeing me hung." These words were scarcely spoken before Miller gave him his pardon and his life was spared. -- C H Spurgeon

Even thus, guilty, condemned men often wrongly judge the approach of Christ to their imperiled souls. He comes now not to delight in their just punishment, but to offer them a timely, and total, pardon -- one that He has obtained for us all at great cost to Himself, and one which is completely undeserved, yet extended to us through His forgiving love. -- D. V. M.

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## PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

### 1662 -- LIKE HIS SAVIOR

I was a small boy in Atlanta when Alexander H. Stephens died. Stephens, as many of you recall, was Vice-President of the Confederacy. He opposed secession and fought with all his power against it. His oration before the Georgia Secession Convention will last as long as history. Stephens was a cripple and died shortly after becoming Governor of Georgia. When it became known that he was soon to die, and that the physicians had no hope of prolonging his days, the great men of state crowded his bedroom and besought him to sign important documents. But Stephens waved them away and called for his private secretary and told him to bring out of his private desk an old, faded paper. The secretary found it; it was the petition of a humble woman back in the hills seeking the pardon of her sinful son in the penitentiary.

With the great State officials begging Stephens to lay it aside and take up weightier matters, he replied: "No, I am going to sign this. The great matters will take care of themselves." And being propped on his pillow, Governor Stephens took the yellow, faded appeal of the heartbroken mother who had no other intercessor at the Governor's mansion, and he dipped the pen in the ink and across the yellow appeal he wrote: "PARDONED." Underneath, he scrawled his name, "Alexander H. Stephens, Governor," and dropped back upon his pillow died.

On the high hill of Calvary, the Son of God was dying. All the sins of the world were upon Him. At His side, a thief and a murderer, an outcast hung suspended between time and eternity. He was unfitted to go into eternity and he was being forced out of the era of time. He cried out: "Jesus, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!" And from the bruised lips of the



Christ came the answer that has echoed down the corridors of the ages: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." -- Arthur T. Abernethy

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#### PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

##### 1663 -- MOTHER'S ABUNDANT PARDON

Out in a certain town in Pennsylvania there was a young man who got tired of home and the farm; so he went to the city. He ran wild and plunged to the depths of sin. His parents and never heard from him. By and by sin began to pall, and he wondered if he could find welcome if he went back. So he went to work, and obtained enough money to take him back home. When he got to the old home station, he was so ashamed of his rags that he boarded the train again and went on a few stations farther. Then he sat down and wrote a letter home. It was the first in years. He confessed how sinful he had been, and asked his parents' forgiveness. He told them he would be coming by the next day, and if they would forgive and welcome him again, they should hang a sheet on the clothesline as a token.

What did that mother do? She got all the sheets in the house and hung them on the line. That was the sign of abundant pardon. And that is just how God does things on a large scale. -- Moody Monthly

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#### PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

##### 1664 -- ONLY THE KING CAN PARDON

Only the rightful king or ruler can issue a pardon. In Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," the story is told of Richard the Lionhearted coming in disguise, upon a sheriff and his men who were about to execute a prisoner. Reining in his horse and raising his hand, Richard exclaimed, "Hold! I spare that man's life." But his very act of mercy revealed his identity, for instantly the man recognized that this one, with authority to pardon, must be none other than Richard himself. Who is He that forgiveth sins? It is the coequal with the Father. -- Sunday School Times

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#### PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

##### 1665 -- PARDON INSPIRES BRAVE SERVICE

Many years ago in Russia, a regiment of troops mutinied. They were at some distance from the capital and were so furious that they murdered their officers and resolved never to submit to discipline. The emperor, who was an exceedingly wise and sagacious man, no sooner heard of it than all alone and unattended he went into the barracks where the men were drawn up, and

addressing them sternly he said to them: "Soldiers! you have committed such offenses against the law that every one of you deserves to be put to death. There is no hope of any mercy for one of you unless you lay down your arms immediately and surrender at discretion to me, your emperor." They did so, there and then. The emperor said at once: "Men, I pardon you; you will be the bravest troops I ever had." And so they were.

Now this is just what God does with the sinner The sinner has dared to rebel against God, and God says: "Now sinner, you have done that which deserves My wrath. Ground your weapons of rebellion. I will not talk with you until you submit at discretion to My sovereign authority. And then He says: "Believe in My Son; accept Him as your Saviour. This done, you are forgiven and henceforth you will be the most loving subjects that My hands have made." -- W. R. Bradlaugh

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## PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

### 1666 -- PARDON REFUSED

When a missionary at Dorchester, I frequently visited the penitentiary there. One day an officer called my attention to a prisoner and related this story of him: When a young man, he had been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to life imprisonment. After several years, Queen Victoria granted his pardon. The world, however, had lost its attraction and after a few days liberty he returned to prison, requesting to be readmitted. His request was granted, and he remained at Halifax until the Maritime Penitentiary was built at Dorchester and the long term prisoners removed thereto. When the prisoners were marched from the depot to the penitentiary, all but this man were handcuffed and strictly guarded. He followed the line at a little distance and requested a place in the new institution.

He had been there for several years when I saw him. By the grace of his sovereign, he could have been a free man, entitled upon request to a full suit of civilian clothing, clad in which the great prison gate would open for him as readily as for the warden himself. Yet, so long as he preferred prison life, he must submit to prison discipline. He must wear that gloomy, prison garb. When the bell rang at six o'clock, he must fall into line with the others and be satisfied with prison fare. At the appointed hour, he must return to his cell where the iron door closed upon him, where again he listened to the heavy bolt grating harshly in the lock, and where night after night the receding steps of the turnkey revived the consciousness that he was still a prisoner.

What strange frenzy had taken possession of the man? Yet, how like thousands living today who, when they could be free from sin, choose its gratification at the expense of enduring its gloomy bondage and final punishment! -- The Homiletic Review

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## PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

### 1667 -- REUBEN JOHNSON'S PARDON

When I was in Ohio a few years ago, I was invited to preach in the State prison. Eleven hundred convicts were brought into the chapel and all sat in front of me. After I got through the preaching, the chaplain said to me: "Mr. Moody, I want to tell you of a scene which occurred in this room. A few years ago, our commissioners went to the Governor of the State and got him to promise that he would pardon five men for good behavior. The Governor consented with this, understanding that the record was to be kept secret and that at the end of six months the five men highest on the roll should receive a pardon, regardless of who or what they were.

At the end of six months, the prisoners were all brought into the chapel. The commissioners came, the president stood on the platform, and putting his hand into his pocket brought out some papers and said: "I hold in my hands pardons for five men. The chaplain told me he never witnessed anything on earth like it. Every man was still as death. Many were deadly pale. The suspense was awful; it seemed as if every heart had ceased to beat. The commissioner went on to tell them how they had got the pardon, but the chaplain interrupted him: "Before you make that speech, read out the names. This suspense is awful."

So he read out the first name: "Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon," and he held it out but none came forward. He said to the warden, "Are all the prisoners here?" The warden told him they were all there. Then he said again, "Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon. It is signed and sealed by the Governor. He is a free man." Not one moved. The chaplain looked right down where Reuben was. He was well known, and he had been nineteen years there. Many were looking around to see the fortunate man who had got his pardon. Finally, the chaplain had caught his eye and said: "Reuben, you are the man."

Reuben turned around and looked behind him to see where Reuben was. The chaplain said the second time, "Reuben, you are the man," and the second time he looked around, thinking it must be some other Reuben. He had to say three times, "Reuben, come and get your pardon." At last, the truth began to steal over the old man. He got up, came along down the hall trembling from head to foot, and when he got the pardon he looked at it and went back to his seat, buried his face in his hands and wept. When the prisoners got into the ranks to go back to the cells, Reuben got into the ranks too, and the chaplain had to call him: "Reuben, get out of the ranks: you are a free man; you are no longer a prisoner." And Reuben stepped out of the ranks. He was free!

That is the way men make out pardons; they make them out for good character or good behavior; but God makes out pardons for men who have not got any character. He offers a pardon to every sinner on earth if he will take it; I do not care who he is or what he is like. He may be the greatest libertine that ever walked the streets, or the greatest blackguard who ever lived, or the greatest drunkard, or thief, or vagabond. Christ commissioned His disciples to preach the gospel to every creature. -- D. L. Moody

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PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

1668 -- SECOND CHANCE

William Scott was a soldier lad from a Vermont town. He fell asleep at his post, but had great provocation for doing so -- he had been without rest for forty eight hours. The army was at Chain Bridge; the neighborhood was dangerous, and discipline must be kept. A court martial sentenced the man to be shot. Then, the kind offices of Abraham Lincoln were sought. The day preceding the proposed execution, the greathearted President appeared at the tent of William Scott and asked him many questions about himself, his family, and his circumstances. Finally, Lincoln said: "My boy, stand up here and look me in the face. You are not going to be shot tomorrow. I believe you when you tell me that you could not keep awake. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. But I have been put to a great deal of trouble on your account. I have had to come up here from Washington when I have a great deal to do, and what I want to know is how are you going to pay my bill?"

With his heart welling up in his throat, William Scott expressed his gratitude in the best terms his embarrassment would permit. He said that he had not thought the matter out since it had come upon him so suddenly, but there was his bounty in the savings bank and some money he thought could be raised by mortgaging the farm at home. His own pay was something, and he believed the boys of his regiment would help him a little on payday. Altogether it seemed probable to him that five or six hundred dollars could be made up if that would be sufficient.

"But the bill is a great deal more than that," said Mr Lincoln. Then the condemned man replied that though he did not quite see his way clear to do it, he would, if he lived, find some plan for paying the great debt. Then the President put his hands on the shoulders of William Scott, and looked into his face and said: "My boy, my bill is a very large one. Your friends cannot pay it, nor your bounty, nor the farm, nor all your comrades. There is only one in all the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If from this day William Scott does his duty, so that if I should be present when he came to die he could look me in the face as he does now and say, 'I have kept my promise and I have done my duty as a soldier,' then my debt will be paid. Will you make that promise and try to keep it?" The promise was given and it was kept nobly.

In one of the fights in the peninsula, William Scott fell, wounded to the death, and said to his comrades: "If any of you ever have the chance, I wish you would tell president Lincoln that I have never forgotten the kind words he said to me at Chain Bridge, and now that I am dying I want to thank him again because he gave me the chance to fall like a soldier in battle and not like a coward by the hand of my comrades."

Lincoln saved a life to the nation by his compassion, and that life was freely poured out for the nation when the opportunity for sacrifice presented itself. That was Christ's way of redeeming the lost. He came, not to judge, not to condemn, but to pity. to love, to forgive, to win the erring to righteousness. -- Rev. G. P. Eckman

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PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

1669 -- WHEN A MAN CANNOT BE PARDONED

God is gracious, but he will not force the acceptance of His grace upon men. In 1829 George Wilson, in Pennsylvania, was sentenced to be hanged by a United States Court for robbing the mails and for murder. President Andrew Jackson pardoned him, but this was refused, and Wilson insisted that it was not a pardon unless he accepted it. That was a point of law never before raised, and the President called the Supreme Court to decide. Chief Justice John Marshall gave the following decision: "A pardon is a paper, the value of which depends upon its acceptance by the person implicated. It is hardly to be supposed that one under sentence of death would refuse to accept a pardon, but if it is refused, it is no pardon. George Wilson must be hanged!" And he was hanged.

Provisionally the Gospel of Christ which is the power of God unto salvation is for every one, irrespective of what he may be or what he may have done. Potentially, it is only to "every one that believeth." -- Sunday School Times

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## PARDON -- THROUGH CHRIST

### 1670 -- WHY HE LOST HIS PARDON

A man named Samuel Holmes, who was in the Frankfort, Kentucky, jail undergoing punishment for murder, received a visit from an old schoolmate of his, Lucien Young. The Kentucky legislature had recorded some years previously its appreciation of Young's bravery in rescuing several lives from a wrecked vessel; and when Young, moved by Holmes' condition, made an appeal to Governor Blackburn for his pardon, the governor, remembering his brave action, relented and signed the pardon for his sake. With the document in his pocket, Young hastened back to the prison to tell the good news to his friend. Before intimating, however, that he had power to make him a free man, Young commenced a conversation. After talking awhile upon other subjects, he finally said: "Sam, if you were turned loose and fully pardoned, what would be the first thing you would do?" The convict very quickly responded. "I would go to Lancaster, and kill Judge Owsley and a man who was a witness against me." Young uttered not a word, but turned mournfully away, went outside the prison wall, took the pardon from his pocket, and tore it into fragments.

This is the story as it was told in the Richmond Register. Holmes lost his pardon simply because when he was forgiven he would not forgive. He had no penitence with which to meet pardon and no godly sorrow with which to respond to proffered mercy. -- Florida Baptist Witness

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## PARENTAL DUTIES

### 1671 -- A QUOTE FROM SOCRATES

Could I climb the highest place in Athens, I would lift my voice and proclaim: "Fellow citizens, why do you turn and scrape every stone to gather wealth, and take so little care of your children, to whom one day you must relinquish it all?" -- Socrates 469-399 B. C.

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## PARENTAL DUTIES

### 1672 -- DON'T JUDGE PARENTS WITHOUT ALL THE FACTS

In public he appeared to be aloof, even arrogant. But former French president Charles de Gaulle was a tender and devoted father to his daughter Anne, who was retarded from birth and needed constant care. One writer says that "the pains that the aloof soldier took to entertain the little girl astonished those who knew him only in his dealings with adults; he would spend hours playing simple games with her and at night would hold her hand until she fell asleep."

Did Samuel enjoy similar times of fatherly affection and attention with his sons? We're not told, but sadly it seems that the prophet became so busy in his ministry that something got missed in Joel's and Abijah's training. Consequently, Samuel's boys strayed from the path of faithfulness to the Lord.

We're told so little about how this came to be that any observation is guesswork, but it is amazing that Samuel apparently failed to learn from the example of Eli, his priestly mentor.

\*This writer did not have all the evidence, and therefore his judgment of Samuel is only supposition. Very godly parents have seen their children, that were raised properly, still go astray. When all of the facts come out at the Judgment, some will be ashamed of their ignorant conclusions which were so very wrong, because based upon no information or partial information. Samuel may have done his very best to raise his sons properly. Let us not judge otherwise without the facts. -- Duane V. Maxey

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## PARENTAL DUTIES

### 1673 -- HE SOON FOUND OUT

One Sunday, our minister told the story of how Mary and Joseph left Jesus behind at the temple. My husband, Bob, wondered, "How could a parent forget his child?" That question was answered as soon as Bob and I arrived home in separate cars. We realized neither one of us had brought our 11-year-old daughter home. -- Esther Zufall

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## PARENTAL DUTIES

## 1674 -- I SEE CHILDREN AS KITES

Erma Bombeck, on the growing-up process: I see children as kites. You spend a lifetime trying to get them off the ground. You run with them until you're both breathless -- they crash -- they hit the rooftop -- you patch and comfort, adjust and teach. You watch them lifted by the wind and assure them that someday they'll fly. Finally they are airborne: they need more string and you keep letting it out. But with each twist of the ball of twine, there is a sadness that goes with joy. The kite becomes more distant, and you know it won't be long before that beautiful creature will snap the lifeline that binds you together and will soar as it is meant to soar, free and alone. Only then do you know that you did your job. -- Reader's Digest

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## PARENTAL DUTIES

### 1675 -- SAVING HIS OWN BOY

Through Rochester, New York runs the Genesee River, between steep and crooked banks. On one occasion a gentleman, who lived in the city, had just arrived by train from a journey. He was anxious to go home and meet his wife and children, and he was hurrying along the streets, with a bright vision of home in his mind, when he saw on the bank of the river a lot of excited men. "What is the matter?" he shouted. They replied, "A boy is in the water." "He will drown! Will you save him?" they asked. In a moment, throwing down his bag and pulling off his coat, he jumped into the stream, grasped the boy in his arms, struggled with him to the shore, and, as he wiped the water from the boy's dripping face and brushed back his hair, he exclaimed: "It is my boy!" He plunged in to rescue the boy of somebody else and saved his own. He had received "good measure, pressed down," for a courageous and humane action. -- Treasury

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## PARENTAL DUTIES

### 1676 -- TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR GUIDING YOUR CHILDREN

To assist in your quest to be good parents, here are ten commandments for guiding your children.

1. Teach them, using God's Word (Deut. 6:4-9).
2. Tell them what's right and wrong (I King 1:6).
3. See them as gifts from God (Ps. 127:3).
4. Guide them in godly ways (Prov. 22:6).
5. Discipline them (Prov. 29:17).

6. Love them unconditionally (Luke 15:11-32).
7. Do not provoke them to wrath (Eph. 6:4).
8. Earn their respect by example (I Tim. 3:4).
9. Provide for their physical needs (I Tim. 5:8).
10. Pass your faith along to them (II Tim. 1:5).

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## PARENTAL DUTIES

### 1677 -- TO MY GROWN-UP SONS

My hands were busy through the day  
I didn't have much time to play  
The little games you asked me to  
I didn't have much time for you.

I'd wash your clothes, I'd sew and cook  
But when you'd bring your picture book  
And ask me please to share your fun  
I'd say, "A little later, son."

I'd tuck you in all safe at night  
And hear your prayers, turn out the light  
Then tiptoe softly to the door  
I wish I'd stayed a minute more.

For life is short, the years rush past  
A little boy grows up so fast  
No longer is he at your side  
His precious secrets to confide.

The picture books are put away  
There are no more games to play  
No goodnight kiss, no prayers to hear  
That all belongs to yesteryear.

My hands once busy now lie still  
The days are long and hard to fill  
I wish I might go back and do  
The little things you asked me to.



-- Anonymous

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## PARENTAL DUTIES

### 1678 -- TRAINING OF CHILDREN,

What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and be shown then as an index of our own thoughts and feelings? What care, what caution, would you exercise in the selection! Now, this is what God has done, He has placed before you, the immortal minds of your children, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe every day and every hour, by your instructions, by our spirit, or by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment day. -- Dr. Jayson

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## PARENTAL DUTIES

### 1679 -- WORDS OF WISDOM FROM BARBARA BUSH

When Barbara Bush spoke at Wellesley, an all girls' college, she really showed courage as she cautioned against placing your career over your marriage in importance. She said, "At the end of your life you will never regret not having passed one more test, not winning one more verdict, or not closing one more deal. But you will regret time that you did not spend with husband, a friend, a child, or a parent. If you have children, they must come first. Our successes in this society depends on not what happens in the White House, but what happens inside your house."

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## PARENTAL DUTIES -- DISCIPLINE OF CHILDREN

### 1680 -- CHILDREN NEED TO EXPLORE

There is a story about a father who became disturbed about the length of time his six year old son was taking to get home from school. The father decided he would make the trip to discover for himself how long it should take a small boy to cover the distance. The father settled on 20 minutes but his son was still taking an hour. Finally the father decided to make the trip with his son. After the trip, the man said, "The 20 minutes I thought reasonable was right, but I failed to consider such important things as a sidetrip to track down a trail of ants... or an educational stop to watch a man fix a flat... or the time it took to swing around a half dozen telephone poles... or how much time it took for a boy just to get acquainted with two stray dogs and a brown cat. "In short," said the father, "I had forgotten what it is really like to be six years old."

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## PARENTAL DUTIES -- DISCIPLINE OF CHILDREN

### 1681 -- MOLDED WITH MY POWER AND ART

I took a piece of plastic clay  
And idly fashioned it one day,  
And as my fingers pressed it still,  
It moved and yielded to my will.

I came again when days were past--  
The bit of clay was hard at last;  
The form I gave it, it still bore,  
But I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay  
And gently formed it day by day,  
And molded with my power and art  
A young child's soft and yielding heart.

I came again when years were gone--  
It was a man I looked upon;  
He still that early impress wore,  
And I could change him nevermore.

-- Author unknown

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## PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

### 1682 -- A LIE TO TEACH NOT TO LIE?

A boy visited his aunt, who reprimanded him for telling a fib. "Do you know," she warned, "what happens to little boys who tell fibs?" "No, what, Aunty?" he asked. "Well," she said, "there is a man up in the moon, a little green man with just one eye, who sweeps down in the middle of the night and flies away to the moon with little boys who tell lies and makes them pick up sticks all the rest of their lives. Now you won't tell lies any more, will you, for it's awfully, awfully naughty."

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## PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

### 1683 -- EITHER/OR?

A mother and father decided to use psychology in raising their children. For example, at bedtime they would say to the children, "Would you like to take your doll to bed or your teddy bear to bed?" You see, the beauty of this is that in either case the child is choosing to go to bed. But the whole system collapsed when the three-year-old, who was never allowed to go out after supper, said to her parents one evening, "Do you want me to go out the back door or should I go out the front?"

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#### PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

##### 1684 -- HEREDITY OF ENVIRONMENT

A cartoon in the New Yorker showed a father scowling over a very bad report card while his little boy stood by, asking, "What do you think it is, Dad? Heredity or environment?"

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#### PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

##### 1685 -- MRS. WESLEY'S RULES

Susannah Wesley spent one hour each day praying for her 17 children. In addition, she took each child aside for a full hour every week to discuss spiritual matters with him or her. No wonder two of her sons, Charles and John, were used of God to bring blessing to all of England and much of America. Here are a few rules she followed in training her children:

1. Subdue self-will in a child and thus work together with God to save his soul.
2. Teach him to pray as soon as he can speak.
3. Give him nothing he cries for and only what is good for him if he asks for it politely.
4. To prevent lying, punish no fault which is freely confessed, but never allow a rebellious, sinful act to go unnoticed.
5. Commend and reward good behavior.
6. Strictly observe all promises you have made to your child.

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#### PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

##### 1686 -- PAID BACK WITH INTEREST

"A child's mind is like a bank -- whatever you put in, you get back in 10 years, with interest." -- Frederick Wertham

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## PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

### 1687 -- PUT UP THE FENCES

Dr. James Dobson reports the findings of an interesting study done on school children recently in his film series "Focus on the Family." A group of educators decided to remove the chain-like fences from around the school playgrounds. They believed the fences promoted feelings of confinement and restraint. The curious thing they noticed, however, that as soon as the fences were removed, the children huddled in the center of the playground to play. Conclusion: Children need boundaries.

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## PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

### 1688 -- RECIPE FOR RAISING CHILDREN

1 Cup of Proverbs 22:6

2 Tablespoons of Proverbs 19:13

1 Dash of Proverbs 23:13

1 Teaspoon of Proverbs 3:5

1/2 Cup of Titus 2:3 through 7

Mix all ingredients, add a pound of persistence, one cup of love, and whip until right consistency. This recipe is recommended by the Creator of Mankind. Please add a pinch of Ephesians 6:4. -- The Bible Friend

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## PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

### 1689 -- SOME PARENTS SAY

"We will not influence our children in making choices and decisions in matters of religion!" But why not? The ads will! The press will! The movies will! The neighbors will! The forces of sin will! The politicians will! We use our influence over flowers, vegetables, cattle, etc. Shall we ignore our own children? May God forgive us if we do!

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## PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

### 1690 -- TEACH INTEGRITY

In ancient China, the people desired security from the barbaric hordes to the north; so they built the great Chinese wall. It was so high they knew no one could climb over it and so thick that nothing could break it down. They settled back to enjoy their security. During the first hundred years of the wall's existence, China was invaded three times. Not once did the barbaric hordes break down the wall or climb over the top. Each time they bribed a gatekeeper and then marched right through the gates. The Chinese were so busy relying upon the walls of stone that they forgot to teach integrity to their children.

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## PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

### 1691 -- TEACHING TO GIVE

A Woman in the West Indies, after dropping her own little gift into a missionary collection, put a small coin into the hand of her baby, and guiding it to the contribution box, there let the little one drop it in. Some delay was caused by this, at which the collector became impatient, when the mother said: "Have patience, brother; I want just to bring the little thing up to it."

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## PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

### 1692 -- THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN

As Alexander the Great attained to have such a \*puissant army, whereby he conquered the world, by having children born and brought up in his camp, whereby they became so well acquainted and exercised with weapons from their swaddling clothes, that they looked for no other wealth or country but to fight; even so, if thou wouldst have thy children either to do great matters, or to live honestly by their own virtuous endeavors, thou must acquaint them with painstaking in their youth, and so bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. -- Cawdray

\*Puissant means: mighty, powerful. For many, I fear, this word does not fit into the category of "words easy to be understood" which Paul advised Christians to use. -- DVM

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## PARENTAL DUTIES -- INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN

## 1693 -- TOO COLD FOR HIS IMAGE

I once saw, lying side by side in a sculptor's workshop, two heads made of metal. One was perfect. All the features of a manly, noble face were clear and distinct. The other, however, had scarcely a single, recognizable human characteristic. It was marred and spoiled. The man who was showing it to me said, "This one is badly distorted because the metal was allowed to cool before it was stamped out, and therefore it wouldn't take the impression." So, too, many souls might have been stamped with the likeness of the Savior while they were still warm with the glow of early youth, but they were allowed to become cold. Thus, they were misinformed and their lives ruined.

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## PARENTAL FEELINGS

### 1694 -- AN ART HE NEVER MASTERED

One of the richest men of his time, J. Paul Getty, owned an estate that exceeded \$4 billion in net worth. This is what he wrote in his autobiography as quoted in the Los Angeles Times, January 9, 1981.

"I have never been given to envy... save for the envy I feel toward those people who have the ability to make a marriage work and endure happily. It's an art I have never been able to master. My record: five marriages, five divorces. In short, five failures." The article continues: He termed the memories of his relationships with five sons "painful." Much of his pain has been passed on with his money. His most treasured offspring, Timothy, a frail child born when Getty was fifty-three, died in 1958 at the age of twelve of surgical complications after a sickly life spent mostly separated from his father who was forever away on business.

Other members of the Getty family also suffered from tragic circumstances. A grandson, J. Paul Getty III, was kidnapped and held for ransom of \$2.9 million. When Getty refused to pay, they held the boy for five months and eventually cut off his right ear. Getty's oldest son apparently committed suicide amid strange circumstances. Another son, Gordon Paul Getty, has been described as living a tortured existence. He was ridiculed in correspondence by his father and was the least favored son. Similar sorrow has followed other members of this unfortunate family.  
-- James Dobson

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## PARENTAL FEELINGS

### 1695 -- OF HOW MUCH SORER PUNISHMENT HE WAS WORTHY

The Bible says that in the last days "the love of many will grow cold", indicating a terrible breakdown in the ability to treat even those closest to us properly. A sad example of this condition comes from North Chicago, where prosecutors say a father poured sulphuric acid down the throat

of his infant son, and then he put sulphuric acid in a can of baby formula, and then he conspired with the mother to blame the manufacturer of the baby formula, hoping for a large cash settlement. The baby boy, after 27 months, his throat and insides irreparably burned, died. -- Associated Press

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## PARENTAL FEELINGS

### 1696 -- SHOT THROUGH THE HEART

A general whose troops won a battle in a fiercely contested conflict was called after the victory to be worthily recognized and rewarded. He could not be found. After a long search his staff officers finally located him in his tent where he sat with folded arms in utter dejection. The officers showered congratulations upon him, commending him for his brilliant generalship, adding, "The commanding general wants to see you at once. He is waiting to give you your newly earned medal." "Oh, no," said the desponding general, "don't congratulate me, I can't bear it. Tell the commanding general that I cannot come. Tell him that I care nothing, absolutely nothing, for reward, or promotion." The officers replied, "You should know we cannot go back with any such answer. You are all right. You haven't even a scratch, or a wound!"

Then came the agonized reply, "Oh, I am wounded. I am mortally wounded. I am shot through the heart!" Then he walked over to the corner of the tent, turned back a blanket and exposed the dead body of his only son, who rode with him through the battle and who had been shot through the heart. For that father the shouts of victory seemed like hollow mockery. His heart was broken and crushed in the death of his precious son! If our sons and daughters are unsafe and unsaved through our failures to live the right kind of lives before them as parents, how mockingly empty and hollow are the passing recognitions and rewards of this world. -- W. B. Knight

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## PARENTAL INFLUENCE

### 1697 -- A WRONG ASSESSMENT

It is said of Boswell, the famous biographer of Samuel Johnson, that he often referred to a special day in his childhood when his father took him fishing. The day was fixed in his adult mind, and he often reflected upon many of the things his father had taught him in the course of their fishing experience together. After having heard of that particular excursion so often, it occurred to someone much later to check the journal that Boswell's father kept and determine what had been said about the fishing trip from the parental perspective. Turning to that date, the reader found only one sentence entered: "Gone fishing today with my son; a day wasted."

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## PARENTAL INFLUENCE

## 1698 -- BOUND UP WITH HIS CHILD

Pliny tells of the raising of one of the world's historic obelisks. Twenty thousand workmen were to aid in raising the great stone, and great risks were involved. To make the engineer doubly responsible the anxious king devised an expedient. He ordered that the son of the engineer in charge should be bound to the apex of the obelisk. The safety of the obelisk meant the safety of the boy. The day for the raising was an anxious one for the engineer. The whole man was in the work. He looked to every detail of his best workmen. The obelisk was raised to safety and his son to life. Even so God has bound your child to every act you do and every thought you think. -- Sunday School Times

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## PARENTAL INFLUENCE

### 1699 -- DOES IT REALLY MATTER?

Does it really matter that much: good Christian parents, good Christian homes? I turn to the most revealing proof of which I know -- Jonathon Edwards and Max Jukes. Jonathan Edwards was an outstanding Christian. A researcher followed up his descendants. He learned that out of his 1,394 descendants came 13 college presidents, 65 professors, 60 prominent lawyers, 32 noted authors, 90 physicians, 200 ministers of the Gospel, and 300 good farmers.

Max Jukes was the very antithesis of Mr. Edwards, for he was very notorious as a crook without principle or character. The life histories of 903 of his offspring showed he spawned 300 delinquents, 145 confirmed drunkards, 90 prostitutes, 285 had "evil disease", and over 100 spent an average of 13 years in prison. It was estimated that the crimes and care of that one family cost the state of New York over one million dollars -- while Jonathon Edwards never cost the government a single penny -- instead making contributions of incalculable worth.

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## PARENTAL INFLUENCE

### 1700 -- FACTS ABOUT TWO FAMILIES

Several years ago the "Christian Life and Faith" magazine presented some unusual facts about two families. In 1677 an immoral man married a very licentious woman. Nineteen hundred descendants came from the generations begun by that union. Of these, 771 were criminals, 250 were arrested for various offenses, 60 were thieves, and 39 were convicted for murder. Forty of the women were known to have venereal disease. These people spent a combined total of 1300 years behind bars and cost the State of New York nearly 3 million dollars.

The other family was the Edwards family. The third generation included Jonathan Edwards who was the great New England revival preacher and who became president of Princeton University. Of the 1,344 descendants, many were college presidents and professors.



One hundred eighty-six became ministers of the gospel, and many others were active in their churches. Eighty-six were state senators, three were Congressmen, 30 judges, and one became Vice President of the United States. No reference was made of anyone spending time in jail or in the poorhouse.

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#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE

##### 1701 -- SET IN HIS TRACKS TOWARD CHURCH

Near a church in Kansas, there can be seen in a cement sidewalk the prints of two baby feet with the toes pointing toward the Church. It was said that 20 years ago, when the sidewalk was being laid, a mother secured permission to stand her baby boy on the wet cement. The tracks are seen today plainly. The Mother had wanted her little boy to start aright. However, setting a child's tracks toward church one time in concrete will have little or no influence on making that child a regular church goer. They do far better who set their children's tracks toward church in the concrete of parental example and parental training. -- Duane V. Maxey

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#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE

##### 1702 -- STATISTICS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

A study once disclosed that if both Mom and Dad attend church regularly, 72% of their children remain faithful. If only Dad, 55% remain faithful. If only Mom, 15%. If neither attended regularly, only 6% remain faithful. The statistics speak for themselves -- the example of parents and adults is more important than all the efforts of the church and Sunday school. -- Warren Mueller

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#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE

##### 1703 -- THE ABSENCE OF A FATHER

One of the consequences of the sense of fatherlessness was identified recently by a Vice Chief of Police of Los Angeles. He claimed that a chief characteristic of boys who joined street gangs was the absence of a father; the gangs provided a sense of protection and commitment which the absent father did not.

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#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE

## 1704 -- THE HEART OF A CHILD

Whatever you write  
On the heart of a child,  
No water can wash it away.  
The sands may be shifted  
When billows are wild  
And the efforts of time may decay.  
Some stories may perish,  
Some songs be forgot,  
But this engraved record,  
Time changes it not.

Whatever you write  
In the heart of a child  
A story of gladness or care--  
That heaven has blessed  
Or that earth has defiled,  
Will linger unchangeably there.  
Who writes it has sealed it  
Forever and aye.  
He must answer to God  
On that great judgment day.

-- Author Unknown

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## PARENTAL INFLUENCE

### 1705 -- THEY DEVELOP SURPASSING FOLLOWERS

The ultimate leaders develop followers who will surpass them. Runners will become coaches and train other athletes who will break their records. Executives will motivate subordinates so successfully that they will become their superiors. Parents, in their devotion to a child, will pull him or her up beside them -- and then encourage the child to go even higher.

When Harry and Ada Mae Day had their first child, they traveled 225 miles from their ranch to El Paso for the delivery, and Ada Mae brought her baby, Sandra, home to a difficult life. The four-room adobe house had no running water and no electricity. There was no school within driving distance.

But the Days did not allow themselves to be limited by their surroundings. Harry had been forced by his father's death to take over the ranch rather than enter Stanford University, but he never gave up hope that his daughter would someday study there. Sandra's mother first taught at her

home, and also saw to it that the house was stocked with newspapers, magazines and books. One summer the Days took their children to all the state capitals west of the Mississippi.

Sandra did go to Stanford, to law school, and became the first woman justice on the U. S. Supreme Court. On the day of her swearing in, the family was there. "She looked around, saw us and locked her eyes right into ours," said her brother, Alan. "That's when the tears started falling."

What motivates a woman like Sandra Day O'Connor? Intelligence, of course, and inner drive. But much of the credit goes to a determined ranch mother sitting in her adobe house, reading to her children by the hour, and who, with her husband, scampered up the stairways of capitol domes, their children in tow. -- Reader's Digest

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#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE -- EVIL

##### 1706 -- RUN AWAY, BOY

Doctor Potter tells the story of a young man who stood at the bar of a court of justice to be sentenced for forgery. The judge had known him from a child, for his father had been a famous legal light and his work on the Law of Trusts was the most exhaustive work on the subject in existence.

"Do you remember your father," asked the judge, sternly. "That father whom you have disgraced?" The prisoner answered: "I remember him perfectly. When I went to him for advice or companionship, he would look up from his book on the Law of Trusts and say, 'Run away boy; I am busy.' My father finished his book, and here I am."

The great lawyer had neglected his own trust with awful results. -- De Witt Talmage

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#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE -- EVIL

##### 1707 -- WISH'T YOU WAS MY FATHER!

In Chicago a boy was sent by a drunken father to buy something at a store, Somehow the lad lost the money, and he dared not go home, for when drunk his father got dreadfully angry about the slightest thing. A man who saw the boy shivering in a doorway learned his trouble and gave him the dollar he had lost, Thanking the kind stranger, the boy went off to the store, but suddenly he turned back, and looking wistfully at the man, said, "I wish't you was my father!" He had just had a glimpse of the difference it would make to have a good father instead of a drunken one. -- Joseph Edwin Harris

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## PARENTAL INFLUENCE -- GOOD

### 1708 -- ARE THE BOYS ALL IN?

"Is it getting night?" said an old Scotch woman ninety-seven years of age. "Husband," she said, "is it getting night?" And her aged Scotch husband by her side, realizing that she was dying, bent down close to her and said, "Yes, Janet, it is getting night," She was wandering a bit and was back in the olden days with her loved ones, but he knew that the end was near.

She was still a moment, and then said, "Are the boys all in?" "Yes," he said, "the boys are all in, Janet." The last one had gone home three years before. She was again still a moment more when she said, "I will soon be in." "Yes, Janet, you will soon be in." "And you will soon come too?" she asked. "Yes," he said, "by the grace of God, I will soon come too." She reached out her thin hands in order that she might clasp them round his neck and draw him down by her side as she said, "And He will then shut us all in."

"All in." I wonder if you can say it -- the boys all in; the girls all in. It is a sad thing to have a boy that is a wanderer, and a girl that is lost. -- J. Wilbur Chapman

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## PARENTAL INFLUENCE -- GOOD

### 1709 -- EXCEPT HENRY

In the home of a pious farmer there hung the well-known motto: "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The motto meant something in that house, for the farmer prayed daily that all might truly serve the Lord. The last clause fitted all the house except the oldest son, who persistently refused to accept Christ. One day, the father and son were alone in the room where the motto hung. The father said, "My dear Henry, I can not and will not be a liar any longer. You, who belong to my house, do not want to serve the Lord. Therefore I must add the words 'Except Henry.' It hurts me to do it, but I must be true." The thought so impressed the boy that he gave himself to Christ. -- The Expositor

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## PARENTAL INFLUENCE -- GOOD

### 1710 -- FATHERS SHOULD REFLECT GOD'S LIKENESS

A Sunday school class of first-graders was asked to draw a picture of God. When the pastor stopped by to inspect their work, the children were happy to show him their drawings. One had depicted God in the form of a brightly colored rainbow. Another had drawn the face of an old man coming out of billowing clouds. And there was one rendition which looked a lot like Superman. But perhaps the best was the one proudly displayed by a girl who said, "I didn't know what God looked like, so I just drew a picture of my daddy."

The first-grader showed a lot of wisdom. Nobody knows what God looks like because nobody has seen Him, but God has revealed Himself as a Father to those who are related to Him by faith.

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## PARENTAL INFLUENCE -- GOOD

### 1711 -- HENRY GRADY AND HIS MOTHER

That nobly gifted editor of Atlanta, Georgia, Henry Grady, a great publicist, a thrilling orator, a humanity-serving citizen, one of the South's most honored sons, got far away from Christ, right in the zenith of his power and popularity. Like many others similarly situated, he neglected the things of Christ, and drifted with the tide. Far back yonder when he was a boy, he made a profession of religion, and for a while observed the religious habits, but when his remarkable fame and career came on, he neglected the Christian life, and went drifting with the tide. They told me, when I was speaking in Atlanta some years ago, the following beautiful chapter out of his great life:

When he had made one of his loftiest speeches, on one occasion, and plaudits from North, South, East, and West were coming to him on every wire, he slipped out of the office of the Constitution, his daily paper in Atlanta, saying to his associates as he left: "You need not know where I am, but I am going to find mother tonight in the little home. I have something to say to her. I will be back in the morning. You need not know where I am."

He took an out of the way road to his mother's cottage, and when he reached it, he said to his mother: "Mother, all these plaudits, all this fame, all this notoriety, all this popularity, all this applause, these do not satisfy my heart. Mother, I once thought that I was a Christian, but if I was, I have got far away from God, and I have come back, mother, to ask you if I may not kneel down at your knee, and be a little boy again, like I was when I was at home with you, and say my simple prayer, like I used to say it every day when the day was done. And then, when I have said my prayer like that, I wonder if you won't take me to my bed, and tuck the cover around me, just like you used to do when I was a little boy, and then, when you have tucked the cover around me, if you won't bend down over me and pray for your little boy, for God to teach him and guide him and help him, just like you used to pray for me when I was a little boy."

And that is exactly what happened in that little home that night. The Great Henry Grady knelt at his mother's knee like he used to do as a little boy, and said his simple, boyish prayer, like he used to say it long years before, and then his dear old mother escorted him to his room and bed, and she tucked the cover about him, and bent over him, with tears and prayers, commending her boy to the great Saviour. And then she kissed him, like she used to do, and left him alone.

In the gray of the early morning, Henry Grady came from his room, and found his mother, and there was a light on his face, fair like the morning light, and he said: "Mother, I was a little

child last night, and felt out after Jesus, and He met me and has spoken peace to my poor, wandering heart." -- George W. Truett

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#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE -- GOOD

##### 1712 -- HIS CHILDREN REMEMBERED

Money-centered people often put aside family or other priorities, assuming everyone will understand that economic demands come first. I know one father who was leaving with his children for a promised trip to the circus when a phone call came for him to come to work instead. He declined. When his wife suggested that perhaps he should have gone to work, he responded, "The work will come again, but childhood won't." For the rest of their lives his children remembered this little act of priority setting, not only as an object lesson in their minds but as an expression of love in their hearts. -- Stephen R. Covey

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#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE -- GOOD

##### 1713 -- HIS GREATEST SERMON

Many years ago a farmer had an unusually fine crop of grain. Just a few days before it was ready to harvest, there came a terrible hail and wind storm. The entire crop was demolished. After the storm was over, the farmer, with his little son went out on the porch. The little boy looked at what was formerly the beautiful field of wheat, and then with tears in his eyes he looked up at his dad, expecting to hear words of despair. All at once his father started to sing softly, "Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee." Years after, the little boy, grown to manhood, said, "That was the greatest sermon I ever heard." The farmer lost a grain crop, but who knows but what that was the turning point in the boy's life? He saw the faith of a godly father in practice. -- Sunday School Times

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#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE -- GOOD

##### 1714 -- MOTHER'S OPPORTUNITY

Some years ago, I was passing through Mt. Auburn Cemetery at Cambridge, Massachusetts. I was looking for the graves of the distinguished dead, when my attention was called to a humble, little mound with a little grass and shrubbery about it. The thing that drew me to it was the peculiarity of the head stone. It was a very uninviting piece of marble, and on it was the picture of a hand with a finger pointing upward, and across it was written: "Mother."

This was enough to tell me a great story of love, and self-sacrifice, and toil, and Christian faithfulness. Her life had been a sign-board pointing upward to God and heaven. Oh, may it be true of every mother reading this, that her life shall be a sign-board, directing those who come within her influence to things that are better than life. -- L. G. Broughton

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#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE -- GOOD

##### 1715 -- MOTHER'S SONGS

Often, and often, my thoughts go back,  
Like wanderers over a timeworn track,  
To the time when I knelt at my mother's knee,  
And she sang at the twilight hour to me.

Oh, the dear old songs! I can see her eyes  
Aglow with the gladness of paradise,  
As I fancy she sings in the streets of gold,  
The hymns that she sang in the days of old.

As she sang them over, her face grew bright,  
As if God's city was just in sight,  
And she saw the angels and heard them sing  
By the great white throne before the King.

The heavenly songs can no sweeter be  
Than the songs that my mother made dear to me,  
And in God's city I hope someday  
To hear them sung in my mother's way.

-- Eben E. Rexford

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#### PARENTAL INFLUENCE -- GOOD

##### 1716 -- THE POWER OF MOTHER'S LOVE

William Stokes was apparently by nature, indolent, and apathetic. This caused his parents, and especially his mother, much anxious thought. One day, while in his favorite retreat (in a beech hedge) where he read romances and poetry, he fell asleep but was awakened by some warm drops falling on his face. He started up, and saw his mother bending over him. Stung with remorse, his nature appeared to undergo an immediate, and salutary, change and the dreamy, indolent boy suddenly became the ardent, enthusiastic student. -- Life and Work of W. Stokes

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## PARENTAL WEAKNESSES

### 1717 -- I CAN'T BUY NEW BOYS

Charles Shedd shares the following true story in his book, "Promises to Peter": When we moved from Nebraska to Oklahoma, we brought [the binder twine] along. I had used it there to tie sacks of feed and miscellaneous items. It cost something like \$1.15. So I said, "Now, Philip, you see this binder twine? I want you to leave it alone." But it held a strange fascination for him and he began to use it any time he wanted. I would say, "Don't," "No," and "You can't!" But all to no avail. That went on for six or eight months. Then one day I came home tired. There was the garage, looking like a no-man's land with binder twine across, back and forth, up and down. I had to cut my way through to get the car in. And was I provoked! I ground my teeth as I slashed at the binder twine. Suddenly, when I was halfway through the maze, a light dawned. I asked myself, "Why do you want this binder twine? What if Philip does use it?" So when I went in to supper that night, Philip was there and I began, "Say, about that binder twine!" He hung his head and mumbled, "Yes, Daddy." Then I said, "Philip, I've changed my mind. You can use that old binder twine any time you want. What's more, all those tools out in the garage I've labeled 'No' -- you go ahead and use them. I can buy new tools, but I can't buy new boys." There never was a sunrise like that smile. "Thanks, Daddy," he beamed. And guess what, Peter. He hasn't touched that binder twine since!

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## PARENTAL WEAKNESSES

### 1718 -- MARK TWAIN'S ASTONISHMENT

When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years. -- Mark Twain

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## PARENTAL WEAKNESSES -- INDULGENCE OF CHILDREN

### 1719 -- NOTHING BUT WEEDS

British poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge once had a discussion with a man who firmly believed that children should not be given formal religious instruction, but should be free to choose their own religious faith when they reached maturity. Coleridge did not disagree, but later invited the man into his somewhat neglected garden. "Do you call this a garden?" the visitor exclaimed. "There are nothing but weeds here!"



"Well, you see," Coleridge replied, "I did not wish to infringe upon the liberty of the garden in any way. I was just giving the garden a chance to express itself."

Obviously, Coleridge's guest believed any religion would do just fine. Millions of people today would agree with him. Sadly, the product of such thinking is spiritual "weeds."

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## PARTIALITY -- FORBIDDEN

1720 -- NO CALL CAME

Here's a good story about being a respecer or, should I say, a disrespecter of persons: John Barrier didn't like the way a bank manager in Spokane, WA, looked at him -- like he'd "crawled out from under a rock" because of his dirty construction clothes. So Barrier, who just wanted a parking slip validated, took his money and left -- \$1 million at the time. It began when Barrier, 59, went to Old National Bank to cash a \$100 check. When he tried to validate the slip to save 60 cents, a receptionist refused, saying he hadn't conducted a transaction. "She said you have to make a deposit," he says. "I told her I'm considered a substantial depositor and she looked at me like... well." He asked to see the manager, who also refused to stamp the ticket. Barrier went to bank headquarters vowing to withdraw his \$2 million plus unless the manager apologized. No call came. "So the next day I went over and the first amount I took out was \$1 million." "But if you have \$100 in a bank or \$1 million," he says, "I think they owe you the courtesy of stamping your parking ticket." -- Elisa Tinsley

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## PARTIALITY -- FORBIDDEN

1721 -- THOMAS JEFFERSON TURNED AWAY

I read about an incident that reminded me of a great principle. In the late 1700's, the manager of Baltimore's largest hotel refused lodging to a man dressed like a farmer because he thought this fellow's appearance would discredit his inn. So the man left. Later that evening, the innkeeper discovered that he had turned away none other than Thomas Jefferson! Immediately he sent a note to the famed patriot, asking him to come back and be his guest. Jefferson replied by instructing his messenger as follows: "Tell him I have already engaged a room. I value his good intentions highly but if he has no place for a dirty American farmer, he has none for the Vice President of the United States." Likewise, the Lord is often pushed aside in our lives because we disregard needy believers of humble circumstances. We forget that Christ may be in the small child who needs attention, the exhausted wife who needs encouragement, or the frustrated laborer who needs recognition. He might be in the grieving grandmother, the lonely shut-in, or the struggling neighbor. They may seem to have little to offer, but if we show kindness to the "least of these," it's as if we are doing it to Christ. -- Daily Bread

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PAST

1722 -- CONQUERING THE PAST

British army bulletins of 1918 tell of a certain Colonel Elkington who, in the early part of the war, was cashiered from the army for conduct unbecoming an officer. The public dispatches do not state the nature of this misconduct but the inference is that it was cowardice in the face of the enemy. The disgraced man, with his name dropped from the rolls of the British army, went back to Paris, assumed another name, and enlisted in the Foreign Legion. Wherever the men of the Legion went into action this man was conspicuous for his daring and gallantry. After one of his feats of heroism, he was decorated by the government of France. In some way, his real identity was disclosed and the facts were brought to the attention of the British government. His commission was given back to him; and, resuming his name and title, he again joined his old regiment at the front. By wounds, and daring, and fidelity, he won back the honors and the rank that cowardice had forfeited him.

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PAST

1723 -- REDEEMING THE PAST (ILLUSTRATION A)

In one of the cathedrals of England, there is a beautiful window through which the sunlight streams. It displays the facts and personalities of the Old and New Testament, and the glorious truths and doctrines of the Christian revelation. This window was fabricated by the artist out of broken bits of glass which another artist had discarded.

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PAST

1724 -- REDEEMING THE PAST (ILLUSTRATION B)

On a hill outside Florence, in a park overlooking that famous city and the river Po flowing through it, stands the great statue by Michelangelo, "David Slaying Goliath." A marvelous figure of beauty, and grace, and strength, the young shepherd lifts his arm to hurl the stone from his sling. That statue was cut out of a block of marble which another artist had worked upon and then thrown away as useless. So out of our sins, out of our mistakes, out of our failures, God's love and power, aided -- if I may be bold enough to put it that way, by our repentance, is able to reconstruct that which is forever fair and good and true.

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PAST

## 1725 -- THE GOD OF THE PAST

Frederick Maurice wrote of Carlyle that he believed in a God who lived up to the time of the death of Oliver Cromwell. From the conversation of some men, you would gather that they believe in a God who died when they were boys, or who lived in the time of their great grandfathers, or in the age of Lincoln or Washington. There were giants in the earth in those days, but now all we have is a race of pygmies. The God of the past still lives, and he is very much the God of the present.

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## PATIENCE

### 1726 -- SENSITIVE PATIENCE

A train was filled with tired people. Most of them had spent the day traveling through the hot dusty plains and at last evening had come and they all tried to settle down to a sound sleep. However, at one end of the car a man was holding a tiny baby and as night came on the baby became restless and cried more and more. Unable to take it any longer, a big brawny man spoke for the rest of the group. "Why don't you take that baby to its mother?" There was a moment's pause and then came the reply. "I'm sorry. I'm doin' my best. The baby's mother is in her casket in the baggage car ahead." Again there was an awful silence for a moment. Then the big man who asked the cruel question was out of his seat and moved toward the man with the motherless child. He apologized for his impatience and unkind remark. He took the tiny baby in his own arms and told the tired father to get some sleep. Then in loving patience he cared for the little child all through the night.

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## PATIENCE -- EXAMPLES OF

### 1727 -- NOT MUCH OF A TRUCK DRIVER EITHER

I heard a story the other night about a truck driver who dropped in at an all-night restaurant in Broken Bow, Nebraska. The waitress had just served him when three swaggering, leather-jacketed motorcyclists -- of the Hell's Angels type -- entered and rushed up to him, apparently spoiling for a fight. One grabbed the hamburger off his plate; another took a handful of his French fries; and the third picked up his coffee and began to drink it. The trucker did not respond as one might expect. Instead, he calmly rose, picked up his check, walked to the front of the room, put the check and his money on the cash register, and went out the door. The waitress followed him to put the money in the till and stood watching out the door as the big truck drove away into the night. When she returned, one of the cyclists said to her, "Well, he's not much of a man, is he?" She replied, "I can't answer as to that, but he's not much of a truck driver. He just ran over three motorcycles out in the parking lot."

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## PATIENCE -- EXAMPLES OF

### 1728 -- THE FLOWERING CRABAPPLE

A few years ago I bought a red flowering crabapple tree and carefully planted it in our yard. But it didn't exactly thrive -- in fact, one by one the leaves started dropping off! My husband Jim failed to see the urgency of the situation. "Give it a little time," he murmured. The next Spring it did a little better -- it had swelled buds and leaves, but no flowers. "That does it! I'm getting rid of this flowering crabapple!" I sputtered. Jim surveyed the scraggly branches. "Maybe this isn't the flowering kind. Some of 'em never blossom, you know." "But that tag says: Flowering Crabapple, Red!" The third Spring came. Still no red flowers. But this time Jim took me outside and showed me some tiny clusters of red balls nestled in among the leaves. "Blossoms?" I asked, incredulous. "Blossoms!" he said. Now, as I watch the little red tree become brilliant with color, it reminds me of how impatient I can be with other things in my life. -- Vickie Schad

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## PATIENCE -- IN WAITING FOR GOD

### 1729 -- WAITING FOR THE LORD

I heard of a missionary who did not receive her monthly check. She was seriously ill and because of no money had to live on oatmeal and canned milk. She received her check thirty days later. After mentioning this incident while on furlough a doctor asked the nature of her illness. She described the intestinal digestive trouble she had been having and the doctor said, "If your check had arrived on time and you had been eating your current diet you would now be dead, because the best treatment for your illness was a thirty-day oatmeal diet." You know, our problem is that we do not wait upon the Lord. We forget that it's through faith and patience that we obtain God's promises.

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## PEACE -- BESTOWED THROUGH CHRIST

### 1730 -- LATE, BUT NOT LOST

I remember hearing of a young man who went to a minister of Christ in great distress about his spiritual state. He said to the minister, "Sir, can you tell me what I must do to find peace?" The minister replied, "Young man, you are too late." "Oh!" said the young man, "you don't mean to say I am too late to be saved?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "but you are too late to do anything. Jesus did every thing that needed to be done twenty centuries ago." -- The Wonderful Word

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## PEACE -- FALSE

## 1731 -- IN 3358 YEARS, 227 YEARS OF PEACE

On the basis of the computation in the Moscow Gazette, Gustave Valbert in his day could report that "From the year 1496 B. C. to A. D. 1861 in 3358 years there were 227 years of peace and 3,130 years of war, or 13 years of war to every year of peace. Within the last three centuries, there have been 286 wars in Europe. He added that from the year 1500 B. C. to A. D. 1860 more than 8000 treaties of peace, meant to remain in force forever, were concluded. The average time they remained in force was two years."

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## PEACE -- OF GOD

### 1732 -- WHY WE MAY HAVE PEACE

A young lady was dying, and one Scripture which she had heard in health came to her at this time: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed," and she was led by the Holy Spirit to rest in him of whom it spoke, for salvation. A friend said to her one day, "You suffer much, I fear." "Yes," she said, "but," pointing to her hand, "there is no nail there. He had the nails; I have the peace." Laying her hand on her brow, she said, "There are no thorns here. He had the thorns; I have the peace," Touching her side she said, "There is no spear here. He had the spear; I have the peace." -- Young People's Delight

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## PEACE -- PROMISED TO BELIEVERS

### 1733 -- PEACE AT THE CENTER

A reporter asked the late President Herbert Hoover, "Mr. President, how do you handle criticism? Do you ever get agitated or tense?" "No," President Hoover said, seemingly surprised at the question, "of course not." "But," the reporter went on, "when I was a boy you were one of the most popular men in the world. Then, for a while you became one of the most unpopular, with nearly everyone against you. Didn't any of this meanness and criticism ever get under your skin?" "No, I knew when I went into politics what I might expect, so when it came I wasn't disappointed or upset," he said. He lowered his familiar bushy eyebrows and looked directly into the reporter's eyes. "Besides, I have 'peace at the center,' you know," he added. Inner peace comes from looking to God, our source. Peace is the gift of Jesus Christ. Jesus, before leaving His disciples, said, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you". (John 14:27)

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## PEACE -- PROMISED TO BELIEVERS

## 1734 -- SMASHING WAR TOYS WON'T BRING PEACE

Abie Nathan is leading a new children's crusade! Nathan, who operates a pirate radio station aboard his "Peace Ship" in the Mediterranean, has promised to give a scroll with the biblical quotation from Isaiah, "And they shall not learn war any more....," to any child who smashes his military toys. He has also offered to buy the complete stock of war toys from any store which agrees not to sell them in the future (newspaper item). We admire Nathan's optimism. But there will be no peace on earth, no fulfillment of Isaiah's great prophecy, until the Prince of peace returns to establish His rule on earth.

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## PEACE -- PROMISED TO BELIEVERS

### 1735 -- THE CUSHION OF THE SEA

Several years ago a submarine was being tested and had to remain submerged for many hours. When it returned to the harbor, the captain was asked, "How did the terrible storm last night affect you?" The officer looked at him in surprise and exclaimed, "Storm? We didn't even know there was one!" The sub had been so far beneath the surface that it had reached the area known to sailors as "the cushion of the sea." Although the ocean may be whipped into huge waves by high winds, the waters below are never stirred. The Christian's mind will be protected against the distracting waves of worry if it is resting completely in the good providence of God. There, sheltered by His grace and encouraged by His Holy Spirit, the believer can find the perfect tranquillity that only Christ can provide.

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## PEACE -- TO BE CULTIVATED

### 1736 -- NO EARTHLY IMAGE WILL BRING PEACE

High atop a mountain between Argentina and Chile stands a massive statue entitled "Christ of the Andes." The statue commemorates the signing of a peace treaty in 1903 which ended a long-smoldering border dispute between the two nations. The Argentine cannons which had terrorized the Chileans were melted down and reshaped into the statue. Engraved in Spanish at the base of the towering monument are these words: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace sworn at the foot of Christ the Redeemer."

Commendable as that hope may be, however, we know that military alliances cannot ensure true peace. But in that upper room on his way to the cross, Jesus promised His disciples His peace.

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## PEACEMAKERS

## 1737 -- A HOLY MEDDLER

Smith and Jones were "on the outs" over a very trivial matter. This deeply concerned Deacon Brown, so he prayed that he might be a peacemaker. He called on Smith and asked, "What do you think of Jones?" "He's the meanest crank in the neighborhood!" "But," said Brown, "you have to admit that he's very kind to his family." "Oh, sure, he's kind to his family all right; no one can deny that." The next day Brown went to Jones and inquired, "Do you know what Smith said about you?" "No, but I can imagine how that scamp would lie about me!" "This may surprise you, but he said you're very kind to your family." "What! Did Smith say that?" "Yes, he did." "Well, if you hadn't told me, I wouldn't believe it."

"What do you think of Smith?" asked Deacon Brown. "Truthfully, I believe he's a lowdown scalawag." "But you have to admit that he's very honest in business." "Yes, there's no getting around that; in business he's a man you can trust." The next day Brother Brown called on Smith again. "You know what Jones said about you? He claims you're a fellow that really can be trusted in business, and that you're scrupulously honest." "You mean it?" "Yes, I do," said Brown. "Well of all things," replied Smith with a happy smile. The next Sunday the former "enemies" nodded to each other. Brown continued his "meddling" until the next annual business meeting of the church when Smith and Jones shook hands and finally voted on the same side! Take a diplomatic page from the peacemaking notebook of this consecrated deacon and begin to practice his helpful methods, for God loves "a holy meddler!"

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## PEACEMAKERS

### 1738 -- PEACEMAKERS PULL THINGS TOGETHER

The story was written of a man who had a big dog named "Buck". He declared to others that Buck could "break out" a snow sled loaded with a thousand pounds which had its runners frozen tight to the ice and snow. Buck was harnessed to the sled, and his owner challenged him to break it loose with an effort equal to the dog's love for him: "As you love me, Buck. As you love me!" The big dog strained at the lines, then pulled with all his might to the right. The runners cracked. Then Buck pulled mightily to the left, and again the runners cracked. Finally, with things "broken loose" on both sides, he successfully pulled that heavy load down the center of the line! Glory to God! That's just what peacemakers do. God helps them to break things loose on both sides by pulling them toward one another, and then the power of His peace pulls the burden on up the middle of the road. Troublemakers freeze up the progress of God's work, but peacemakers free it up. -- Duane V. Maxey

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## PEACEMAKERS

### 1739 -- THE IRATE PLAINTIFF WAS SATISFIED

When he was an attorney, Abraham Lincoln was once approached by a man who passionately insisted on bringing a suit for \$2.50 against an impoverished debtor. Lincoln tried to discourage him, but the man was bent on revenge. When he saw that the man would not be put off, Lincoln agreed to take the case and asked for a legal fee of \$10, which the plaintiff paid. Lincoln then gave half of the money to the defendant, who willingly confessed to the debt and paid the \$2.50! But even more amazing than Lincoln's ingenuous settlement was the fact that the irate plaintiff was satisfied with it. -- Brown Book of Anecdotes

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## PEARL -- OF GREAT PRICE

### 1740 -- SOLD CHEAPLY THROUGH IGNORANCE

One of the first diamonds found on the South African diamond fields was picked up by the child of a small farmer as he was playing beside a brook near his father's cottage. Some months afterwards, a peddler came to the cottage with a pack on his back. As he was displaying his wares, the peddler spied the stone on a shelf in the room. He took it up and examined it, and then asked the mother what she would take for it. She pointed to the child and said, laughing, "It belongs to that bairn, not to me." The peddler then offered the boy a box of wooden soldiers worth a few cents in exchange for the stone, and the child gladly accepted the offer.

That stone, was a very precious jewel. The peddler took it to Capetown where he sold it for a large sum to a jeweler. When the jeweler sent it to Europe to be sold, he obtained \$125,000 for it, and it now adorns a royal neck.

Neither the child nor its parents were wise enough to know its value. Similarly, multitudes barter away, for a mess of pottage, the Pearl of Great Price which is within the reach of all. -- Topical Illustrations

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## PEARL -- OF GREAT PRICE

### 1741 -- THE BAG SAVED, THE PEARLS THROWN AWAY

Gibbon says that a bag of shining leather, filled with pearls fell, into the hands of a private soldier when Galerius sacked the camp of the Persians. He carefully preserved the bag, but he threw away its contents. So also, foolish men pass through life. They do not know when they come across the true riches, and even the Pearl of Great Price itself is cast aside as a thing of little worth. -- Walter Baxendale

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## PERFECTION -- DUTY OF STRIVING AFTER



## 1742 -- ONE REASON WALTON'S BUSINESS SUCCEEDED

Dick Walton of a very successful company called Wal-Mart says, "It's terribly important for everyone to get involved. Our best ideas come from clerks and stockboys." Walton stories have become legends. According to The Wall Street Journal: "Mr. Walton couldn't sleep a few weeks back. He got up and bought four dozen donuts at an all night bakery. At 2:30 a.m., he took them to a distribution center and chatted for a while with workers from the shipping docks. As a result he discovered that two more shower stalls were needed at that location." Again, the astonishing point is not the story per se: any small business person could relate a host of similar tales. The surprising news is that a top executive still exhibits such a bonedeeep form of concern for his people in a \$2 billion enterprise. -- In Search of Excellence

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## PERFECTION -- DUTY OF STRIVING AFTER

### 1743 -- PERFECTION MEET FOR THE MASTER'S USE

able to have a workshop of his own, he made it a rule that no violin should ever leave the shop until it was as near perfection as human care and skill could make it. He said, "God needs violins to send his music into the world, and if my violins are defective, God's music will be spoiled."

\* \* \*

## PERSECUTION

### 1744 -- DELIVERED THROUGH GOD-SENT DREAMS

The new Chinese evangelist was very homely but the Lord, looking into his heart, saw there a burning love for Him and a desire for the salvation of his people. His mother was not a Christian and often persecuted him. One night on his return home she met him at the door and told him that he could not go to church on the morrow and she threatened him with all kinds of punishment if he opposed her. Poor Ling Wei was in great trouble. He went to his room and lay down on his hard mat on the floor. "What shall I do?" he moaned. "My teacher will think I have gone back to my idols if I do not go to church."

Just then the door opened and Cheng, his friend in the Jesus faith, entered. "Why, what is the matter, Ling Wei?" he whispered. "You look so sad, I came for help and I find you weeping." "My heart is indeed very sad," Ling Wei answered. "When I came home my mother told me I must give up the Jesus religion. And she has hidden my clothes so I cannot go to church tomorrow." "A Chinese boy or man must mind his parents," said his friend, "but we can pray -- get help from our Jesus. Let us pray to Him."

The two friends threw themselves on their faces and prayed to the God who hears the prayers of white and yellow alike. The night passed away. The early morning light found them still weeping and calling to God to save the poor heathen mother. Suddenly the door was opened and Ling Wei's mother stood in the door way. "Oh, my dream! My dream!" she cried. "The True God you talk to told me in a dream to let you alone or He would punish me. Here are your clothes. Dress and go to church. I will hinder you no more." When the two friends entered the mission that day their hearts were very happy. -- Selected

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## PERSECUTION

### 1745 -- FRUIT FROM GREAT PERSECUTION

Pastor J. H. Crowell, when about sixteen, shipped on a sailing vessel, where he was the only Christian, in a crew of twelve. Before leaving his mother he promised to meet her three times a day at the throne of grace. So regularly he went below and prayed aloud. He thought he must. They threw wood at him and poured buckets of water over him, but could not put out the fire in his soul. Then they tied him to the mast and laid thirty-nine stripes on his back. Still he prayed. They tied a rope around his body and threw him overboard. He swam as best he could, and when he took hold of the side of the ship they pushed him off with a pole. At last his strength gave way, and, supposing they meant to kill him, he prayed that God would forgive them, and called out: "Send my body to my mother and tell her that I died for Jesus." He was then pulled on deck unconscious, but after some time came to. Conviction began to seize the sailors. Before night two of them were gloriously converted. Inside of a week every one on board, including the captain, was blessedly saved. -- Sunday School Times

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## PERSECUTION

### 1746 -- HE DIDN'T SUCCEED

A bronze medal in the British Museum bears the inscription: "To Diocletian, who destroyed Christianity." This is certainly grotesque, almost amusing, considering the historic fact that Christianity has since become in the world a power, second only to Omnipotence. Now the question arises, What has become of Diocletian? -- Evangel

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## PERSECUTION

### 1747 -- HER GETHSEMANE

"When My father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." A year ago, when I was in Michigan, Dr. E\_\_ said that twenty-five years ago, in the State of New York, a minister gave him this incident:

There was, in his church, a very pious and wealthy lady. Her husband was an infidel. They lived in a large mansion with everything at their command that wealth could give. They had an only daughter, a beautiful little girl. This mother had a Bible that she used to always carry to meetings with her. Soon she took sick and died. Before she died she called her little daughter to her bed and said: "My child, I am going to leave you. "You will be alone now, with only Jesus to help you, and I want to give you this Bible with my dying blessing. It has been such a comfort and blessing to me all through my life."

Some time after, she carried her Bible to meeting. The Spirit of God arrested her attention, and she was brought to the light and the happiness of the Gospel. Her father heard her singing at home. His ire was aroused. He, in his heart, hated God, and ministers, and Jesus, and the Bible, and religion. That night he said; " My daughter, I heard you singing, perhaps you think you have become a Christian." "Yes, papa; I am so happy; I think I have been converted." I don't suppose he would have spoken an unkind word to that child for anything but religion. "My child, " said he, "I hate God, and I hate the Bible, and I will provide your needs, and money to give you as good a home as your heart can wish; but, if you are going to have religion you must leave your home. You can take your choice. Let me know tomorrow morning whether you will give up religion or your home; one or the other you must do."

She went up into her chamber and knelt down and opened her Bible, and her eye rested on the passage: "When your father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." In a moment, it seemed as if God helped her to a decision. She said, "I will go with my Lord." She came down in the morning. "Well, my daughter, what is the decision?" "Papa, I love you, and I love my home, but I love Jesus more, and I have concluded to go." He opened the door angrily. "There is the way." The darling child dropped her head and went out, not knowing whither she was going.

She walked down the street some distance, and by and by inadvertently, turned in toward the bushes. In a little space she found a log, and there she bowed in prayer to God for that hardhearted infidel father. By and by seeing what he had done, his heart began to relent. I have no doubt God was in it, for in His Word He says, "...a little child shall lead them;" and He has a great many ways for little children to lead them. He soon followed her. As he passed down by the wood he heard the sweet voice of his daughter. He followed it, and found her praying. He stepped over the log, got down by her side put his arm around her neck and kissed her in the midst of her prayer. That was her Gethsemane. -- Albert P. Graves

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PERSEVERANCE

1748 -- A PICTURE OF THE COAST IN HER MIND

In the early morning hours of July 4, 1952 a powerful swimmer named Florence Chadwick attempted to become the first woman to swim from Catalina Island to the California coast. The 21-mile swim through shark-infested waters began on a foggy morning. Less than a half-mile from the finish, however, Chadwick had to be pulled from the water. Later she said she hadn't been defeated by fatigue, but by the fog. "If I could have seen land, I might have made it." Two months later, she made it! Again, fog limited Chadwick's vision -- but this time she overcame despair by keeping a picture of the coast in her mind. Anyone who has faced adversity knows how Florence Chadwick felt as she struggled to swim on without being able to see the goal. Hardship has a way of obscuring our spiritual vision. The solution? Focus on Jesus and think on him.

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## PERSEVERANCE

### 1749 -- A SLOW START?

Are you discouraged because the work that God has called you to do is off to a slow start? Remember, some of our most wonderful inventions got off to slow starts as well.

The first electric light was so dim that a candle was needed to see its socket. One of the first steamboats took 32 hours to chug its way from New York to Albany, a distance of 150 miles. Wilbur and Orville Wright's first airplane flight lasted only 12 seconds. And the first automobiles traveled 2 to 4 miles per hour and broke down often. Carriages would pass them with their passengers often shouting, "Get a horse!" But look at what these inventions are capable of today.

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## PERSEVERANCE

### 1750 -- APPLY THAT TO OUR WALK WITH GOD

Victory takes persistence. It took twenty-two years for the McDonald's hamburger chain to make its first billion dollars. It took IBM forty-six years and Xerox sixty-three years to make their first billion. If only we would apply that kind of determination to our walk with God! -- Dennis Waitley

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## PERSEVERANCE

### 1751 -- DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,  
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,  
When the funds are low and the debts are high,  
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,

When care is pressing you down a bit--  
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is strange with its twists and turns,  
As every one of us sometimes learns  
And many a failure turns about  
When he might have won had he stuck it out,  
Don't give up, though the pace seems slow...  
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than  
It seems to a faint and faltering man.  
Often the struggler has given up  
When he might have captured the victor's cup,  
And he learned too late when the night slipped down  
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out--  
The silver tints of the clouds of doubt,  
And you never can tell how close you are,  
It may be near when it seems afar;  
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit--  
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

\* \* \*

## PERSEVERANCE

### 1752 -- GENERAL WASHINGTON'S PERSEVERANCE

The loss of Fort Washington opened the way to New Jersey. British forces under Maj. Gen. Charles Cornwallis quickly poured in. General Washington had left part of his army to protect New England. The rest sought safety behind the Delaware River.

Howe did not pursue Washington. Instead, he ordered his men into winter quarters, and assigned Maj. Gen. Sir Henry Clinton to seize Newport, R. I. The British had assigned Hessian troops to garrison Trenton, N. J. Washington's reinforced army launched a three-column attack on the Hessians. Men under Col. John Glover (1732-1797) ferried one attacking force across the ice-clogged Delaware River on Christmas night, 1776. These troops assembled swiftly, then silently marched toward Trenton.

They took the Hessians by surprise and captured 1,000 prisoners on December 26. After some hesitation, Washington took his entire army across the Delaware. But Cornwallis' stronger army advancing toward Trenton endangered the American positions there. Washington marched south, then east around Cornwallis during the night of Jan. 2, 1777. The following day, he won a brilliant victory at Princeton, defeating some redcoats marching to join Cornwallis.

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## PERSEVERANCE

### 1753 -- HE MISSED A FORTUNE BY THREE FEET!

Professor Drummond saw at a fair a glass model of a famous mine. The owner drove a tunnel a mile long through the strata he thought contained gold. He spent one hundred thousand dollars on it, and in a year and a half had failed to find the gold. Another company drove the tunnel a yard further and struck the ore. So the gold of life may be but a short distance off. There are countless failures in life due to not going far enough. Keep on the reward may lie but a yard ahead.  
-- Sunday School Banner

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## PERSEVERANCE

### 1754 -- JOHN WESLEY'S PERSEVERANCE

A page from John Wesley's Diary reads as follows: Sunday morning, May 5, preached in St. Ann's, was asked not to come back anymore. Sunday p.m., May 5, preached at St. John's, deacons said, "Get out and stay out." Sunday a.m., May 12, preached at St. Jude's, can't go back there either. Sunday p.m., May 12, preached at St. George's, kicked out again. Sunday a.m., May 19, preached at St. somebody else's, deacons called special meeting and said I couldn't return. Sunday p.m., May 19, preached on the street, kicked off the street. Sunday a.m., May 26, preached in meadow, chased out of meadow as a bull was turned loose during the services. Sunday a.m., June 2, preached out at the edge of town, kicked off the highway. Sunday p.m., June 2, afternoon service, preached in a pasture, 10,000 people came to hear me.

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## PERSEVERANCE

### 1755 -- KEEP ON KEEPING ON

In the leaflet *Keep on Keeping On*, Leslie B. Flynn tells of a man who handed out gospel tracts on a street corner. After years of not seeing anyone trust Christ as Savior, he quit.

Two years later he happened to pass that same familiar corner and saw a person handing out tracts. He walked over to the stranger and struck up a conversation. He learned that a little more than 2 years earlier the man had become a Christian after reading a tract he had received at that corner.

"Many a time I've come back here to find the man to thank him," said the stranger, "but he never came back. So I decided he must have died and gone to his reward. That's why I've taken his place!"

If you have trusted Christ as your Savior, God will give you by His Spirit the power to persevere. Don't give up. Keep up the good work!

\* \* \*

## PERSEVERANCE

### 1756 -- MOODY PERSEVERED

In 1873 D. L. Moody and Ira Sankey sailed to England for a series of evangelistic meetings. But once there they found to their dismay that all three of their prime contacts had died. Meetings had to be hastily arranged. Some of the pastors who had endorsed Moody's ministry turned against him. At Sunderland, a group of pastors covered the public buildings with material warning about the Americans and their "questionable procedure" and probable evil results." Rumors about Moody traveled ahead of him. He and Sankey went to Scotland, only to encounter deep skepticism. But Moody persevered, and revival swept the British Isles. -- Moody

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## PERSEVERANCE

### 1757 -- NINETY-NINE PERCENT PERSPIRATION

Edison's best-known adage appears in various forms, the shortest being his comments to an interviewer that "genius is one percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration," his reply to a question about genius from Samuel Insull. For some years his secretary, more accurately reflects what he really thought: "Well, about 99 percent of it is a knowledge of the things that will not work. The other one per cent may be genius, but the only way that I know to accomplish anything is everlastingly to keep working with patient observation."

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## PERSEVERANCE

### 1758 -- NO QUALITY SAVE PERSISTENCE

Napoleon Hill, who studied the lives of many successful people, stated, "I had the happy privilege of analyzing both Mr. Edison and Mr. Ford, year by year, over a long period of years, and therefore the opportunity to study them at close range, so I speak from actual knowledge when I say that I found no quality save persistence, in either of them, that even remotely suggested the major source of their stupendous achievements."

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## PERSEVERANCE

### 1759 -- ON THE SEVENTIETH TRY

It happened in Southwest Asia in the 14th Century. The army of Asian conqueror Emperor Tamerlane (a descendant of Ghengis Khan) has been routed, dispersed by a powerful enemy. Tamerlane himself lay hidden in a deserted manger while enemy troops scoured the countryside. As he lay there, desperate and dejected, Tamerlane watched an ant try to carry a grain of corn over a perpendicular wall. The kernel was larger than the ant itself. As the emperor counted, sixty-nine times the ant tried to carry it up the wall. Sixty-nine times he fell back. On the seventieth try he pushed the grain of corn over the top. Tamerlane leaped to his feet with a shout! He, too, would triumph in the end! He did, reorganizing his forces and putting the enemy to flight.

\* \* \*

## PERSEVERANCE

### 1760 -- ONE STEP AT A TIME

One morning a couple of cowpunchers went out on the range to bring in a wild steer from the mountains. They took along with them one of those shaggy little gray donkeys -- a burro. Now a big three-year old steer that's been running loose in the timber is a tough customer to handle. Nevertheless, these cowboys had a technique for handling this steer. They got a rope on the steer and then they tied him neck and neck, right up close, to the burro and let them go.

At first, the burro had a bad time. The steer threw him all over the place. He banged him against trees, rocks, into bushes. Time after time they both went down. But there was one great difference between the burro and the steer. The burro had an idea. He wanted to go home, and no matter how often the steer threw him, every time the burro got to his feet he took a step nearer the corral. This went on and on. After about a week, the burro showed up at the corral. He had with him the tamest and sorriest-looking steer you ever saw!

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## PERSEVERANCE

### 1761 -- REVIVAL GRIPPED THE CAMP

Sociology professor Anthony Campolo recalls a deeply moving incident that happened in a Christian junior high camp where he served. One of the campers, a boy with spastic paralysis, was the object of heartless ridicule. When he would ask a question, the boys would deliberately answer in a halting, mimicking way. One night his cabin group chose him to lead the devotions before the entire camp. It was one more effort to have some "fun" at his expense. Unashamedly the spastic boy stood up, and in his strained, slurred manner -- each word coming with enormous



effort -- he said simply, "Jesus loves me -- and I love Jesus!" That was all. Conviction fell upon those juniorhighers. Many began to cry. Revival gripped the camp. Years afterward, Campolo still meets men in the ministry who came to Christ because of that testimony.

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## PERSEVERANCE

1762 -- SOME CHICKEN! SOME NECK!

Winston Churchill said to our president on February 9, 1941, during a radio broadcast: "Give us the tools, and we will finish the job." And I will never forget hearing the amazing speech he gave to a very fearful people in Britain when he addressed the House of Commons on December 30, 1941. It included these words: "When I warned (the French) that Britain would fight on alone whatever they did, their generals told their Prime Minister and his divided Cabinet, "In three weeks England will have her neck wrung like a chicken." Some chicken; some neck.

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## PERSEVERANCE

1763 -- SOME PEOPLE WON'T BE STOPPED

Have you noticed? Some people will just not be stopped. They have accomplished much despite adversity. They refuse to listen to their fears. Nothing anyone says or does holds them back. As Ted Engstrom insightfully writes in his book "Pursuit of Excellence: Cripple him, and you have a Sir Walter Scott. Lock him in a prison cell, and you have a John Bunyan. Bury him in the snows of Valley Forge, and you have a George Washington. Raise him in abject poverty and you have an Abraham Lincoln. Strike him down with infantile paralysis, and he becomes Franklin Roosevelt. Burn him so severely that the doctors say he'll never walk again, and you have a Glenn Cunningham -- who set the world's one-mile record in 1934. Deafen him and you have a Ludwig von Beethoven. Have him or her born black in a society filled with racial discrimination, and you have a Booker T. Washington, a Marian Anderson, a George Washington Carver.... Call him a slow learner, "retarded," and write him off as ineducable, and you have an Albert Einstein.

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## PERSEVERANCE

1764 -- TWO FROGS

Two frogs fell into a can of cream  
Or so I've heard it told  
The sides of the can were shiny and steep,  
The cream was deep and cold,

"Oh, what's the use?" said No. 1,  
"'Tis fate -- no help's around--  
Good-bye, my friend! Good-bye, sad world!"  
And weeping still, he drowned.

But No. 2 of sterner stuff,  
Kept paddling, which was wise,  
Then while he wiped his creamy face  
And dried his creamy eyes.

"I'll swim awhile, at least," he thought  
This cream I still can tread  
"It wouldn't really help the world  
If one more frog was dead."

An hour or two he kicked and swam --  
Not once he stopped to mutter,  
But kicked and swam, and swam and kicked,  
Then hopped out, via butter.

\* \* \*

## PERSEVERANCE

### 1765 -- WE'RE REBUILDING

Recently I was reading a brief but stimulating biography of Thomas Edison written by his son. What an amazing character! Thanks to his genius, we enjoy the microphone, the phonograph, the incandescent light, the storage battery, talking movies and more than a thousand other inventions. But beyond all that, Edison was a man who refused to be discouraged. His contagious optimism affected all those around him.

His son recalled a freezing December night in 1914. Unfruitful experiments on the nickel-iron-alkaline storage battery, a 10-year project, had put Edison on a financial tightrope. He was still solvent only because of profits from movie and record production. On that December evening the cry "fire!" echoed through the plant. Spontaneous combustion had broken out in the film room. Within minutes all the packing compounds, celluloid for records and film and other flammable goods were burning. Fire companies from eight surrounding towns arrived, but the heat was so intense and the water pressure so low that attempts to douse the flames were futile. Everything was being destroyed.

When he couldn't find his father, the son became concerned. Was he safe? With all his assets being destroyed, would his spirit be broken? Soon he saw his father in the plant yard running toward him. "Where's Mom?" shouted the inventor. "Go get her, son! Tell her to hurry up and bring her friends! They'll never see a fire like this again!"

Early the next morning, long before dawn, with the fire barely under control, Edison called his employees together and made an incredible announcement. "We're rebuilding!" He told one man to lease all the machine shops in the area. He told another to obtain a wrecking crane from the Erie Railroad Company. Then, almost as an afterthought, he added, "Oh, by the way, anybody know where we can get some money?"

Later, he explained, "We can always make capital out of a disaster. We've just cleared out a bunch of old rubbish. We'll build bigger and better on the ruins." Shortly after that, he yawned, rolled up his coat for a pillow, curled up on a table and immediately fell asleep.

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## PERSEVERANCE

### 1766 -- WHATEVER HAPPENS WE'RE GOING ON

One stormy night a boat could make no headway, and while the captain was struggling to get into port, a nervous passenger said to him: "Do you think we shall get in all right?" He replied: "This is a leaky old boat, and we may go down; and the boilers are not in very good condition, so we may go up. But, whatever happens, we are going on." -- Sunday School Times

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## PERSUASION -- WRONG METHOD OF

### 1767 -- FATAL SELF-PERSUASION

Unless our persuasions come from God, there is a danger that they will bring about our eternal death instead of our eternal life. -- Duane V. Maxey

A railway employee accidentally locked himself in a refrigerated boxcar. His efforts to attract the attention of anyone outside failed, and unable to free himself, he resigned himself to his fate. As he felt his body numbing with cold, he scribbled the record of his impending death on the wall of the boxcar: "I'm becoming colder," he wrote. "Half asleep now. I can hardly write," Finally, "These may be my last words." And they were. When the boxcar was finally opened, they found him there; frozen to death. And yet, the temperature inside was only 56 degrees, The freezing apparatus was, and for some time had been, out of working order. There was no physical reason for his death, He was a victim of his own illusion.-Mark Justice

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## PERSUASION -- WRONG METHODS OF

### 1768 -- THE WRONG METHOD OF PERSUASION

"A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still." Force can intimidate. It can even cause some to agree to what they know is not so. One thing it cannot do -- it cannot make believers. No matter how much a person may lie to accommodate those who are threatening, that force cannot convince a person in his mind that a thing is right or wrong. When the constraints are removed, he who was coerced will once again state his honest belief concerning the matter. A certain disputant was once arguing a point, and finding his antagonist hard to be convinced, he reversed the nature of his argument; and lifting up a dreadful club stick which he had in his hand, says he, "if you won't believe it I'll make you believe it!"

\* \* \*

## PHYSICAL DEATH

### 1769 -- THE SHADOW OF THE SECOND DEATH

Dr. Donald Grey Barnhouse was one of America's great preachers. His first wife died from cancer when she was in her thirties, leaving three children under the age of twelve. Barnhouse chose to preach the funeral himself. What does a father tell his motherless children at a time like that? On his way to the service, he was driving with his little family when a large truck passed them in the highway, casting a shadow over their car. Barnhouse turned to his oldest daughter who was staring disconsolately out the window, and asked, "Tell me, sweetheart, would you rather be run over by that truck or its shadow?" The little girl looked curiously at her father and said, "By the shadow, I guess. It can't hurt you." Dr. Barnhouse said quietly to the three children, "Your mother has not been overrun by death, but by the shadow of death. That is nothing to fear." At the funeral he used the text from the twenty-third Psalm, which so eloquently expresses this truth.

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## PHYSICAL LIFE -- BRIEF

### 1770 -- REMARKS BY DANIEL AUBER

A friend of the French composer Daniel Francois Auber once remarked to him, "My friend, we're all getting older, aren't we?"

Auber sighed, "Well there's no help for it. Aging seems to be the only available way to live a long time." Auber was so determined to live a long time that he refused to think about death, and whenever he was reminded of its approach he would say, "I'll pay no attention to it." But in his old age the composer began to accommodate himself to the idea of his mortality. At a funeral service which he was compelled to attend, Auber remarked to one of his fellow mourners, "I believe this is the last time I'll take part as an amateur."

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## PIETY -- FALSE

## 1771 -- MISTAKEN PIETY

Agnes de Rochier was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of Paris, and was admired by all the neighborhood for her beauty and virtue. In 1403 her father died, leaving her the sole possessor of his wealth, and rumor immediately disposed of her hand to all the young gallants of the quarter; but whether it was that grief for the loss of her parent had turned her head, or that the gloomy fanaticism of that time had worked with too fatal effect on her pure and inexperienced imagination, she took not only marriage and the male sex into utter abomination, but resolved to quit the world for ever and to make herself a perpetual prisoner for religion's sake.

She determined in short to become what was then called a recluse and, as such, to pass the remainder of her days in a narrow cell built within the wall of a church. On the 5th of October accordingly, when the cell, only a few feet square, was finished in the wall of the church of St. Opportune, Agnes entered her final abode and the ceremony of her reclusion began. The walls and pillars of the sacred edifice had been hung with tapestry and costly cloths; tapers burned on every altar; the clergy of the capital and the several religious communities thronged the church.

The Bishop of Paris, attended by his chaplains and the canons of Notre Dame, entered the choir and celebrated a pontifical mass. He then approached the opening of the cell, sprinkled it with holy water, and after Agnes had bidden adieu to her friends and relations, ordered the masons to fill up the aperture. This was done as strongly as stone and mortar could make, nor was any opening left, save only a small loophole through which Agnes might hear the offices of the church and receive the aliments given her by the charitable. She was eighteen years old when she entered this living tomb, and she continued within it eighty years, her death terminated her sufferings! Alas for mistaken piety! Her wealth which she gave to the church, and her own personal exertions during so long a life might have made her a blessing to all that quarter of the city, instead of remaining a useless object of compassion to the few, and of idle wonder to the many. -- Chronicles Of Paris

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## PLANS -- EVIL

### 1772 -- FREELoader

The European cuckoo bird is a "freeloder" in its very unusual nesting habits. When spring comes, it does not construct a home for its yearly brood. Instead, the female searches out an unsuspecting "foster home" and lays an egg in the nest of another such as the hedge sparrow. The cuckoo's offspring is left to be hatched and cared for by its "foster parent." While still featherless and blind, the intruder soon dominates the nest by pushing the rightful occupants over the edge to death. Then it monopolizes all the attention of its new "parents."

\* \* \*

## PLANS -- OF MAN, PRESUMPTUOUS

## 1773 -- WRONG AGAIN

A Gallup Poll conducted before the 1948 presidential election wrongly predicted a win for Republican candidate Thomas E. Dewey. Shortly after the announcement of Harry Truman's victory, George Gallup was stopped by a policeman for driving down a one-way street in the wrong direction. Reading the name on Gallup's driver's license, the policeman grinned broadly and exclaimed, "Wrong again!"

Trying to guess at the outcome of a political contest can put us on pretty shaky ground. But we're on even shakier ground when we try to guess at the purpose and plans of God.

\* \* \*

## PLEASURE -- WORLDLY

### 1774 -- THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE

A picture hangs in London that is one of the most tragic pictures ever painted. It portrays the last rough slope of a mountain leading to the edge of a precipice at the foot of which one catches a misty glimpse of a graveyard. A crowd of men and women, some in evening dress, some in the garb of toil, some in rags pack the slope, all struggling for a foothold on the highest point and tearing at and treading upon one another. They are gazing upward where the filmy, beckoning, mocking figure of pleasure floats out of reach. The picture is called The Pursuit of Pleasure. On that grim, ghostly sunless canvas the artist has not painted one happy face; not a smile, not a flicker of gladness; nothing but fear, hatred, selfishness, and pain is seen. That picture tells the story of the world's pursuit of joy. Jesus tells us joy is not found there.

\* \* \*

## POOR

### 1775 -- MONEY WAS NOT THE SOLUTION

A little over a century ago, Leo Tolstoy tried puzzling out a plan to rid Moscow of the poor and homeless. The famed novelist and wealthy aristocrat first went to the worst hovels in town and gave money to beggars. He realized, however, that he had been "cheated by men who said they only needed money to buy a railway ticket home" when he spotted them still in town days later. Next, Tolstoy spent several months helping take the Moscow census, searching for the "truly" needy. But Tolstoy saw the homeless could not be helped merely by "feeding and clothing a thousand people as one feeds and drives under shelter a thousand sheep." At last, he sadly concluded: "Of all the people I noted down, I really helped none... I did not find any unfortunates who could be made fortunate by a mere gift of money." Jesus is truly the answer. As we meet the physical needs of the homeless, let's give them the bread and water of life which will truly set them free.

\* \* \*

## POOR

### 1776 -- POOR PEOPLE SHOULD LEARN TO BE GIVERS

Too often those who are poor today feel that they should be receivers and not givers. The fact is, however, we should learn to be givers when we are poor, and before we gain wealth. Consider the following quotation:

"If you give to charity while you are poor, you will eventually give in days of wealth. If you do not give while you are rich, you will eventually abstain from giving because of poverty. God has willed that there be two hands in the matter of charity -- one that gives and one that receives. Thank God that yours is the hand that gives. Say not, 'I will miss what I give.' Be like the sheep who give their wool and have no less the next year because they have given. -- Tan Huma Rabbinic Literature

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## POPULARITY

### 1777 -- WHY CHURCHILL WASN'T IMPRESSED

Winston Churchill knew that public favor was no proof of real success. Once, after he gave a speech for which 10,000 people came out, a friend asked, "Winston, aren't you impressed that 10,000 people came to hear you speak?" Churchill replied, "Not really. 100,000 would come to see me hang."

\* \* \*

## POPULARITY -- SOUGHT BY MEN

### 1778 -- WHY HE CARRIED THE DONKEY

An old fable that has been passed down for generations tells about an elderly man who was traveling with a boy and a donkey. As they walked through a village, the man was leading the donkey and the boy was walking behind. The townspeople said the old man was a fool for not riding, so to please them he climbed up on the animal's back. When they came to the next village, the people said the old man was cruel to let the child walk while he enjoyed the ride. So, to please them, he got off and set the boy on the animal's back and continued on his way. In the third village, people accused the child of being lazy for making the old man walk, and the suggestion was made that they both ride. So the man climbed on and they set off again. In the fourth village, the townspeople were indignant at the cruelty to the donkey because he was made to carry two people. The frustrated man was last seen carrying the donkey down the road. To be popular with everyone, you must please everyone, and that is impossible!

\* \* \*

## POVERTY

### 1779 -- POVERTY AND MISSIONS SERVICE PREFERRED

"Forbid that we should ever consider the holding of a commission from the King of Kings a sacrifice, so long as other men esteem the service of an earthly government as an honor. I am a missionary, heart and soul. God Himself had an only Son, and He was a missionary and a physician. A poor, poor imitation I am, or wish to be, but in this service I hope to live. In it I wish to die. I still prefer poverty and missions service to riches and ease. This is my choice." -- David Livingstone

\* \* \*

## POVERTY -- SPIRITUAL

### 1780 -- AN EMPTY PURSE

A certain alchemist who waited upon Leo X. declared that he had discovered how to transmute the baser metals into gold. He expected to receive a sum of money for his discovery, but Leo was not such a simpleton. He merely gave him a large purse in which to keep the gold he would make. There was wisdom as well as sarcasm in the present.

That is precisely what God does with proud men; he lets them have the opportunity to do what they boasted of being able to do. I never heard that so much as a solitary gold piece was dropped into Leo's purse, and I am sure you will never be spiritually rich by what you can do in your own strength. Be stripped, brother, and then God may be pleased to clothe you with honor, but not till then. -- C. H. Spurgeon

\* \* \*

## POVERTY -- SPIRITUAL

### 1781 -- DIED RICH

The following story can illustrate how those who die, rich in this world's wealth, have been deceived and are actually eternal, spiritual paupers:

Many years ago John Something-or-other, a gold prospector, at last believed himself rich. But he was starving amid the shifting dunes of Death Valley, California.

On a scrap of paper John scribbled, "Died rich." Then hugging a small bolder of mica, whose pyrites, resembling gold, apparently had deceived him, John passed away. Recently a party of motor tourists discovered the skeleton. An old miner's pick lay near by. A rusty watch was also found, but was not running.



Millions die with real, earthly riches, and yet they die both deceived and spiritually poor. All earthly riches are but "fool's gold" in comparison with the true riches -- those which are spiritual and eternal. -- Pathfinder

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## POVERTY -- SPIRITUAL

### 1782 -- GARBAGE MARY

An old woman, known to all her neighbors as "Garbage Mary," lived in a small town in Florida. Every day she would be seen dressed in her rags, walking the streets, scavenging through garbage cans for food, which she hoarded in her car or in her tiny two-room apartment. She was a recluse with no friends, and, as she scrounged cigarettes and ice cubes from anyone who was available, it was logical to believe that she was an old woman who was rapidly losing her mind and living on the verge of destitution.

Finally, Garbage Mary was picked up by police and confined in a psychiatric institution. But, when some court officials went to her apartment to collect a few of her personal effects, they were amazed to discover that there was money everywhere. Scattered through her apartment and her car were bank books, stock securities, oil-drilling rights, real-estate documents, and cash, which indicated that Garbage Mary was worth more than a million dollars. These documents also indicated that she was not an old woman, but a forty-eight-year-old college graduate, who had inherited a great deal of money when her father died in 1974.

Further investigation revealed that she had experienced two unhappy marriages, and her brother felt the resulting trauma may have caused her mental problems. Her psychiatrist conjectured that, living alone, she had fallen into a mental rut because she had nothing to excite her. Whatever the reason, the tragedy remains. Here was a woman, abounding in the physical resources she needed to meet her physical needs, foraging through garbage and living in rags, while her resources went unused and neglected. While her money collected interest, she collected garbage!

All who ignore the spiritual wealth which Christ has provided while pilfering in the devil's immoral and temporal garbage make a more pitiful "mistake" than that of Garbage Mary.

\* \* \*

## POVERTY -- SPIRITUAL

### 1783 -- LOWER YOUR BUCKETS

The Amazon River is the largest river in the world. The mouth is 90 miles across. There is enough water to exceed the combined flow of the Yangtze, Mississippi and Nile Rivers. So much water comes from the Amazon that they can detect its currents 200 miles out in the Atlantic

Ocean. One irony of ancient navigation is that sailors in ancient times died for lack of water... caught in windless waters of the South Atlantic. They were adrift, helpless, dying of thirst. Sometimes other ships from South America who knew the area would come alongside and call out, "What is your problem?" And they would exclaim, "Can you spare us some water? Our sailors are dying of thirst!" And from the other ship would come the cry, "Just lower your buckets. You are in the mouth of the mighty Amazon River." The irony of ancient Israel and the tragedy around us today is that God, the fountain of living water, is right here and people don't draw from Him.

\* \* \*

## POVERTY -- SPIRITUAL

### 1784 -- SKIM MILK WAS CHEAPER

For many years Hetty Green was called America's greatest miser. When she died in 1916, she left an estate valued at \$100 million, an especially vast fortune for that day. But she was so miserly that she ate cold oatmeal in order to save the expense of heating the water. When her son had a severe leg injury, she took so long trying to find a free clinic to treat him that his leg had to be amputated because of advanced infection. It has been said that she hastened her own death by bringing on a fit of apoplexy while arguing the merits of skim milk because it was cheaper than whole milk.

How many others have died spiritually while arguing the merits of a cheaper way into heaven -- one which cost them less, or nothing, and yet one whose false, "skim milk" doctrines lacked the essential spiritual elements and nutrients to bring and maintain true spiritual life.

\* \* \*

## POVERTY -- SPIRITUAL

### 1785 -- WHAT HAVE YOU UP THERE?

A friend visited a very wealthy farmer. He took him out. "Do you see all these broad acres? These are all mine. Do you see all those flocks and herds? They are all mine." He took him over to the village. "All these blocks, and all these mansions and this vast wealth is mine sir. I came to this place when I was a little boy, very poor; I have made all this."

The friend stopped a minute then asked: "But what have you up there?" (pointing upward.) He hung his head a moment, "I confess; nothing," he said. "Is it possible," said the friend, "that a man of your discernment and judgment in accumulating should have done all this barely for the wealth that perishes, where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal, and yet have laid up no treasures there?"

O think of it my friends! That man, a little while after, died a pauper. I don't mean that he had not plenty of farms. -- Albert P. Graves

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## POWER -- SPIRITUAL

### 1786 -- A MISTAKEN EXPLANATION

The 11 terrified disciples sat in a locked room. Author Max Lucado describes the scene: "As you look around the room, you wouldn't take them for a bunch who are about to put the kettle of history on high boil. Uneducated. Confused. Calloused hands. Heavy accents. Few social graces. Limited knowledge of the world. No money. Undefined leadership. And on and on."

"No, as you look at this motley crew, you wouldn't wager too many paychecks on their future. But something happens to a man when he witnesses someone who has risen from the dead."

\*This does not explain the power of the disciples! The explanation is the fiery, Divinely empowering, baptism of the Holy Ghost which they received on Pentecost! In the story of Lazarus and the rich man, Jesus made it clear that one's rising from the dead would not convince sinners to repent. It is only the convicting power of the Holy Ghost that can bring this about, and that power works, not through men who have seen Christ risen from the dead, but through men who are filled with His Spirit. -- Duane V. Maxey

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## POWER -- SPIRITUAL

### 1787 -- GIVE ME NEW ENGLAND!

Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758) was a brilliant theologian whose sermons had an overwhelming impact on those who heard him. One in particular, his famous "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," moved hundreds to repentance and salvation. That single message helped to spark the revival known as "The Great Awakening" (1734-1744).

From a human standpoint, it seems incredible that such far-reaching results could come from one message. Edwards did not have a commanding voice or impressive pulpit manner. He used very few gestures, and he read from a manuscript. Yet God's Spirit moved upon his hearers with conviction and power.

Few know the spiritual preparation involved in that sermon. John Chapman gives us the story: "For 3 days Edwards had not eaten a mouthful of food; for 3 nights he had not closed his eyes in sleep. Over and over again he was heard to pray, 'O Lord, give me New England! Give me New England!' When he arose from his knees and made his way into the pulpit that Sunday, he looked as if he had been gazing straight into the face of God. Even before he began to speak, tremendous conviction fell upon his audience."

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## POWER -- SPIRITUAL

### 1788 -- I SEE IT ALL NOW

Hudson Taylor, pioneer missionary to China, was deeply distressed by many burdens that weighed him down. As he prayed for strength to carry on his ministry, Psalm 55:22 suddenly came to his mind: "Cast your burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain you."

Springing to his feet, he cried, "This fear-allaying truth has evaded me too long! I see it all now. If we are obeying the Lord and still run into difficulty, the heavy responsibility rests with Him, not with us!" Then he prayed, "Lord, You shall have all the burden! At Your bidding I will go forward, leaving the results with You." With lightened heart, Hudson Taylor went on to establish a great work in China.

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## POWER -- SPIRITUAL

### 1789 -- WHY THE COMPUTER DIDN'T WORK

How's your power source? Are you plugged in? In his book *Spiritual Stamina*, Stuart Briscoe tells the story of a man who bought a new computer. Bringing his new prize home, he carefully opened the box, gingerly took the machine out, studied its manual, and connected the wires. Eagerly he flipped on the power switch -- but nothing happened. Puzzled, the man switched the computer off and rechecked all the connections. He rounded up a screwdriver and fastened the wires more securely. He read again the relevant portion of the manual. Satisfied that he'd followed directions, he flipped the computer on -- and again nothing happened. As his anger rose the man's little girl walked into the room.

"Hi, Daddy!" her cheery voice rang out. "What a pretty computer! Can I plug it in?" --  
Moody

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## POWERLESSNESS -- LACK OF POWER

### 1790 -- MORE MACHINERY THAN POWER

The early Church had little machinery, but they had power. A young woman, a member of my church, worked in a large umbrella factory in Philadelphia, at that time considered the largest umbrella factory in the world. She said to me one day, in a discouraged manner, "Pastor, I'll have to hunt another job." "What's the matter?" I asked her, "have they discharged you?" "No, they haven't discharged me." "Well, hasn't your factory enough orders to keep going all the time?" "No, not that at all. They have more orders than they can fill; but they haven't enough electricity to keep all the machines going at once, and my machine has to lie idle part of the week, and I lose so much

time and pay. The trouble with the factory is, they have more machinery than power." -- L. B. Bauman

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PRAISE TO GOD

1791 -- A GOOD REASON TO THANK THE LORD

Alexander Whyte, the Scottish preacher, always began his prayers with an expression of gratitude. One cold, miserable day his people wondered what he would say. He prayed, "We thank Thee, O Lord, that it is not always like this."

\* \* \*

PRAISE TO GOD

1792 -- THE CHRISTIAN'S TASTE BERRY

It is said that in Africa there is a fruit called the "taste berry", because it changes a person's taste so that everything eaten tastes sweet and pleasant. Sour fruit, even if eaten several hours after the "taste berry," becomes sweet and delicious. Gratitude is the "taste berry" of Christianity, and when our hearts are filled with gratitude, nothing that God sends us seems unpleasant to us. Sorrowing heart, sweeten your grief with gratitude. Burdened soul, lighten your burden by singing God's praises. Disappointed one, dispel your loneliness by making others grateful. Sick one, grow strong in soul, thanking God that He loves you enough to chasten you. Keep the "taste berry" of gratitude in your hearts, and it will do for you what the "taste berry" of Africa does for the African.

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PRAISE TO GOD

1793 -- URGENT PRAISE

Evangelist Rowland Hill was once walking by a gravel pit outside of town when he saw three laborers caught in a landslide. He began calling for help so lustily that his voice was heard in the village a mile away! No one questioned his urgent cry in that emergency, but many denounced him as a fanatic when he shouted zealous hallelujahs in his messages, and raised his voice to warn sinners. If Christ and His salvation are as meaningful to you as they should be, you will be impelled at times to exclaim spontaneously, "Amen! Praise the Lord!"

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PRAISE TO GOD

## 1794 -- WHERE IS THE PICCOLO?

It is said that once when Michael Costa was having a rehearsal with a vast array of performers and hundreds of voices, as the mighty chorus rang out with thunder of the organ and roll of drums and ringing horns and cymbals clashing, some man who played the piccolo far away up in some corner said within himself, "In all this din it matters not what I do," and so he ceased to play. Suddenly, the great conductor stopped flung up his hands and all was still. Then he cried aloud, "Where is the piccolo!" The quick ear missed it, and all was spoiled because it failed to take its part. O my soul, do thy part with all thy might. Little thou mayest be, insignificant and hidden, and yet God seeks thy praise. He listens for it, and all the great music of His universe is made richer and sweeter because thou givest Him thanks. -- Mark Guy Pearse

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## PRAISE TO GOD -- RECOGNIZE YOUR BLESSINGS

### 1795 -- READ THAT AGAIN

"Count your blessings!" That is excellent counsel, but sometimes we have to recognize them first! A man who owned a small estate wished to sell it. Sending for a real estate agent, he asked him to write an advertisement describing the house and land. When the ad was ready, the agent took it to the owner and read it to him. "Read that again," said the owner. The agent read the description of the estate once more. "I don't think I will sell after all," said the owner. "I have been looking for an estate like that all my life, and I did not know that I owned it!" Count your blessings -- yes, but start by asking God to open your eyes to see your possessions in Christ. Begin by recognizing all that you have in Christ. That will change your entire perspective and enable you to praise God for what you have.

\* \* \*

## PRAYER

### 1796 -- A FALSE STIMULANT FOR PRAYER!

Dan Henderson reports that a middle-aged man in the police station parking lot in Harlington, Kentucky called out, "Brother are you saved?" When Dan did not reply, the man said, "I just got out, I was arrested because I was drunk, give me \$5," he said, "and I will pass the word upstairs. I'll get down on my knees and pray for you." Dan asked why \$5 and the man said, "I pray better after I've had a few drinks." -- Associated Press

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## PRAYER

### 1797 -- E. M. BOUND'S QUOTATION OF STONEWALL JACKSON

In his book, Purpose in Prayer, E. M. Bounds quotes these words from former college professor and Confederate soldier, General Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson: "I have so fixed the habit of prayer in my mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without asking God's blessing, never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal, never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward, never change my classes in the lecture-room without a minute's petition for the cadets who go out and for those who come in."

\* \* \*

## PRAYER

### 1798 -- FIVE IMPORTANT MINUTES

When I was a child we had a "five minute rule" in our house. What it meant was that we were all to be ready for school five minutes before we actually had to leave. We were a large family and that extra five minutes was prayer time for Mother and 'us children. The place was wherever Mother happened to be when we were all ready to leave. Sometimes it was the kitchen, other times the living room or bedroom, or even out on the porch. But we all kneeled while Mother asked a blessing on each of us individually and thanked the Lord for His provision for us. Often all of our names were spoken and some special blessing asked for each. If a neighborhood child dropped in to walk to school with us, and neighbors often did, they were included in our prayer circle, too. When the prayer was finished, there came a kiss for each, and we were oft. Those were five important minutes to each of us. -- Adelaide Blanton

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## PRAYER

### 1799 -- HIS ANSWER IS NOW HISTORY

Oliver G. Wilson said, "Prayer fills man's weakness with God's omnipotence and opens the gates to new fields of achievement. It makes the weak strong and the simple wise."

Abraham Lincoln felt a great need for wisdom during America's Civil War. A personal friend of his wrote, "I had been spending 3 weeks at the White House as the guest of the President. One night -- it was just before the Battle of Bull Run -- I was restless and could not sleep. From Lincoln's bedroom I heard the low tones of his voice. Looking in the door that was slightly ajar, I saw a sight which I have never forgotten. The tall Chief Executive was kneeling before an open Bible. He did not know I could overhear his agonizing supplications as he pleaded, 'O Thou great God who heard Solomon in the night when he prayed and cried for wisdom, hear me. I cannot lead these people. I cannot guide the affairs of this country without Thy help. O Lord, hear me and save this nation.'" The answer he received is now history, for the Union was preserved.

\* \* \*

## PRAYER

## 1800 -- I NEED TO TALK TO HIM TOO!

My daughter-in-law was talking on the telephone to a friend, who asked for prayer. My 5-year-old granddaughter, Amy, came bouncing into the room, stood still for a moment to listen, and heard her mother praying.

"Is that God on the phone?" Amy asked excitedly. "I need to talk to him, too!" -- Mildred L. Clayton

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## PRAYER

## 1801 -- IN STONEWALL'S CAMP

An officer once complained to General Stonewall Jackson that some soldiers were making a noise in their tent. "What are they doing?" asked the General. "They are praying now, but they have been singing" was the reply. "And is that a crime?" the General demanded. The articles of war orders punishment for an unusual noise was the reply. "God forbid that praying should be an unusual noise in the camp," replied General Jackson -- Wesleyan Methodist

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## PRAYER

## 1802 -- MORE PRAYER, LESS TALK

There was a church in the city of Hartford, Connecticut, that had a very brilliant man for its pastor, but he was not sound in doctrine. There were three godly men in that church who realized that their pastor was not speaking the truth. But they did not go around among the congregation stirring up dissatisfaction with the pastor. They covenanted together to meet every Saturday night to pray long into the night for their minister.

So Saturday after Saturday they met in earnest and protracted prayer. Then Sunday morning they would go to church and sit in their places and watch for an answer to their prayers. One Sunday morning when the minister rose to speak, he was just as brilliant and just as gifted as ever, but it soon became evident that God had transformed his ideas and transformed the man, and Dr. Theo Cuyler is authority for the statement that God sent to the city of Hartford the greatest revival that city ever had, through that minister who was transformed by the prayers of his members.

Oh, if we would talk less to one another against our ministers, and more to God in their behalf, we would have far better ministers than we have now. -- Selected

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## PRAYER

### 1803 -- OBJECTION TO A JUDGE'S SILENT PRAYERS

Superior Judge William Constagney presides in Charlotte, North Carolina. His honor has begun each session of court by bowing his head and silently asking divine guidance. But wouldn't you know, five lawyers and the North Carolina Civil Liberties Union are demanding that the praying must stop. He says he is trying to set the tone for a solemn and dignified atmosphere in the courtroom. They say it's not legal to use religion to control the atmosphere. -- Associated Press

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## PRAYER

### 1804 -- ONLY A KNEE'S DISTANCE BETWEEN

Jim Elliot, a missionary slain by the Auca Indians in the 1950's, once said: God is still on His throne and man is still on his footstool. There's only a knee's distance in between.

\* \* \*

## PRAYER

### 1805 -- PRAYER PULLS THE BELL-ROPE

C. H. Spurgeon once said, "Prayer pulls the rope down below and the great bell rings above in the ears of God. Some scarcely stir the bell, for they pray so languidly; others give only an occasional jerk at the rope. But he who communicates with heaven is the man who grasps the rope boldly and pulls continuously with all his might."

\* \* \*

## PRAYER

### 1806 -- PRAYING FIRST

Two Christian men "fell out." One heard that the other was talking against him and he went to him and said: "Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face, that I may profit by your Christian candor and try to get rid of them?" "Yes, sir," replied the other; "I will do it." They went aside, and the former said: "Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you please bow down with me and let us pray over it, that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them? You lead in the prayer." It was done, and when the prayer was over the man who had sought the interview said: "Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me." But the other replied, "After praying over it, it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is, I feel now that in going around talking against you, I have been serving the devil myself and

have need that you pray for me and forgive me the wrong I have done you." Here and there in almost every community is a man or woman who might profit by this incident. -- Christian Index

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## PRAYER

### 1807 -- THE HABIT PAID

During the Revolutionary War, a soldier who had crawled into the brush was caught and accused of holding communion with the enemy, but he pleaded that he had only gone into the woods to pray. The gruff commanding officer said: "Have you been in the habit, sir, of spending hours in private prayer?" "Yes sir," the soldier replied. "Then down on your knees and pray now," thundered the officer. "You never before had so much need of it!" The soldier prayed a simple, yet inspired prayer, whereupon, the gruff officer said: "You may go. I believe your story. If you had not been often at drill, you couldn't have got on so well at review!"

\* \* \*

## PRAYER

### 1808 -- THE PRAYER TELESCOPE

The brilliant scientist Sir Isaac Newton said that he could take his telescope and look millions and millions of miles into space. Then he added, "But when I lay it aside, go into my room, shut the door, and get down on my knees in earnest prayer, I see more of Heaven and feel closer to the Lord than if I were assisted by all the telescopes on earth."

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## PRAYER

### 1809 -- THEY DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO SAY

Two African chiefs once came Dr. Chalmers, a missionary, and said, "We want Christian teachers; will you send them?" Chalmers had no one to send, and told them so. Two years passed, and these two chiefs came again. Dr. Chalmers himself happened to be at liberty, and he traveled over the intervening country and arrived on Sunday morning. To his surprise, he saw the whole village on their knees in perfect silence. He asked one of the chiefs what they were doing, and received the reply, "Praying." "But you are not saying anything," said Dr. Chalmers. "White man," the chief answered, "we do not know what to say. For two years, every Sunday morning, we have met here; and for four hours we have been on our knees, and we have been praying like that, but we do not know what to say." What a picture of waiting nations! -- Gospel Herald

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## PRAYER

### 1810 -- WHAT IS PRAYER?

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered, or unexpressed--  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear--  
The upward glancing of the eye,  
When none but God is near

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infants lips can try--  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach,  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath--  
The Christians's native air--  
His watchword at the gates of death--  
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
While the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone--  
The Holy Spirit pleads--  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God--  
The life, the truth, the way!  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray!

-- James Montgomery

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#### PRAYER -- ANSWER PROMISED

##### 1811 -- HOT WATER BOTTLE AND DOLL

Dr. Helen Roseveare, missionary to Zaire (formerly the Belgian Congo), told the following story: A mother at our mission station died after giving birth to a premature baby. We tried to improvise an incubator to keep the infant alive, but the only hot water bottle we had was beyond repair. So during devotions that morning we asked the children to pray for the baby and for her little sister who was now an orphan. One of the girls responded, "Dear God, please send a hot water bottle today. Tomorrow will be too late because by then the baby will be dead. And dear Lord, send a doll for the sister so she won't feel so lonely." That afternoon a large parcel arrived from England. Eagerly the children watched as we opened it. Much to their surprise, under some clothing was a hot water bottle! Immediately the girl who had prayed so earnestly started to delve deeper, exclaiming, "If God sent that, I'm sure He also sent a doll." And she was right! The Heavenly Father knew in advance of the child's sincere requests, and 5 months before, He had led a ladies group to include both of those specific articles. Although many of our prayers are not answered so dramatically, God always sends what is best. Let's praise Him for His loving responses to our needs.

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#### PRAYER -- ANSWER PROMISED

##### 1812 -- RICH AND GENEROUS

John Newton had received from the Lord some almost unbelievable answers to his petitions, and so he often engaged in "large asking." In support of this practice he would frequently tell the story of a man who asked Alexander the Great to give him a huge sum of money in exchange for his daughter's hand in marriage. The ruler consented and told him to request of his treasurer whatever he wanted. So he went and asked for an enormous amount. The keeper to the funds was startled and said he couldn't give him that much without a direct order. Going to Alexander, the treasurer argued that even a small fraction of the money requested would more than serve the purpose. "No," replied Alexander, "let him have it all. I like that fellow. He does me honor. He treats me like a king and proves by what he asks that he believes me to be both rich and generous." Newton concluded the story by saying, "In the same way, we should go to the throne of God's grace and present petitions that express honorable views of the love, riches, and bounty of our King!"

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#### PRAYER -- ANSWER PROMISED

##### 1813 -- TAKING THE KING AT HIS WORD

It is related that a servant, having done good service for Alexander the Great, in a fit of gratitude, the king desired him to go to the public treasury and claim any sum of money he thought fit. The man did so, but asked a sum so vast that the treasurer stood aghast. "Why, you would empty the treasury!" he exclaimed. The man's sole reply was, "Alexander promised." This plea, he continued to urge, till at last the treasurer appealed to his sovereign. "Give him what he asks," was Alexander's command. He treats me as a king in taking me at my word." -- Topical Illustrations

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#### PRAYER -- ANSWER PROMISED

##### 1814 -- WHO DO YOU BELIEVE?

Dr. Thomas M. Carter, an ex-convict, tells a thrilling story of his mother who constantly followed him with her prayers. On one occasion while he was in prison, she received a telegram stating that he was dead and asking what she wanted done with his body. Stunned by the news, she opened her Bible and laid the message beside it. "Oh, God," she said, "I have steadfastly believed that You are a rewarder of them who diligently seek You. I felt sure that I would live to see Tom saved and preaching the Gospel; and now this wire says he is dead. Lord, which is true, this telegram or Your promises to me?" When she rose from her knees, having won the victory, she sent this note to the prison: "You must be wrong. My boy is not dead!" There had been a mistake -- Tom Carter was alive! He was later converted and lived to preach!

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#### PRAYER -- ANSWERED

##### 1815 -- A DIFFERENT TYPE OF ANSWER

One day a lady was giving her little nephew some lessons. He was generally a good, attentive child, but on this occasion he could not fix his mind on his work. Suddenly he said, "Auntie, may I kneel down and ask God to help me find my marble?" His aunt having given her consent, the little boy knelt by his chair, closed his eyes, and prayed silently. Then he rose and went on with his lessons contentedly. Next day, almost afraid of asking the question, lest the child had not found his toy, and so might lose his simple faith, the lady said to him, "Well, dear have you found your marble?" No, auntie" was the reply, "but God has made me not want to." -- Grace and Truth

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#### PRAYER -- ANSWERED

##### 1816 -- A SHIRT FOR TIMMY

We had a lovely couple in Dallas a number of years ago. He sold his business at a loss, went into vocational Christian work, and things got rather rough. There were four kids in the

family. One night at family worship, Timmy, the youngest boy, said, "Daddy, do you think Jesus would mind if I asked Him for a shirt?"

"Well, no, of course not. Let's write that down in our prayer request book, Mother." So she wrote down "shirt for Timmy" and she added "size seven." You can be sure that every day Timmy saw to it that they prayed for the shirt. After several weeks, one Saturday the mother received a telephone call from a clothier in downtown Dallas, a Christian businessman. "I've just finished my July clearance sale and knowing that you have four boys it occurred to me that you might use something we have left. Could you use some boy's shirts?"

She said, "What size?" "Size seven." "How many do you have?" she asked hesitantly. He said, "Twelve." Many of us might have taken the shirts, stuffed them in the bureau drawer, and made some casual comment to the child. Not this wise set of parents. That night, as expected, Timmy said, "Don't forget, Mommy, let's pray for the shirt." Mommy said, "We don't have to pray for the shirt, Timmy." "How come?" "The Lord has answered your prayer." "He has?" "Right."

So, as previously arranged, brother Tommy goes out and gets one shirt, brings it in, and puts it down on the table. Little Timmy's eyes are like saucers. Tommy goes out and gets another shirt and brings it in. Out -- back, out -- back, until he piles 12 shirts on the table, and Timmy thinks God is going into the shirt business. But you know, there is a little kid in Dallas today by the name of Timothy who believes there is a God in heaven interested enough in his needs to provide boys with shirts. -- Howard Hendricks

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PRAYER -- ANSWERED

1817 -- DELIVERED THROUGH A CHILD'S PRAYER

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

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PRAYER -- ANSWERED

1818 -- GIVE HIM WHAT HE ASKS

It is related of Alexander the Great, that, on one occasion a courtier asked him for some financial aid. That great leader told him to go to his treasurer and ask for whatever amount he wanted. A little later, the treasurer appeared and told Alexander the man had asked for an enormous sum, and that he hesitated to pay out so much. "Give him what he asks for," replied the great conqueror; "he has treated me like a king in his asking, and I shall be like a king in my giving!" Greatly grieved must be our God because of the smallness of our requests of Him! "Thou art coming to a King, Large petitions with thee bring; For His grace and power are such, None can ever ask too much!" -- W. B. Knight

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PRAYER -- ANSWERED

1819 -- GOD KNEW WHERE THE WATER WAS

Years ago there was a great drought in Connecticut. The water disappeared from the hills, and the farmers drove their cattle into the valleys. Streams there began to fail, and neighbors said to a certain man of God, "You must not send your flocks down here any more." The old man gathered his family around the family altar on their knees before God. They cried with tears and supplications for water that the flocks and herds might not perish. Afterward he went out into the hills, and in a place that he had walked scores of times before he saw that the ground was dark and

moist; when he turned up the soil, water started. The family came with pails and watered the stock; then they made troughs reaching to the house. Water was plentiful. -- Sunday School Times

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PRAYER -- ANSWERED

1820 -- GOD'S ANSWER

There is a story told about a faithful old deacon whose oft repeated prayer expression was, "O Lord, touch the unsaved with Thy finger." One prayer meeting night he was leading in prayer when as he intoned this petition, as he so often did, he abruptly stopped praying. Supposing he had been taken suddenly ill, someone went to him and asked if there was anything wrong, if he were ill. "No," he replied, "I'm not ill. But something seemed to say to me, 'Thou art the finger'." -- Selected

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PRAYER -- ANSWERED

1821 -- HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED!

Selfish demands on God, with no effort to submit our lives to his will, are sometimes granted that He may be rebuked by getting what we ought not to have. This might be illustrated by the story of the cross, little boy on the train who was always crying for something he ought not to have. He was a great annoyance to the nurse, who could hardly keep him out of mischief. And, to make matters worse, whenever he cried for anything, the boy's mother, who was busy reading a book, would, without looking up, say, "Mary let him have it."

Once, he was crying for a wasp on the window and Mary was trying to keep him from it. But, the mother said, "Mary, let him have it." So he took the wasp, but still he was not happy. His cries were much louder than before, and again his mother, without looking up to see what was the matter, said: "Mary, let him have it, I say." But, Mary replied laconically, "Please Maam, he's got it!" It is severe discipline, when prayers have to be answered in that way, but it has happened in many instances. -- Topical Illustrations

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PRAYER -- ANSWERED

1822 -- HOW THEY LEARNED THAT GOD ANSWERS

A lad who had not been reared in a Christian home, knew nothing about prayer, and cared less, had been on a torpedoed ship, when all on board were thrust out into the water to swim for their lives. Twelve of the boys kept together. Suddenly, horrified, they saw a lake of burning oil coming toward them. It was impossible to escape. What could they do? Just then a Lutheran, the



only Christian in the group, began to pray aloud. It was the heart cry of one in dire need to the God of mercy whom he knew: "O God, save us! O God, save us! O God, save us!" And with that, every one of the eleven, who had never known or thought about our God of love, followed aloud with, "Please, God! Please, God!" Immediately the flaming oil parted, leaving a clear, wide path directly in front of them. And what do you think our gracious Lord had placed in this path? A raft! The lad who told the story ended with, "And no one can persuade these boys that God does not hear prayer." -- Sunday School Times

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#### PRAYER -- ANSWERED

##### 1823 -- SEEK WISDOM FROM ABOVE

Many successful people have acknowledged in their memoirs that whenever they came to an impasse in their work and were completely baffled, they sought wisdom from the Lord. This was true in the life of the inventor of the telegraph, Samuel F .B. Morse. In an interview, George Hervey inquired, "Professor Morse, when you were making your experiments at the university, did you ever come to a standstill, not knowing what to do next?" "I've never discussed this with anyone, so the public knows nothing about it. But now that you ask me, I'll tell you frankly -- I prayed for more light" "And did God give you the wisdom and knowledge you needed?" Yes He did," said Morse. "That's why I never felt I deserved the honors that came to me from America and Europe because of the invention associated with my name. I had made a valuable application of the use of electrical power, but it was all through God's help. It wasn't because I was superior to other scientists. When the Lord wanted to bestow this gift on mankind. He had to use someone. I'm just grateful He chose to reveal it to me." In view of these facts, it's not surprising that the inventor's first message over the telegraph was: "What hath God wrought!"

Every time you face a perplexing problem, seek wisdom from above. And when the answer comes, always be sure to thank God and give Him all the glory.

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#### PRAYER -- CAUSES OF FAILURE IN

##### 1824 -- DO NOT SAY UNGRANTED

The kind of waiting God requires is not glum resignation or anxious fretting. It's a cheerful endurance that moves forward in the confidence that God will answer in His own good time.

Ophelia Adams wrote:

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;  
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,  
And God will finish what He has begun.

Though years have passed since then, do not despair;  
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Take courage, dear Christian. God's delays are not denials. Your spirit-prompted prayers will be answered. Don't let the waiting time weaken your faith.

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#### PRAYER -- CAUSES OF FAILURE IN

##### 1825 -- DON'T CHANGE CHANNELS!

When her husband, Edmund Gravely, died at the controls of his small plane while on the way to Statesboro, Georgia, from the Rocky Mount-Wilson airport, NC, his wife Janice kept the plane aloft for two hours until it ran out of fuel. During this time she sang hymns and prayed for help. As the plane crossed the South Carolina-North Carolina border, she radioed for help: "Help, help, won't someone help me? My pilot is unconscious. Won't somebody help me?" Authorities who picked up her distress signal were not able to reach her by radio during the flight because she kept changing channels. Mrs. Gravely finally made a rough landing and crawled for 45 minutes to a farmhouse for help. How often God's people cry out for help to God, but switch channels before God's message comes through. They turn to other sources for help, looking for human help. When you cry out to God for His intervention, don't switch channels!

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#### PRAYER -- CAUSES OF FAILURE IN

##### 1826 -- HOLD THE LINE

A woman telephoned the manager of a large opera house and told him she had lost a valuable diamond pin the night before at the concert. The man asked her to hold the line. A search was made and the brooch was found; but when he got back to the phone, the woman had hung up. He waited for her to call again, and even put a notice in the paper, but he heard nothing further. What a strange and foolish person, we say, but isn't this the way some of us pray? We tell the Lord all about our needs, but then fail to "hold the line." As a result, we miss the joy of answered prayer and the thrill and reward of a persistent faith.

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#### PRAYER -- COMMANDED

##### 1827 -- FIRST, TELL GOD

Mrs. Oswald Chambers once said of her husband, "Like all teachers of forceful personality, he constantly had people longing to pour out their intimate troubles to him. I remember at the close of one meeting a woman came up to him with the words, "Oh, Mr.

Chambers, I feel I must tell you about myself.' As he led her away to a quiet corner, I resigned myself to a long wait; but he was back again in a few minutes. As we went home, I remarked on the speed with which he managed to free himself, and he replied, "I just asked her if she had ever told God all about herself. When she said she hadn't, I advised her to go home and pour out before Him as honestly as she could all her troubles, then see if she still needed or wanted to relate them to me." Chambers knew the importance of going directly to Jesus when faced with a special need or a trying situation.

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#### PRAYER -- COMMANDED

##### 1828 -- IF I COULD SAY A PRAYER

In graduation exercises at Bingham High School in Salt Lake City, Josh Peterson, 17, student body president was to deliver the commencement address. School officials advised Josh that he must not include a prayer. The school has been threatened with a law suit if it allows prayers. The school's lawyers were particularly nervous because the issue of prayer at graduations will be argued before the Supreme Court this fall. So Josh Peterson delivered his commencement address and then he added "If I could say a prayer for our graduating class -- if I could -- here is what I would say:" And then he started out "Heavenly Father, we thank you... " and so forth. And it was an eloquent prayer. And when the audience got over its shock, he received a standing ovation. -- Associated Press

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#### PRAYER -- COMMANDED

##### 1829 -- KNEEL ON THEM

A sign in front of a church carried this admonition: "When your knees knock together, kneel on them." That's good advice! Quieting our hearts before God will calm our fears and renew our courage.

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#### PRAYER -- COMMANDED

##### 1830 -- THEY HAD NOT THOUGHT OF PRAYER

A convention was called in 1787 in America to revise the "Articles of Confederation." For weeks delegates reviewed ancient history and analyzed governments of modern Europe in search of insights. But nothing suited the circumstances of this infant nation. Finally, one of the distinguished gentlemen, Benjamin Franklin, addressed the group. Referring to their meager progress, he said, "In this situation of this assembly, groping as it were in the dark to find political truth and scarcely able to distinguish it when it is presented to us, how has it happened that we

have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of lights to illuminate our understandings?" Those early leaders were not all evangelical Christians, yet many of them believed in a sovereign God and sought His wisdom in the affairs of state.

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#### PRAYER -- COMMANDED

##### 1831 -- TRY KNEELING

If you have any long-standing problems, try kneeling.

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#### PRAYER -- CONDITIONS OF SUCCESSFUL

##### 1832 -- A BIOGRAPHY OF JIM

Among the benefits that come to those who continue steadfastly in prayer is the joy of having God "draw near to you." This thought is captured in an interesting poem by Perry Tanksley. The poem gives us a brief but stirring biography of a humble Christian by the name of Jim.

For years each day he'd rise to pray;  
And when in church, he'd bow his knee  
And meekly say, "Dear God, it's Jim."  
And when he'd leave, we all could see  
God's holy presence walked with him.

As Jim grew old, the chastening rod  
Of years left him so ill and drawn,  
His path to church is now untrod;  
But in his heart each day at dawn  
He hears the words, "Dear Jim, it's God."

It takes effort to pray well. It takes preparation to pray meaningfully. It takes diligence to pray faithfully. Yet prayer is not a burden but a glorious opportunity that brings rich rewards.

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#### PRAYER -- CONDITIONS OF SUCCESSFUL

##### 1833 -- DELIVERANCE THROUGH CONTINUED PRAYER

When I was at Princeton, there was current the story of a well-known missionary in India who was bowing one night in prayer at the side of his bed, when a great python lowered itself from the rafters of his bungalow and encircled his body with its cold and powerful coils. It made no

attempt to constrict, and yet the missionary knew that if he struggled, the great serpent would tighten the coils and crush him. With marvelous self-control, and courage born of faith, he went on quietly praying, until at length the animal unwound itself and went back into the roof.

It was quiet, continuance in prayer that brought deliverance to this missionary. May we not see an illustration of truth here? If we struggle to free ourselves from that which besets us, often that entanglement would crush us, but if we quietly continue in prayer, there is deliverance from whatever satan would use to crush and devour us. -- Duane V. Maxey

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## PRAYER -- CONDITIONS OF SUCCESSFUL

1834 -- FOR JESUS' SAKE

Some years ago, during the War, there was a judge who felt great interest in the welfare of suffering soldiers. He had a dear boy of his own in the army, and this made him feel the greatest sympathy for the soldiers. But one time he was very busy in studying out an important law case that was coming before him to be tried. And while he was thus engaged, he made up his mind not to be interrupted by any persons begging for help. One day, during this time, a poor soldier came into his office. His clothes were torn and thin, and his face showed that he was suffering much from sickness. The judge went on with his work, pretending not to notice him. The soldier was fumbling in his pockets for a good while, and then, seeing that he was not welcome, he said in a disappointed tone, "I did have a letter for you, sir."

The judge made no answer. Presently the soldier's thin, trembling hand pushed a little note along the desk. The judge looked up, and was going to say, "I am too busy now to attend to anything of this kind." But just then, his eye fell on the note, and he saw the handwriting of his own son. In a moment, he picked it up and read thus: "Dear Father, The bearer of this note is one of our brave soldier boys. He has been dismissed from the hospital, and is going home to die. Please help him, in any way you can, for Charlie's sake."

What a change those few lines made in that father's feelings toward that soldier! "Come into my house, my friend," he said. "You are welcome to anything we have!" Then, a good meal was prepared for him. He was put to sleep in Charlie's bed. He was dressed in some of Charlie's clothes, and money was given him to take him home in comfort.

All this was done "for Charlie's sake." And so when we ask anything "for Jesus' sake," God, our heavenly Father, will surely give it to us, if it be well for us to have it." -- Rev. Richard Newton

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## PRAYER -- CONDITIONS OF SUCCESSFUL

1835 -- ONLY ONE GOT WHAT HE REQUESTED

A gentleman took a trip to Europe. When the fact that he was to go abroad became known among his friends, they came to see him in great numbers, each one with a commission for him to execute. A lady wanted him to buy her a real Paris bonnet; a scientific friend wanted a microscope, and so on, with all who came to see him. When they had gone away, he looked over the list and found to his dismay that if he made all these purchases he would have no money with which to meet the expense of the trip. Of all the number, only one had brought the money with which to purchase what he wanted. When the man returned, his friends gathered round him, eager to see what he had brought back. To their surprise, they found that he had made but one of the purchases he had been asked to make. "One day, as I sat upon the deck looking over your lists, a breeze came and blew them all away, except this one," he explained. "But how could that be?" someone questioned. "Ah!" was the reply, "his order was weighted down. It had the silver wrapped up in it."

Do you see the point? Real, prevailing prayer must have your very best offering of self and substance wrapped up in it. When you pray for the relief of the poor, is your prayer anything more than words? When you somewhat peremptorily instruct the Lord to convert the heathen, is there any silver wrapped up in your prayer? -- The Lookout

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#### PRAYER -- CONDITIONS OF SUCCESSFUL

##### 1836 -- PERSISTENCE IN PRAYER

A young woman dreamed she died and went to heaven. As one of the angels was showing her around a room of the Glorious City she saw a stack of boxes in one corner. Finding her name on them, she asked the angel what it meant. "Well," she said, "You know, I remember praying for these things when I was on earth." The angel replied, "Yes. When any of God's children make requests to him, preparations are made to give the answer. But the angels are told that if the petitioner is not waiting for the answer they are to return with it and store it in the room." An old prayer proverb says, "When you come to the end of your rope, tie a prayer knot and hang on." Scripture: Romans 8:25; Psalms 37:5 and 7.

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#### PRAYER -- CONDITIONS OF SUCCESSFUL

##### 1837 -- PRAY FROM GOD'S SIDE OF THE FENCE

A Christian gentleman says that "when a boy, I was much helped by Bishop Hamline, who visited at a house where I was. Taking me aside, the bishop said, 'When in trouble, my boy, kneel down and ask God's help; but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground and then kneel down and ask help. Pray from God's side of the fence.' Of that, I have thought every day of my life since." -- Topical Illustrations

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## PRAYER -- CONDITIONS OF SUCCESSFUL

### 1838 -- WHO BELIEVES?

The story is told of a small town in which there were no liquor stores. Eventually, however, a nightclub was built right on Main Street. Members of one of the churches in the area were so disturbed that they conducted several all night prayer meetings, and asked the Lord to burn down that den of iniquity. Lightning struck the tavern a short time later, and it was completely destroyed by fire. The owner, knowing how the church people had prayed, sued them for the damages. His attorney claimed that their prayers had caused the loss. The congregation, on the other hand, hired a lawyer and fought the charges. After much deliberation the judge declared, "It's the opinion of the court that wherever the guilt may lie, the tavern keeper is the one who really believes in prayer while the church members do not!" We smile at this story, but it suggests how faithless we sometimes are in offering our petitions to God.

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## PRAYER -- EXHORTATIONS TO

### 1839 -- A MEETING THAT NEVER TOOK PLACE

One night in 1962 in a hotel in Seattle, Billy Graham was sound asleep. Suddenly he awoke with what he later described as "a burden to pray for Marilyn Monroe," the movie actress. When the feeling continued the next day, one of Graham's associates tried to reach the actress through one of her agents. The agent offered no hope for a meeting immediately. "Not now. Maybe two weeks from now," he said. Two weeks later Marilyn Monroe's suicide shocked the world. Two weeks was too late.

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## PRAYER -- EXHORTATIONS TO

### 1840 -- CHADWICK, SPURGEON, AND MURRAY QUOTED

"The one concern of the devil is to keep Christians from praying. He fears nothing from prayerless studies, prayerless work and prayerless religion. He laughs at our toil, mocks at our wisdom, but he trembles when we pray." (Samuel Chadwick) "I would rather teach one man to pray than 10 men to preach." (Charles Spurgeon) "The man who mobilizes the Christian church to pray will make the greatest contribution to world evangelization in history." (Andrew Murray)

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## PRAYER -- EXHORTATIONS TO

## 1841 -- GRASS GROWS ON YOUR PATH

Early African converts to Christianity were earnest and regular in private devotions. Each one reportedly had a separate spot in the thicket where he would pour out his heart to God. Over time the paths to these places became well worn. As a result, if one of these believers began to neglect prayer, it was soon apparent to the others. They would kindly remind the negligent one, "Brother, the grass grows on your path." -- Today in the Word

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## PRAYER -- EXHORTATIONS TO

### 1842 -- QUIET TIMES CAN GENERATE GREAT POWER

Standing at the South Pole is like being in the eye of a hurricane -- it's deceptively calm. The quietness seems inconsistent with the fact that mighty winds originate there. How is this possible? As warm air from the equator flows in over the polar region, it descends, becomes cold and dense, and sinks to the frigid surface. Since the ice-covered plateau tapers off toward the oceans, and no mountains or other obstacles stand in the way, gravity pulls the heavy, cold air down the smooth slopes. The wind picks up tremendous speed as it moves northward toward the equator. Gradually it is heated by the sun and begins to rise, creating a circular pattern to drive the earth's weather machine that is so vital to our existence. For Christians, quiet times of prayer and worship also give rise to great power. They might seem non-productive because nothing appears to be happening. Our urge is almost compulsive: move, do, work, worry, struggle. Yet at the heart of accomplishing things for God must be that regular experience of calm followed by an unobstructed flow of energy.

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## PRAYER -- EXHORTATIONS TO

### 1843 -- WHEN THE BAN WOULD BE LIFTED

Not long ago I saw a neat little sign in a principal's office that stated, "In the event of nuclear attack, fire, or earthquake, the ban on prayer is temporarily lifted."

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## PRAYER -- EXHORTATIONS TO

### 1844 -- WOULD NOT PRAYER BEFORE TAKE-OFF BE BETTER?

I heard a story the other day of a man who encountered a bit of trouble while flying his little airplane. He called the control tower and said, "Pilot to tower, I'm 300 miles from the airport, six hundred feet above the ground, and I'm out of fuel. I am descending rapidly. Please



advise. Over." "Tower to pilot," the dispatcher began, "Repeat after me: "Our Father Who art in heaven..."

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## PRAYER -- EXHORTATIONS TO

### 1845 -- YOU ALWAYS COME BACK

Many times we miss the victory or the greater blessing because we do not continue long enough in prayer. Admiral Peary was victorious in his quest for the North Pole only because he was persistent. He devoted over twenty years to seeking it. The Eskimos told him, "You are like the sun. You always come back." His dominating desire led him to persevere through physical, financial, and natural difficulties. Afterwards he said, "For twenty-four years, sleeping or awake, to place the stars and stripes on the Pole has been my dream." Should we not seek spiritual victories as earnestly and persistently as Peary sought his geographical one?

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## PRAYER -- FOR FOOD

### 1846 -- WHY THE SCALES DIDN'T WORK

A tired-looking woman entered a grocery store and asked the owner for enough food to make a Christmas dinner for her children. When he inquired how much she could afford, she answered, "My husband was killed in an accident. Truthfully, I have nothing to offer but a little prayer." Although the man was unmoved at first, he thought of a clever response to the woman's simple request.

"Write your prayer on a piece of paper and you can have its weight in groceries," he said sarcastically. To his surprise, she plucked a folded note out of her pocket and handed it to him saying, "I already did that during the night while I was watching over my sick baby." Without even reading it, he put it on one side of his old-fashioned scales. "We shall see how much food this is worth," he muttered.

To his dismay nothing happened when he put a loaf of bread on the other side. But he was even more upset when he added other items and it would not balance. Finally he blurted out, "Well, that's all it will hold anyway. Here's a bag. You'll have to put these things in yourself. I'm busy!" With a tearful "Thank you," the lady went happily on her way. The grocer later discovered that the scales were out of order.

As the years passed he often wondered if that was just a coincidence. Why did the woman have the prayer already written before he asked for it? Why did she come at exactly the time the mechanism broke? Whenever he looks at the slip of paper which bears that mother's petition, he is amazed, for it reads, "Please, dear Lord, give us this day our daily, bread!"

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#### PRAYER -- HEARD

#### 1847 -- GOD KNOWS OUR NAME AND LOCATION IN EMERGENCIES

An article in the November 1987 "Reader's Digest" reminded me of the truth that God is quick to hear and answer when we call upon Him in our need. It was about "enhanced 911," an important addition to the emergency telephone call program. Where this system is in operation, a person who dials 911 doesn't have to tell the operator his location. His name, address, and phone number appears immediately on an operator's screen. "Enhanced 911" has been a dramatic success. For example, a 6-year-old boy called 911 to report that his house was on fire. Even while the operator was telling the frightened boy what to do, fire equipment was being sent. A terrified girl called to say that a man was trying to break into her home. Within 3 minutes an arrest was being made and the child was safe. And in another city, a girl whispered to a 911 operator that a man was hurting her mother, and then hung up. Police arrived in time to capture a rapist. God too hears the cries of His people. Whenever we call on Him, and from whatever situation, we can know that He is listening and that He answers.

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#### PRAYER -- HEARD

#### 1848 -- SPEAK UP, BILL!

The story goes that one time when Bill Moyers was a special assistant to President Lyndon B. Johnson, he was asked to say grace before a meal in the family quarters of the White House. As Moyers began praying softly, the President interrupted him with "Speak up, Bill! Speak up!" The former minister from east Texas stopped in mid-sentence and without looking up replied steadily, "I wasn't addressing you, Mr. President." -- The Anglican Digest

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#### PRAYER -- HEARD

#### 1849 -- THE CRY OF DISTRESS IS DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT

Aquilla Webb told of a friend who asked a lifeguard this question: "How can you tell if someone is in need of help when thousands of bathers on the beach or in the water are all combining their voices in a hubbub of noise?" He replied, "No matter how great the sounds of confusion may be, there has never been a time when I couldn't distinguish a cry of distress above them all. I could always tell when there was an actual emergency."

Webb concluded, "That's exactly like our heavenly Father. In all the babel and confusion here below, He never fails to hear the soul that cries out to Him for help amid the breakers and storms of life."

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## PRAYER -- HEARD

### 1850 -- THE FARMER WHO LENT HIS PASTURE

In May 1934 a Charlotte, North Carolina farmer lent a pasture to some thirty local businessmen who wanted to devote a day of prayer for Charlotte because the Depression had spread spiritual apathy in the city. They had planned, despite the indifference of the ministerial association, to hold an evangelistic campaign later that year. During that day of prayer on the land their leader, Vernon Patterson, prayed, "out of Charlotte the Lord would raise up someone to preach the Gospel to the ends of the earth." The businessmen next erected in the city a large "tabernacle" of raw pine on a steel frame, where for eleven weeks from September 1934 a renowned, fiery Southern evangelist named Mordecai Fowler Ham, and his song leader, Walter Ramsay, shattered the complacency of churchgoing Charlotte. Well, God did hear their prayer. The farmer who lent his pasture for the prayer meeting was Franklin Graham and his son Billy became a Christian during the meetings and the rest is history.

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## PRAYER -- HEARD

### 1851 -- WHAT AN ANSWER!

"...whatever we ask we receive from Him, because we...do (what is] pleasing in His sight. I John 3:22 During a term of missionary service to Mongolia, James Gilmour was once asked to treat some wounded soldiers. He was not trained in medical procedures, but he did have some knowledge of first aid. He dressed the wounds of two of the men, but a third had a badly broken thigh bone Gilmour didn't know what to do, so he knelt beside the man and prayed for help, confident that the Lord would somehow answer his request. As he was pondering what to do next, a crowd of beggars came by asking for money. Although Gilmour was preoccupied with the wounded soldier, his heart went out to those ragged paupers. Hurriedly he gave them a little money and spoke a few words of loving concern. A moment later he stared in amazement at one weary beggar who had remained behind. The starving man was little more than a living skeleton. The missionary suddenly realized that the Lord had brought him a walking lesson in human anatomy. Gilmour asked the elderly man if he might examine him. Carefully he traced his fingers over the area corresponding to the broken bones of the soldier. He was then able to go to the wounded man and set his fracture. Years afterward, Gilmour often told of this incident as God's strange but wonderful answer to his prayer.

\* \* \*

## PRAYER -- HEARD

### 1852 -- WHY REVIVAL SWEEPED THE TOWN

A Georgia evangelist tells of a pastor who had gone at night when the people were sleeping and prayed before every home in his town where there was an unsaved one. When the revival came it swept his town like a prairie fire. God loves a faithful servant, and if he goes forth with weeping bearing precious seed, he shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him.

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#### PRAYER -- IMPORTUNITY IN

##### 1853 -- ASKING AND RECEIVING

Sir Walter Raleigh once made a request of the Queen, and she petulantly answered, "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" Walter replied, "When your Majesty leaves off giving." His request was granted. But the God of all grace never grows weary of our asking, and never rebukes us for coming. -- Henry W. Frost

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#### PRAYER -- IMPORTUNITY IN

##### 1854 -- THROUGH THE LINE IN FOUR MINUTES

The "Associated Press" carried an interesting story about a group of post office customers who succeeded in speeding up some slow-moving service. One man said, "It was like watching grass grow." There were 26 patrons jammed into two lines. They realized they weren't getting enough attention, so a 73-year-old man organized the group. In an uncommon show of unity, the 26 shouted together, "We want service!" Two minutes later, another clerk ambled out and without cracking a smile said, "Next?" Well, the 26 knew they were on to something, so they tried it again. You guessed it, one more clerk appeared. An amused customer summed up the situation like this: "I got through that line in 4 minutes. I've never seen anything like it!" In some ways this is a modern version of Christ's parable of the unjust judge in which He taught a vital truth about prayer. He said that if men can be persuaded by persistent asking, how much more will our gracious Heavenly Father give ear to our pleadings!

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#### PRAYER -- INTERCESSORY

##### 1855 -- THROUGH OUR PRAYERS!

Lidia Vins, mother of Georgi Vins, has written concerning her son: "When I saw him during the trial, tormented and pale, with sunken eyes, I thought: he hasn't slept for nights. The trial lasted five days. But when we parted he said, "I was able to go to sleep peacefully every night. It was a very great mercy of God. It is surely due to the many prayers of God's children."

Lidia Vins says that she herself has had the same experience in prison, and so have many others. "Many who have been in prison have testified that they felt people's prayers, and they knew not simply those days when they were prayed for, but the actual hours. This is the testimony of more than one prisoner. It was the same with me, too. And it was the same with my son, who said at the trial, 'I felt the prayers of God's children, and these prayers gave me strength and brought me back to life.' We are wholeheartedly grateful first to the Lord for His faithfulness and then to the Christians of the whole world for their prayers." (As translated by Jane Ellis)

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#### PRAYER -- POWER OF

##### 1856 -- BROKEN UPON HIS KNEES

John Wesley one day came upon a man who was down on his knees breaking stones. Whatever the instrument was that he was using, he seemed to be doing so with ease from his kneeling position. As preachers are prone to do, Wesley made a spiritual application of what he beheld, saying: "Ah, I wish I could break the hearts of some who hear me as easily as you are breaking those stones!" Looking up at Wesley, the man replied: "Did you ever try breaking them on your knees?"

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#### PRAYER -- POWER OF

##### 1857 -- HE RECEIVED POWER TO BEAR UP

In the late 1950s, 23-year-old Armando Valladares was thrown into a Cuban prison, where he remained for 22 years. Executions were staged each night during his first year in prison. Later, he endured some of the most vile and sadistic tortures imaginable. In his memoirs, *Against All Hope*, Valladares wrote, "I sought God.... I never asked Him to get me out of there. I didn't think that God should be used for that kind of request. I only asked that He allow me to resist, that He give me the faith and spiritual strength to bear up under those conditions.... I only prayed for Him to accompany me."

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#### PRAYER -- POWER OF

##### 1858 -- I ONLY PRAYED

Newman Hall stood early one morning on the summit of Snowden, in Wales, with a hundred and twenty others who had been attracted hither by the prospect of an unusually grand sunrise. They were not disappointed. As they stood watching the sun tinge the mountain peaks with glory, and sparkle in the lakes, Dr. Hall was invited to preach. He was so overpowered with emotion that he could not preach, but felt moved to pour out his soul in prayer. As he supplicated,

the tears rolled down the faces of the people. A superhuman stillness possessed them. Quietly, with solemn awe, they descended the mountain and scattered. Afterward, visiting this region, the doctor was informed that forty people were converted that morning and had joined the church in that neighborhood. "But," said he, "I did not say a word to them; I only prayed." "Yes, and more wonderful still, they did not know a word you said, for none of them could speak English, only Welsh." -- Earnest Worker

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#### PRAYER -- POWER OF

##### 1859 -- I MUST PRAY MORE

A young man had been called to the foreign field. He had not been in the habit of preaching, but he knew one thing, how to prevail with God; and going one day to a friend, he said, "I don't see how God can use me on the field; I have no special talent." His friend said: "My brother, God wants men on the field who can pray. There are too many preachers now, and too few prayers." He went.

In his room in the early dawn a voice was heard weeping and pleading for souls. All through the day, the shut door and the hush that prevailed made you feel like walking softly, for a soul was wrestling with God. To his home hungry souls would flock, drawn by irresistible power. In the morning hours some would call and say: "I have gone by your home and have longed to come in. Will you tell me how I can be saved?" or from some distant place another would call saying: "I heard you would tell us here how we might find heart-rest." -- J. Hudson Taylor

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#### PRAYER -- POWER OF

##### 1860 -- THE GRIPPING POWER OF BENDED KNEES

Have you ever watched a bird sleeping on its perch and never falling off? How does it manage to do this? The secret is the tendons of the bird's legs. They are so constructed that when the leg is bent at the knee, the claws contract and grip like a steel trap. The claws refuse to let go until the knees are unbent again. The bended knee gives the bird the ability to hold on to his perch so tightly. From sleeping birds we can learn the secret of holding things which are most precious to us -- honest, purity, thoughtfulness, honor, character. That secret is the knee bent in prayer, seeking to get a firmer grip on those values which make life worth living. When we hold firmly to God in prayer, we can rest assured he will hold tightly to us.

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#### PRAYER -- POWER OF

##### 1861 -- THE STARTING POINT OF INVOLVEMENT

The story is told of a man who promised Martin Luther that he would pray for him every day. And he did. One night he had a startling dream in which he saw a lone reaper in a huge field of corn coming closer and closer to him. Then he recognized his face. It was that of Luther. As the man reflected on his dream, he came to the conclusion, I must leave my prayers and go to work. Praying for the Lord's servant was the starting point for his own involvement.

I have often wondered why Jesus on the occasion described in Matthew 9 said nothing about witnessing to the lost. I believe I know why. Prayer must always precede activity. Efforts not grounded in a sense of compassion and complete submission to the Lord are doomed to fail. But when we care enough to pray, we will start working, witnessing, and giving.

The starting point is prayer. Therefore, let's pray to the Lord of the harvest.

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PRAYER -- SECRET

1862 -- DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

E're you left your room this morning,  
Did you think to pray?  
In the name of Christ our Saviour,  
Did you sue for loving favor  
As a shield today?

When you met with great temptation,  
Did you think to pray?  
By His dying love and merit,  
Did you claim the Holy Spirit  
As your Guide and stay?

When your heart was filled with anger,  
Did you think to pray?  
Did you plead for grace, my brother,  
That you might forgive another  
Who had crossed your way?

When sore trials came upon you,  
Did you think to pray?  
When your soul was bowed in sorrow,  
Balm of Gilead did you borrow,  
At the gates of day?

Chorus:

Oh, how praying rests the weary!

Prayer can turn the night to day.  
So, when life seems dark and dreary,  
Don't forget to pray.

-- Topical Illustrations

\* \* \*

PRAYER -- SECRET

1863 -- SERVING GOD WITH PRAYER

"Anna served God with fastings and prayers night and day." Luke 2:37 20th century author Samuel Chadwick told this interesting story: When I was about 6 or 7 years old, I was sent on an errand to an elderly neighbor, Mrs. Davenport. It was around 9 o'clock in the morning, so after a quick knock I lifted the latch and entered her kitchen. There she was, kneeling at her fireside chair with a Bible open before her. She didn't notice my entry and kept right on praying. I stood there listening for a few minutes, then quietly stepped out again and closed the door. From then on, I knew she was a true saint of God just from the way she prayed." Through the years many others testified that Mrs. Davenport accomplished much by her earnest petitions.

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PRAYER -- SOMETIMES REFUSED

1864 -- LIKE PRAYING WITH A SELFISH MOTIVE

A delegation one day called on Mr. Lincoln to ask the appointment of a certain gentleman as commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. They presented their case as earnestly as possible, and, besides his fitness for the place, they urged that he was in broken health and a residence in that balmy climate would be of benefit to him. The President closed the interview with the discouraging remark: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man. -- Rocky Mountain Advocate

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PRAYER -- TO GOD

1865 -- CHANCE AND PRAYER

A lady who had forsaken God and the Bible for the gloom and darkness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a sailor, one morning, how long they should be out " In fourteen days, if it is God's will, we shall be in Liverpool," answered the sailor "If it is God's will!" said the lady; "what a senseless expression! Don't you know that all comes by chance?"



In a few days, a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging to the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror. "What do you think," she said to the same sailor, "will the storm soon be over?" "It seems likely to last some time, madam." "Oh!" she cried, "pray that we may not be lost!" His reply was, "Madam, shall I pray to chance?" -- Christian Age

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PRAYER -- UNWISE

1866 -- A SPITEFUL PRAYER

A pious but cranky old lady was greatly annoyed because her neighbors forgot to ask her to go on their picnic. On the morning of the event they suddenly realized their affront and sent a little boy to ask her to come along. "It's too late now," she snapped. "I've already prayed for rain." -- Sunday School Times

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PRAYER -- UNWISE

1867 -- ASKING FOR A LITTLE DOG INSTEAD SIGHT

Theodore Monod was once telling a little friend about Christ healing blind Bartimaeus. "And what," said he to the boy, "would you have asked from Jesus if you had been blind?" "Oh," said the child, with glowing face and kindling eyes, "I should have asked him for a nice little dog with a collar and chain, to lead me about." How often do we ask for the blind man's dog instead of the seeing man's eyes. -- Sunday School Chronicle

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PRAYER -- UNWISE

1868 -- WHILE THE BROTHER IS FINISHING

It is said that Moody could not stand long prayers in public. At one of his meetings he called on a brother to pray, and he became lost in a eulogy on the Almighty. As Moody saw no landing in sight, he suddenly said, "While the brother is finishing his prayer let us sing number 75." A medical student happened to be bored with the long prayer, and was just reaching for his hat to leave when Moody's sudden switch from the prayer to the song arrested his attention. He put his hat down, remained in the service, and was converted. The student was the famous missionary afterward, William Grenfell. -- Gospel Herald

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PRAYING -- CONDITIONS OF SUCCESSFUL

## 1869 -- DON'T PRAY WHILE HIDING A SMOULDERING SIN

Norman Vincent Peale related how that, as a boy, he once bought a large black cigar which he began to smoke as he made his way along a quiet side street. He was feeling quite bold until he saw his father half a block away. He tried to hide the cigar behind his back during their meeting, and, searching desperately for something to say, he made a certain request of his father: "My father's voice wasn't harsh when he answered; it was simply firm. 'Norman,' he said, 'one of the first lessons you should learn is this: never make a petition and at the same time try to hide a smoldering disobedience behind your back.'" -- From "How To Pray" by Norman Vincent Peale

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## PREACHING

### 1870 -- HE IS STILL MOVING LIVES

Robert Murray McCheyne and his church were visited by a young pastor. The pastor was taken around by the custodian to see the church where McCheyne had preached. The custodian took him into a little room and there was a little stool. The old custodian said, "Sir, You see that stool?" The young man thought, well that's strange, to show me a little stool. The old custodian said, "That's the stool where Pastor McCheyne would kneel and weep before he'd ever preach." Then he took him into the pulpit and the pastor saw this great Bible in the pulpit. He saw that it was all watered and stained and he said, "Well, what is all this on the Bible?" The custodian said, "Well, that's the tears that Brother McCheyne would shed while he preached." He is dead but he is still moving lives.

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## PREACHING

### 1871 -- HE WAS BOTH!

Vance Havner said that he heard about a guy who was going to be original or nothing, and he was both!

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## PREACHING -- ANOINTED

### 1872 -- THE MAKING OF AN EVANGELISTIC PREACHER

During the great, Welsh revival, it is said a minister was marvelously successful in his preaching. He had but one sermon, but under it hundreds of men were saved. Far away from where he lived, in a lonely valley, news of this wonderful success reached a brother preacher. Forthwith, he became anxious to find out the secret of this success. He started out and walked the long and weary road, and at length reaching the humble cottage where the good minister lived he said:

"Brother where did you get that sermon?" He was taken into a poorly furnished room and pointed to a spot where the carpet was worn shabby and bare, near a window that looked out towards the solemn mountains, and the minister said:

"Brother, that is where I got that sermon. My heart was heavy for men. One evening I knelt there and cried for power to preach as I had never preached before. The hours passed, until midnight struck, and the stars looked down on a sleeping valley and the silent hills; but the answer came not, so I prayed on until at length I saw a faint grey shoot up in the east; presently, it became silver and I watched and prayed until the silver became purple and gold, and on all the mountain crests blazed the altar fires of the new day; and then the sermon came, and the power came, and I lay down and slept, and arose and preached, and scores fell down before the fire of God; that is where I got that sermon." -- G. Campbell Morgan

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PREACHING -- ANOINTED

1873 -- WHEN TO STOP BORING

Beneath a glass atop a pulpit which Dr. Walter Wilson approached to bring a message occurred these wise words of wisdom, "If after ten minutes you don't strike oil, QUIT BORING!" -- W. B. Knight

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PREACHING -- ANOINTED

1874 -- WHY THEIR SERMONS WERE ANOINTED

John Livingston, of Scotland, once spent a whole night with a company of his brethren in prayer for God's blessing, all of them together besieging the throne; and the next day under his sermon five hundred souls were converted. All the world has heard how the audience of Jonathan Edwards was moved by his sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," some of them even grasping hold of the pillars of the sanctuary from feeling that their feet were actually sliding into the pit. But the secret of that sermon's power is known to but very few. Some Christians in that vicinity had become alarmed, lest, while God was blessing other places, He should in anger pass them by; and so they met on the evening preceding the preaching of that sermon, and spent the whole of the night in agonizing prayer. -- H. C. Fish

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PREACHING -- EARNESTNESS IN

1875 -- PREACHING AS ONE DYING TO THOSE DYING

It is said of a famous preacher that he always preached "as a dying man to dying men." It is such preaching that is always effective. A minister visiting a penitentiary one Saturday, was invited by the Christian warden to speak to the inmates the next day. That evening the minister felt impressed to go to the penitentiary and learn the details regarding the service. Noting two chairs draped in black in the main assembly room he inquired as to the reason. Said the warden, "These two chairs are draped for death. Your sermon will be the last these men will ever hear." There are chairs in most audiences draped for death. The only difference being, that in most instances they are not seen. Nonetheless, every preacher would do well to remember that he is a dying man addressing men who are appointed to die. -- The Toronto Globe

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#### PREACHING -- EARNESTNESS IN

##### 1876 -- THE PREACHING LINCOLN LIKED

Abraham Lincoln put it rather strongly but effectively nevertheless, when he said: "I do not care for cut and dried sermons. When I hear a man preach I like to see him act as if he were fighting bumble bees! -- Selected

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#### PREACHING -- FAITHFULNESS IN

##### 1877 -- OBEDIENCE IN THE PULPIT

A French preacher was appointed the king's chaplain. Shortly after the chaplain's appointment, the king was taken by death. His son succeeded him. After a chapel service, some men of the court came to the chaplain. "Your preaching is offensive to the new king," they said. "If you do not change, you may be replaced." He is my king when I am in my home," the chaplain replied. "When I stand in the pulpit, Jesus Christ, my King of kings, is the only one to whom I must be obedient."

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#### PREACHING -- FAITHFULNESS IN

##### 1878 -- REPROOF IN PREACHING

One thing I have against the clergy, both of the country and in the town; I think they are not severe enough on their congregations. They do not sufficiently lay upon the souls and consciences of their hearers their moral obligations, and probe their hearts and bring up their whole lives and actions to the bar of conscience. The class of sermons which I think are most needed are of the class which offended Lord Melbourne long ago. Lord Melbourne was seen one day coming from a church in the country in a mighty fume. Finding a friend, he exclaimed: "Its too bad! I have always been a supporter of the Church, and I have always upheld the clergy. But it is really too bad to

have to listen to a sermon like that we have had this morning. Why, the preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life!" But this is the kind of preaching which I like best, the kind of preaching which men need most; but it is also the kind of which they get the least. -- W. E Gladstone

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#### PREACHING -- FAITHFULNESS IN

##### 1879 -- THE PREACHING DANIEL WEBSTER CHOSE TO HEAR

Every Sabbath morning and evening in a small New England church, there was seen among the few worshipers a man whose great head and cavernous eyes were in keeping with his great distinction. Someone who knew him in Washington asked him how it was that, there in the village, he was so regular in going to the small church and listening to the ungilted minister, whereas in Washington he paid little attention to great churches and distinguished preachers. The man with the great head and the wonderful eyes answered: In Washington they preach to Daniel Webster, the statesman and the orator. Here in this village, this man preaches to Daniel Webster, the sinner." -- McCartney

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#### PREACHING -- OPENING AND CLOSING

##### 1880 -- DON'T MAKE YOUR INTRODUCTION TOO LONG!

A preacher can make his sermon introduction too long, and thereby lose his listener's attention before he even begins preaching the body of his message.

Washington Irving told the humorous tale of a Dutchman who, having to leap over a ditch, went back three miles that he might have a good run at it. He found himself so completely winded when he arrived at the edge of the ditch again, that he was obliged to sit down on the wrong side to recover his breath! -- adapted from Horace Smith

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#### PREACHING -- OPENING AND CLOSING

##### 1881 -- OYSTERS DO BETTER THAN SOME PREACHERS

I heard one say the other day that a certain preacher had no more gifts for the ministry than an oyster, and in my own judgment this was a slander on the oyster, for that worthy bivalve shows great discretion in his openings, and knows when to close. If some men were sentenced to hear their own sermons It would be a just judgment upon them, and they would soon cry out with Cain "My punishment is greater than I can bear." -- Spurgeon

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## PREACHING -- POINTEDLY AND CLEARLY

### 1882 -- CLARITY IS NEEDED

An exchange has the following story: A minister preached on 1 Corinthians 13:1. The reporter for the daily paper, strangely enough, got it right, but the linotype operator, in setting the word "charity," made the mistake of using an "L" instead of an "H," and the proofreader overlooked it. So the minister was reported in the morning paper as having preached from the following text: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not clarity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." Commenting on the story the editor says: "As it appears in print it was not New Testament truth, but it was truth, nevertheless. The people want the preacher to be luminous rather than voluminous, and the preacher who is without clarity will soon be without a congregation." -- Moody Monthly

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## PREACHING -- POINTEDLY AND CLEARLY

### 1883 -- MAKE YOUR POINT

Winston Churchill advised, "If you have an important point to make, don't try to be subtle or clever. Use a pile driver. Hit it once. Then come back and hit again."

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## PREACHING -- POINTEDLY AND CLEARLY

### 1884 -- PREACHING THAT AIMS AT EVERYTHING HITS NOTHING

Charlie Shedd tells a parable about a duck hunter who hunted all day and bagged nothing despite the fact that ducks were everywhere. His companions, seeking to discover the cause of his problem, followed him to the blinds the next day. Their analysis of the difficulty was succinctly stated: "His trouble was that he was shooting ducks in general and not in particular."

Shotgun sermons can have a similar lack of effectiveness. He who makes no point in preaching, also makes no sense. Aimless, pointless preaching often confuses more than it convicts. In order to bear the truth home effectively, a sermon should have a clear focus on one or more precise points of truth. -- Duane V. Maxey

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## PREACHING -- POINTEDLY AND CLEARLY

### 1885 -- PREACHING TO BRING THEM IN

A sailor had just returned from a whaling voyage, and he was taken by a friend to hear an eloquent preacher. After the sermon he said: "Jack wasn't that a fine sermon? "Yes, it was shipshape," said Jack, "the masts just high enough, the sails and rigging all right, but I did not see any harpoons. When a vessel goes on a whaling voyage, the great thing is to get whales, but they do not come because you have a fine ship; you must go after them and harpoon them. The preacher must be the whaler. -- W. H. Griffith

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## PREACHING -- PREPARATION FOR

### 1886 -- UNFIT FOR DOGS

A dirty, bedraggled cocker spaniel showed up frequently at the services of our West Virginia camp meeting. Washed and brushed it would have been handsome. The friendly mutt especially liked the prayer meetings, and it would sit quietly near the altar as people prayed. It seemed to enjoy Morris Wilson's preaching, too. I was a bit put out when it trotted in one morning, saw that I was the preacher for that service, and immediately departed. It reminded me of an old story.

A new pastor booted a hound out of the church. While preaching, the pastor noted a man wearing an angry scowl and thought, Oh, oh, that's the dog's master, and I've made an enemy. As the sermon progressed, the man's face brightened, so the pastor mustered courage to approach him with an apology after the benediction. "That's OK" the man said. "I was angry at first, but I decided I didn't want my dog to hear that kind of preaching anyhow."

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## PREACHING -- PREPARATION FOR

### 1887 -- WHERE THE FOX COULD HIDE

There was a worldly parson in Philadelphia -- a great fox hunter whom a Spruce Street Quaker took in hand. "Friend, said the Quaker, I understand thee's clever at fox-catching. "I have few equals and no superiors at that sport," the parson complacently replied. "Nevertheless, friend," said the Quaker, "if I were a fox I would hide where thee would never find me. "Where would you hide?" asked the parson, with a frown. "Friend," said the Quaker, "I would hide in thy study." -- Moody Monthly

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## PREACHING -- THE EFFECT OF

### 1888 -- TESTING THE ACOUSTICS RESULTED IN A CONVERSION

Spurgeon went one day into Albert Hall, where he was to preach on the coming Sabbath. In order to test the acoustics of the hall with his voice, he mounted the platform and repeated the text, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1:7) Not long afterward, he received word that the repetition of that text had borne rich fruit. A painter at work in some part of the great hall was startled when he heard the voice of Spurgeon repeating, in the empty hall, that great sentence of John's. The words so impressed him that he was converted and brought to Christ.  
-- McCartney

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## PREACHING -- THE EFFECT OF

### 1889 -- THE CONVERSION OF AN UNSEEN LISTENER

Stephen Grellet, the noted Friend, once felt a burden on his heart and the leading of the Holy Spirit to preach the gospel to men in an American lumber camp. But when he arrived at the camp he found it deserted, for the men had gone farther into the forest. Feeling, nevertheless that he had been sent there by the Holy Spirit, he stood up in the empty mess hall and delivered his sermon, heard, as he thought, only by the board walls of the building and the lofty trees of the forest.

Years afterward, crossing London Bridge in the evening gloom, he was somewhat rudely stopped by a man who accosted him and said, "You are the man I have been looking for all these years. I have found you at last!" "There must be some mistake," said Grellet, "I have never seen thee." "No," said the man, "but did you not preach at a lumber camp in the American forest?" "Yes, but there was no one there." "I was there," responded the man, "and I heard the sermon."

Then he went on to relate how he had come back from where the men were working to get a saw that had been left behind, when he was startled and alarmed at hearing the sound of a man's voice. Approaching the building, he looked through a chink of the logs and saw Grellet standing by himself preaching the sermon. He listened to the preacher, was convicted of sin, got hold of a copy of the Scriptures, learned the way of life, was saved, and brought others with him into the Kingdom of Heaven. -- McCartney

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## PREACHING -- THE EFFECT OF

### 1890 -- THE IMPACT OF WESLEY'S PREACHING

Mr. Madan, who had been educated for the bar and being a great mimic, was desired one evening by some wicked companions to go and hear John Wesley. After hearing Wesley, Madan was to return and mimic Wesley's mannerisms and message for their entertainment.

Accordingly, he went to the meeting with this intention; when, just as he entered the place, Wesley named as his text: "Prepare to meet thy God;" with a solemnity of accent that struck



Madan very forcibly, inspiring a seriousness which continued to increase as Wesley proceeded in exhorting his hearers to repentance. On returning from the meeting, Madan was accosted by his acquaintances, "Have you taken off the old Methodist?" (Were you able to pick up his mannerisms so as to mimic them?) "No, gentlemen," he replied, "but he has taken me off!" -- Dictionary Of Illustrations

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## PREACHING -- THE EFFECT OF

### 1891 -- THE REPLY TO WESLEY'S OBSERVATION

It is related of John Wesley that on one occasion he was riding along a high road when he saw a man kneeling by the roadside breaking stones. "Ah," said the preacher, I wish I could break the hearts of some who hear me preach as easily as you are breaking those stones." The man looked up and replied, "Did you ever try to break them on your knees?"

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## PREACHING -- THE EFFECT OF

### 1892 -- WHERE DO SERMONS GO?

When a local preacher died, his relatives found he had neatly tied up the messages he had delivered and placed a card on top of them with this inscription: "Where has the influence gone of all these sermons I have preached?" Underneath he had scribbled in large letters, "OVER." On the other side this answer was found: "Where are last year's sunrays? They have gone into fruits and grain and vegetables to feed mankind. Where are last year's raindrops? Forgotten by most people, of course, but they did their refreshing work, and their influence still abides. So, too, my sermons have gone into lives and made them nobler, more Christlike, and better fitted for Heaven." His comments apply to the efforts of all who faithfully give out the Word.

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## PREACHING -- THE LENGTH OF

### 1893 -- BREVITY IN PREACHING IS SOMETIMES WISE

Very wisely does an American writer say: "There is a mighty difference between preaching the everlasting Gospel and preaching the Gospel everlastingly." There is no end to the truth, but there should be an end to the sermon, or else it will answer no end but that of wearying the hearer. A friend who occasionally visits the Continent always prefers the passage from Dover to Calais, for a reason which we commend to the notice of certain prosy speakers -- it is short. If you speak well, you will not be long; if you speak ill, you ought not to be so. We commend to the verbose brother the counsel of a costermonger to an open-air preacher -- it was rather rude, but peculiarly sensible -- "I say, old fellow, cut it short." -- Spurgeon

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## PREACHING -- THE LENGTH OF

1894 -- ENTERS GLORY "HITTING ON ALL CYLINDERS"

The Rev. James Harris, 77, of Oreana, Illinois, collapsed and died at the end of his sermon in a county home for the aged. With his last breath, he said, "I have just one more point to make and then I'll close!" We believe he made that "last point" in the presence of his wondrous Lord! -- W. B. Knight

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## PREACHING -- THE LENGTH OF

1895 -- GOOD PREACHING, NOT LIKE AN ENDLESS ROPE

Don't preach too long. I should say, if you are earnest and interesting that whatever you are preaching about, you should preach about forty minutes. Some sermons remind me of the sailor who was told to pull a rope on board; he pulled and pulled until he was tired and then declared that he believed the "end of this 'ere rope is cut off." -- Spurgeon

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## PREACHING -- THE LENGTH OF

1896 -- PREACHING TOO LONG

Many churches wisely have a large clock behind the congregation where it is quite obvious to the preacher. Some don't. The one where Rev. Sam has been invited to speak did not. As time when on, Brother Sam finally commented that he had forgotten his watch and asked, "Does anyone have the time?" "There's a calendar right behind you," piped a voice.

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## PREACHING -- WITH SIMPLICITY AND TACT

1897 -- USING WORDS EASY TO BE UNDERSTOOD

An Englishman crossed the Channel to France and was exceedingly disturbed by the fact that he could not understand a word of the French language. He was met at the depot by a Frenchman, and the driver of the cab talked to him in French. When he got to the hotel, he found nothing but the French language there and a man, with French language, took him to his couch at night. He was almost exhausted because of his incapacity to understand anything that was being

said to him, and in sad mind he went to sleep. In the morning, he woke up and he heard a rooster crow and he said, "There's some English, at last."

And what a relief it is, after hearing some men talk in learned technicalities, foreign to our capacity, to suddenly hear something the plainest people can understand! I know only of one use for words, and that is to let men know what you mean. -- Spurgeon

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## PREACHING -- WITH SIMPLICITY AND TACT

### 1898 -- WHY ONE SUCCEEDED AND THE OTHER DIDN'T

Two clergymen were settled in their youth in contiguous parishes. The congregation of the one had become very much broken and scattered, while that of the other remained large and strong. At a ministerial gathering Dr. A said to Dr. B. -- "Brother, how has it happened that I have labored diligently as you have, and preached better sermons and more of them, my parish has been scattered to them winds, and yours remains strong and unbroken?" Dr. B facetiously replied, "Oh, I'll tell you, brother. When you go fishing, you first get a great, rough pole for a handle, to which you attach a large, Cod line and a great hook, and twice as much bait as the fish can swallow. With these accouterments you dash up to the brook and throw in your hook, with 'There, Bite, You dogs!' Thus you scare away all the fish. When I go fishing, I get a little switching pole, a small line, and just such a hook and bait as the fish can swallow. Then I creep up to the brook and silently slip them in, and I twitch 'em out and twitch'em out till my basket is full." -- Preacher's Lantern

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## PREACHING -- WITH SUBSTANCE

### 1899 -- HIGH WIND, BIG THUNDER, NO RAIN!

The story is told about an old American Indian who attended a church service one Sunday morning. The preacher's message lacked real spiritual food, so he did a lot of shouting and pulpit pounding to cover up his lack of preparation. In fact, as it is sometimes said, he "preached up quite a storm." After the service, someone asked the Indian, who was a Christian, what he thought of the minister's message. Thinking for a moment, he summed up his opinion in six words: "High wind. Big thunder. No rain." Yes, when the Scriptures are neglected, there is "no rain." Only when preaching is based on God's Word are His people blessed and refreshed.

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## PREDESTINATION

### 1900 -- PREDESTINATION AND ELECTION, WRONGLY UNDERSTOOD

Predestination and Election concern "how" we must be saved, not "whether" we shall or shall not be saved. The following illustration by McCartney, including the examples which he sites of two who wanted to be sure that they were among the elect, should show that the false concept of predestination which Calvinism teaches -- that some are foreordained to be damned while the elect are predestined to be saved -- can lead to absurdities. None are elected to be damned but those who refuse to repent and accept Christ's salvation, and the election of none is proved or disproved by the absurd means spoken of in the two stories of this illustration. -- Duane V. Maxey

Side by side with the conviction of our freedom and responsibility, there goes the evidence of something or Some One beyond our own life and its choices. In the great railroad stations you can see a metallic pencil come out and write, in huge characters on the wall, the time of the arrival or departure of the trains. The metallic pencil seems to write of itself; but we know that hidden in an office somewhere, the mind and hand of a man are operating the pencil. So, in our own life, we note our own deliberations and choices and decisions, and yet in the fabric of our destiny there seems to be other strands -- strands not of our own weaving.

In his anxiety to know whether or not he had faith, John Bunyan was tempted to work a miracle; and one day, between Elstow and Bedford, he was about to say to the puddles that were in the horse path, "Be dry," and to the dry places, "Be you puddles." If he had faith, he ought to be able to work miracles. But, just as he was about to speak, this thought came into his mind: "Go under yonder hedge and pray first that God would make you able." When he had prayed, he concluded that he had better not try the experiment, because if he failed he would have to look upon himself as a castaway. "Nay," thought he, "if it be so I will not try yet, but will stay a little longer."

This incident reminds one of what Rousseau says in his Confessions about his anxiety concerning election. He determined to decide the matter as to whether or not he was of the elect by throwing an apple at a tree. If he missed he was doomed to be lost. If he hit the tree he was of the elect. He tells us that he hit the tree, but confesses that he had chosen a tree of considerable diameter. -- McCartney

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## PREJUDICE

### 1901 -- THE POWER OF PREJUDICE

A man was stoutly asserting that there were no gold fields, except in Mexico and Peru. A nugget, dug up in California, was shown him as convincing evidence against his positive statement to the contrary. So far from being disconcerted, he quietly answered: "This metal, I confess, is extremely like gold; and you tell me that it passes as such in the market. All this I do not dispute. Nevertheless, the metal is not gold but auruminium; it can not be gold, because gold comes only from Mexico and Peru." In vain was he told that the geological formation of California was similar to that of Peru, and that the metals were similar. He had made up his mind that gold existed only in Mexico and Peru; this was a law of nature; he had no reason to give why it should be so; but such had been the admitted fact for years, and from this opinion he would not swerve. -- J. N. Norton

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## PREJUDICE -- RACIAL

1902 -- GHANDI

A deplorable incident occurred in the life of Mahatma Ghandi. He said in his autobiography that during his student days he was interested in the Bible. Deeply touched by reading the gospels, he seriously considered becoming a convert. Christianity seemed to offer the real solution to the caste system that was dividing the people of India. One Sunday he went to a church to see the minister and ask for instruction on the way of salvation and other Christian doctrines. But when he entered the sanctuary, the ushers refused him a seat and suggested that he go and worship with his own people. He left and never went back. "If Christians have chaste differences also," he said to himself, "I might as well remain a Hindu." Believer, weed from your heart the evil root of racial prejudice before it yields the same bitter fruit.

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## PRESENCE -- OF GOD

1903 -- A GREATER EMMANUEL HAS NOT DESERTED HIS SOLDIERS

"Lo, I am with you always" An incident which happened on the battle front, illustrates the fact that Christ has not deserted us in the battle, even at times when we feel all alone. His bodily presence is gone, but His Spirit faithfully remains with those in the battle.

King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy had gone with his troops into battle. In the midst of shell fire, a lieutenant who had fallen, mortally wounded, called a soldier, gave him a few keepsakes to convey to his family, and then ordered him to fly. But the soldier tried to carry the lieutenant to a place of safety. Some gunners called to him through the infernal fire: "Save yourself! Save yourself!" But still he remained. In the distance a motor horn could be heard, and the whisper went around that the king had left the field. The soldier still struggled with the officers body, but the lieutenant died in his arms. Flinging himself on the corpse, the young fellow exclaimed with tears: "Even the King has gone away!" Then a hand touched his shoulder. He shook himself, rose, and stood at attention. "My dear boy," said the King, "the car has gone; but the King is still with you." And, there he remained till the end of the day. -- Youth's Companion

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## PRESENCE -- OF GOD

1904 -- DO YOU EXPECT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO ATTEND?

One Christmas Eve the telephone rang in the office of the Pastor of the church in Washington, D. C. that President Franklin Roosevelt attended. "Tell me Reverend," the voice

inquired, "are you holding a Christmas Eve service tonight?" When advised that there would certainly be a service that evening, the caller asked, "And do you expect President Roosevelt to attend your church tonight?" "That," explained the Pastor patiently, "I can't promise. I'm not sure about the President's plans for this evening. But I can say that we fully expect God to be in our church tonight, and we feel secure in the knowledge that His attendance will attract a reasonably large congregation."

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## PRESENCE -- OF GOD

### 1905 -- WHERE IS GOD?

The prisoners in the concentration camp were assembled to witness an execution. Huddling in silence, they watched as the Nazi guards led a 10-year-old boy to the gallows. They expected a clean execution. They would hang the boy, he would die. But it wasn't that easy. Twisting at the end of the rope, the boy fought against death with all his might. Arms flailing, legs kicking desperately, the boy struggled as time seemed suspended, prolonging his agony. A plaintive voice cried out from somewhere in the assembled crowd, "Where is God?" The only answer was the sound of the frantic beating of the boy's arms and legs, kicking and clawing the empty air around him. Again, the voice cried out, "Where is God?" Still, the only answer was the boy's rasping, as his struggles grew weaker. Finally, death rescued the boy. And once more, the voice, choked with despair, asked, "Where is God?" this time, over the creaking of the rope swaying with the weight of its gruesome burden, another voice answered, "God is there, hanging on the gallows." -- Pulpit Digest

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## PRESUMPTION

### 1906 -- HE WAS WRONG!

At Santiago an officer was advised to lie, down, as the regiment was waiting for the order to advance. He replied that he, did not believe that the bullet was yet cast that would kill him. Just then, he was struck by a Mauser in the head and killed. -- Topical Illustrations

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## PRESUMPTION

### 1907 -- TOMORROW MAY NEVER COME

Kefa Sempangi (whose story is told in the book A Distant Grief, was a national pastor in Africa and barely escaped with his family from brutal oppression and terror in his home country of Uganda. They made their way to Philadelphia, where a group of Christians began caring for them. One day his wife said, "Tomorrow I am going to go and buy some clothes for the children," and

immediately she and her husband broke into tears. Because of the constant threat of death under which they had so long lived, that was the first time in many years they had dared even speak the word tomorrow.

Their terrifying experiences forced them to realize what is true of every person: there is no assurance of tomorrow. The only time we can be sure of having is what we have at the moment. To the self satisfied farmer who had grandiose plans to build bigger and better barns to store his crops, the Lord said, "You fool! This very night your soul is required of you" (Luke 12:20). He had already lived his last tomorrow.

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PRIDE -- EXAMPLES OF

1908 -- ABOUT OUT OF CHEESE

A salesman called at the country variety store on his monthly sales visit. "Where's the boss?" he asked of a gangling boy, upon whose upper lip a little "goose down" was putting in its appearance. Squawked the boy, "The boss ain't in. I'm the whole cheese!" Eyeing the boy with deserved disdain, the salesman said, "Boy, when the boss comes in, tell him he is about out of cheese!" Beware of inflating pride. -- W. B. Knight

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PRIDE -- EXAMPLES OF

1909 -- HE WANTED SQUEAKY SHOES

Humorous incidents happen even on the mission field. I think that it was in an African village that a native Christian went to the village merchant to purchase a pair of shoes. He was fitted out with a suitable pair, and went away happy. Some weeks later he brought the shoes back. "Did they not fit? Were they not good?" asked the merchant. "Yes." "Then why are you returning them?" "Because they don't have any squeak." It appeared that the man wanted a pair of shoes that would squeak as he walked up the aisle of the church. He wanted something that would draw attention to himself. That type of Christian is as old as the church. -- Christian Union Herald

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PRIDE -- EXAMPLES OF

1910 -- INDISPENSABLE CHRISTIANS

"He is impossible to get along with, because he thinks he's impossible to get along without," was said of a Sunday school worker. No wonder the result was a dismal failure for the would-be indispensable. The worst idea a Christian can have is that he is absolutely necessary to

the work in which he is engaged, that his absence would stop the whole undertaking. -- Sunday At Home

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## PRIDE -- EXAMPLES OF

### 1911 -- SELF-IMPORTANCE

During the American Revolution, it is said that an officer not wearing his military uniform was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs on a small fortification. The leader of the little squad was giving orders to those who were under him relative to a timber which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of their little leader was the oftener heard in his regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!

The officer before spoken of stopped his horse when he came to the place, and seeing the timber some times scarcely move, asked the the squad leader why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, and turning to the officer with the pomp of an emperor, said "Sir, I am a corporal! You are not though, are you?" said the pompous little corporal." "I was not aware of that," said the out-of-uniform officer, taking off his hat and bowing, I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal!" Upon this, the officer dismounted from his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and helped the laboring soldiers lift the timber till the sweat stood in drops upon his forehead.

When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the proud little squad leader, the officer said: "Mr. Corporal Commander, when you have another such job and have not men enough, send to your Commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunderstruck. The out-of-uniform officer was General George Washington. -- Paxton Hood

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## PRIDE -- EXAMPLES OF

### 1912 -- SELF-MEASUREMENT

A little boy came to his mother, saying, "Mamma, I am as tall as Goliath; I am nine feet high." "What makes you say that?" asked the surprised mother. "Well, I made a little ruler of my own and measured myself with it, and I am just nine feet high!" There are many people who follow the little boy's method, measuring themselves by some rule of their own. God tells us of those who, "measuring themselves...and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise." (2 Cor. 10:12) -- Pilot

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## PRIDE -- EXAMPLES OF

### 1913 -- WORKS AND BUILDER BOTH DESTROYED

Winstanley was so proud of the former Eddystone Lighthouse that as he looked at its goodly proportions, he said: "I only wish that I was inside in a great storm." That was a proud boast to make, for he is inside and the night lowers dark and chill and there is a moan in the sea that tells of an unprecedented disturbance of the elements. Winstanley is inside. "Ah, he says, "I shall see how the good old work stands and as the edifice rocks in the storm. Winstanley thinks it is all right. He is sitting there by the fireside, the wind roaring about him and the spray dashing up on the windows; but in the grey dawn of the next morning they looked out from the mainland and the lighthouse was gone. Winstanley was lost in the work of his own hands. His boast availed not; the storm was too big for the edifice.

Oh man, were it but an ordinary storm I would say to you: "Settle down in your good works." Were it merely the little bit of tossing we have in this earthly life, I would say: "Build, build on your own strength; it will do you good; but man, the storm is supernatural. The great roll of that sea will bring down every self-built lighthouse. Never did the earth see such a storm; never did such a torrent play on the human soul as eternity; there was never such a cataclysm on our afflicted earth; stars falling, earth reeling like a drunken man. Your works will go by the board as sure as God is on the throne. You cannot get to heaven by your good works. -- John Robertson

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## PRIDE -- SPIRITUAL

### 1914 -- THE STORY OF GOSSAMER

In his delightful children's book, Gossamer, Stephen Cosgrove tells the story of an old, blind butterfly who helps a beautiful but vain winter weasel learn that true beauty is found in the heart, not in the mirror. The wise old butterfly had learned that lesson the hard way. He himself had once been beautiful and vain, but one day he flew toward a light to gaze on his own beauty, only to crash into a lamp whose flame blinded him and singed his wings. Why do bad things look so good? The story of Gossamer the butterfly suggests that pride often plays a large role in the process.

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## PRIDE -- SPIRITUAL

### 1915 -- TRAPPED BY LIFTING UP THEIR HEADS

Foolish birds are the turkeys that never lift up their heads when they are feeding and never let them down when they are not. So, in the West men are accustomed to select a sort of slope or side hill and cut a little channel or path and surround it with a kind of rail fence without roof or any protection. Along this path they strew corn. And the wild turkeys come in flocks and pick up the

corn, following the path, and do not look to see where they are being led to till they have passed under the lower rail and got into the enclosure. Then, there being no corn, there they lift up their heads and see where they are. They cannot fly over the fence (a turkey can not rise on its wings unless he has a chance to run) and they cannot get out unless they lower their heads and that they will not do. So, they are caught. -- Beecher

Job 10:15 says, "...if I be righteous, yet will I not lift up my head..." One becomes a Christian by lowering his head, as it were, and he who then lifts up his head in spiritual pride is likely to be caught in satan's snare. The only way out of such a trap is to again lower one's head in humble confession and repentance, and that some will not do. -- Duane V. Maxey

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## PRIDE -- SPIRITUAL

### 1916 -- WHEN HITCHED TO A RED-WHEELED BUGGY

Evangelist Sam Jones frequently referred to his father's horse named "Old Charlie." When the animal was hitched to a plow, he would balk and become a problem. But when he was hitched to a red-wheeled buggy with a fancy harness, he held his head high, and was full of excitement and vigor. It was never necessary to coax him or use the whip. It was as if the horse was eager to be seen in fancy trappings -- especially when he had a light load to pull. Sam Jones said, "Human nature is like that too. Some people simply won't work for the Lord in a humble capacity. They must have a prominent office with a high-sounding title before they'll do their best." How contrary this is to the spirit of Christianity! Any opportunity to glorify God should never be considered too small or too insignificant to command our best efforts.

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## PRIDE -- WARNINGS AGAINST

### 1917 -- WHEN WE CAN'T DO FOR OURSELVES

A secular weekly tells the story of a little fellow who had reached that epoch in a boy's life when he gets his first pants, and the uplift unsettled his spiritual equilibrium. Hitherto he had been a devout little Christian and joined his little sister every morning in asking the Lord's help and blessing for the day. But this morning, when he looked at his new pants, and felt himself a man, he stopped his little sister as she began to pray as usual, "Lord Jesus, take care of Freddie today, and keep him from harm," and, like poor Simon Peter, in his self-sufficiency, he cried out, "No, Jennie; don't say that; Freddie can take care of himself now."

Little Jennie was shocked and frightened, but knew not what to do; and so the day began. Before noon they both climbed up into a cherry tree, and while reaching out for the tempting fruit Freddie went head foremost down into an angle between the tree and the fence. With all his desperate struggles and those of his frightened sister, he was utterly unable to extricate himself. At

last he said to Jennie, with a look of mingled shame and intelligence he said, "Jennie, pray: Freddie can't take care of himself after all."

Just then a strong man was coming along the road, and the answer to their prayer came quickly as he took down the fence and freed Freddie. The boy went forth with a lesson for life, to walk like Peter, with downward head and humble trust in a strength and care more mighty than his own. -- A. B. Simpson

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## PRINCE OF LIFE

### 1918 -- SLAIN THROUGH IGNORANCE

"Ye..killed the Prince of life..through ignorance.." Acts 3:14,15,17 The story has been told of a young trapper who lived in the wilderness with Prince, his huge sled dog that was more wolf than malamute. The dog was very devoted to Pete, his master, and only revealed the savagery of his wolf ancestry when he was zealous to defend his close friend. Pete married, and, when the baby, little Pete, came along Prince included him also in his canine affection. When the first snow fell Pete's wife passed away, leaving behind the heartbroken trapper, the baby, and the big, gray wolf-dog.

Pete managed to get Prince to understand that he must now remain at home while he (Pete) went out to tend the trap lines, and, though Prince was disappointed at not being allowed to accompany his adored friend, the dog was faithful to watch the baby. When the child awoke or whimpered he was there to provide soft fur for the baby's hand to stroke and to give the quick caress of his warm tongue to comfort.

One day while Pete was far from home a blizzard struck, and he couldn't make it back to the cabin by nightfall. At dawn the gale ceased and Pete made it through the snow into the cabin clearing. He whistled for the dog. Always before when Prince heard this signal he would come out to greet his master with the enthusiastic antics of a canine welcome. This time there was no such response. The dog did not show himself nor make a sound.

Realizing that something was wrong, Pete ran across the clearing and entered the cabin through a half-open door. He saw that the baby's crib was empty. The blankets were red with blood and great smears of blood were upon the floor. As the trapper stood transfixed by the horror of this scene, his wolf-dog crept out from under the bed. Prince's muzzle was also red with blood and the fur of his neck was matted. He didn't look at his master, nor did he approach the man, but simply lay there in silence with his head down and his eyes avoiding Pete's gaze.

Suddenly it came to Pete. Once wolf, always wolf! No doubt hunger had aroused the Primitive instinct of the wolf-dog. The trapper raised his ax with a cry and with all of his might he buried the ax in the dog's huge head. Then, he heard a whimper from somewhere behind Prince's body. Stooping down he found his child beneath the bed and drew him out with trembling hands. The child's clothing was torn and bloodstained, but he was unhurt.

Dazedly the father now stared about the cabin, and for the first time he saw in a dark corner the carcass of a gaunt timber wolf with its throat torn out. A piece of Prince's bloody fur was still clenched in its teeth. Too late, the trapper realized that he had slain "through ignorance" the loving deliverer of his child. Thus it was when Christ was slain. Taken to be guilty and executed, He Whom men slew in ignorance was actually their best friend and their Savior and protector from satan, the wolf.

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## PROCRASTINATION

### 1919 -- A PRICE TOO DEAR

In a New Jersey city, not very long ago, a dwelling house occupied by a large family took fire in a sudden and unaccountable way. It was late in the afternoon and the ladies were upstairs dressing for dinner. Among them was a beautiful girl who was just making her debut in society. For her, the world was made up of parties and dances and dinners. She was in the flush of her first social triumphs, with life and the world before her, and her fond father and mother had lavished upon her all the luxuries that wealth could buy. Her dresses and jewels were the envy of all her girl friends. When the fire broke out, the ladies made a dash for the stairs, but these were already in flames and escape was cut off from below. They ran to the windows and shrieked for help. The fire engines were coming, but by the time they reached the house the flames had made frightful headway.

The firemen raised their ladders to the window of the room where the poor women stood. The young lady welcomed the certainty of rescue with lively joy. She was too sure. In the moment while she waited her turn on the ladder, she thought of her jewels. Before any one could stop her, the rash creature had rushed back into the blinding smoke. "I shall have time enough," they heard her say. Hers was the next room, and upon the bureau lay her jewel-case of diamonds. In vain the firemen called her and tried to follow her; the flames drove them back. In a minute more, the house was a raging furnace.

The next morning, in the ruins the firemen discovered an unrecognizable body, but clutched in one charred hand was a small metal box that somehow had escaped destruction. It was the jewel-case for which the girl had thrown away her precious life. The gems were all safe, but their worth could not ransom their owner.

How many forget that what is too dearly bought can never be enjoyed. They who sacrifice a vital value for a vanity lose both the treasure and its price. For a life that takes both time and eternity in its compass, such waste has a fearful meaning. -- Youth's Companion

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## PROCRASTINATION

## 1920 -- BUSINESS WITH GOD IS FOR TODAY!

Archias, the magistrate of Thebes, was sitting with many mighty men drinking wine. A messenger came in bringing him a letter informing him of a conspiracy against his life and warning him to flee. Archias took the letter, but instead of opening it, put it into his pocket and said to the messenger who brought it, "Business tomorrow." The next day he died. Before he opened the letter, the government was captured. When he read the letter, it was too late. I put into the hand of every man and woman, a message of life. It says: "Today if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts." Do not put away the message and say, "This business tomorrow." This night thy soul may be required of thee. -- Pulpit Treasury (see #2084)

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## PROCRASTINATION

### 1921 -- DELAYED BY PRIDE

When James the Third offered amnesty to the Scottish chiefs who should lay down their arms before a limited period of time, McIan, the bravest and proudest of them all, had an ambition to be the last to surrender. He kept up his rebellion until two days before the expiration of the time and then arrived at the appointed place just in time to be executed. -- Topical Illustrations

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## PROCRASTINATION

### 1922 -- GREED DELAYED HER ESCAPE

In the ruins of Pompeii there was found a petrified body of a woman with her jewels in her hands which she had spent her time gathering up instead of fleeing from the doomed city. By her delay, she lost both her jewels and her life. Multitudes are making the same mistake. In trying to get earth and heaven, they lose both. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." -- Topical Illustrations

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## PROCRASTINATION

### 1923 -- HE PUT THE LETTER IN HIS POCKET

An incident from the American Revolution illustrates what tragedy can result from procrastination. It is reported that Colonel Rahl, commander of the British troops at Trenton, New Jersey, was playing cards when a courier brought an urgent message stating that General George Washington was crossing the Delaware River. Rahl put the letter in his pocket and didn't bother to read it until the game finished. Then, realizing the seriousness of the situation, he hurriedly tried to rally his men to meet the coming attack, but his procrastination was his undoing. He and many of his men were killed, and the rest of the regiment were captured. Nolbert Quayle said, "Only a few

minutes' delay cost him his life, his honor, and the liberty of his soldiers. Earth's history is strewn with the wrecks of half-finished plans and unexecuted resolutions. "Tomorrow' is the excuse of the lazy and the refuge of the incompetent."

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## PROCRASTINATION

### 1924 -- HE WAITED TOO LONG

A gentleman, standing by Niagara, saw an eagle swoop down upon a frozen lamb encased in a floating piece of ice. The eagle stood upon it as it was drifting on towards the rapids. Every now and again the eagle would proudly lift its head into the air to look around him as much as to say: "I am drifting on toward danger but I know what I am doing; I will fly away and make good my escape before it is too late." When he neared the Falls, he stooped and spread his powerful wings and leaped for his flight; but alas! alas!; while he was feasting on that dead carcass his feet had frozen to its fleece. He leaped and shrieked and beat upon the ice with his wings until ice frozen lamb and eagle went over the Falls and down into the chasm and darkness below. That is a graphic picture of the social drinker, the sensualist, the embezzler, of any and every man who has begun to do evil intending to stop before he goes too far. -- Topical Illustrations

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## PROCRASTINATION

### 1925 -- MORNING WAS TOO LATE

The steamship "Central America," on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprung a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel seeing her signal of distress bore down toward her. Perceiving the danger to be imminent, the captain of the rescue ship spoke to the "Central America," "What is amiss?" "We are in bad repair and are going down; lie by till morning;" was the answer. "Let me take your passengers on board now." But as it was night, the commander of the "Central America" did not like to send his passengers away lest some might be lost, and thinking that they could keep afloat awhile longer replied: "Lie by till morning." Once again the Captain of the rescue ship called, "you had better let me take them now." "Lie by till morning," was sounded back through the trumpet. About an hour and a half later, her lights were missed and, though no sound was heard, the "Central America" had gone down and all on board perished because it was thought they could be saved better at another time. -- Pulpit Treasury

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## PROCRASTINATION

### 1926 -- NOBODY PREPARING FOR A BETTER WORLD

A little girl one day said to her mother, while she was busy at needlework, "Mamma, my Sunday school teacher tells me that this world is only a place where God lets us live awhile that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country and Aunt Eliza is preparing to come here, but I do not see any one preparing to go there." -- Topical Illustrations

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## PROCRASTINATION

### 1927 -- SERIOUS AFFAIRS TOMORROW

A plot was contrived to assassinate Archias, a chief magistrate in one of the Grecian states. The day arrived for the plot to be carried out. Archias was more than half dissolved in wine and pleasure when a courier from Athens arrived in great haste with a packet for him. That packet contained information which revealed the conspiracy. Archias was urged to read the information immediately since it concerned "serious affairs"! Instead, he replied, "serious affairs tomorrow," and continued in his revelry. Like Belshazzar, that same night he was slain! Reader, are you wanting salvation? or holiness of heart? Don't be too light and too late! Obediently, let Christ meet your need while your opportunity remains. (see #2077)

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## PROCRASTINATION

### 1928 -- STARTING TOO LATE

Why is it some people are always a few minutes late? They are too late to school, too late to church, too late everywhere. They seem to be in as much of a hurry as anybody else and if they could only set themselves forward ten minutes they would be right the rest of their lives.

A little boy who ran to the station just as the train had pulled out was greeted with the cry: "You didn't run quite hard enough." "Oh yes I did," said he. "I ran as hard as ever I could, but I didn't start soon enough."

That is the reason many will fail to get into the kingdom of God. They will run fast enough and try hard enough, but they will start too late. "When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock at the door saying, Lord, Lord open unto us, he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are." "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him while he is near." I confess I know nothing of the force of human language if such advice does not imply that there shall be a time when the Lord shall not be found and when he will not be near to regard our call. -- Topical Illustrations

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## PROCRASTINATION

## 1929 -- STRAIGHTENED OUT BY DEATH

The story is told of a family that moved into a new community. They were promptly visited by two elders and the pastor of a nearby church who cordially invited them to attend the services on the Lord's Day. The man assured them that he would come just as soon as he got straightened out. Several months passed, and he still hadn't put in an appearance, so the minister called again and repeated his invitation. But he received the same reply. The fellow hadn't yet gotten everything straightened out, but he'd be there just as soon as he did. A few weeks later he died, and his widow asked to have the funeral services in the church. The preacher graciously agreed. It was indeed a sad affair. Later when a member of the congregation asked the pastor if the man was a Christian, he answered, "He never attended services here, and no one can recall ever hearing him give a testimony of his faith in Christ, so I can't say. I only know he was a man of his word. He promised to come to church just as soon as he got straightened out -- and he did!"

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## PROCRASTINATION

### 1930 -- TELL THEM THERE'S NO HURRY

There is an ancient story about three demons who were arguing over the best way to destroy the Christian mission in the world. The first demon says, "Let's tell all the Christians there is no heaven. Take away the reward incentive and the mission will collapse." The second demon says, "Let's tell all the Christians there is no hell. Take away the fear of punishment and the mission will collapse." The third demon says, "There is one better way. Let's tell all the Christians that there is no hurry" and all three immediately say, "That's it! All we have to do is tell them there's no hurry and the whole Christian enterprise will collapse."

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## PROCRASTINATION

### 1931 -- THE SADDEST FUNERAL I EVER PREACHED

The following story comes from R. E. Neighbour:

One day my telephone rang and a lady asked me to come down and visit her husband, who was very, very sick, and unsaved. I went and stood by the bed. The man had double pneumonia, and I said, "Old boy, I am sorry you are so sick." After a while, as the Lord helped me, I talked of the Lord Jesus, and the man said, "Here and now I receive Him; and I will tell you what I will do; if the Lord will restore me, I will forsake my sin, and I will come down and be baptized."

In a few days I went again to see him, and he was out of danger. On the third visit I found him sitting on the wood pile watching his chickens. He loved good horses and fine chickens. I said,



"You will soon be ready to come to church." He replied, "Brother Neighbour, I am going to keep my promise and unite with your church and be baptized a week from next Sunday."

A couple of weeks went by and he did not come. One day I saw him on the street riding a beautiful black steed. I hailed him and said, "Wait a minute, old boy. I thought you were coming on to live for Christ." He said, "Oh, Brother, I will come!" But he did not.

Then one day I met a groceryman, a member of our church, and he said, "We are going to have a sudden death in this city." I said, "Who do you think is going to die?" He said, "The man that promised you all sorts of things when he was dying. The Word of God says, He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. "

I do not believe a week passed until I heard that man's wife, over the telephone, say, "Oh, Brother Neighbour, come! B. is dead! He was at a banquet at the hotel and he fell over dead." I think that was the saddest funeral I ever attended. R. E. Neighbour

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## PROCRASTINATION

1932 -- TOO LATE TO REPENT

"Run, speak to this young man." What young man? I would speak to that young man who is saying, "I know I ought to be a Christian; but there is time enough yet." Who told you that there was time enough yet? Has God commissioned me to tell you tomorrow you may have an opportunity to attend to your soul? Never! While I have no sympathy with eccentricities in the work of revival, there was a time, a few years ago, when I did one thing that seemed to be eccentric. I stood speaking in the church where there was a broad aisle down through the center. In the midst of my sermon I felt deeply impressed, and I stopped and said, "I believe I am preaching the funeral sermon of some person in this house."

If a thunderbolt from a clear sky, at twelve o'clock, had struck my congregation, I do not believe they would have been more startled. It threw perfect consternation among the people; but I could not keep it back. I felt that I must speak, though I did not know why. As soon as the people settled down I went on. At the close of that address an aged mother, a widow, arose and walked up the aisle and said to me, "Sir, will you pray for my dear son?" He was a young man of 24 years of age, the only dependence of a widowed mother.

I stepped right from the desk and took him by the hand, and said, "Will you attend to your soul now?" He replied, "I thank you for your kindness, but there is time enough yet." I pressed it upon him. Said I, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." He put me off. That young man was the one whose funeral sermon I preached that night.

Just thirty-six hours from that time, I heard a noise from my window. I looked out and saw six men bearing the body of a seventh toward the depot. I ran out as quickly as I could to the depot. They had just laid him down upon the floor. He looked anxiously from his dying eyes. As I stood

over him -- for I recognized at once it was the same young man -- he acted as if he wanted to speak. I dropped on my knees and put my ear down by his lips, and he said in a dying tone. "Oh! Mr. Graves, I wish I was a Christian."

These were the last words he ever uttered, and he is now in eternity. Young men! "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Oh that this night you would surrender your hearts to Jesus; lay up your treasure in heaven; become a noble, Christian young man. Then you are ready to live or to die. -- Albert P. Graves

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## PROFANITY

### 1933 -- ABLE TO BRIDLE HIS TONGUE

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as an errand boy for four men who do business there. One day the men were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him: "You never will amount to much; you never can do much business; you are too small." The little fellow looked at them. "Well," said he, "small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do." "Ah! what is that?" they asked. "I don't know that I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them was able to do. "I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow. The four men did not question him any further. -- The Sign

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## PROFANITY

### 1934 -- CHEAP!

Traveling on a plane next to a salesman, Billy Graham asked him, "Are you paid anything for all the swearing you do?" "No," was the startled reply, "I do it for nothing." "Nothing?" cried the famous preacher. "You work cheap! You throw aside your character as a gentleman, inflict pain on your friends, break the Lord's commandments, and endanger your own soul -- and all for nothing! You certainly work cheap -- TOO CHEAP!" Yes, swearing is not only a "cheap" practice in many ways, but it is also a terrible sin which grieves the heart of God!

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## PROFANITY

### 1935 -- HE MISTOOK PROFANITY FOR PRAYER

William Cowper has a satirical piece in which he imagines a Persian listening to an Englishman swearing, and mistakenly thinking that he must be worshipping and praying, since he uses the name of God so frequently, asks him for an interest in his prayers:

A Persian, humble servant of the sun  
Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none,  
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address.  
With adjurations every word impress,  
Supposed the man a bishop, or at least,  
God's name so much upon his lips, a priest;  
Bow'd at the close, with all his graceful airs,  
And begged an interest in his frequent prayers.

-- McCartney

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PROFANITY

1936 -- HIS LESSON

Joseph had been sent to bed by his mother for using profane language. When his father came home she sent him upstairs to punish the boy. "I'll teach that young fellow to swear," he roared, and started up the stairs. He tripped on the top step and even his wife held her ears for a few moments. "You'd better come down now," she called to him after the air had cleared somewhat, "he's had enough for his first lesson." -- Illinois Farmer

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PROFANITY

1937 -- TEMPLE BUILDERS FORBIDDEN TO USE PROFANITY

When St. Paul's Cathedral was being built, its famous architect, Sir Christopher Wren, had posted in different parts of the structure this notice: "Whereas, among laborers and others, that ungodly custom of swearing is so frequently heard to the dishonor of God and to the contempt of His authority, and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished with these works which are intended to the service of God and the honor of religion, it is ordered that profane swearing shall be a sufficient crime to discharge any laborer that comes to the call."

To the builder of St. Paul's and those other noble temples associated with his name, profane words spoken by the builders desecrated and profaned the holy place. If that is true of the temple made with hands, how much more is it true of that most wonderful temple of all -- the temple not made with hands, man himself! -- McCartney

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PROFANITY

## 1938 -- THE FINE DID HIM NO GOOD

Isaac Hopper, a Quaker, who lived in Philadelphia, met a man in the street, named Cain, and took him before a magistrate to be fined for profane swearing. Twenty years later, the two men met again, and the kind heart of Mr. Hopper was touched when he saw what a sad change time had wrought in the appearance of his old acquaintance. "Dost thou remember me?" asked the Quaker; shaking hands with the forlorn creature as he spoke. "I had thee fined for swearing." "Yes, indeed I do," answered Cain. "I remember what I paid as well, as if it had been yesterday." "Well, did it do thee any good?" "No, never a bit," said Cain. "It made me mad to have my money taken from me." Mr. Hopper told the poor man to count up the interest on the fine, and then paid him principal and interest, adding, "I meant it for thy good, Cain; and I am sorry it did thee any harm." -- Biblical Treasury

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## PROGRESS -- LACK OF

### 1939 -- OLD BROTHER JONES' TESTIMONY

The story is related of old Bro. Jones. He would get up and repeatedly testify in church services: "I'm not making much progress, but I am established." Over and over again, he would give this same testimony until it really got boring to hear him. Well, one day it rained and rained, and old Bro. Jones took his team and wagon and got a load of logs, or something that was really heavy. As he started home, he went down a road that was saturated with rain water. That road had turned into a bog, and the wheels of Bro. Jones' wagon sunk in clear down to the wagon bed. He tried and tried, but his horses just couldn't get that wagon unstuck. Wouldn't you know it? The preacher happened by, and after he saw the situation, he said: "Well, Bro. Jones, I see that you are not making much progress, but you are established!"

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## PROGRESS -- LACK OF

### 1940 -- SATAN WILL ADVANCE IF THE CHRISTIAN DOES NOT

The Confederate General, Longstreet, during the battle of Gettysburg had one of his generals come up to him and report that he was unable to bring up his men again so as to charge the enemy. "Very well," said the general, just let them remain where they are. The enemy's going to advance and will spare you the trouble. -- W. Baxendale

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## PROGRESS -- SPIRITUAL

### 1941 -- ALLIGATORS FOR SHARKS

"Are there any alligators in this river?" asked the man in the water. "No, not a single one," assured his friend who was standing near. The swimmer was still disturbed. Again he asked: "If there are no alligators, what are those gray forms I see? Are you sure there are no alligators?" "Certainly," replied this newly made friend who was standing on the bank. "There are no alligators down there. Those gray forms you see are sharks that have chased the alligators away." There is the tendency for persons nowadays to think that modern technology, education, psychology, medicine, etc. can solve all of our problems. So often, though, all we do is swap alligators for sharks.

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## PROGRESS -- SPIRITUAL

### 1942 -- WHY THEY ALL REMAINED ABREAST

"Go forward to help make Jesus king of the whole earth." Pass this message from one organization to an other. As our Commander looks at us, can he see that we are all stepping forward?

During the war in Ashante, the chief officer of the Scotch Guards, when reviewing this splendid regiment, asked who among them would volunteer for the Ashante expedition: Those who decided to do so were asked to step one pace forward. Expecting a response from one or two only, the officer turned his back. When he looked again, he saw the regiment precisely as he had seen it before, all in unbroken line. "What!" said he, "the Scotch Guards, and no volunteers?" Another officer replied: "They have all stepped forward and volunteered." Consider what it would mean if every member of our great church should in this coming year take but one step forward! -- Over Land and Sea

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## PROMISCUITY

### 1943 -- THE PRICE OF PROMISCUITY

It was about nine o'clock at night. A man dashed into the doctor's office in a highly nervous condition and explained to the doctor that he had been in a very bad state all day. The doctor, in his best professional manner, asked if anything had happened to shock or upset his nerves. "No," the man answered, "unless it was a letter I received this morning." He showed the doctor a letter which stated in part, "If you don't stop running around with my wife, I'm going to blow your head off." The doctor answered, "Well, that's a comparatively simple matter. Why don't you just stop it?" The patient's face fell as he said, "But, Doctor, the fool forgot to sign his name!"

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## PROMISES -- DIVINE

## 1944 -- A FAITHLESS FRIEND

The man appeared daily at the noon hour at the Brooklyn city hall, holding to the rails of the iron fence with hope and expectation in his face, looking up toward the clock in the tower as it struck the hour. Then, he would wait ten, twenty, thirty minutes. Then, the light of hope and joy faded from his face. He became an old, beaten man, and shuffled off in dejection. It was the tragedy of a broken promise. He had been a man of affairs in the city, and in a time of financial difficulty a friend had promised to meet him at the city hall and hand him a large sum of money. But the friend did not keep his promise. Disappointment broke the man's heart and upset his reason. Every day after that, he came and looked wistfully at the clock, waiting for it to strike, and looking in vain for the friend who promised he would come. But we have a Friend who always keeps his promise." He is faithful that promised." (Heb. 10:2) -- McCartney

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## PROMISES -- DIVINE

### 1945 -- CLAIM IT

Dr. F. B. Meyer learned the secret of appropriation when he was addressing a large group of children who became very unruly. On the verge of losing his temper, he prayed in his heart, "Thy patience, Lord!" Immediately all anger and annoyance died. From then on he used the same formula for every difficult situation. When he felt lonely, he said, "Thy companionship, Lord!" When he was afraid, "Thy serenity, Lord!" When he felt critical of others, "Thy love, Lord!" He found the Savior sufficient for his every need when he appropriated by faith the promises of God!

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## PROMISES -- DIVINE

### 1946 -- COPPEE'S REPLY

The wife of an undistinguished writer once approached French poet and dramatist Francois Coppee, a member of the French Academy, asking him to support her husband's candidacy for a place in the Academy. "I beg you, vote for my husband," she pleaded. "He'll die if he's not elected." Coppee agreed, but the writer failed in his bid. When another Academy seat became vacant a few months later the woman returned, hoping Coppee would be gracious and vote for her husband again.

"Ah, no," he replied. "I kept my promise but he did not keep his. I consider myself free of any obligation."

We have to smile at the witty way Coppee avoided being forced into making a promise he didn't want to keep. Thankfully, God did not need to be forced into making His great promise to save sinners who had no claim on His grace.

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## PROMISES -- DIVINE

### 1947 -- I SHALL RETURN -- I HAVE RETURNED

March 11, 1942, was a dark, desperate day at Corregidor. The Pacific theater of war was threatening and bleak. One island after another had been buffeted into submission. The enemy was now marching into the Philippines as confident and methodical as the star band in the Rose Bowl parade. Surrender was inevitable. The brilliant and bold soldier, Douglas MacArthur, had only three words for his comrades as he stepped into the escape boat destined for Australia: I shall return.

Upon arriving nine days later in the port of Adelaide, the sixty-two-year-old military statesman closed his remarks with this sentence: I came through and I shall return. A little over 2 1/2 years later -- October 20, 1944, to be exact -- he stood once again on Philippine soil after landing safely at Leyte Island. This is what he said: This is the voice of freedom, General MacArthur speaking. People of the Philippines: I have returned! MacArthur kept his word. His word was as good as his bond. Regardless of the odds against him, including the pressures and power of enemy strategy, he was bound and determined to make his promise good.

Christ said: "I will come again." The fulfillment of that promise is even more certain than was that of MacArthur.

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## PROMISES -- DIVINE

### 1948 -- UNCOLLECTED ENTITLEMENT

An aged Indian, halt, naked and famished, wandered into One of our Western settlements, begging for food to keep him from starving. While eagerly devouring the bread bestowed by the hand of charity, a bright colored ribbon, from which was suspended a small dirty pouch was seen around his neck. On being questioned, he said it was a charm given him in his younger days; and, opening it, displayed a faded, greasy paper, which he handed to the interrogator for inspection. It proved to be a regular discharge from the Federal army, entitling him to a pension for life, and signed by General Washington himself.

Now here was a name which would have been honored almost anywhere, and which, if presented in the right place, would have ensured him support and plenty for the remainder of his days, and yet he wandered hungry and forlorn. What a picture of men with all the promises of Jesus, yet starving in the wilderness! -- Rev. C. Perrin

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## PROMISES -- DIVINE

## 1949 -- UNRECOGNIZED, UNUSED SUPPORT

A poor old widow, living in the Scottish Highlands, was called upon one day by a gentleman who had heard that she was in need. The old lady complained of her condition and remarked that her son was in Australia and doing well. "But does he do nothing to help you?" inquired the visitor. "No, nothing." was the reply. "He writes to me regularly once a month, but only sends me little picture with his letter." "The gentleman asked to see one of the pictures that she had received, and found each of them to be a draft of ten pounds. All the old lady needed was to be able to recognize those "pictures" and she could have had the bodily comforts she needed so much. That is the condition of many of God's children. Our Heavenly Father has given us many "exceeding great and precious promises" of which we are either ignorant or which we fail to take as our own. -- The Sunday Circle

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## PROMISES -- DIVINE

### 1950 -- WILLIAM PENN'S WALK

William Penn, the founder of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, was well liked by the Indians. Once they told him he could have as much of their land as he could encompass on foot in a single day. So, early the next morning he started out and walked until late that night. When he finally went to claim his land, the Indians were greatly surprised, for they really didn't think he would take them seriously. But they kept their promise and gave him a large area which today is part of the city of Philadelphia. William Penn simply believed what they said. Should we do less with God!

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## PROPHECY

### 1951 -- BETWEEN BAGHDAD AND BASRA

General Colin Powell, chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, claimed allied bombers were tip-toeing around Iraq's religious sites. McGuire Gibson, an archaeology professor at the University of Chicago says, "Between Baghdad and Basra, there are half a million sites, maybe even more." By the ruins of Ur, Abraham's birthplace, stands an Iraqi air base. Near the walls of Nineveh is the Mosul air base and anti-air craft guns stand atop one mound of ruins believed to be Jonah's grave. -- Servant

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## PROPHECY

### 1952 -- WRIGHT BROTHERS CONTRADICT THEIR FATHER



A blunder was made by a bishop in 1870. While visiting a small denominational college and staying at the home of its president, he expressed the firm conviction that the Bible predicted that nothing new could be invented. The educator disagreed. "Why, in 50 years I believe it may be possible for men to soar through the air like birds!" he said. The visiting dignitary was shocked. "Flight is strictly reserved for the angels," he replied, "and I beg you not to repeat your suggestion lest you be guilty of blasphemy!" Ironically, the bishop was none other than Milton Wright, the father of Orville and Wilbur! Only 30 years later near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, they made their first flight in a heavier-than-air machine -the forerunner of the many planes that now dot our skies!

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PROTECTION -- DIVINE

1953 -- NEVER LOST A MAN

A mountain climber in the Alps had come to a perilous gap in the ice where the only way to get across a chasm was to place his foot in the outstretched hands of the guide who was a little way ahead of him. Told to do this by the one who was directing the party, the man hesitated a moment as he looked into the gloomy depths below where he would certainly fall to his death if anything went wrong. Seeing his hesitation, the guide said, "Have no fear, sir; in all my years of service my hands have never yet lost a man."

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PROTECTION -- DIVINE

1954 -- THE BIRTH OF AMERICA PROTECTED

On a frigid Christmas night in 1776 George Washington, along with 2,400 men and 18 cannons, was ferried across the freezing Delaware River. The daring offensive took the Hessian mercenaries serving with the British completely by surprise. A British loyalist tried to alert the Hessians, but their drunken commander refused to interrupt a card game to receive the message. More than one hundred Hessians were killed or wounded, and nearly one thousand taken prisoner. Not a single American life was lost.

Why had Washington and his army left behind the warmth of home and hearth? We know that Washington sensed the guiding and protecting hand of God in the struggle to establish a new nation, and like other Americans he longed to make a fresh start after years of colonialism.

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PROTECTION -- DIVINE, PROMISED

1955 -- NATURE'S LUCK?

While driving to a speaking engagement in Southern California, a pastor passed through San Juan Capistrano. The line "When the swallows come back to Capistrano" immediately came to his mind, and he began humming that old song. He recalled that for more than 150 years those golden-breasted birds have spent their summers in the eaves of the old mission located there. They always arrive on March 19 and leave on October 23, never missing those dates. Not once have they varied over the years. Even leap year does not change the times of their coming and going. And the swallows invariably start out before daylight on their southern flight.

Now, how would you explain this unusual phenomenon? Nature's guidance? Luck? Coincidence? Well, let me tell you. The swallow's Creator has put within those little creatures an instinct that tells them with uncanny accuracy when to head south and when to return. Their survival depends on this innate sense of timing. What meticulous care God exercises to guide the swallow and all the fowls of the air! But consider how much greater value we are to God than these tiny birds. The One who has so marvelously provided for our feathered friends is certainly interested in many who is made after His own image. How can we help but sing, "For His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me!"

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#### PROVIDENCE

##### 1956 -- MOTIVATED TO CLIMB HIGHER

I have read of a shepherd who tended his flock among the hills. After a time, the herbage was nipped off close and the shepherd was anxious to get the sheep up higher on to a piece of tableland on which there was some good grazing. The approach was steep and the poor things did not seem able or willing to mount. After trying for a long time to get them up, he hit upon a happy expedient. Seizing a lamb he carried it up the steep place, and then threw it on to the tableland. It soon stood at the edge above calling for the old sheep. Need I say that not many minutes passed before the mother was up with the lamb? -- Charles Leach

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#### PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

##### 1957 -- FOOD WHEN NEEDED

A consecrated Jewish believer, Dr. Max Reich, gave this testimony: "When my wife and I were first married, we felt called to full-time Christian service, God blessed our ministry and many people accepted the Lord. Although our income was small and we had few worldly possessions, our hearts were full of joy. One day, however, my wife said, "Max, there's nothing to eat for dinner!" I didn't reply at first but stood listening to the birds singing in the trees. Suddenly these words from a well-known Gospel song flashed through my mind: 'His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.' Immediately I said, 'If our Heavenly Father feeds the birds, surely He'll take care of us!' Just then a lady knocked at the door. After introducing herself she said, 'My

husband was a hopeless alcoholic. Every time he got his check he'd spend most of it to get drunk, so the children and I were often hungry. Recently he heard you preach the Gospel, and the Lord worked a miracle in his heart. Now he's a changed man! For the first time in years he brought home a full week's pay, and I was able to get a good supply of groceries. I thought as I was cooking, part of this food really belongs to Brother Reich. I was going to bring you some later, but I felt compelled to do it immediately. Here's half of the chicken I fried and some biscuits fresh from the oven! 'We were so happy,' said Dr. Reich, that we sang, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!' To this moment the Lord has never failed to give us our daily bread."

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## PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

### 1958 -- GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

William Cowper, like many of us, was subject to moments of deep melancholy. One night in such a mood he called a cabby and directed him to drive to the banks of the Thames River. The city of London was blanketed with an impenetrable fog, which was, however, no thicker than the despair in the poet's own soul. For more than an hour the cab driver groped his way along the streets and yet did not find the river. His passenger grew more and more impatient until at last he leaped from the cab, determined to find his watery grave unassisted. Groping through the fog, he was astonished when he found himself at his own doorstep. Going to his room he penned the words of that beautiful hymn: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." -- Gospel Herald

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## PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

### 1959 -- GOD-FEARING RESPONSE TO A MERCIFUL PROVIDENCE

On February 26, 1844 occurred one of the major disasters in the history of our navy. The Princeton the most powerful warship of that day commanded by Captain Stockton was taking members of Congress and government officials down the Potomac. On board were the president of the United States and the secretaries of state and navy. For the entertainment of the guests, the great gun on the Princeton called "The Peacemaker" was fired. At the second discharge, the gun burst, killing the secretary of state, the secretary of the navy, and a number of others.

Just before the gun was fired, Senator Thomas Benton of Missouri was standing near it, when a friend laid a hand on his shoulder. Benton turned away to speak with him, when, much to his annoyance, the secretary of the navy, Gilmore, elbowed his way into his place. At that moment, the gun was fired and Gilmore was killed.

That singular providence had a great impression upon Benton. He was a man of bitter feuds and quarrels and recently had had a fierce quarrel with Daniel Webster. But after his escape from death on the Princeton, Benton sought reconciliation with Webster. He said to him, "It seemed to

me, Mr. Webster, as if that touch on my shoulder was the hand of the Almighty stretched down there drawing me away from what otherwise would have been instantaneous death. That one circumstance has changed the whole current of my thought and life. I feel that I am a different man; and I want in the first place to be at peace with all those with whom I have been so sharply at variance." Benton responded in reverent fear to that "touch of God" on his shoulder. God has many ways of touching your shoulder, many ministries by which he speaks to your heart; and when he does, then is the time to act. Resist not that touch. -- McCartney

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## PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

### 1960 -- HE WAS RIGHT

In England a returned missionary to Russia was a guest in the Congregational minister's home. Visiting there at the time was the minister's grandson. One night after evening worship the missionary, who had been "taken" with the lad, asked him to point out the chamber where he slept. Early in the morning he called him, and as they sat together in the garden he told him of the love of Christ. A few days later, as they were concluding family worship, the missionary took the boy on his knee and said to those assembled, "I am convinced that this boy will preach the gospel. I am convinced that he will be a great preacher of the gospel, and that he will stand one day in the pulpit of Rowland Hill." Then he said to the boy, as he gave him a shilling, "I want you to promise that when that day comes and you stand in Rowland Hill's pulpit, you will give out the hymn, 'God Works in a Mysterious Way His Wonders to Perform.'"

Several years passed by; and the minister's grandson, now a lad of fifteen, was on his way to church in Colchester. A storm came up, and he turned into the first church he came to, the Primitive Methodist Chapel in Artillery Street. The regular minister did not appear, and a layman arose in the pulpit and gave out the text, Isaiah 45:22: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." The boy sitting in the rear of the dark and almost empty church answered the text and was saved. That boy was Charles H. Spurgeon, who preached in the great Metropolitan Tabernacle for thirty years!

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## PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

### 1961 -- HOW FLETCHER WAS DIVINELY PRESERVED

When Mr. Fletcher was a youth, he and his brother went upon the Lake of Geneva in a little boat, and rowed forward, till, being out of sight of land, they knew not what way they were going, nor whether they were approaching or removing farther from the shore from which they had set out. The evening now came on, and it was beginning to grow dark; and as they were proceeding towards the middle of the lake, in all probability they would have been lost, had it not providentially happened that, in consequence of some news arriving in town, the bells began to ring.

They could only just hear them, but were soon convinced that, instead of rowing to land, as they had intended, they had been proceeding farther and farther from it. Making now towards the quarter from which they perceived the sound to come, they found they had just strength enough left to reach the shore. -- Life Of John Fletcher

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PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

1962 -- HYMN AND PILL SAVE DOOMED SUBMARINE

The British Press Association reported this strange incident: A British submarine lay disabled on the ocean floor. After two days, hope of raising her was abandoned. The crew on orders of the commanding officer began singing:

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

The officer explained. to the men that they did not have long to live. There was no hope of outside aid, he said, because the surface searchers did not know the vessel's position. Sedative pills were distributed to the men to quiet their nerves. One sailor was affected more quickly than the others, and he swooned. He fell against a piece of equipment and set in motion the submarine's jammed surfacing mechanism. The submarine went to the surface and made port safely. -- Gospel Herald

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PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

1963 -- LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!  
The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace:  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain:  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

-- William Cowper

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PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

1964 -- NO NEED BEYOND GOD'S ABILITY TO MEET

During Operation Desert Storm we studied war as no generation has studied war before us -- live from the battle front every night. One thing we learned was the importance of an army's ability to re-supply its troops. Night after night we watched successful attacks on supply routes from Iraq to the troops at the front. Soon stories came in of Iraqi soldiers lacking food and water. Those stories suddenly became very human as Iraqi soldiers ran to meet coalition troops and Western news cameras, surrendering gleefully in return for food, water, and even shoes.

Keeping an army supplied with the necessities is an awesome responsibility that only the highest authorities would dare assume. When it comes to the army of believers who make up His church, God is the supplier of the needs. As we follow Him in spiritual conflict, we need not fear that we will encounter a need beyond His ability to meet.

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PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

1965 -- PROVIDENCE AND CONVERSION

This is an unpublished incident in the life of Hudson Taylor. He came to the city of Hangchow. The next day with a bag of books over his shoulder he started an evangelistic tour of

the city. Great crowds followed him about. At night weary, he sat down to rest at a tea house in the suburbs on the way to his boat in the river. As he sat at the table, he saw peering at him through the gathering gloom an elderly Chinese. The man was evidently seeking someone. "Are you a foreigner?" "Yes, I am an Englishman." "Are there books in that bag on the table?" "Yes, there are." "Are you a teacher of a foreign religion?" "Yes of the Jesus religion."

The Chinese then told Taylor that he had been an earnest seeker after truth for many years but could find no religion which could take the burden of guilt from his soul. A few nights before, he had had a vision: a man in white had told him to go to Hangchow that he would find there a foreigner sitting in an inn with a bag of books on the table before him. He had visited the inn but had found no such person. Finally, hearing of this inn in the suburbs he had as a last hope come thither. He asked Taylor to tell him the truth, whereupon he preached the gospel and gave him a New Testament. Two days later, Taylor visited his house and found he had destroyed all his idols and was rejoicing in Jesus Christ. Taylor left the man adoring God not only for his power to save, but also for his marvelous and miraculous ways of leading souls to the messenger and the message of the gospel. -- McCartney

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## PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

### 1966 -- PROVIDENCE AND HISTORY

In the first days of September, 1862, the Confederate armies flushed with victory over the armies of McClellan and the armies of Pope at the second Battle of Manassas, crossed the Potomac into Maryland and set out on the first invasion of the North. At Fredericksburg, Lee divided his army, sending sections of it to take the Federal garrisons at Martinsburg and Harpers Ferry and then join the main army at Hagerstown on the way into Pennsylvania. By one of the chances of war, a copy of Lee's orders to his generals was left behind in Fredericksburg wrapped about a package of cigars.

When the Union army came cautiously into Fredericksburg, a Union man put the orders in the hands of McClellan. Lee's brilliant plan of campaign was in the hands of his adversary. The bugles sounded in the blue ranks and at the double quick the Union army marched for the passes of South Mountain to overtake Lee. They drove his army through the passes before he could call back his other divisions, and on September 17, the bloodiest day of the Civil War, defeated it at the fords of the Antietam.

When the baffled army of Lee had crossed the Potomac back into Virginia, Lincoln told his advisers how he had covenanted with God that, if the North was victorious in the struggle in Maryland, he would show his gratitude by freeing the slaves. A careless staff officer wrapped Lee's order about his tobacco, and the plan of the campaign was in the hands of the adversary. Surprise was impossible; defeat certain. The North was freed from invasion, and the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued. All of this was due to one of those strange events which, so insignificant in itself, yet under Him -- "Who sees with equal eye as God of all, a hero perish or a sparrow fall" -- is fateful to decide the issue of nations. -- McCartney

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## PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

### 1967 -- PROVIDENTIAL MERCY EXTENDED TO WILLIAM COWPER

The hymn "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" has been a source of great comfort and blessing to many of God's people since William Cowper wrote it in the 18th century. Yet few people know of the unusual circumstances that led to its composition. William Cowper was a Christian, but he had sunk to the depths of despair. One foggy night he called for a horsedrawn carriage and asked to be taken to the London Bridge on the Thames River. He was so overcome by depression that he intended to commit suicide. But after 2 hours of driving through the mist, Cowper's coachman reluctantly confessed that he was lost. Disgusted by the delay, Cowper left the carriage and decided to find the London Bridge on foot. After walking only a short distance, though, he discovered that he was at his own doorstep! The carriage had been going in circles.

Immediately he recognized the restraining hand of God in it all. Convicted by the Spirit, he realized that the way out of his troubles was to look to God, not to jump into the river. As he cast his burden on the Savior, his heart was comforted. With gratitude he sat down and penned these reassuring words: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm. O fearful saints, fresh courage take, the clouds you so much dread are big with mercy, and shall break in blessings on your head."

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## PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

### 1968 -- SOMETIME

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how what seems reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see.  
And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now



Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure, a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,  
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest bloom his love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not today. Then be content, poor heart!  
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,  
Time will reveal the calyces of gold.  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best!"

-- May Riley Smith

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PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

1969 -- THE MYSTERY AND BEAUTY OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE

The famous Thomas Nast, in a public exhibition of his skill, once performed a strange feat with his brushes. Taking a canvas about six feet long by two feet wide, he placed it nearly horizontal upon an easel before his audience and began to sketch rapidly a landscape. In quick succession appeared green meadows with cattle, fields of grain, the farmhouse and surrounding buildings with orchard near; while over all the bright sky with fleecy cloud seemed to pour Heavens benediction upon the scene below. At length no finishing touch was necessary. Still, the artist held his brush as he stepped aside to receive the hearty plaudits of the admiring audience.

When the applause had subsided, Mr Nast stepped back to the canvas as if he had not quite completed the picture. Taking darker colors, he applied them most recklessly to the canvas. Out went the bright sky. "Did you ever see a picture like this?" he asked as he blotted out meadows, fields, orchards, and buildings. Up, down and across, passed the artist's hand until the landscape was totally obliterated, and nothing but a daub such as a child might make remained.

Then with a more satisfied look he stepped aside laying down his brush as if to say, "It is finished." But no applause came from the perplexed audience, and Nast then ordered the stage attendants to place a gilded frame around the ruined work of art and to turn it to a vertical position. The mystery was revealed, for before the audience stood a panel picture of a beautiful waterfall, the water plunging over a precipice of dark rock, skirted with trees and verdure. It is needless to say that the audience burst into rounds of applause.

Thus it is that a greater Artist works. We paint our landscapes. How beautiful we make them, with all manner of earthy prosperity with bright skies above. We imagine our sketching to be perfect, but an unseen hand finishes more grandly our crude designs. houses and lots farms and merchandise disappear. Yes, our portraits of loved faces are blotted out. We cry, "Hold! Hold!" but the hand that applies the darker colors moves relentlessly on. We bewail our ruined pictures because we have not the true angle of vision. At last, God turns the canvas and there appears a work, not for a time, but for eternity.

While Mr. Nast was spoiling the landscape to produce the falls, he might have said to the mystified audience: "What I do thou knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter." What puzzled the audience was plain to him. In each destructive stroke upon the one picture he saw a creative stroke of the other; and what in the providence of God appears so strange to us is most clear to him Who would save us from being "conformed to this world" and would help us to be transformed by the renewal of our minds, that we may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. -- Ludlow

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PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

1970 -- THE REASON FOR IT ALL

There is coming a time when we will understand the meaning and love of all God's dealings with us, however strange and inexplicable they may seem now. There is an old Hebrew story which illustrates the fact. It represents a rabbi as journeying on a donkey through a wild land. His only companion was a rooster, whose shrill crowing at sunrise awoke him to his devotions. He came to a certain village at nightfall and besought shelter, but the inhabitants churlishly refused him. Outside the village, he found a cave, where he prepared to spend the night. He lit his lamp to read a chapter, as usual, before retiring; but a gust of wind blew it out. During the night, a wolf killed his rooster and a lion devoured his donkey. He passed a sleepless night.

Early in the morning, he returned to the village to see if he could obtain a horse or a donkey on which to pursue his journey. To his surprise, he found no one alive in the whole village. A band of robbers had come during the night and plundered the village and slain the people.

"Ah!" said the rabbi, "now I understand my annoyances. Had not the villagers closed their doors against me, I would have died with the others. If my lamp had not been extinguished, and my animals had not been killed, the light, or their noise might have revealed my hiding place to the robbers. Truly God has been good to me." -- Topical Illustrations

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## PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

### 1971 -- WHEN MIXED TOGETHER

When complimented on her homemade biscuits, the cook at a popular Christian conference center told Dr. Harry Ironside, "Just consider what goes into the making of these biscuits. The flour itself doesn't taste good, neither does the baking powder, nor the shortening, nor the other ingredients. However, when I mix them all together and put them in the oven, they come out just right." Much of life seems tasteless, even bad, but God is able to combine these ingredients of our life in such a way that a banquet results. -- Leadership

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## PROVIDENCE -- DIVINE

### 1972 -- WHY FORBIDDEN

Barnabas Shaw reached Cape Town in 1816 with his plans matured to plant there the Gospel of the Son of God. But Dutch rule in Africa was hostile to missionary effort and he was forbidden to preach the Gospel on his chosen field, so in bitter disappointment was compelled to turn his steps elsewhere. He bought a yoke of oxen and a cart, and, putting his goods into it, he and his wife seated themselves therein and headed the lowing kine toward the interior of the country. On the twenty-seventh day of their journey, when they encamped, they discovered a company of Hottentots halting near them. On entering into communication with them they learned that this band of heathen headed by their chief were journeying to Cape Town in search of a missionary to teach them "the Great Word" as they expressed it. Meeting them just in the nick of time proved such a juncture of Providence as had rarely occurred in the history of missions. -- Gordon

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## PRUNING

### 1973 -- I WAS WRONG

A peach tree stands in our back yard. Unpruned, the tree grew big and leafy. And it was loaded with peaches, although the fruit was disappointingly small and tasteless. The year he was out of work, Larry went to work on the tree. When I came home from school one day and saw how far back he had pruned it, I stared in shock. "You've killed it," I cried. "Now we won't have any peaches at all." I was wrong. That spring the pruned branches burst forth with a beautiful blanketing of pink blossoms. Soon little green peaches replaced the blossoms. "Leave them alone," I begged. Larry ignored me and thinned the fruit. By the end of the summer the branches were so heavily laden they had to be propped up. And the peaches -- oh, how large and sweet and juicy they were. There was no denying it: the tree was far better off for the painful cutting it endured under Larry's pruning shears.

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## PRUNING

### 1974 -- TO PRODUCE A BETTER BLOSSOM

It is said that gardeners sometimes, when they bring a rose to richer flowering, deprive it for a season of light and moisture. Silent, and dark it stands, dropping one faded leaf after another and seeming to go patiently down to death. But when every leaf is dropped and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds from which shall spring a tenderer foliage and a brighter wealth of flowers. So, often in celestial gardening, every leaf of earthly joy must drop before a new and divine bloom visits the soul. -- Harriet

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## PRUNING

### 1975 -- VITICULTURE CONSISTS MAINLY OF PRUNING

In John 15:2, Jesus reveals two actions of the vinedresser; one, He does something with the branch that isn't bearing any fruit at all; two, He does something with the branch that isn't bearing enough fruit. In the first case, He "takes away"; in the second, He "prunes." Vines occasionally yield an unproductive, fruitless branch. When that happens, the gardener immediately goes to work, as Merrill Tenney notes in his commentary. Viticulture... consists mainly of pruning. In pruning a vine, two principles are generally observed: first, all dead wood must be ruthlessly removed; and second, the live wood must be cut back drastically. Dead wood harbors insects and disease and may cause the vine to rot, to say nothing of being unproductive and unsightly. Live wood must be trimmed back in order to prevent such heavy growth that the life of the vine goes into the wood rather than into fruit. The vineyards in the early spring look like a collection of barren, bleeding stumps; but in the fall they are filled with luxuriant purple grapes. As the farmer wields the pruning knife on his vines, so God cuts dead wood out from among His saints, and often cuts back the living wood so far that His method seems cruel. Nevertheless, from those who have suffered the most there often comes the greatest fruitfulness. -- Merrill Tenney

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## PRUNING

### 1976 -- WHY THE HUSBANDMAN CUT DEEPLY

It is said that when Mr. Cecil was once walking in deep dejection of spirit in the Botanical Gardens at Oxford his attention was arrested by a fine pomegranate cut almost through the stem. On asking the gardener the reason, he got an answer which explained the wounds of his own bleeding spirit. "Sir," said he, "this tree used to shoot so strong that it bore nothing but leaves. I was therefore obliged to cut it in this manner, and when it was almost cut through it began to bear plenty of fruit."

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## PUNISHMENT -- FUTURE

### 1977 -- IN CHARLEMAGNE'S OPENED TOMB

It is said that about 200 years ago, the tomb of the great conqueror Charlemagne was opened. The sight the workmen saw was startling. There was his body in a sitting position, clothed in the most elaborate of kingly garments, with a scepter in his bony hand. On his knee lay a New Testament passage, with a cold, lifeless finger pointing to Mark 8:36: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

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## PUNISHMENT -- OF THE WICKED

### 1978 -- PARTNERS OF THE DEVIL

Mr. Thomas, one of the missionary brethren of Serampore, was one day, after addressing a crowd of natives on the banks of the Ganges, accosted by a Brahmin as follows: "Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?" "Yes!" answered Mr Thomas. "Then," said the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's. The devil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer punishment."

While the countenances of many of the natives disclosed their approbation of the Brahmin's inference, Mr. Thomas, observed a boat with several men on board descending the river. With that facility of instructive retort for which he was so much distinguished, he replied "Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?" "Yes," "Suppose I were to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable in the boat -- who ought to suffer punishment? I, for instructing them or, they for doing this wicked act?" "Why," answered the Brahmin with emotion, "You ought to be put to dead together!" "Ay, Brahmin," replied Mr. Thomas, "and if you and the devil sin together, the devil and you will be punished together." -- H. F. Sayles

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## PURITY

### 1979 -- PURITY DEARER THAN LIFE

In the forests of northern Europe, and Asia a little animal called the ermine lives. He is mostly known among us by his snow-white fur, a thing than which there is nothing more beautiful on the fur markets of the world. In some countries the state robes of judges are lined with it, the white being emblematic of purity and honor. The ermine has a peculiar pride in his white fur coat. At all hazards he protects it against anything that would spoil it.

It is said that the fur hunters take cruel advantage of the ermine's care to keep his coat clean. They do not set a snare to catch him at some unwary moment, but instead find his home, a cleft in the rock or the hollow of a decaying tree, and daub the entrance and interior with filth. Then their dogs start the chase. Frightened, the ermine flees toward his home, his only place of refuge. He finds it daubed with uncleanness, and he will not spoil his pure white coat. Rather than go into the unclean place, he faces the yelping dogs and preserves the purity of his fur at the price of his life. It is better that he be stained by blood than spoiled by uncleanness. The ermine is right purity is dearer than life. Walking With God.

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## PURPOSE -- OF ONE'S LIFE

### 1980 -- MISSING OUR PURPOSE IN LIFE

Passing by a mountain stream, I once beheld an unfortunate tree log, which, having been cut down and shot down the side of a hill into a stream, thus to be sent on down the stream to find its way to the mill pond, had unfortunately come too near a strong eddy which caught it up and ever whirled it back again.

Down came the log with apparent vigor and intent each time, and it seemed certain that it would drive onwards in the course designed for it; but each time it swirled round and was sent back again. Ever and anon, it came with greater force, described a wider arc, and surely now, I thought, it will shoot down on its way; but no, it paused for a moment, felt the influence of its fatal eddy, and then returned with the like force it had come down with.

I waited and waited; groups of holiday-making people passed by me, wondering, I dare say, what I stayed there to see. Unmindful of any of us, the trapped log went on performing its circles. I returned in the evening. The poor log was still there, busy as ever in not going onwards; and I went upon my journey, feeling very melancholy for this tree, and thinking there was very little hope for it. -- Arthur Helps

What Arthur "Helps" did not mention is that there is "help" to be found in Christ whereby one can escape being trapped in a back-eddy out of God's purpose and will for us. What the log needed was not a melancholy viewer, but a powerful actor. One who was equipped with the means and power to pull that log out of the grip of its trap could have freed it, and sent it shooting on

down the main stream toward the purpose for which it had been chosen. Thus also, Christ has the means and power to free each one who is caught in the grip of purposeless circling outside of His will. Thus who surrender to him are delivered from the satanic back-eddies of sin and are propelled down the main stream of His purpose for them in His kingdom. -- Duane V. Maxey

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PURPOSE -- TO BE REGENERATED

1981 -- I WILL BE THAT MAN

In order to be really transformed by God's grace, it is not only important to see what we now are, but also important for us to see what Christ can make of us by His grace: A melancholy lawyer moved into a new community and immersed himself in his new law practice. Townspeople sometimes observed him walking alone at the eventide with his head bowed, and a look of mental distress upon his face. One day he confessed to an artist, who had a downtown studio, that he had made one, sad, terrible mistake in his life. The artist said nothing, but weeks later he invited the forlorn lawyer to view a portrait in his studio. Accepting the invitation, the lawyer was surprised to see there a portrait of himself, only there, in the portrait, he stood erect, with his shoulders thrown back, and his head lifted up. Ambition, desire, and hope were written on his face in that portrait. Regarding this sunny, positive portrait of himself for a few moments, the vision of what he could become was born in his heart, and he said, to himself, "If he sees that in me, then I can see it. If he thinks that I can be that, then I can be that man; and what is more, I will be!" (adapted from McCartney)

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THE END