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THE GRAND OLD BOOK
A Sermon on the Bible

By Evangelist Jarrette E. Aycock
Author of
The Nightingale of the Psalms
The Crimson Stream

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CONTENTS

Introduction

- 01 -- The Grand Old Book
- 02 -- The Bible Needs No Defense
- 03 -- It Speaks With Authority
- 04 -- It Is An Inspired Book
- 05 -- God Has Written A Book
- 06 -- Great Men Have Appreciated It
- 07 -- Good Men Have Loved It
- 08 -- It Is A Hated Book
- 09 -- It Is An Indestructible Book
- 10 -- It Is A Merciful Book

- 11 -- It Is A Staff To The Living
- 12 -- It Is A Profound Book
- 13 -- It Is A Comfort To The Dying
- 14 -- The Book Of Books
- 15 -- I Love My Bible

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INTRODUCTION

In the dark and tangled maze of life the soul of man groping for the Light cries out, "Which way shall I take? Which way shall I take?" Thank God there is an answer and to the listening soul the Psalmist replies, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Thank God for the Book! the unchanging Book, the Book of all ages, the Book of God. Tradition and custom may pass but the Word of God abides. Institutions and even civilization may pass but the Word of God remains forever a light to guide the traveler home. How safe, how contented, how blest is that man who from his heart can sing:

"I believe the Bible;
O it is divine,
Heaven's golden sunlight
In its pages shine,
Lights my way to glory
And I'm surely going through,
I believe the Bible
For 'tis ever true."

What I should have done had it not been for the Blessed Old Book, I do not know. Through the years of my boyhood every night at my father's family altar, the Book was read. Its commandments awed me. Its stories thrilled me. Its prayers lifted me into the presence of God. Its doctrines became my creed. Its characters were my heroes. Its Christ became my Savior and its God my God. Glory be to God for the Book -- the Bible!

It is upon this theme that the Grand Old Book is written. The author in his own interesting and individual style here presents the unusual -- a devotional study on the Bible. However many books you may have read on the Bible you will find this one to be distinctive. Study it carefully, reverently and prayerfully. It is safe to predict that thousands will read it and multiplied thousands will be blessed by it.

A. K. Bracken,
President, Bethany-Peniel College

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01 -- THE GRAND OLD BOOK

Whenever you see a crowd stopping at a given point, looking in some window, examining some object, interested in some article, whether their comment is favorable or unfavorable, you know they have found something out of the ordinary. In a city of the Northwest it was a beautiful wild lynx held captive in a show window, in Philadelphia it was the Liberty Bell, in Washington, D. C., it was the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, and having elbowed my way through so many crowds I have become convinced without doubt that it is the unusual, the something different that attracts the multitude.

There is one article on the streets of time which the world has never passed with indifference, that is the Bible. The high, the low, the rich and poor have stopped to look on this book, some for a moment, others for years, some to praise, others to criticize. Surely no ordinary book could attract such attention down through the years. What can be the attraction? Not the binding, for that is ordinary, medium paper and common print, it cannot be that, the attraction of this book is its message to man.

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02 -- THE BIBLE NEEDS NO DEFENSE

In bringing you this message on the Bible it is not with any intention of trying to defend it, it does not need it, it has defended me. When I hear men speak of defending the Bible it reminds me of the story of the circus train which was wrecked near a country village and a flat car containing the cage of a large African lion was thrown into the ditch, the people of the village came in great numbers to view the wreck and with them came their dogs and scenting the lion they set up a baying that was deafening, whereupon an old farmer became greatly excited and began to shout, "Defend the lion, defend the lion," but one of the old circus men spoke up in disgust, "Let him loose and he will defend himself." And so it has been the cry of many, "Defend the Bible, defend the Bible," but the Grand Old Book needs no defense, just let it loose and it will defend itself. They have preached its funeral ten thousand times but they have never gotten it buried, before they can get it into the grave it is up and out again carrying its message of hope, cheer and salvation to the uttermost parts of the earth.

No, it is not to defend the Bible I come to you in this message, but I do come to stir up your minds by way of remembrance, to call your attention to some things you already know, and to remind you of

"What a treasure we have in this wonderful Book
'Tis the word of the Lord to my soul,
So secure that no critic can mine it away;
While the years of eternity roll."

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03 -- IT SPEAKS WITH AUTHORITY

It is the only book that speaks with authority on where our earth came from, in the first verse of Genesis we read, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." It is the only book that speaks with authority on the origin of man, Genesis 2:7 says, "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." No other book gives that information. The Bible is the only book that tells us what man is, without it we would not know which was man and which was monkey. Some people have not read their Bible and have not yet found out, but the Christian who has read this Book, is not worrying about his ancestors. He knows which is man and which is monkey.

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04 -- IT IS AN INSPIRED BOOK

"Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." "All scripture is given by inspiration of God." The Bible is an inspired book. Dr. Adam Clarke said, "Good men could not have written the Bible if they would, and bad men would not have written it if they could." His argument was this, that again and again in the Bible there are claims to inspiration, and for good men to claim their writings were inspired when they were not would be lying, and good men do not lie, therefore good men could not have written it if they would. And the Bible speaks so plainly against sin that bad men would not have written it if they could, for bad men do not write thus plainly about themselves. Man is only the stenographer, the Bible is the word of God.

The hand of God is seen in the fact that the writings of the Bible cover a period of fifteen hundred years, written by more than thirty-five different authors, in at least three languages, men from different walks of life, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. And yet when their writings are brought together they fit into one great volume of sixty-six books without a friction or a jar, and when we read it we find it is a love story, the story of God's love for our poor wayward race.

If I did not believe that God had written this book I would not want it around my home. More than twenty-seven hundred times you will find in the Bible a claim to inspiration, and if it be not the word of God, then there are more than twenty-seven hundred lies within its pages, and I would not want a book in my home fostering so many falsehoods. But these statements are not false, they are true. The Bible is God's book, I do not believe it contains the word of God, I believe it is the Word of God.

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05 -- GOD HAS WRITTEN A BOOK

When the great of earth turn aside to write, the world clamors for their books. If an angel should take up the role of authorship all the world would become interested in his writings, but the wonder of wonders is, God has written a book. He has builded many worlds, but has written just one book. He has created many suns and stars, but only once has He taken up His pen to write, but in this one book He has revealed Himself in a greater way, than in all His other works combined. The worlds He has builded seem to hide Him, the suns and stars He has created seem to veil His face, but when we come to the Bible we find God. And when we have found Him

here then we can see Him in everything else, and we cry out with Isaiah, "Holy, holy is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory." As some one has so beautifully said, "The Bible is not a history, yet it gives the origin, progress and destiny of the human race. It is not a book of science, yet it contains a storehouse of knowledge on scientific subjects. It is not a book of botany, yet it gives us a beautiful picture of the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. It is not a work on geology, yet speaks of the Rock of Ages. Not a treatise on philosophy or psychology, but filled with philosophical truth and tells the future state of the soul. Not on mathematics, yet it gives us a description of the most magnificent superstructure ever beheld, a city whose latitude, longitude and altitude have never been surpassed. Not on astronomy, yet it speaks of the sun and moon and tells of a day when the stars sang together. It is not a book of poetry yet contains the most beautiful verse that ever fell from the lips of man." A book so complete that nothing is passed over, no one is ignored and nothing is left out and from the little child to the aged parent, from the ignorant Hottentot to the learned professor, all may come and find in this Grand Old Book help for their every need.

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06 -- GREAT MEN HAVE APPRECIATED IT

The Bible is an appreciated book. Daniel Webster after reading the Sermon on the Mount rose pale and trembling and laying the Bible reverently on the table said, "Those are the words of more than mortal man." At another time he said, "If there is anything in my writings that commend themselves I attribute it to my mother who taught me to love the scriptures."

Milton said, "There are no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion and no orations like those of the prophets."

Isaac Newton said, "We account the scriptures of God to be the most divine philosophy. I find surer marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history in the world." While Herschel, the great astronomer, said, "All human discoveries seem to be made only for the purpose of confirming more and more strongly the truths contained in the Holy Scriptures."

To John Adams it was, "The best book in the world." And it was William Jennings Bryan who said, "I know of no theory that has ever been suggested as a substitute for the Bible that was as rational and as easy to believe. To the young man who is building character I present the Bible as a book that is useful always and everywhere. It guides the footsteps of the young, it throws light on the pathway during mature years, and it is the only book that one cares to have beside him when the darkness gathers and he knows that the end is near. Then he finds comfort in the Book of Books."

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07 -- GOOD MEN HAVE LOVED IT

Great men have appreciated this book and good men have loved it. When Martin Luther turned from Pilate's stairway, which he had been climbing on his knees to appease the wrath of

God, and made his way back to the University of Wittenburg, it was not to study the origin of the species or the science of astronomy, but it was to study the chained Bible, convinced in his heart that, "The just shall live by faith." It was the reading of this book that fired the hearts of John and Charles Wesley and through its teachings God raised them up and thrust them out to spread scriptural holiness over the earth.

From its pages the good man Bunyan found his inspiration for the immortal dream, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Fired by its doctrines David Brainerd braved the hardships of the North American wilderness and entered the savage camps of the red men that he might carry to them its message of hope and cheer.

It is the book that old Bishop Asbury loved, read and carried in his saddle bags as he traveled the thousands of miles on horse back in the early days of our country.

Good men have loved it in the past, and good men love it today. Old Dr. L. W. Munhall, when eighty-four years of age, held up the Bible before an audience of several thousand people and as the tears trickled down his old face said, "Thou precious word of God, I love thee with every drop of blood in my veins; I esteem thee more than my necessary food. Thou art sweeter to me than the drippings of the honeycomb. Thou art honey out of the rock, the finest of the wheat. Were there one drop of blood in my veins that did not love thee I would let it out before I rest this night."

Oh, I repeat it again, great men have appreciated this book and good men have loved it. You never saw a good man who did not love the Bible, and the man in olden times who gave a load of hay for a few pages of this book got the top price for his stock-food. No book is loved like the Bible.

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08 -- IT IS A HATED BOOK

While it is a fact that no book is loved like the Bible, it is also a fact that it is the most hated book in the world. There are people today who will almost gnash upon you with their teeth if you mention it to them, they have thrust it out of their home, out of their life and out of their conversation, they will have nothing to do with it, and do not want to hear anything about it.

There is a reason why this book is so terribly hated.

The Bible is a photographer, it takes man's picture but does no retouching. No one would have his picture if it wasn't retouched. I went into one of the largest studios in America and asked for a picture to be made as quickly as possible. I was told to return at a certain time. When I came back they handed me the picture, but I did not like it; it was terribly like me, every line on my face stood out boldly. I said, "Lady, what is the matter with this picture? I don't want a thing like that.": She replied, "You wanted it in a hurry and we have not had time to retouch it." I left

the picture, to be gone over. When we go to a photographer we want him to leave out the lines, remove the freckles, smooth out the wrinkles and camouflage all the scars, and when he presents it to us in that way, we say, "That is fine, it looks natural, I'll take a dozen." But we know it does not, if it did we would not want them. That is the reason the slogan of every photographer is, "Where there is beauty we take it, where there isn't we make it." The Bible does no retouching, when it takes man's picture it is real, and if there is a blur, a blot, a scar or wrinkle it shows it, and man doesn't like a picture like that.

The Bible takes man's picture and reveals, "The whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores: They have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." Men don't want a picture like that.

In Jeremiah it makes an X-ray of the heart and reveals, "That it is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

The Bible is a biographer, it writes man's history, but without an apology. It is not an outline, it is complete. In Mr. Wells' book you will find what he calls an outline of history, but in this book you will find an outline of Mr. Wells.

When the Bible writes man's history where does it begin? Not with atoms, and plasm, not with worms and fish, monkeys and anthropoid apes. It does not begin with the cabin home in the clearing with the old fashioned woman for a mother and the old pioneer for a father. It does not begin with the little log schoolhouse and the blue back speller. Here is where the Bible begins, "Behold they were shapen in iniquity and in sin did their mother conceive them, they go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulcher; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: Their feet are swift to shed blood: Destruction and misery are in their ways: There is no fear of God before their eyes and the ways of peace have they not known, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Men hate this book because it tells them what they are. It never flatters, it never apologizes, it never praises man for his natural endowments and it often derides his wisdom. Even when he has climbed to the top-most bough of the tree of knowledge and there sways to the applause of the multitude, the old book seems to look up and say, "The wisdom of man is foolishness with God." It even hints that the creatures of God are capable of teaching man lessons, thus we hear him say, "Go to the ant thou sluggard," and again, "Ask the beast and he shall teach thee, the fowls of the air and they shall tell thee, the fishes of the sea and they shall declare unto thee," and with a bit of sarcasm it adds, "Yea, who knoweth not such things as these?"

Men do not hate the Bible because it is unsafe, for its influence has never been bad, its doctrines have never endangered a community and it was never known to promote vice, but they hate it because it shows up the real character of the unregenerate. A man once said to an infidel, "Why don't you let the Bible alone? When you don't like an editor you will not read his

editorials, when you don't like a book you won't purchase it, if you don't like the Bible, why don't you let it alone?" and the infidel was honest enough to answer, "Because it won't let me alone." There is the secret, there is the reason the wicked world will not let the Bible alone, because it won't let them alone.

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09 -- IT IS AN INDESTRUCTIBLE BOOK

Men not only hate this book but they have tried for centuries to destroy it.

They have tried to dispose of it by tearing it up. And they have lifted words out of the sentence, lines out of the verses, verses out of the chapter, chapters out of the book and books out of the Bible. They have ripped it and torn it, hacked it, mutilated and chopped it to pieces, and with what result? Do you remember the stories we used to hear when we were children, of the joint snake, which you might find and break into as many pieces as you liked and before the sun went down every joint would crawl back to its place and the snake would crawl away alive? I cannot vouch for the joint snake, I have never seen one, and I have never seen anyone that had seen one, but oh! I can tell you about the Bible. No matter how they may tear it and cut it, no matter how they may mutilate and abuse it, before the sun goes down every word is back in the sentence, the sentence is back in the verse, every verse is back in the chapter, every chapter is back in the book and every book is back in the Bible and in spite of the skeptics and destructive critics of the world we have a whole Bible carrying its message of hope and salvation to the uttermost part of the earth. It is an indestructible book.

You have heard the story of the man who seeing a great many worn and broken hammers around the blacksmith's door said,

"How many anvils have you used
To wear these hammers so?
Only one, said the blacksmith,
For the anvil wears the hammers out you know."

So we say with the poet of the old Presbyterian hymn book,

"Hammer away ye hostile bands,
Your hammers break, God's anvil stands."

Men have endeavored to turn attention from the Bible by writing a better book. I know a man now who spends hours alone in his private study, where he says he is writing a better book than the Bible. Years ago a man said, "Within an hundred years the Bible will be a back number." But before the century had passed away his books had become back numbers and the very printing establishment that had published his book, was publishing Bibles.

Bob Ingersol at a cost of \$17,000.00 wrote and published a work on the mistakes of Moses, but people have ceased to read it and publishers have ceased to print it and you can buy

his writings today for a song, while the Bible which contains an account of the mistakes of Bob Ingersol is in greater demand than ever before in the history of the world.

"Dying men write dying books, men die and so do their books, but the living God has written a living book, God is not dead, neither is His book."

Men have thought to destroy the Bible by burning it. But the task would be too great. Some one has called attention to the fact that to burn all the Bibles a man would have to be a world traveler, he would have to go among the head hunters of Africa and the cannibals of the South Sea islands, he would have to make his way far into the interior where the foot of white man never trod, for there are Bibles there, brought from some mission station by a half naked savage, and they often find them worshipping the book, though they know not the God of the Book.

He would also have to be worth many millions of dollars, for there are millions of Bibles in the world, and at the least they would cost him on an average of no less than a dollar apiece, and I know some dear old people who do not own a foot of land, not a home in which to live, and who exist on the plainest fare, and yet they have an old three dollar Bible which they would not sell for the wealth of the world if they thought it was wanted to burn. There are some Bibles, thank God, that are not for sale.

But if he gathered them all and built his fire, would the Bible be destroyed? No, he would have to gather all the books, newspapers and magazines containing quotations from the Word of God, and that would destroy ninety per cent of the world's great libraries. He would then have to go to the world's great art galleries and destroy the great paintings and hunt up the reproductions scattered over the earth. Would that destroy the Bible? No! He would have to go to the cemeteries and remove the inscriptions from the majority of tombstones in civilization. Would it then be gone? No! Before you destroy this Bible you will have to break the arm of every Christian that is able to write and clip the tongue of every saint that is able to talk, and by that time some old sinner would become so indignant that he would get him a pen and try to write a new Bible from the Scriptures his mother taught him when a child. It is an indestructible book. But there is a better reason for our knowing that it is indestructible. Jesus said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." When He made that statement, humanly speaking He was a Galilean peasant, He stood on a hillside in Judea, Greece had just passed through the twilight of her golden age, Rome was towering on the other hand as mighty in war as Greece had ever been in art, at his feet lay Jerusalem with her mighty temple which was forty and six years in building, Jesus virtually said, all these shall pass away but my word shall not pass away. He made that statement when speeches were neither printed nor reported, nineteen hundred years have rolled away, and what has been the result? Where is Greece with her art? Gone! Where is Rome with her seven hills? Gone! Where is Jerusalem with her great temple? Struggling to rise again to fulfill another prophecy. While the Word of God is being sought after in greater quantities today than ever before. It is an indestructible book.

Don't worry about their taking away our Bible for every day the task becomes greater. It has not been off the press for more than four hundred and sixty years, they are printing more than ten thousand copies every hour, one million copies were recently shipped to Japan alone and

there are more than thirty million copies of the Bible or portions of it sold every year and the printing presses are straining their bolts day and night to supply the great demand for the Word of God. And those who laugh at it and try to destroy it, would no doubt be delighted if they could produce as good a seller. It is the best book in the world and the best seller among the books of earth.

Book of our fathers, living still,
In spite of critic's knife and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
When e'er we read His glorious Word.
Book of our fathers Holy Book,
We will be true to thee till death.

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10 -- IT IS A MERCIFUL BOOK

The Bible contains the foundation of all law, yet it is a book of mercy. After telling man his "heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," it says, "A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and give you a heart of flesh." David heard this message, submitted to the operation and as soon as he came out from under the anesthetic we hear him shout, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed."

It writes man's history, but says to him if you don't like it, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." Thank God we can get rid of the old life and the old biography and have a new one in Christ Jesus. The Bible assures man he is lost, then tells him that the "Son of man has come to seek and to save that which was lost."

It is a merciful book, and after showing up man with his sin, writing his biography and taking his picture, in spite of his hatred for the Word of God and all he has done to destroy it, it comes in mercy with the message, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

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11 -- IT IS A STAFF TO THE LIVING

A young man once entered an office to apply for a position and was asked for a recommendation. He opened his suitcase and began looking for one which he had brought along, and in doing so revealed his Bible, whereupon the man said, "What is that book you have there?" "A Bible," said the young man. "Do you intend to read it and live by it?" "I do, sir." "That is recommendation enough," said the employer, "the job is yours."

In youth, in middle life and old age, it offers true and tried counsel for every perplexing problem. It is a refuge in the days of empty chairs and broken hearts. It is a tonic in the dark

hours of doubt and difficulties. It is food in the time of poverty and depression. A light when everything else is dark and a friend when forsaken by loved ones and misunderstood by friends and acquaintances. How oft have I heard my old mother sing,

"'Tis a lamp in the wilderness of sorrow,
'Tis a light on the weary pilgrim's way;
Leading up from earth to eternal glory,
Shining more and more unto that perfect day.

O the Bible, my precious Bible,
Gift of God, the lamp of life, my beautiful Bible.
I will cling to the dear and Holy Bible.
As I hasten to the city of our God."

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12 -- IT IS A PROFOUND BOOK

It is a profound book, so profound that the learned have studied it for years without exhausting it, and yet so simple that the little child can enjoy it and the poor and uneducated can find rest and comfort in its pages. My father was a southern soldier in the Civil War. He was young when the war broke out and was deprived of an education, only attending one term of school in his life. I never saw him try to read a book or a magazine, but how often in the summer afternoons have I seen him take the old large print Bible, and picking up the old round post chair with the hickory bark bottom, he would make his way out under the shade of the big oak tree and following the lines with his finger like a little boy in his first reader, he would slowly spell out the words of the Book of God until he found help and comfort for his old heart.

Never a day passed in our home but what my mother turned to this book for help, for strength and for guidance, and never a letter came to me when I was a godless boy away from home but what contained kind and helpful counsel gathered from the pages of the Word of God.

"There's a dear and precious book,
Though it's worn and faded now,
That recalls the happy days of long ago,
When I sat at mother's knee
With her hand upon my brow,
And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.

Blessed Book, precious Book
On thy dear old tear stained leaves I love to look.
Thou art sweeter day by day,
As I walk the narrow way,
That leads at last to that bright home above."

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13 -- IT IS A COMFORT TO THE DYING

It is said that when Sir Walter Scott lay dying he said to the attendant, "Bring me the Book." "What Book?" asked the attendant. "There is only one Book," said the dying man, "and that is the Bible." Nowhere else can we find such comfort when the mists are gathering round our bed. There is no comfort in infidelity. I call the infidel to my dying bedside and say, "I'm dying, give me something on which I can pillow my head, give me oars to steer my boat, give me something to lean on as I pass over the tide." And the world's greatest infidel leans over my dying cot and says, "Life is a narrow veil betwixt the cold barren peaks of two eternities, we strive in vain to reach the heights, we cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our own dying voice." Oh, there is no comfort in that, there is nothing there on which I can lean. Bring me the Bible and let me read, "Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Let me place my ear to this old book and hear the immortal question of Job as it comes ringing down through the ages, "If a man die shall he live again?" Let me listen as the answer comes ringing back from the lips of the Son of God, "Yes! for the day shall come when the dead shall hear his voice and they that sleep in the grave shall come forth." Oh, there is comfort in that, such comfort that I am willing to stake my life on it while living and pillow my head upon it when I breathe my last.

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14 -- THE BOOK OF BOOKS

The Bible is the "only" book, it is "The Book of Books." Nowhere else can we find what we are, where we came from and whither we are bound. It is the only book that tells of a salvation from sin and the Christ who made it possible. It is the only book that pushes civilization before it wherever it goes, and it is the only book that decay will follow its removal.

If you build a school, a church or a home and want it to stand, build it on this Grand Old Book.

Come and build you a home on this Rock, the Bible,
It is safe you can there abide,
Though the tempest may howl, not a wave can reach you,
In its cleft you can safely hide.
Here is shelter from the cold, from the storm and tempest,
And there's manna for the soul every day.
I am building my home on this Rock, the Bible,
I am building my home to stay.

Dr. Baldwin of Troy, New York, in closing his pastorate of forty-one years, said, "I can testify that at thirty, after examining the religions and philosophies of the world, I said, "There is nothing better than the Bible." At forty when burdens began to press heavily and years seemed to hasten, I said, "Nothing is as good as the Bible."

At fifty when there were empty chairs in my home and the mound builders had done me service, I said, "There is nothing to be compared with the Bible." At sixty when my second sight saw through the illusions and vanities of earthly things, I said, "There is nothing but the Bible." And now at seventy amid the many limitations and deprivations of declining years I can sing,

"Should all the forms which men devise,
Attack my faith with treacherous dart,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Bible to my heart."

* * * * *

15 -- I LOVE MY BIBLE

I don't know how others feel about it, but I love my Bible. Mother read to me from its sacred page, before I learned the letters of the alphabet. For sixty-one years it furnished the foundation for the home wherein I was born, and when I looked into the face of my dying mother for the last time, she placed her frail old arms about my neck and with a faith based upon the teaching of this Grand Old Book said, "Good-by, son, I'll meet you in that better land where there'll be no more sad partings."

Years ago I turned from my wicked life and anchoring my faith in the promises of this book, I accepted Christ as my Savior. For seventeen years I have been trying to walk in its light, listen to its voice and order my life according to its teaching. I am not tired of it yet, but expect to read it while my sight will permit, and if my vision fails I pray God will strengthen my hearing that I may listen while it is read to me. I want a copy placed under my pillow when I lie on my last bed of illness, I want someone to read to me from its blessed pages while I breathe my last, I want its promises quoted at my funeral, and you may call it what you please, but I hope someone will slip a copy of this Grand Old Book in my casket before they lower it into the grave, and I want every devil in hell, every infidel and skeptic on the earth and every demon in the universe to know that the body of this preacher is lying full length on the everlasting, unchangeable promises of the Word of God.

I want to serve notice on every greedy germ, and every hungry worm and microbe that if they ever destroy this body they will have first to crawl over the declaration of Job, "I know that my redeemer liveth and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth, and though the skin worms devour this body yet in my flesh shall I see God and my eyes shall behold for myself and not another." And I want to notify corruption that if it ever devours the body of this preacher it will have to do it in the clear light and knowledge of those scriptures which say, "That which was sown in weakness shall be raised in power, and that which was sown in dishonor shall be raised in glory and this natural body shall become a spiritual body, this mortal shall put on immortality and this corruption shall put on incorruption."

In the day of the resurrection I expect to come forth from among the living or out from among the dead riding upon the promise of the Grand Old Book, "The dead in Christ shall rise

first and we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

"What a treasure we have in this wonderful Book,
'Tis the Word of the Lord to our soul,
So secure that no critic can mine it away,
While the years of eternity roll."

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THE END