

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication  
Copyright 1993 -- 2005 Holiness Data Ministry

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

## **CHICKEN STORIES**

**By Duane V. Maxey**

\* \* \* \* \*

Digital Edition 08/03/05  
By Holiness Data Ministry

\* \* \* \* \*

## **CONTENTS**

### **Introduction**

- 01 -- Carradine's Unexpected Chicken Illustration
- 02 -- The Denuded Rooster
- 03 -- They Tithed Their Chicken Eggs
- 04 -- His Chickens Couldn't Be Converted Into Goslings
- 05 -- The Hidden Chicken And The Unfolding Revelation
- 06 -- Good Enough For The Preacher
- 07 -- Men's Curses, Like Chickens, Come Home To Roost
- 08 -- Bantam Chicken Sanhedrins
- 09 -- Nothing Hatched At The Conference
- 10 -- A Fawning Fraud And Fried-Chicken-Thief
- 11 -- Hens Need Not Be Ushered To Their Roost
- 12 -- Improved When Stealing Only A Chicken?
- 13 -- Battle-Scarred Veterans Versus The Bantams
- 14 -- After The Rowdies Crowed Like Chickens
- 15 -- Get Hatched Or Go Rotten
- 16 -- The Eagle Who Thought It Was A Chicken
- 17 -- Why God Did Not Bless The Chicken That Was Tithed
- 18 -- A Chicken Devoured In An Unusual Way
- 19 -- Beyond A Chicken's Range After He Was Sanctified
- 20 -- His Lamp Among Those Who Went To Bed With The Chickens
- 21 -- That Broad-Faced Chicken Over There
- 22 -- Independent Work Likened To Chickens Raised For The Hawks
- 23 -- The Chicken Was Killed On Saturday, Not Sunday
- 24 -- The Wrong Progression In One Chicken's Roosting Places
- 25 -- Only One Chick In A Family?

- 26 -- Life Consumed By The Care Of One Chicken
- 27 -- What He Didn't Hanker After When Chickens Were Scarce
- 28 -- Don't Stumble Over The Mystery Of Eating Dead Chicken
- 29 -- Ignorant Of Stolen Chickens But Still Attacked
- 30 -- He Read The Book By Which Chickens Were Judged
- 31 -- Matthew 23:37 -- The Hen And Chickens
- 32 -- Why She Gave The Chickens, And Much More
- 33 -- She Praised The Lord After Stealing Chickens And Geese
- 34 -- Why She Was Screaming In The Chicken-Yard
- 35 -- About Feeding Chickens And Frozen Chickens
- 36 -- Snake-Eggs Hatched By A Hen
- 37 -- What The Hen Hatched, And Why
- 38 -- He Preferred Being Mad To Eating The Chicken
- 39 -- Why He Didn't Kill The Third Hawk That Attacked His Chickens
- 40 -- He Slept In The Loft With The Universalist's Chickens
- 41 -- Chickens, And Where One's Affections Are Set
- 42 -- Godbey's Illustration Of The Wiles Of A Wild Hen
- 43 -- Her Tabernacle Amidst Chores, Children And Chickens
- 44 -- Why They Had Chicken At The Wedding Feast
- 45 -- The Prairie Chickens And Less Pleasant Inhabitants
- 46 -- Preachers Like A Brahma Hen Instead Of Like A Banty
- 47 -- They Ate The Chicken On The Way!
- 48 -- When The Chickens Scratched Up The Flowers
- 49 -- Why Chickens Are The Most Religious Fowl
- 50 -- Guilty, If Your Chicken Dies First!
- 51 -- In Perils Involving Chickens
- 52 -- A Crate Of Chickens And A Few Gallons Of Sorghum
- 53 -- Too Much Heat Too Soon Will Kill The Whole Brood
- 54 -- A Chicken Restitution Brought Real Salvation
- 55 -- How The Unique Chicken Got In
- 56-- He Returned Good For The Evil Of Killing His Chickens
- 57 -- The Unusual Way One Chicken Was Plucked
- 58 -- A Children's Chicken-House Revival
- 59 -- A Confederate Soldier Captured While Eating Chicken
- 60 -- A Fouled-Up Chicken For Sale Sign
- 61 -- The Cock Did Not Crow, But The Thief Was Caught
- 62 -- The Huge Jubo-Snake Approaching A Chicken Brood
- 63 -- Chickens Come Home To Roost
- 64 -- Some Items Involving Chickens
- 65 -- Why Every Chicken Was Returned
- 66 -- The Preacher Made Resitution For Stolen Chickens
- 67 -- As A Hen Readily Detects A Chicken-Hawk
- 68 -- The Unhatched Chick To Exist In A Different Realm
- 69 -- How Chicken Dinners Closed One Church
- 70 -- Caught In A Lie About A Chicken
- 71 -- The Chicken And The Pig Had Different Views Of The Breakfast

- 72 -- What It Took To Make The Rooster Crow
- 73 -- The Rooster Who Spoke English
- 74 -- Why The Rooster Was Killed
- 75 -- A Cock That's Silent And A Hen That Crows
- 76 -- The Sun, Not The Crowing Cock Lights The Eastern Sky
- 77 -- How A Hen Filled The Doctor's Prescription
- 78 -- Hen-Eggs From The Back Porch
- 79 -- Eating Hen-Eggs And Jewish Legalism
- 80 -- Evangelist H. A. Erdmann Slept In The Hen-House
- 81 -- When The Hen Hatched Duck Eggs
- 82 -- She Got The Victory In The Hen-House
- 83 -- How He Cured His Dog From Eating Hen-Eggs
- 84 -- The Catholic Priest Couldn't Change Chickens To Cows
- 85 -- How The Bantam Hens Were Healed

\* \* \* \* \*

## INTRODUCTION

This compilation consists entirely of excerpts from the HDM Digital Library, all of which speak of chickens. However, there is a wide variety of specifics and particulars relative to chickens in these excerpts. It is my hope that this collection will prove to be both interesting and useful to all who take time to read it through.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 01 -- CARRADINE'S UNEXPECTED CHICKEN ILLUSTRATION

From hdm0048, "Revival Incidents" by Beverly Carradine:

In a camp meeting in Tennessee a cause of great disturbance one morning originated and proceeded from a setting hen. The tabernacle since the last camp, had been given over to silence, dust and cobwebs, and this sedate matron of the poultry yard concluded to raise her next brood of chickens in the midst of religious surroundings, and so leaving the household premises, wandered up a country lane and proceeded first to lay and then sit upon a dozen or more eggs immediately under the low platform where the preacher stood and held forth to the audience. As the committee of arrangements opened the aisle gates and scattered fresh straw, they did not notice the fowl hidden away under the planks silently and patiently and strictly attending to business.

When the preacher opened his first sermon one drowsy summer afternoon, his increasingly loud voice and animated movements undoubtedly disturbed the feathered biped just below him, but when at last he gave a loud cry, attended with the heavy stroke of both his feet at once just above the hen's head, she could stand no more and, with outstretched wings and distracted cries, she sped down the middle aisle before the gaze of five hundred astonished people, flew over the tabernacle railing, then across the fence and then down the road toward the

farm house with such unquestionable indications of chicken terror and even downright insanity, that the audience seemed convulsed.

Of course, I rescued the occasion as best I could by drawing a moral lesson and showing how secret things could be hidden away for a while, but God always by and by sent a man or circumstance that would bring forth the unexpected and put the hidden thing of iniquity out from under the platform of darkness and silence and send it flying down the road with loud cries and terrified life before the gaze of an observing world. Nevertheless my effort to lasso the laugh was attended with great difficulty, and I could see women with bowed heads and men with shaking shoulders for quite a while.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 02 -- THE DENUDED ROOSTER

From hdm0043, "Living Illustrations" by Beverly Carradine:

I was entertained very kindly at a pleasant country home, a half mile from town, and was much interested in the farm yard, and studied daily the history and habits of the domestic fowls and animals with which it abounded.

I particularly observed a rooster who had lost his handsome tail-feathers. They had been torn out by a hog. This chanticleer was cut by all the hens, and spent most of his time in a kind of box, looking out silently, mournfully and perhaps bitterly, on the world. He had quit crowing. He seemed to have lost his voice when he parted with his plume. In other words his testimony went with his experience. He also was evidently soured, and doubtless spent his time railing at everything and everyone in the chicken line.

Poor fellow! I have seen his human mate in a good many places. When the waving plume of a beautiful experience goes, then the joyous, rapturous crow of testimony departs. Now then for the box! And the silent, glum, grum, look at every one who dares to do anything outside of his wooden retreat.

Brother, have you lost your glad, old-time crow? Are the feathers gone? If so, then never rest until you get a new plume and a fresh crow. He who makes all the birds in the woodland and barnyard, has an abundance of feathers and plenty of songs and clarion calls: These are to be had for the asking.

One thing I feel sure of, and that is, as long as we keep the plume of a beautiful experience and the crow of a joyous testimony, we will not have to mope alone in a box, and look out soured and fault finding on the world. Some old superannuated fowls may criticize and find fault, but we will always have plenty of calls to crow, will be on a box instead of in one, and ever have a profound listening and a good following given us no matter what ecclesiastical yard or field we are called upon providentially to enter.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 03 -- THEY TITHE THEIR CHICKEN EGGS

From hdm0241, "Tithing -- Your Questions Answered" by Jarrette Aycock:

I know people who have a few chickens, a cow, a garden, or something else, who believe in tithing and who are so careful that God should get all His due that they tithe their eggs, their chickens, and their gardens...

Many of them give this tenth to their pastor, which, I think, is a very helpful and generous thing to do. Others who have these things on a larger scale sell their produce and give a tenth to the church.

One day the wife was reading the Bible and came across some scriptures on tithing. I assume it was this third chapter of Malachi. Anyway, reading it, she was convinced that this was God's plan. When the husband came home that night they read it together and, though it seemed impossible, they decided they would tithe.

She said: "To take a tenth of our government check when it came seemed like taking bread from the mouths of my children but we were faithful and, though we are not church folks, we believed that it was God's plan.

"Three years have gone by, and now we can dress our children so we are not ashamed of them when they go to school. We have better furniture and rugs on our floor. We have a tractor, a wagon, a team, a nice flock of chickens, and some cows for milk."

Then she said, "You ask me, 'Does it pay to tithe?' We have proved that it does pay." "Prove me ... if I will not ... pour you out a blessing."

\* \* \* \* \*

### 04 -- HIS CHICKENS COULDN'T BE CONVERTED INTO GOSLINGS

From hdm0531, "Methodist Heroes Of Other Days" by Samuel Gardiner Ayres:

One of his parishes was very large. While in a distant part of the parish a Baptist minister took advantage of his absence to proselytize some of the young converts. The next time the two preachers met, Mr. Haslam leaned from his saddle, turned toward the other preacher, and remarked, "You needn't think that you can make goslings out of my chickens."

\* \* \* \* \*

### 05 -- THE HIDDEN CHICKEN AND THE UNFOLDING REVELATION

From hdm0371, "Binney's Theological Compend" by Amos Binney and Daniel Steele:

Little do those who neglect their Bibles think what refined delights they lose by this turning away their eyes from the most sublime and entrancing object of contemplation that the whole universe affords.

In a museum in Dresden, among many other gems and treasures, may be seen a silver egg, which, when you touch a spring, opens and reveals a golden yolk. Within this is hid a chicken, whose wing being pressed, it also flies open, disclosing a splendid golden crown studded with jewels. Nor is this all; another secret spring being touched, hidden in the center is found a magnificent diamond ring. So it is with every truth and promise of God's word -- a treasure within a treasure. The more we examine it the richer it becomes. But how few, comparatively, care to touch the springs as did the Psalmist. *Psa. cxix, 96-100.*

\* \* \* \* \*

## 06 -- GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE PREACHER

From hdm0019, "Good Enough For The Preacher" by W. L. Boone:

A knock at the parsonage door can lead to experiences of innumerable variations. Some are sad, some are funny. Some are desperate, some are ridiculous. Some are enriching and some are frustrating, but all are immensely interesting.

This knock introduced one of the characters of the church family. She was a quaint, sometimes a bit more than quaint, maiden-lady school teacher. Characteristically, her hair was a mess and vintage eyeglasses perched precariously near the end of her oft-wrinkled nose. Her wizened, pinched face supported a scrutiny that tolerated little mirth. She wore an ill-fitting dress rescued from rejects that couldn't be sent to the mission field and "sturdy, serviceable" work shoes. Anklets worn over the top of brown, cotton hose correctly identified her rejection of most social conformities.

In her outstretched hand was a wrinkled, well-used brown paper sack instantly supporting her frugal life style. With a powerful grimace that exposed her few remaining teeth and caused both eyes to close, she tried unsuccessfully to push the old eyeglasses back into place. In genuine sincerity she benevolently decreed, "These aren't very good, but they're good enough for the preacher. " The invitation extended to her to come in was politely declined with the comment that "There was much work to be done. The goats had to be milked and the garden hoed."

An inspection of the bag's contents revealed two recently deceased Bantam chickens obviously having lived long, full lives. Viewing them was more pitiful than humorous suggesting a funeral rather than a feast.

Dutifully, the pastor's wife plucked pinfeathers in excess of an hour, finally skinning them both. Even the pressure cooker failed to tenderize that stringy meat so that it could be eaten, but at least we tried.

Though that experience has provided laughter at that time and many times since, overtones of serious proportions are to be observed by the thoughtful Christian.

Without any irreverence intended, it is there suggested that most churches have an unlisted, unseen, unannounced society within their organizational structures. The name it rightly should have is Cast Offs For Christ. Those who belong to it are the people who give to the church such items as have no more use in their lives or homes. WHAT WE THINK IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE LORD IS A CORRECT MEASURE OF OUR LOVE FOR THE LORD.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 07 -- MEN'S CURSES, LIKE CHICKENS, COME HOME TO ROOST

From hdm0035, "Bible Characters" by Beverly Carradine:

A fourth fact about curses is that they have a very strange and horrible way of returning to the curser. There is an old saying that obtained its birth from the long observation of men, viz., that "curses, like chickens, come home to roost." The Bible is clear about this in statement, and in illustration. It speaks of the digger of a pit falling into it himself, while the stone that is rolled to injure another crushes the one who started it.

It shows David in prosperity and power, and then dying in peace, while Shimei, his attacker, was a prisoner in his own house, for years, and finally met a violent death. Elisha was cursed by forty young people but they were torn and slain while he remained unhurt. They met a fearful judgment, while the man they assailed lived to a good old age, blessed many thousands, died in peace and triumph, and swept upward to everlasting glory and reward.

Wesley survived the abuse of Bell and Owens, who themselves backslided and went to ruin. The mayor in Texas who attacked and vilified the Georgia preacher sank into shame, oblivion, and then the grave years ago. The person who cursed the Evangelist in Tennessee, lost his business and money in a year's time, and in eighteen months begged for crusts of bread in the back streets and alleys of his own town.

Other men of God whom we know and who have been shamefully treated by infuriated individuals are happy and useful today in the service of Heaven, while the bodies of their attackers are in the grave, and their memory is rotting from the face of the earth.

Both the Bible and Life agree in showing that it is a perilous thing to touch God's anointed, and to do his prophets harm. The Lord has a strange and dreadful way of taking up for his servants...

Suffice it to say that the missiles of human fury fly thick, but they will not destroy. The dust of misrepresentation will soon blow away. The anathemas and maledictions will die in empty air. Curses like chickens go home to roost. Absalom will not prevail. Jerusalem will be the final home of the persecuted and the faithful servant of God, who, like David, in spite of the

abuse and rocks of Shimei, will be kept in safety, live in peace, die in triumph, and go to Heaven to live with Christ and the angels forever!

\* \* \* \* \*

## 08 -- BANTAM CHICKEN SANHEDRINS

From hdm0040, "Graphic Scenes" by Beverly Carradine:

Most of the younger clerical brethren took advantage of this trip to finally and forever settle among themselves certain mighty and long-vexed questions and problems of the world, if not the universe itself. Having been dipping for a year or so in the study of divinity, as well as paying some attention to various collateral branches of learning, they felt decidedly competent to expound any doctrine, elucidate every mystery, and clear up and settle, to the satisfaction of everybody, all matters biological, geological, theological, psychological and eschatological.

The older preachers looked with suppressed amusement upon these bantam rooster Sanhedrin gatherings, and could be seen glancing back with twitching facial muscles at the chair circle of disputants, with their hand wavings, head shakings and general Podsnappian deliverances of opinion.

The air of self-complacency of most of these young brethren, their perfect self-satisfaction, was enough to suggest the thought that it was fortunate for the interests of the church, and the welfare of the world itself, that they had come upon the scene of action at this very period of time. Perhaps they felt this. Certainly they looked it. One could but wonder how those same aforesaid great, grave questions could ever be discussed, much less doubted, again, after the floods of light thrown upon them by these profound young gentlemen, the oldest of whom had seen twenty-four summers.

Oh, the bantam chicken Sanhedrins of today! The adolescent philosophers! The omniscient boy preachers! The learned rabbis and doctors of law coming forth from the laundry, dry goods counter, butcher shop, note-shaving office and messenger boy desk, all of whom feel perfectly competent to sit in judgment on the writings and utterances of men whom the whole world has agreed to honor; and decide questions that the wisest of intellects and saintliest of characters have felt it best to speak upon with the greatest of caution, or even refused to speak at all.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 09 -- NOTHING HATCHED AT THE CONFERENCE

From hdm0044, "Pastoral Sketches" by Beverly Carradine:

A motion was made to adjourn.

Lost.



The battle raged on. The time for adjournment arriving the motion was made to "extend the hour."

Carried enthusiastically--and the speeches multiplied. Brother Spry said that the Conference in its business over the college reminded him of a hen with one chicken.

Brother Witt said that his mother once owned a.. hen that sat on a small squash by mistake for two months trying to hatch it out, and instead of hatching the squash, the squash wore the hen out. This hen was the Conference trying to bring something out of nothing; and we were simply wearing ourselves out without hatching anything.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 10 -- A FAWNING FRAUD AND FRIED-CHICKEN-THIEF

From hdm0045, "Pen Pictures" by Beverly Carradine:

Bro. Sandford was too bubbly. He ran after his game too fast and hard. He tried to appear fond, when he really fawned. He overdid the thing, and became too sweet. He was sickening sweet...

A Sunday-school picnic, church outing or some kind of railroad or steamboat excursion was the means of fairly glorifying Bro. Sandford. His face became a factory of smiles, and he actually looked ten years younger. He it was who superintended the hanging of the swings, and he it was who gave the word "Go" to the children in their races. Moreover he was the main man when it came to the dinner hour on the grounds, and did more than any three women in emptying the baskets and placing the piles of delightfully cooked food on the sweet smelling cypress planks.

He also always insisted on doing most of the carving of the chickens and turkeys at one end of the table, and seemed to forget to eat, so absorbed was he in the work of cutting up the broiled and roasted fowls and distributing, with most generous air, the same round about. It was while thus engaged that his face fairly beamed, and the sunlight flitting through the leafy treetops on his partially bald head, made an aureole of glory over his benevolent features.

But one day some young men not caring for the picnic banquet, had stretched themselves on the grass some little distance away, and lay idly smoking their cigars and watching the busy scene. Suddenly one gave a wondering exclamation, called another to his side, and with outstretched finger pointed to the end of the table where Bro. Sandford was officiating. In another moment all their heads were together, eyes bent in the same direction, and in five minutes they had ocular proof of the secret of that gentleman's insistence upon filling the position of Chief Carver of Fowls. To their amazement they beheld the smiling wielder of the knife, while seemingly absorbed in the Christian, self-denying labor of helping others, yet with a quick, stealthy movement of hand, pitching into his own basket under the table, quarters and halves of almost every fowl that came under his touch. People all around were so busy eating,

laughing and waiting on one another that the cunning theft practiced right before their eyes was not observed. But from the neighboring grassy mound where the young men were watching, the thief, the theft, the basket under the edge of the table, and the disappearing chickens were all plain to the view. Fully twenty people were quietly called to witness the sleight-of-hand performance.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 11 -- HENS NEED NOT BE USHERED TO THEIR ROOST

From hdm0046, "People I Have Met" by Beverly Carradine:

The second functionary of the church who stands next to the janitor in power to afflict the preacher is the usher.

We are convinced that, like the general, statesman, orator and poet, this most interesting individual must be born for the office. When this is the case it is an unspeakable relief and pleasure to the pastor and evangelist to observe the readiness, swiftness and yet quietness, tact and good sense with which the man seats the audience.

But oftentimes a person gets into this office who is unqualified for it in almost every respect, and as we have beheld him trotting up and down a the long carpeted aisles, his smiling self-complacency sailing through and over-riding the billows of constant mistakes and blunders, we have wondered with an exceeding great wonder.

It is a sight never to be forgotten to see one of them showing members of the church to their seats and pews as if they could not find the place if left to themselves, when, in fact, they know the spot as well as an old hen is acquainted with her roosting place in a tree or the chicken house.

It looks to the thoughtful observer that a lot of physical energy is needlessly wasted by such proceedings, but it must be remembered that the practice of this impressive, spectacular performance is productive of mutual delight to both parties, the escorter and the escorted. To the latter there is a sweet, proud pleasure of being heralded, headed, guided, protected, guarded and safely delivered into one's pew as though very precious goods or royalty itself was being handled. It creates such a pleasant glow of self-importance of being somebody above the ordinary, that the congregation would rise en masse to protest against the discontinuance of the office of Sublime Grand Master of the Aisle to the Supreme High Mogul of the Pew.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 12 -- IMPROVED WHEN STEALING ONLY A CHICKEN?

From hdm0049, "Revival Sermons" by Beverly Carradine:

God's commands do not provide for procrastination and willful delays. They do not read that way, and if we do so treat them it is at our peril. There is no command for a gradual honesty. Think if you can of a man becoming honest after a gradual fashion; that today he steals a horse, the next day a cow, then a calf, then a hog, then a turkey (oh, how he is improving!), then a chicken, and finally an egg. Would any one call that improvement? Would not a child say that the man was as big a thief when he took the egg as when he stole the horse? God knows of no such honesty, and has no such command. Instead of that are the ringing words, "Let him that stole steal no more." An instantaneous honesty! So we are not called and commanded to a gradual and graduated holiness, but to an instant and entire destruction of sin and perfect filling of the soul with the Holy Ghost.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 13 -- BATTLE-SCARRED VETERANS VERSUS THE BANTAMS

From hdm0052, "Soul Help" by Beverly Carradine:

An illustration arises in my mind. It is another scene in a barnyard. A young bantam is sitting on top of a chicken coops giving a lecture to some old motherly hens about how to avoid contracting the disease called the "pip." An old rooster with one eye gone is half dozing and half listening from under a neighboring hayrack. At times his head is turned thoughtfully to one side, and again his remaining eye scans the heavens for a hawk. He lost his eye in a fight with an owl one night; and most of his tail feathers in a struggle with a mink; besides he has run miles and miles in his life to save his carcass from the dinner pot. He has had many battles and victories in his line for years, and has a glorious right to crow, and does crow. But the bantam lecture seems to be too much for him this afternoon, and as he listens he appears to be too full for utterance. But my! how much more he knows about things in particular as well as in general than the little Bantam Theologue and Preacher on the coop. The "gaps" and "pip" do not been so dreadful to him who had two dogs, a mink and a darky all after him in one night. In a word, for perfect information about hawks, eagles, owls, weasels and other enemies of the barnyard, it would be better to go to the old rooster than to the young bantam.

Ever since the writer has been a Christian he has felt that the battle-scarred veterans of the cross, the men and women who have had frequent and awful fights with Satan, were the best counselors, and so he always went to them, and invariably realized help and comfort. Many and varied temptations had prepared them to be helpers indeed.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 14 -- AFTER THE ROWDIES CROWED LIKE CHICKENS

From hdm1557, "Autobiography Of Peter Cartwright, The Backwoods Preacher":

We returned to the encampment, and the rowdies were in a mighty rage because they could get no drink, for we had the groggery under guard. They swore if we did not release it, they would break up the camp meeting. I told them to ride on, that we would not release the

grocery, and we could whip the whole regiment. At candle-lighting we had preaching; they were still and quiet till most of the tent-holders had gone to bed. Then they began their dirty deeds. I had ordered out a strong watch, and directed the lights to be kept burning all night. They began at a distance to bark like dogs, to howl like wolves, to hoot like owls; they drew near and crowed like chickens; they tried to put out our lights, and threw chunks at the tent; but the guard beat them back, and kept them off nearly all night. Toward day, they drew nearer and nearer still, and would slap their hands and crow like chickens. One ringleader among them came right before the preachers' tent, slapped his hands, and crowed and passed on. I stepped to a fire close by, and gathered a chunk of fire, and threw it, striking him right between the shoulders, and the fire flew all over him. He sprung, and bounded like a buck. I cried out, "Take him: take him;" but I assure you it would have taken a very fleet man to have taken him, for he ran as though the very devil was in him and after him. When I returned to the tent, one of the guards came and told me that they were taking wheels off the wagons and carriages; and looking through an opening in the tent, I saw one of them busy in loosening my carriage behind the tent, where I had tied it to a sapling for fear they would run it off. I slipped round, gathered a stick in my way, and came up close behind him, and struck at him, not with much intent to hurt, but to scare him. However, the stroke set his hat on one side of his head; he dashed off in a mighty fright, and his hat not being adjusted right, it blinded him, and fleeing with all speed, he struck his head against a tree, knocked himself down, bruised his face very much, and lay senseless for several minutes; but when he came to himself, he was as tame as a lamb, and his dispensation of mischief was over. This put an end to the trouble of the rowdies, and afterward all was peace and quiet.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 15 -- GET HATCHED OR GO ROTTEN

From hdm0794, "A Kindergarten Primer On Holiness" by Morris Chalfant:

When a hen lays an egg, that in a sense is life commenced. Unless the egg is hatched and the chicken gets out of the shell, it is bound to spoil. In other words, after we have experienced the new birth, it is necessary for life to go through the struggle and to complete itself or else it will die. This is the reason why we so many times find bad eggs in the church. We need to get hatched or else we will go rotten.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 16 -- THE EAGLE WHO THOUGHT IT WAS A CHICKEN

From hdm0072, "Present Day Parables" by John Wilbur Chapman:

John McNeil tells the story of one of his friends who had raised an eagle with the chickens about the barnyard and for this reason the eagle had never used its power of flight nor had it understood its ability to soar in the heavens.

The friend made up his mind to move to another part of the country. He had sold his other possessions, but did not care to sell the eagle nor to give it away, and so he determined to

teach it the art of flight. He lifted it up in his hands, held it for a moment, but the eagle fell quickly to the ground. He threw it above his head, but the fall was only the more severe, and at last in desperation he put it upon the fence and was holding it for a moment, when the eagle lifted up its head and caught one glimpse of the sun. Its eyes had ever been turned downward and it seemed to be in ignorance of the sun and the sky. Suddenly it pushed out one wing, then another, lifted its head, and with a shriek and a spring bounded away from the fence, soared higher and higher until it was lost in the very face of the sun.

Alas, many of us have gone with our eyes downward fastened upon the world. We have never really caught a glimpse of Christ in His beauty nor understood Him in his fullness. If we could but see him by faith we should soar above the things of this world and dwell in the holies, which it is our privilege to do.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 17 -- WHY GOD DID NOT BLESS THE CHICKEN THAT WAS TITHED

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

We read our scripture lesson from Malachi. Several had testified as to how God blessed and increased them, after they began to tithe, and we had stressed God's promise of blessing to all who would bring the tithe into the storehouse, and thus prove Him. We were progressing nicely with our object lessons. One, then another poured corn and beans into sacks, tins and dishes or separated a tithe from the pumpkins.

Then a woman stood up in the rear of the building, and asked the privilege of telling us about her troubles with tithing. She gave us a story that went like this: "I want to tell you, good teachers, my story. Too, I want to ask what you think about this great thing that came upon me. My preacher told me about paying God one part out of every ten parts. I heard him well. I had only one hen. She laid ten eggs and hatched out nine chicks. Now I had my red hen and nine chicks -- ten in all. It was time for me to think about my tithe this year. When the day came for us to bring in our tithes, I took one of those chicks and gave it to my preacher. When I came home I found an animal had killed all eight of the remaining chickens. How do you explain that?"

The preachers and I tried to comfort her, and to fix it up the best we could. There were so many questions asked that it took up all the remaining time. We were troubled. Our time was gone. Our object lesson was forgotten by all. Those many Christians would go home to tell their people about those dead chickens of the woman who was faithful to bring in her tithe. Our whole trip had been worse than in vain. We stood up to be dismissed. The same woman spoke out again, and said, "There is a bit more I want to tell you teachers. Yes, I had a red hen. She hatched out nine chicks. They grew fast and big. Only one of them did not grow so big as the others. It was a little sick. When I looked at my chickens I picked out the biggest and best, and said to my heart that I should take that one for the Lord. But I had two hearts. One was a big heart, and one was a little heart. The little heart said I better take the little chicken. It said, 'One is a tenth, big or little. If you keep the big chicken, you will have many big chickens to give God next year. The

preacher will only eat your chickens. Meat is meat. All the difference would be that there would not be so much meat.' My big heart refused. When it came tithe day, my little heart overcame my big heart. I took the little chicken. When I got home the others were dead. In every kraal of our people -- those who are not Christians -- we always give the biggest and best ox to the spirits. We give them the best of all we have. The great God-Spirit gave me more rest and joy in this little time since I chose Him than I ever had in all the years I served the many spirits that our people worship. I know it is a shame for me to offer the great God presents that I would be afraid to offer to the spirits. After this, I will give God the best part of what I have." The day was saved. By her little story this woman had taught everyone, big and little, in that whole congregation more than we could have taught them had we a whole week in which to try.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 18 -- A CHICKEN DEVoured IN AN UNUSUAL WAY

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

There were ants -- white, red and black; big and little. The white ants eat up the books, pictures and all things made of wood. During my first year at Sabie I often came home to find that the white ants had cemented my army cot to the floor, and piled up the earth about the place. One morning I found piles of wings and legs on my kitchen table. During the night the red ants and the whites had had a battle, and these were the remains. The wounded had been taken away. The red ants won, and after that they had charge at my place. One night I observed a strange odor in the kitchen hut -- like the odor of a wild animal. I shut the door quickly and called the natives for help. The house was alive with black ants. In the morning we gave them battle, and swept them out in piles. But they had already devoured our supplies, including a nice roast chicken that had been left in the soap-box cupboard.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 19 -- BEYOND A CHICKEN'S RANGE AFTER HE WAS SANCTIFIED

From hdm2234, "The Experiences Of A Blue Ridge Mountain Evangelist" by John A. Clement:

Perhaps I would never have preached the Gospel if I had not got sanctified. Some will argue that "Holiness limits a man's usefulness" but I am sure that it has broadened mine. Mine has been the privilege of preaching the Gospel from ocean to ocean, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, while some who have rejected holiness have never got out of a chicken's range from home. Holiness gives us both a Clean heart and power for service. What a great blessing! How can you reject it!

\* \* \* \* \*

## 20 -- HIS LAMP AMONG THOSE WHO WENT TO BED WITH THE CHICKENS

From hdm2234, "The Experiences Of A Blue Ridge Mountain Evangelist" by John A. Clement:

I would work all day and pray as I worked. At noon I would eat my lunch and spend the rest of the time studying the Bible, for I made it a rule to carry one with me. It has been my life's companion. My sermons may not have measured up to man's ideals, but they have been the best that I could do, and God has helped me and has set His seal on them. Many have been the times that I have come in from the service tired and knowing that I had a hard day's work ahead of me on the morrow, but before retiring I would sit down to read a few passages from that dear old Book and the next morning at daybreak I would still be reading it.

The Bible has been so precious to me. I have kissed it in the darkness of the night and said that I wished it were possible for me to be reading it, but they had no lamps in many of those mountain homes, and they went to bed with the chickens and got up with them. But, strange as it may seem to you, I have gone about over those mountains, carrying a lamp with me so that I might be able to read the Bible at night. Those were care-free and happy days to me. Nothing was in my mind but to please God. I never thought of fine clothes or money, and I could get out and walk from appointment to appointment with no expense attached to this mode of travel. But as I look backward praises go up from my heart to God for those blessed days.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 21 -- THAT BROAD-FACED CHICKEN OVER THERE

From hdm0079, "W. M. Tidwell -- A Life That Counted" by Joseph Eugene Cook:

When he would hold preacher's meetings he would "put it on" the preachers to give the people something worth coming out to church to hear. He would then drive the truth home with an illustration, such as telling about the old woman who operated a boarding house going to the market for supplies. She asked the proprietor if he had any chickens. And the answer was, "Sorry, we're sold out of chickens." Then she said, "Just give me that broad-faced chicken over there." "Why, that is an owl," said the storekeeper. "Oh, he'll be alright; it's just to make soup for the boarders." Then the speaker would exhort the preachers not to be content to give the folk "owl-soup" but give them something good from the Word and they will come back."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 22 -- INDEPENDENT WORK LIKENED TO CHICKENS RAISED FOR THE HAWKS

From hdm0081, "Also To The Greek" -- The Autobiography of Ernest Coryell:

I had been preaching for some time. When asked to join a church I answered: "I belong to Jesus. I'll work in any open door." My deepest regrets for that period of my experience today are that I raised so many chickens for the hawks. Finally the dear brother who had been the evangelist in the meeting when I was saved persuaded me to attend an Assembly of the Nazarene church. Here, listening to the clear, ringing testimonies of these people of God; talking with their

head men; learning their doctrines; I decided that this was my crowd, and from that time I have cast my lot with the church of the lowly Nazarene. Here at this Assembly a group of five elders listened to my experience and then passed on my character and granted me my license to preach.

Never, since that time have I thought that I could do more for the Lord outside of a church organization I believe, yes, I know, that the Devil is organized to fight God's plan and defeat it. For that reason I believe that the followers of the Lord should organize and fight together the efforts of the enemy to damn the souls of men.

[However, there is another side of this coin. When "The Fox Guards the Henhouse"! of an organized group, this too destroys the flock. -- DVM]

\* \* \* \* \*

## 23 -- THE CHICKEN WAS KILLED ON SATURDAY, NOT SUNDAY

From hdm2216, "Some Women I Have Known" by John B. Culpepper:

My mother "taught." She said I must remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. She showed me where it was written, and told me who said it. That settled the matter forever. The wood was cut, the kindling prepared, coffee ground, chicken killed everything done on Saturday for Sunday, just as if we were looking for Jesus. We were. I can't say He did not come. Something happened to those Sabbaths which make them as sweet as heaven in memory. I wish I could throw one of my old county home Sabbaths in view of my friends. I have found no trouble in keeping off railroad trains, electric and mule cars on the holy day. True, I have had to run the gauntlet of the spectators, commentators, imitators, agitators, dictators, and stringy taters, but my mother had "taught" and it stayed with me.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 24 -- THE WRONG PROGRESSION IN ONE CHICKEN'S ROOSTING PLACES

From hdm2216, "Some Women I Have Known" by John B. Culpepper:

A colored preacher was once sympathizing with me in my work, and said: "Brother, I 'spec' it is sorter like it's been wid me. I once had a woman in my church who was very much like a heap more. Her name was Sister Ann. I role her right out one Sunday night in my sermon, dat she 'minded me of six tame turkey eggs and six wild turkey eggs I got once and sot under de same hen. Dey all hatch out in due course of time. But I soon notice dat de turkeys from de six wild eggs, as I sposed, wus kinder shy. Dey shoot off behind de hen when dey see me 'bout; den dey roos' off down by de well, den dey took up at de lot, den dey roos' off back of de turnip patch, den dey take up in a piece o' woods and go plum clean wild, and I never see dem turkeys agin. Sister Ann keep lookin' at me, and listen. When I fuss become your pasture, you wus a roosin' right slap up on de front bench, den you roos' a little furder back -- den a little furder back -- den still furder back, till dar you is ca-whop on de very back seat. Now I sees which way you'se headed; you'll soon be er roosin' at a theater, den at a dance, den a circus. Den, Sister Ann,



some time, when you is away out dar away from de res' of God's chickens, some ole owl of Hell will flop down and git you. Den de only question left to be answered will be, Whar am pious Sister Ann, anyhow?"

It has been twenty years since the sympathizing brother told me that his trouble was the low roosting place of his members, but it is the trouble with the pulpit and the pew today everywhere that I go. We roost too low and too far off. A man will put his wife and children to roost without family prayer, and expect to find the roost unrifled by mink or owl. How can he? O, let's put our homes to roost within the lids of God's Word, under the roof of the sanctuary; let's floor them under with good literature, ceil them over with God's conscious nearness, and wall them in with the beams and boards of a family altar.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 25 -- ONLY ONE CHICK IN A FAMILY?

From hdm2452, "The Happy Home" by John B. Culpepper:

Did you ever see a barn yard with just one old rooster and one old hen? Crow, crow, crow. Cluck, cluck, cluck. Eat, eat, eat. That's all Moons wax and wane, but that's all. What that crowing and clucking and eating is for, who can tell? Just getting a little older, a little tougher, and a little more of a nuisance each day. That's all. Yes, sir, that's all. You may "hunt hens' nests" but that's all. Well, did you ever see an old rooster, an old hen, and just one little "biddie?" This is net much improvement, or none. It is a year, yeap, yeap-eat, eat, eat, and the old hen flutters and clucks and squalls enough for a dozen. Two chances to one, that chicken will die before it is large enough to broil. Why? Fed to death. Had too much attention. An old hen, with one feather in her tail, and one little stuffed chicken, over which she makes very much ado, after spoiling a nest of eggs, excites thoughtful disgust... See how a large family of children take care of each other? I am sorry for a barn-yard with but one chicken.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 26 -- LIFE CONSUMED BY THE CARE OF ONE CHICKEN

From hdm0284, "Sketches And Incidents" by Rev. C. M. Damon:

We had five [children], and considered them a blessing from the hand of God. "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord. and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house; thy children like olive plants about thy table. Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord." Are these words of the Psalmist inspired? If not, why not? What is our theory of inspiration, of the nature and authority of holy Scripture? If they are, then next to childlessness, are not they to be commiserated who are blessed with only one or two? Or is it one of the hidden things that shall be brought to light when "Our secret sins are set in the light of his countenance?" It is quite probable that some in

their zeal for "the right of a child to be well born" have violated good taste and propriety in their plainness of speech; but what of those who are allowed to commit nameless crimes against their own bodies and the rights, interests and honor of a government in the appropriate increase of its population, unrebuked? "In the multitude of people is the king's honor: but in the want of people is the destruction of the prince." Thus France bewails its decadence today, and thus New England is being sold into the hand of Catholicism, and a horde of ignorant toilers, the prey of corporate greed and unscrupulous and designing politicians. If only one knew whether these hard-scratching old hens, whose life is consumed in the care of their one chicken, too liable to be delicate or selfish and self-assertive, were unfortunate or guilty he would know whether to feel compassionate or indignant and disgusted.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 27 -- WHAT HE DIDN'T HANKER AFTER WHEN CHICKENS WERE SCARCE

From hdm2270, "Solitary Places Made Glad" by Henry Turner Davis:

Brother Turman... once said to the writer: "We have reason; horses have not. We eat to satisfy hunger; horses, to suit their taste. We have souls; they have not. We ought to take the better care of their bodies." Not only did the stock fare hard during that winter in consequence of the scarcity of grain. but the people fared hard as well. Their tables did not groan under the weight of sweetmeats and delicious viands. Their fare was plain but substantial, and such as the people had they freely gave to their pastor. The good people invited him to sit with them at their tables, and often the only meat they had was raccoon. Whether he really relished the raccoon or not, I do not know. I am inclined to think he felt a little as the man did who was asked, after having taken a meal on 'coon, "Do you like it?" He replied: "I can eat it, but I do not hanker after it." Chickens were scarce. He never got any of these birds. They went to the more highly-favored ministers, who labored among more highly-favored people.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 28 -- DON'T STUMBLE OVER THE MYSTERY OF EATING DEAD CHICKEN

From hdm0861, "Along The Trail" by Leo C. Davis:

There are many mysteries in life in all areas; we cannot hope to understand them. Life has many tangles, strange providences, endless tests we must all endure, and we inquire "Why?" Right here are treacherous sandbars where many a ship has been wrecked. We must learn to carry a Mystery Bag much like the hunter of small game. We ordered one years ago and requested of the Lord that He make it elastic for we knew we would encounter much we could not understand. Have you learned this secret, Mr. Reader, or do you stumble over mystery? We must persevere "in spite of." We as finite beings cannot expect to comprehend the Infinite. Yet in faith we await that blessed day when the mists have rolled away and we are privileged to see all things clearly. Even here we accept the mysterious in the natural and think nothing of it. Who understands electricity? Yet we do not turn off the lights for the lack of understanding. Who can fully understand just how we can eat dead chicken, cow, or pig, and the organs of the body

digest it, turning it into living muscle, nerve fiber, red and white corpuscles, etc.? Yet we do not stop eating! It is only in the supernatural realm that we allow mystery to wreck our faith.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 29 -- IGNORANT OF STOLEN CHICKENS BUT STILL ATTACKED

From hdm0861, "Along The Trail" by Leo C. Davis:

The Arrow of God Found Its Target. We had preached on the grace of forgiveness during a Sunday night service in one of our student pastorates (1919?). As an illustration we spoke of a Christian whose crippled brother died as a result of a blow from a burly assailant. The Christian forgave and furthermore, endeavored to minister the gospel to the culprit. We knew nothing of what had happened in that rural community during the week previous. At the close of the service we were all but bodily attacked by an enraged man coming out from the audience. He had come to the church for the very purpose of assailing the man who had stolen his chickens a few days before. He assumed we knew all about the incident. It was only by the intervention of two of the men of the church that our accuser was convinced of our innocence. The protecting hand of the Almighty was upon us enabling us to escape the blows of our assailant.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 30 -- HE READ THE BOOK BY WHICH CHICKENS WERE JUDGED

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

[This is a very good illustration on why all should read the Bible, the Book by which all shall be judged. And, it can also illustrate why the Word of God must be printed, distributed around the world and preached unto all nations. -- DVM]

A certain man I know left the farm after high school and entered the business world. But he still loved husbandry. One year he went to the hatchery and bought twenty-five of every breed of chickens available. When they were grown he took a copy of a book on poultry titled Standard of Perfection and carried it with him as he picked the best two or three fowl from each breed. The book told exactly what the specifications for perfection in each breed would be. If Barred Rock, how many black and white bars on the wing. If single comb, how many teeth in the comb. How far down on the legs and how far up on the neck the feathers should come. Then he took his selections to the county fairs around the state and won a great many blue ribbons. Some old farmers who had been in poultry all their lives would ask him, "What do you do?" "Oh, I'm in the retail grocery business." "We don't understand; we've raised poultry all our lives, and you come in here and take the first prizes." He would laugh inwardly for he had a secret that he refused to share. He knew that the book, Standard of Perfection, was the same book the judge of the poultry would use. The poor farmers did not even know there was such a book!

\* \* \* \* \*

## 31 -- MATTHEW 23:37 -- THE HEN AND CHICKENS

From hdm 1498, "A Farmer Looks At The Parables" by John F. Dorsey:

The love of a mother hen for her chickens is very fascinating indeed. Mother's kerosene heated incubators would hold 128 eggs each, and would generally yield over 100 chicks at a hatch. When she had all she wanted she would fill an incubator once more for the three children who were old enough to care for them and hardly old enough to earn money some other way, and we would usually get about 35 baby chicks each.

We would place them under a big Rhode Island Red setting hen after dark some night and by morning she would own them. Then we would pick out a spot in the orchard, build a house for shelter from the elements and from predators at night, tie the hen with a long cord, and carry feed and water to them. I have marveled at the way that mother hen would ignore pounding rain to shelter her chicks. And I would shiver with envy at the lucky little rascals who could plunge under her feathers, turn around and stick their heads out, and view the passing scene.

I read of one mother hen, who when a hawk dived down and grabbed a chick and started to fly away with it simply took wing and caught the hawk, flogging him with her wings until he dropped the chick and fled in panic, while she led the grateful chick back to his mates. But the strain of it all was too much for her. She died of shock or heart failure a few days later.

If such love as this could possess the heart of a small feathered fowl weighing about five pounds, think what love must have swelled the heart of the Son of God as He wept over Jerusalem, sheep without a shepherd, little chickens without a mother and remember that the Jesus of the New Testament and the Jehovah of the old Testament were the same person. You may read of His heartbreak over Jerusalem in Ezekiel, chapter 16 and Matthew 23:37.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 32 -- WHY SHE GAVE THE CHICKENS, AND MUCH MORE

From hdm2041, "Victory Out Of Defeat" by Lovick Pierce Driskell:

May the Lord help stingy folks to open up and honor God with their substance. I left her place and approached a lady out on a farm that had an abundance of everything that heart could wish. After telling her who I was, and who I represented, she said, "I am sorry but I have no rags for the Children's Home" I lifted my cap from my head, and I was moved by the spirit of the Lord to preach to that dear lady a little bit. I said to her, "Lady, are you serving a ragged God? Has he meagerly meted out blessings to you? I see you have turkeys, chickens, cows, hogs, -- I note you have fourteen banks of potatoes put away for the winter. Can you face these things and hungry children at the Judgment, and not open up the bowels of your compassion to keep them from starving?" She said to one of her men, "Put a half dozen turkeys on the preacher's truck, and chickens and corn and ham, and such like." If I had stayed a few minutes more I think the lady would have broken my truck down with various commodities. She said to me, "Do you preach this way everywhere you go?" I said, "I do, as I realize I must give an account of my

faithfulness in my stewardship when I come to the great day of all days." I do wish sometimes I could get all the stingy folks in the world in one congregation and use for a text: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Matt. 6:19-21.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 33 -- SHE PRAISED THE LORD AFTER STEALING CHICKENS AND GEESE

From hdm2041, "Victory Out Of Defeat" by Lovick Pierce Driskell:

While I was pastor of the West Madison charge at Cherry Lake there lived in that community my good friend, Brother Jim Sales and Mrs. Carry, his wife. They have a noted servant in their home that has been very faithful for many years. Her name is Maria. She is a genius as a housekeeper, cook, etc. On one Wednesday she told her mistress that her pastor was going to take dinner with her on the Sunday following. She asked Mrs. Carry to please excuse her after she had come up and fixed breakfast and dinner for the white folks, and to let her get through with her work at the white folks' house a little early as she wanted to fix her own dinner and get off to her church. Mrs. Carry agreed to do so, but on Friday night about ten o'clock the dogs at the Sales' home were barking furiously. Brother Sales rose and called to the dogs and said, "Come back." Sister Sales said, "Why, Jim, what do you mean? I never heard you do that before." Brother Jim answered, "That is Maria out there getting some chickens for the preacher Sunday." Mrs. Carrie said, "It's no such thing, my cook does not steal." But somehow there was a bit of curiosity in Mrs. Carry's mind. So, Sunday after her dinner was over, as the colored service just starting over across the way, Mrs. Carry decided to go down to Maria's house and see what she had fixed for her pastor in her absence. She said when she reached the colored home that everything was spotlessly clean, but she could not find one morsel of food in the house anywhere. She finally pulled up the old-fashioned counterpane and looked under the bed, and there was two big pans under the bed. One of them contained an old-fashioned pound cake, and the other one a large pan, contained two of Mrs. Carrie's big fat geese, parboiled and baked with dressing around them. Mrs. Carrie decided to go to the colored service and when she arrived there the minister was just getting his gospel machine up in high-gear and Mrs. Carry's cook, Maria, came out shouting and Maria said to her Mistress, "Oh, Mrs. Carry I wish you had a little bit of what I have got a whole lot of." Mrs. Carrie said positively, "How about the geese, Maria?" Maria replied quickly, "Oh! Mrs. Carry, I would never let a little thing like that bother me about praising my Jesus!"

\* \* \* \* \*

### 34 -- WHY SHE WAS SCREAMING IN THE CHICKEN-YARD

From hdm2041, "Victory Out Of Defeat" by Lovick Pierce Driskell:

One day while we were working on the church I heard the distressing screams of a woman not far off. I was not acquainted there, and I asked someone who lived over in that direction. They said, "Brother Stokes." He could not hear well, so he was not aware of the distress of his wife. I told him to come down at once, and we got in the car and hurried to the scene. They had a chicken fence built very tall, and in one corner it came down to a sharp angle, there were some hen nests back in this angle. The lady went back there to gather up the eggs, and a very large diamondback snake had crawled in and cut her off so she could not get out, and he was furiously mad and in his coil defying her when we arrived. I went over the fence right quick and grabbed a weeding hoe and shook hands with the gentleman, taking his head off! Until this day that good woman is my unfailing friend!

\* \* \* \* \*

### 35 -- ABOUT FEEDING CHICKENS AND FROZEN CHICKENS

From hdm0869, "Hot Potatoes With Jackets On" by W. B. Dunkum:

If I ever saw a person I felt sorry for, one who had my profound disgust and heart felt sympathy, it is when I meet a boy or girl all dolled up and trying to act like a dude because they were born in the city. They know nothing of running errands, doing the chores, cutting wood, building fires, hauling wood, rolling logs, piling rocks, plowing corn, hoeing potatoes, pulling weeds, feeding chickens, slopping the pigs, driving the cows, feeding the horses, mowing the grass, sawing wood, mauling rails, cutting corn, harvesting wheat, killing hogs, and much other drudgery work. No wonder 95% of those who succeed in life come from the farm... Church members should be gotten out of cold storage, such a place will do for eatables and dead chickens, but it's no place for live chickens.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 36 -- SNAKE-EGGS HATCHED BY A HEN

From hdm0643, Godbey's New Testament Commentaries, Vol. III" by William Baxter Godbey:

"Then lust conceiving hatcheth out sin, and sin being perfected bringeth forth death." The lust here mentioned is the very nature of Satan, the virus of hell, transmitted to every human being, through Adam the first. We all ought to be converted before we are old enough to commit sin, and then sanctified before we backslide. In that case the devil nature would never develop into a wicked life. A boy finding some eggs out in the forest, bringing them home with him, put them under a hen; within a dozen days a great commotion is heard in the poultry yard; they go out and find a lot of black-snakes running round among the chickens, which they kill outright. When I was a little boy going around hunting up the eggs, my mother would say, "Willie, be sure you leave a nest egg, or the hen will leave the nest." Good Lord, help us all to take every nest egg out of our hearts, so the devil will quit the nest. So long as you leave a nest egg the devil will lay more and hatch them out, and you will have an everlasting brood of snakes in your heart. O, the importance of sanctification as the only possible way to break up the devil's nest in the heart.

You do not have to do anything to make the lust hatch out sin. It will hatch spontaneously. Sin, when perfected, i.e., when you yield to the lust and commit known and willing sin, bringeth forth death, i.e., condemnation, which, if not removed by pardon, will send you to hell. Be sure you get under the blood and have the devil's nest egg washed out of your heart, and the fining fire utterly consume all of the pollution of inbred sin.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 37 -- WHAT THE HEN HATCHED, AND WHY

From hdm0399, "The Carnal Mind And The Cure For It" by Heny Albert Erdmann:

[It appears that H. A. Erdmann got the following from Dr. Godbey's story. -- DVM]

Some have erred by supposing and teaching that the carnal mind is the result of a sinful life. They would have us believe that man acquires the evil nature within by committing sin. The more sins one commits, and the longer he lives in sin, the more of the carnal mind does he acquire. The trouble here is that they have the program reversed. A sinful life is the result of an evil principle within, but never the opposite. The story is told of a boy who found some snake eggs. He took them to his home and set them under a hen, thinking that by having a hen hover those eggs they would hatch chickens. But they hatched snakes. They did not hatch snakes because of any environments thrown about them, but because the snake nature was within the eggs.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 38 -- HE PREFERRED BEING MAD TO EATING THE CHICKEN

From hdm0479, "Heart Searching Truth" by Ralph Goodrich Finch:

In a diner on a train a business man ordered chicken. He found that no chicken was on the bill of fare that day; so he went into a grouch. It was his chance to give vent to his grudge against the railroad. Meanwhile the conductor had wired ahead for chicken, and as the train pulled out of the next station a waiter brought the chicken to the grumbling passenger.

"Here is your chicken," said the waiter.

"Ah, I don't want chicken; I had rather be mad!" was the reply.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 39 -- WHY HE DIDN'T KILL THE THIRD HAWK THAT ATTACKED HIS CHICKENS

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

The Bishop spent part of his time in visiting the Indians at their houses, instructing them, and inquiring into their spiritual and temporal affairs. By these means he made himself acquainted with the state of the mission, and was the better able to give advice concerning what was best to be done. He also endeared himself to the Indian families, by eating at their tables, and conversing with them on experimental religion and their progress in godliness.

On one occasion, in conversing with one of them, the Bishop asked, "Have you any temptations to go back to your former course of life?" The answer was, "Yes, I have many: both from within and without. Often the devil throws many in my way, but I resist them by praying to God. A few weeks ago, just as I was starting for meeting, a large hawk came and made an attack on my chickens. I took down my gun to shoot him, but remembered that it was the Sabbath, and that if I shot him it would be a bad example. I then took my bow and arrow, and shot him. The next Sabbath, another hawk came in the same way, and killed him likewise. The third Sabbath the devil sent a third one, and I began to think that it might be a temptation to break the Sabbath. So I let that one alone, and there has been none since. I found it was no matter what means the devil employed, provided he can but get us to do wrong."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 40 -- HE SLEPT IN THE LOFT WITH THE UNIVERSALIST'S CHICKENS

From hdm0683, "The Autobiography Of James Bradley Finley":

On Owl Creek there lived a Universalist, who like the most of them, was full of controversy; and to hear him talk, one would imagine that he considered himself able to overturn all orthodoxy, and even "wiser than seven men who could render a reason." He always came to our meetings, and invariably pressed me to go home with him. I was considerably annoyed by the fellow, and one day, for the purpose of getting rid of him, agreed to accompany him home. He was a real backwoods hunter, rough and uncouth in his manners. He lived about four miles from the appointment, and we started through the woods, traveling. Part of the time, a cow path. When we arrived at his cabin, which was situated in a corn-patch, and only about sixteen feet square, I said to him, "Bill, what shall I do with my horse?" "Tie him to the fence," he replied. "Well, but what shall I give him to eat?" "Feed him with cut up corn," said he. It was too late to retreat, so I went into the cabin, and his wife prepared some venison in backwoods fashion, and we partook of our supper. As soon as we had finished our repast, Bill got down his old Bible and said, "Now I have got you, and you will be obliged to argue with me on the subject of religion. I have been waiting for an opportunity for a long time to have a controversy with you." "No," said I, "Bill, you have not a sufficient amount of sense to hold an argument on any religious subject. You brought me here as a Methodist preacher, and I must instruct you and your family; so call in all your children and we will have prayers."

Notwithstanding all his excuses and pleadings I insisted upon the course I had adopted, and his wife and children were called in, and I read the Scriptures, explained, and applied the truth to all, and then prayed to God for their salvation. I trust the poor wife and children were benefited, if the redoubtable Bill was not. After spending a rather unpleasant night in the loft of



the cabin, among the chickens, I arose in the morning, had prayers with the family, and departed. Bill never after annoyed me with invitations to go home with him.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 41 -- CHICKENS, AND WHERE ONE'S AFFECTIONS ARE SET

From hdm0088, "Truth On Fire" by John And Bona Fleming:

You talk to a great musician about music and he will straighten up, throw his shoulders back and put his chest out. He gets a thrill over talking about music. He gets something out of it because he has so much into it.

Take a real farmer, a dairyman or a man on a poultry farm. I was on a great chicken ranch a few years ago and a man showed me thousands of chickens. He told me that his large chickens ran in price from \$25 to \$100. He asked me what I thought some were worth. I told him they looked as though they might be worth sixty or seventy-five cents.

He said, "No, that one is worth \$300. You cannot see their feathers."

All I could see was white feathers but that man had been in that business for fifteen years. His whole life was wrapped up in chickens. He would wash them with peroxide to get them ready for shows and every feather was in its place. His affections were set on fine chickens.

Do you know why we get so few things from Heaven? Do you know why we receive so little from God? Because we fail to set our affections on things above. They are set for a few months and then we get to watching worldly things, and then we try again to get the Lord back on us. The apostle said, "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above"..

I meet boys and girls who set their affections on things above while they were in school and they still have their affections there today. I know, for I have traveled around and over this nation. I meet them and they are making a mark in the world for God. I meet others that have gone through holiness schools and graduated from colleges and are accomplishing nothing for God. Their affections are on earthly things. They seem to have lost their way, but if we would use as much common sense as an old setting hen we might amount to more. She does not set on her eggs a while and then go off for four or five hours and leave them. If she did there would be no chickens. She sets her affections on her chickens.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 42 -- GODBEY'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE WILES OF A WILD HEN

From hdm0454, "Spiritual Pauperism" by William Baxter Godbey:

When a boy out in the wild woods of my native land, where a vast diversity of wild animals and birds abounded, among them chickens, I have often been arrested by the barking of

my dog so rapidly and fiercely that I knew he was in close contact with the game. I turn and look and behold! he is moving as rapidly as if he has been shot out of a cannon and demonstrating, the most intense excitement. I see before his nose a wild hen on the wing, leading him away from her chicks, which he has disturbed and which are low hidden in the leaves. When she is about to get far ahead of him, as her wings are more expeditious than his feet, she drops down and takes it on foot, enthusing the dog till he almost kills himself to get her, feeling sure that he will. But in the enthusiastic race, when his nose is on her tail and he expects that moment to take her in his mouth she betimes takes to wing again, mounting up out of his reach, and still flying low down so as to perpetuate the temptation. Thus alternately up and down, from foot to wing and wing to foot, she prolongs the run, till she concludes that he is too far off to go back and trouble her chicks again, so, mounting on a limb out of his reach, she takes a much-needed rest; the dog, faint with fatigue, looks up and tries to bark, but his breath is gone and he can only squeak; he tries to bark a few times, gives up in despair and comes away to me. She waits till we are out of reach, then takes to wing, flies back to the scene of the trouble, and clucks up her chicks, counts them and finds not one missing, her stratagem to decoy the dog away having gloriously succeeded, securing present safety to herself, and family. I use this to illustrate Satan's chicanery and adroitness, decoying sanctified people away from the King's Highway of Holiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 43 -- HER TABERNACLE AMIDST CHORES, CHILDREN AND CHICKENS

From hdm1509, "Climbing" by Mrs. Jonathan (Rosalind) Goforth:

We were having a brief rest at Larges, Scotland, when a visitor told us the story, which I took down at the time: Near her lived a poor woman with a large family. Her husband was a laborer. They lived in a tiny house consisting of a "butt and ben." Unable to leave her family, the poor woman took in washing. A vivid picture was given of the woman, day by day, at the tub or ironing board, with children and chickens about her. Then came the remarkable part of the story. The spiritual life of this woman was so deep and true that her influence for good was felt in a remarkable way throughout the whole region. Even the minister would often tether his horse by her door when passing and take a seat by her as she went on with her work for the inspiration and help she was to him.

One day he said: "My good friend, you always seem so near the Lord. How is it possible when you can never get alone with Him for quiet prayer?"

The woman, with a look of surprise, laid down her iron, seated herself, and said: "A, Menister, that's whar ye mak' the mistake. Whan I wint tae shut a' oot I jist sit me doon in ma chair, an' throw ma apron ovr ma heed, an' I'm in ma tabernacle alone wi' me Lord in a moment."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 44 -- WHY THEY HAD CHICKEN AT THE WEDDING FEAST

From hdm1864, "Tears And Triumphs" by John William Harris:

I wrote my fiancée about my plan, telling her it was imperative to get married earlier than the time set or else it would have to be put off indefinitely. She consented to the change of plans and the time was set for August 27, 1899. I met my prospective bride in Findlay on Saturday, the day before the wedding. We were married in her home, with only the family present, Rev. Barns, the presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church District, officiating. We then attended a service at Portage Chapel Church. after which I was introduced to her many friends. We then returned to her home where we were served with the wedding feast.

Perhaps it will interest some to tell about the turkey which was on the bill of fare, and which we did not have. When one of the family went out to get a turkey from the flock on Saturday, the fowls had all disappeared and could not be found -- something that had never occurred before -- so we had chicken as a substitute. On Monday morning, after we had left, all the turkeys returned from their hiding place, as though nothing unusual had happened.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 45 -- THE PRAIRIE CHICKENS AND LESS PLEASANT INHABITANTS

From hdm1864, "Tears And Triumphs" by John William Harris:

That part of Kansas consisted of vast unbroken prairies, fields of corn, potatoes and other garden produce for which there was no market, and a large acreage of newly sown wheat. Some of the fields were enclosed with wire fences having stone posts. Scattered here and there, far apart, were a few houses made of either sawn stone or sod. Near our parsonage there were two schoolhouses, one of frame, and the other a dugout, the walls of which were made of sod, with pole rafters, and brush on top covered with sod and weeds. This last was some twelve or fifteen miles away on the open prairie. The membership consisted of Mr. Browning and his wife, and another young man and his wife. The inhabitants around were a few hardy settlers from the East, villages and towns of prairie dogs, long-eared jack rabbits, clouds of grasshoppers, prairie chickens and owls, a few rattlesnakes and other species of large snakes. As a diversion for Sister Harris, when she stayed at home, now and then, one of these snakes would come from under the house and take a sun bath in front of the door, giving her a fright.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 46 -- PREACHERS LIKE A BRAHMA HEN INSTEAD OF LIKE A BANTY

From hdm0097, "Thirty-Three Years A Live Wire" by John Thomas Hatfield:

I compared those preachers upon the platform to every homely illustration I could think of. I compared them to one of these big, fine Brahma hens that would be set on a nest of nice eggs, but every time she would leave her nest and return she would break an egg or two, and at hatching-time she would come strutting off with one weakly little chicken and a lot of rotten eggs and shells sticking to her feathers, and strut around as if she had done wonders, and, when

feed would be thrown out, she would gobble it all herself and leave her little chick to starve. Then I contrasted them to a common little banty hen, that would make her nest away in the brush, hatch every egg, and come out with a great brood of lively chicks and scratch and forage and keep her eyes open for hawks and raise every chicken. Then the following application: "You preachers remind me of the Brahma hen. You have your dried-up, written sermons, but have no power to produce conviction. You open the doors of the church, take in anything hit or miss, good or bad. Perhaps you do get one little sickly convert, but the stench from those rotten, unsaved ones will kill it. You walk up to Conference with your silk plug hat, broadcloth suit, gold-headed cane and big Masonic watch-charm and strut around over your big report of rotten eggs."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 47 -- THEY ATE THE CHICKEN ON THE WAY!

From hdm0703, "A Man Sent Of God, The Life of James O. McClurkan" by Merle McClurkan Heath:

Upon occasion Father was as eccentric as was his grandfather in obeying the call of duty. In the early years of marriage, 'Mother and Father lived in Texas. One day Mother was going about her household duties as usual and had on the stove a savory fat hen cooking for dinner, when Father rushed in on his way, mind you, to California. He stopped by the house to pick up Mother much as a train hesitates at its first station.

"California," gasped Mother, "why, I'm not ready to go anywhere, and besides," she added enticingly, "I have a chicken roasting for your dinner."

The appeal was hopeless. Mother discerned that faraway look in Father's eye which told that, like his grandfather, his mind and soul were on the way. So she made hasty preparation for travel. Reaching the door at length, she was horrified to see Father marching on ahead, the heavy grip in one hand, the pot of roasting chicken in the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 48 -- WHEN THE CHICKENS SCRATCHED UP THE FLOWERS

From hdm0703, "A Man Sent Of God, The Life of James O. McClurkan" by Merle McClurkan Heath:

He had his own illustration with which he visualized to the congregation the sanctified heart -- the heart emptied of the beastly carnal nature. We always knew when Father was going to preach this sermon because we invariably caught him sneaking two glasses of water into the pulpit before time for the service. And immediately we scampered off to find Father a little clod of dirt to be used as the carnal nature. When Father reached the point in the sermon where he needed this illustration, he reached for one of the glasses of water and, holding it aloft before the people, he dropped the clod of dirt into the water. Everything was fine, the water clean and

bright, as long as the little clod of dirt remained unstirred by the trials and temptations of life. But when the neighbor's chickens scratched up the flowers. . . . Father lifted the glass and began stirring with his pencil. When the bread burned. . . . Your good name was slandered. . . . By this time Father had stirred the water into a muddy, swirling eddy like the dark and agitated movings of the uncleansed heart which under the daily pressure of temptation throws off ugly, biting words, fierce temper, sin. Now Father would place this glass of darkish water in a conspicuous place to settle, to cool off, while he stirred the other glass, the heart from dirt set free. Father stirred and stirred. The neighbor's chickens scratched up the flowers. . . . "Praise the Lord, we can plant some more." . . . The bread burned. . . . "Hallelujah!"

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 49 -- WHY CHICKENS ARE THE MOST RELIGIOUS FOWL

From hdm0384, "Phineas F. Bresee -- A Life Sketch" by Aaron Merritt Hills:

I have heard the question asked, "Why are chickens the most religious fowl of history?" The answer is, "Because more of them have entered the Methodist ministry than any other bird that ever lived."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 50 -- GUILTY, IF YOUR CHICKEN DIES FIRST!

From hdm2411, "G. Harry Agnew -- A Pioneer Missionary" by Wilson Thomas Hogue:

A way of settling disputes which is recognized by the Portuguese government is by what the natives call the "Sela wanga" process. The native idea is that if anyone is guilty of secretly committing a certain sin, some one in the kraal, or some relative, will die. So in case of a person's death the witch doctor is consulted, as to what is the reason of it. If the doctor decides that some one has sinned, they then accuse the parties concerned, and charge them with being the cause of the death in the kraal or family. The man will deny the charge and the matter will be tried by the "Sela wanga" business. In this process the plaintiff and defendant will each take a fowl into court (among the natives discussions are held outside), poison will be administered to each chicken (it used to be administered to the people themselves, but the Portuguese stopped that) and one of the chickens dies, while the other one lives, or does not die at once, in which instance the party owning the chicken which dies first loses the case. If it should be the man who has been accused of immorality whose chicken dies, he will be called upon to pay to the relatives of the person who has died in the kraal the sum of forty or fifty dollars, or perhaps more. He may be perfectly innocent, but no one will believe him, as the death of the fowl is equivalent to a decision from God himself. In fact, they have so much confidence in this thing, that it is a question whether the man who loses the case, although perfectly innocent, would attempt to defend himself. While in one sense he knows he is not guilty, yet, as the "Sela wanga" cannot lie, he is liable to conclude that in some unknown way he must have committed the crime.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 51 -- IN PERILS INVOLVING CHICKENS

From hdm2411, "G. Harry Agnew -- A Pioneer Missionary" by Wilson Thomas Hogue:

June 5, 1886. A nice day. Felt like fever. It is hovering around. Wild cat came into the tent and ran away with a chicken I had baked for Sunday.

June 9. We succeeded in killing the wild cat last night, I had two native traps made through the day, and in the evening, while Tom and I were sitting in the house, we heard the cat cry, and going out found it entrapped. It was speedily dispatched with a revolver. It measured two feet four and a half inches in length, and stood a foot high...

My diary has been much neglected, owing to attacks of African fever. One afternoon, while wife was sitting in the chair, an adder three feet long fell from the roof of the hut at her feet. She remained quiet until it crawled under my trunk. After a long search we found and killed it. A few days after this, while catching a chicken, I ran over a puff viper five feet long. It got away before I could kill it...

\* \* \* \* \*

## 52 -- A CRATE OF CHICKENS AND A FEW GALLONS OF SORGHUM

From hdm1004, "To Shine In Use" -- The Life Stories of Rev. Henry A. Erdmann, John H. Abrahams, and Albert L. Crane" by Hal B. Joiner:

The following account by Sister Crane will give an insight into the life of a song evangelist during the '30s.

"The children were in school. One time Albert was in Texas for two meetings. I was looking forward to his coming home and hoped he would have a little money. When he came, he had a crate of chickens and a few gallons of sorghum. That was all the church could do. We had food, but no money. But still we had the Lord. One morning after the children had left for school, I poured out my heart to the Lord. He blessed my soul and I knew He heard. Later on in the morning, a preacher we had helped several times came to our door and said, "While praying this morning, the Lord spoke to me saying Sister Crane needs help. Stop by and give her some money."

God never failed to care for these precious ones who had forfeited everything to do His will. Another time when the Cranes were in need, God spoke to a preacher in Nacoma, Kansas, telling him to send them some money. Sister Crane later explained, "He didn't have the ravens feed us, but He did send His servants around."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 53 -- TOO MUCH HEAT TOO SOON WILL KILL THE WHOLE BROOD

From hdm2272, "Divine Health: by George Brubaker Kulp:

How long have you been at the Bible School? Three months? You are in too great a hurry. When people have an incubator, and they put eggs into it, and expect to have chickens, and they turn on too much heat to hurry the thing up, they kill the whole brood. Do you get the thought? When God wants you out, He will get you out, and nobody can keep you from the place where God wants you. Jesus Christ took thirty years' preparation for three years' ministry. I do believe in preparation. When you are trusting God you will not get in such a hurry. "Thou didst keep Moses forty years, and if Thou dost want me forty years, Amen! And if Thou dost want me here three years, as Thou didst Paul in Arabia, I will stay." "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 54 -- A CHICKEN RESTITUTION BROUGHT REAL SALVATION

From hdm2231, "The Life Of Victory" by Theodore Ludwig:

In one of our evangelistic meetings, a young couple came to the altar seeking salvation. After some time in prayer they arose and left the church. However, to our glad surprise they were back again the next night and were the first seekers at the altar. The young man's knees had scarcely touched the floor when God saved him and he arose, praising God. He testified as follows: "Last night when we left the altar you possibly thought that we had decided to stay away and not pay the price. But there was a cause for our leaving the altar. While we were praying, all we could see or think about was a dozen chickens with their heads cut off. So we decided that we would go home and fix up the chicken deal first and then come back and seek salvation. When we reached home our neighbor, a widow, whom we desired to see had already retired. We tried to read the Bible and pray, until our little girl three years of age became frightened and called to us 'Oh, Mama and Papa, come and put me into your bed or the devil will get me too.' We found but little rest that night, and as we caught the first ray of light in the widow's home we hastened over to see her. She was trying to make her living by keeping a cow and chickens, and her chickens would get through the fence occasionally and scratch in our garden. I had demanded several times that she keep them in her own yard or I would cut their heads off. She always did her best to fix the fence and keep them in but failed. I was true to my word and cut off the heads of about a dozen chickens. We went over early this morning and asked her to forgive us and paid for the chickens. She was very kind and said that she had been earnestly praying that God would save us and was happy that her prayers were being answered. We came back tonight, determined to be saved and thought we would have a long struggle but God surprised me and saved me as soon as I knelt at the altar." While he was testifying, his wife arose and hastened to the rear of the church and threw her arms about a woman's neck and they wept together and asked forgiveness for she had refused to speak to that sister for three years. She then hastened back to the altar and her knees had scarcely touched the floor until God saved her. Both went their way rejoicing in their new found joy. It is very evident that seeking souls like these will soon find their way into the glorious light and life of salvation.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 55 -- HOW THE UNIQUE CHICKEN GOT IN

From hdm1869, "Ignorance Relative To Christ And Other Articles" by Duane V. Maxey

The fact that zealous Holiness Preachers and Teachers are sometimes bigoted in their notions is not only possible, but sometimes all too obvious. I once read or heard a fictional story of what happened after all of a farmer's chickens got out of the pen. It went something like this: After discovering that his chickens were all out of the pen, he opened the pen-door and began to shoo them back in. Quite soon, he had managed to get all of them rounded up and shooed back into the pen -- all except for one elusive rooster. Long after all of the other chickens were back in the pen, he chased and chased that rooster all around the barn yard, until FINALLY, he got him back into the pen, and closed the door. Whereupon, the rooster boastfully crowed to the other chickens, "I GOT IN!" "So what?" they replied, WE ALL GOT IN!" "Yes, replied the boasting rooster," BUT YOU DIDN'T GET IN LIKE I GOT IN!!"

Unfortunately, this little fictional story illustrates all too clearly the attitude of some Holiness Preachers, viz. -- IF YOU DIDN'T GET IN LIKE I GOT IN, YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT! It took me nine days of groaning and confessing out, and dying-out like a yellow dog under the back porch before I GOT IN! AND IF YOU DON'T TAKE THE ROUTE I TOOK YOU'LL NEVER GET IT, and if you haven't sought the way I sought, you don't have it!

\* \* \* \* \*

## 56-- HE RETURNED GOOD FOR THE EVIL OF KILLING HIS CHICKENS

From hdm0402, "Victorious Christian Living" by Irl Parker Maxey:

I could not vouch for the truth of this story but by way of illustration it is told of "Uncle Bud" Robinson that at one time he lived neighbors to a very wicked man. "Uncle Bud's" life of godliness put the neighbor under awful conviction and made him meaner than he ordinarily had been. This meanness would cause him to dump all his rubbish and garbage over the fence into "Uncle Bud's" yard. Of course "Uncle Bud" had rights as a citizen of America but instead of using them he would gather up his neighbor's refuse and carry it to the dump and all the time singing the songs of Zion. One day "Uncle Bud's" chickens got through the fence into this man's garden. The man in great anger caught the chickens, wrung off their heads, and threw them back across the fence. "Uncle Bud," seeing his neighbor in the act, gathered up the headless hens, picked their feathers off and then took a couple of the nicest ones over to this man and in the Spirit of Jesus offered them as a gift saying that he had more than he and his wife could eat. It was "Uncle Bud's" life of holiness lived out under pressure and test that finally brought the wicked neighbor to his knees and to God.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 57 -- THE UNUSUAL WAY ONE CHICKEN WAS PLUCKED



From hdm2261, "The Lost Frontier" by Charles Allen McConnell:

Wonderful stories are told of the pranks played by these giant twisters, so heavily charged with electricity. One which came up in the night, took the house from over the bed of an old woman, lifted her with her featherbed and mattress under her, up carefully, and deposited her unharmed in a field half a mile away... At another time, a hen in the chicken yard was stripped of her feathers, but otherwise unhurt.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 58 -- A CHILDREN'S CHICKEN-HOUSE REVIVAL

From hdm0935, "Trumpets In The Camp" by Nettie A. Miller

One day my brother Jack said, "Nettie, where did you say you went to get what you got?" I said, "To a revival meeting." He said, "What's that?" I said, "Well, you go down to the front and pray and pray until something happens on the inside." He said, "Nettie, I like you like that. How long are you going to keep it?" I said, "From now on." He said, "Nettie, that sure does sound good. I wish I could be in a revival one time. Can't we have one at our house?" I said, "Yes, we can." Jack had a clubhouse that was quite spacious. At that time it was occupied by pet chickens. Jack said we could use the clubhouse. He asked what time the revival should start, and I told him about seven-thirty. He said, "All right, I'll have all the children in the neighborhood down here at that time."

At seven-thirty we crowded them all into the chicken house, but there were so many of us that we had to crawl back out. And so it was out under the twinkling stars we went. The Lord was near, and it seemed as if He was in His heaven and all was right with the world. I knew the first thing you did was to sing. I didn't know any songs except part of "I Believe the Bible" and "The Old Account Was Settled." I didn't know enough of these songs to sing them, but I spied a little boy who had sung on the radio and said, "How about leading the singing for us?" He said, "All right. We will sing "Give Me Oil in My Lamp." When we finished, he said, "Do you want me to sing another one?" That time we sang "The Old-time Religion."

It came time to preach. I did not have a Bible. But I got up before those youngsters and told them how God had saved me, and in a little while they were weeping. One said, "I wish I had that." I said, "Everyone who wants what I have, crawl into the chicken house." Into the chicken house they went. They didn't leave any room in there for me to come in and beat them on the back. From what I heard they didn't need beating on the back. One little tot said, "Lord, I am sorry I did it." Another one said, "Move over, I am feeling good." Then they began to hatch out of that chicken house. One by one they ran past me and told their mothers and fathers.

Their parents did not understand. They lived different lives, and you will too when you get converted. And so, there I was having a chicken-house meeting. Those youngsters wanted to have one all the time. They put a cross on the chicken house and painted "Nazarene Mission" on it. Those parents wondered what in the world had happened to their children. They said, "Where

did you say you got that?" And the answer was, "Aw, Mother, we got it at the chicken house." So some of those parents who were very eager and wondering what had happened came to the meeting. A definite revival meeting broke out in our city.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 59 -- A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER CAPTURED WHILE EATING CHICKEN

From hdm0139, "Some Chapters Of My Life Story" by Henry Clay Morrison:

One of our neighbor boys, Quint Foster, had taken a sick soldier, who was not able to walk, toward Glasgow, the county seat, on his horse, when they met men under whip and spur saying the Yankee army was marching into Glasgow, Aunt Lizzie asked him to come in and take out the drunken soldier. He said, "I have no power to take him out, but there is a regiment coming on and they will get him for you." This drunken soldier had ordered Grandmother to cook him a chicken. She was obeying orders and the children was boiling in the pot. Aunt Lizzie said, "Mr. Soldier, you had better get out of here. A soldier just went by and says the Yankees are coming into Glasgow as thick as pigeons." He said, "Aw, don't you worry, I can capture the city of Glasgow roughshod by myself." The chicken was placed on the table. He made Grandfather sit at his side. He would take frequent drinks from his whiskey bottle and insist that Grandfather drink with him. He would turn up the bottle but wouldn't drink. We were looking anxiously out the door and the mounted officers of the regiment appeared riding down the road. Grandfather leaped up, ran out and called to the colonel and said, "There is a drunken soldier in my house. I want you to take him out." The other one had hidden somewhere outside. The colonel ordered a group of men to bring out the drunken soldier. They came in, unshouldered their guns, marched into the room, We of the family huddled ourselves up into one end of the room. One of the men put his hand on this fellow who was eating his chicken and said, "You are under arrest." The Irishman did not look up. He simply continued to devour chicken and said, "How can you arrest me when I am the highest officer in my brigade?" He was in reality a private, but the liquor in him had given him an idea of superiority. He continued to eat and the officer said, "Here, men, take him out of here." They caught hold of him and ordered him to stand up. He ate on. One fellow took the chair from under him and they dragged him out, his heels on the floor, both hands full of chicken eating as he went without any appearance of excitement or humiliation.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 60 -- A FOULED-UP CHICKEN FOR SALE SIGN

From hdm0793, "Selected Articles From the Pilgrim Holiness Advocate" by Duane V. Maxey:

[This particular article was authored by Mel T. Rothwell, Evangelist of the Michigan District of the Pilgrim Holiness Church. -- DVM]

Usually a "chip off the old block" offspring of carnality is carelessness. Faith withers before the presence and knowledge of careless conduct. The husband, wife, children, loved ones and neighbors are unsaved, to be sure, but careless living has destroyed your influence and nullified faith's mighty force in your heart. Carelessness in the home, neighborhood, church, shop or office has written tragedy on your door and bolted the windows of your once glorious secret chamber. The fresh fragrance of Heaven has been replaced by that foul density peculiar to a closed shop or a deserted cellar. A sign in a meat shop amused me, for it read: "Foul: Chickens At Reduced Prices." The merchant had not noticed that the sign painter had misspelled one word, fowl. I asked him, after drawing his attention to it, if he was not afraid some one would ask for a "rank" chicken. Some spiritual merchants have attractive display, but there is always something that gives the secret away, and instead of being a blessing their lives are but laughing-stocks. Carelessness, my friend, has wrought the change -- a gossip at the ladies' prayer-meeting, a braggart at the men's prayer-meeting.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 61 -- THE COCK DID NOT CROW, BUT THE THIEF WAS CAUGHT

From hdm0891, "Lorenzo Dow, The Gospel Ranger" by Alva Washington Plyler:

"After a long and tiresome journey he stopped about nightfall at the door of a country tavern in Western Virginia. He retired to his apartment, but was much disturbed by a party of revelers who sat at their cups and cards till a late hour. Near midnight one of their company discovered that he had lost his pocketbook, and a search was proposed. The landlord here remarked that Lorenzo Dow was in the house, and that if the money had been lost there he could certainly find it. The suggestion was adopted at once, and Dow was aroused and requested to find the rogue. As he entered the room he glanced searchingly around, but could see no signs of guilt on any face. The loser was in great trouble and begged Dow to find his money.

"Have you left the room since you lost your money,' asked Dow.

"Nein, nein,' replied the man.

"Then,' said Dow, turning to the landlady, 'go and bring me your large dinner pot.'

"This excited no little astonishment, but as they accorded to him supernatural power, the order was promptly obeyed, and the pot was placed in the center of the room.

"Now,' said Dow, 'go and bring the old chicken cock from the roost.'

"The amazement grew apace; however, the old rooster was brought in, placed in the pot, and securely covered.

"Let the doors be now fastened, and all the lights put out,' said Dow. This was done.

"Now,' said he, 'every person in the room must rub his hand hard against the pot, and when the guilty hand touches it the cock will crow.'

"All then came forward and rubbed or pretended to rub against the pot, but the cock did not crow.

"Let the candles be now lighted; there is no guilty person here; if the man ever had any money, he must have left it in some other place,' said Dow.

"But stop,' he exclaimed suddenly, 'let us now examine the hands.' This was, of course, the main point in the whole affair. It was found upon examination that one man had not rubbed against the pot. 'There,' said Dow, pointing to the man with clean hands, 'there is the man who picked your pocket.' The thief at once confessed and gave up the money."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 62 -- THE HUGE JUBO-SNAKE APPROACHING A CHICKEN BROOD

From hdm2428, "Island Of Royal Palms -- Stories Of Cuba" by Lyle Prescott:

In contrast to the filth and stench and crowdedness of San Martin, I recall the natural beauty and peaceful setting of our mission at Ojo de Agua. Just behind the mission location sprang a crystal river from the ground in twisting, curling fountains called ojos or eyes. Here large bass lazily cruised among the water lilies or shy zebra-striped biajaca darted among the moss-covered rocks. I thought of it as one of the most tranquil places I had ever seen until I surprised a large snake beside the mission slipping up on a brood of chickens. I gave chase to the jubo, then he gave chase to me. As I rushed at the would-be thief, the five-foot serpent suddenly rose tall and struck at me viciously. If all public speakers had the lung power that I suddenly demonstrated, microphones and public-address systems would be a thing of the past. The jubo continued toward the river while I remembered some business I had to attend to inside the mission.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 63 -- CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST

From hdm0679, "Chickens Come Home To Roost" by Bud Robinson:

In the Book of Exodus, the first chapter and twenty-second verse, we read that Pharaoh commanded that Moses be drowned in the river Nile. But Moses being God's favorite child, and a child that was predestined to do a great work for God and for God's people, God's eye was on this remarkable boy. The reader will understand that this boy Moses was to give the law to the world. And when Pharaoh laid his plans to drown Moses, God was much displeased with Pharaoh's plan. We read that God had Pharaoh take Moses and educate him until he was taught in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and he was the most mighty man intellectually in the whole nation. After the education of Moses was complete we read again in the Book of Exodus, at the

fourteenth chapter and twenty-seventh verse, that God had Moses drown Pharaoh, so we See that the very kind of death that Pharaoh planned for Moses, God and Moses planned for Pharaoh. So, my beloved, don't plan something evil for your neighbor, for it is possible that the very death that you plan for your neighbor, God will allow to come to you. For "chickens come home to roost."

### Hung On His Own Scaffold

Again we read in the Book of Esther, in the fifth chapter and fourteenth verse, that Haman had a gallows built fifty cubits high, to hang Mordecai on. Mordecai was a holiness man and was a man with such spiritual insight that God's peculiar love and protection were thrown around this remarkable Jew. He was a man of great wisdom and piety, while Haman, sorry to say, had neither one. But we see that the plans of Haman were all defeated; God's hand was with the holiness man and against the holiness fighter. So we read again in the seventh chapter of Esther and ninth verse that Haman himself was hanged on the same gallows that he had erected to hang Mordecai on. This is another proof of the fact that "chickens come home to roost." The reader will remember that Pharaoh planned to drown Moses, and God had Moses drown Pharaoh; now Haman built a gallows to hang Mordecai on, and God planned and worked the plan successfully, and to the surprise of everybody in Babylon, Mordecai hung Haman on the gallows that Haman built to hang Mordecai on.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 64 -- SOME ITEMS INVOLVING CHICKENS

From hdm2316, "The Wonder Book" by William Edward Shepard:

H. D. Fisher of Omaha, purchased a dressed chicken for seventy-eight cents. As it was being prepared for cooking, forty-one small gold nuggets were found in its crop. The gold is valued at thirty dollars. Efforts are being made to trace the man who grew the chicken...

\* \* \*

Other animals sometimes display superior cunning. Two coyotes were stealing chickens from the friend of the writer. A dog was watching. One coyote came near and attracted the attention of the dog, who immediately gave chase. While the dog was away, the other coyote nabbed a chicken and was off. The two coyotes seemed to have a perfect understanding. Their little trick worked to perfection.

\* \* \*

A terrier, which lived at Dunrobin Castle many years ago, had a family of puppies, which were taken from her and drowned. How she mourned for her offspring, and wondered why her owner had been so cruel as to allow them to be carried away! Her maternal feelings were as strong as those of other creatures, and she felt a longing to exercise them. At length she caught sight of a brood of young ducklings. They were young, and required care just like her own dear little whelps; so, seizing them, she carried them off one by one to her kennel, and would allow no

one to take them away. They seemed to understand that they had obtained a very good nurse, and she watched them with the most affectionate care. When, however, they made their way to the water and plunged in, she exhibited the greatest alarm, believing that they would be drowned, as her own puppies had been. No sooner had she reached the shore than she picked them up in her mouth, and carried them off to her kennel, resolving, probably, never to allow them to run into the same danger again.

After the ducklings grew up, and were no longer willing to submit to her canine style of nursing, she again became the mother of another litter. On this also being destroyed, she seized two cock chickens, which she reared with the same care that she had done the ducklings. When, however, the young cocks began to try their voices, their foster-mother was as much annoyed as she had been by the ducks going into the water, and invariably did her best to stop their crowing.

\* \* \*

### A Hen's Vicarious Death

A farm had been destroyed by fire, when among the ruins the farmer discovered an old black hen apparently asleep. As she did not move at his approach he touched her with his stick, and as he did so her wing crumbled to ashes. Beneath the body of the dead bird who had stood the fiery ordeal were ten live chickens whom she had sheltered from the fire with her own life. Surely this is an instance of heroic devotion. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

\* \* \*

### The Proud Hen, And How She Testified

The following story is given by Mrs. U. E. Ramsey of Cucamonga, Cal.

It was a Brown Leghorn. She had always been kept a pet. The time came when she laid her first egg, and like a small boy with his first pair of red-topped boots it seemed to make her proud. If she was not actually proud over the marvelous accomplishment, she was at least very much delighted. About the time the egg was laid, Mrs. Ramsey was returning from a visit to a neighbor's house, and as the little Leghorn lady saw her coming along the road she went out to meet her. While she could not talk and tell the wonderful story, yet she could cackle in good shape, which she did, and as she cackled she would make toward the hen house. She made it perfectly plain that there was something of great importance at the hen house, and as the hen led the way the lady followed. Finally, the lady was towed on and on till she came to the nest, whereupon the little hen jumped up to the nest as if to say, "Here it is." And sure enough, there was a nice little egg, the first one laid. As there were no other chickens there, Mrs. Ramsey knew it was the Leghorn's egg. This we consider a marked degree of intelligence from a hen.

\* \* \*

At a camp meeting in Southern Illinois (if I remember correctly, it was Bonnie camp) I was conducting the opening service on an afternoon, and was speaking from Deut. 26:1-3, especially dwelling upon the necessity of the harmony of life and profession. Not testimony alone, but testimony and fruit; not fruit without testimony, but fruit and testimony. The two must go together. As I was pressing this point to the highest tension, suddenly a red pullet emerged from beneath one of the front seats, and, leaping to the back of the seat, began to cackle as if with full assurance.

Having some understanding of such language, and embracing my opportunity to illustrate and emphasize the point I was professing, I replied to the hen, "Amen! Where is it?" Rushing to the place whence she had just emerged I picked up the new-laid egg and held it aloft before the people, with the remark, "Here is the fruit, and (pointing to the shouting bird) there is the testimony. They legitimately go together. A barren hen that cackles has no place among the laity; and a laying hen that steals her nest, lays her eggs, and says nothing about it, ought to enter the ministry!"

Of course the people understood and keenly appreciated.

Lesson: Whenever possible, catch your illustration on the fly.

\* \* \*

### The Inebriate Hen

Mrs. U. E. Ramsey, wife of a minister of the gospel, furnishes this remarkable story of her little white bantam hen.

While living in Caseyville, Ky., she owned a little bantam hen, the place being just across the road from a saloon. This bantam hen was accustomed to being out in the road frequently, and one day the saloon men tolled her into the saloon and fed her with crackers soaked in whiskey. It of course made the chicken drunk, and the saloon men thought it great sport to see a drunken chicken. This was kept up till the poor thing had a craving appetite for the foul stuff, just the same as men do. Each morning just as soon as she was off the roost, she would make for the saloon in spite of all the owner could do to the contrary. Mrs. Ramsey would try to head her off with a broom, but all to no purpose. She was an inebriate and must have her toddy daily. It afforded much carnal pleasure to the saloon men to see Mrs. R\_\_\_\_\_ endeavor to head off the little bantam and always fail. They enjoyed hugely to see it get drunk every time it came over. It would seem that she had more sense than most drunkards, for she never would leave the saloon intoxicated. When she sobered up, she came home. Another remarkable thing about this chicken was, she never laid an egg during this time, but finally, when she was moved away from the saloon she began to lay.

\* \* \*

### Why A Hen Adopted Me

The hen which adopted me was a common ordinary mixture of Plymouth Rock and Buff Orpington. She found a tin can in my cousin's back yard, and, as it smelled good, decided to investigate it. Shortly after, a peculiar muffled noise called me to the kitchen door. I quickly saw the trouble. Mrs. Hen had her head securely fastened in the tin can. Try as she would she could not free herself. I feel for all the poor helpless things, so, although I laughed at the spectacle, I hastened to her relief.

For some reason, my cousin's chickens are all very wild. Knowing this, I approached this hen very carefully. I picked her up and, walking over to the kitchen step, sat down. Whoever had opened that can had done a very poor job. He had cut two straight lines, something after the manner of a "plus" sign. Then he had partially turned the corners back.

I had a dreadful time liberating that hen without hurting her. I was really surprised at her behavior. It proved to me right there that even the chickens, simpleminded things that they are, recognize the human superiority. She sat as calm as could be while I was working over her. Her actions said very plainly, "I know that you are big and powerful, and as you are of the mind to help me, only a hen, I put myself wholly in your hands."

The really funny part of the whole thing was afterward. I got the can from her head. Not a feather was sacrificed. She stood on the step looking at me. As she didn't offer to go away, I picked her up, smoothed her feathers a little and set her down again. She seemed so grateful I decided to get her something to eat. It was quite a novelty to have a strange hen making over me. I stepped into the kitchen and got her some bread crumbs. From that time until-they were all sold to some people that had a nice, warm sod hen-house, that hen never failed to greet me whenever she saw me in the yard. I am glad she has a good home, because when the wagon carried them away, her nice friendly clucks, bidding me "good-by" was the last thing I heard. -- (Mabel P. Allen, in "Our Dumb Animals.")

\* \* \* \* \*

## 65 -- WHY EVERY CHICKEN WAS RETURNED

From hdm0868, "God's Glorious Challenge -- A Sermon On Tithing" by Charles L. Slater:

Is your tithe all in? I know a dear friend in the Southland. She came back from India after seven years in the mission field. She never backslid but kept the victory and she was a faithful tither. She tithed her chickens and all she possessed. They went to church one day and when they came back from meeting they discovered that a truck had backed up to their chicken house and every single chicken had been taken. They saw where the truck had driven out. Every one of her chickens was gone. She did not grieve, but said, "My tithe is all in. Glory to God!" She trusted God and the very next morning every single chicken was back in the chicken house. The thief had come back during the night. You have a right to believe God when you pay your tithe.

\* \* \* \* \*



## 66 -- THE PREACHER MADE RESITUTION FOR STOLEN CHICKENS

From hdm0492, "The Wail Of A Drug Addict" by D. C. Van Slyke:

One time in particular I call to mind when the Holy Ghost made mention of the fact that I had some unfinished business that needed attention. This particular offense happened many years before and even though I had forgotten, yet the Holy Ghost had not. I promised God that I would at once straighten it up, but I was a little slack in attending to that which I must do. I have found it best to mind God, and when He tells us to do a thing, to do it then and there, and not procrastinate.

A few days later I was preaching to a large congregation and bearing down heavily on all manner of sin when, lo, I looked right into the face of a man in the congregation from whom I had stolen six chickens. He was the very one the Lord had called to mind over the unfinished business.

You may rest assured that my message promptly ceased. I was "in the brush."

"Oh God," I thought, "if You will just help me to finish this sermon, I'll settle with this fellow before he ever gets out of the church."

God took me at my word and enabled me to finish the message. Immediately following the altar call I hastened to catch the man before he left the building. I caught up with him just before he stepped out doors and taking him by the arm asked:

"Brother did you ever miss any chickens?"

He looked at me bewildered for a moment, and then replied:

"Yes, I have missed lots of them. Why?"

"Well," I replied, "I don't know where lots of them have gone, but I do know where six of them went."

He looked more perplexed than ever as I continued:

"I happened to be in a party one day, and it was a drinking party. We decided a chicken dinner would be enjoyable. We had the dinner all right and you furnished the chickens, even if you didn't know it. The Holy Ghost brought this to my attention. I had forgotten all about it, as it happened several years ago. I now wish to straighten up with you and pay you for the damage done."

Tears came to his eyes as he said:

"Why brother! You don't owe me anything. I have done just as bad, only worse. No sir, I'll not take a dime. You are forgiven and now just forget it."

Well, thank the Lord, that's out of the way and it bothers me no more. But if I had not minded the Holy Ghost and done that which He brought to mind, I am afraid I would of been very sensitive to chicken preaching. Chances are that about every place I would have gone to meeting, the preacher would have dug up the old rooster, that crowed Peter under conviction, and given a long discourse on the feathered fowl. I might have left in a huff; climbed up a "miff tree" as far as I could get, and cried in a loud voice to one and all:

"What's the matter with that preacher anyway? He is forever and eternally preaching on chickens. Seems he harps along that line. He is riding a "hobby." Why doesn't he preach a pure heart and let the feathers and chickens take care of themselves?"

But now, that is all under the blood. I can stand some red hot preaching along this line, feast upon the feathered tribe, and without a qualm of conscience, say Amen to all. How wonderful it is, "to have a conscience void of offense toward God and man."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 67 -- AS A HEN READILY DETECTS A CHICKEN-HAWK

From hdm2213, "The Secret Of Spiritual Power" by George Douglas Watson

It is the office of the spiritual senses to discern quickly the soul's enemies. God has endowed all creatures with the mechanism of instinct, by which they can each readily detect their peculiar foes. A hen with a brood of chickens will detect the flight of a hawk in the sky quicker than any hunter. A divine detective gift, similar to this, is imparted to the purified soul by the Holy Spirit.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 68 -- THE UNHATCHED CHICK TO EXIST IN A DIFFERENT REALM

From hdm0638, "The Heavenly Prospect" by Leewin Bell Williams

In our reasoning about a future life we often resort to analogies... Suppose I knew nothing whatever of the process of incubation. I find an egg in which there is a chick which, if not interfered with, in a few days will break through the shell and come out a little chicken. But I open the shell and find the chick. I note it has eyes, it has feet, it has wings. I study this creature that I have found, and I conclude that this chick was never intended to spend its life inside a shell. It is supplied with feet with which to walk, eyes to see, ears to hear. I know, if it is to spend its life inside a shell, it could never make use of these. I rightly conclude that its real life was intended to be spent where it could breathe the air, eat the food nature provides, even cleave the air with its wings; that there must be a time when it will leave off its shell with which it is now encumbered and spend its life in a larger realm.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 69 -- HOW CHICKEN DINNERS CLOSED ONE CHURCH

From hdm1038, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations, A-Topics":

When I lived in Atlanta, several years ago, I noticed in the Yellow Pages, in the listing of restaurants, an entry for a place called Church of God Grill. The peculiar name aroused my curiosity and I dialed the number. A man answered with a cheery, "Hello! Church of God Grill!" I asked how his restaurant had been given such an unusual name, and he told me: "Well, we had a little mission down here, and we started selling chicken dinners after church on Sunday to help pay the bills. Well, people liked the chicken, and we did such a good business, that eventually we cut back on the church service. After a while we just closed down the church altogether and kept on serving the chicken dinners. We kept the name we started with, and that's Church of God Grill."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 70 -- CAUGHT IN A LIE ABOUT A CHICKEN

From hdm1043, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations, F-Topics":

The following item was printed in "The Search Light:" Joe the butcher was closing the store one Saturday night when his best customer Mrs. Brown came in and asked for a nice roasting chicken. Joe put the last one he had on the scales. "It's 2 pounds 4 ounces -- that will be \$1.35." "That's too small," she answered, "do you have a larger one?" He went to the cooler and then returned with the same chicken. Weighing it, he said, "Just 3 pounds. That will be \$1.80." Still not satisfied, his customer said, "I think I'll take them both!" Joe was speechless. He had been caught, in a lie.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 71 -- THE CHICKEN AND THE PIG HAD DIFFERENT VIEWS OF THE BREAKFAST

[This one, I typed in while doing this compilation. -- DVM]

As the fictional story goes, a church had a sign posted: -- "Ham and Egg Breakfast, Proceeds Go To Missions." The Chicken cackled, "How wonderful!" "What do you mean, wonderful!?" protested the pig. "All you must do is make a contribution, but I must make a sacrifice!"

\* \* \* \* \*

## 72 -- WHAT IT TOOK TO MAKE THE ROOSTER CROW

From hdm0524, "Nuggets Of Gold" by George Brubaker Kulp:

I heard Dr. John Scudder use a good missionary illustration lately, which I wish to relate to the children. On his return from India he made a short stay in London. While there, one day he went to visit the Crystal Palace. That was the building where the first world's fair was held; and it has been kept up as a kind of perpetual fair ever since. Among the curious things which pleased the children very much was a great collection of toys. One set consisted of an old woman with a wash-tub, a windmill with its sails all set for work, a mason with his trowel, a big rooster with his wings just ready to flap and his throat to crow, and several other similar pieces. "Wouldn't it be fun," said one of the missionary's little folks, "to see all these things move?" Now, the children might have stood there forever, wishing, hoping and even praying for that end, but it would have done no good. But just drop a penny into a little slip left for it, and behold! the mason begins to work, the wind-mill to turn, the old woman to rub her clothes and the rooster to crow. The money started the whole machinery. So, Mr. Scudder said, it is with the mission work. The Church has been praying for a great while for the Lord to "open a way" for His Gospel. He has opened it so wide that His laborers do not know what to do. They can not occupy a tenth of the ground. The Church now needs to drop in the money if they would see the works move.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 73 -- THE ROOSTER WHO SPOKE ENGLISH

From hdm1880, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations, P-Topics":

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

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 74 -- WHY THE ROOSTER WAS KILLED

From hdm1880, "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations, P-Topics":

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."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 75 -- A COCK THAT'S SILENT AND A HEN THAT CROWS

From hdm1793, "Parker Maxey's Editorials -- (1984)":

In far too many homes wives get out of their rightful, God-ordained position because husbands will not or do not assume their rightful role and responsibility as "priest" of their own home. In the passage found in Eph. 5:25, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands," Adam Clarke gives the following:

"Ill thrives the hapless family that shows  
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows:  
I know not which live more unnatural lives,  
Obeying husbands, or commanding wives."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 76 -- THE SUN, NOT THE CROWING COCK LIGHTS THE EASTERN SKY

From hdm0974, "Spiritual Gifts -- Healing And Tongues" by Westlake Taylor Purkiser:

Many who have spoken with tongues testify to a new dimension of Christian joy, a deeper love for Christ and for His people, greater power in witnessing and in prayer, and a general heightening of the whole of Christian experience. But these are exactly the results experienced in entire sanctification by thousands who have magnified God in no other language than that in which they were born. It is never the crowing of the cock that lightens the eastern sky and brings the full beauty of the dawn. It is always the rising of the sun.

Dr. A. B. Simpson expressed the heart of the matter in his much-quoted verse:

Once it was the blessing,  
Now it is the Lord;  
Once it was the feeling,  
Now it is His word;  
Once His gifts I wanted,  
Now the Giver own;  
Once I sought for healing,  
Now himself alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 77 -- HOW A HEN FILLED THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

From hdm0016, "An Irish Saint, The Life Story of Ann Preston, Known also as Holy Ann" by Helen E. Bingham:

There was one incident that she has often told which in some directions has been received with doubt and sceptical unbelief, which beautifully illustrates this. We are confident that the facts are just as narrated. In jumping over a fence she twisted her foot and injured the ankle. It got worse and worse, until finally she was unable to keep around any longer. Dr. Reid said it would be necessary to scrape the bone. In these days, when such care is taken to relieve pain, we wonder how it was possible that Ann submitted to this painful operation without any anaesthetic, but, as she said, the Lord sustained her. It was a long, long time before the wound healed up, and for over a year Ann was unable to walk. During this time of enforced inactivity she learned many precious lessons. She had become very weak through the great strain upon her system, and one day the doctor ordered her fresh eggs and milk. It did not occur to him that he was giving an impossible prescription, for it was in the dead of winter, and not a fresh egg was to be had anywhere in the village. All these matters were made subjects of prayer by Ann, who was learning already that the things impossible with man are possible with God. She was sitting in her chair shortly after this, between the kitchen door and the back stairway. The door having been left ajar, to her surprise a hen came in and dropped down at Ann 's feet. Something said to her, "Lift it up and put it on the first step of the stair." Intuitively Ann recognized that her Father was about to meet her need. The hen went upstairs, and in her simple way Ann asked that it might not be permitted to cackle, lest Dr. Reid's daughters should hear it. (In the village at that time there was another unique character who was the laughing-stock of the boys because she permitted the hens to live in her house, and Ann did not want to be likened to old Peggy Casey). After a few minutes the hen came down very quietly and Ann reached to the door and let her out.

Then another great difficulty faced her. She had not put any weight on her foot for a long time. It was impossible for her to walk, and while she was confident that the doctor's prescription had been filled at the top of the stairs, she did not know how she was to obtain it. She prayed, and felt that the answer came, "Go up for it." But in her simple way she said, "Father, how can I? It is impossible." Some time before this she had learned a little refrain which she had taken as one of the motto verses of her life. It ran like this:

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,

And looks to God alone,  
Laughs at impossibilities  
And cries, 'It shall be done.'"

When she spoke of impossibilities the inward voice said, "Well, say your verse." She hesitated for some time, but at last faith conquered and she repeated the simple words. Then she received her instructions as to how she was to act. She worked her chair toward the door, and then, sitting on the first step, she raised herself with her hands, step after step, until she had reached the top. The hen had laid the egg in an old box just at the head of the stair, and she was able to reach it without getting off the top step. But how was she to get down with the egg in her hand? In her simple way -- for she used to pray about all these little things in a very familiar manner -- she asked for directions, and the word came, "Put it in your pocket." She then managed to descend in the same fashion, and was just safely back in her chair when Paddy, the servant, walked in. Ann prayed, "Now, Father, don't let him ask me where I got it," and in response to her simple faith he took the egg without a word and fixed it for her without making any enquiry. This is the more surprising when it is stated that he had been all through the village in his endeavor to secure eggs for Ann.

For three weeks the hen returned every day without making the slightest noise. At the end of this time the doctor one morning, said she did not need any more milk and eggs, and recommended beef tea instead. Just after this one of the young ladies came in, and the hen, disturbed, came cackling downstairs. The young woman was very much startled, and said, "What, Ann, have you got hens upstairs like old Peggy Casey?" And as the hen came cackling down, the young girl shooed it out into the yard and it never returned. Afterwards when Ann was able to get out again she tried to single out this one in order to show it special kindness, but was unable to do so. When in her customary way she appealed to her Father to show her which one it was, she heard the voice speaking to her inward consciousness, and telling her, "My glory will I not give to another." For a long time Ann hesitated to speak of this incident, but her diffidence in telling of God's goodness was reproved, for she heard Him say, "I fed you just as really as I fed Elijah through the ravens, and yet you are ashamed to make it known."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 78 -- HEN-EGGS FROM THE BACK PORCH

From hdm2334, "The Experiences Of A Blue Ridge Mountain Evangelist" by John A. Clement:

Along with the serious things, there were some others which amuse. An old hen began laying in a box on our back porch. She belonged to a neighbor. When we informed our neighbor as to what was the case, she laughingly remarked: "You can have all the eggs that are laid on that back porch." God knew we were in need, and it did seem to me as if every hen in that section came to that porch to lay. I have seen two on the nest at once and four or five others standing about waiting for them to come off the nest. We actually got more eggs than we could use for ourselves. When we reported the unusual incident to the woman she said: "You are getting the

best end of that bargain, but I will stick to my trade." God fed Elijah, why think it strange if He fed us? Those were days of answered prayer. I shall never forget them, for they were great days.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 79 -- EATING HEN-EGGS AND JEWISH LEGALISM

From hdm1883, "Life And Times Of Jesus The Messiah, Volume 2" by Alfred Edersheim:

Detailed as this analysis of the Sabbath law is, we have not by any means exhausted the subject. Thus, one of the most curious provisions of the Sabbath law was, that on the Sabbath only such things to be touched or eaten as had been expressly prepared on a weekday with a view to the Sabbath (Bez. 2 b). [1 This destination or preparation is called Hachanah.] Anything not so destined was forbidden, as the expression is 'on account of Muqtsah' i. e. as not having been the 'intention.' Jewish dogmatists enumerate nearly fifty cases in which that theological term finds its application. Thus, if a hen had laid on the Sabbath, the egg was forbidden, because, evidently, it could not have been destined on a weekday for eating, since it was not yet laid, and did not exist; while if the hen had been kept, not for laying but for fattening, the egg might be eaten as forming a part of the hen that had fallen off! But when the principle of Muqtsah is applied to the touching of things which are not used because they have become ugly (and hence are not in one's mind). so that, for example, an oldlamp may not be touched, or raisins during the process of drying them (because they are not eatable then), it will be seen how complicated such a law must have been.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 80 -- EVANGELIST H. A. ERDMANN SLEPT IN THE HEN-HOUSE

From hdm2312, "Some Interesting Experiences In My Life As A Minister" by Henry Albert Erdmann:

At another time I was invited to come and conduct a revival meeting. They had a good pastor, and there were some wonderful Christians, but they were poor and no one in the church was able to keep the evangelist for lack of room. One dear man suggested that they provide a room in his hen-house. He had a long hen-house, large enough for about three hundred hens, but he had only about a hundred. So he suggested that they partition one end of that hen-house for a room. He had a large canvass which could be used for the partition. This they did and then cleaned that room as well as human could clean it, and washed down the walls and ceiling (which was the roof). They placed a large linoleum on the dirt floor, and a nice throw rug on that, placed a nice bed, a desk and comfortable chair, an electric light, and fixed a place for me in which to put my clothes, and there I roomed. I had my meals with the family in their little house.

I realized they gave me the best they had and really enjoyed rooming in a hen-house with the hens. The hens on one side of the canvass partition and myself on the other side. There was only one thing that disturbed me a bit. In with the hens the man had two roosters, and every



morning at about four o'clock those roosters would have a contest to see which one could crow the loudest. Then they would become quiet again and I would go back to sleep.

God gave us a wonderful revival there. One young man from a worldly home was saved and sanctified and called to preach. He is now the pastor of a rather strong holiness, church. A young teenage girl was saved and sanctified, and is now the wife of a holiness college professor. A number of others were saved, reclaimed, or sanctified. What a thrill! I felt repaid a thousand fold for rooming in a hen-house, myself on one side of a canvass partition and about one hundred hens and two roosters on the other side. Yes, I would gladly do that again if the opportunity were afforded me.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 81 -- WHEN THE HEN HATCHED DUCK EGGS

From hdm0165, "Effective Illustrations" by William Moses Tidwell:

I had a good mother. She would go out among the neighbors when they were sick and wait on the family. She would provide in every way possible for the needy. But she did one thing which I never thought quite right. She would set hens on duck eggs. It was all right while the "setting" was on, but when the little family appeared I always felt so sorry for the old hen. She would look at her little family as though she were ashamed of them. She seemed to scrutinize their web feet and flat bills. But the serious time came when she would be leading her duckling family around and they would spy the spring branch. In they would go, heels over head. The old hen would stand on the bank and sputter and squall. I never heard more strange noises made by a hen. If there is such thing as "hen hysterics" she had them. It was a pitiful 'thing. The ducklings would dive, stand on their' heads and eat from the bottom of the branch. They paid no attention to the sputtering and squalling of their hen mother. It just looks like ducks were made for water and water for ducks. They were in their native element. Preachers have filled their churches with unregenerate men and women; simply "baptized worldlings." Then when their members have become mixed up in all kinds of worldly amusements, they have sputtered and squalled, but their worldly minded flocks have paid no heed. These situations brought to my mind the old hen and her family.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 82 -- SHE GOT THE VICTORY IN THE HEN-HOUSE

From hdm0939, "The Master's Masterpiece On Prayer" by Peter Wiseman:

"I will therefore that men pray everywhere" (1 Tim. 2:8), yet there must be definiteness as to place. "Enter into thy closet," said the Master. "The closet!" We well recall an illustration from a charge which we served. On visiting a member of our congregation one day, she greeted us at the door with the words, and in a triumphant tone, "It is settled, Mr. Wiseman. I got the victory yesterday in the hen-house." And this good sister made it her closet of prayer. It is for you to select your place of prayer.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 83 -- HOW HE CURED HIS DOG FROM EATING HEN-EGGS

From hdm2318, "Culpepper Sermons" by John B. Culpepper, and O. B. Culpepper:

[Culpepper seems to have used the following story to illustrate how a preacher must keep dosing some folks with the bitter truth until they run from evil-doings. -- DVM]

I once had a dog who was very fond of eggs. I drugged some. He grew suspicious of the hens' nests and would not go about them; but if he found an egg lying loosely about, he would devour it. I medicated eggs and pursued that dog until he got to where, when a hen cackled he'd jump the fence.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 84 -- THE CATHOLIC PRIEST COULDN'T CHANGE CHICKENS TO COWS

From hdm0093, "The Lives Of Eminent Methodist Ministers" by P. Douglass Gorrie:

In the course of his travels, while on this mission, he was the instrument of the conversion of a very devout Romanist, by the name of Rorke. This man, while under conviction, went to several priests, to inquire what he should do to be saved. One told him to "Go to Lough Derg;" another, "Go to Lady's Island;" and another, "Receive the Lord's body." "Do you think," said Rorke to the latter, "you can make the Lord's body for me?" "I have that power, Philip; can you doubt it?" "Please your reverence," said Rorke, "I have two little hens, but no cow; now if you can turn them into two milk cows for my children, to give us milk, I shall believe then that you have the power you say." "Get agone, get agone," said the priest, and left him to find consolation the best way he could.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 85 -- HOW THE BANTAM HENS WERE HEALED

From hdm2036, "The Lure Of Divine Love" by Kathryn E. Helm:

I was slow to actually believe that our Heavenly Father is interested and takes note of all the little details in the lives of His children. But the Bible is so full of promises, corroborated by the lives of others, that my heart was assured, and in the confidence and freedom of a grateful child, I learned to bring to the Lord all the things that perplexed or troubled me, even of passing temporal interest -- for guidance in judgment -- and emergencies of every kind, including the creatures that were under my care, realizing that "his tender mercies are over all the works of his hands." (Psa. 145:9.)

When I discovered that the flock of bantam hens were all sick with the "rupe," at first I was shocked, for it looked as if they would all die. But in a few minutes I collected myself, and said to the Lord, "They are Thy hens, and if Thou dost want them to die, that is all right (submission to God); but if not, wouldn't it please Thee to heal them? Thy tender mercies are over all the works of Thy hands." And they all got well, even those that had become blind with the disease.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END