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THE STORY IS TOLD

A Compilation By Duane V. Maxey

INTRODUCTION

It is interesting how many sermon illustrations have been begun with these words: --
"The story is told"... This compilation contains seventy-eight such stories that I have selected
from the HDM Digital Library, and I have given the source of each story at the end thereof.
There is a wide variety of subjects in the stories, and there is a wealth of material in this file
which will be useful, as well as inspirational, for the Christian Teachers or Preachers who read it.
In the Table of Contents below, I have given some of words following "The Story Is Told" at the
beginning of each selection.

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01 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF THE CITY OF NARVIK, NORWAY in the dark days of World War II. It had taken a terrible pounding by enemy bombers. Destruction, rubble, ruin was the picture of the once beautiful city. The blue harbor was full of wreckage and sunken ships. Debris and oil slicks rode the rippling waves in the calm dawn of the following morning. The Mayor of the city walked the shores, viewed the destruction and desolation through tear filled eyes. What he saw moved him to confirm that the works of man's hands were perishing and only for a time. He looked across the waters and his eyes lifted to the majestic snowcapped, mountains, sun-kissed by the morning sunrise. His spirits rose and he was heard to proclaim, "But we still have the mountains." So it is with Love, all else may be taken from us but something eternal burns within the breast, we fall at His pierced feet and whisper, "My Lord and my God." When time is lost in eternity, and eternity rolls on, that eternal something that constrains us, burns warmer, brighter, and more complete within us. Charity still remains; enlarges, grows into divine glory throughout the ages of ages. As angels look on and marvel, we will lift our voices in praise, "His love is everlasting!" To Him be the glory. --From hdm0003 -- "Fountains And Rivers Of Holiness" By Rev. Wayne C. Aman

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02 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MAN WHO EKED OUT A LIFE made wretched by poverty in raising cabbages on the side of a mountain filled with gold. He died ignorant of the wealth he possessed. Holiness has made the sanctified heirs of God. They need not eke out a precarious existence when all things are theirs. "Whether ... the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." All that is in the world which is necessary to life and happiness God will give to His people. Redemption has made the world theirs. Life present and life eternal are theirs through Jesus Christ. All things that pertain to life are given them through the knowledge of Him that hath called them to glory and virtue. -- From hdm0681 -- "After Sanctification" By Tony Marshall Anderson

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03 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A FATHER WHO WAS TRYING to teach his little girl the tithing system. He had ten dimes with which to illustrate. He told her of the goodness of God and how He had created us. He told the child of Jesus and how He had given His life on the cross that we might be saved. Pushing one dime aside and leaving the nine stacked together, he said: "Now, Daughter, this belongs to God. These nine dimes belong to us. This is ours. This is His." The little girl began to cry and her father was astonished and asked her, "Why are you crying?" The little child replied in a broken voice, "Is that all God gets?" Alas, from many Christians that is all He gets -- just a dime out of every dollar. From many others He does not get even that. -- From hdm0241 -- "Tithing, Your Questions Answered" By Jarrette Aycock

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04 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A YOUNG MAN WHO WENT to the city seeking work. With grip in hand he made his way into a manufacturer's office and applied for a job. The manufacturer asked him if he had recommendations, whereupon the boy opened his suitcase and began to search for his papers. As he did so, a Bible dropped out. "What is that book?" asked the man. "A Bible, sir," answered the boy. "Do you intend to practice it?" the man asked. "Yes," was the reply. "That is recommendation enough," the manufacturer replied. "The position is yours." -- From hdm0577 -- "If Christ Had Not Come" By Jarrette Aycock

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05 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF TWO BROTHERS who both felt called to be missionaries. But as they contemplated their future, one said to the other, "We shall have to have support from somewhere. You go to the mission field; I will stay at home and operate the family business. One-half of all I make, I will send to you; and when you return, you shall own half of the business." And that is what they did! Perhaps there are some American families who could, by a little sacrifice, support a whole missionary family. How wonderful to have one's own special representatives at work daily spreading the Gospel light in your stead! But if you cannot do so much, some might find it thrilling to support your very own single missionary, or native pastor, or Bible woman, realizing that your monthly sacrifice would be daily rescuing the perishing! -- "From hdm0685 -- Sin City Miracle" By Eunice W. Barbee

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06 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MAN FROM THE NORTH who went to Kentucky to buy a race horse and came home without one. Someone asked him why he didn't buy a horse, and he said, "I found a lot of 'has beens' and a lot of 'going to be's', but not too many 'isses'. We fear that in the ranks of Christ there are a lot more 'has beens' and 'going to be's' than there is 'isses'. -- From hdm0018 -- "Twenty-Four Sermons" By L. S. Boardman

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07 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MAN WHO HAD BEEN DELIVERING coal to customers. His boss called him in the office and said, "Sam, I am going to let you go. You are just too dumb to work here. In fact, you are so dumb that you can't learn anything." To this charge the man replied: "I did learn one thing while I worked for you." "What did you learn?" his boss wanted to know. Without hesitation the old man replied: "I learned that a ton of coal weighs 1800 pounds." [Instead of the legitimate 2,000 pounds.] -- From hdm0356 -- "Three Sunday-School Lessons" By L. S. Boardman

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08 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A CLERICAL MEMBER of one of the Conferences that after most warmly advancing his views in a certain matter, the bishop arose and just as fervently advanced opposite views, whereupon this brother wiping his face not yet cool from his own speech cried out, "That's so bishop, those are my sentiments." The Conference laughed uproariously over the incident, but failed to see that the man was doing just what the Conference itself had done a thousand times before. -- From hdm0044 -- "Pastoral Sketches" By Beverly Carradine

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09 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A LITTLE BOY WHO VISITED in the home of his aunt. When there was company, a basket containing various kinds of fruit was passed. When the basket came by, Charlie took an apple. When the basket was passed a second time, Charlie took another apple. When the same performance took place the third time, the aunt said, "Charlie, I do hope you will get satisfied with apples." But Charlie replied, "Aunty, I am satisfied with apples; that's the reason I do not take any other kind of fruit." And that is the reason one who is sanctified wholly does not reach for the world or for anything outside the will of God -- he is satisfied with the will of God. He is not satisfied without the will of God, and he is not weary or satiated with the blessings that God has given. He is satisfied, so that the appeal of other things, especially of things that are contrary, have lost their edge. -- From hdm0266 -- "Holiness Triumphant" By J. B. Chapman

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10 -- THE STORY IS TOLD, PERHAPS BY MAE [Tidwell McKay], relating her unusual experience, how on her way to school, she had stopped under a tree of heavy foliage seeking shelter from a spring shower. Above the patter of falling rain she heard a voice saying, "Will you go to India for me as a missionary?" Thinking someone had caught up with her, she looked around. Finding no one near and the rain still coming down, she waited. And soon the voice spoke again, "Will you go to India for me as a missionary?" Being alone she was convinced it must be the Lord. With heart beating rapidly and eyes filled with tears she said, "Yes, Lord. I will go for You." And he blessed her there. -- From hdm0079 -- "W. M. Tidwell, A Life That Counted" Compiled and Edited By J. E. Cook

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11 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL who lived in the slums of a great Eastern city. Christians working in the neighborhood of her home had opened a mission which the girl attended. She had won her way into the hearts of these Christian workers until she became the object of much of their love and care. At Easter time a florist sent to the Mission a number of beautiful white lilies, left from his large supply, to be distributed among the unfortunate people of the slums. To this little girl the Mission workers gave the most beautiful lily of them all. They stood by to watch her reactions, for not until then had she seen a flower as beautiful as this. Soon she broke into tears; then began to sob. "Why are you crying?" asked the workers. "Don't you like that lily? Don't you think it is beautiful?" "Oh, yes, I like it... I surely do," sobbed the girl. "It is so beautiful and white. But I didn't know how dirty I was until I saw how white this lily is. That's why I am crying." Ah, that is it! We never know how dirty, how impure, how sinful, we are until we contemplate the holiness of God, its purity, its sinlessness, its righteousness, its redeeming love! -- From hdm0228 -- "The Meaning Of Holiness" By David Shelby Corlett

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12 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A DEVOUT NEGRO MAN, of unusually dark skin, to whom an admiring friend presented a beautiful white rose. The whiteness of the rose stood out in great contrast to the blackness of the man's skin. As he held it in his hand, admiring it, he remarked: "There is quite a contrast between what you can see of me and the whiteness of this rose. But if you could see my heart and my character, you would find that by the grace of God, they have been made as white as this flower." -- From hdm0228 -- "The Meaning Of Holiness" By David Shelby Corlett

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13 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF AN OLD WOMAN WHO SAID she would do good for good, but this was all she would do. How true is this of the world in general! But this is not God's plan for His children; He wants them to go a little farther. The Christian is to go the second mile, love his enemies, bless them that curse him, do good to them that hate him and pray for them which despitefully use and persecute him. See Matt. 5:39-44. -- From hdm1534 -- "What A Young Christian Ought To Know" By William S. Deal

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14 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF AN INFANT BOY, born in the depths of a vast mine, in that dark, dismal abode, growing up year after year without ever once being carried to the surface. He was in no way discontented with his lot, because he had never known any other. He played and laughed and ran about in those subterranean corridors, illumined by the lurid glimmer cast by a few oil-lamps placed here and there, wholly unsuspecting of the roar and bustle and turmoil of the great world outside. The external world, the towns and the cities, and the thousand busy beehives of human industry were to him unknown. In fact, he naturally supposed the interior of the great mine, the laborers and their wives, working all day, was the only world that existed. At last, however, when the child was eight or nine years old, he chanced to find his way to the mouth of the pit. It was at noon, and the sunlight was streaming down in all its golden

splendor over hill and valley. The child had never seen anything half so beautiful. For the first time in his brief life he looked out over the wide stretched plains. He contemplated on one side vast forests and wood-covered mountains, and on the other side the far-off sea, that glowed like molten gold, and stretched itself out till it seemed to blend and lose itself in the overarching sky, and now shimmering in the richest tints of red and purple. The astonished child stood like one petrified and riveted to the spot. He seemed bewildered and unable to take in the gorgeous scene, the immensities of space, the undreamed-of distances, the gigantic proportions of the earth. It seemed to overwhelm his mind and to suppress his senses. At last, following the prompting of nature, he threw himself flat on his face, and worshipped the author of all this beauty and magnificence. This is but an imaginary story, but in the history of this child we have a beautiful figure of one of the most marvelous, God-enlightened, heaven-sent and blood-bought experiences of the interior life of one who was born in the dark mine of Romanism, and who, as he pens this spiritual biography, is lost in Wonder, love and amazement at the infinite mercy and love of Him who has brought him out of darkness into the most marvelous light and liberty of the sons of God. -- From hdm0340 -- "From Romanism To Pentecost" By Joseph S. Dempster

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15 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF ONE WORLDLY PREACHER who said to his elite cultured audience, "If you do not repent in a measure you will go to the place which I have too much self respect to mention before this cultured audience." There is great pressure on the minister to please everyone, to which if he yields, he cannot please God. The preacher is urged to be wise, discreet, tactful, cautious, judicious, a mixer, all things to all men, to join the lodges to win the lodge men, etc. But sinners are never won to Christ in this way. Vague, indefinite, unspecific preaching will not bring the agonizing terrors of old-fashioned conviction. Direct Christ-like preaching may shock cultured ears and irritate refined sensibilities, but they had better be shocked than damned! There is no greater hindrance to the kingdom of God than the man-fearing, compromising manner with which the awful fact of sin is dealt in many modern pulpits. -- From hdm0369 -- "Old Time Gospel Messages" By Elbert Dodd

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16 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A FARMER who bought a rundown, badly-eroded farm with the topsoil mostly gone. He terraced, limed, fertilized, farmed with the contour and built it up into a highly productive farm. One day the pastor came to call. The farmer took him on a tour of his farm. As he came to each field he described its previous condition and then told what he had done to bring it to its present attractive and productive state. The pastor would say, "Well, you and the Lord have certainly done a most wonderful job on that." After the pastor had repeated this remark about the fifth time the farmer said, "I wish you could have seen these fields when the Lord was farming them by Himself." This may seem sacrilegious but there is a great truth here. It is estimated that in raising a crop, the farmer does about five per cent and the Lord ninety-five per cent. But if the farmer does not do his five, the Lord will not do his ninety-five. -- From hdm1498 -- "A Farmer Looks At The Parables" John F. Dorsey

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17 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF ONE CHURCH MEMBER who sent his little daughter to Sunday school, while he sat in his easy chair at home reading the Sunday paper. One day the little girl begged her father to accompany her; "Why don't you go to church, too, Daddy?" "Oh," answered the complacent father, "I'm established." The next day daddy and daughter were riding along in the old democrat wagon when Jim, the mule, decided to cease his perambulating. He planted his four feet firmly and refused to change his mind with regard to the matter. When the irate father had about exhausted his stock of persuasive methods, the little girl offered a timely suggestion. "Daddy," she said, "it looks to me as if Jim's established." -- From hdm0493 -- "The Quest Of The Spirit" By Ralph Earle

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18 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A PARTY OF VISITORS who were about to descend the shaft of a coal mine. They were advised to dress appropriately for the trip. But there was one young maiden in the group who was wearing a beautiful white dress. She remonstrated with the guide. "I can wear my white dress into the mine if I want to." "Yes," replied the man quietly, "but you can't wear a white dress out again." That ought to settle the problem with regard to many worldly amusements that are often considered "harmless." They leave their spots. -- From hdm0493 -- "The Quest Of The Spirit" By Ralph Earle

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19 -- 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. 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. -- From hdm0399 -- "The Carnal Mind And The Cure For It" By Henry Albert Erdmann

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20 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A YOUNG CHINESE COMMUNIST who was tried for treason and sentenced to hang. As he was walking from the courtroom, he turned and looked at his judges and the people packing the room, and with a voice trembling and vibrant with emotion and commitment said: "All right, you've sentenced me to hang! And so I am going to die! But remember this: I am dying for a cause. What are you people living for?" Dare we answer that burning question by saying, "We are living for pleasure"? "For popularity"? "For prestige"? "For money"? "For a finer house or a bigger car"? What an answer! To squander a heritage so rich on trifles so tawdry! To let an inheritance and a cause that cost so much blood and sweat and tears, slip so easily through our soft and flabby hands and our cold and careless hearts! Dr. Louis Evans says that "religion to our grandparents was an experience; religion to our parents was a tradition; but religion to many of us today is nothing more than a convenience."

What a tragic dilution! And that pattern of dilution can happen not only in successive generations; it can also take place in individual hearts and lives. -- From hdm0264 -- "Our Heritage And Our Hope" By C. William Fisher

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21 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A HINDU PHILOSOPHER who was discoursing beautifully to some friends on his religion, when he was interrupted by the cries of a little child dying of cold and hunger and exposure just outside his window. He rose quietly and went to the window, closing it -- shutting out the sound! How many professing Christians are like that! They can pronounce all the shibboleths of their religion. They can talk beautifully about Jesus. They know and sing all the pretty songs about Him. They can even get very sentimental about their religion -- and yet, while they talk, they close the windows of their hearts, shutting out the cries of lost and dying souls pleading for help. They can't be bothered with that! -- From hdm0392 -- "The Time Is Now" By C. William Fisher

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22 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF THE GREAT NAPOLEON who had never tasted defeat but who was one day fighting a losing battle. He sent a message to the drummer boy to beat a retreat, but no retreat was beaten. He sent a second message, but still no retreat. Finally, Napoleon himself went, shook the boy by the shoulder roughly, and cried, "Didn't I tell you to beat a retreat?" The boy looked up at the general, that he loved, through tear-filled eyes and said, "Yes, general, you commanded a retreat; I received both of your messages, but I didn't beat a retreat; for I don't know how. When my father taught me to beat the drum he didn't teach me to beat a retreat. But general, I'll tell you what I can do, I can beat a charge." A smile broke across the face of the general and as he patted the boy on the shoulder he said, "All right, sonny, then you beat the charge." The boy did beat the charge. The discouraged, defeated soldiers hearing it, thought reinforcements had come. They went out with new courage and zeal; they turned the tide; they won the battle; because one little boy said, "I don't know how to beat a retreat, but I can beat a charge." -- From hdm0790 -- "Holiness, The Dynamic Of Evangelism" By George M. Galloway

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23 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF TWO EXCURSION BOATS lying side by side at a New York pier. One was chartered for a Sunday-school picnic, the other for a brewers' and bartenders' picnic. One man tarried too long by the way imbibing his own product, and stumbled at the last moment onto the wrong boat. As the boat steamed out into the river he looked for the bar, but found only soda pop and milk; he looked for a card game or a dice game, but found only children playing tag or other similar games; he looked for a group of cronies telling smutty stories and mouthing profanity, but found only saints of God testifying to His grace; he looked for a jazz band pouring out the discordant tempos of the underworld, and found only the songs of Zion. In desperation he rushed off to the captain and waved a sheaf of bills under his nose, crying, "Let me off this boat. Take this money and put me on the other boat. I'm in hell here!" You would not be happy in heaven with the sin nature in your heart. It would make a hell out of

heaven itself. -- From hdm0327 -- "The Double Cure And Other Holiness Sermons" By Joseph Gray

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24 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF THE MAN WHO DREW THE PLANS and blue prints for the great Brooklyn Bridge, and, while it was under construction, he took sick and was bedfast for months. But the work went right on according to the blue print. Finally, when the bridge was completed, preparations were made for the great architect to see the workmanship. Tender hands lifted him from his sickbed, and he was conveyed to the bridge, and lowered in a boat to inspect the work. After carefully observing it, a look of satisfaction and a deep smile spread over his face, and he was heard to say, "It is according to the pattern." Wouldn't it be well to stop and ask ourselves the question, if we are building according to the pattern? Have we ever seen brighter and better days? Do we manifest a lamb-like spirit when abused and misunderstood? In other words, if we are building "according to the pattern," we should have a larger faith, deeper joy, and more Christlike spirit. -- From hdm0312 -- "Deeper Things" By John Marvin Hames

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25 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A TRAVELER WHO WAS DRIVING along a muddy road and invited a poor man, who was on the way, to ride with him. The man thanked him and got into the vehicle, but his friend noticed he still clung to the heavy sack of grain on his shoulders. He asked him why he did not put it down and rest. Said he, "I could not think of asking you to carry me and my burden, too." We wrong Christ and our own soul when we hold to some old, crushing burden. -- From hdm2407 -- "Beulah Land Saints" By John Marvin Hames

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26 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF THE PSYCHIATRIST who took a special project for the summer. He was supposed to study the habit patterns of some of the natives down in the hills of Kentucky, around a little town named Dogpatch. One day he wandered up to an old shack on the mountainside. Much to his surprise, one of the old-timers was sitting on the front porch playing checkers with his dog. The psychiatrist watched in amazement as they played. Finally, he could be quiet no longer. He blurted out, "Pap, that's a pretty smart dog you have there." The old man twitched a little, recrossed his legs, and drawled, "Nope! Not very! I've beat him two games today already." [Proud human beings are often too dull to recognize the intelligence of those who oppose them! -- DVM] -- From hdm0313 -- "From Here To Maturity" By Howard H. Hamlin

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27 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MAN WHO WAS A MEMBER of the Ku Klux Klan, a secret, oath-bound society in the South, which was banded together to oppose certain Union measures. He was arrested, tried for treason and sentenced to the gallows. His father was a Presbyterian minister, widely known, and influential. The conduct of his son followed by his conviction brought great grief to the heart of the aged minister, who addressed himself to the

task of securing, if possible, a pardon for his son. He traveled far and wide, securing the signatures of friends and sympathizers to his petition. After he had secured thousands of signatures to his petition he presented it in person to President Lincoln, who granted the pardon. The minister was permitted to carry this message of pardon to his son, accompanied by the proper government officer. With a heart running over with deepest gratitude, the aged minister, whose form had now become more stooped and his hairs more gray, entered the cell of his once-doomed but now-pardoned son, to announce to him the good news. Imagine the grief of the father and the surprise of the officer when this man, on whose neck the father had wept tears of joy, declared coldly, brazenly and defiantly that he would accept no favors from the administration. This man deliberately chose not only sin, but the penalty attached to his sin, rather than to accept offered pardon. If men will do this, in relation to such things, the question which is asked, whether men choose hell, does not seem altogether inconsistent. Judging from the attitude of some men, who absolutely reject all that is pure, good, noble and right, and deliberately choose that which is vile, low and debased, some men make hell their choice. The man who chooses the filthy saloon, with its low, vile companionships in preference to a well-kept, tidy home, who chooses the arms of the harlot in preference to those of a pure wife, is certainly choosing hell. -- From hdm2346 -- "Upper Room Messages" By Jasper Abraham Huffman

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28 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF THOMAS COOK aboard an Atlantic liner while he was making one of his several preaching tours to the United States. Opening a door on the ship's deck, he discovered he had inadvertently gone to the smoke room, and after standing in the doorway a little while, he closed the door and went his way. While he stood there, however, every man took his pipe from his lips and dropped his cards. After Mr. Cook had left, one of the men turned to his friend and said, "Say, why did we drop our pipes and cards when that fellow appeared?" In a subdued voice his friend replied, "Who could smoke and play cards in the presence of a face like that?" To know Mr. Cook was to get the immediate answer to the question. He walked with God. -- From hdm0801 -- "I Met A Man With A Shining Face" By Harry E. Jessop

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29 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A PASTOR WHO GAVE A SET OF commentaries to a dear old sister in the congregation. After some time, the pastor asked her how she liked the commentaries. She replied, "The Bible sheds quite a bit of light on them." The Bible is as adequate for the people of our day as it was for any day. When men have tampered with the message to endeavor to adapt it to their times, they have erred destructively, whether they have gone to the right toward compromise or to the left toward fanaticism. Preach the Bible. Explain it whenever you can, and explain it interestingly. But do not "explain it away." -- From hdm0777 -- "Evangelism" By Spencer Johnson

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30 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A VESSEL BEING WRECKED and sending out its S. O. S., and another vessel receiving the message, when the captain was heard to say: "There are lives there, it is true; but I am too busy to save them: I must keep on my course." And he kept on his course. O men and women of God, hear me! That man was dealing with lives which he should have saved; but you are dealing with immortal souls which may be lost on account of your indifference and carelessness. The church's mission is to save souls. That is why God gave it birth. I never have believed that God ever intended the church to be turned into a movie theater, or a play house, or a bowling alley, or a place for worldly pleasure and commercial life. -- From hdm2209 -- "The Land Of Canaan" By Edward R. Kelley

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31 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A YOUNG MINISTER WHO WENT to Bishop Simpson and said, "Bishop, I cannot go to that appointment. The salary is too small, and it is too far away from the city." The Bishop tenderly remonstrated with him, and told him not to decide too hastily, and urged him to pray over it. On Sunday the noble bishop occupied the pulpit and preached his famous sermon from the text: "None of these things move me, neither court I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." As the Bishop was vividly describing St. Paul crying after every peril and agony, "None of these things move me, a great commotion was observed in the rear of the congregation, and the voice of young man was heard by the startled audience, crying: anywhere, anywhere, my Lord." Nobody understood that outcry except the young preacher who uttered it and the Bishop in the pulpit. This is the motive, and that the influence, which will evangelize the world. -- From hdm0524 -- "Nuggets Of Gold" By George Brubaker Kulp

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32 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF DR. MCGREGOR, that he one day met a little Scotch girl carrying in her arms a baby so large that she fairly staggered under its weight. "Baby is heavy, isn't he, dear?" he said. "No sir," said the little girl. "He isn't heavy; he's my brother " -- From hdm0524 -- "Nuggets Of Gold" By George Brubaker Kulp

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33 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF HOW SOME PUPILS of an old sage took to him a live bird, hidden in the hand of one of them. They planned to ask him if that hidden bird was alive, or dead. If he said that it was alive, then the one holding the bird in his hand would crush the bird and open his hand, revealing that the bird was dead. Or, if he said that the bird was dead, then the pupil holding the bird would simply open his hand and let the bird fly away revealing that it was alive. When the question was put to the old sage, he pondered it for a little, then wisely replied: "The bird is... whatever you want it to be!" The continuance of brotherly love is optional: "Let brotherly love continue." By our individual, or mutual, choice we either continue or kill it! God created it, but we can destroy this lovely "living creature". -- From hdm0125 -- "Striking The Source" By Duane V. Maxey

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34 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF GRILLUS, a man who had been turned into a hog. Eulysses wanted to change him back into a man, but Grillus would have none of that. When asked if he took no account of the finer things such as poetry, music, and eloquence, Grillus let it be known that he would rather "oink" than be eloquent. Referring to the filthy pig-sty in which he who had once been a man was now wallowing, Eulysses asked Grillus: "How can you endure this nastiness and stench?" "It all depends on the taste," oinked Grillus, "The odor is sweeter than amber to me, and the filth than the nectar of the gods!" Young person, "God hath made man upright," Eccl. 7:29, but a world of individuals are so degenerated from that purpose that they actually enjoy the nastiness of sin more than the nectar of salvation. -- From hdm0126 -- "Warm Lake Messages" By Duane V. Maxey

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35 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MAN WHO PROMISED Martin Luther that he would pray for him every day. And he did. One night he had a startling dream in which he saw a lone reaper in a huge field of corn coming closer and closer to him. Then he recognized his face. It was that of Luther. As the man reflected on his dream, he came to the conclusion, I must leave my prayers and go to work. Praying for the Lord's servant was the starting point for his own involvement. -- From hdm0622 -- "Significant Dreams" By Duane V. Maxey

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36 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MAN WHO SCOFFED at the idea of God or salvation, who became very ill and was soon to die. He was poor, and during his long illness a godly minister had sent gifts again and again to relieve this man's need. One day near the end, he sent for the minister, and said, "I have not sent for you to talk about religion, but to thank you for your great kindness." Mr. Birch, the minister, said, "Will you answer me one question?" "Yes," said he, "provided it is not about religion." The minister said, "You know I have to preach tonight. Many will be there to hear me; some who, like you, will soon have to face death. I ask you, 'What shall I preach about?'" There was a long silence. Then with tear-dimmed eye and trembling voice the dying infidel said, "Mr. Birch, preach Christ unto them, preach Christ." And he was then ready to let the minister preach Christ unto him, and he found Him to be real and a Savior from sin. -- From hdm0233 -- "Choice Illustrations" By Earl C. Wolf

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37 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR who visited the Fiji Islands. Being agnostic, he critically remarked to an elderly chief, "You're a great leader, but it's a pity you've been taken in by those foreign missionaries. They only want to get rich through you. No one believes the Bible anymore. People are tired of the threadbare story of Christ dying on a cross for the sins of mankind. They know better now. I'm sorry you've been so foolish as to accept their story." The old chief's eyes flashed as he answered, "See that great rock over there? On it we smashed the heads of our victims. Notice the furnace next to it? In that oven we formerly roasted the bodies of our enemies. If it hadn't been for those good missionaries and the

love of Jesus that changed us from cannibals into Christians, you'd never leave this place alive! You'd better thank the Lord for the Gospel; otherwise we'd already be feasting on you. If it weren't for the Bible, you'd now be our supper! -- From hdm0186 -- "2700-plus Illustrations" Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

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38 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF AN ITALIAN DUKE who went on board a galley ship. As he passed the crew of slaves he asked several of them what their offenses were. Every one laid the blame to someone else, saying his brother was to blame or the judge was bribed. One sturdy young fellow said: "My lord, I am justly in here. I wanted money and I stole it. No one is to blame but myself." The duke on hearing this seized him by the shoulder, saying, "You rogue! What are you doing here among so many honest men? Get you out of their company!" The young fellow was then set at liberty, while the rest were left to tug at the oars. -- From hdm1516 -- "Providential Irony" Compiled, Edited, and Written By Duane V. Maxey

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39 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MAN WHO RENTED AN OPERA HOUSE in a small Pennsylvania town -- rented it perhaps about one month in advance, but for one night only. A month or so before his scheduled use of the theater auditorium, he posted a big sign on a prominent billboard in the town -- a sign that read in huge letters: "He Is Coming"! Seeing the huge announcement, no doubt local people began to wonder: "Who might this be?" It sounded as if someone of importance, someone of great interest, was coming to town, but who was it? and when was he coming? Then, just a week before the scheduled night, the stranger who had rented the opera house replaced his original sign with one that read: "He Will Be At The Opera House On October 31!" "Oh! now we know the date, but WHO is coming?" The mystery of it all probably excited their interest even more as the day approached. Then, on October 30th the one who rented the opera house replaced the second sign with one that read: "He Is Here!" And by this time some might have paid a day's wages to get inside that theater, if for nothing more than to discover who this important visitor was!

Finally, on the morning of October 31st, the third sign was replaced with a fourth, reading: "He Will Be At The Opera House Tonight At 8:30!" By this time, perhaps some who felt slightly ill, or who had important things to do, or who could not afford to pay a nickel for admittance, were still fully decided to get into the theater that night, regardless! So, the stranger who had rented the opera house sold tickets at the box office at \$1 per person -- perhaps a handsome fee at that time -- and the place was packed to capacity. The crowd waited in the darkened theater -- waited for the mysterious visitor to come on stage -- waited anxious to have their curiosity satisfied -- but it was not -- at least not as they had presumed and desired. When the lights were turned up, there sitting on the stage for all to see was a fifth sign, reading: "He Is Gone!"

And I presume the "con artist" who had taken their money was also "gone"! NOW, let me ask you a question: If another charlatan had come to town a month later and tried to stage the same sort of fraudulent hoax, How many who were taken in the first time would have

believed that "He Is Coming" the second time? -- Answer: None except the most naive imbeciles! Let me make the application: Satan is shrewd. He knows that Jesus is Coming Again to this sin-benighted world. He can't stop that, and he knows it. However, he has hit upon a method that will cause many to disbelieve that "He is Coming!" -- the devil has gone about through the centuries to inspire one after another to announce: "Jesus is Coming... on this date, that date, the other date, yet another date... etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc." He realizes that the more false dates that he gets professed Christians to set and announce, the smaller will be the number of people who believe that there ever shall be a time that Christ Returns! -- From hdm1535 -- "Two Dangerous Presumptions Regarding Second-Coming Prophecy" By Duane V. Maxey

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40 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A PASTOR IN A SEASIDE VILLAGE in the North of Scotland, who told his flock at the close of the forenoon service: "There will be no service here this evening, as there is something wrong with the bell rope" That statement sounds like there may have been "something wrong with the bell-ringer" instead of "with the bell-rope"! -- From hdm1012 -- "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations, E-Topics" Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

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41 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN who stopped one day in a tiny village in Cornwall. He was tired and hot and thirsty. His quest of drink seemed all in vain. At last he stopped a peasant rather angrily, "How is it that one cannot get a drink of liquor in this wretched village?" The old peasant, recognizing the nobleman's rank, tipped his hat as he politely but quietly replied, "My lord, something over one hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts." -- From hdm1537 -- "The Gladness Of God" By Howard Vassar Miller

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42 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A LITTLE BOY WHO SLEPT with his father after his mother's death. The father was awakened one night by the pitiful sobs of his little six-year-old son. The father said, "Son, why do you cry. And the little boy answered, "Daddy, it was just a dream, and I would rather not tell you about it -- it was about you." Then the father patted and coaxed him, and insistently said, "Tell Papa about it." The little fellow haltingly replied, "Daddy, I dreamed that you, my own daddy, had your hands to my throat and were choking me to death." This dream is a reality in the lives of many fathers and mothers. There are parents who by their unrighteous deeds are doing that to the souls of their children and neighbors. Oh, the grip of ungodly influence of professed Christians upon the lives of sinners with whom they associate! -- From hdm0692 -- "Effectual Prayer" By G. Chester Morgan

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43 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF ARCHIMEDES, the great mathematician of antiquity, that his studying was so intense, that when his native city was besieged by the Roman army he

continued his work on a mathematical demonstration. In fact, he continued until a Roman soldier entered his room and killed him as he worked over the diagram of his problem. [This story could be used to illustrate how that preoccupation with one's personal problems can be spiritually fatal. -- DVM] -- From hdm0650 -- "The Minister For Today" Published by The Allegheny Wesleyan Methodist Connection

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44 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF LEONARDO DAVINCI that when he had finished the painting of the last supper, he asked a friend to come and see it. As the painter withdrew the cloth, the friend exclaimed, "How wonderful the cup in the hand of Christ!" DaVinci impulsively drew his brush across the cup, passionately saying, "Nothing shall hide the face of Christ." Preaching is the highest art, but the artistic conception of the sermon is fatal. The sermon is not a work of art. The sermon is not to be something but to do something. It is simply a tool, and when it becomes an idol it is high time for the image breaker to come. Preaching can be and is done in such a way that Christ is not seen in the picture. -- From hdm0650 -- "The Minister For Today" Published by The Allegheny Wesleyan Methodist Connection

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45 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MAN WHO HAD BEEN grievously afflicted with asthma, observing a fellow passenger traveling on the same train racked by terrible paroxysms of coughing. He approached the sufferer and said: "I was once like that, but I found a physician who brought about my complete recovery. And I could not sit silently by and watch you suffer without telling you of my wonderful physician friend." Thus it will be in the Church of Jesus Christ when He has met her need; she will feel constrained by the love of God to tell others about Him. The missionary enterprise is but the expression of this personal love for Jesus Christ. -- From hdm2430 -- "Go Ye Next Door" Published by the Nazarene Publishing House

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46 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF THE UNKNOWN MUSICIAN who asked to be allowed to play on a great organ, As he played the strains were so melodious, the keys perfectly under control, the harmonies so rare, that all the listeners were amazed. As he left his seat, the master said simply in response to the astonished praise, "I should be able, for I made the organ." Small wonder that the touch of Christ can evoke melody from human lives that now are dumb. He is the Master Builder as well as the Master Musician; He made the life and under His control its faculties are harmonized in glorious activity. -- From hdm0724 -- "Symphonies Of Praise" By Floyd William Nease

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47 -- THE STORY IS TOLD IN THE BIBLE OF TWO SINGERS who sang until the earth quaked and the prison doors were opened. These men were put in jail by the authorities for preaching the gospel. There was no losing heart. In their foul dungeon, "They prayed and sang songs." Notice the order: first they prayed, then sang. "Prayer changes things." Real praying will

make a difference in every life. Perhaps they first prayed in secret; but later secret prayer was intensified. It grew louder and louder, until the prisoners heard unusual voices, and the jailer was disturbed. When I was a boy I knew a man who prayed in secret until his voice could be heard a block away. When strangers in the community asked about the unusual noise, the answer was, "It's Parson Jackson, praying in secret." -- From hdm1555 -- "Looking Heavenward" By William H. Pratt

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48 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A GIRL WHO POSSESSED rather unusual ability as a vocalist. But, in spite of wide study and training, her voice seemed to still lack some of the rareness of quality which was necessary to an outstanding career as an artist. A great master sensed her disappointment, and in conversation with a friend said, "If her heart is broken she will become a great singer." Later the girl was disappointed in love. It took this to give to her voice a certain tenderness which won for her the applause of great audiences and the admiration of many people. It is said that the song of a wounded bird is softer and 'sweeter. -- From hdm1555 -- "Looking Heavenward" By William H. Pratt

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49 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A WICKED MAN near Mountain Lake, Minnesota, who made up his mind to get the best of God Almighty. He vowed that he would put in his crop of grain, and gather it on Sundays and yet prosper. He kept his vow. His grain came up, grew and ripened. He began to boast of his victory. He threshed the grain and found that he had a larger crop than those who rested one day in seven. But his boasting was short-lived. The Sunday he hauled the last load into his granary the lightning struck it and not only burned it but the barn and house. He lost his grain and his house and barn on that fatal day. When a sinner's arm is outstretched against the Almighty; he is sure to get the worst of it. One may think he is succeeding in cheating the Lord, but at the same time the Lord is certainly keeping tab on him, and the reckoning time will certainly come. -- From hdm0707 -- "Sin, The Tell-Tale" By William Edward Shepard

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50 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MAN WHO ENTERED A ROOM where another was eating a meal. He murdered the man at the table, robbed him and sat down and finished the meal himself. Afterwards, when he was convicted of the awful crime, he was asked why he did not eat the meat which was on the table. His reply was, "My conscience would not let me." But his conscience would let him murder the man. His religious training was so stamped upon him from childhood, relative to the non-essentials, and so sadly lacking in the essentials, that his perverted conscience could remain quiescent while he murdered the man, but held him in check concerning eating the meat, because it was Friday. -- From hdm0707 -- "Sin, The Tell-Tale" By William Edward Shepard

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51 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A YOUNG MAN, CASHIER OF A BANK, who was engaged to be married to the banker's daughter. The banker was wealthy. Before the marriage, the banker suddenly died. It being in a day when post mortem investigations were not as rigid as now, the funeral was held and in a little while the cashier was married to the daughter. The money had fallen to the daughter, the cashier came to be at the head of the bank, and all went on smoothly. Many years passed by. The body of the banker had passed into dust at the graveyard. Finally, the town's people concluded to remove the old cemetery, and accordingly the work of disinterring had begun. A stranger was passing through the city, and being delayed, he strolled into the outskirts until he came to the cemetery. As he watched the men at their work he finally stood before a coffin with its contents of human bones. Inadvertently, -- no, providentially he took his cane and touched the skull. Something within rattled. Upon investigation it was discovered a nail had been driven into the skull, and it was the nail that rattled. The investigation was now begun. The name on the headstone showed that it was the body of the banker that had died so suddenly and so mysteriously many years before. The detective took the skull and went to the home of the daughter. As he entered the house he kept the skull behind him. He introduced the subject as best he could, and finally he pulled out the ghastly object from behind him, whereupon the daughter shrieked, "O Charley, we are found out at last!" Persistently do God's sleuth-hounds follow the track of the sinner, and he might as well quit, give up and surrender now while there is hope of mercy, for his sin will surely tell on him sometime. It is only a question of time when it will all be out. -- From hdm0707 -- "Sin, The Tell-Tale" By William Edward Shepard

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52 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MOONSHINE DISTILLERY in Ohio which continued to run its law-breaking business in spite of all the efforts put forth for its discovery. In vain the officers hunted for this whisky-making establishment. Finally some officers were reconnoitering through the hills with the hope of locating the place, but it seemed they would have to give it up. As they were walking along they came to a stream of water where they noticed the strange antics of some fish. These fish were cutting up in a manner entirely out of the ordinary for fish. As they watched them, one of the men declared they had a dose of whisky. This furnished a key to the problem before them, the location of the distillery. Whisky had been turned into that stream somewhere and as it flowed down, the fish imbibed it and now they were drunk as a result. They followed up the creek path and finally came to the object of their search. The law-breakers had heard of the approach of the officers, and fearing capture, they dumped the whisky into the stream little thinking that the fish would be the means through which their sin would find them out. -- From hdm0707 -- "Sin, The Tell-Tale" By William Edward Shepard

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53 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MAN WHO WAS FELLING A TREE, and was buried beneath the branches as it fell. On being extricated he was found to be mortally injured. A physician was summoned, and saw at once that the poor man must soon die. Being interested in his spiritual welfare, he told the man plainly that he could not live, and advised him to make his preparation to meet God, suggesting at the same time that he send for a certain neighbor who was a deacon in the church. Upon the mention of this deacon's name, the dying man recoiled,

and said, "I hate him. He has lived alongside of me for years and has never said a word to me about my soul." -- From hdm1562 -- "The Palm Tree Blessing" By William Edward Shepard

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54 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF AN EAGLE floating down the Niagara river on a cake of ice. He was enjoying a feast on a lamb which was frozen to the ice. After a while the eagle neared the falls, but he was not afraid, because he could fly. Finally, as the water got swifter, the eagle was seen to spread his wings and prepare for the escape. When he saw that he could remain no longer with impunity, he attempted to spring from the ice, when, lo and behold, he found himself frozen to the cake of ice. With an awful screech and wings flapping he went over the falls to destruction. May the Lord save us from too much self-confidence and from remaining where death and destruction are inevitable, and where freezing and falling go together. -- From hdm1562 -- "The Palm Tree Blessing" By William Edward Shepard

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55 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A COUPLE OF MEN RIDING out in the country, when they came to a timbered pasture. Their curiosity was aroused as they watched the queer antics of a lot of lean hogs. These poor hogs were seen to run with all their might to a certain tree, stop, look around for a little while, and then shortly thereafter take another turn in rapid transit to some other tree in the pasture. These sudden trips with the disappointed hogs were continually kept up. The curiosity of the two gentlemen watching them was so great, that they ventured to make a trip to the farmhouse and inquire of the farmer concerning the strange procedure of the swine. The old farmer then explained the phenomenon. He said when he used to feed the hogs he would call them in his own peculiar way and they would come from the field for their food. Finally his voice gave out so that he could not call them in that way, then he began to call them by rapping on the side of the barn. The hogs got accustomed to this sound, knowing that it meant their regular food. "But," said the old farmer, "the woodpeckers keep pounding away on the trees, and they are running the hogs to death to keep up with them." Is not this a picture of many a poor, scrawny Christian running hither and yon to this dry tree and that, and yet not getting his soul fed with the manna from heaven? -- From hdm2279 -- "Linsey-Woolsey Religion" By William Edward Shepard

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56 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A FAITHFUL NEWFOUNDLAND DOG which was owned by a grocer, and which had kept his keen, watchful eye on a certain porter who had stolen money and buried it back of a pile of rubbish in a stable. The thief had taken this money from the till, and doubtless little thought that some eye was on him all the while he was hiding it. This dog followed another person into the stable on the first chance, and before the eyes of the person he scratched away the rubbish and brought the money to sight. The thief in this exposure was detected. That marvelous text of Scripture, "Be sure your sin will find you out," is verified in more ways than one. -- From hdm2316 -- "The Wonder Book" By William Edward Shepard

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57 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A CHRISTIAN TRAVELER in the Old World, who observed some shepherds as they came together and ate their noonday meal, while their flocks mixed all together. After the shepherds had finished their meal, one of them arose, and walking off a little distance, he called out to his sheep -- "Mena, mena." Quickly a portion of the mixed flock looked up and immediately followed their leader. Then another shepherd walked off a little space and called in the same way -- "Mena, mena." Another portion of the flock looked up and went off with their shepherd. It appeared so strange and astonishing to the Christian traveler, and at the same time so in line with what Jesus had taught hundreds of years before, that he concluded to try an experiment and see if the sheep would follow a stranger. He accordingly asked the remaining shepherd if he would allow him to put on his garb and call the sheep himself and see if they would follow him. Having donned the shepherd's garb he started off calling "Mena, mena," but not a sheep raised its head or followed him. Every sheep kept right on eating as if nothing had been done. Finally, the traveler asked the shepherd if the sheep ever followed a stranger, and the answer was, "They never follow a stranger except one becomes sick. When one becomes sick it will follow anybody." In the gospel of John, Jesus describes the shepherd leading forth his sheep. He says, "When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." -- From hdm2316 -- "The Wonder Book" By William Edward Shepard

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58 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF AN OLD MAN IN PARIS who sold a famous eye-water and made much money thereby. He finally passed on to some other world and forgot to leave on record his recipe for the eye-water. But his widow was not satisfied to give up the practice and concluded to take it up where her husband left it off. Not knowing his recipe, she simply filled the bottles from the river Seine, finding out that the eye-water was as good as ever. Finally, her time came to pass beyond the line of worlds, and feeling the stings of a guilty conscience, she confessed her fraud to her physician. Said the wise doctor, "Be entirely easy, Madam; don't be troubled at all. You are the most innocent physician in the world; you have done nobody any harm." [This may strike some as humorous, however, this doctor's spiritual advice was very bad, and more dangerous to his patient than had he given her poison! -- DVM] -- From hdm2326 -- "Fads, Fakes, Freaks, Frauds And Fools" By William Edward Shepard

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59 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A PROMINENT ADVERTISEMENT many years ago which ran like this: "A retired physician, whose sands of life have nearly run out," etc., had some recipe he would send gratis. All one had to do when he got the recipe, was to get from him an ingredient, which could not be had anywhere else. This sleek quack was dubbed "Old Sands of Life." The scalawag was only about thirty-five years of age, and very lively at that. So sympathetic was some friend and given to philanthropy, that his feelings went out for "Old Sands of Life," and he accordingly sent him a large package by express "C.O.D." The express was considerable, but the quack paid it, whereupon as he opened the package he discovered half a

bushel of very nice sand. [Served him right! -- DVM] -- From hdm2326 -- "Fads, Fakes, Freaks, Frauds And Fools" By William Edward Shepard

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60 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A PECULIAR EPITAPH on the tomb of some dear companion who put it there to express the sad loss. But when the mourning one married again, someone evidently thought he would clear up the situation. Here was the epitaph: "The light of my life has gone out." After the next marriage someone wrote underneath -- "But I have struck another match." -- From hdm2326 -- "Fads, Fakes, Freaks, Frauds And Fools" By William Edward Shepard

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61 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF AN OLD LADY WHO WENT TO HEAR John Wesley preach. She had never heard him preach before, and had her mind made up to hear something grandiloquent. After the sermon, she inquired, "Was that the great Wesley I heard preach?" On being answered in the affirmative, she said, "I understood every word he said." And is not that one thing that made him great? -- From hdm2326 -- "Fads, Fakes, Freaks, Frauds And Fools" By William Edward Shepard

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62 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF AN ARCTIC EXPLORER who took with him from home a carrier pigeon belonging to his wife. From the far north, from whence no message could be sent by mail, the pigeon was released and went back to the Norway home. When that dove tapped at the window of the wife of the explorer, she knew her husband was living in the place whence he had gone, and from beneath its wing she took the message of love from her absent loved one. So the coming back of the dove of the Holy Ghost to the hearts of the waiting disciples was evidence that the Lord had reached the place whence He has gone to prepare a place for us. No wonder that it is written: "With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus" (Acts 4.33). To every believer who receives the baptism with the Holy Ghost is renewed the testimony that the crucified and risen Lord is at God's right hand. -- From hdm0947 -- "Bible Doctrines" By William M. Smith

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63 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A MOTHER WHO TAUGHT her little son and daughter to love Jesus, and whenever they told a lie, she instructed them to ask Jesus to forgive them or else they could not go to heaven. There was a sand pile near their home where the children took great delight to play. The mother did not want her children to go there to play, and gave the reason that bears were there and would devour them. The children doubted their mother, yet feared to go lest some bears might be there. After a while their pastor came along and they concluded to ask him whether there were any bears at the sand pile. He told them there were no bears there, for he had just passed by the sand pile. The children insisted there were

bears there because their mother said so. He said, "Your mother told you a lie, for there are no bears at the sand pile."

The children ran home and said, "Mother, there are no bears at the sand pile."

"Yes," the mother insisted, "there are bears at the sand pile."

"No, there are no bears there. Mother, you told us a lie. The preacher came along and we asked him, and he said there were no bears there. We told him, you said there were bears there, and he said you told us a lie. Now mamma you will have to ask Jesus to forgive you or else you cannot go to heaven."

The mother knelt to pray to ask the Lord to forgive her for telling her children a lie, when the little girl spoke up and said, "Mamma, let me pray and ask Jesus to forgive you, for you might tell Him a lie." -- From hdm0792 -- "Ten Aspects Of Faith" By Joshua Stauffer

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64 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A HUNTER who stopped for breakfast in a certain hotel before leaving on the day's hunt. He asked George, who was both the proprietor and his friend, to keep a thousand-dollar bill for him, because he did not want to carry so much money while out hunting. This, of course, was back in the days when a thousand-dollar bill was worth something! George agreed. The hunter gave him the bill, and it was put in the cash drawer with hotel funds.

During the day, George remembered a thousand-dollar note of his now due. He thought how amusing it would be to pay it with a thousand-dollar bill. George reasoned that his hunter friend would just as soon have his money in small bills, so he took the large bill and paid his note.

The man who received the bill thought of someone to whom he owed a thousand dollars, so he in turn paid his debt with the same bill. On and on through the little village it went until twelve debts of one thousand dollars each had been paid.

The last man to receive the money had purchased some land from George, the hotel proprietor, so he went to the hotel and paid his debt. George placed the thousand-dollar bill in the cash drawer from which it had started its busy day. A few minutes later his friend came in from the hunt. He approached George saying, "Thanks for keeping my thousand-dollar bill. I'll take it now."

George handed over the bill. To his amazement, the hunter tore the bill in half, threw it in the wastebasket, and said, "That was just a gag. The bill was counterfeit in the first place!" Thus a bill of no value had paid thirteen thousand dollars in debts and no one was the loser. [HUH??? Can the reader figure this one out? Were those 13 debts really paid? -- DVM] -- From hdm0251 -- "Investments Here And Hereafter" By John Stockton

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65 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER in India years ago. He made a pet of a tiger cub and played with it until it was tame as a kitten. Time passed swiftly and the cub was soon full grown. Everything went along smoothly until one day the cat playfully scratched the officer and blood began to flow from his hand. There was an immediate change in the tiger. His wild nature came to the surface and his eyes began to blaze. He pounced upon his former master and soon mauled him to death. Sin will destroy in this life and also in the life to come. Sin will register on your life as the miles register on your car. -- From hdm1807 -- "Articles By Perry E. Thomas" Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

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66 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF AN ONLY SURVIVOR OF A WRECK who was thrown on an uninhabited island. After a while he managed to build himself a hut, in which he placed the little all that he had saved from the ship. He prayed to God for deliverance and anxiously scanned the horizon each day to hail any passing ship. One day on returning from a hunt for food, he was horrified to find his hut in flames. All he had was going up in smoke! The worst had happened, it appeared; but that which seemed to have happened for the worst was in reality for the best. To the man's limited vision it was the worst. To God's infinite wisdom it was the best, for which he had prayed. The next day a ship arrived. "We saw your smoke signal," the captain said. -- From hdm0231 -- "Pointed Illustrations" By William Moses Tidwell

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67 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF AN OLD SCOTCH LADY, who thought that grieving over heart depravity was the highest possible state of grace, and is reported to have said, "If you take away my original sin, you take away all my religion." As odd and contradictory as this may seem, yet multitudes of professing Christians seem to view it in that light. -- From hdm2213 -- "The Secret Of Spiritual Power" By George Douglas Watson

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68 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF STONEWALL JACKSON that he won his title by a simple act. His soldiers were retreating. Jackson stood upon an elevation, facing the enemy, fearless, unmoved. His men seeing him were inspired by his undaunted courage and shouted, "See Jackson standing like a stone wall!" Filled with new hope and courage they rallied to their leader and fought their way to a great victory. How often have we been moved by the sufferings of others, patiently borne, and immediately become ashamed of our own cowardice and whimperings. How often have we looked upon the toil and tireless effort of those fighting for achievement against odds and from their example found courage to fight our own battles. Thus, from association, we find courage to solve the problems of our own lives. -- From hdm0265 -- "Life's Supreme Choices" By Roy Tilman Williams

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69 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF TWO SAILORS who were standing on the deck of a transport. The one sailor said, as he looked out over the waters of the Pacific, "There surely is a lot of water around here." The other sailor replied, "You haven't seen anything. This is only the top of it." And, too many times, people see only the surface of stewardship. We never will know the depth and meaning of our giving until we see it as an act of worship. Superficial and surface attitudes in regard to Christian liberality are often the result of the lack of stewardship training. We cannot afford to allow the bringing of our offerings unto God to lack meaning. We must put meaning and significance into this part of the worship service. -- From hdm0281 -- "My Gold And God" By Earl C. Wolf

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70 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A METHODIST BISHOP pitying and helping a train fruit vender who failed to sell his fruit. Securing an apple from him, the bishop took his stand conspicuously at the front end of the car. He next held the apple up in the view of the passengers, and taking his handkerchief out, commenced vigorously to rub it on this side, then that, and the other, until it was rosy, red, luscious, tempting, and appetizing. Then, taking out his knife, he slashed off a juicy slice and, with a knowing smack of his lips and look of intense pleasure and satisfaction, ate the apple before the now fully interested fellow-travelers. The effect was magical, and as the formerly unsuccessful vender came through the car crying, "Apples," hands were thrust at him on all sides and welcome cries of "I'll take one," "I'll take one," "Here," "I'll take one," were heard. They had seen a sample! Their mouths were made to water! So if we sample Christ to the world they will want to "taste and see that the Lord is good" and know the blessedness of the man who trusts Him. God help us! -- From hdm2319 -- "Walking As He Walked" By Arthur C. Zepp

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71 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A WEALTHY ENGLISHMAN who had added to his valuable collection a rare violin which was coveted by Fritz Kreisler, the celebrated virtuoso. When the owner persisted in refusing to part with the instrument, Kreisler begged permission to play it just once. The opportunity was granted and he played as only a genius can play. He forgot himself. He poured his soul into his music. The Englishman stood as one enchanted until the playing had ceased. He did not speak until Kreisler had tenderly returned the instrument to the antique box, with the gentleness of a mother putting her baby to bed. "Take the violin," the Englishman burst out; "it is yours. I have no right to keep it. It ought to belong to the man who can play it as you did." -- From hdm1040 -- "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (C-Topics)" Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

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72 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A PEEVISH OLD FELLOW who boarded a train, occupied the best seat, and then tried to reserve still another for himself by placing his luggage upon it. Just before the crowded vehicle started, a teenage boy came running up and jumped aboard. "This car is full," said the man irritably; "that seat next to me is reserved for a friend of mine who has put his bag there." The youth paid no attention but sat down saying, "All right, I'll

stay here until he comes." He placed the suitcase upon his knees while the elderly man glared at him in vain. Of course, the "friend" didn't appear, and soon the train began to move. As it glided past the platform, the young fellow tossed the bag through the open window remarking, "Apparently your friend has missed the train. We mustn't let him lose his luggage too!" With a horrified expression on his face the old gentleman began to fume and sputter. The lie has cost him his possessions! -- From hdm1043 -- "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (F-Topics)" Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

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73 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A WELSH WOMAN who lived in a remote valley in Wales. She went to a great deal of trouble to have electrical power installed in her home. They noticed she didn't use very much electricity at all. In fact, her usage was minuscule. They sent a meter reader out to check on the matter. The man came to the door and said, "We've looked at the amount. Don't you use electricity?" "Oh yes" she said. "We turn it on every night to see how to light our lamps and then we switch it off again." This sounds like the way many Christians apply the power of God in their lives. -- From hdm1871 -- "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (G-Topics)" Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

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74 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A WEALTHY MAN who lost his wife when their only child was young. A housekeeper was hired to take care of the boy, who lived only into his teens. Heartbroken from this second loss, the father died a short time later. No will could be found; and since there were no relatives, it looked as if the state would get his fortune. The man's personal belongings, including his mansion, were put up for sale. The old housekeeper had very little money, but there was one thing she wanted. It was a picture that had hung on a wall in the house -- a photo of the boy she had loved and nurtured. When the items were sold, nobody else wanted the picture, so she bought it for just a few pennies. Taking it home, she began to clean it and polish the glass. As she took it apart, a paper fell out. It was the man's will, and in it he stated that all his wealth should go to the one who loved his son enough to buy that picture. The legacy of heaven and the inexhaustible riches of God's love belong to all who trust and love His Son. -- From hdm1876 -- "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (L-Topics)" Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

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75 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A CLERGYMAN WHO WAS FAR more at home on the hunting field than in the pulpit. On the morning of a meet, he was much annoyed at having to officiate at a funeral, but this over, he mounted his horse and started in pursuit of his friends. On the road, he sought information of an old woman with a donkey-cart. "Well," she said, "if you ride to the top of the hill, you will come to a minister, then if you turn to the right, you will be likely to come up with them." Handing her a shilling, he said: "My good woman, why do you call the sign-post a minister?" Why, you see, sir, its like this: we used to call them sign-posts, but since you've been in these parts we call them ministers, 'cause though they point others the

way, they never go themselves." -- From hdm1877 -- "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (M-Topics)" Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

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76 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER who worked on a rocky stretch of coastline and who received his new supply of oil once a month to keep the light burning. Not being far from shore, he had frequent guests. One night a woman from the village begged some oil to keep her family warm. Another time a father asked for some to use in his lamp. Another needed some to lubricate a wheel. Since all the requests seemed legitimate, the lighthouse keeper tried to please everyone and granted them all. Toward the end of the month he noticed that the supply of oil was very low. Soon, it was gone, and the beacon light went out. That night several ships were wrecked and lives were lost. When the authorities investigated, the man was very repentant. To his excuses and pleading their reply was: "You were given the oil for one purpose -- to keep that light burning!" -- From hdm1879 -- "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (O-Topics)" Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

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77 -- THE STORY IS TOLD OF A SMALL TOWN in which there were no liquor stores. Eventually, however, a nightclub was built right on Main Street. Members of one of the churches in the area were so disturbed that they conducted several all night prayer meetings, and asked the Lord to burn down that den of iniquity. Lightning struck the tavern a short time later, and it was completely destroyed by fire. The owner, knowing how the church people had prayed, sued them for the damages. His attorney claimed that their prayers had caused the loss. The congregation, on the other hand, hired a lawyer and fought the charges. After much deliberation the judge declared, "It's the opinion of the court that wherever the guilt may lie, the tavern keeper is the one who really believes in prayer while the church members do not!" [If they did not do so, the church people should have insisted that the nightclub owner had nobody to blame but God, for it was HE who destroyed that den of iniquity. -- DVM] -- From hdm1880 -- "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (P-Topics)" Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

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78 -- THE STORY IS TOLD ABOUT AN OLD AMERICAN INDIAN who attended a church service one Sunday morning. The preacher's message lacked real spiritual food, so he did a lot of shouting and pulpit pounding to cover up his lack of preparation. In fact, as it is sometimes said, he "preached up quite a storm." After the service, someone asked the Indian, who was a Christian, what he thought of the minister's message. Thinking for a moment, he summed up his opinion in six words: "High wind. Big thunder. No rain." Yes, when the Scriptures are neglected, there is "no rain." Only when preaching is based on God's Word are His people blessed and refreshed. -- From hdm1880 -- "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (P-Topics)" Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

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